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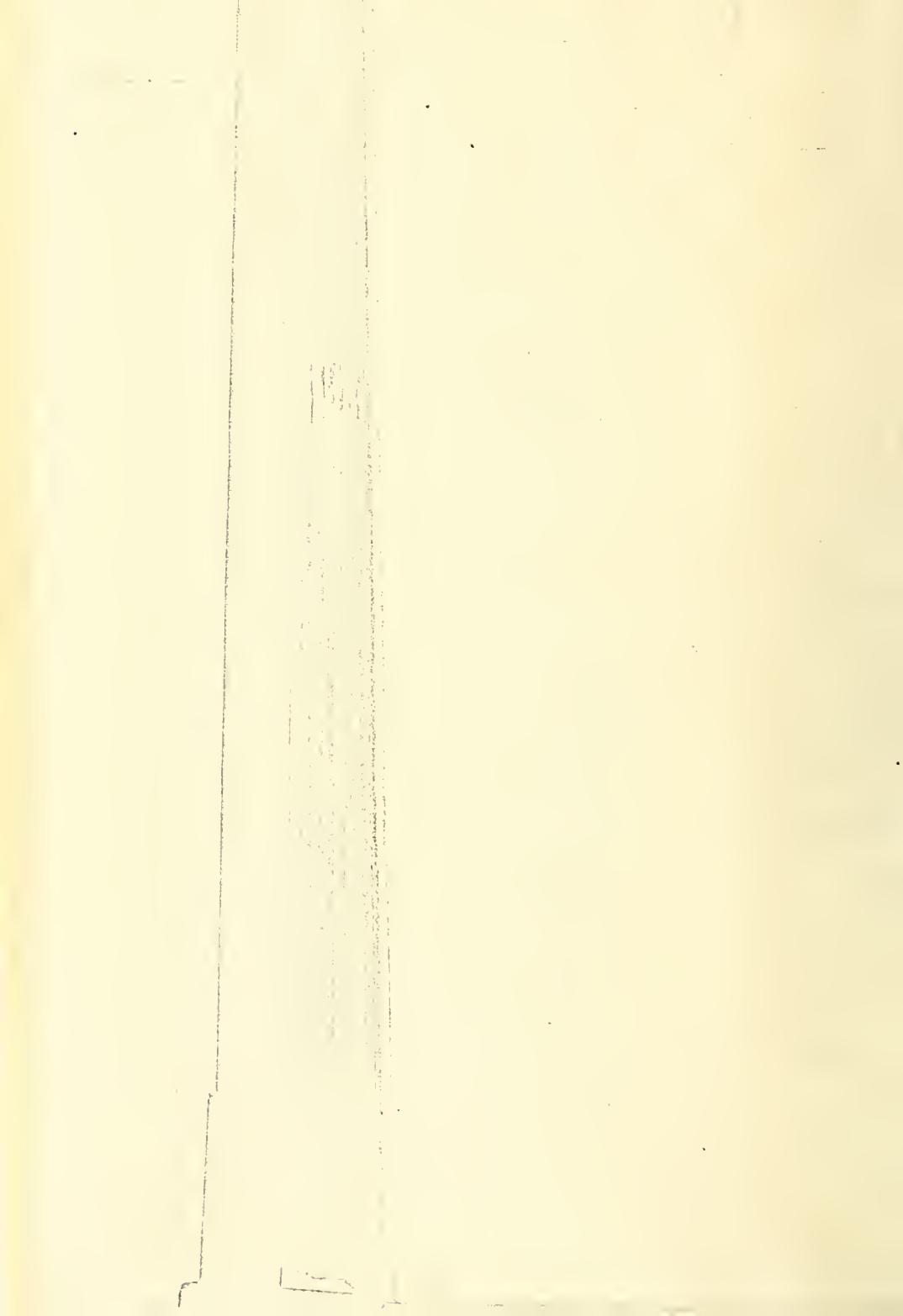
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THE UPLIFT

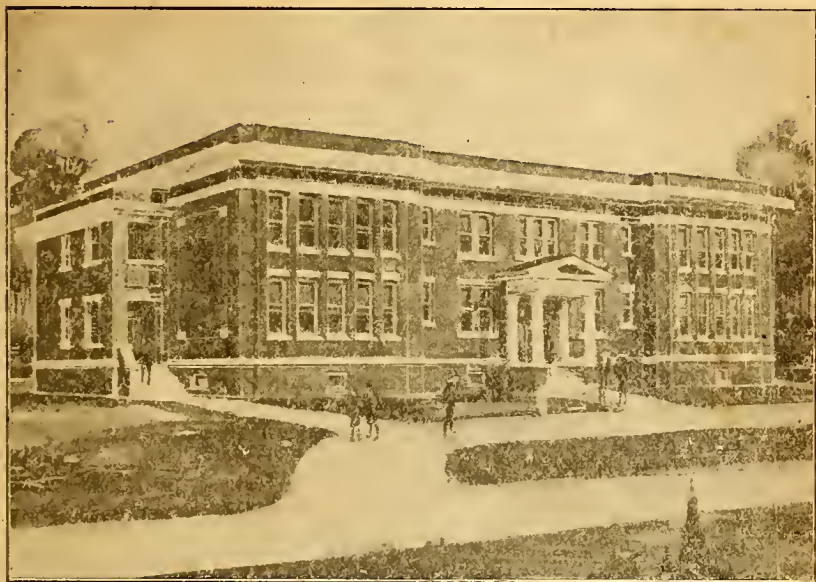
Issued Weekly---Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. DEC. 4, 1920

NO. 8

School Building and Auditorium



Newly Finished, and One of the Chief Structures of the Plant

See Page 24.



— PUBLISHED BY —
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON. MANUAL TRAIN-
ING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44	To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136	To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36	To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138	To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30	To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35	To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43	To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29	To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137	To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

THE UPLIFT

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Mailing privileges, to be entered at the post office at Concord, N. C. as
second-class mail matter, applied for.

A Tonic.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much;
Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the little children;
Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
Who has left the world better than he found it whether by an improved poppy, a
perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
Who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it;
Who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had;
Whose life was inspiration, whose memory a benediction.

ANOTHER FOREWORD

It is natural for one, who has been absent for a considerable period, on
his return to the home-base to take his friends into his confidence and tell
them of the things he has seen and about the events that stand out most
conspicuous. THE UPLIFT has been absent for a period. Having returned,
it is in order to give its friends and prospective friends an account of the rea-
sons for that absence, and tell just what it hopes to accomplish from this
period on.

When the full force of the effects of the war bore down on this institu-
tion---taxed to the limit to keep its head above water---it found itself ut-
terly unable to command a sufficient force to man all its departments.

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Doubling up and curtailment of activities were imperative. The officials took counsel with each other. Among the activities that might be suspended without jeopardy to the institution was the printing department. This carried with it THE UPLIFT. That the services of the head of the printing department became available for other positions in distress---he's a versatile fellow ---put courage and pep into the soul of the administration.

Now that this abnormal condition has passed and our affairs are running again on clock-time, the Board of Trustees authorized the reopening of the print-shop. The Board has asked me to take charge of the editorial management of THE UPLIFT, in connection with the campaign now being conducted looking to the enlargement of the plant and a general development towards that ideal always in the mind and a policy of the Board. Having wandered about in a wilderness of various endeavors for twenty-four years, and during that time never having removed the old ink stains or gotten away from that peculiar odor that belongs to a print-shop, and certainly never exactly happy removed from that environment, it took little persuading or considering to respond to the call. So here I am. I am proud to renew an active acquaintance with the finest lot of folks in the land---newspaper men. On and after the first of January it is planned to issue THE UPLIFT as a weekly journal. It will appear in this form, being not less than thirty-two pages. This form suits best the work that has been cut out for the paper to strive to accomplish. It is not possible to appear weekly until the first of the year, because the boys who made THE UPLIFT in former days have gone out into the world with the permission and the blessings of the institution, doing good and reflecting credit upon their training here. We have to train others. For this reason, THE UPLIFT will not be issued but twice during the month of December. In passing, make note of what has been accomplished by a crowd of boys, who a few days ago knew not the use or name of a composing stick.

It seemes entirely proper to state here that effort will be made to secure a linotype machine. It is our desire to give to each boy, who likes the atmosphere of a print-shop, a training along that line, which to him will mean so much more in life than simply the ability to set type by hand. The majority of offices are soon to have linotypes, and the demand already large for operators will be growing greater. We wish to help meet this demand.

It is our ambition to issue a clean paper; to discuss those questions that deal with the betterment of conditions; to throw a flower at deserving ones before the grave is reached; to hold up the example of worthy men and women who have made the world better by having lived in it; and to play

the real friend of the young. These and kindred subjects shall control our efforts, eschewing partisan politics. James P. Cook.

♦♦♦♦

“HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR.”

That elected Mr. Wilson in 1916; it defeated; by indirection, his party in 1920. The same thing would have occurred, no matter whom his party had nominated, and no matter whom the opposition nominated as its standard-bearer. Mr. Wilson had no more to do with the slogan than any other man---his course, up to that time, was just briefly recorded by those few words.

What happened soon after would have happened no matter who occupied the presidency---war was inevitable. The fact that two opposing events came together so quickly soon after the election left an impression on a vast throng of people throughout the nation that never accepted the condition as unpreventable or regarded the war as inevitable. This feeling was adroitly capitalized, and no man on earth at this time could have weathered the storm---that, too, was inevitable.

Whether you be democrat or republican, it is a source of great pleasure that this country is to have as a successor of Mr. Wilson a man, good and clean. The fight on the league of nations was used only as the occasion to rally the discordant notes throughout the land, and to humiliate Mr. Wilson, the head of his party. That is politics. The league of nations is an accomplished fact, and the United States will finally be a member of it.

Broken, sick is Mr. Wilson; but when passion passes away and the opportunity for writing a righteous judgment comes, there will be accorded to President Wilson a place in history second to none for statesmanship, courage and patriotic service.

♦♦♦♦

CONSERVATIVE STATE---A NEW ERA.

North Carolina has discovered herself. She has taken a vital step. Her pronouncement on the new tax system, made possible only by the women exercising franchise, is the most forward movement of generations. Without the support of the women some political Indian would have compassed the defeat of the amendments---it requires more than an Indian to blind women to the cause of right and truth.

For years the State has been plodding along with an obsolete tax system, which handicapped her meeting her necessities, rendered impossible the pri-

vilege of a forward vision, and permitted the burden of taxation to rest unequally upon its citizenship. One legislature after another would meet, sew a patch on the revenue bill, put it in the hopper and stand off in admiration of how a political waterloo had been avoided.

The unvarnished fact was apparent to every thinking person in the State that the tax abstracts, of the several counties, were little short of a bunch of broken and incoherent lies. This system put the state in an unhappy comparison with other states. A high rate of taxation and the amount of the aggregate wealth, made our state look lean, backward and orphanish. In 1913, when Locke Craig became governor, he advocated a revival of the tax laws whereby the tax burden would fall more equitably on the citizens, put the whole property down at full value, lower the rate, and adjust the income tax feature to the needs and requirements of the times. This view was cheerfully accepted by the working part of the finance committees of the two houses. What was attempted in 1913 was practically what was accomplished in 1919 and 1920, except it was planned to set up a new tax commission, appointed by the governor, to remove it from partisan politics and to overcome some other fears at that time. The very man that attempted to scuttle the ship in recent campaign, succeeded in 1913 in worming himself into a knowledge of the purpose to adjust the tax system, and then organized a successful effort to defeat the whole measure.

While that effort failed, it caused the question to be so discussed, studied and written about until the whole state recognized the importance and necessity of a radical move. Prominent men, who knew that a re-adjustment of the tax laws would increase their own taxes, openly supported the revival because of its justice. The very man, by virtue of his high standing and unimpeachable character, his ability and his membership, who made possible the defeat of the measure in 1913, was the very power that made the measure successful in 1919. The man that did in the recent campaign an educative work among the people in behalf of revaluation and the amendments, more than the combined efforts of a hundred other advocates, had only one remedy for the tax laws in 1913. He offered as a solution of the whole trouble an amendment to the revenue bill of placing a "tax of one cent on each glass of coca cola."

That the people of North Carolina stood up and permitted themselves to be counted for this righteous measure, which can do no harm to any honest man, when such a fierce opposition sought its death, is the very highest compliment to the courage, ability and patriotism of Bickett, Maxwell and a number of others. They, along with the rest of us, must thank the women

for helping to bring North Carolina into her own.

♦♦♦♦

RURAL PROTECTION.

Not to protect themselves against their own neighbors, particularly, but to protect the rural districts against the vicious visits of others coming into the neighborhood, what are known as rural policemen is becoming more and more a necessity. The frequent wild night rides, planned and executed to carry out the purposes of sin in every form, made possible by machines operated for the purpose of vice, by men who never knew or have forgotten God and who have lost every sense of decency by their love of gain, reveal to the public how the rural districts are suffering.

The cities have broken up the segregated districts of immorality, and these soiled folks of the earth are thrusting themselves upon the nooks, corners and wooded roadsides, to the disgust and offense of rural residents. It is a moral wrong for one governmental district, which has some police regulation, to throw its objectional citizens upon unprotected communities without giving a warning and a protection. It is appalling to contemplate the condition of vice that lurks upon nearly every road leading into and near every town and city of the state, since the advent of the gas wagons and the crusades against vice in the towns and cities.

There are places, former decent country homes, converted into regular reception quarters for those who seek periodical indulgences in gambling, drink and other vices most horrible. These are presided over by able bodied men, with supposed wives to give it a home setting without a single, visible evidence, by past industry or present activity, of the means of support. Some of these places, it is alleged, are visited and encouraged by men, whose professional and business standing in the near-by communities are unquestioned. In many instances the minions of the law have shut their eyes, or failed to see for reasons born of political expediency.

Writers have noted with alarm the growing depopulation of the rural districts, which are paying a heavy toll to the growth of the towns and cities. The old cry of back to the farm can never gain momentum until the rural districts get that protection, that consideration and treatment they deserve.

After the captains of industry (?) grow rich or independent in their undisturbed operations of these hellish joints, they sometime right about and seek admission into decent society and live unblemished lives; but in the name of high heaven, what of the thousand seeds of sorrow, death, murder and eternal destruction that have been sown. The price is too great. It

should be and must be stopped.

In the light of past experiences, there seems no way to meet this situation and condition, to protect the schools, the churches, the very existence of the community, except by the constant activity of rural policemen, appointed by and acting with the authority of the state.

Pre-election promises are like some death-bed repentences, for removing the occasion for alarm the makers usually go back to their masters and pull faithfully and obediently at the tether.



GREENSBORO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

That was a brilliant assemblage of men and women collected in the dining-room of the North Carolina College for Women, in Greensboro, on the night of November 12th, at the instance of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce. Every part of the state was represented, and the immense dining-room had its capacity. The menu met the requirements of full-grown appetites, and most beautifully served by the attractive girls who compose the domestic science class of the College.

That audience was gathered together to discuss higher education in North Carolina. The program was wisely planned. Governor Bicket came in at a time when all could join in giving him a hearty welcome. He made a great speech that made North Carolina's pride in what she is supposed to have done for the cause of education wither; but laying her out in all this nakedness, he inspired a determined and heroic purpose to meet the obligation, and he pointed the way in which it could and must be done.

Mr. J. E. Latham, a very practical business man and a gentleman of wisdom and means, offered a resolution, which outlined a campaign with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars for the purpose of taking this subject and cause direct to the people. It met with hearty and unanimous approval. Mr. Chas. H. Ireland is a hardware man, but as a presiding officer, who can put pep into an assembly and hold the folks in a watchful mood, he is an artist. The music was good and catchy in sentiment. Forty-five hundred dollars were subscribed in a short time; and The Chamber will see that the balance is forth-coming.

This writer heard Hon. Clem Wright make his farewell address at the close of a General Assembly; it was a gem; and what he said at the banquet in support of Mr. Latham's resolution, and the reasons he gave for punctuating the Latham move with five hundred dollars were worth going

to Greensboro to hear, with or without a menu.

The Greensboro Chamber has started a great move. It will get somewhere; and the state is to be congratulated.

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CLEANLINESS IN ACTION.

It is remarkable how many people there are who believe that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is a biblical quotation. While it can not be found in that form in the Bible, in substance it is; and Wesley felt it when he coined the expression. This brings us to a little matter which to us is of considerable pride. The school-room equipment is moving from the temporary and improvised quarters to the new School Building, now approaching completion in every respect. There are desks that have been in constant use for more than ten years. New ones were recently purchased to go along with the old to complete the furnishings and to meet the necessities. They were mixed up to arrange the different sizes. In that mix-up, confusion followed. The superintendent was showing several distinguished gentlemen from Greensboro through the plant, and he endeavored to point out the new desks, but failed. Some of the boys had to come to his rescue in pointing out the new among the old. The distinction could only be made by the arrangement of the ink well, and this the bright little fellows had discovered. Those of us who have seen school desks soiled, mutilated and otherwise damaged in the course of a year in well-regulated schools throughout the state, must marvel at the fact that desks in use for ten years in the school rooms of the Jackson Training School can not be distinguished from ones just from the factory. Add system and ordiliness to Wesley's observation and you have covered a majority of the territory, if not all.

♦♦♦♦

NAGGING REMOVED---BOYS FEEL BETTER.

Thirty-four of our boys, in August, submitted to an operation for the removal of their adenoids and tonsils. It was known to the authorities that there was a necessity for this, but the question arose how can it be provided for. Like a good Samaritan the State Board of Health sent Miss Pratt to aid us in arrangements for a clinic. They furnished the nurses and furnished the equipment to handle the proposition. But this was not enough. An official of this institution walked into the office of Drs. Matthewson & Peeler, eye, ear and nose specialists of Charlotte, and de-

livered himself of this statement: "We have a number of boys that need expert attention; the State Board will furnish nurses and equipment; we want you to contribute your services in doing all the operating." "When," asked these gentlemen. The date was named. The days arrived, the specialists were present, put thirty-four boys through the operations; all did well; and to-day every one of these boys, feeling better in health and in dispositions, join the officials in gratitude for the able and unselfish services of these excellent Christian gentlemen.

There are measly little souls, satisfied with their own accomplishments, self-centered and very smarty, declare this paternalism. Would that we had more paternalism like unto this. There are men, who actually think so long as it does not touch them or theirs it is just what is due to others, who have to go through life with a nagging, tormenting and handicapping diseased part. Growing out of this generous contribution on the part of Drs. Matthewson & Peeler, voluntary tenders of service by big-souled dentists have reached us. They will be called, when Dr. Betts gets the dental chair into our possession.

o o o o

If the former shape of THE UPLIFT, appearing monthly, commanded a subscription price of one dollar per the year, and a host of its friends gave frequent assurances that it was cheap at the price, the management believes with the present size, and issued weekly--fifty numbers or visits rather than twelve during the year--that it is reasonably worth two dollars per year. That is, therefore, the subscription price of THE UPLIFT. The institution hopes to realize some revenue from the publication; and the friends of the institution are invited to persuade themselves that they can get their money's worth, and they certainly will have the satisfaction of knowing that they aid in a most splendid work, which gives to the underprivileged among us a living, decent chance for a preparation for the life just ahead. Your cordial support and patronage we crave.

o o o o

In the October number of the American Magazine appeared an entertaining story of Edison's effort at this time to perfect a machine, which seeks to make possible a communication with departed spirits. This most wonderful man, concealed though they be, has a marvelous knowledge of the tricks in advertising. If we accept what is claimed as the firm belief of this man Edison that there is no immortality, it is to wonder where the spirits are and what kind they are with which he proposes to carry on con-

versations. Maybe after all, this wonderful man has grown doubtful of his position and seeks to satisfy himself of things beyond the veil by this new machine which is occupying his talents. If the machine fails to make good, he'll probably blame the lack of spirits rather than the efficacy of his new invention.

♦♦♦♦

The Board of Directors of the Methodist Christian Advocate recently gave the public another exhibition of great wisdom. They first consolidated their properties and energies, selecting Greensboro as the place of operation. The editors, who made of the paper a most splendid success, felt called to return to actual pastorate work, so resigned. To succeed Messrs. Blair and Massey, the Board has elected Rev. Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe and Rev. T. A. Sykes, the former of the western North Carolina Conference, and the latter of the N. C. Conference. As preachers these two men served churches with great ability, accomplishing wonderful results. They, each of them, have been smeared all over in the past with printer's ink, and, of course, feel thoroughly at home in their new quarters.

♦♦♦♦

Just look what the women of Charlotte have done. Coming into possession of a \$50,000,00 club house, they are now chartered by the great state of North Carolina to run an establishment in a manner to suit themselves and to help along their ideals. Oh, you croakers! You thought women, if given the franchise, would not know what to do with it; or knowing, would refrain from its exercise. If hubby goes home, and wishing to communicate with his equal in every respect he may locate her by calling the club telephone number. That's easy.

♦♦♦♦

Mr. and Mrs. Al Fairbrother, who have just returned from an extended visit to the Pacific coast, scarcely struck Greensboro before their presence was generally felt throughout the community. Col. Fairbrother at once appealed to the pride of the city for a clean-up---an organized effort to make a city beautiful and, therefore, a joy.

♦♦♦♦

This issue is being sent to a number of prominent men and women in North Carolina. It is a respectful invitation to each, who receive a copy, either by mail or by hand, to become a subscriber. You may send your

check for two dollars to THE UPLIFT, Concord, N. C.; that gets a clear ticket for a whole year.

Teach Your Boy

Teach your boy to hate sham; they are walking the highways of this life "in ghostly affection" of greatness. Teach him to be content with nothing less than genuine success; for as I go further along life's pathway, I find it strewn thicker, and thicker, with the wrecks of men who were almost successful---just a little more faith, a little more courage, a little more character and all would have been well.

Teach him to be in love with some great truth, tenderly to woo it, bravely to marry it, for better or for worse, and then faithfully to guard it as long as life shall last.

Teach him that although we are poor in North Carolina, we need men a thousand times more than we need money, and that we have the materials here to make them out of.

Teach him to be nothing but true, to fear nothing but God, and to love nothing but virtue, truth and God.

[From a sketch of the late W. J. Peele, of Raleigh, lawyer and author of a "Civil Government" and "Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians," by ex-Judge R. W. Winston, himself brilliant and scholarly.]



Governor-Elect of North Carolina



HON. CAMERON MORRISON,

Charlotte, N. C.

See Page 14

HON. CAMERON MORRISON.

Early in January, 1921, Hon. Cameron Morrison, of Charlotte, will be inaugurated Governor of North Carolina. This interesting event occurs after a three-cornered, strenuous primary campaign, followed by the main campaign, which, as conducted by Mr. Morrison, was not only brilliant but profoundly argumentative, scholarly and invincible, unsurpassed in the history of campaigns in North Carolina and seldom, if ever, equaled. The vote by which he was elected is the greatest ever given a candidate for governor in the state.

Mr. Morrison was born in Richmond county in 1869, his forebears being men and women of high character, strong personality and forceful in the affairs of their days. Folks around Rockingham say young Morrison was active, robust and relished the games that appealed to the energies of strong young men. His educational preparation was confined to just what the public schools of that day had to offer. He is not "college-bred"; that privilege circumstances deprived him. I dare say, however, that it will be regarded an indisputable fact that it would require a very scholarly examining board to establish the certainty of his lack of college breeding. This is just another way of saying that the governor-elect, though deprived of certain privileges and opportunities in his young manhood, has made of himself, by his remarkable intellect, his unconquerable determination and a mapped-out ambitious course, a well-rounded scholar, a great lawyer and a statesman, with few equals in his day.

Seeing him in debate, caucusses or

other conferences, there are times when those who do not know him well would class Mr. Morrison among the stubborn---that is just a demonstration of his courageous and passionate stand for those things he believes true and right. Every inch of the Governor-elect as we view public men, is a politician; but he possesses a trait that does not follow all men whom we regard politicians---he never turns his back on a friend; he is not on speaking terms with ingratitude. As an orator, Mr. Morrison is in a class to himself: fine presence, splendid voice, analytical mind, extensive knowledge of facts and history, brave, earnest, and possessing the happy power of leading an audience to see and accept his statements as absolutely sound and unquestionably accurate---deeply serious and earnest in all his addresses.

Mr. Morrison, having studied law under Judge Dick, of Greensboro, was admitted to the bar in 1892, and he began his practice in Richmond county. Soon after this he was elected mayor of Rockingham. To him public questions and the solutions of them were appealing, and thus he easily found his way into the realm of active politics. In 1900 he served a term in the State Senate with marked faithfulness and ability. In 1902 he became a candidate for the nomination for Congress, but for this honor, after an exciting campaign, he was defeated by a small majority.

He moved to Charlotte in 1906. In this larger field, his capacity and ability soon came to be recognized not only in Charlotte but throughout the State. In every campaign since that time, he has done in the state strenuous and able service for the

success of the party, to whose cause he is ardently devoted. The Democratic party has never had a more faithful servant.

Recognizing his knowledge of the science of government and his grasp of political principles, he has served a number of times as the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at State Democratic Conventions. In 1913 he was tendered the appointment of Judge, by Governor Craig, but he declined it.

We have in North Carolina all kinds of Democrats, some reactionary, some aggressive, some progressive, some peripatetic, some unclassable. Governor-elect Morrison may be regarded as belonging to that school of Democrats known as conservative, without frills or ruffles; but his great love for the state and his great hopes for the progress of the people give him a vision of better days for North Carolina.

Mr. Morrison married Miss Lottie Tomlinson, of Durham. To them was given one child, little Miss Angela, a bright and attractive girl, who to her distinguished father is today a source of peculiar comfort and joy. Just a few months ago the whole state was shocked by the distressing news of the untimely death of Mrs. Morrison, who for her splendid womanly graces was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the state. As we mortals see it, how we can wish that in Divine Providence her life might have been spared to share with her devoted husband the great honor the state has conferred upon him and join him in the discharge of the larger duties, which a growing and developing state imposes.

Here's to the good fortune and

the success of the Governor-elect. Already it sounds easy and harmonious---"There's Cam Morrison, our Governor."

Dutch Proverbs.

Vot a man grows, shows vot he sows.

A bird mitout a fedder flocks mit himself.

As der tree iss bent, so vas der twig twisted.

It's a chilly vind vot plows nobody any good.

A youug women iss known by her company she keeps.

Ve can't make vater run up hill---mitout der plumber.

Sow too many vild oats und ve reap in a cockle field.

Let nature take her course---bud mosquitoes vas a nuisance.

In peesness und pinockle, a good deal depends on a good deal.

Too many cocks may spoil der soup, but two heads vas better as vun.

Look before you scump, then scump. Nodding venture, nodding have.

Der rolling stone gadders no moss, bud he vas nod so green as der stone vot stood still.---The Roller Monthly.

Our radio stations are steadily growing in number. According to The Wireless Age, the government shore radio stations number 135, of which eighty-eight are in continental United States, twenty in Alaska, nineteen in the Philippines, three in the Canal Zone, two in Hawaii, and one each in Porto Rico, Gaum and Samoa. The government ship stations total 470.

Each cat consumes on an average of 50 birds a year.

Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man
is doing,

If you like him or love him, tell him now:
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson
makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really
care about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have
shed.

If you think some praise is due him, now's the
time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's
dead.

More than fame and more than money is the com-
ment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.

For it give to life a savor, and makes you strong-
er, braver,

And gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it: if you like him
let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath
the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's
dead--Anos.

A Friend

The most wonderful thing in this world is to have
A friend, who you know understands,
Who shows it in his eyes and who lists it in his voice,
Who throbs it in the grasp of his hand.

Who sees all the good, and is blind to the bad,
Who shares in your sorrow or joy;
It matters not what, he judges you not,
Keeps the gold and forgets the alloy.

Who shares his portion and asks not return,
Be it wealth, be it love, be it power,
Such a friend has a worth beyond wealth of this earth,
A solace in life's darkest hour.

Who don't have to tell you in words he's your friend,
It shows in each act he bestows.
Let come then what will, blow wind good or ill,
He never misjudges---he knows---Anos.

The Mecklenburg Cottage Building.



How Mecklenburg's Cottage Will Look.

The Men's Club, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte, N. C., some months ago gave a banquet at which a representative of the Jackson Training School, by invitation, presented the need of the institution. This body of active men, who do things, is headed by Rev. A. A. McGeachy, D. D., one of the foremost preachers of North Carolina. He is tireless; he has a record of service; he is unacquainted with a grouch; he mingles with his own folks and makes friends with others. He

always has a message, and courageously he carries these messages direct to the people.

At that banquet meeting a soliciting committee for funds was appointed. They succeeded in raising a handsome fund. Following this up, a building committee was appointed and is as follows: Messrs. V. J. Guthery, F. B. Smith and F. D. Jones, with Jas. C. Hayes as treasurer. This committee came to the institution, opened bids, selected the site for what is to be known as the Meck-

lenburg Cottage, and awarded the contract to Mr. John R. Query, the lowest responsible bidder. Agreeing to have this cottage (dormitory) home for thirty boys ready for occupancy by the middle of January next, Mr. Query is rushing the work of construction. Practically all the material is either on the ground or in sight; and the building is now up to the second story.

The officials of this institution, hard pressed to secure a capacity equal to the demands made upon it, are deeply grateful to that wonderful body of men, whom Dr. McGeachy has gathered around him to render valuable service wherever it is most needed. It is just an object lesson of what a live preacher, serving a live congregation, with the spirit of service well cultivated may accomplish.

Coldness and selfishness can not survive the presence of that working organization.

Hire to Yourself.

Some day,
 When you feel gay,
 And think you deserve a raise
 For your valuable services,
 I tell you what to do,
 You put the shoe on the other foot
 And hire to yourself
 Just for a day or two.
 Put yourself in your employer's
 place
 And keep tab on the work you do
 Let' see
 You were late this morning.
 Only ten minutes?
 That's true but who's time was it?
 You took pay for it
 Therefore you sold it.
 You can't sell eight hours of time
 And keep a part of it—

(Not unless you give short measure)

Then, agin, how about that customer

You rubbed the wrong way?

Not your funeral, you say?

Maybe, but you're paid

For building trade

Not driving it away.

How about the work you had to do over?

You're not paid to be careless.

You're paid to do work well.

Not twice over,

But once, that's enough

Then do it right

The first time you do it.

That's what you would do

If you worked for yourself.

Hire out, then, to a man named "YOU",

Imagine it's up to you

To meet the pay-roll.

Then see what a difference it makes

In the point of view.

Say, try it once

For a day or two.

---By Edwin Osgood Grover in
 Success Magazine.

A Little Bird As Teacher.

Some time ago I visited a dear little old lady, whose life had been one long period of toil. She told me that her education had been very limited; that only a few short years of her existence had been spent in school "And so," she continued, "I have learned all that I could from things about me while I toiled with my hands, and one of the greatest lessons that I ever learned was taught to me by a little bird."

Then she told me how, at one time in her life, she had been placed in an environment which was anything but

pleasant and desirable, and how her whole soul had rebelled at the very thought of remaining in this environment for any length of time, yet some months elapsed and there still seemed not the faintest glimpse of a way out. At last a day came when she awoke to the realization that there was nothing left to do but endure it--but how?

In the evening of this long and trying day a neighbor who was preparing to move to another locality, brought a canary bird, asking her if she would care for it a few days.

"I was so unhappy", my sweet old friend declared, "that I hadn't even eyes or ears for the few pleasant things that were about me, and somehow the very thought of a bird sitting in my house and singing while I was so miserable, was almost unbearable. I took the little songster, however, just to accommodate my neighbor, and placed his cage in the room farthest away from my work, so that I could not here him sing. But he gave me quite a surprise. Instead of singing he began beating his little wings against the strong wires of the cage and striving with all his might to be free. In the home he had left he had been allowed much liberty, which he could not have now, and the new surroundings and unfamiliar voices seemed to excite him greatly. Finally he settled down for the night, but at daybreak began again his desperate struggle for freedom, and kept it up at intervals throughout the morning, until his strength was almost spent. When I passed the room on my way to prepare dinner he was sitting in a little, weary, dejected heap in one corner of the cage. I stopped for a moment and observed him, and then heard myself saying:

"You look just like I feel, just like I have felt for months. It's no use, little bird, we are each in a prison and we cannot get out; we just have to endure it--somehow."

"I left him, and for several hours was busy in other parts of the house. By and by I returned to see how my little guest was faring, but before I reached the room such a glorious burst of melody greeted my ears that it almost startled me. I stepped softly to the door and peeped within--there he sat in his cage, his head erect, his whole little body vibrating in an ecstasy of song, the happiest bird, seemingly, in all the world.

"I stepped inside the room and sank into a chair. Before I was aware of it great hot tears were rolling down my cheeks, and something desperate and rebellious within me seemed to tremble and give way.

"So that is the way you are going to endure it," I said, addressing my little feathered visitor. "If you cannot break your prison bars then you are going to sit in your cage and sing."

My question was answered--this was the way I was to endure my environment--I was to make the best of it--and sing. I took this last literally and sing I did, every day a little until I had finished all the hymns I ever knew, and all the old-time love songs, and even the silly ditties to which I had danced when a girl. By and by the good cheer radiated from my songs began to take effect upon those about me. Slowly but surely I saw conditions changing. Without stress or jar my prison bars were dropping away from me. Within a few short months I found myself in new and altogether pleasant surroundings. I

know positively that such changes could not have taken place had I remained in that desperately unhappy state of mind in which the little bird

found me, and I shall always believe that I actually sang my way out of that hated environment."---By Olive Cunningham Brown, in Nautilus.

Most Anything.

Pigeons are nowhere more abundant than in the East Indies.

French boxing clubs are taxed 40 per cent of the gate receipts.

Nine states now have health insurance laws for wage earners.

Nearly 15,000,000 acres in Canada are devoted to wheat growing.

Factory workers in Switzerland now number more than 300,000.

Only one species of reptile---a lizard---is to be found in Azores.

The most eastern point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.

The output of boots in Brazil is estimated at 10,500,000 pairs a year.

It's so easy to forget what one doesn't want to remember, you know.

There are still half a million prisoners of war in Germany and Russia.

About 95 per cent of the motion pictures shown in British Indies are American productions.

A new electric room heater has two adjustable mirrors to divide its heat and direct it where needed.

An electrically operated hedge trimmer, with reciprocating knives, has been invented by a Louisiana man.

Automatic in its operation, a new device admits just enough water from the water jacket of the cylin-

ders or carburetor of an automobile to the fuel to keep it at the right degree of moisture.

Overalls have been patented with legs that can be wore like trousers or laced closely to be covered with leggings.

Australian manufacturers are making pressed steel water pipe 28 feet long by 50 inches internal diameter at a plant in Bombay.

A device that records the vibrations of the voice on a photographic film has been invented by a Frenchman to aid students of singing.

A plant growing on mountains in Central Europe developes enough heat to push its flower stalks through snow and produce blossoms.

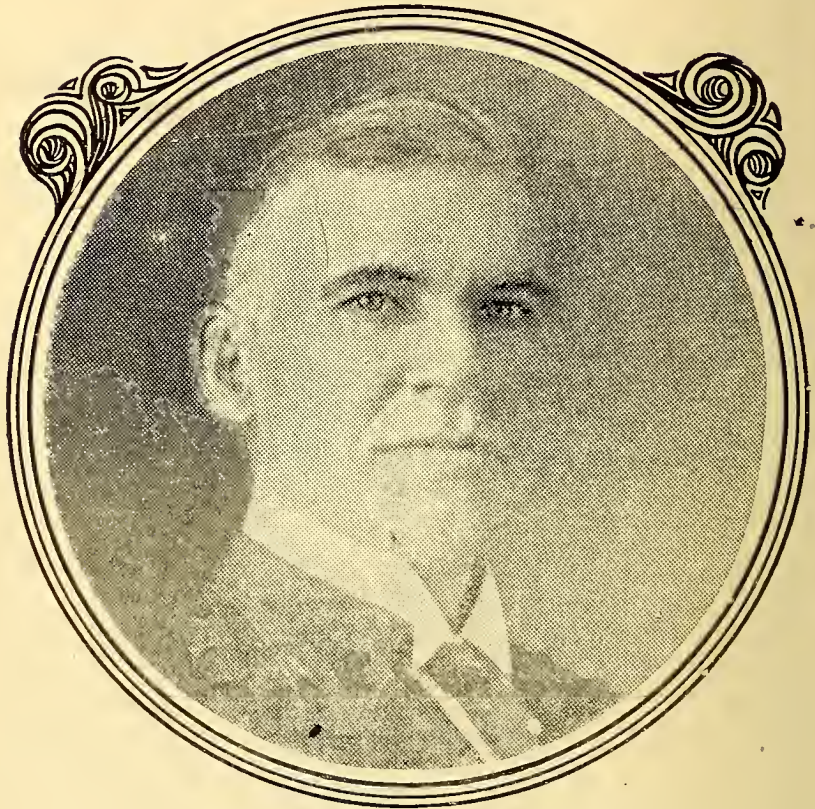
An internal combustion locomotive of 1,000 horsepower that uses crude oil fuel is hauling passenger trains experimentally on a European railroad.

More than 3,000 horsepower is produced by a Swiss turbin, that received a stream of water only one and one half inches in diameter after a fall of 5,400 feet.

A number of large corporations in India are preparing to erect tin plate mills, the number and size of the mills being so great as to threaten the supremacy of Wales in that line of industry.

"A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

By Col. Al Fairbrother.



This proposition has been universally placarded by the Salvation Army, a most wonderful organization, and Mr. Cook, of THE UPLIFT, has invited me to contribute a few words on this subject, thinking that such a theme is most timely and appropriate in this publication.

Broad is the proposition---bold in its audacity and charming in its

sincerity. Exceptions prove the rule, and while the assumption generally holds good, there may once inawhile be a time when a man is both down and out. I recall one cold winter night when riding from Clarksville, Mississippi, on my way to New Orleans, back in the early eighties, that I saw a gentleman occupying an upper berth on a Pullman car, and so

rocky and rough was the road bed that he was jolted from his berth in his night clothes and fell with some momentum and considerable impact on the floor---and take it from me he was both down and out---but that is another story.

But levity aside, and viewed in that broader sense---seen from a perspective vanishing far in the distance, yet distinct and clear---a perspective where the diminishing view point merges with mysty shadows---if on that highway there is a man---he can yet be seen. Out of the mists now and then he comes into plainer views, and while he fights and struggles and clutches at the straws he seems to see---you, my brother, see him, and somehow and in some way a stretching arm supports and sustains him. My belief always that that Arm is the Arm of God and the sympathetic soul that reached forth and saved was but as an Ambassador to do the chore.

A man may be down---but he is never out---provided only he is a man, and determines to come again. But before he reaches that determination he must first, perforce, agree in solemn compact to be true to himself and to his God---and then, being thus armed, as the Master put it, he cannot prove false to any man---and I say, with an assurance that approximates eternal truth, if a man be true to himself and to his God, no law of gravity; no law of society; no force of earth or hell can hold him down. As irresistible as the tide swings back to the restless sea; as certain as the needle forever and always forever shall point to the lode star with unswerving accuracy---so a man, no matter how far down, can come again, and come with kingly tread and gracious mein.

Come, and come back as the prodigal son of old---come from the husks and the swine---come with a knowledge and a power---that does his soul good and does the world good---come for his sake, and comes for Christ's sake!

I have seen them. I have been with them. I have been one of them, if it please the court and gentlemen of the jury---and I am here to testify and to prove beyond all doubting---that no real man was ever out, although he may many times have been down.

In that crucible where men's souls are tried---in that crucible where the dross burns off and leaves only the pure gold---only the man who has been down, but never out, is tested. Pussy foot and Sissy boy---the kid born in the lap of luxury and nursed and nutured beyond the kens of vice and want and poverty are never reckoned with in the subject which I discuss---being born just so, they look askance and with contempt upon the soldier on the battle field of sin, thank God they are not like him, and never being out, of course are never down. When Society, stern, unyielding gives a man walking the seamy side of life the thirty-third degree and decorates him with the Double Cross---to him a badge of infamy---true it is that many times he feels that he is not only down but he knows that he is out---unless---

Unless, God bless the word--- Unless he recalls the greatest line that Kipling ever wrote:

"If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, and make allowance for the doubting, too."

Catching this, as a ship-wrecked sailor would clutch a floating spar; grasping the immensity of its truth

and its universal application---understanding that no sting is as bitter and as poisonous to the wearied soul as the realization of the truth, brutal and shattering in its presence and its understanding, as is the loss of men's opinions---if, IF,

You can trust yourself when all men doubt you, and make allowance for the doubting, too---no man, down and down and down and again down is out---

Because he must come again.

Why?

A thousand words as Mr. Cook asked me to write are not necessary. I have told it all. I asked why? and I answer:

Because if you understand that every man, creatively, spiritually, sympathetically, morally, humanely is created in the image of his maker and he goes about it to correct the distorted, the twisted, the crooked ways in which he was not intended to go, and really in his heart doesn't want to go, that man cannot be out, because God Almighty, with watchful care is never out but always listening and ready and willing to hear the supplicant come again to him and say:

"I have sinned---forgive me."

And without sin no man is ever down and no man is ever out. This the story. This the sequence.

New School Building.

Twelve months ago we began actual construction of one of the chief buildings, according to plans made years ago, of the entire plant of the Jackson Training School. As many people, who have visited us and who have made inquiry, know we have been conducting our actual school work in the industrial building donated to us by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C. This Roth building was erected to house the wood-working machinery; the printing office, and shoe-shop. Being short of space, and not having funds in hands to erect a school building to answer the purposes of the institution for years, we used two small rooms, in the industrial building for school purposes.

This arrangements was very unsatisfactory, having a printing office underneath and over to the side the wood-working machines; but it was

the best we could do. This building is now available for all the uses for which it was given and erected.

We are pleased to give our readers on the front page of this issue of THE UPLIFT a picture of the exterior of the new school building. It does not do the splendid structure justice; but what this picture lacks in giving an idea of the completeness of the new addition to our plant, we wish to furnish in words.

Size: three stories high. First story contains heating plant, room for gymnasium and space for a swimming pool. A good lady of the state has made provisions for the equipment of the swimming pool. A good person has not yet been located who has it in his heart to equip the gymnasium.

Second floor: four large, modernly equipped school rooms, two smaller rooms for offices, large airy hall run-

ning full length of the building; and running back from the rear an auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred, a splendid stage, and side rooms. The seating and lighting of the auditorium and other furnishings will require the expenditure of at least \$2,200.00. The institution has no available funds to meet this proposition at this time, or in the near future. But frankly, speaking in the first person pronoun, I know quite a number of people in North Carolina who, if they knew our needs and the worthiness of the cause, would gladly send, without further to do, their check for twenty-two hundred dollars to meet this urgent need of the institution, accompanied with their blessings. But the trouble is people have not heard of this addition, and they do not know how we struggle to make a dollar do about; and of course, they do not know about this particular item. I have an idea that I know a gentleman, whom God has met halfway and made very rich, and who has been occupied most strenuously with his immense business that a thought of our needs has never occurred to him. What would you do about it? I think you would do just what I intend doing: carry this opportunity direct to him, unless he beats me to it by anticipating my visit.

The third floor has four large school-rooms; one large room for clinics; necessary lavatories and toilets, wide hall, and a room which we intend setting apart for a society hall. We have already the promise of a dental chair by the generosity of Dr. Joe Betts, of Greensboro. But the room set aside for the society hall is now empty. Thirty chairs are needed; electric lights, a drugget, a

presiding officer's desk, a secretary's table, some pictures, all estimated to cost \$750.00. That little sum would be regarded a most pleasing Christmas present. In this society hall occurs some of the most effective work of the institution. The boys run it themselves, and are held responsible for its conduct. The confidence placed in them and the responsibility imposed, puts wholesome thoughts into their heads and stirs within them a purpose and a determination to show that our confidence is not misplaced and a responsibility is a sacred thing. It raises the morale of the boys, and shoots into their very system an ambition to strive for better things. It is wonderful. The debates they prepare for drive them frequently to the library with an eagerness to find the facts and the truth; and that their essays may reflect credit upon themselves and their teachers, they make a laudable effort to treat humanely the language they speak, bearing in mind that handwriting reflects character, and neatness and cleanliness bespeak a rearing. When we get our auditorium seated and otherwise furnished, it will be our pleasure to hold a debate to which the public will be invited---for seeing and hearing will tell this little story better than printed words.

Having undertaken the erection of this school building ourselves, under the very efficient and faithful direction of Mr. John R. Query, we are satisfied that no one could have gotten more for \$50,000.00, which represents the cost of this structure. Visitors, who have had large experience in building, declare that today the building, at public contract, could not be duplicated for less than

one hundred thousand dollars.

Now that the institution has a real school building, it is bending its energies to increase the capacity which would have been unwise before this. There was no room or equipment to handle a larger number efficiently until provided with this school building. In this building an enrollment of 600 could be handled.

It is due, and we hereby make grateful acknowledgement of the efficient services of Louis H. Asbury, architect; Mr. E. L. Misenheimer, head mason; "Uncle" Bob Wentz, head carpenter; General fire extinguisher Co., heating; E. B. Grady Company, plumbing; and Mr. Whit Sloop, electric wiring. The building is a monument to the efficiency and dependableness of Mr. Query, the general director of construction.

Ins itutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Abraham Bell, of cottage No. 4, received a visit Wednesday from his father.

Hugh Billingsley and Tom McCorkle, of Monroe, spent Sunday at the School.

When the weather promises safety we have at least 10,000 pounds of pork to butcher.

Supt. Chas. E. Boger left for Raleigh Tuesday to meet with the Budget Commission of the Legislature.

Charlie Martin, the champion cotton picker of the school, recently picked two hundred pounds in seven hours.

Dr. Merritt, Iuspector of State Institutions, visited us recently, and expressed himself delighted with the institution.

Carter Pool, from the eastern part of the state, arrived at the school Wednesday and has been assigned to Cottage No. 1.

Miss Eva Greenlee, matron of Cottage No. 1 after several months absence, has returned, to the delight of all in her cottage.

A special feature of the Armistice Day Celebration at Concord Nov, 11th, was the music of the Jackson Training School band.

Mrs. T. V. Talbert who was here this week soliciting for the Red Cross, secured sixteen members among the officers and matrons here.

John Waddell, a former, J. T. S. boy, who now holds a responsible position with the Southern Railway at Spencer, visited us Sunday.

Mr. S. C. Hendrix, Clerk of the Superior Court of Gaston county, and Dr. Hunter, Supt. of Public Welfare, visited the school Friday. It is expected that Gaston county will soon build a cottage here.

Approximately 1800 bushels of corn, 75 tons of stover, 700 bushels of sweet potatoes, 200 bushels of Irish potatoes, 100 bushels of peanuts and 100 bushels of peas were gathered from the farm this year.

The field lying between the new school building and the Highway, has been converted into a playground. An out-door basket-ball court and a tennis court will be laid off here for use of the school sections at recess periods.

Careers of Ex-Presidents.

Considerable speculation is being indulged in as to the future activities of President Wilson. It is the general understanding that Mr. Wilson will continue to reside in Washington after he retires from the presidency next March, but so far there has been no intimation as to his plans for future work. It is regarded as more than likely he will devote himself to writing, and from his pen the nation may expect some notable contributions to the history of the times in which so few statesmen have played so prominent a part as he.

Only one President has returned to public life after he quitted his office. John Quincy Adams, retiring from the presidency in 1829, returned to Washington two years later as a member of the House of Representatives, at the age of 64. Friends feared this step would dim the lustre of his great fame, but his service in Congress only added to his renown.

The chief occupations of the Presidents after they quit office have been as follows:

George Washington upon retiring from the presidency, engaged in farming.

John Adams devoted himself chiefly to the writing of history.

Thomas Jefferson gave his chief attention to the foundation of the University of Virginia.

James Madison lived a strictly retired life after quitting the presidency.

James Monroe became identified with the University of Virginia, and for a time held office as a local magistrate.

John Quincy Adams, as already stated, returned to Congress, and

remained there until his death, in 1848.

Andrew Jackson went into retirement.

Martin Van Buren spent much time in travel and took an active part in politics.

William Henry Harrison died in office.

John Tyler cast his lot with the Confederate cause, sitting in the Virginia secessionist convention.

James K. Polk returned to his home in Tennessee and died within a short while.

Zachary Taylor died while in office.

Millard Fillmore made two trips to Europe and devoted much time to charitable work.

Franklin Pierce spent several years in traveling abroad, and then went into retirement.

James Buchanan returning to his home in Pennsylvania, lived in retirement.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in office.

Andrew Johnson engaged in politics.

Ulysses S. Grant made a world tour, engaged in banking, and wrote his memoirs.

Rutherford B. Hayes became identified with educational and charitable institutions.

James A. Garfield was assassinated in office.

Chester A. Arthur engaged in the practice of law.

Grover Cleveland became identified with Princeton University.

Benjamin Harrison devoted himself to writing and delivering an occasional lecture on law.

William McKinley was assassinated in office.

Theodore Roosevelt made trips to

the interior of Africa and to South America, became an editor, and finally a candidate for the presidency.

William H. Taft became identified with Yale University, delivered lectures and wrote for the press.

A Remarkable Dream

A lad once had a remarkable dream. He dreamt he saw a long procession of men coming toward him and the group of boys standing by him. First came an author, and as he approached the boys he stopped and said: "Lads, I have written my last book, my life is at its close; I want one of you to take my place." Then came a celebrated doctor and he said: "Lads, I have attended my last patient. I want one of you to take my place." Then followed a musician, a lawyer, a blacksmith, a builder, an artist, a preacher, and each told the boy he wanted one of them to take his place. Last of all came a miserable drunkard, dressed in rags, and as he staggered toward the boys, he said hoarsely: "Lads, I am going to fill a drunkard's grave. I want one of you to take my place."

"Not I!" screamed the dreamer, as he awoke with a start.

Only a dream, and yet how true! You, my lad, if you are spared to reach manhood, are going to fill some man's place, but what sort of man will it be? I know this, that if you determine to be a total abstainer from this done forward it will not be a drunkard's place. But if now you take just one glass when you fancy it, it is quite possible you may one day take a drunkard's place, and fill a drunkard's grave! God forbid it! But remember drunkards are people who tried to be moderate drinkers

and failed. But all the powers of the evil one cannot make a drunkard of a total abstainer.---Exchange.

The first snow of the season for Asheville occurred on the 16th.

Charlotte is moving to land the Baptist hospital.

Fire on the 15th destroyed Dodge Hall at Livingstone College, Salisbury.

Former mayor T. J. Murphy heads the list of eligibles for the Greensboro postmastership.

The Erwin Cotten Mills at Durham announced a cut in wages of 25 per cent to go into effect on the 22nd.

Almon L. Davis, a banker and excellent citizen, died from the effects of an operation for appendicitis, at his home in Burlington.

Fish Commissioner Nelson is investigating the alledged sale of 20,000 pounds of drum fish on the New Bern market, which are claimed to have been caught contrary to law.

Scott Tillman, school boy of Reidsville, was fatally hurt by train 136 striking the car in which he was riding. Two others were seriously injured, the accident occurring on the 16th.

The public school building of Albemarle was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 15th. It put the school out of commission, until the authorities of the several churches tendered their Sunday school rooms for school purposes until the school building could be rebuilt. The loss is heavy.

Cabarrus News.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cannon are in New York.

Mrs. J. F. Cannon is visiting in New York.

Practically all the rural schools have begun work.

Mr. W. L. Bell is now with the Concord Furniture Company.

The family of Mr. J. B. Sherrill is spending the winter in Asheville.

It appears that the Fourth Red Cross drive in the county was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Gibson recently returned from a visit to relatives in Wilmington.

Mr. P. M. Lafferty and family have moved to the Boger farm in No. 10, to spend the winter.

Mr. W. T. Wall and family have changed their residence from Mt. Pleasant to Concord.

Mrs. Dr. D. A. Garrison, of Gastonia, has been on a visit to her father, Mr. D. B. Coltrane.

Frank Armfield, who purchased the William Smith old home, on West Corbin, street has greatly improved the property.

It is pleasing to a wide circle of friends to know that Miss Betty Leslie is rapidly recovering from the effects of an operation in a Charlotte hospital.

Mr. J. Locke Erwin, a former resident of Concord, made a flying visit here during the month. His friends were delighted to see him again. He likes Philadelphia, his present home

Judge Furr, of the municipal court is a busy man. His courts are well patronized. This speaks well for the police, but speaks bad for the quantity of those who furnish the court's grist.

The schools at Mt. Pleasant, The Collegiate Institute and Mt. Amoena Seminary, are full and overflowing with the largest patronage in their histories. A wonderful work is being done at these splendid schools.

After several months of detail engineering, attended by innumerable delays and adjustments, it now looks promising that the city will soon number among its activities the possession of a real military company.

It is to the regret of all who know him that Rev. George H. Cox, D. D., pastor of the old historical St. John's Lutheran Church in the county, has resigned to rest for a period after a long and successful ministry. Dr. Cox will make his home in Salisbury.

Mr. Troy Wallace and Miss Ora Honeycutt were married on the evening of the 17th. It occurred in St. James Lutheran Church. Mr. and

Mrs. Wallace represent the splendid type of young folks in the county. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

The Concord Librarian, Mrs. Richmond Reed, makes the interesting announcement that during the past three months the City Library had 3,530 borrowers, of these 100 were new patrons. This is encouraging. When people take to reading, there is no room for loafing, idleness and the jazz dance.

Concord people join Central Methodist Church in their pleasure over the return of Rev. Paris to this charge. This agreeable and cordial gentleman, honoring his calling, mingling with his cheer and good fellowship among the people, has made for himself a place in the hearts of the people.

Mr. R. M. Kimmons, one of the substantial citizens of No. 3, after much suffering passed away recently at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. A. M. Faggart, of Concord. Mr. Kimmons belonged to that old school of folks who are eloquent in attending to their own business and refusing to meddle in that of others.

Mrs. Margaret Stuart, a most estimable woman, held in highest esteem by all who knew her, died at her home on Nov. 13th in Old Fort. Her remains were brought to Concord, where the funeral and burial occurred. Mrs. Stuart was the mother of Mrs. H. I. Woodhouse, of Concord, and Mr. Will Stuart, of Charlotte. Preceding her to the beyond, quite a time ago, was a son, Maun Stuart, who occupied in the hearts of Concord people the highest position of esteem and popularity ac-

corded to any young man in forty years. His untimely death cast a gloom over the entire city.

The numerous cars parked on either side of main street of Concord in the business section from St. James Lutheran Church to Central Methodist Church, make travel almost impossible, interfere with the orderly conduct of business and endanger seriously the safety of all. At least one side of the street should be kept clear; and the street car-run from the National Bank to its southern terminus might well be cut out without inconveniencing more than a half dozen travelers in a month, and save the town the hideous noise created by the accustomed use on said car of a flat wheel or two.

Concord's Loss.

It is a very regrettable fact that Rev. A. S. Lawrence, rector of the Concord Episcopal church, is to leave us. He accepts work at Chapel Hill, going there the first of the year.

During Mr. Lawrence's residence in this community, he has joined unselfishly and most earnestly into every movement that looked to the betterment of the community. Broad visioned, warm-hearted, capable and active, his presence has been most fruitful, and it is a loss to Concord to have him leave.

Very Successful Church Meeting.

Dr. E. F. Weist, a very able gospel preacher of Lebanon, Pa., has just closed a very successful series of meetings at Trinity Reformed Church. The attendance was fine, great numbers intensely interested and, it is appreciable, a great good

has been accomplished in the community. Dr. Weist expresses his gratitude through The Tribune for the courtesy accorded him, and the local officers of Trinity express their great gratitude over the successful outcome of the meeting.

Dodson-Ramseur Chapter.

The Dodson-Ramseur Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy held their late meeting with Mrs. W. C. Houston. Among the items of business attended to were the preparation of marking all unmarked graves of Confederate soldiers with iron crosses; endorsing the State Chapter's position in opposing objectional histories in the schools; and deciding to present each living old Confederate with a Christmas bag, appropriately filled. Officers for next year are: Mrs. D. B. Morrison, President; Mrs. W. S. Bingham, Vice-president; Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, secretary; Mrs. G. M. Lore, treasurer; Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, Sr., historian; and Mrs. W. D. Pemberton, registrar.

Nearing Completion.

The new brick building being added to the plant of Sunderland Hall, just to the west of the city, is nearing completion. This school which receives its main support from a Presbyterian organization at Pittsburg, Pa., has accomplished much among a people, who, by dint of circumstances and environment, might have been wholly deprived of the benefits of a higher Christian education, preparing them for life's work.

We rejoice in its increased power to care for a larger number of girls.

THE UPLIFT accords to Miss Montgomery, nothing short of a ministering angel, much of the credit for the successful growth of the institution. The work and the worker have met on sympathetic grounds in the combination of Sunderland and Miss Montgomery.

In the recent campaign, getting together a local contribution to aid in this enlargement, a most important and effective part was played by Rev. J. M. Grier, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Passing of Mr. L. J. Foil.

Mr. Lawson J. Foil, for many years a conspicuous figure in the business life of eastern Cabarrus, passed away several weeks ago rather suddenly from the effects of a paralytic stroke. Sometime back in the seventies, as a young man, he went to Mt. Pleasant and joined in a partnership known as Cook & Foil in the conduct of a mercantile business. It was a well-matched firm---they fitted in. It was prosperous.

Mr. Foil had the remarkable power of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. He knew the value of industry and was extremely careful of his accounts and his dollars. He was justly regarded a captain of industry. He seemed never to tire or grow weary -- it is a fact that the county did not have in fifty years a man more devoted to his business. He died leaving a magnificent estate.

Several years ago his wife, who in maidenhood was Miss Annie Wadsworth, of a distinguished South Carolina family, went to her reward. Three children, active young men, survive to keep alive and fresh this

particular Foil family, a member of that substantial Foil family that has been known well and favorably for more than a century in Eastern Cabarrus.

Respectfully Submitted To Greensboro News.

We appropriate from the columns of the Concord Tribune an abbreviated report of a recent meeting of the Cabarrus Black Boys Chapter, D. A. R. It revives so splendidly certain historical facts, yet kept fresh and entertaining by people, who can see back without difficulty through a number of generations without running up against the date of the arrival of some European ship, that it is deemed worthwhile passing on to the historian of the Greensboro News, for his consideration and edification:

The Cabarrus Black Boys Chapter, D. A. R. met yesterday with Mrs. R. K. Black at her home on Spring atreet. Mrs. Authur G. Odell, the regent, presided. The meeting was formally opened with the ritual. * * *

The chapter has been requested to collect state, town and county histories for our Library at Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.; also baptism and marriage records, histories of old churches and cemeteries, family histories and genealogies. If not in book form, may be typewritten, always giving an authority for same. It is expected that all books are gifts. Mrs. C. B. Wagoner, historian of the chapter, is chairman of the Library Committee. Copies of the wills of Neil Morrison, a signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence,

and John Morrison, a Revolutionary soldier, were given the chapter by Miss Eugenia Lore to be filed; also a photograph of the grave of Walter Pharr, a Revolutionary soldier.

It was decided to place a boulder about one-half mile west of Concord, on the Concord-Charlotte Highway in memory of Benjamin Patton, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and prominent lawyer of Cabarrus, who lies buried in an unmarked grave a short distance from this point.

A most interesting paper, Early English Explorers, was presented by Mrs. T. T. Smith.

Warren Gamaliel Harding---President Elect.

Birthplace---Corsica, Ohio.

Age---Fifty-five years.

Parentage---English ancestry.

Education---Ohio Central College.

Business---Newspaper publisher.

Political---Career---Member Ohio State Senate 1900-04; Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio 1904-06; Republican nominee for Governor in 1910; United States Senator 1915-21.

Marriage---Florence Kling, of Marion, in 1891.

Religion---Baptist.

Home---Marion, Ohio.

The Budget Commission, a new department in the affairs of the state, has been in session, during the past month, at Raleigh. This Commission reviews the requirements of the several departments and institutions of the state, and makes recommendations to the incoming General Assembly. The Commission is composed of the Governor, the chairmen of the Finance and Appropriation committees of the Senate and House.

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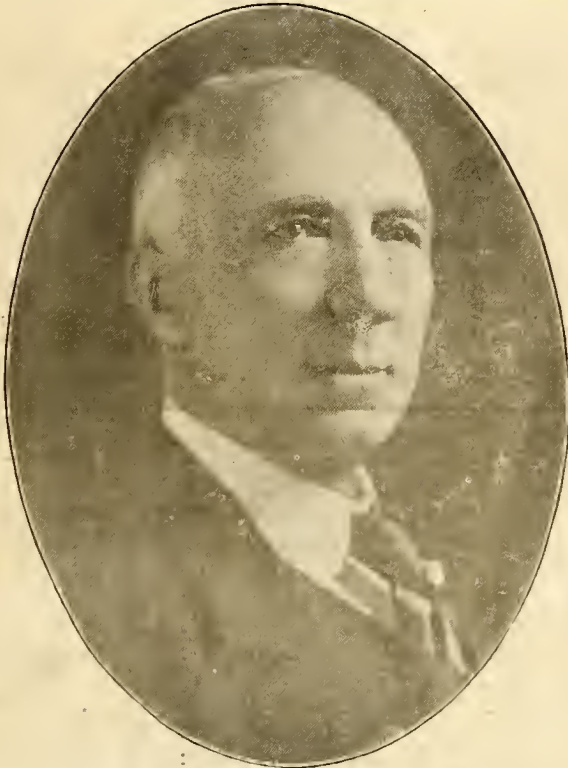
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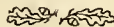
CONCORD, N. C. JAN. 8, 1921

NO. 10



HON. RUFUS ALEXANDER DOUGHTON
Alleghaney County, N. C.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAIN-
ING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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The Southern Serves the South

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44	To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136	To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36	To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138	To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30	To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35	To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43	To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29	To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137	To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under the Act March 2, 1879.

A Tonic.

"Let us pass not through the earth so fair,
Leaving no witness the truth to bear
That we've lived and loved and labored here."

SPELLING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the "Report of the State Educational Commission" there is much interesting data, and quite a few shocks to our pride as a state. This Commission with the assistance of some Northern experts, specially trained to find defects and something to hold up to criticism, and active enough to convince the public that their positions and work are important and necessary, has issued a 137 page review of public school work as now carried on in North Carolina.

Four counties in the state---McDowell, Rowan, Wake and Pitt; later Halifax was added---were selected in which certain actual tests were to be made. The tests seem to have been confined to the 5th and 7th grades. Here are the test words given to the 5th grade in the several schools to ascertain the proficiency in spelling:

forenoon, neighbor, salary, visitor, machine, success, honor, promise busy, different, attention, education, director, together, service, general, lawyer, soldier tobacco, treason.

The record of the test shows that fifth grade in the larger and medium sized cities fell short of the grade standard, which is 66 per cent, itself very

low. In the 5th grade of the rural schools, on the average, only 8 words out of the 20 were spelled correctly. Yet there is an insistence and persistence to have taught specially in these schools the subject of agriculture and reading largely mythological. Even the rural schools with four teachers—the latest idea in school management—fell 15 per cent below the standard, or spelled just 11 of the 20 words correctly.

The spelling test given to the 7th grades in these counties is composed of the following words:

immediate, convenient, receipt, preliminary, disappoint, annual, committee, architecture, artificial, beneficial, colonel, contagious, development, familiar, financier, intelligent, opportunity, peculiar, persevere, treachery.

The record here shows that in the city schools less than 8 of the 20 words were spelled correctly; and in the rural schools less than 6 of the 20 words were correctly spelled.

Such a miserable record at spelling does not lie against the public schools twenty or more years ago, and the terms then were much shorter and the teachers did not have the advantage of supervisors, summer schools and all the modern educational machinery behind them, centralized certification &c. But in those days the curriculum was not muddled with frills and ruffles, and the fundamentals were not forgotten but were stressed. The children of this day and generation have just as good intellects, they have the advantage of longer terms, and a stronger educational atmosphere prevails everywhere. Why do the children make such a poor show at spelling? Where lies the trouble?



GONE WRONG BUT ACTED FRANKLY.

Rev. Frank F. R. Miller, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Chicago and one of the most prominent and fashionable churches in that city, according to announcement, has resigned and even withdrawn from the ministry. It appears a tragedy. Just another jolt which the church must endure in addition to other evils against which she must constantly contend.

It is claimed for Rev. Miller that "the world war and service among the soldiers in camps destroyed his former ideals of Christianity, and so, after 22 years in the ministry, he quits with creed shattered and faith submerged". He is lost as his reasoning strongly indicates, but he must be commended for refusing to continue and play the hypocrite. This is Miller's explanation:

"I have come to believe that the church imposes restrictions on a

minister that other wholesomely religious men do not have to contend with. There are standards of Christianity in the church that I believe are purely fictitious. I cannot bring myself to think that because a man plays cards, dances and goes to the theatre he is a pagan, and that if he does not do any of those things he is a Christian.

"For some time past I have been conscious of a repugnance toward evangelistic methods and the superficial standards of the church. I have found just as good Christians outside the church as inside.

"The center of culture in America today is not the church, but the educational institutions. University professors are teaching things that are irreconcilable with the tenets of the church, and it seems to me that the professors are right."

Entertaining such views, this fallen preacher has acted properly in resigning his pastorate, and, of course, he should drop the "Reverend" and be dropped from the clerical roll of his denomination. The Christian Church has suffered in the past, is suffering to-day and will continue to suffer when men in good, sound health quit the ministry for worldly business reasons, retaining their clerical titles and remaining on the clerical roll, even timidity and so-called professional ethics prevent the erasure of the name of the fallen.

A preacher, without ministerial sore throat, in reasonable health, quitting the ministry, going about "selling sky" or spreading propaganda for the promotion of wild-cat schemes, is an intolerable object and should take down his sign, or be taken down for him for the sake of the church.

Ministerial conduct like this has caused criticism of the church, has been a stumbling block in the way of men really desirous of connecting with the church. When a minister, physically weak or strong, quitting his high calling, retaining his clerical title, becomes impious, witnesses card playing, countenances vulgar and wicked conduct, indulges in practices unbecoming the cloth, drinks, visits questionable places with questionable folks, revels in wicked and slanderous talks, he gives the world the opportunity to criticise the church and the world gleefully accepts the challenge—such a preacher is a brazen hypocrite and an insult to high heaven.

This preacher that could not stand the influences of army life has made a serious charge against the practices of the universities of the country. In this is he truthful? Certainly not, as respects the course of Southern universities. It would be interesting to know just how many preachers and christian workers have come out of our own university in the past decade. We dare say the number would appear a multitude compared to the few, who have gone as Miller suggests.

Rev. Miller has set the example and shown the way worthy of imitation

by his kind--getting out of the holy office and bearing the odium of his own sin rather than hypocritically and cowardly shielding himself behind the ministerial roll and shifting his sins on to the church, already burdened and heavily laden.



WOMEN'S HOTEL.

The Charlotte Observer carried an interesting story, telling how a Woman's Hotel is about to be started in the city. That wonderfully bright, tireless and aggressive woman, Miss Julia Alexander, Lawyer, is behind the movement. The plan is to get control of the Clayton Hotel, "just around the corner" from the Selwyn, and turn it over to the exclusive use of professional, business and traveling women.

Now, since the women have come into their own, doing two-thirds of the mercantile business, nineteen-twentieths of the stenographic work, all of the professional nursing, all of the head-gear manipulation, and about one hundredth part of the legal business, to say nothing of numerous other employments, the demand for suitable lodging for women has become a problem in Charlotte.

If this scheme goes through, the internal arrangements will be of no concern to this writer for a dead-line will have been established. But we make bold to offer a suggestion to sister Alexander, and that is cut out the manner of designating the rooms by names of towns and states. Think of a North Carolina woman having to go to Connecticut weather like this.



PROGRESSIVE GUILFORD.

The county of Guilford occupies a proud position among the counties of the state, in the manner she approaches a duty and the hearty, sensible manner in which she discharges that duty. On the 14th of December the proposition to issue bonds in the amount of two millions of dollars for hard-surfaced roads and the repairs of lateral roads throughout the county was submitted to the people. They said "yes" by a majority of over thirteen hundred. Just Watch Guilford Show the State How to Do Things.

The argumentative campaign, which the Greensboro News waged in the interest of the proposition, was always fair, strong and little short of brilliant. If Col. Kirkpatrick and Miss Berry, the good roads pair of the state, did not preserve the contributions of the News to the cause and wisdom of good roads--while they were primarily for Guilford consumption, they are

applicable to any county---these two important citizens have lost some powerful dope.

o o o o

DAVID YOUNG COOPER.

At the age of 73, on the night of the 20th of December, there passed away, at Henderson, one of the state's very first citizens. In the death of David Young Cooper the whole state has sustained a heavy loss. Mr. Cooper was wealthy, having amassed a fortune, which he used for the betterment of his community, for progress and for the upbuilding of the state, which he loved.

He held many places of trust and honor which came to him not by seeking but because his high character, his fine judgment and his patriotism attracted them. Popular, clean and unselfish---that is the verdict of all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

o o o o

COL. C. B. ARMSTRONG.

Col. C. B. Armstrong, the master builder of Gaston County, and one of the most conspicuous industrial leaders of North Carolina, after a very short illness, died at his home in Gastonia on the 26th.

From a humble, honest birth, via a clock peddler, store keeper, sheriff, mayor he became the largest owner of cotton mill industries in his section. Becoming rich, he never fell into the horrible habits of the "new rich"---he loved and was loved by his people; he pulled and worked for his town, never milking it. He contributed largely to every public cause---he lead, never learning the mischief of throwing monkey-wrenches. His greatest office was a trustee of the local Graded School---he regarded it so.

The whole state sustains a loss in Col. Armstrong's death.

o o o o

About every ten years there goes the round in a republication of Senator Vest's classic on the dog. Editor Mebane, of the Catawba News & Enterprise, started it on its round in a recent number. It is worth while. THE UPLIFT has its hand on "Cousin Sally Dillard," the very fine skit by the late Col. Hamilton C. Jones, and were the space available "Cousin Sally" would make her return visit in this issue.

o o o o

Jim Riddick this week tells of the "neglected family." How many of

such do you know? Have you done anything that looks to clearing that atmosphere, and giving to the children in that environment a dog's chance to grow up orderly and worthily? What could be expected of a child growing up under the influences of the family life of which Jim Riddick tells?

♦♦♦♦

Following him back into Randolph county goes the best wishes of the thousands for Col. W. Penn Wood, who voluntarily relinquishes the office of State Auditor. A valiant soldier, a wise business man and a princely gentleman, goes back to enhance the pleasure and joy of Ashboro, which Col. Wood actually thinks is the best place on earth.

♦♦♦♦

Inauguration of Governor-elect Cameron Morrison has been set for January 12th. There will be in Raleigh that day more Charlotte people than ever before on any one day. Word is out that Mr. Morrison will consume only 30 minutes in delivering his address. He will address the Legislature, from time to time, on special subjects of legislation.

♦♦♦♦

The man that encourages an individual to secure him blind tiger or any other kind of booze, is just as bad as the fellow that sells it; the man that patronizes that gambling joint Saturday night, Sunday afternoons and night, besides being a criminal is worse than the proprietor, who makes something out of it while the patron does not.

♦♦♦♦

He's a volunteer, Col. Jas. R. Young is. The very finest and most efficient Insurance Commissioner ever, has voluntarily withdrawn from an office, which he made worthwhile and which has been the object of imitation by officials of other states. Here's hoping for long and prosperous life for this very worthy North Carolinian.



The Old North State.

(A Toast)

[The North Carolina Society, of Richmond, Va., held a banquet in the old capital of the Confederacy May 20th, 1904, at which was read the following toast, written by Mrs. Leonora Monteiro Martin]

*Here's to the land of the Long Leaf Pine,
The Lumber Land, where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great---
Here's to "Down Home," the Old North State!*

*Here's to the land of the cotton blooms white,
Where the scuppernong perfumes the breeze at night,
Where the soft Southern moss and jessamine mate,
'Neath the murmuring pines of the Old North State!*

*Here's to the land where the galax grows,
Where the rhododendron roseate glows;
Where soars Mount Mitchell's summit great,
In the "Land of the Sky," in the Old North State!*

*Here's to the land where maidens are fairest,
Where friends are the truest, and cold hearts are rarest;
The near land, the dear land, whatever our fate,
The blest land, the best land, the Old North State!*

HON. RUFUS A. DOUGHTON.

One of the state's biggest men living in one of the state's smallest and most inaccessible counties, is Hon. Rufus Alexander Doughton, of Sparta, Alleghany county. There is no such other man in the whole state. Even his brother, Congressman Robert L. Doughton, is not like him.

This writer has personally known the subject of this sketch, in fact somewhat intimately, ever since 1896; and by reputation, long ere 1896. He admires him, has great faith in his integrity, rejoices in a confidence in the man's great wisdom, never questions his patriotism or his sincerity; and yet there are times when one can not understand at the moment certain positions he takes, but never for a moment would occasion arise making it justifiable or suggestive to impugn his motives.

If Mr. Doughton had ever manifested a vicious spirit, or occasionally violated any of the ten commandments, or broke the eighteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution in the merest manner, one might on some occasion make bold to believe that he could be a dangerous man. But he has done none of these things—his life has been a clean, open book, whose pages are written in acts, words and behavior in plain English.

Just why "Rufe" Doughton, as his intimate friends affectionately call him to his face, has not been and is not even now Governor of North Carolina, is entirely his own fault. The political prognosticators and the space writers play him up in the act of just about to throw his hat in the gubernatorial campaign ring, at least every four years; but the

truth of the matter is this Alleghany statesman does not want to be governor. It would require more than a governorship to tear him loose from the fastnesses of the mountains, the intimate association of life-long friends and a congenial atmosphere producing health, peace and plenty with just enough excitement to make the foregoing appear to their greatest advantage. Pressure that few men could resist has been brought to bear most strongly with Mr. Doughton to permit his name to be used in connection with the gubernatorial nomination, but he could never be budged. He has his reasons for resisting this honor---no one knows them exactly outside of himself; so his friends, who are legion, are left to do a bit of surmising, which is neither illegal nor bad manners.

Mr. Doughton was born at Laurel Springs, Alleghany county, on the 10th of January 1857. His father was J. Horton Doughton, a man of parts, standing high among his fellow-citizens and occupying places of trust and honor in Alleghany; his mother's maiden name was Rebecca Jones, a member of one of the most substantial families of Alleghany. Completing the course in local schools, Mr. Doughton received training at Independence Academy, across the line in Virginia. He took two years at the University of North Carolina.

Though born and reared on a farm, for which even to this day he has a practical attachment, he leaned towards a professional life; accordingly, he took a course, in 1880, in law at the University of North Carolina; and, in the fall of that year, having obtained his license, he opened an office at Sparta, where ever since he has been numbered among the most

successful and able lawyers of the state.

Always interested and active in public matters, Mr. Doughton was elected to the House of Representatives in 1887; again, in 1889 and 1891, this time being elected Speaker. This position he filled with great credit and efficiency. He was one of the few Democrats of prominence, who steered absolutely clear of entangling alliances with the politicians in the Alliance, which was wrecked by them using it as a stepping stone for personal promotion or benefits. In 1892, Mr. Doughton was nominated and elected Lieutenant-Governor of the state; and, ex-officio, presiding over the deliberations of the State Senate, he enlarged his circle of friends and acquaintances, until the whole state knows his ability, his power and his patriotism.

In 1903, Gov. Doughton again represented his county in the legislature; also in 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919 and he returns for the session of 1921. In fact the office belongs to him, just as long as life lasts or he will permit it thrust upon him.

In every one of these sessions Governor Doughton, as might be expected, held important committee chairmanships, wielded a powerful influence and enjoyed the confidence and respect of all. This writer recalls, when differing with the distinguished statesmen on a matter of vital importance---the method rather than the thing itself---that when the word "politician" was used in connection with his name, he quickly asked: "what you mean by that?" When assured that the author recognized that there are two kinds of politicians: 1. statesman; 2. just pol-

iticians, this energetic, never-sleeping legislator, understanding that he was put in the first class, was entirely satisfied.

Governor Doughton is a mason. He is a member of the Methodist Church. On January 10th, 1883, his twenty-sixth birthday, he married Miss Sue B. Parks, which union has been blessed with two children, a daughter and a son. His son Kemp P. Doughton, very talented and well-balanced, holds a high position in the banking department of the federal treasury.

In a material way Gov. Doughton has been very successful. Interested in manufacturing, banking and farming, together with a lucrative legal practice, he has acquired no little wealth. His passion, however, is to get a railroad to Sparta and the North-Western counties.

Governor Doughton, having been a power in the affairs of the state which he has faithfully served for more than thirty-four years, wielding an influence second to no man, his position in the esteem of the state and her people is secure.

Billy Sunday on Fashions.

"Hang up before me the fashion plates of the ages, from Louis XIV, Henry VIII, on down to the present day and I will tell you the morality of the age without exception. I do not ask to read, or know one page of history. Modest apparel means high morals, immodest apparel means low morals. One reason of the great tidal wave of profligacy is caused by the immodest clothes of the women. Oh, for a Shakespeare to write the tragedy."

"A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

By Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of The Navy.



There is no such thing as a man being "down," and there is no such thing as a man being "out," unless he has lost his will power and faith in himself. After all, outward conditions affect the character or the life comparatively little. The old Bible truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," applies in every walk of life. Men who have failed of the goal which they have set out

to reach often have periods of depression, and many of the best people in the world fail of success in the great contest in which they started. But they are not down, if they believe in their hearts that they have the stuff to start another race, and have the wisdom to keep themselves in condition for the struggle.

The world is learning more and more that care of the body is essen-

tial to poise of the mind. Most people who are down have abused their bodies, have failed to take care of the vehicle containing their minds and souls; and with physical deterioration comes inability to resist temptation. Of course, the first thing in a man who has the will is to assert his authority over his appetites and passions, and also to assert his authority over the lassitude that comes from weariness or hopelessness. When he does that, a worthy goal is always in sight. It may not be the high goal he looked to when he was young and before excesses or mistakes had impaired his vital powers, but there is no age or condition in which a man is either down or out as long as he has the will to go forward and to stand on his feet.

Boy Preacher Heard.

A Newton correspondent of Greensboro News, under date of December 20th writes:

Rev. Vance Havner, the boy preacher, filled the pulpit of the First Baptist church, in this city, yesterday morning and evening, preaching strong sermons to large congregations. At the morning service his discourse was on "The Power of the Spirit." The speaker said, "Conditions have changed since Peter said to the cripple, 'Silver and gold have I none, arise and walk.' Nowadays it is, 'Silver and gold have I in plenty, lie where you are.' Measure a man by his heart and not by his head, our religion is about the least thing we possess. No man can become useful in Christian service until he looks upon every man as his brother and every woman as his sister. Too many fellows want to be great rather than useful. Don't get

peevish because you are only a Ford, there are plenty of Cadillacs stuck in the mud.

"When Jesus commanded the stone to be rolled away from before the grave of Lazarus, Martha suggested. 'I wouldn't do that, he has been dead four days and by this time he smells bad.' When the preachers of today undertake to remove the stone from the dead churches there is always some fellow afraid of raising a stink. Men get to heaven not by goodness but by Godness."

He Explained.

During the big coal strike of several years ago a driver for a coal company in New York was sent with a load of coal to the East Side, where he was instructed to deliver a portion of it at several different places and collect the money as he did so. When he returned he handed in what money he had to the man at the office, who, after counting it found it to be several dollars short.

"You have not given me money enough," said the proprietor. "I know it," said the driver "but everywhere I went little children came to me and held out pails, baskets or boxes. Some of them were crying. They were all shivering with the cold. Now, you can take the balance out of my pay or discharge me or turn me over to the police. I could not refuse each one of them a little." "I guess," said his employer, "you can keep right on."

The orifice of a whale's ear is scarcely perceptible, yet it is said that the whale's hearing is so acute that a ship crossing its track half a mile distant will cause it to dive instantly.

The Neglected Families in Our Civilization

By Jim Riddick.

When you eliminate from the church the idea and purpose of missions you take from it the fundamental reason for its existence and maintenance. A church that does not hoist above its efforts the flag of service---missions---is a dead and self-fish thing.

I believe in missions, I contribute to missions. I dare not, therefore, utter that which will dampen the ardor of any who think missions, talk missions and dream missions all the while. It is a passion with some; but I fear it is a one-sided passion. These blinded enthusiasts oftentimes fail to realize that the light that shines the brightest at home reaches farthest. As organized our missionary forces seem to stress foreign efforts to the hurt if not the entire exclusion of home missions.

Oh, this is a civilized country; the true God is known, and the story of the Christ child has been often told ---but to how many? That more than half of our population remains unchurched, accept no God, profess no Saviour, strangers to Sunday Schools and non-supporters of the church even from a long distance, shows a field ripe for the earnest endeavor of all missionaries. Wouldn't a better record at home look better to the millions of depraved, benighted, inferior, who have become the consuming concern of organized missionary propaganda? I think so.

The story has been told of a rank old sinner, rising in an audience that was stressing foreign missions, and springing a suprise by the contribu-

tion of one dollar to the cause. The audience was about to burst into rejoicing, when he declared: "hold, I am not done; I want to add ten dollars to that contribution to pay the way of that dollar into the foreign field." That was his way of charging that there are too many middle men, or women, too many delegates to carry the story to the main organization, too much expense in overhead control. But what would that old sinner have contributed had the cause been a local one?

I have recently been impressed with the thought that there is not too much done for the foreign field but entirely too little done for heathenism right in our midst. It occurs to me, too, that some of our good, active missionary workers act on the presumption that the work right here at home is an accomplished fact; that the deck is cleared to begin execution on the great big appalling object beyond the seas. Is that true?

We are told that less than 50 percent of the population of North Carolina is churched. That is tragedy. It is an indictment. In that 50 percent, too, is included the superstitious bulk of the colored people, who profess allegiance to some queer religious views that they honor with the name of church. Many of them are but societies, which miss the true road to a religious life but emphasize some fascinating theory or confusion-of-tongue-idea, which in itself affords the very richest field for missionary work. And these negroes are

just as important as many of the dark-skinned heathen, thousands of miles away. How their credulity, their superstition, their love for the spectacular constitute rich pickings for self-constituted and designing missionaries(?), all but endangers the safety of a community. There are but few agencies among the enlightened that are risking their lives and social standing to save these ignorant folks from themselves and from those who would exploit them.

We know pretty well what the 50 percent churched folks are doing; but how many of us are actually concerning ourselves deeply and earnestly how the unchurched among us are faring? Just a few, because we have never accepted the doctrine that we are our brother's keeper. I contend that the godless among us are just as precious in the sight of the Lord as the dark-skinned, inferior races beyond the seas. This subject was brought forcibly to my attention when an official of the Jackson Training School remarked in my presence that a "large percentage of the boys enrolled have not been taught the Lord's prayer---that master prayer of all ages; some never having heard of it; some---many---showing a lack of knowledge of the simple and interesting little Bible stories that are taught to children in well-regulated homes, in which the family altar still remains a part of the furniture of the home. Yet all these boys are North Carolinians---white---pure Anglo Saxon. They are typical of a condition in some localities. Any condition like this near you? Have you tried to improve it? How many boys have you tried to get into the Sunday School?

Listen---

I introduce you to a North Carolina family---big one---that lives within five miles of splendid institutions, in a long developed community, once the very pick among communities, several churches near by, within sound of the court-house bell, on property paid for in a short time by the profitable business of blockading in all of its forms, enjoying a personal liberty of his own making with only a slight disturbance, just enough to produce watchful waiting.

A perfect code, that will work without requiring all to make known their authorodox appetites or courting entangling connections, has been worked out. For instance, when the price is fixed and the applicant has proper credentials the thirsty approaches the wife and gets his "setting of eggs." There is no law under heaven that prevents a man or a woman to sell a "setting of eggs." Spitting everywhere (tobacco and snuff), swearing, condoning of vice and immorality, day and night, in an atmosphere where God is unknown, is the environment of a crowd of children of tender ages, who know no day from another and who darken the doors of no church. And this in the very heart of civilization. My God! What does the future hold for these benighted and forgotten boys and girls? They go out---out into the world, build up families of their own and reproduce their kind.

This is not overdrawn---it exists in blood and flesh. It is one of the many neglected families in our civilization. Families where no love exists except the love of money; and gain at any price or hazard is the goal and object of life, and where

God is unknown. And what are the missionary leaders doing for the thousands of homes in our state that ignore God and resent morality?

Peacemakers.

By Henery C. Roehner, D. D.

Any fool can make trouble. It does not take much ability or brain power to stir up a fuss. Persons who are constantly stirring up trouble are showing smallness of character. A little soul is by nature a troublemaking one. Great souls seek peace and pursue it. The more given persons are to stirring up petty troubles, the farther are their spirits from the spirit of Jesus Christ. The Spirit of Jesus in the heart always makes for peace.

Peacemakers are called in God's Word, "children of God." God is a God of peace and children who are true children "take after their parents"; therefore, if you want to be a child of God you must "take after" Him. The devil is the father of lies and strife. If you are given to lies and strife, then you are "taking after" the devil and in so far are a child of the devil. Strife never comes from God. It comes from the devil. Let's label the goods by the trademark of the factory from which they come. Peacemakers are agents of God, while strifemakers are personal representatives of the devil, for are they not doing his work?

The peacemakers cannot be a tale bearer. There are some persons who make of themselves regular fishmongers, carrying their smelly goods from door to door. A tale bearer is generally a trouble maker. Cultivate the spirit of listening, but not of peddling everything you hear.

The peacemaker must not carry stories.

Someone has said, "The peacemaker acts as a shock absorber. He listens to disputes, but he does not pass them on. What comes to him goes no farther."

Most troubles come from petty trifles. Many a family quarrel starts from picayune matters. Little vexations and little frictions which should be overlooked or forgotten in a few minutes are magnified and rolled around and around until, like the snowball, they become a great big mass.

There is too much of the spirit, "You kill my cat, I'll kill your dog." Too many have the spirit of "getting even." That is the spirit of the savage, not the spirit of the Christian. It shows littleness. Train yourself, and seek to spread the spirit of overlooking and forgetting trifles. Ignore petty irritations. Be big.

Cultivate the spirit of peacemaking. Do not always be looking for slights. Do not be too thin-skinned, so that you are always getting hurt or insulted. Some persons are entirely too sensitive. They must always be handled with silk gloves. They are always miserable themselves, and they make everybody else miserable. Be a man. Be a woman. Do not be a baby!

Of the tobacco consumed in this country, 77 per cent is made into cigarettes, 20 per cent is smoked in in pipes, and 3 per cent in cigars.

Four hundred tanks were in action at one time, not counting "dummies," some of which induced large bodies of the enemy to surrender.

Monument to Negro Slaves.

From the railroad station at Fort Mill, just across the line in South Carolina, passengers may see an attractive monument. It is out of the ordinary, but it tells a story of the great appreciation a distinguished citizen had for the faithful slaves, who proved their loyalty and faithfulness in the fearful days of the War Between the States.

This is a gift and a testimonial by Captain Samuel E. White, whose career is closely associated with Concord. He married Miss Esther Phifer Allison, daughter of the late Washington Allison and a sister of Mr. J. P. Allison and Mrs. J. M. Odell. Cap-

tain White died March 4, 1911; Mrs. White passed away April 28, 1903; leaving an only child, Miss Grace, who married Col. Leroy Springs, of Lancaster S. C.

Captain White erected first a monument to the Confederate soldier; following this a monument to the women of the Confederacy. Showing the goodness of his heart and his high sense of justice, Captain White erected one to faithful negroes as here described:

On the East side of the monument is the figure of a negro man; and on the West side that of a negro woman.

(On the North side)

1895

Erected by Sam'l E. White.
In grateful Memory of Earlier
Days, with Approval of the
Jefferson Davis
Memorial Association
Among the Many Faithful

Nelson White
Sandy White
Warren White
Silas White
Handy White

Anthony White
Jim White
Henry White
Nathan Springs
Soloman Spratt

(On the South side)

1860

Dedicated to
The Faithful Slaves
Who, loyal to a sacred trust,
Toiled for the Support
Of the Army, with matchless
Devotion, and with Stirling
Fidelity Guarded Our Defenceless
Homes, Women, and Children, During
The Struggle for the Principles
Of Our "Confederate States of
America."

1865

Bill and Joe.

They were friends in their boyhood days. Joe had made a success as a real estate dealer and was rich. Bill was a contractor, building houses for other people, but had none of his own.

One day Joe sent for Bill.

I want you to build a house on one of my lots. Here are the plans.

Bill used cheap materials wherever he could. It was a shabby job to build for any one, let alone for a friend.

When it was done, Bill sent word to Joe to come and see his house.

No, Bill, it is not my house. I had you build it for yourself. It is a present from me on account of our good times as boys together.

And now Bill had to live in the poorly built house, when, had he been honest, he would have had the best.

Have you ever known boys who slighted their lessons in school thinking they were getting the best of the teacher?

When the teacher went away the boy was left with just the kind of a mind he had been building by idleness and dishonesty, thinking he was troubling the teacher he has troubled himself. With his ignorant self he must journey through life or live in the house he has so slighted in building.

Not only must you live in the house you are building for your soul, but you must work in it. What kind of a watch could you make with water dripping from the ceiling on your work because you had built a poor roof? And what kind of work can you do with nerves unsteadied by cigarettes or late hours?

If you earn sixty dollars a month

and can save ten, you should save thirty dollars a month when you earn eighty. In ten years you could save as much at eighty as you could in thirty years at sixty dollars.

The work you are doing every day in school or shop or field while in this school will be part of the house you are building for your soul.

Longfellow wrote in his poem, *The Builders*:

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we
build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;

Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

Are you fitting yourself to earn good wages, and so have a home of your own and be a useful citizen, or will you be one of the down-and-outers who drift along like wrecks on the ocean, of little use to themselves and a harm to others?—S. A. Gortner.

Letter "E"

The letter "E" is perhaps the most conspicuous letter in the English language. It is always out of CASH, forever in DEBT, never out of DANGER and in HELL all the time. But don't overlook the fact that the letter "E" is not in WAR and always in PEACE. It is the beginning of EXISTENCE, the commencement of EASE and the end of TROUBLE.

Without it, there would be no LIFE and, no HEAVEN. It is the center of HONESTY, makes LOVE perfect, and without it there could be no EDITORS, DEVILS, or NEWS.

The Educational Crisis in North Carolina.

NORTH CAROLINA HAS WEALTH

1. North Carolina is the richest State in the South.
2. North Carolina paid \$165,000,-000 in taxes into Federal Treasury last year.
3. North Carolina spent \$36,000,-000 on automobiles last year.
4. North Carolina ranks second in textile industries.
5. North Carolina ranks fourth in agricultural products.

NORTH CAROLINA IS DEFICIENT IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

1. North Carolina has spent only \$14,000,000 on College Equipment in two and one-half centuries.
2. North Carolina spent only \$2,-500,000 on 31 Colleges last year.
3. North Carolina is the forty seventh state in money spent on higher education.
4. North Carolina turned away 2,-500 students from her Colleges this fall.
5. North Carolina will turn away 3,500 students from her Colleges next fall, if the crisis is not met.

The Vote In Congressional Districts.

The State Board of Elections, having canvassed the votes in the ten congressional districts of the state, declares the vote in each as follows:

First--Hallet S. Ward, democrat, 21,414; Wheeler Martin, republican, 7,459; majority 13,919.

Second--Claude Kitchin, democrat, 20,890; W. O. Dixon, republican, 3,367; majority, 17,523.

Third--S. M. Brinson, democrat, 21,457; R. L. Herring, republican, 16,347; majority, 5,200.

Fourth--E. W. Pou, democrat, 26,479; Parker, republican, 14,080; majority, 11,386.

Fifth--Charles M. Stedman, democrat, 45,301; W. D. Merritt, republican, 38,484; majority, 6,817.

Sixth--Homer L. Lyon, democrat,

24,174; R. S. White, republican, 11,040; majority, 13,134.

Seventh--W. C. Hammer, democrat, 37,071; W. H. Cox, republican, 32,784; majority, 4,287.

Eighth--R. L. Doughton, democrat, 32,984; J. I. Campbell, republican, 31,556; majority, 1,428.

Ninth--A. L. Bulwinkle, democrat, 40,195; Jake Newell, republican, 35,686; majority, 4,509.

Tenth--Zeb Weaver, democrat, 36,923; L. L. Jenkins, republican, 34,393; majority, 2,530.

Africa still remains the greatest field in the world for the ostrich, the exports of feathers from the entire African territory bring about \$20,-000,000 each year. British South Africa supplies most.

New England's Claims Not Sustained.

By Capt. S. A. Ashe in News and Observer.

Northern propaganda, diffusing itself through many channels, teaches that the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers was one of the most momentous epochs in history. That it led to the settlement of New England and that it was due to New England that the French were not master of this continent; and that New England also gave us the base of our institution.

When the Pilgrims arrived, Virginia had been settled thirteen years, had four thousand English people, prosperous, contented and happy--and had a representative government in existence--the first in the whole world.

For a dozen years Englishmen had been coming across the waves. There was nothing very remarkable in that.

The Plymouth Colony (Brownists) did not flourish particularly--but eight years later, conditions in England led many Puritans, who had a different religious sentiment, to leave England and locate on Massachusetts Bay. That was a very remarkable exodus, and it attained such a volume that the government took steps to arrest the movement.

The Plymouth Company in England failed, and soon the Brownist Plymouth Rock settlement became merged in the over-shadowing Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony. When Plymouth Rock was nothing Virginia in 1660 had fifty thousand inhabitants. The Plymouth settlement antedated the Puritan exodus, but did not lead to it. The successful settlement in Virginia was, perhaps, a more inducing cause of influence than the unsuccessful set-

tlement at Plymouth. The real cause was to escape from the troubles brewing in England.

The claim that New England rescued this continent from the French is singular. The French had settled Nova Scotia up the St. Lawrence--had explored the Mississippi and the Lakes--and claimed the region west of the Alleghany mountains. Our French Broad River got its name from their claim to its banks. Louisville and St. Louis were in the province of Louisiana; New Orleans was one of their settlements. They had a port on Lake Erie, and Pittsburg was their Fort "Duquesne" That was the French holding. That was the French peril. What did New England have to do about it? Nothing. She did conflict with the French in Maine--but that was all. It was Virginia that sent to North Carolina for Gist--to pilot George Washington to Lake Erie and demand that the French abandon the Ohio river. It was the people of North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania that drove the French from the Ohio--and there, with the New York troops, drove them back to the Lakes. There may have been in this last campaign, some New Englanders along--but it was chiefly a Virginia affair.

In regard to our institutions, they are more of Virginia origin than New England. The very name of "Senate" is derived from the Virginia constitution. Virginia and North Carolina and the South Atlantic have given to the Union great commonwealths carved out of old French territory.

A Revaluation Exhibit.

Twelve hundred thirty-five dollars is what we are worth per inhabitant on the tax books of North Carolina in 1920, counting men, women, and children of both races.

It looks like a whale of a sum. But a comparison or two reduces it to proper proportions.

For instance, our per capita true wealth in North Carolina in 1912 was \$794, according to the Census Bureau Bulletin on National Wealth. The revaluation figures of 1920 show us to be only \$441 beyond our average of eighty years ago. Evidently a 55 per cent increase in taxables lags far behind the one, two, and three hundred percent increases in the War time values of town and county real estate and commodities of all sorts.

Two years before the World War began 46 states stood ahead of us in per capita wealth, and Mississippi alone saved us from footing the column. At that time 38 states of the union were worth \$1235 or more per inhabitant and among these richest states 5 were Southern---Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona in the order named.

The simple fact is that we are just now getting our properties on the tax books at something like their true value when sold for money in the ordinary manner of sale, as the law has long required, not at their inflated values which are right around five billion dollars all told, but at the reasonable value of three billion dollars in round numbers. The revaluation total in the states at large or in any county does not surprise any really well informed taxpayer.

Our per capita taxables range from

\$560 in Macon the poorest county in the state to \$2907 in Durham our richest county. Durham has long maintained this distinguished place in per capita taxables in North Carolina.

Only 29 counties are above the state average of \$1235. Sixteen are mill and factory counties or contain cities of 10,000 inhabitants, or more. Twelve are our richest farm counties, and one---Graham---is a mountain county that has suddenly risen into wealth because of its lumber industries and hydro-electric power sites and plants, all of which are owned by alien corporations, one of them being a British lumber company. For the first time these properties are paying taxes to North Carolina upon something like their proper physical value. These are the counties that are bearing the heaviest tax burdens under the new order of things.

A Preacher "Fixes" Himself.

THE UPLIFT has received a very encouraging and, of course, much appreciated letter from Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, pastor of West Market Street Methodist Church, Greensboro, N. C. But let the letter speak the balance:

"I am enclosing my check for two dollars in payment of a year's subscription to THE UPLIFT, sample copies of which I have received.

To tell the truth, it looks too good to pass up, even if a fellow felt unable to take it. You are producing a live, interesting, up-to-date publication, and I want to fix myself so as to know, without fear of missing a copy, that it will come to me each week in the year.

With every good wish, I beg to remain,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) J. H. Barnhardt."

What Is Success.

The most successful man I ever knew died without enough money to pay his funeral expense. The newspapers mentioned the fact of his death, but omitted adjectives. This man had lived without acquaintance with vice. He had worked hard, paid his debts, taught his family to enjoy living and taught his children to work. His burdens were pleasure. He did not know how to complain. He had the respect of everybody in his community---including a few enemies.

Doubtless many men have played the game as well. Why do we call men of this type failures? In what particular have they failed? We do not say that a physician has failed because he has written no poetry or that a banker has failed because he cannot shoe a horse. We cannot measure the degree of a man's success until we learn where his goal lies.

The popular understanding of success is the getting of money or fame.

It might almost be said that the popular understanding of success is the getting of money, for there is little respect for a fame that cannot be used as a means of acquiring money. Fame is advertising, and advertising may be cashed at the paying teller's window.

The man who acquires great wealth is successful in that particular. If wealth was his goal he deserves credit.

But if he had no other goal and accomplished nothing more he did not make successful use of his brains.

If mere getting is success, why deny honor to the safe cracker?

Is a man a success if he gets money by methods that loses him the respect

of his fellows and give him no pleasure in his own society? Is he a success if he gets money and raises daughters to be fools and sons to be loafers?

The test of life is living. The test of worth is service. He who serves himself and no other is a failure, though death release his grasp on the ranson of an empire. He who finds life bitter is a failure, though multitudes cheer him on the street. The king who rules an unhappy and maltreated people is a failure. The carpenter who hangs a door well is a success. There is more honor in using one talent well than in abusing the possession of ten.

To keep clean, to do good work, to earn friends, to be happy and bestow happiness, to develop opportunity, to serve where possible and learn not to whine---this is success. There is no greater. There is no other.---Ex.

"Life Too Cheap"

The deliberate murder which occurred in our city recently, when an 18-year-old boy shot down a most worthy and highly esteemed citizen while at his work, calls for some intelligent thinking along some lines. That boy probably was imbued with the idea that he could shoot and kill without paying the prescribed penalty of eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth and life for a life. It is only too true that life is held too cheap in North Carolina, and after reading of the various pardons and commutation after murder has been committed no doubt many young men who hold a grudge or who are high-tempered, think they can get away with a light sentence and are perfectly will-

ing to take the chance to gain the notoriety it brings to one who has accomplished an atrocious crime. Boys should be restrained from handling rifles or guns in a promiscuous manner, and many fathers are criminally negligent by permitting mere children to go off their premises with a gun. The parents of the young murderer are prostrate with grief and deplore such a thing should have happened. But the boy was permitted to have a gun and take it away from his home at will. There are other parents who may be brought to the same sad plight if they do not take particular pains to put restrictions on their children. It may be murder or it may be something else.---Mooreville Enterprise.

Enrollment At The State University.

A total of 1,403, of whom 47 are women, have registered in the university this fall.

Of the students therethis fall 478 are Methodists and 356 are Baptists, the figures in both instances being higher than last year. Presbyterians follow with 235, Episcopalians number 159, Christians with 39, and the following denominations come in order: Lutherans, Jews, Roman Catholics, Moravians, Reformed, Universalists, Friends, Christian Scientists, Disciples, Congregationalists, Reformed Jews, and Unitarians.

Mecklenburg leads all counties by sending 77 students to the university. Guilford follows with 69, Buncombe with 58, Orange with 48, Wake with 46, Wayne with 45, Forsyth with 37, Rowan with 36, New Hanover and Iredell with 31 each, and Alamance with 28. Others with more than 20 are, Cabarrus, Edgecombe, Gaston, Lenoir, Pitt, and Wilson.

Only five counties in the state are not represented---Caswell, Clay, Graham, Mitchel, and Yancey, four of them up in the mountains, and one along the Virginia line.

When Truth Applies

There is a difference between the real and the ideal. And we are largely responsible for the difference. The real is what we are, while the ideal is what we should be, and what in our best moments we would like to be. We assent to the call of the ideal. It looks beautiful. We approve it when it is presented to us as a theory and a principle that should govern action. We are much like the boy, however, whose mother was trying to teach him the lesson on forgiving one's enemies. And the boy listened, and also consented to the truth until the message took a personal turn, and then the boy said, "Oh, now, mother, that's just bsh!" While the truth fits another and seems not to enter our own life with its reproof and correction, we praise it without stint. But when it rebukes us and commands us to alter our course of conduct we are in danger of minimizing its importance and of passing by on the other side. The growth we are asked to make is of the character that closes up the gap between the real and the ideal, between what we are and what we ought to be. Theories are vague and airy things, quite unprofitable, unless they improve our practice. Not our admiration of things, but our genuine aspiration for them is what counts.

Why a horse rises from the ground on its forelegs and a cow on its hind-legs has never yet been explained.

Most Anything.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox.

An ant can carry several times its own weight with ease.

Greenland's largest settlement has a population of less than 800.

The house sparrow is estimated to fly at a rate of nearly seventy-five miles per hour.

The word "anecdote," which now refers to a short story, originally applied to a secret history.

It is said that in Texas alone prairie dogs annually eat enough grass to feed 1,562,500 cows.

New York has one telephone to every nine residents; London has one telephone to every twenty-five.

Nightcaps of cotton or wool are recommended by a French doctor as safeguards against colds in the head.

The costliest watch in the world is a jewelled timepiece in the possession of the Pope, estimated to be worth \$300,000.

A piece of human bone will support half as much weight again as a piece of the best oak of the same thickness.

Polish women are renowned for the beauty of their hands; they place gracefulness of the hands above all other charms.

Dirt and smoke in the atmosphere can now be measured by means of machine which automatically exposes blotting paper.

Civilization shortens the life of a horse. In a wild state he lives to be 36 or 40 years old, while the domestic horse is old at 25 years.

The amount of material carried from the land into the ocean, in suspension and in solution has been estimated at 37 cubic miles a year.

Southern Arizona and Southern California are the only parts of the United States where date trees have been grown at commercial benefit.

A coffee-berry tree is usually 12 to 20 feet high, with smaller leaves than those of the ordinary coffee tree, and a yellow instead of red berry.

The annual production of safety pins in the United States is approximately 15,000,000 gross, of which a substantial percentage is made at Bloomfield N. J.

Scientists say that an ordinary whale lives to the age of 500 years, while some whales have been caught whose appearance denotes them to have lived as many as 1000 years.

Plans for an international bridge across the Niagara river connecting Canada and the United States are being discussed in Ontario. The structure would be a peace monu-

ment, beautiful architectural design, and having bases for statuary commemorating the great men of both countries.

The most active volcano in the world is Mt. Sangay. It is 17,196 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728.

Ninety per cent, of the world's supply of cloves come for the Zanzibar Archipelago, but it is alleged that a large proportion is lost through inefficient means employed in picking the crop.

When a phonographic concert was given in Chicago the music was transmitted by wireless not only thirty miles to the north, as was intended, but also eighty miles to the west and over two hundred miles east.

No other race of animals can show such a history as the black oxen that draw the funeral cars of Japanese Emperors. They are of a special breed, and for centuries have been kept for the sole use of the imperial family.

Vienna is popularly misunderstood to be on "the beautiful blue Danube," but that mighty stream, in its long course to the Black Sea really encircles the city some miles from its center. A canal winds through the heart of the city and connects with the Danube below the Prater, Vienna's great playground.

George I. of England is understood to have been responsible for the word "cabinet" as it has long applied to politics. When he was king he

could not take part in the deliberations of his own privy council because he knew no English. His statesmen did not speak German. So the ministers who served the first of the Hanoverian sovereigns used to meet in the king's private room, or cabinet, while he was absent and thus came to be spoken of as his "cabinet council."

At the largest hog farm in the world, located at Kirkland, Washington, 14,000 porkers live in 114 buildings. The young hogs enjoy steamheated apartments, electric lights, running water, sun parlors, play yards, and other up-to-date conveniences. Every day, it is estimated, 112,000 pounds of food and 200 gallons of buttermilk are consumed on this farm.

During the fiscal year 1920 the sugar imported into the United States totaled 7,600,000,000 pounds, while we exported 1,400,000,000 pounds. Our biggest customer was France, to whom we sent 700,000,000 pounds. Most of our imports were from Cuba, from which source we received nearly a billion pounds more than in 1919.

Pulling strings enables a wearer of a safety coat invented by a Baltimore tailor to instantly detach either sleeve or split the garment down the back for quick removal.

Birds do not like blue paper. Experimenters have found that strips of blue paper attached to fruit trees or stretched across seed beds make satisfactory "scarecrows."

The great dam across the Nile at Assuan is one and a quarter miles in length and has 180 sluice gates.

Institutional Notes

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

The Training School band played at the Y. M. C. A. in Concord, Sunday.

Mr G. B. Hendrix came out from Concord Thursday to balance the accounts of the school.

Mr. Ader, Supt. of Public Welfare, of Anson County, spent a part of Christmas day at the school.

Mr. J. H. Hobby is on a two weeks vacation. He will spend part of the time at his home in Raleigh.

Mr. G. H. Lawrence, who has been away several days on his vacation, has returned to the school.

On Christmas day, the Training School Band played in Concord for the Elk's Christmas tree entertainment.

Miss Helen Talbert, of Thomasville, spent Sunday with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Talbert.

Mrs. J. C. Fisher, Mrs. J. Lee White, Mr. Willie White and Master Elroy Crooks spent Christmas day at the school.

Rev. G. B. Hanrahan, of Kinston, spent a few hours here Sunday. Mr. Hanrahan is always a welcome visitor at the school.

Mr. Buford Blackwelder, formerly of Cottage No. 2, but now a law student at the University, is spending his vacation here.

Miss Mary Latimer, matron at

third cottage, is suffering with a sprained arm as the results of falling in her kitchen last week.

Mrs. W. M. Crooks has returned from Jonesboro, where she attended the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of her father and mother.

The work of grading the railroad siding which is to be placed on the school's land, is to be begun next week. This will be done by the boys.

Mrs. Bettie Sossaman, of No. 10 township, is supplying as matron at Cottage No. 2 in the absence of Mrs. Pearl Young, who is away on account of illness.

A good friend of the school, Mrs. F. J. Grierson, of Charlotte, has contributed a year's subscriptions to Youth's Companion. Gifts of this kind are always appreciated.

Mr. Morris Lefkowitz, a former J. T. S. boy, who has always been a good friend of the school, sent Supt. Boger a nice sum of money to buy the boys a Christmas treat. Many thanks Mr. Lefkowitz.

The Cabarrus Black Boy's Chapter of the D. A. R., through Mrs. Chas. B. Wagoner, has presented to the school framed copies of the Act to Prevent the Mutilation and Improper use of the Flag of the United States and the Flag Code.

The barber chair, which was given to the school by the Conner & Walters' Barbers' Supply Co., of Charlotte, has been placed in a room of the new school building set apart for the purpose. To the donors of the chair and to Mr. S. M. Suther, of Concord, for his assistance in having

the chair placed here, the thanks of the school are due.

It is true that "Everybody sings when he's happy and everybody's happy when he sings," then there's proof a plenty that Christmas brought happiness to all at the Training School for certainly everybody has been singing. For over a week before Christmas, boxes and bundles packages and parcels, all filled with good things from home, arrived on every mail; and fat letters, containing checks and money orders, caused the amount in the boys treasury to grow to unusual size. On Christmas Eve the Christmas tree. The singing of the Christmas Carols to the accompaniment of the band; the recitations, and the talk by Rev. T. W. Smith were enjoyed by all. And there was a treat bountiful, and abundant, provided by those good friends of the school, the King's Daughters and Messrs. J. M. Hendrix, D. H. Pitts, and Morris Lefkowitz. On Christmas day the dining tables groaned under the weights of ten big turkeys, one hundred pounds of boiled ham and other good things too numerous to mention. Altogether it was a season of hearty good cheer.

New Subscribers To Uplift.

As a means of acknowledging the receipt of a subscription, THE UPLIFT is pleased to announce the following new subscribers since the last issue:

Odis B. Hinnant, Chas. E. Ader, C. E. Frick, J. M. Hendrix, Dr. H. C. Herring, W. J. Glass, H. A. Graeber, C. A. Cook, R. F. Mills, W. B. Ward, Cameron McRae, J. L. Towell, Steam Bakery, B. W. Means,

Frank Armfield, J. T. Honeycutt, J. P. Allison, S. L. Bost, Dr. H. M. Hendrix, Mrs. A. D. Frickhoeffer, R. E. Ridenhour, Sr., C. Hoke Peck, E. E. Hendrix, Jr., W. R. Odell, G. S. Kluttz, Gilbert Hendrix, Smoot Lyles, J. G. Parks, T. J. Hendrix, E. F. Shepard, Miss Ellen Hendrix, Wesley Walker, Sheriff Carl Spears, L. T. Hartsell, C. W. Swink, H. I. Woodhouse, J. B. Robertson, John A. Cline, A. F. Hartsell, S. C. Hendricks, M. H. Caldwell, J. B. Womble, F. C. Niblock, Mrs. J. M. Odell, R. A. Mayer, R. G. Kluttz, W. F. Smith, Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, Miss Gertrude Weil, George F. Barnhardt, Mrs. R. M. King, Prof. S. B. Underwood, J. C. Crowell, E. F. Craven, Mrs. S. H. Hearne, Col. Al. Fairbrother, Col. A. H. Boyden, T. H. Webb, Prof. John J. Blair, Chas. F. Ritchie, D. H. Pitts, James D. Heilig, Mrs. R. L. Cotton.

The Calm Level.

I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest men; but remember it is not the billows, the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed, and the hour of calm settle on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and the surveyor take the level from which to measure terrestrial heights and depths. When the emotions of the hour have subsided, we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured and by which their final action will be determined.-- James A. Garfield.

Cabarrus News.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Maness spent the holidays in Albemarle with relatives.

Dr. Buford Corl, of Baltimore, spent the holidays here with parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Corl.

Mrs. H. S. Williams, who has been undergoing treatment in a Greensboro hospital, has returned home greatly improved.

Mrs. J. B. Womble returned from Atlanta on the 24th, where she attended the marriage of her brother, Mr. Eugene D. Caldwell.

Messrs. M. L. Marsh and Harry Hopkins have purchased the business of the Lafferty Drug Company at Kannapolis. The latter will have charge of the business.

Dr. J. M. Grier, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who recently underwent an operation in Charlotte for appendicitis, has returned home, rapidly approaching a complete recovery.

The extensive observation by the churches of the county of the Christmas season was pleasing; but few churches failed to hold appropriate Christmas exercises. The beautiful story of the Christ child should be kept before the children---it will bear fruit in manhood and womanhood.

The school girls and boys, who have been away at the various institutions in this state and Virginia, came in

on schedule time, spent a merry Christmas amidst home scenes, and have now returned to school. It is pleasing to note that these fine young folks had a delightful vacation, without lending themselves to promiscuous, mongrel dances. The fact that a returned boy and girl manifest a pleasure in an association with father and mother, around the home fireside, is a hopeful sign. May the sign grow.

Elm Camp W. O. W.

Elm Camp W. O. W. have elected their officers for the coming year as follows:

Clay A. Blackwelder C. C.
 L. W. Cook, A. L.
 C. T. Barrier, Banker,
 J. H. Dorton, Clerk,
 F. C. Carroll, Escort,
 Lewis Boyd, Watchman,
 C. G. Savage, Sentry,
 C. A. Isenhour and A. M. Faggart,
 Managers.

Need of Rural Policemen.

If conditions are similar in most of the counties of the state to those in Cabarrus and others, one of the very first things accomplished by the General Assembly should be a provision for rural policemen in a number of counties. Jitneys have converted a pine field near J. Frank Fink's on the Salisbury road to a playground of vilest conduct; on the Mt. Pleasant road evidences of whisky selling

and gambling are all but visible to a blind man. Two rural policemen riding either one of these roads for two weeks would fill the jail to overflowing with some remarkable characters, or the territory would be as it should be---clean.

The commissioners of one of the leading and progressive counties, Gaston, have employed rural policemen to run down the lawless and to remove an intolerable condition that exist on roads leading into Gastonia. Policemen to be thoroughly effective should be of state authority, so as to avoid favoritism, kinship and last, but not least, allegiance with a capital A. The net comes up empty when a telphonic communication precedes the visit.

The D. A. R. Elect Officers.

The Cabarrus Black Boys Chapter of the D. A. R., holding a meeting with Miss Eugenia Lore, elected the following officers for the next year: Miss Mary L. Harris, Regent; Mrs. C. A. Cannon, Vice-Regent; Mrs. T. T. Smith, Secretary; Miss Eugenia Lore, Treasurer; Mrs. C. B. Wagoner, Historian; Miss Clara Harris, Registrar; and Mrs. R. M. King, Misses Harris, and Mrs. P. R. McFadyen compose the Board of Managers.

The Passing of Dr. Smith.

The passing out into the great beyond of the spirit of Dr. Frank L. Smith, whose desperate illness was noted in the last number of THE UPLIFT, brought sorrow to the whole town. The death occurred on December 22nd, at his home at the residence of Mr. C. L. Smith. Dr. Smith was in his 65th year.

There are but few living, who started life's work about the time young Frank Smith signed up with the late Dr. J. P. Gibson, the druggist. They are going fast. Frank Smith, like all mortal men, had his faults, but they were faults that hurt no one else; his virtues were many; his big heart was always in tune; his genial manners enhanced every setting---we shall all sorely miss him.

Didn't Leave Any Forwarding Address.

A certain man left the county quite a while ago, leaving an unsettled account at the Ritchie Hardware Company. It was reported recently that he had gone from here to Raleigh. A statement was sent there, with the request marked on the envelop "Please forward."

Bart Gatling, Esq., is the Raleigh postmaster; he is frank and truthful. The Ritchie letter was returned with this endorsement and, incidentally, this information: "party died two years ago---he did not leave any forwarding address."

It Wouldn't Stop.

Some one in a meeting of the King's Daughters, who organized the idea and have been directing the thing for years, questioned the worthwhileness of the Christmas Community Tree. It was decided to pass it by this year, and take on in its stead the County Home.

It would not die, requests went into Secretary Verberg, of the Y. M. C. A. to pull it off in his own way. He agreed, and a number of the King's Daughters aided and abetted its execution. Now the worth-

whileness has been established, and since so many have remarked upon the feeling of having missed something, the disposition is to carry the Community Tree business out in its former proportions. It will be done.

But here's something to think about and argue about. Rather than selecting a tree annually and discarding the thing after the exercise, Secretary Verberg, who does not claim to be a forester, conceived the idea of planting a suitable tree, growing it, and setting it aside for this annual purpose at Christmas times. Mr. R. Victor Caldwell, a useful and prominent citizen of No. 2, and one who is perfectly willing to play a practical joke or experiment, was called upon to furnish the cedar. He smiled at the idea, brought in the tree with its own roots undisturbed, planted it and said to Secretary Verberg: "If it grows I will present you a check for fifty dollars." The question now agitating the curiosities of the public is: "Will Vic Caldwell ever have to pay that fifty dollars?" One of the hardest trees, like an old person, to transplant successfully is the cedar.

Unheralded Thoughtfulness.

There was rejoicing at the County Home on Christmas afternoon. The whole population there, including the colored, was substantially and beautifully remembered. A tree was erected in each assembly room, for the benefit of both races, and Mrs. Towell had used the decorations furnished her to splendid effect.

There was a well-filled stocking of candies, fruits and nuts, for each. A number of Christmas Carols were sung, in which quite a number of these old and helpless people joined

with a feeling that touched one's heart. They sang from the depths of their old souls so tenderly and earnestly that even some of the visitors were visibly moved. One of the inmates, who has seen better, brighter and very useful days—though blind—had been a teacher and had saved up enough to guard against a rainy day. But one never knows what is ahead—out of the goodness of her heart she made an investment with a relative. He proved an ingrate, and all was lost. This old woman, physical eyes shut forever to the beauties of nature, yet through her soul, she sees and feels unerringly the touch of humanity and the glories, which the Christ made possible. She played at the organ with accuracy and sang with much feeling, for the visitors, songs appropriate.

All this was made possible by The King's Daughters & Sons, to whom assistance was given by the Julia Magruder Book Club, and the generous donations by Mr. W. B. Ward and A. F. Hartsell & Co.

The following composed the representatives of The King's Daughters & Sons, who carried this cheer to the County Home: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Gibson, Mrs. J. P. Cook, Mrs. Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ward, and Misses Mary King, Addie White, Elizabeth Woodhouse, Mary and Adelene Morrison.

No dancing or frivolities—just an unselfish, simple act of dispensing good cheer to less fortunate people, without the hope of gain or reward, or notoriety.

Death Of Mr. Fred W. Foil.

A shock was given on the 19th to

many friends and acquaintances in Cabarrus county when the announcement of the death of Mr. Fred W. Foil, of Mt. Pleasant, was made. It was known by only a few that he was not enjoying good health, until a few days ago when he entered a Charlotte hospital for treatment.

His remains were carried to Mt. Pleasant, and the burial took place on the 20th from the German Reformed Church, of which he was a member. The funeral was largely attended, being conducted by his pastor, Rev. Tosh.

Mr. Foil held an important position in the mercantile firm of the Cook & Foil Company. He had just passed thirty-eight years of age, with a promise of a long life of usefulness. Providence willed otherwise. It is sad---just a few weeks ago his father left for the great beyond.

Read It To Me.

A chaplain on the battle field came to a man who was wounded lying on the ground. "would you like me to read you something from this book ---the Bible?" he asked the soldier. "I'm so thirsty," replied the man, "I would rather have a drink of water." Quickly as he could the chaplain brought the water. Then the soldier asked, "Could you put something under my head?" The chaplain took off his light overcoat, rolled it and put it gently under the soldier's head for a pillow. "Now," said the soldier, "if I had something over me! I am very cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do. He took off his own coat and spread it over the soldier. The wounded man looked up into his face, and said gratefully, "Thank

you." Then he added feebly, "if there is anything in that book in your hand that makes a man do for another what you have done for me please read it to me."---Exchange.

Christmas Contributions.

Every year kind friends voluntarily make contributions to the fund which provides for making our Christmas tree and the fullness thereof worth while.

This is the record for 1920:

Senior King's Daughters Concord	\$5.00
Junior King's Daughters Concord	\$5.00
Morris Lefkowitz, Fayetteville	\$5.00
A Gift	5.00
D. H. Pitts	\$10.00

G. W. Patterson 1 box of oranges.
Jno. M. Hendrix, box of oranges, box of apples, bucket candy, and bunch of bananas.

These people have found out that it is more blessed to give than receive.

Mr. T. J. Fetzer, of Wadesboro and New York, a check for twenty-five dollars. This is not the first time Mr. Fetzer has made us happy. He knows how.

To all, the boys join us in returning sincerest thanks.

Until the war with Japan, in 1904, no newspaper in Russia had ever used a heading of more than a single line.

Electric light concerns in Germany are said to require their lamp trimmers to save scraps of old carbons, which are cemented together for further use.

"I Was Brought Up That Way"

We were riding in a very crowded street car. Noticing an elderly gentleman, who apparently was not over-strong standing, and being near a seat which was vacated, we motioned to the aged gentleman to come and take it; but he, seeing a young lady in front of him, motioned to her take the seat. Thanking us for the courtesy, he remarked, "I cannot take a seat while a lady stands; I was brought up that way." We admired his chivalry, which was in such striking contrast with the rushing and crowding of the average young man of to-day to get the first seat, often jostling some mother, or even grandmother, in so doing. The lesson is obvious. The way we are brought up molds our manners as well as our characters. We could wish that there was more of the gentleman instilled into the minds of our growing boys and more of that gentle refinement which bespeaks the refined and mild mannered women in our girls.

Mothers and fathers should stress the things which would compel politeness, integrity and uniform courtesy under the compelling reminder, "I was brought up that way."—Ex.

A Town of Church Members

The little town of McColl, in Marlboro County, South Carolina, enjoys a distinction of having probably the largest proportionate church membership of any town in the country. Excluding the mill village adjoining, every man in the town save two is a church member; every woman and every girl beyond twelve years of age

is a church member, and there is only one boy in the town above twelve years of age who is not a member of the church.

No Rehearsal.

"Who's dead?" asked the stranger, viewing the elaborate funeral procession.

"The man what's inside the coffin," answered a small boy.

"But who is it?" the stranger pursued.

"It's the mayor," was the reply.

"So the mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Why of course he is," said the small boy witheringly. "D'you think he's having a rehearsal?"

French statisticians estimate that a man of 50 has slept 6000 days, worked 6500, walked 800, amused himself 4000, spent 1500 in eating and been sick for 500,

An experimenter has succeeded in successfully substituting crystals of rochelle salt for dry cell batteries in telephone circuits to transmit and amplify sound.

According to an Italian scientist who has classified 4000 cases of self-destruction, more suicides occur between the ages of 12 and 26 than at any other period in life.

Marriage is not a religious ceremony among the Burmese. There is a ceremony, of course, but the only necessary and binding part of it is that the couple should, in the presence of witnesses called together for the purpose, eat out of the same bowl.

THE UPLIFT

Founded Weekly—Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. JAN. 15, 1921

NO. 11

The Story
of the
Stonewall Jackson Training School

By

JAS. P. COOK

and

Biennial Report Ending Dec. 1, 1920

By

CHAS. W. BIGGER, Superintendent



REPRODUCED BY
THE UNITED BOARD OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

CHAS. E. BOGER, Superintendent

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The Southern Serves the South

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Reason and a Hope

My connection with the beginning, establishment and growth of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School has been to me one of the greatest pleasures, coming to man in this life. I have been asked many questions, by interested parties and others, bearing on the genesis of the institution, how it was accomplished, what now constitutes the plant, its accomplishments, and what of the future.

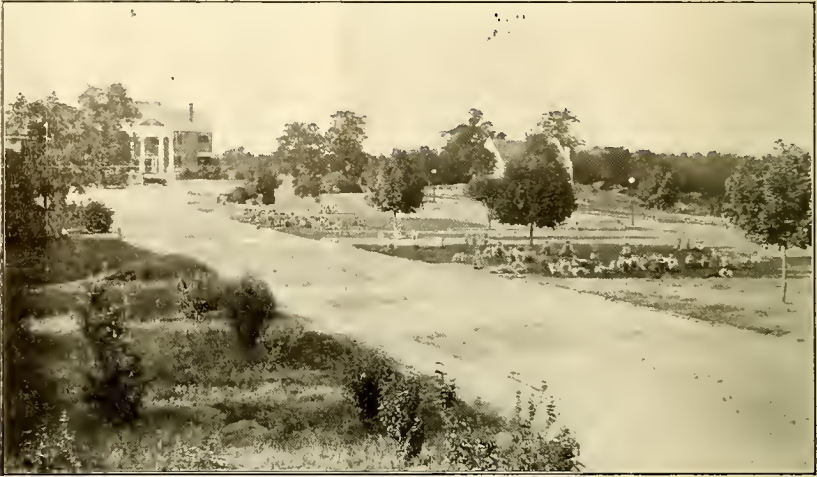
What was on paper in 1907 is now a reality; and what was just an idea, a theory, in 1909, when the institution was opened for the reception of boys, is no longer an experiment, but an accomplishment, a certainty, a tangible result. If these things were not true, the many questions asked would be useless; and those who stood for that theory and wrought that development would be trying to conceal their identity, instead of publicly confessing an intimate connection with the establishment of the institution.

I regard a candid answering of these questions an act of politeness; and, to secure for the institution a deeper sympathy and a stronger support on the part of the public and the state that it may the better serve its purpose, I regard a frank statement a necessity. This pamphlet, serving as THE UPLIFT issue for January 15th, 1921, is the answer to the hundreds of inquiries from as many sources. It will go to hundreds of others, not now subscribers or familiar with the great work undertaken here, with the abiding hope that the story of the institution may increase the number of people interested in child life, in general, and in the underprivileged and the overprivileged boys of the state, in particular.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor and Chairman of Trustees.

Where a Life Began and What Happened

A two-room log cabin, squatting on a hill overlooking a small creek, served the purposes of a home for a family of three. One chimney, one fire-place, no stove for cooking; and what light entered that home had to come through a shuttered window without glass. The logs were chinked, and the floor of rough unjointed plank.



Campus View---Chapel and Administration Building.

The only shade for this home was furnished by several old-field pines. No sign of a porch, for the elevation of the story was just enough to accommodate an undersized door.

This was a home in the Piedmont section of North Carolina---it was the home of a man and wife and one child, a boy. Neither the father nor the mother could read or write. There are people in this condition that possess sometimes an unusual amount of intelligence, native ability. These parents did not---they were ignorant. With them it was just simply breathing, living.

In some unaccountable way, which nature at times practices, the boy was an improvement on the parents. Things better than he possessed or enjoyed attracted his attention; he manifested a desire to see, to hear, to learn of things beyond his sphere, yet the advantages of school were denied him. Wading up and down the stream near his home with small fellows accompanying their fathers to the old corn

mill near by, serving them and guiding them, seemed to him an honor and a great pleasure.

The people composing this family were white--pure Anglo-Saxon. Without pride, without ambition, without education, without even a reasonable amount of mother-wit, and without an average native or developed sense of the value of virtue. And these people brought into the world another being; and the foregoing was his environment, his opportunity. This is not a typical family of this section, nor of any other section in North Carolina; but in every section there are to be found examples like unto this one of real flesh and blood.

Disease overtook the parents. They died during the same season. The son, the boy, just passing thirteen years of age, was undersized. He had no means of support, no one to care for him---just an orphan.

HE FINDS A HOME.

By neighborhood, common consent, this thirteen year-old boy was given a home--with a family (distant relatives) that had enjoyed for generations educational and religious advantages. Entering that home was an event in the boy's life. Though practically becoming a slave to the family, his environment made his physical welfare more agreeable than that which surrounded his previous years. No attempt was made to teach him the lessons of right or wrong; to teach him to read or write; to inspire him with a hope for a better life; to give him to understand the sacred things that he should observe. Enough was done for him when his nakedness was covered, and his hunger was checked. He was just an animal that was permitted shelter and feed for the work the slave could do.

STRONG ARM OF THE LAW GRAPPLES HIM.

One Sunday afternoon, when the family was away attending Sunday School, the boy, having been left home to guard the cows from the wheat fields, with a childish curiosity could not resist the temptation to investigate the house, to him a marvel of bigness and wonder. The young fellow found in a bureau drawer a small sum of money. The love of money seems to come with the first breath, and to an untutored child it has even a greater charm. The boy took the money (we have not the heart to call it stealing) and returned to his assigned duty. Upon the family's return from church, the man of the house went direct to that bureau drawer. Was it a trap? He discovered the loss. What would you have done, gentle reader, under the circumstances?

The following morning this man, faithful to his idea of his Sunday duties, for himself and his family, sought a local magistrate, swore out a warrant for the thirteen year-old boy's arrest. In the county jail the high sheriff placed him. Fifteen

prisoners were in there--all colored, and, as it so happened, all were confirmed criminals, serving various sentences for various crimes. Not a living man volunteered aid--not a soul gave the boy a passing thought.

THE JUDGE AND SOLICITOR ARRIVE.

There was none to speak for the boy. The court devoured him. The solicitor's prayer for sentence upon this white boy, who made no defense--no appeal for mercy, or even humane justice--was the meanest, coldest utterance ever spoken in the



Newly Completed School Building.

state. In the language of another, reviewing the course of a certain judge, that solicitor's act and enthusiasm in putting away that particular white boy, where his soul could be properly damned, "was as cruel as the grave."

Then the Judge took a pass at the boy, finished his case, in the name of the state and justice and civilization. That particular judge, if he had any compassion, adroitly concealed it. He appeared not to see the child before him--just a criminal. He asked no questions. The birth, the home, the environment, the opportunity, the cowardly conduct of the great, big stalwart man, who swore out the warrant against him--none of these the judge ever heard. He coldly, easily and quickly sentenced that small thirteen year-old boy to a county "chain-gang for three years and six months,

at hard labor." And this was the treatment meted out to a child in a North Carolina Superior Court of 1890.

A MIDNIGHT WARNING.

The disposition of that case by the court was severely criticised by a certain paper at the time. The criticism was more eloquent than judicious. In the night a legal friend awakened the editor to warn him of the committed "contempt of court." The friendly advice was appreciated, but the way out of the difficulty was too hard and thus declined. The legal friend finally agreed that the judge might not take cognizance of the act, since the opportunity was at hand to use certain conditions, for which the judge was responsible, in making him more uncomfortable in the eyes of the whole state. But the boy--

WHY, HE WAS CHAINED TO A NEGRO.

That was his condition. The only white person in the group, and chains and lock around his ankles, keeping step with a hardened criminal without hope, or the hope of a hope, building roads for civilization---that was a queer way of punishing a boy---a miscarriage at reformation.

A Symposium Starts Talk in the State.

Unable to put this court tragedy behind, and other boys, with or without chance to be what they should, getting mixed up with the law, this particular paper suggested the establishment of a Reformatory along the lines of a school to handle boys of certain ages. A symposium by a number of ministers and others deeply interested in the welfare of children was published in one issue. Throughout the state it received no little attention, being favorably commented upon by the majority. The only big editor of a strong influential paper that did not fully endorse the movement was the late J. P. Caldwell, then of the Statesville Landmark. Privately this wonderful power in state journalism wrote: "Your position is correct; the treatment of certain youthful offenders is a crime against civilization; there is a need for just such an institution you suggest; but the old state is so conservative that she will not listen to you now, and, being your friend, I wish to save you from a sore disappointment." When the state was ready, in the course of time, to do its duty by wayward boys, one of the strongest agencies in shaping the work and getting it started off on correct lines, was Mr. Caldwell, often consulted and who never tired of lending a helping hand.

THE FIRST GUBERNATORIAL RECOGNITION.

So far as this writer is aware, the first governor of North Carolina to pronounce

1890
1891
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1899
1900

for a Reformatory, as then thought of, was Gov. Daniel G. Fowle, who, in one of his messages to the General Assembly, recommended the establishment of such an institution in the state. His attention was called to the matter during an outing at Morehead City. But the General Assembly did not act. Now and then, after that time and up to 1907, the subject was agitated, discussed pro and con. In the fall of 1906, the time for a vigorous campaign, looking to the chartering of a Reform school in the state by the legislature, seemed propitious.



Picture of Standard Cottage

STRONG ADVOCATES.

The aid of the Women's Clubs and the King's Daughters was invoked. The subject was ably discussed editorially by Hon. W. C. Dowd, Mr. J. P. Caldwell, the Raleigh News & Observer, the Monroe Journal, the Asheville Citizen, and many other editors and newspapers in North Carolina.

In presenting the matter before the legislative committees, wisdom suggested the superior qualifications of the women for that work--and most of it was done by

the good women of the state. So many ideas of the right way of authorizing the establishment of the institution developed among legislators and even among the advocates, that it appeared for a time that the cause was hopeless even in the General Assembly of 1907.

Among the most earnest advocates in the General Assembly were Hon. E. R. Preston, Hon. J. S. Manning, Hon. R. B. Redwine, Hon. M. B. Stickley and others. When a final decision was made to eliminate either in name or operation any prison feature, and to name the institution properly: The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, the prospects for a charter brightened. The honor of introducing the bill that led to the charter of the institution, of which we write, belongs to Col. W. Penn Wood, the chivalrous member from the county of Randolph.

Charter Granted---Starts Handicapped

No movement of any kind in the state was ever started with a smaller financial appropriation. Undertaking what was an innovation in the educational life of the state, with so few friends among the politicians and representative men and women, on a meager ten thousand dollar appropriation, looked at the time to those who stood for this service as a severe test. There was no looking back. Going out into a barren and an uncultivated field, following up a sentiment, backed only by a theory, with no available site, scarcely any funds, no wealthy patrons, and the leaders engrossed with the public affairs closest to them, the cause promised slow progress, calling for cautious acts, no little wisdom and unconquerable faith.

THE FIRST BOARD OF TRUSTEES

In conjunction with certain ladies, who had thrown their earnestness and enthusiasm into the struggle for the charter, Governor Glenn, particularly friendly to the project, caused the following to become the first board of trustees:

They were called together, by the Governor, to meet in the Senate chamber, in Raleigh, on Sept. 3rd, 1907 for organization. Governor Glenn impressed on the board that it was undertaking an important task, with difficult obstacles, but the work was so necessary and important that he urged all to meet the task with earnestness and hope.

The organization was perfected by the following selection of officers: Jas. P. Cook, chairman; Dr. H. A. Royster, secretary; Caesar Cone, treasurer; and the several offi-

cers were constituted an Executive Committee. At that meeting, besides other details of perfecting the organization, an advertisement calling for propositions for the location of the institution was authorized.

At this meeting letters of regret were received from Messrs. G. W. Watts and E. R. Preston, stating that on account of business engagements they could not serve on the board. Some months afterward, these two vacancies were filled by the appointment of Messrs. D. B. Coltrane and R. O. Everett, who accepted the trust.



Institutional Band

THE MATTER OF LOCATION.

Soon after the publication calling for propositions for the location of the school, offers of sites came from a number of points and sources. The discouraging feature of them all was the price asked for said sites, requiring for the most generous proposition all the appropriation except \$750.00; and the least favorable one left just \$25.00. This for the time being seemed to spell the doom of the cause. A site,

no buildings, no management, appropriation exhausted, meant disaster and ridicule. Having reached this point in the long waiting since 1890, the friends of the cause were right up against the wall.

CONCORD WON A PLACE ON THE MAP.

After a conference with several of the leading citizens, an informal meeting was held in the city hall, presided over by the late Dr. Robert Simonton Young, in October 1907. At that meeting it was decided to put on a campaign to raise by popular subscription ten thousand dollars. In a few days success was attained. When the Board of Trustees of the institution met in the Guilford Hotel, in Greensboro, a full attendance of the trustees being noted, the question of location was taken up. It is recalled that Mr. Caesar Cone, who took a deep interest in the entire matter, remarked: "I could raise a much larger amount than the best offer before us, but for good and sufficient reasons and for the especial sake of the school, I think it should be located near Concord; therefore, I move that we accept the proposition made us by the citizens of Concord." Mr. Cone's motion was unanimously adopted.

While no subscription was large, it is a pleasing fact that it is rare to find a subscription list more numerously signed than was the one circulated in the interest of securing a site for the location of the school. It is but right to say, in this connection, that those in charge of the institution have never wanted for a friendly interest and co-operation on the part of the good and substantial people of the community.

AN IDEAL LOCATION.

Visitors from every section of the state and from without, stopping over, have remarked upon the splendid location. One woman, who has visited a number of institutions, and who has had to do with the management of one, remarked: "It seems that this spot was specially made for the Stonewall Jackson Training School." It is three miles south-west of the station in Concord, and the property includes within its bounds a little less than three hundred acres---this, then, is the gift of Concord.

Thorough Investigation---Definite Plans

Before a single item of building material had been considered, or any move made to put into existence what had been developed on paper, a member of the Board spent near a month, practically as an inmate, in a most splendid institution in the state of Pennsylvania, merely for the purpose of information. This particular institution at that time had been the most successful of its kind in all the country, and represented an expenditure of more than a million dollars.

The superintendent, a scholarly and very practical Baptist minister took a lively interest in the work before his North Carolina brethren, and warned us against errors and mistakes. So before a brick was ever laid, the character of buildings to make up the plant of the Jackson Training School was decided upon; and the locations agreed upon.



Setting-Up Exercises. 132 Boys.

SELECTION OF SUPERINTENDENT.

In November 1907, the Executive Committee having been instructed by the Board to select a superintendent of the institution, and having considered the fitness of various parties for the position, offered the superintendency to Prof. Walter Thompson, then in charge of the city schools of Concord. Mr. Thompson accepted, and with the first of the year, 1908, he began service. Taking every precaution to avoid errors, he, too, spent awhile in the institution heretofore mentioned. Active building of two cottages (called cottages to designate a system other than the dormitory idea) was commenced in early spring.

THE STRUGGLE OF 1908.

The cost complete of a cottage to-day is \$24,000. How the Board could erect two cottages and meet the superintendent's salary with a capital in hand of only ten thousand dollars was a problem. It was necessary and imperative to erect two cottages,

for that was the smallest plant with which operation could be begun; and the institution must be ready for service by the first of 1909, or else a long drawn-out campaign might have to be gone over again.

It is a fact that the generosity of the King's Daughters of the state, assisted by the N. C. Federation of Women's Clubs, who unitedly contributed five thousand dollars at the time, prevented an absolute failure. It is, also, a fact to keep body and soul together Supt. Thompson parted with his old (family) gray horse; and modest prevents relating what the other party in that struggle parted with.

One cottage was complete by Christmas; the second nearing completion; but not a range, nor a bed, nor table, nor chair nor any one thing that goes into the furnishing of a home for thirty boys was in evidence, and not a cent available or due with which to purchase same.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

Between Christmas of 1908 and New Year's Day, Mrs J. P. Cook visited furniture factories at Thomasville and High Point, securing the donation of sufficient furniture for one cottage; in Salisbury she secured from merchants table linens and other necessities; and in Charlotte, from Parker & Gardner, enough knives, forks and spoons to supply the needs of thirty-six individuals and later a piano from same firm. By an entertainment given in Concord, Mrs. Cook raised the funds to pay for all the crockery and table ware needed, also for the purchase of a two-horse wagon. These are the outstanding articles secured in a campaign of less than four days.

OTHER GOOD SAMARITANS.

What's the use of dining tables, cups and saucers, dishes and spoons, beds and chairs in a house-keeping game, even with food, when no range and pots are at hand. The day of the bake-oven out in the yard had passed; and no chimney was large enough to hang enough pots to supply the food for thirty or more people.

There came walking out from among the good people of Concord Mrs. D. L. Bost, who got busy and through her Study Club presented a splendid large range with the necessary cooking vessels, complete.

Then came Mrs. John K. Patterson, through her Boys' Bible Class of Central Methodist Church, donating the furnishing for the officer's bed-room in the first cottage.

A GLAD DAY.

By all these goodnesses of local women and the generosity and liberality of folks in Thomasville, High Point, Salisbury and Charlotte, by innumerable personal sacrifices and hardships, and many a heart-ache, the management won the race, with two days to spare.

On the 12th day of January, 1909, the STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, for wayward and unfortunate boys under 16 years of age, was opened; and on that day the city of Burlington furnished the first pupil.

Celebrating the opening, invitations had been sent out to a large number of people in the state, and hundreds responded. The idea of a shower was involved in the invitation. Quoting a pessimistic woman, the shower "did not prove torrential,"



Canning Scene.

but the towels, napkins, dish rags, big forks, big spoons, soda, soap, pepper, salt &c made a pile, room high, representing a value way up in the hundreds of dollars--most acceptable and necessary articles.

OTHER DONORS.

Substantial money gifts for specific purposes have been made by Gen. R. F. and Mr. Van Wych Hoke; Col. F. B. McDowell; Mr. Ceasar Cone; Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds; Hon. J. A. Long; Gen. Julian S. Carr; Col. A. H. Boyden; Mr. D. A. Tompkins; Asheville Lumber Company; Mrs. R. R. Cotton; The Cone Commission Co., donors of every yard of denim used for overalls since the establishment of the school; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, furnished all the funds for the

erection of the Industrial Building; Mrs. Stonewall Jackson; Col. Alex Brevard; Miss Easdale Shaw; Mrs. D. Y. Cooper; The King's Daughters & Sons, of North Carolina, all the funds for the erection of the attractive granite Chapel, which today would cost twenty five thousand dollars, and the same organization furnished five thousand dollars on one cottage, and is now engaged in raising of four thousand dollars for the construction of a memorial bridge; the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters, of Concord, donors of a \$1,200 set of brass band instruments; Men's Club, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte, twenty-four thousand dollars for the erection of a cottage home; also the county of Guilford is furnishing twenty-four thousand dollars for the erection of a cottage home; and Mr. J. B. Sherrill gave an extremely liberal price and easy terms for a Babcock Press, used in printing THE UPLIFT.

During the twelve years since the opening of the school, there has been made to the institution gifts, in kind, useful and necessary, reaching a value of thousands of dollars--these, in fact, have kept the "head above water."

Material Possessions After 13 Years Effort

Three hundred acres of ground, formerly a cotton plantation, much of it now approaching a high state of cultivation under wise management, was the absolute gift of citizens of Cabarrus county in 1907. Through it flows a considerable branch, making pastures practicable; and just rolling enough to give a perfect drainage.

The campus, where the buildings are located and where others will be erected from time to time, overlooks the National Highway and the main line of the Southern Railway between Washington and Atlanta. Over these routes, there are passing daily dozens of trains, and hundreds of local and touring cars from every section of the United States. Though situated in the country, three miles South of Concord, (as the law requires) the institution is not hid, and it is never lonesome--it is real life.

When this plantation was purchased, an elegant gentleman of Concord, one who is a large land-owner and is a first-class agriculturist, remarked: "you have possibly the poorest place in the county." Sometime later, when agriculturists learned more about mother earth, and it had been demonstrated that all kinds and conditions of soil yielded to a wise treatment, scientifically and otherwise, this gentleman revised his opinion. The fact is, the crops raised on the J. T. S. fields are a little short of wonderful; and this has been accomplished in practically six years.

To be entirely frank, the uppermost idea with the Board of Trustees at the time of locating the institution was the securing of a home gratuitously and one so situated that it would be convenient, but above all where the character of the water

was pure, where the atmosphere was clean and where good health prevailed. These have been abundantly secured. So far as this writer personally knows or is informed, a case of chills or malaria in the neighborhood has never been known. With a population of near unto two hundred, doctors' bills do not reach a hundred dollars annually--most of this on account of slight accidents occurring from youthful and manly sports.



View of Cabinet Shop.

THE VIEW FROM CAMPUS.

There is nowhere in state to be had a more beautiful view than from the grounds of the J. T. S. campus. It is in a class to itself. For miles, in every direction, the naked eye takes in the far removed horizon, which seems just the fringe of a huge canopy hung over this one spot. The elevation is such that trains, pulling out from the station at Charlotte (17 miles distant) may be followed by the eye, traced by day by the smoke, and at night by the headlight.

PRACTICALLY NUDE OF BUILDINGS.

On this old plantation there was found only a small, dilapidated old farm house approaching the worthless stage; a small barn, unkept; and a shell of a building used for a commissary for benefit of the quarry on the place, worked at one time for ballast for the Southern Railway. This shack was the first home of THE UPLIFT.

Relocated, added to and somewhat modernized, it has become the little "white house" of the plant and serves the purposes of a hospital—a service very rarely needed except when a boy (a newcomer) develops a sickness appearing suspicious and thus requires caution and care. This then was the sum total of what the institution had to start with.

WHAT IS NOW IN THE PLANT

Let us enumerate:

1. Four cottage homes complete and in use; a fifth cottage (Mecklenberg Cottage) nearing completion; the sixth (Guilford Cottage) being arranged for; and two others practically assured. These, then, constitute the present living quarters for pupils. The present capacity of the four cottages in use is 120 boys; but by economy of space, the large use of the honor system, and without crowding, these four cottages are now providing homes for 133 boys. In not many weeks, the capacity will have been increased to 192.

2. The Administration Building, located at the head of the campus and near the entrance, is both attractive and substantial. It serves, and was so intended when planned, as the living quarters of the superintendent and his family; rooms for the business offices and for the reception of business visitors; sleeping apartments for the several ladies employed in the conduct of the institution and for other officers not provided for in the cottage homes. It is equipped with modern conveniences.

3. The Roth Industrial Building, donated by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C., as a memorial to their mothers, is among the most useful of the entire plant. When Mr. Roth rode up in front of the first home of THE UPLIFT, inquiring for a certain issue of that paper, which contained an item wishing for a certain building and desiring a gift from some unknown source, he read it aloud and remarked: "Here's your man." There are times, when one can scarcely believe his own eyes and trust his own ears; but this was not that time. That kind-hearted, earnest little gentleman issued the instruments of writing in a very short time that brought the money that paid for the entire building, even declining to accept a complimentary subscription to THE UPLIFT, but insisted and did pay the price. The glory of the sensation of that event abides with us continually.

There is housed in this structure a first-class wood-working outfit; storage room for raw material; THE UPLIFT printing plant; two rooms above have been used until recently for school purposes, but intended for a shoe hospital and will soon be used for that purpose; and the pumping outfit is controlled from this point.

4. A modern barn; largely made possible by a donation of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem. It houses considerable work stock, much of the products of the farm, the farm machinery; and in one section is established, for the want

of a better one, the dairy outfit and stock. This temporary quarters for the dairy barn has never been satisfactory and is inadequate for the growing herd of Holsteins and Jerseys, which have been developed on the farm.

5. The chapel, built of Rowan-granite, is the pride of the institution. Funds for its building were furnished by the state organization of the King's Daughters & Sons. The interior is splendidly furnished. The pews are handsome, the electric lighting modern, and the organ donated by the Stonewall Circle, of Concord, is a North



View of Sleeping Room.

Carolina product. Plans are making whereby the King's Daughters will substitute memorial stained windows to take the place of the plain ones in the Chapel. The Junior circle, of Concord, having already installed one. This chapel could not be duplicated for twenty-five thousand dollars to-day, and yet it never cost the state or the school one single cent---it is the expression of the love and service of godly women throughout the state.

6. The main well from which the institution gets its water supply is more than 900 feet deep, drilled through solid rock from within five feet of the surface. A splendid pumping outfit lifts the water into a large steel tank more than 100 feet

high. A challenge has been issued, and is now renewed: "handsome reward for the discovery of one germ in the water supply that should not be there."

7. A brick conservatory that proved unsatisfactory and unfitted for the purpose intended, has been converted into a modern sweet potato drying house. More than 700 bushels of potatoes are stored in it, and it is in its third successful use.

8. The largest of the whole plant is the school building, whose erection was deferred until sufficient funds were available to erect that which would not only meet present but future necessities for many years to come. What cost the school fifty thousand dollars could not be duplicated today, so prominent builders say, for less than one hundred thousand dollars. This is believable, for in its erection the school furnished much labor, did hauling, grading and other services that would have reached into the thousands had it been employed. By this method, expense was saved; and, in the employment of our own folks, it served to reveal to the boys as well as to us, for the first time, just what their trend is. This is vital. Many a failure has occurred in well organized society from an attempt to do that for which there is lacking in the individual a natural trend.

Besides modern school rooms, properly lighted, there are many other rooms and space much needed in the conduct of the institution. In the rear, not showing in the picture in this issue, there is a large two story wing, in which is a modern auditorium of considerable capacity, and under this a gymnasium room. There is space for a swimming pool and for other equipment.

9. A sewerage system with proper septic tanks has been installed and serves every building on the campus.

10. A side track, connecting with the Southern railroad, is now building. In the matter of drayage and convenience, especially since considerable construction work is going on, there will be an immense saving of expense and time.

11. Light and power are secured from the Southern Power Company over a line, constructed by the institution, which connects with the distributing station at Concord, three miles distant. The installation of this electric connection has proved a large saving and much in convenience, thus dispensing with the use of oil for lights and gas engines for power.

The value of the personal property which has been accumulated by purchase, by increase and by donation, is immense for an institution of a few year's existence. But it is primarily a testimonial to wise management by the officers and to the generosity and liberality of friends in the state. A part of this will be revealed in the Biennium report of the superintendent to the State Authorities, said report being reproduced and becoming a part of This Story of the J. T. S.

We plead guilty of entertaining very strong reasons for believing that the reader, forming a mental picture of the plant from the foregoing enumeration and description,

will consider this a very satisfactory growth and development in a short period of thirteen years. And when the reader recalls that this development, involving a pronounced innovation in the school activities of North Carolina, and all the while it being necessary to contest every inch in going forward, he will regard the achievement little short of marvelous.



Returning From Work by Hog Lot.

The Object of All This Endeavor

Thus far in this story the writer has been dealing with lands, and material, inanimate things. Of these there have been numerous inquires by interested friends. The foregoing exhibit, we take it, is complete enough to convince the reader that behind all this was a specific design to reach a specific point in the accomplishment of a specific work in the state.

We have come to the consideration of that phase which concerns the one real, outstanding reason for any and all human activity--the preservation and conservation of life, human life--that life that has its dwelling-place in an image of God--an honor and a glory vouchsafed to no other creature or thing of the universe. Such a thing must challenge the very highest and best service of society and man.

The promoters of this institution, and who have labored in its growth and service, have been brought face to face to the conclusion that the welfare of childhood has too

long been given the second place in the consideration of the authorities. The conclusion seems unmistakable that all measures of success are the measures of the dollar and wealth. In this mad struggle for material wealth, which has stung most of our people, the standard thoughts of former days in the welfare of childhood, its protection and moral safety, and the practices regarded sound and worthwhile, have been discarded or ignored. We have come to think too much in the saving influences of the dollar rather than the character of that life which is unshakable and eternal. Too many believe that wealth secures position in society---they forget that society ends, at best, just a few year's hence.

In this mad rush, small boys, becoming a law unto themselves, underprivileged and overprivileged, wiser than fathers, in a measure unrestrained and forgotten, find themselves mixed up with the law. Their number is frightfully increasing. It is a condition that challenges our most serious concern. From such the student body of the Jackson Training School comes.

THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT---A GOVERNMENT.

It is very rare that reference is made to this institution as a "Reform" school; that term is intolerable and is resented by all, who understand the very essential principles governing successful work along the lines in which we are engaged. Studious effort has been made in developing the plans of the grounds and in the interior construction of the buildings to avoid every appearance or suggestion of prison life. The name of the institution comes nearer telling the exact truth and describes the character of life here better than could any words we might employ. It is worthwhile however, to make reference to the policy of control and the government that prevail here.

No guards with ugly pistols, clubs or guns parade the grounds, and none are employed. There are no fences, other than those in making pastures. We have just a slight idea of the appearance of ankle bracelets; and wrists chains are unknown. Physical restrainers have never been on this spot, except on two occasions when two great big boobies each escorted a boy to the school hand-cuffed and securely tied with ropes.

At the very opening on January 12th, 1909, the policy was established and has since been adhered to rigidly and with great success, that when a boy comes the first business is to find out at as early day as possible whether there remains, along with the divine spark that we know every boy possesses, a lingering shadow of the sense of honor. It is very rare, even in cases that come with the most horrible reputations back home, that soon something is not offered as a handhold of hope---a thing to appeal to. Most boys, practically normal in mind, have the happy faculty of sizing up a proposition very quickly and generally in an unusually accurate manner. When he

enters the school, he feels at once the atmosphere of order, system, regularity, cleanliness, humaneness, and a purpose that prevail throughout every department. He is impressed; he is awed; he is confounded; he is amazed; he is oftentimes befuddled, but never humiliated--he must not be. He catches the step, he divines the purpose, and he begins to reason about the thing to himself--I have often enjoyed hearing boys, who have gone out from the institution, taken their positions in society, and



A Barn Scene.

are living uprightly and are assets to the state, tell of the peculiar sensations that came over them for the first while in their life with us--and he concludes that the easiest and best way to make his stay pleasant and agreeable is to fall in with the habits of life prevailing around him.

Now and then, connection between that boy and that spark of honor is so fragile, and the call back to the allurements of the wallow brings on a home-sickness, these forming a combination that he can not resist, and again takes his own fortune into his own hands for awhile, but soon he returns wiser and with a clearer understanding of just what all this thing means. After all a man's real character is nothing but a combination of habits--whether for good or bad, either is hard to break. The so-called bad boy appears as the sum-total of the habits that make up his life. Our purpose is to protect him against himself for a period, hold up to him good and tried ideals, teach him the beauty of order, system and frankness, give him a taste of that which strikes at the soul, meet him always as a young brother and, responding,

he sheds those little habits, the love for them and the taste, and comes gradually and surely 92 times out of every hundred into his own. I have seen it. It works. It is beautiful.

No. This is not a reformatory---it is not a prison. It is a CHANCE, the only chance in many instances, coming into the life of these "dropped stitches" of a vanished control, and they show a gratitude, sincere and unstinted, look upon the school with a tender love; visit it; encourage the boys, and make substantial gifts. This then, is civic service, justice, civilization, home missions. It bids us go forward.

"What Do You Do With the Boys"

At a certain hour in the morning, varying with the seasons, the night watchman arouses the house boys, who assist the matrons in the kitchens and the dining rooms. The thirty boys of the cottage arise, attend to their own beds, march to the first floor, attend to their dressing; and by the time this is accomplished breakfast is ready. They assemble in the dining room where one of them "returns thanks" and they breakfast in an orderly manner. The same thing is going on in all other cottages at the very same time. Right here the reader may be wondering why not a central kitchen and a central dining room. That would smack of prison habits, and destroy the features of a home life. The nearer the number can be kept to a size suggestive of a home, surer are results. Huddling together is ruinous.

At a certain hour the bell rings, and the boys and officers of every building assemble on the campus, to give an account of the past night, and divide up to take their several places in the various departments. They are divided into two sections. One section enters the school rooms; the other section goes at hauling, construction work, barn work, laundry work, farm work, printing office, wood-working shop, or whatever in season is necessary, all being divided up into squads of sufficient size to accomplish a given piece of work in a given period.

The bell rings at noon. All go to their respective cottages, prepare for dinner. This over, they gather orderly in the assembly room, read, chat, sometimes sing, or simply lounge about like any normal folks. At a given sound of the bell all assemble again on the campus. The school section of the morning takes the place of the morning work section, and the latter attend school. At a fixed hour in the afternoon, they gather on the campus, go through a "setting up" exercise, or through a military drill, or play football, or base-ball. Preparing for supper, this meal is orderly attended to, then they assemble in their sitting room for a period of reading or singing, or a debate, or recitations, or small games, or being entertained by some visitor. Time does not hang heavy, for there is always something worthwhile to do, in which they all enthusiastically enter. At a given hour in every cottage, they

assemble in the basement floor for preparation for retiring. When this is completed they go up two flights of stairs to the sleeping dormitory, where each has a clean, single bed to himself. Kneeling they join in concert in the Lord's Prayer, and should any one so desire he may engage in silent prayer for others and other matters. It is pleasing to note how many avail themselves of this privilege of silent prayer. "Good Night" sounds happily throughout the large dormitory that opens on three



A 75-Acre Field---Tractor.

sides, by large windows, out into the fresh air, and all is quite until the rising call is sounded the next day.

SUNDAY IS AN IMPORTANT DAY.

The same system prevails on Sundays as on week days, except all unnecessary work is eliminated. At stated periods during the week, much study is given to Sunday School lessons. At 10:30 on Sunday, all assemble together and hold a regular Sunday School, and the efficiency and the interest manifested would put to shame many a Sunday School, which I have seen.

Every Sunday at 3 P. M. all assemble in the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel where some visiting preacher from Concord or Charlotte conducts divine services. All preachers declare their great pleasure in preaching to these boys, who are fine listeners, fine singers. This over, the afternoon is spent on the campus in groups, while the institutional band gives a sacred concert, to the pleasure and profit of all.

THE SCHOOL WORK.

While it is not carried higher than the eight grade, the drill is thorough, and no school turns out a higher class of work. The best spellers in North Carolina are in the school rooms of the Jackson Training School; and in other branches the results are pleasing. The conduct, the application, and the interest are perfect. Supplementing the school work, there is maintained in each cottage a literary society, in which the boys themselves are the sole directors. They select their own subjects for debate, they designate their own declaimers, appoint their own essayists, they elect their own officers, and they try violations (if there ever be any) of rules and investigate all unbecoming conduct or the breaking of rules of etiquette and good manners. For its size, considering age, there is no school in North Carolina where reference books are in greater demand. Each society holds one meeting a week.

For its special training, at stated periods each boy writes a letter to home folks or to some one who feels a deep interest in him, and has a right to maintain a correspondence.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Plays an important part in the educational endeavor of the institution. In charge of this is a practical printer, Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, full of patience, deeply interested, whose salutation to the boy—"son"—is music to this writer's soul, and brings the interesting little fellows close to the genial, yet positive character who directs them. Mr. Fisher, barring a short period, has been with the institution since its foundation—in fact, he grew up with it, and is still growing with it.

The institutional stationary and blanks, which is enormous, are issued from THE UPLIFT office; THE UPLIFT issues now weekly; other jobs come along, until the printing office has become one of the busiest and most interesting departments of the institution. Every line of this issue was set by the boys, many of whom have had but slight training in the art and less educational advantage. Whenever the editor is in doubt about the spelling of a word, though a big dictionary is at hand, he calls on the boys—they know. The enthusiasm and deep interest manifested by these splendid little fellows is an inspiration. They join the management in longing for the installation of a linotype machine, greatly needed not only for office service but for the proper training of the boys for the work ahead of them in life.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

The campaign that was waged for the establishment of the Jackson Training School, the persistent preaching of the cause of the child and the constant demanding of a

living chance for those so unfortunate as to get into clutches of the law, often times because of the sins of others, has led to a larger consideration of the welfare of childhood in the state.

Since receiving recognition by the law-makers, the Jackson Training School, by its great service to the state, growing from within until it has won the friendship and appreciation of the leaders among us, led to the demand for an orthopedic hospital, school for the feeble-minded, a refuge for unfortunatè women; and the work and ac-



A Cottage Kitchen

complishments of the Jackson Training School suggested the inauguration of the State Welfare Work, out of which the Juvenile system has grown. It has brought the state right up to the conclusion that the child proposition is the biggest and the most important proposition needing and deserving the state's fullest and best thought. The child today is the man of tomorrow. It is up to the state and society to foster those measures and that preparation to make of him a representative citizen in a forward-looking civilization rather than a menace to society. It does not cost near as much to snatch a subject from criminality as it does to remedy the

damage he does to the state and mankind if permitted to drift into the life of a criminal.

It is here declared that the dreamer, who dreamed along with fine men and women into existence in North Carolina a living chance for unfortunate youths, turned loose unattended into the whirlpool of badness, disorder and crime that rages where God is forgotten, has, himself, been astonished at what could be accomplished by the agencies invoked at the Jackson Training School. It was first a theory; then a problem; now an accomplishment. Had this dreamer been asked thirteen years ago "how many do you hope to steady and put on their feet," he would have answered twenty-five per cent, believing that optimistic and satisfactory. But the record for the past five years--the period since enough of the agencies have been installed to conduct the work as originally intended--SHOWS THAT NINETY-TWO OUT OF EVERY HUNDRED have been returned to society as useful and worthy citizens.

Important railroad positions, clerks in banks, officers in manufacturing plants, brick masons, skilled workmen, printing business and other responsible employment, tell the story of the accomplishments with those who in their respective communities bore the reputation of "worthless," "hopeless," "not worth killing." Turn these boys loose--that would have been construed a license; put them on chain gangs--that would have been a crime.

It is not denied to heredity its power in shaping the course of a boy--some of the finest blood of the state has been represented in the enrollment here. Blood sometimes makes mistakes--blood sometimes neglects--blood sometimes abandons. But to environment we must assign the greatest agency and power for the shaping of a boy's course. The bars have been let down; parental and home-training are on the wane; temptations have multiplied; social deceptions are winked at--and the mills keep on grinding, and the so-called bad boy, nine times out of ten the fault of another, is the victim. A great state does not want to punish him, destroy him, damn him--but strong and mighty in a righteous courage she wants to save him. Nothing short of this is her duty.

WHAT SHALL THE FUTURE BE?

The answer of this question is with the state. Those charged with the responsibility of the establishment of the institution, the direction of it through its problematic stages, staying by it until it had demonstrated its worthiness and its usefulness to the state, pleading all the while for proper and adequate maintenance, now look forward to a willingness on the part of the Legislature to make it possible to develop the plant to a point where it can serve the fullest needs of the state, and to give it a support that makes unnecessary the crying out for the mercies of

charity.

If it is humane justice that the state desires to hand out as its expression of the duty of a civilization--it can afford to deal liberally with the Jackson Training School. If the state is looking for a bargain in dollars and cents, she will be safe in dealing liberally with the Jackson Training School—it is cheaper to prevent a criminal than to punish one and overcome the evil influences he leaves in his pathway.

The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School —

It is a proposition dealing with human lives—not hogs. It is a cause that concerns eternity—not dividends of temporary pleasure. It is a call to a Christian civilization—not a game of shrewd trading and profiteering.

Biennial Report Ending Dec. 1, 1920

By Supt. Chas E. Boger.

The total number of boys handled during the biennium is 241. Of this number:

68	were paroled
40	were discharged
133	were present Dec. 1st, 1920

Total	241
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You will notice that over one-third of our boys have been paroled or discharged--graduated, if you please. This number, too, from boys through-out the State whom the public schools could not manage, parents could not control and whom society had practically ostracized. A very large percent of these boys have been transformed into citizens worthy of respect and confidence, have allied themselves with the great army of workers, entered some occupation, and become assets to the State.

Health.

There has been practically no sickness at the school during the biennium. A doctor is seldom called except in case of broken arms or accidents incident to manly contests.

Many of our boys had very bad tonsils. Arrangements were made with Dr. Cooper of the State Board of Health to give the entire clinical equipment and five nurses for two days to do this work at the school. The services of Dr. Peeler of Charlotte, an expert in this line of work, were given gratis to the school. During those two days 34 boys had their tonsils removed. All of them got along nicely and many of them have shown marked improvement since being relieved of diseased tonsils. There are quite a number more who need this work. Some ar-

rangement whereby this work, also dental work, could be done regularly, is a very urgent need. This would, in my judgement, very much increase the tractibility of the boys. There is no question as to the fact that a sound body has much to do with the conduct of a boy.

Recently a representative of the State Board of Health made an inspection of the conditions at the school. On being informed that our little wooden cottage, known here as our infirmary, was being used for the storage of canned goods, he replied that no finer evidence of the health of the boys could be wanted.

Our boys receive plenty of wholesome food, fresh air, good water, and abundant exercise, all of which contribute to make them healthy and hearty.

The school serves a large portion of the State. While the number of applicants for admission is far in excess of the accommodations at the school, the authorities endeavor to distribute the patronage as much as possible, at present sixty-three counties are represented in the enrollment.

Those who visit the courts and know what offenses are recorded against boys would expect a rowdy, rough, ungentlemanly set of boys--and such they were, perhaps, in the places from which they came,--but the method of the government of the school is such that a visitor of a few weeks would be at a loss to pick the unpromising boy. Manliness and gentlemanly conduct seem to be the goal for which they strive and to which many of them attain.

With reference to environment the boys came to us as follows:

From Cities	61
From Towns	71
From Factory Districts	53
From Rural Districts	56
	<hr/>
Total	241

Literary Training.

The regular public school course up to the eighth grade is given by competent and experienced instructors. Much stress is laid upon the school department of the institution. The work is pretty thorough and the pupil who complete the seven grades are well grounded in the principles of an elementary education.

In addition to the school facilities each cottage has a small library of good wholesome books. The boys themselves have established and maintain a current magazine library of the leading monthly and weekly periodicals of the nation. A few of these magazines are contributed by some of our kind-hearted friends.

Debating societies have been organized and weekly debates are held in each cottage. The boys have entire charge of the society work. These exercises consist of



PROF. WALTER THOMPSON

Was the first superintendent, serving from January 1st, 1908 to December 1st, 1913. Mr Thompson had many pronounced qualities, especially fitting him for the responsible work. He served at a critical time, requiring faithfulness, tact and self-sacrifice--these he gave unstintingly to the cause. His church having called him to the superintendency of its orphanage at Winston-Salem, the Board reluctantly accepted his resignation. Mr. Thompson left many marks at the Training School, which will forever connect his name with the institution.



PROF. CHARLES EDGAR BOGER,

The second superintendent, has been serving continuously since December 1st, 1913. Mr. Boger is a practical business man, with a marked capacity for tussling with details and difficulties. He has demonstrated splendid executive powers and the institution has prospered and done fine work under his superintendency. He is greatly liked and respected by officers, employes and the boys---this is just another way of saying that his administration is successful. Along with the iron in his make-up, a very necessary quality, there is ever present the milk of human kindness and the sense of justice.

readings, declamations, essays, and debates. These societies have proven both helpful and interesting.

Religious Training.

A Sunday School is operated by the officers and matrons of the institution. This meets each Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Our helpers are faithful in the performance of this duty.

Services are held each Sunday at 3.00 P. M. in our Chapel. Ministers from this vicinity of the various denominations conduct these services. Arrangements have been made whereby the Ministers Association of Charlotte sends one of its members to have charge of the service on each fourth Sunday of the month.

Physical Training.

No greater development takes place at the school than the physical development of the boys. The boys invariably gain in weight after being at the school a short while.

Physical culture exercises and military drills are given daily. The new school building has a fine basement which we soon hope to use as a gymnasium. This is not yet equipped; when it is, it will add much to the opportunity for physical training and serve also as a place to work off the surplus energy of the boys during the rough winter days. On the ball field there are a few horizontal bars and swinging rings which function as our out-door gymnasium. The boys enjoy these during the summer months. This equipment should be very much increased.

What the Boys Do

In the Cottages.

Three boys are assigned to each cottage to assist the matron in the care of the cottage, the preparation and serving of meals, and the other details that may arise. Every boy makes his own bed subject to rigid inspection.

While in the cottage the evenings of the boys are occupied as follows:

- Monday night, Literary society
- Tuesday night, Games, etc.
- Wednesday night, Magazines
- Thursday night, Games etc.
- Friday night, Prepare Sunday School lessons
- Saturday night, Baths
- Sunday night, Singing, Reading, etc.

Each cottage has a phonograph and quite a few games which have been given by the Red Cross, the Concord Junior Circle of King's Daughters, and other friends of the boys. These serve to furnish entertainment to the boys during off hours.

In the Sewing Room.

The boys are taught to make their overalls, shirts, and overall jackets. Most of the everyday clothes worn at the school are made here. Some of the boys become very efficient in this work. All the mending is done by the boys under the direction and help of the matrons of the cottages.

At the Wash Place.

Monday is wash day and our washing is done in the old style over tubs. Under the direction of an officer 25 or 30 boys carry on at the wash place each week.

In School.

Half the boys are always in school one half of each day for six days a week. One month in the spring of the year and a month and a half in the fall the school is suspended and all the boys work outdoors, still cared for and directed by the teachers.

In The Printing Office.

Here you will find 8 to 10 boys setting up type for "THE UPLIFT", or printing blanks and stationary for the school and office.

In The Wood-Shop.

Another group can be found here learning the use of tools, making tables, repairing tools and furniture or doing jobs about the place. Under direction of Mr. A. R. Johnson this department rendered valuable service to the school. Mr. Johnson's health failed and a suitable man has not been secured for this place. As a consequence the shop is temporarily suspended.

In Our Band.

In the fall of 1919 the King's Daughters of Concord gave the school a set of genuine Conn Band instruments, 16 in number. A band instructor was secured and with an hour's practice each day for two or three months a real band was developed at the school. The services of the band have been in demand for public speakings, picnics, land sales, etc. in this and other surrounding counties.

At The Dairy, And Among The Pigs And Chickens.

Some 8 or 10 boys under the direction of an officer attend to the dairy and they are kept busily engaged with the milking, feeding, and general care of the cows. We have 19 cows, 12 heifers, and one bull in our herd,

The care of the hogs and chickens devolves on the dairy boys.

To give some idea of what is being done in this department the following figures are given:

Meat slaughtered last year: 4896 lbs.

For slaughter this year: 39 hogs.

The number of pounds of meat for this year will be somewhat larger than last.

For the 11 months January to November 1820, 8203 gals. milk and 1456.5 lbs. butter have been produced. (The boys drink almost whole milk) During the same length of time our hens produced 9088 eggs.

On The Farm.

Here the farmer has 8 to 10 boys engaged in all kinds of farm work and the care of the stock. A garden force is made up from boys of the work line and part of the barn boys. In other words the garden is partly cared for by these boys.

The following articles and amounts have been harvested from the farm and garden this pass year:

Garden.	Farm
Beans, green - - - - -	Corn, cribbed - - - - -
7431 lbs.	2112 bus.
Cabbage, green - - - - -	Oats, threshed - - - - -
10300 lbs.	92 bus.
Greens, Rape Salad - - - - -	Wheat - - - - -
1101 lbs.	4 bus.
Squash - - - - -	Hay, leguminous - - - - -
589 lbs.	36 tons
Pumpkins - - - - -	Stover, shredded corn - - - - -
2190 lbs.	85 tons
Tomatoes, sold - - - - -	Hay, sorghum cane - - - - -
358 lbs.	18 tons
Tomatoes, sold - - - - -	Sweet potatoes - - - - -
110 doz.	725 bus.
Corn, roasting ears - - - - -	Irish potatoes - - - - -
865 doz.	180 bus.
Cucumbers - - - - -	Peanuts - - - - -
446 doz.	99 bus.
Water Melons - - - - -	Peas - - - - -
1000	100 bus.
Cantaloupes - - - - -	Soy beans - - - - -
2500	8 bus.
	Beans, Valentine, seed - - - - -
	4 bus.

Canned Goods

Beans - - - - -	290 gals.
Tomatoes - - - - -	340 gals.
Tomatoes - - - - -	209 qts.
Peaches - - - - -	275 qts.

Odds and Ends.

Aside from the boys detailed to the various departments mentioned above there are yet one or more details to be assigned work. These are the small boys. They are the vegetable gatherers, the yard cleaners, the leaf rakers, etc. It is right much of a task to find suitable work for them. These boys assist on the farm or wherever needed.

In all our activities at the school our work is very much handicapped by reason of the fact that as soon as a boy is trained in any department so that he would begin to be an asset to the school work, that boy is paroled and some new boy takes his place. This handicap is felt in every department. Boys come to us who know nothing of farm work, for instance; they are not on speaking acquaintance with the tools and language of the farm. A boy reared on the farm unconsciously absorbs as first knowledge things, which to the other boy are problems. Just as much so as a child reared in a French family speaks French with no hesitation, but when placed in a German family finds himself unable to converse and hard pressed ever to achieve the ability.

This fact militates greatly in figuring out profits made by the school. The real object of the school is the training of boys, not making profits. Were it otherwise there might be a temptation to get rid of the unproductive and retain too long the fellow that proved himself profitable.

The school endeavors to send forth as its finished product a boy, healthy and clean, one who has learned the importance of obedience, the value of industry, the necessity of truth and honor—one who believes in himself and the possibilities of his own endeavors.

Cp 364

Bennahan Cameron

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. IX

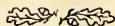
CONCORD, N. C. JAN. 22, 1921

NO. 12



HON. R. S. McCOIN.
Vance County, N. C.

See Page 10



STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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The Southern Serves the South

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N.
C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Warning.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only
earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring
forth, while those who cheer today will often curse tomorrow.--Horace
Greeley.

GOVERNOR MORRISON'S INAUGURAL.

Purely democratic was the inaugural occasion, yet the size of the crowd,
the enthusiasm and the spirit among the five thousand from every section
of the good old state, who gathered to see Cameron Morrison become gov-
ernor of North Carolina, approached a regal occasion.

Ages have passed since an inaugural address breathed so much life into
so many large questions. There have been spectacular and startling state-
ments on occasions that set folks to thinking--but the subjects Mr. Morri-
son touched, and the declarations he made regarding these vital matters,
place Governor Morrison's address in a class by itself.

Progressive. Yes, it is progressive. He has read the temperament of
the people; he has ascertained the conditions and the need; and he courage-
ously counsels meeting the obligations as they clearly present themselves.
The high character of the address, its vision and the logic, make it entirely
clear and certain that Governor Morrison means for his administration to

stand for real constructive measures that affect the vital things in the life of the state---his natural temperament and dignity will keep it from the spectacular. This itself will create substantial confidence.

The old state has reason to congratulate herself---a leader appears, ready and willing to lead along substantial, constructive lines. Power and strength and health and support to him.

o o o o

A FATHER'S DILEMMA.

When the spirit of democracy strikes at the door of social circles, there follows many awkward situations. There is in the mind at this writing a thoroughly well-poised man, with splendid ancestors behind him and his wife. They live dignified, useful lives in a well regulated neighborhood. They have a very attractive daughter, talented and ambitious. Said the father:

"I feel sorry for Lizzie. She is young and enjoys those things which other young people enjoy; but much of the enjoyment that appeals to the young folks today consists in chats around soda-water fountains. How can I permit my daughter to associate with those, whom I can not invite to and do not receive in my home? And to think of my daughter appearing on the dance-floor in the arms of the dance-leader, whom I do not receive at my home nor is received elsewhere scarcely, puts up to me a problem, which I must decide positively and unequivocally."

That father, having a concern for the welfare and safety of his daughter, is going through a trial that others lightly dismiss. The card that admits to the inner circle of social gatherings oftentimes is something other than character, worthiness and good breeding. It staggers one sometimes to read the names of those gracing a "swell" dance-function, which is usually declared "a brilliant success." It is just such democratic gatherings in public dance halls that have brought odium on an otherwise innocent sport, which many high-toned, substantial, fine folks countenance.

o o o o

WHO'S WHO.

The American Magazine for January carries a very interesting article, telling how to get into that wonderful publication, "WHO'S WHO in AMERICA, how some try to get in, and how some are kept out. There is one reference to a prominent North Carolinian, which is of interest and is here reproduced:

"Oliver Max Gardner, now lieutenant governor of North Carolina,

is an example of this uncompromising honesty. He filled out and returned the blank we sent him; but later wrote: 'I failed to state that in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, I served as teamster for the Second Illinois Regiment.'

I do not remember that his service as teamster was not a creditable one. But the kind of thing a vain man would have wanted in his record would have been something to the effect that he had been a colonel or major general."

♦♦♦♦

GUILFORD HAS WON IT.

The other ninety and nine counties in North Carolina must take off their hats to Guilford County. She is the leader. She is going more rapidly and has gone farther in constructive policies than any other county in the state. From her advanced position, in riding easily and gracefully the waves, she cries back to her sisters: "Come on in--it's fine."

A few weeks ago, Guilford County voted two million dollars for the construction of roads. On the 18th the city of Greensboro voted one million dollars for her public schools; and on the same day High Point voted \$600,000 for a township high school. These authorizations call for the expenditure of \$3,600,000.00 within the bounds of the county. However the contracts may be made, it is a safe estimate that not over 25 per cent of this money will go outside the county, leaving 75 per cent or \$2,700,000, scattered among her own people and yet enjoying what this expenditure brought into existence.

There will be no hard times in Guilford. There'll be something doing--a doing people never brood over conditions.

♦♦♦♦

It is rather novel to hear so many compliments for a Judge's charge as have been given to the address of Judge P. D. Bryson, who recently held court in Cabarrus. Judge Bryson is one of those practical, sensible men that breathes justice into all his statements and acts. If he errs, it is certainly of the head and not of the heart. The thing that impressed the laity as well as the bar--was his clearness, directness and timeliness, using good United States language to convey his message. Yes, it was a message--a call to the citizenship for the restoration of those ideals that make citizenship worthy and fine. Cabarrus county would like to keep Judge Bryson.

♦♦♦♦

The Hon. O. Max Gardner, while he missed the goal of his ambition last

Fall, has received unmistakable evidence of his great popularity in the state and that his services to the state, as State Senator and as Lieutenant Governor, are greatly appreciated. His last days in Raleigh, from reports in the newspapers and from eye witnesses, seem to have been one continuous ovation. A man that can take a defeat as gracefully as did he, can not but be a large man in every respect. Max is young yet--the future is full of possibilities.

♦♦♦♦

The Charlotte Observer is deserving of congratulations for the addition to its staff of Mr. R. E. Powell, a native of Columbus county, and a trained newspaper correspondent. Mr. Powell is one of those correspondents that must have some basis for a news item, tells it entertainingly without using ten times as many words as necessary, and his story is never second-handed or several days late. His Raleigh letters to the Observer are worth while.

♦♦♦♦

It is now ex-Governor Thomas Walter Bickett. He merely changes his home and his office, going back to the practice of law. This reminds us of a philosophical little remark made by Mrs. Jarvis at the conclusion of Gov. Jarvis' term: "Governor, it is all over." But it was not, the grand old man was more power for good than ever--he was a servant of the people, not himself. He died serving.

♦♦♦♦

It is gratifying to this writer to see and hear so many favorable comments over the work our little printing class of little boys, so well executed in making the special number, which carried a history of the Jackson Training School. By an by, these fellows will be filling important positions, playing a linotype to the tune of relieving a shortage existing everywhere in newspaper offices.

♦♦♦♦

Except for the great variety of suggestions, ideas and theories which her friends thrust upon her daily, which make it a rather exciting occupation, one can scarcely see how Mrs. Caldwell lives through the task of making her interesting page, day after day, in the Observer.

♦♦♦♦

Governor Morrison made a very happy selection of his Private Secretary. Besides giving you a cordial reception, he will not try to impress you that he himself is the governor--Mr. Richardson hasn't any of that kind of stuff in his make-up; neither born in him nor assumed.

Governor Morrison has cut out a programme, which, when it becomes an accomplishment, will mean that the good old state has gone somewhere and made a substantial progress, unlike that which follows much talking and parading and posing.

♦♦♦♦

There has developed in the General Assembly a spirit of investigation. In fact, that spirit is rampant the world over.

A True Gentleman.

A man who is clean inside and outside, who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor, who can lose without squealing and win without bragging, who is considerate of women, children and old age, who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, too sensible to loaf, who takes his share of the world's goods and lets others have theirs, is a true gentleman.

THE UPLIFT



Courtesy of News-Herald, Morganton.

It'll Be a Happy New Year.

(Little Jack and Carl hear a story in rhyme. They resolve an answer in rhyme.)

“To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet;
To stop and shirk, and linger and frown,
Is the nearest way to Put-off Town.”

Granfather Growl lives in this town,
With two little children called Fret and Frown,
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner on Street Postpone.”

“On the Street of Slow lives Old Dame Wait,
With her two little boys named Linger and Late,
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty little sister named Don't Care.”

RESOLVE.

“We are not going to Put-off Town,
To play with the children Fret and Frown;
We've said good-by to Grandfather Growl,
And little Don't Care, and Mrs. Scowl,
And Old Man Lazy and Mr. Snarl,
And we beg to sign ourselves Jack and Carl.”

HON. R. S. McCOIN.

One of the leading figures of the General Assembly, now in session at Raleigh, is Hon. R. S. McCain, the senator from the sixteenth district, composed of the counties of Vance and Warren. His place of residence is the beautiful town of Henderson, to which place he removed more than twenty years ago.

Mr. McCain was born and reared in Forsyth county, and the family Bible sets down that interesting point in his life at June 29th, 1872, thus making him less than forty-nine years of age. His education was received at Pinnacle, Salem Boy's High School, and at Guilford College. His record at school was indeed creditable, being much above the average in application and accomplishment. Mr. McCain chose law as a profession, and his legal training was secured in the law school of Dick & Dillard of Greensboro.

The subject of this sketch, opening his office in Henderson, soon received a lucrative practice, and today the happy privilege is his to select such practice as appeals to his taste and his convenience. One of the reasons of success, besides splendid equipment, is his very pleasing, gracious manners. His is an interesting personality. He's a fine mixer---among men, if you please, for no man in the state live closer to the teachings and requirements of the eighteenth Federal amendment than does Senator McCain.

With a majority of the activities that rise up looking to the betterment and advancement of his home town, this man McCain may be found closely identified. He contributes the

strength of his mind and heart for all good causes in his community; in fact, whatever he finds to do, he does it with enthusiasm and great zeal. Mr. McCain is connected as president, vice-president or secretary and treasurer of a number of business organizations, which are doing large and successful business. He is closely identified with the organization that furnishes to the town and that section a most splendid newspaper.

In the political field the senator from the sixteenth district has been very active. For years he was chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee; presidential elector in 1908; served as alderman and mayor protem of Henderson, and has seen considerable service on the board of the Eastern Hospital and the Central Hospital.

Senator McCain is serving his third term in North Carolina General Assembly. In the Senate, in 1917; in the House, 1919; and 1921, again in the Senate. At each of these sessions, he was active, zealous, and faithful. He rose splendidly to every occasion. He headed and was a member of a number of prominent committees, as is the case in the present Senate. Senator McCain is a frank fellow, a good fighter for a cause he believes right; and in victory he is modest---in defeat, shows no grouch.

His fine presence, his marked ability and activity pick him for further political honors within the state. Two years ago, he was prominently mentioned for and even urged to enter the race for Lieutenant-Governor, but he chose to continue his service, at the call of his people, in the legislative halls of North Carolina, where he is a valued and able representative of the people. Being

connected with some of the most important legislation of three sessions of the General Assembly, Senator McCoin has become a state character of much prominence.

The subject of this sketch is married. He is a Presbyterian; a mason, and is now Grand Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias, with whom he is very popular.

Let Schools Hold Up Ideals.

By M. H. Caldwell, Esq.

Show me the ideal in the mind and heart of a boy, and I will tell you what sort of a man he will be. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This truth has been ignored by our modern teachers of youth. Instead of striving to inspire their pupils with right ideals they have made the mistake of praising mere feats of memory. History has become the memorizing of meaningless dates and the stringing together of a skeleton of dry bones and a recital of bloody battles. Properly taught, the story of a man should be the biography of the men who have made the human race better and have helped their fellowmen to escape tyranny.

The life stories of such men as Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sydney, George Washington, LaFayette, Benjamin Franklin, David Livingston, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Richard P. Hobson, and of such women as Cornelia, Florence Nightingale and Frances Willard should be taught in our schools. A wise man said: "let me write the song of a country, and I care not who makes her laws." The reason is evident. What the people sing, they think in their hearts, and the song inspires them to do or die for God, home and native land.

In like manner the public school that gives the boys and girls right

ideals of success and character has done something which will shape the lives of these boys and girls mightily in the days of adversity and temptation. If the boy leaves school with the idea that there is no success except getting money or fame or social position, he is likely to fall into temptation in order to achieve the sort of success which has become his ideal. If the boy in school would rather be a fellow like Al Jennings, the ex-train robber, rather than a poor plodder like Stonewall Jackson, then you may be sure that it is merely a question of time till he will achieve his ideal by becoming a violator of the law.

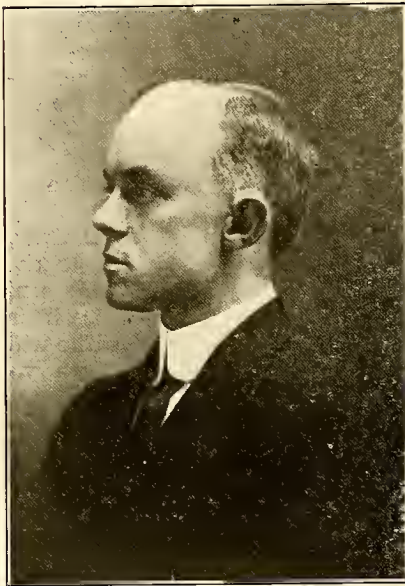
When Garfield said he would rather have Mark Hopkins on one end of a log with himself sitting at the other end, he expressed forcibly and truly the power of personality. Mark Hopkins was a great teacher because every pupil who heard him was inspired to strive for higher things. Mark Hopkins put an ideal into the heart of the poor lad, James Garfield that made Garfield President of the United States.

Baxter Craven was the head of a log College in the backwoods of North Carolina, but Baxter Craven gave to the boys that came to his village school a noble ideal of manhood and achievement. Baxter Crav-

en died long years ago but the good that he did lives after him in the lives of hundreds of men whom he inspired, and I doubt if any college in America could boast of so many alumni who became famous in church and state as could the "Old Trinity" of Baxter Craven.

JOHN MONTGOMERY OGLESBY.

That is very pleasant news coming out of Chattanooga, Tenn., to the ef-



fect that a former citizen of Concord and for several years the local editor of The Tribune, has made a remarkably fine record in a law school. He heads his class with a grade of 97 5-8, which wins for his institution a punch bowl, which is contested for by a number of law schools.

We always thought of Mr. Oglesby in connection with newspapers, in which he has made an enviable

success. But come to think about it, he is headed just where nature leads. Trough the son of a Methodist preacher, he did not take to the minstry; but he is the nephew of a very distinguished lawyer and jurist, the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, and head-long into the law he goes. The fact that he has been a newspaper man, will be a source of strength and power in his new work. Across the mountains THE UPLIFT extends congratulations to this fine young gentleman.

Making a Mark.

How common it is to hear a boy refer to a teacher's marking in this way: "He gave me thirty in algebra." or "He gave me ninety in history." The boy speaks of the mark as if it were a gift of the teacher, sometimes welcome and sometimes not. The fact is, the teacher has very little to do with the nature of the mark so far as marking is concerned, he is only a recorder, a book-keeper. It is the student who makes the mark; the teacher merely puts it down.

If every boy in school could realize the truth of that, there would surely be more concern over making the marks. The timers at the tape do not give you ten and two-fifths seconds for running the one hundred-yard dash, or two minutes for the half-mile; they merely record what you have done. That is precisely what the teacher tries to do. Bentley, the great Englishman, used to say that no man was written down except by himself. What boy wants to give to a teacher, to record for him, marks that indicate, to say the least, a lack of self-respect?---The Youth's Companion.

Problems Confronting Life in the County.

By Jim Riddick.

It takes more to satisfy people today than it did even in 1914; it took more to satisfy people in 1914 than it did in 1900. The wants and desires of the people have been multiplied by the spirit of trying to keep up with some other folks. Another thing that has made the desires and wants to increase by jumps and bounds, is the wonderful seductive form of advertising that obtains today.

I know people that were reasonably satisfied with their progress in living faithful, useful lives, way out in the country, off from public roads ---in a regular haven of rest---until the coming of the catalogue of mail-order houses. It seems a small thing, but I verily believe that the seductiveness of the pictures, the alledged cheap prices offered by these mail-order catalogues for anything from wooden toothpicks up to a saw mill, and things of gaudy wear, from transparent hose to a dress abbreviated at both ends, have brought into the lives of more people a state of restlessness and dissatisfaction with their lot than any other one thing.

Mr. B. L. Umberger, of Cabarrus county, has written a piece for the Charlotte Observer, loudly complaining over his inability to hitch on to the Southern Power Company, and thereby being forced to contend with such conveniences as may be had with machines and machinery and systems designed to aid living in the country. When men grow rich or get on easy street, it is natural to wish for larger and better things

than the old stand-bys, which brought them safely along the road to their positions of ease and affluence. How soon people forget climbing hills with a bucket of water from a spring 100 yards away. How soon we forget lying down in front of the pine-knot light to study a Sunday School lesson.

Progress made a move:

A well was sunken, and tallow candles were invented. Progress made another move: the well pump came along and kerosene lamps were invented. Oh, what a wonderful advancement in the methods of keeping house!

Progress again moved: Country home electric light plants were invented; and water systems have been worked out---making a complete revolution in the manner of living in the country.

These little agencies are primarily intended for one specific purpose; but active agents include in their claims numerous things that may be accomplished by their installation. But machinery as well as man may be overloaded. String a man out into too many occupations and activities, you swamp him. Hang on to these delicate little machines too many loads, and you overpower them.

The suggestion of a community interest in installing and controlling these home eases, as Mr. Umberger outlines, would be a novel accomplishment. The country is not thickly settled enough to make the scheme feasible, besides such a thing would soon result in a neighborhood

disturbance, unless the great, golden rule should at once reign more supreme in the hearts of us countrymen. Somehow or other, I regret that Mr. Umberger wrote his piece. The people had come to consider ways and means of putting water into their country homes, making life more comfortable for the women; they have been devising ways and means to install lights, so as to make way with the dangerous and dirty oil lamps.

Now, Mr. Umberger sending his observations, full of pessimism far and wide, has thrown a monkey wrench into the great movement that looked to a substantial improvement in the conveniences of country living---the finest thing going.

It is true that light and water systems installed during the profiteer and robber days did cost outlandishly; but even at those prices, never prohibitive, the outlay was justified. You spend your \$500 for your light system. Interest on that is thirty dollars per year, and the little gasoline required to operate it, yet this is cheap for the satisfactory lights, removing much fire risks, making the safety of children from injury secure, taking a daily dirty job off the wife, while accidents from stumbling over a chair when the stork makes a mid-night call are impossible. Just think of all the doctor bill that are saved.

The water systems, however, are more important. There are women in insane hospitals, or broken in health, or have incurable ails, or premature aged because of the drudgery of drawing and carrying water. No price is too great to pay for the removal of this slavish burden placed upon the average

country woman. Your three hundred dollars invested in a water system will furnish fresh water from the bottom of the well for all purposes in the house, for stock, for washing purposes &c at a cost for operating of less than a gallon of gasoline per week.

It is so comforting, too, to know that no chemicals are used to clarify the water; and it is simply delightful to harbor the knowledge that the pure, clear water in your glass never furnished a home for fish and frogs, nor played any part in a boy's swimming sport.

Oh, Mr. Umberger, your systems are out of order; get an expert to fix them up---then follow directions. Don't lose faith and hope. You have built up an object lesson in the beautiful country home, which you are pleased to call "Luberger"---don't destroy its influences on others, looking on, admiring, ready to follow suit.

For there is an "if." It will only be that kind of a world if each one of us does his part, does it wisely and unselfishly. It depends on us of to-day whether the new world comes in a few years or in a few centuries. If we can summon our highest powers of soul, If we can achieve the best of our possibilities, if we can sacrifice our own immediate, personal interests, for the greater good, we can have that new world now. We can realize the dream of the ages and bring God's Kingdom to earth.

Brother, do your part!--- Ex.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think.

Many a good tatter is a poor cook.

Dr. M. L. Kesler, Supt. Thomasville Orphanage.

By Archibald Johnson.



Martin Luther Kesler was born August 25th, 1858 in Iredell county, on a farm in the neighborhood of New Hope Church. He was one of a large family, and learned the first and most important lesson of his life stirring the stubborn clods on a rocky farm. He attended the neigh-

borhood school in his youth, and was prepared for college by Rev. George W. Green, a great teacher, and afterwards one of the foremost missionaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, in Canton, China.

From Moravain Falls, where young Kesler received his preparatory

training, he went to Wake Forest College from which he graduated with honor. Having felt a call to the ministry, he completed the course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville Ky.

Thus thoroughly equipped for his life work, he entered upon the active pastorate extending over a period of fourteen years. He was pastor at Laurinburg, Spring Hill, Rocky Mount, Scotland Neck, Red Springs, and Morganton, and at each of these places left his impress forever.

As a pastor, Mr. Kesler was wise, prudent, courageous. He was constructive in all his work and left each of his fields in far better shape than he found it. As a preacher, he is sound and strong. A master of theology, he preaches the gospel in simple purity. But he has small patience with theological terms and hackneyed phrases. His knowledge of theology, he uses for practical purposes rather than for display. He knows too much to advertise his knowledge. His preaching is intensely practical, stimulating and helpful.

But his work was not to be confined to the pastorate. Upon the resignation of Rev. J. B. Boone, General Manager of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage, his brethren of the board of trustees of that institution called him into its service. He felt that it was the call of God. Resigning his work at Morganton where he was held in the highest esteem, he took up the great work of his life at Thomasville in September 1905, and began the work which he is still doing and in which he has poured all the strength of body, soul and spirit.

His work as the head of the greatest Orphanage in the state, is known

and read of all men. Here more than elsewhere, he has put the stamp of his genius. The multifiform nature of this work called out all his power. The development of the school, the strengthening of the moral sentiment of the institution, the maintenance of the highest ideals of honor and the vital doctrine of democracy has been his passions; and he has not labored in vain. The physical beauty of the grounds are the results of his fine taste. Flowers bloom along his pathway.

Some five or six years ago his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity; a title well and worthily bestowed.

Dr. Kesler is in great demand by various institutions of the state because of his practical wisdom and uncommon common sense. He is a member of more boards, civic and religious, than any other man of my acquaintance.

The Social Welfare board of the State, of which he is a member, has an especial claim upon his sympathy and interest. In line with his life work, the Social betterment of the Commonwealth, appeals to him with great force.

The writer of this brief sketch owes much to this many sided man. For years my pastor, he has for a quarter of century been my counselor and friend; and no impulsive and hot blooded scribe ever had a better.

In the full prime of his power, and with ripened judgment and disposition mellowed and softened by the experience of tumultuous years, he is at this moment doing better service to humanity than ever before.

You do not help another if you lift his burden but lower his spirits.

A Sample Daily Appeal-No Room, No Maintenance.

Scarcely a day passes without an urgent appeal comes to Superintendent Boger or to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, for the admission of some unfortunate boy into the Jackson Training School.

The only answer that can in truth be made is: "Full to the roof, and not sufficient funds for maintenance." Every inch of progress that has been made in the twelve years since the institution has been operating had to be made by contesting every inch, and begging right and left for means for growth and sustenance. Unlike other institutions, every item of cost, including clothes, food, direction, training, doctor's fees must be furnished by the school, with not A CENT OF REVENUE in the way of tuition, or for board, or for clothes, or for anything.

A Sample Appeal:

Lillington N. C., Jan. 5, 1921

Dear Mr. Cook:

A fifteen year old boy ————— has been convicted of larceny in Superior Court here and sentenced to the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The probation officer of the Juvenile Court has the matter in charge in securing his admission. However, on account of my acquaintance with the facts and the confidence that you know me well enough to know that I would not press the matter upon your attention if I did not think the case a worthy one, I am butting in to write you.

This boy's father, who died sometime ago was a very excellent man, but his mother since widowhood has developed into a very bad character. She is one of those strange freaks who, for some reason beyond explanation, seems to have become the victim of an uncontrollable passion.

This boy has been allowed to run wild, and the younger children have been taken over by the county authorities. I do not know Richard personally, but he has a good face, and from what I have heard about him, I think there is the possibility of a man in him. If you cannot find room for him, I am unable to see any hope for him elsewhere. I know you will do your best to save him.

With kind personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Chas. Ross

Gems of Thought.

A boy's companions are the letters from which can be spelled out just what he is.

Stand up for your rights; but do not obstruct the view of those sitting behind you.

Stop digging up your past and thus making yourself unhappy and boring your friends, and don't be eternally planning too far ahead.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.--- Holmes.

Life gives you no rainbows until you have scattered the sunshine of a few smiles over the mists of your tears.

You choose your own destiny. What you think about most soon becomes part of your own character.

If you really want to help your fellow-men, you must not merely have in you what would do them good if they should take it from you, but you must be such a man that they can take it from you. The snow must melt upon the mountain and come down in a spring torrent before its richness can make the valley rich.

A thousand unrecorded patriots helped to make Washington; a thousand lovers of liberty contribute to Lincoln. . . . And any man who in his small degree is living like the child of God, has a right to all the comfort of knowing that

God will not let his life be lost, but will use it in the making of some great child of God.

Just what are the real things the past years have given you? What are the worth while things that remain to make better the years ahead? Are they the friends you thought you had? The money you spent or the life you lived? Or the passions pleased, the thirsts quenched, the appetites satisfied? Are they not the knowledge stored in the trasuere house of your mind? The wisdom and learning you have gathered---are not these the worth while things that remain? If not, you have lived in vain while it is true your future success and contentment are possible---assured if you but follow the principles of life this wisdom and learning will hold before you.

"If I were asked to give advice to a group of young folks who wanted to get ahead in business," said a successful old business man to me the other day, "I would simply say: Make friends. As I sat here before the fire the other night I let my mind run back, and it was with surprise that I learned that many of the things which in my youth I credited to my ability as a business man came to me because I had many influential friends who did things for me because they liked me. The man who is right has the right kind of friends, and the man who is wrong has the kind of friends who are attracted by his wrongness. A man gets what he is."



JOHN BASCOM SHERRILL.

Just one day and some years after George Washington made his appearance in old Virginia there arrived, Feb. 23, 1864, in Scotch-Irish township, Iredell county, N. C., the subject of this sketch. His father was the late Rev. M. V. Sherrill, for thirty years in active service in the North Carolina Methodist Conference, and his mother was Miss Martha J. Douglas, a daughter of David Douglas, a prominent and successful farmer of Iredell county.

Mr. Sherrill was under the tutelage of his brother-in-law, Prof. W. N.

Brooks, of Olin, N. C., and who was a most successful teacher, belonging that class of splendid drill masters, real teachers and trainers, now rapidly disappearing from the face of the educational earth. Here Mr. Sherrill's actual school-room efforts ceased. When but sixteen years of age, while yet at school, he made his actual entrance into the newspaper field, editing at Olin in 1880 an amateur paper. Later he was on the staff of the Lenoir Topic, and, in 1885, at the age of eighteen years, he came to Concord, without a red cent and purchasing, on a working

basis, a one-fifth interest in the Concord Times, then owned by Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig, Esq. C. A. Pitts, Mr. C. F. Sherrill and H. McNamara, Esq., he took a position in the office, beginning one of the finest educational courses that can be offered to a young man. A year later, Mr. Sherrill, together with his brother, bought the entire plant. A while after this, his brother being admitted into the ministry of the Methodist Church, Mr. Sherrill became the sole owner of the Times and its plant.

In June, 1887, upon the death of Captain John Woodhouse, Mr. Sherrill purchased the Concord Register and consolidated it with The Times. In 1902 he bought out the Daily and Weekly Standard, and consolidated them with the Times; and in 1910 he purchased from Mr. J. F. Hurley the Daily and semi-weekly Tribune and plant, continuing the Tribune daily, and consolidating the semi-weekly with the Times. During all these years, Mr. Sherrill has conducted, in connection with his newspaper efforts, a well-appointed job department, from which comes some of the most attractive printing possible in the state.

For thirty-four years John B. Sherrill has faithfully and efficiently filled the office of Secretary & Treasurer of the North Carolina Press Association. Indeed, the very life, success, importance and the pleasures of that organization were guaranteed by the manner in which Mr. Sherrill looked after its interests. No man ever enjoyed a confidence and an appreciation in that assembly of bright men and women to a larger extent than does Mr. Sherrill. Always patient, always courteous, never a detail escaping his watchful eye--the won-

der is that he lived through thirty-four years of it.

When the time arrived, at which Mr. Sherrill found it necessary to decline further election to the office, all kinds of plans were invoked to keep him in harness. When the association realized that it would be impossible to further press the arduous duties on him, they voluntarily permitted his retirement but not without its broadest best wishes and sincerest blessings, punctuated by the presentation of a beautiful 5-piece silver service. That was a happy event, when fine old R. R. Clark, late of the Statesville Landmark, speaking for the editors at the mid-winter meeting in Charlotte on the 5th, touchingly told the story of Sherrill's faithfulness and goodness and closing by thrusting upon him and his wife, right smart of a newspaper person herself, the silver service as a slight token of their love and esteem.

Mr. Sherrill served as postmaster at Concord for four years, during the first Cleveland administration; and for eight years gave very intelligent and active service to the town as a member of the graded school board. He is a trustee of Trinity College, at Durham.

On January 5th, 1887, Mr. Sherrill was married to Miss Anna Montgomery, daughter of the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, to which union have been given four children, three daughters and one son, the latter being now associated with his father in the making of the splendid newspapers that issue from the Times and Tribune office.

Take a view of the picture in this issue--it looks older than the real subject. Yet I declare to you that this man Sherrill is eight times grand-

pa.

Candidly speaking, no man ever lived in Concord bearing a higher character; personally clean and upright; faithful and energetic; a most splendid and successful business man; a real gentleman along authorodox lines; just and accurate in his association with his fellow men; and on all moral questions he is definite and clear-cut.

And this is John Bascom Sherrill--- he is an asset to Concord, to Cabarrus county, and to North Carolina. There is need for more like him.

A Question.

Teacher---"Someone please tell me the answer to this: What is it that you can put in your left hand that you cannot put in your right hand?" (Intense silence.)

Teacher---"Can no one tell me?" Why its so easy. Your right elbow."
---The Watchword.

A man addressing a boy's club asked, "What is a boy?"

Quick as a flash a little fellow responded, "A boy, sir, is the beginning of a man."---Anon.

Killed by Disuse.

I HAVE seen trees that bore no fruit, and fields that produced no grain, and wells that contained no water, but the saddest sight in all the world is the individual who has the ability and the opportunity to make this a better world in which to live and yet not do anything of the kind.



"A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

By Rev. G. T. Rowe, D.D.

Bobbie Burns in an "Address to the Deil" makes bold to say:

"O, wad ye tak a thought an' men'
Ye aiblins might--I dinna ken---
Still hae a stake."

There has been in many minds from Origen to Farrar a lingering hope that every intelligent being might finally be established in right and love, and it would seem that the genial Scotch poet did not despair of Old Nick himself. Who knows?

There is a famous sermon by a Scotch preacher on the text, "For your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." The subject is quite logically divide into (1) "who the Devil, he is, (2) what the Devil, he does, and (3) why the Devil, he does it." However, while it is quite clear that the unpleasant character in question does all that the text implies and plays havoc with a great many people, what the future may hold out for him in the way of hope it is impossible to say.

Be that as it may, there is ground for the deliberate statement that there does not exist upon this earth a single man in whose soul the last trace of goodness has been destroyed. There are men whose occasional actions seem to indicate that they are past all redemption and 'ripe for the the pit,' but never has the writer come into intimate contact with a human being without finding something of good left. Even in the abandoned wretch "feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

Every now and then one of these old derelicts will surprise the community by rising up and going to his Father, and there is never any telling who will be the next one. Therefore men sow beside all waters, always hoping that the seed will sprout and grow. Dum spiro, spero.

The fact that a body still lives is evidence that there is in it still some recuperative power. The fact that the soul still remains in the body is evidence that it entertains some hope of a worthy future in this world. The genealogy of every man heads up in, "who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God." There is the real heredity, the trace of which no intervening link can entirely efface.

Indeed, "a man may" often "be down, but" there is going reason for saying that "he's never out."

Costly Fuel.

Some people fly off the handle upon the least provocation. Temper gets the better of their reason, and they do things and say things which work great injury to themselves as well as others. They sacrifice friends, companions and fine chances for advancement in some moment of passion.

Many bring disgrace, dishonor and ruin upon themselves by their hot-headedness. When they cool off, when they think soberly of their actions prompted by impulse, malice, jealousy or envy, they regret deeply the situation in which they find themselves. But regret doesn't help them very much. They must stand the

consequence in spite of tears and apologies.

We have known gifted men who went to pieces because they had never learned to curb their temper. In the fires of their brains were consumed tact, patience and self-control ---three mighty essentials in the up-building of character. Such fuel is

too costly to feed the flames that may devastate a career of usefulness.

No one can afford to be driven by his temper. It is the worst kind of slavery. Difficult as it is to emancipate ones self it can be done. No temper is ungovernable. There is will enough in every man to make a temper subservient to reason.

The Looking Glass.

[Among the speakers at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner in Charlotte, Dr. D. W. Daniel, of Clemson College, delivered a very unique address on a unique subject. The Observer makes this report of it.]

"The 'Looking Glass' is at best a subject into which most people will look. It ought to be interesting, since it is the cause of many and varied reflections.

"Just when the modern mirror was first used is a little doubtful. What Mother Eve used in its stead is uncertain. In the 38th chapter of Exodus we find mention of 'the looking glasses of the women assembled about the door of the Tabernacle.' Certain it is, however, that the looking glass has played an important role in the history of civilization. It has fixed the fortune of many a woman and determined the destiny of many a man, though he knew it not. It has brought joy and sorrow to many a heart and made life much more worth the living. In order that we may get an idea of what the looking glass can do, imagine the spectacle this gathering would present if no one had ever looked into a mirror. The fate of kindness has been settled

before a looking glass.

"It is the duty of people to look as well as they can. Fortunately, it is no crime to be ugly. If it were, the penitentiary would have to be enlarged. If men were more careful of their looks, home would be happier and the world brighter.

"I am sorry that I left my beauty receipt at home, but I know of no better than the cheerful spirit and the generous heart. Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of features than a genuine smile.

" 'Don't look for flaws as you go through life;

And even if you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind

And look for the good behind them.' "

"The looking glass I wish to hold before you this evening reflects a little deeper than outward appearances and mirrors more than one man's features. I should like you to see Charlotte in the glass. You are the people who are most concerned about how your city looks. You are proud of her past, you are planning her future. If we could see a picture of Charlotte as it is in your heart, I wonder what it would be. It might

not be just as it is tonight, but you would not, if you could, tear down the city and build it anew. No, there are too many hallowed associations connected with her landmarks. But you want a more beautiful Charlotte.

"The first blemish you would remove is that caused by sickness. People in bad health look badly. So with a city. Disease may be a sin and a crime. I'd rather be shot with a clean bullet than be sprayed by disease germs indiscriminately and criminally scattered at random. We owe it to the next generation that our cities be made clean. If the fire bell rings tonight, trained men will rush costly machinery to put out the flames, but young men walk the streets on fire with damnable diseases and we stand idly by and wonder what the course of nature will be.

"Let us look into the glass again. How does Charlotte look in a business way? Business is on trial as never before. We need not deny the fact that we are going through a trying financial period. Men must stand by each other as never before. There must be give and take. Every legitimate business must help to steady conditions. If ever the golden rule was needed in business affairs, it is now. Our property is still here and so our money. We must gradually get affairs to running normally. For a few years money came easy and went rapidly. Now we must use that wise economy that keeps the wheels of progress going. It is the day of the square deal in business. We must use every effort to get capital and labor to work for the good of each other. You men of Charlotte have builded wisely in the past. I believe that you will build more wise-

ly in the future. We are not responsible for conditions everywhere, but if we see that production is kept up and trade kept going in our own community and that people are kept too busy to become despondent, we shall have done well.

"Look into the mirror with me once more. What sort of men are you making in Charlotte? There they are, look at them. Fine--looking fellows, most of them. Can there be improvement? What about the future? What sort of young boys are being trained to take your places a few years hence? Will your boys fill the places of trust and honor in city and states as you men have done?"

"We are blind until we see
That in the human plan
There is nothing worth the making
Unless it makes the man.

"Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world
Unless the builder also grows."

Rambler Talks.

The article by Ben Dixon MacNeil in Sunday's News and Observer several weeks ago on a personally conducted tour of the Stonewall Jackson Training school by a small boy of thirteen is worth every one's reading and considering. The insight into the heart of the boys by this understanding and knowing friend of boyhood, pleased us as much as it must have the boys at Jackson school, especially friend "Shag," the thirteen-year-old guide. What a place is Jackson school, where every boy is given a chance and he is clean because the authorities think him clean, he is hon-

est because he is trusted, he is careful of property, especially desks, because he is made to feel it is his property---and just consider that only 135 little boys, many fatherless and motherless, all neglected, are being given this chance. What if poor young Dock Hefner could have been in such surroundings for the past few years, instead of leading his unrestrained existence which has brought him to a checkered career at sixteen, with murder on his hands, and Dock is not the only boy in Burke county who needs the influence of Stonewall Jackson school. Several counties are building their own cottage at the school, and in some instances several counties are building one cottage jointly. Would it not be fine for Burke, McDowell, Catawba or Caldwell to erect a cottage for their out of luck youngsters? Surely it is the State's move, as Mr. MacNeil says, but is it not also the counties' move? This is one clear call for all of us.---Morganton News-Herald.

Perseverance as a Road to Success.

Never be discouraged because you have not as many talents as the other fellow. Boys, I am well acquainted with a man who has more talent in his little finger that I have in my whole body. I am often amazed at the glimpses I get of the possibilities in that man. And yet he goes about the streets with downcast eyes and dejected air. I have never known a man who was a more complete failure.

What is trouble? He is a time-waster. He is as short on perseverance as he is long on talent. He has never learned to finish, to carry through, to succeed in anything. He

always stops one station short of the station of success --gets tired of the scenery and takes some other road!

Boys, don't depend on talent; don't think, "I am brighter than the other fellow so I will make a great success in life!" Remember it is the fellow who keeps going who makes the goal. Life is a hurdle race, and the fellow who says, "I can't!" when he comes to the first obstacles, is already a failure. Go, and keep on going! Keep your eyes on your goal and don't get sidetracked by unimportant things.---Christian Herald.

A Little Thing.

How many are careless in little things and thus eventually lose positions and even character! To be a little bit late in getting to your daily task is cheating your employer. He may not say anything, yet he is certain to note it and it may count against you in a possible promotion or increase in wages. To appropriate anything because you think it will not be missed or is not of material value may be cultivating a habit of dishonesty. A bank burglar once confessed that his first taste for acquiring that which did not belong to him was acquired through slipping cookies without permission from his mother's pantry. A break which a child could have stopped in its beginnings caused the bursting of a dam and the loss of many lives. Nothing is too small for God not to make a note of it. Nothing can be too trifling as to justify carelessness concerning it.

High School Girls Do a Stunt.

The girls of the Concord High School pulled off recently a stunt

that was unique, and resulted in bringing down upon them the blessings of their teachers. They conspired alright. They joined in a secret compact to do a stunt, and woe unto the one that flickered.

There was a rush at all the stores of town for hair ribbons. It looked like the stock would be exhausted, and it appeared that the old, generous buying habit had returned. The time arrived. Every girl, in keeping with the compact, appeared on a certain morning with her hair artistically tied with a ribbon bow hanging gracefully down her back. Oh, it was a picture! It called forth from the teachers not a lecture but congratulations, and the hope of its continuance.

The interesting fact was established that every girl in the high school has each two well developed ears, a fact heretofore unknown because of the abominable fashion of wearing tuzzies over the ears.

What is Real Living?

To live is not merely to breath, it is to act, it is to make use of our organs, sense, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existance. The man who has lived longest, is not the man who counted the most years, but he who has enjoyed life most. Many have been buried at the age of one hundred years, who have really been dead since they were forty and there are many men who died at forty-five or thereabouts who have crowded more than a century of usefulness and real benefit to mankind in these years.

Is any Man Handicapped?

Consider Michael Dowling. In a

Northwestern blizzard all his extremities were frozen. In consequence, both legs, one arm and four fingers were amputated, and the resultant wreck of a man was carried to a poor farm. There Michael Dowling, after two years came into his own, "Give me one year in college," he said to the county authorities "and I will cease to be a public charge." The sporting offer was accepted. Today he is president of the State Bank of Olivia, Minnesota; has been speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, and is active in affairs. Of his three daughters, one is in college, and the other two are preparing to follow her. And the one thing that Michael Dowling has no use for is pitying sympathy.

My Task.

- To use what gifts I have as best I may;
- To help some weaker brothers where I can;
- To be as blameless at the close of day As when the duties of the day began;
- To do without complaint what must be done,
- To grant my rival all that may be just;
- To win through kindness, all that may be won;
- To fight with knightly valor when I must. ---Young People.

Institutional Notes,

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. Lloyd Yerton, of Newell, visited Mr. W. W. Johnson last week.

Miss Emma Chapman, of Upton

Va., visited Mrs. Pearl Young last week.

Mr. Dave Corzine has accepted the position of night watchman at the school.

Mr. W. M. Seaford, County Supt. of Welfare of Davie county, spent a few hours here last Wednesday.

Blue Monday at the school is very blue indeed, but the blueness will disappear when a laundry is built.

After a month's absence, Mrs. Pearl Young has returned to her duties as matron at cottage number two.

Miss Mary Latimer, after an absence of several weeks, has resumed her duties as matron in third cottage.

Mrs. J. Lee White, has returned home after a few day's visit to her sister's, Mrs. Ellis Morrison, of Carthage.

New boys admitted this week are: James Gray, of Anson; Robert Holland, of Cherokee; and Julian Piver, of Carteret.

Miss Eva Greenlee, of first cottage, returned yesterday from Charlotte where she has been visiting for several days.

Rev. and Mrs. Lambeth, of High Point, and Mr. and Mrs. Odell, of Concord, paid a short visit to the school Friday.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Myrtle Freeland, of North Wilkesboro, for the barrel of fine apples she sent to the boys.

Miss Mary Gaither has accepted a

position as teacher in the school here. As soon as her school room can be furnished, she will begin her work.

Mr. Turner Parker, who for several months has been the night-watchman at the school, has given up his work here and returned to his home at Spray.

Boys paroled last week were: Jack Muse, Carl Sechrist, and Ross Lovingood. These boys made excellent records here, and went with the best wishes of all at the school.

Rev. A. H. Outlaw, County Supt. of Public Welfare, of Carteret County and Mr. Odom, who holds a similar position in Cherokee County, were visitors at the school Tuesday.

School re-opened Monday after a week of holidays. This month the regular routine will be broken by the entrance of new boys, the promotion of some, and the paroling of others.

Representative Mumford, with a party of visitors from Raleigh, paid the school a visit last week. Mr. Mumford expressed himself as delighted with the work and management of the school.

Health conditions at the school during 1920 were remarkably good. Except for the epidemic of tonsillitis which was prevalent during the spring, there has been no sickness. Wholesome food, pure water, regular habits and out-door exercise are responsible for the good health and the good physical condition of the boys.

A Brilliant Visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Odell brought

to the Jackson Training School a delightful visitor in the person of Rev. W. A. Lambeth, of High Point, who, on the night of the 7th, delivered in Central Methodist Church a very able address on education.

This man Lambeth is a remarkable man. Highly educated, running over with nervous energy; thinks, talks and acts with convincing power. His cheerful words and his generous estimate of our plant and the work being accomplished won our hearts. This man is, after all, no body but the son of that generous Lambeth of Thomasville, who at Christmas 1908 gave us enough chairs gratuitously to start house-keeping in the first cottage, and told our beggar where she could find other furniture. There is a very interesting story recalled about Rev. Lambeth. After his graduation at Trinity College, he took a post graduate course at Harvard.

This itself leads to the story. Of the several hundred graduates selected to make orations was young Lambeth and this was a high compliment. President Roosevelt sat on the stage; and when young Lambeth finished his remarkable oration on "The South" the president, before the entire audience, rushed to him, extending a typical Roosevelt congratulation. A year after this, the president planned a trip to his maternal ancestral home in Georgia. Just before leaving Washington, Roosevelt had his private secretary to locate Rev. Lambeth "down in North Carolina" and invite him to join him in his car, taking the trip along with the president to Georgia. Rev. Lambeth accompanied the president throughout his Southern trip, and we dare say this was the beginning of Roosevelt's

loosening up towards the South.

New Subscriptions To Uplift.

Rev. Dr. C. P. McLaughlin, Rev. R. W. Yearney, Mrs. A. F. Picket, Capt. Louis A. Brown, Jno. R. Query, John and Frank McDowell, Mrs. J. S. Meyers, Miss Julia Stirewalt, Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Mrs. C. H. Hart, J. L. Boger, Prof. G. F. McAllister for Collegiate Library, E. L. Misenheimer, W. J. Swink, Mrs. E. J. Kluttz, Mrs. J. H. Seapark, Rev. Oscar F. Blackwelder, Rev. A. S. Lawrence.

A Variety.

And still we hear throughout the town

The story thousands have to tell;
Each hopes that prices will go down,
Except for what he has to sell.

---Washington Star.

Every patriotic American should add something to the community. That is what "the commonwealth" should mean---every member bringing whatever gifts are in his power.
---Exchange.

"Success is not luck nor pull, but the largest, hardest job you ever tackled."

A city youngster was paying his first visit to his uncle's farm. Among the animals there was a rather small colt. As the boy stood gazing at the little creature, his uncle said, "Well, what do you think of him Johnny?"

"Why--why he's all right," said Johnny, "but where's his rockers?"
---Cleveland News.

"A boy does not need to grow up in order to become a patriot."

Cabarrus News.

Some more progress is reported by Co. D., N. C. N. G. The rifles have arrived.

Mrs. A. E. Harris has returned from Anson County, where she visited her parents for some days.

The masons of the town gave their annual banquet in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening. Several visitors from out of town were present.

Senator Hartsell and Representative Williams, having been detained here for court last week, have returned to their respective duties in the General Assembly at Raleigh.

Dr. J. M. Grier has sufficiently recovered from his recent operation to fill all his appointments and engagements in connection with the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church.

A Georgia man, by the name of J. C. Taylor, while beating a ride on No. 12, on the night of the 10th, missed his footing and was crushed to death. It occurred near the Buffalo Mills. The wages of sin is death.

Mr. D. W. McLemore, formerly of the Roberta Mill, but for the past while living at Burlington, has accepted the superintendency of the Hartsell Mill, succeeding Mr. J. R. Haney, who has been connected with it for a number of years.

Mr. J. Watson Smoot, a son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Smoot, of Concord, was married on the 17th to Miss Catherine Cobb, of Norfolk Va. Mr. Smoot is engaged in the brokerage business in Gastonia, where he and his bride will be at home after the honeymoon.

Mrs. J. Lee Carpenter, of Greenville, S. C., died on the 11th, after a few days illness with pneumonia. Mrs. Carpenter was the mother-in-law of editor William Sherrill of the Tribune. She had visited in Concord where she had made many friends, who will sorrow over her untimely death.

The directors of the Southern Loan and Trust Company have held their annual meeting, declaring a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. The old officers were re-elected, with the exception of Mr. Lee Foil, of Mt. Pleasant, being named as a director to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father.

Judge T. D. Bryson opened court in Concord on the 10th. Judge Bryson's charge to the jury is highly spoken of by the lawyers and the laity, who frequent the court-house. It was out of the usual order; clear, practical and very timely. This was Judge Bryson's first visit, and he did not hesitate to say that he liked the town, the county and her people. The law-abiding people are delighted with the Judge.

Transfer of Home--A Scholarship.

The Board of Trustees of the Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute met on the 11th, in Concord. Besides the gratifying report from the Ways & Means Committee that every cent of outstanding obligations for the enlargement and improvement at the Institute has been paid, a Committee was appointed for closing the trade by which the institution comes into possession of a valuable piece of property adjoining the present grounds. It is what was once known as the Deberry Lents home, but for years has been the property of Mrs. Sallie J. Weiser, Bluefield, W. Va.

This generous lady made such an attractive offer that it could not be resisted, besides the growth of the school demands it. Mrs. Weiser has, also, established, in the trade, the C. H. Fisher Scholarship (her father) the proceeds of which are to go to the education of students having the ministry in view. The Board, together with Principal McAlister, rejoice over this liberal and generous act by this good woman.

Rev. Goodman To Leave.

Rev. R. A. Goodman, Principal of Mt. Amoena Seminary and pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, both at Mt. Pleasant, has tendered his resignation to take effect in June, at which time he will become a professor in Newberry College, S. C. He will hold the chair of Bible and Christian Ethics.

Personally, Rev. Goodman is a very elegant gentleman; in scholarship, he is learned; and as a preacher, he is effective and influential--living what he preaches. Cabarrus county will

be the loser by his going away; but with him there is no compromise with duty, and he follows the call.

Mr. Kimball Very Sick.

Being enroute from his home in Granville county to Kentucky on a business trip. Mr. W. R. Kimball was taken suddenly ill and was forced to enter a hospital at Greensboro. It is feared that a desperate case of influenza will terminate in pneumonia. It will be recalled that Mr. Kimball married Miss Minnie Ross, of Concord, who is at his bed-side.

Seriously Ill.

Mr. T. J. Jerome, an attorney of Greensboro, and who has a large acquaintance in Cabarrus and Stanly county, where he has practiced law, is desperately ill at his home in Greensboro. His family and friends are extremely anxious over his condition.

Prayer and Miracle.

"It seems to me, sir, that your conception of prayer involves a supernatural conception of the universe," said Bob Graham to his minister, "whereas as a plain matter of fact, as Matthew Arnold said, 'miracles don't happen!'"

Dr. Brown laughed gently as he led the boy to a seat. "Well, Matthew Arnold was a great man in several ways," he said genially, "and I hope I honor him duly, but he certainly made a very superficial remark, and one very easily disproved, when he said that."

Bob smiled condescendingly at his pastor. "Easily disproved, doctor?" "Certainly," replied the doctor.

"I think for one thing of that ubiquitous miracle of personality that we all experience so often. How many times I have been tired and weak and ready to quit, when I have met some peculiarly strong and vigorous friend and talked with him for a while---and come away strong, refreshed and made over."

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "I have had that very experience."

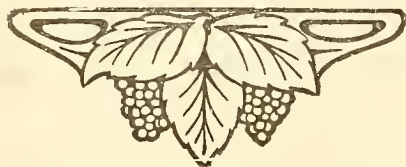
"Of course you have," replied the doctor.

"And sometime you have been bowed down with despair, when contact with another friend has filled you overflowing with courage. Again, when you have known deep sorrow, another friend, in some mysterious way, perhaps all unconsciously, just by his presence, has taken the sting out of your pain and given you comfort unutterable."

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "I read the other day that the mere presence of Napoleon on the field of battle was reckoned by his generals to be the equivalent of three divisions of troops."

"It's another manifestation of the same miracle of personality," said the doctor, "but if contact with a limited personality will produce such miracles, what must we expect if in prayer we come in contact with that Personality of inconceivable greatness and power? 'He toucheth the hills, and they smoke,' the Psalmist said. If we just touch the Infinite Heavenly Father, new courage, new hopes new strength and powers pour into our lives. Why, the life of every Christian is a life of unending miracle."

"I see it now," said Bob unhesitatingly.



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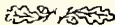
CONCORD, N. C. JAN. 29, 1921

NO. 13



MR. HENRY WATKINS MILLER,
Vice-President Southern Railway.

See Page 21



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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N.
C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Weaver.

Habit is a weaver, who, at your bidding will,
will weave a shroud or a coronation robe.

NO CAUSE WILL BE TIED TO THE BODY OF DEATH.

There seems an unusual amount of dissatisfaction with the work of the Budget Commission. People take their report too seriously. What they did was merely recommendatory to the General Assembly, and is not final. It is a new commission; it did not have the time to make such personal investigations as the seriousness of the causes demand.

This writer has refused to get excited over their work. The appropriation committees are usually composed of sensible, gentlemanly men, and it is very rare that you find a member of it belonging to the class of "Smart Alex," reactionary or dense in his vision. It is inconceivable to think of average North Carolinians, occupying important positions, holding in their hands the welfare and destinies of important institutions, blindly following the literal report of a commission that did not have time to make complete investigations, and not one of whom has ever had at first-hand a personal knowledge of the work of perhaps a majority of the institutions involved.

It is not an easy matter for a set of men, without an eye knowledge of a cause, to form accurate estimates upon a work even when the cause is presented in writing and figures and by the man himself who heads it.

There is information, knowledge, understanding that comes only from a personal investigation---it can not be communicated, it must be gone after.

There may be honest differences in what amounts may be necessary to keep in a going and growing condition any one cause; but THE UPLIFT does not share the opinion that any set of men in the present General Assembly could be found, who would deliberately dismiss a cause with a maintenance support that they knew would be inadequate, embarrassing or ruinous. A respectful hearing awaits every cause by the appropriation committees of the present General Assembly---the high character and the patriotism of the membership vouch-safe this statement. No brave, clear-visioned legislator will permit himself to be hung on to the body of death.

o o o o

MIX SOME RELIGIOUS WITH SECULAR TEACHING.

If we read aright the observation of Jim Riddick to the effect that the average family has gone out of the business of teaching its children the rudiments of Christianity, as gained in Bible stories and by the teaching of the catechism, that a great majority of the children do not make the acquaintance of Sunday Schools and that the young are growing up without moral ideals being impressed on their lives, it is high time to invoke such available agencies and plans that will secure to the rising generation the opportunities for forming higher ideals, and for bringing it into a more intimate knowledge of what true religion is. If we are to expect the next generation not to be worse than the one now in action, something must be done to restore a common respect for and a desire to know more of the real preparation for the life beyond and that never ends.

Gain, greed and excitement must make way for love, service and moral stamina.

o o o o

SEND IT BACK TO THE PEOPLE.

THE UPLIFT has not had the opportunity of reading the so-called Brooks' educational bill. A reading is not necessary to entertain the fear that it is headed the wrong way---centralization is in the atmosphere. That is the only way the educational system in the state has moved for the past twenty years.

The fact that the public schools today, while somewhat longer, getting ten times what they received twenty years ago, are not any more efficient than they were when the term was shorter and the funds quite small, clearly demonstrate that it is foolishly absurd and absurdly foolish to follow any

further the ideals that have obtained in the direction of the public school system of the state.

It is un-American, undemocratic and unwise to put autocratic power into the hands of one man, who deals with the great cause of the education of the common people. The people themselves resent it, and have a right to do it. The idea of state certification of teachers is obnoxious to a self-respecting people. The average county superintendent, in direct, close touch with the necessities of his people, knows ten times as much about this matter as any one man, sitting on his throne of power, surrounded by his chosen satellites.

These foreign foundation boards and propagandists from without have put the mischief into our school system---they seductively appeal to our leaders to merit the plaudits of these self-constituted wise-acres, who are administering funds bequeathed them by folks afraid to die rich.

Head the state school administration back toward the machinery that prevailed under the administration of Finger, Scarboro, Mebane and Toon; give the county authorities credit for intelligence; cut out the miserable frills that burden the course of study; and the state will receive a benefit from its public schools more commensurate with increased expenditure.

Back to the people. Educational autocracy is just as bad and obnoxious to a free people, as any other kind of autocracy.

♦♦♦♦

RUNNING TRIP TO RALEIGH.

The trains moving out of Greensboro toward Raleigh have been increased in number and cars. They run crowded as usual. One is forced to wonder: "where did you come from; where are you going; what for; and how can you afford it."

Mr. Howell Cobb, who personifies practices in New York---never finished, tearing down, rebuilding---has introduced into Raleigh activities a new thing. A cafeteria. It is all but a sensation.

Society, it is said, has been struck by an innovation. To avoid perplexing waiter troubles and expense, social luncheons have adopted the Cafeteria process. Just watch it extend.

As a general thing the hotels and eating places have not been informed of the actual cessation of war. Prices hold their own. Two small strips

of breakfast-bacon and two eggs still catalogued at 70 cents.

Miss Representative Clement, of Buncombe County, has not yet made her maiden speech, other than the sending forward of one bill. For that matter, the Assembly has not reached the speaking stage. But some are wondering, when it does come, if Representative Clement will break down in tears as did the first Congresswoman. She won't---she's a North Carolinian.

Barring several older and experienced members, the membership of the N. C. Assembly is entirely composed of rather young men---but they are bright, earnest young fellows. The East predominates in the furnishing of the younger members.

Governor Morrison is working eighteen hours per day. It seems everybody wishes to call at once.

Within a week, something big and strenuous will be doing---they are playing hide and seek now on the road question.

The sessions are short, committee meetings few and brief and unexciting.

The gubernatorial campaign of 1924 is little discussed this week. There is a lull.

Perhaps at no period in recent years have there been in Raleigh so many big, brilliant lawyers, as have been there during the past week. The application of the Southern Power Company for increased rates, being argued before the Corporation Commission, is occasion of the presence of so many of the able and outstanding lawyers of the section principally served by the Southern Power Company. Mills and municipalities are fighting every inch. It is the one biggest thing, commercially speaking, of years seeking a solution. The Southern Power Company, if it is not making a legitimate profit on the investment, is entitled to revised rates; if it is getting a fair return, then they should stand. The development of the Southern Power Co. has been one of the biggest factors in industrial development of Piedmont North Carolina. May its usefulness be extended, observing equity on both sides. This is a problem confronting the Commission. In its final analysis, the last party to be affected, however the hearing goes, will be the people---they pay the freight.

Already they are talking of Secretary Daniel's return to the State. He

resumes his former place on the News and Observer. Thereby hangs the reason for speculating on his return.

♦♦♦♦

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE

Introducing to our readers and especially to the boys of the Jackson Training School, by picture and pen, from time to time in each issue, persons who have made the world better by having lived in it, who have done or are now doing some one thing well, however small, and who have lived useful lives, is worth-while. Our boys see in these folks that which appeals to them, and behind it all they see that a good, substantial ideal has influenced the life of the subject. If there be any good to say, say it while the subject is yet in the flesh; in death, it is of but little avail. Big boys as well as little boys need to have held up to them examples of manly men and to know the story of their worthy deeds and their accomplishments.

♦♦♦♦

The convention of County Welfare Workers, in annual session in Raleigh, the past week, was a profitable meeting. The work, as at present organized, is just two years old. It seems to have been quite profitable in some counties, the people being loud in their praise. In other counties, it appears to have gotten off on the wrong foot, and there is some complaint. It is certain, however, that State Commissioner Beasley has thrown into the work his whole heart and most earnest endeavor.

♦♦♦♦

A more hospitable country never existed than is the South. It being made certain that the vice-president-elect was due in this section on a visit, and in order to make him feel thoroughly at home, the local weather man ordered regular Massachusetts weather. Vice-President Coolidge will know at once how cordial our welcome is, and how anxious we are to keep him in our midst.

♦♦♦♦

We return thanks to Miss Beatrice Cobb, editress of the Morganton News-Herald, for a copy of "Songs in Many Keys" by Mrs. Emma Ingold Bost, a woman of letters of Hickory, N. C. It is an attractively executed booklet of delightful and original verse. Critics have declared Mrs. Bost's verse in the class of John Charles McNeill.

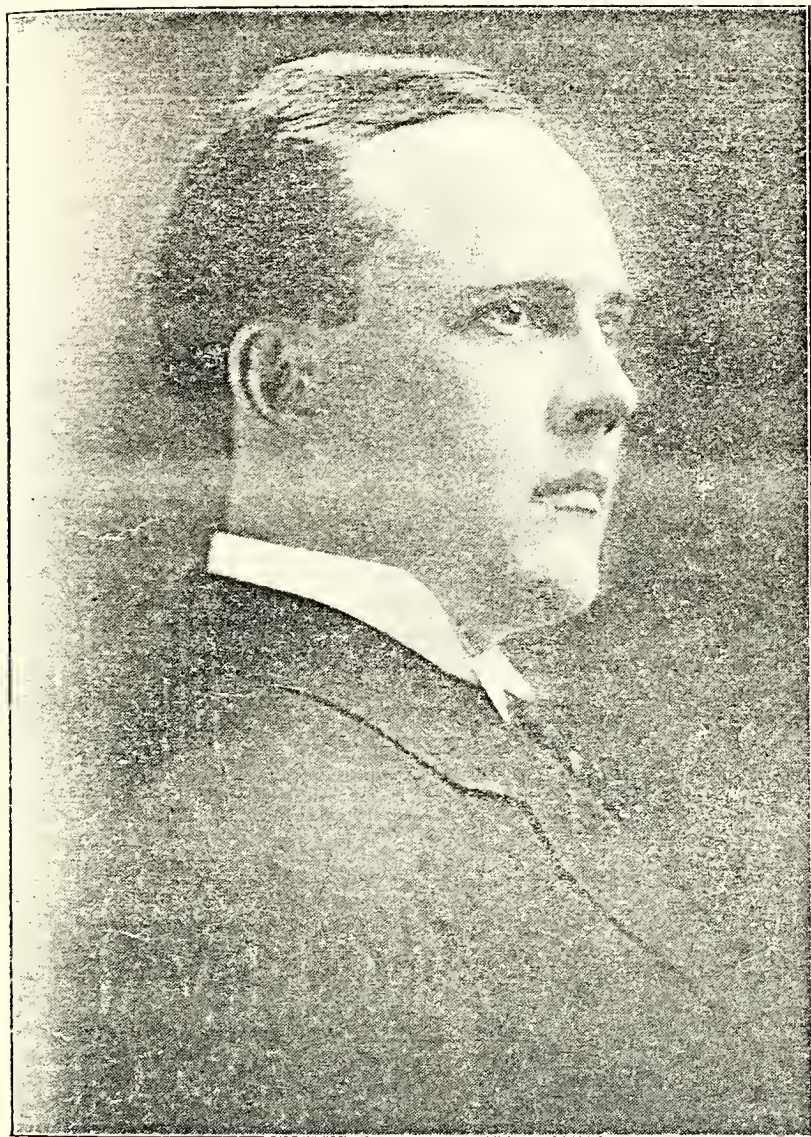
The Right Spirit.

By Effie Crawford

You're trying to find a good neighbor?
In friendship the whole world's akin;
You'll learn after all of your labor
The spirit must start from within.
You may have lived years in your blindness,
But its worth all your travels and peif,
To show by your actions of kindness
That you're a good neighbor yourself.

Perhaps someone has started a story -
About a neighbor you know.
Do you think you will gain any glory
By mouthing it each place you go?
How often you start the ball rolling
That hurts the heart of a friend,
When just a few words of consoling
Would make him your pal to the end.

You'll find the best neighbor that's living—
You meet with him day after day—
He's the one who himself has been giving
To help others on thru life's way.
So when you are thinking of changing
And everything seems to go wrong,
Just try your own faults rearranging
And take a good neighbor along.



DR. WATSON SMITH RANKIN,
Secretary of the State Board of Health.

WATSON SMITH RANKIN, M. D.

One of the outstanding physicians of North Carolina is Dr. Watson Smith Rankin, present secretary of the State Board of Health. This writer, in making some inquiry of a personal nature, received a distinct shock when it was learned that Dr. Rankin was born at Mooresville, Iredell county, when with pride he had been regarded totally and absolutely a Cabarrus man. Anyhow in a very few days after he appeared in the nice little town of Mooresville, on January 18, 1879, he hastened to his real home in Cabarrus county, near the old Stirewalt mill in No. 3 township.

The father of the subject of this sketch is Mr. John A. Rankin, one of the leading successful citizens of Cabarrus, of high ideals and an iron nerve in deciding and meeting every question that demands his attention. His mother's maiden name was McCorkle. She has long since entered into the spirit world. Young Rankin was educated in the public schools of Cabarrus at a period when schools dealt with the real educational rudiments and put in a day that was a day; he also attended a literary school at Mooresville, under one of the practical, thorough teachers of that time. Young Rankin spent two years at the North Carolina Medical College, then conducted at Davidson College; and following this up with study at the medical department of the University of Maryland, he graduated May, 1901. During this time he had considerable experience as an interne in the University of Maryland Maternity Hospital; took a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins hospital Medical School, 1901 and 1902, and for one year was resident Patholo-

gist at the University of Maryland Hospital.

The call "Down Home" was more than he could endure, so Dr. Rankin accepted work at Wake Forest College, the great Baptist institution of the state, where he was professor of bacteriology, and later dean of the medical department of that College. His service at Wake Forest ended in 1909, when he was elected to the office of secretary of the State Board of Health, which position he has filled and honored ever since.

Dr. Rankin belongs to all the medical organizations and societies of North Carolina; and there are but few in the United States in which he does not enjoy a speaking acquaintance and is recognized as one of the foremost medical men of this time.

It is not saying too much that the work has been accomplished by the State Board of Health, under the execution of Dr. Rankin, looking to the betterment of health conditions in North Carolina; has brought the state to that position where she is regarded as one of the leaders in health campaigns and in lasting benefits. Dr. Rankin, by nature, is intellectually strong; and being an indefatigable worker and a tireless student along the lines of his chosen profession, he has come to be recognized as a safe authority by medical folks.

Again, by nature, he is not afraid of the devil, beast or man. He is a courageous fellow, yet with it all he is as gentle in his manners as a woman. He gets into tilts sometimes with druggists and doctors, who feel that at times he is carrying the blessings of his efforts to the paternal stage, or what has been termed "in-

plane, in the long run all up together or all down together. Pride

and arrogance sometimes lead us to think that this is not true, but it is.

How Easy to Fall.

Did you ever try climbing a tree, a steep hill, or have you ever taken an ascent in a balloon or glided through space in an airplane? If you have you may have asked the question, "How long would it take me to reach the ground?"

Some of the experts have figured it out. Look it over: Should you fall from an airplane, the first second you would travel sixteen feet, the next you make forty-eight feet, the third second you would make eighty feet, the fourth second you would make 112 feet, and so on until the tenth second, if you should still be going, you would make 340 per second.

This looks like it is impossible, yet there is a distance greater than this that can be made in one second.

A man may have traveled for forty years making a great record, and may have climbed high in the making of character, yet in one moment of time, with an ill governed temper, he may fall from the high position he has attained in this life to the very lowest pit of sin and depravity.

Then how careful we should be; how guarded in any and all things. We should stop, look, listen and think before we act. There is none perfect, not one; we all make mistakes, we all have our shortcomings, and it behooves us to be guarded in all we say and do. We say that all make mistakes, some are more grave than others; but think for a moment, if there were no mistakes, the peopl

who manufacture lead pencils would stop placing rubber on the ends of them.

Habit, like the speed of a falling body, is cumulative; it creates its own momentum. Stealing goes against the average man's grain, but many an average man steals, gets away with it, and steals again. He may elude the law and escape its clutches for a long while, but his sins will overtake him after a while. The average crook is a jailbird, and the average jailbird is usually a repeater. Habit can make a man or it may break him.

The man who does right thinking and right living is the man who keeps himself free to do his own thinking and is seldom addicted to violating the fundamental laws of God and nature. The man who reasons out matters that come before him for his solution, soberly, the man that is free from superstition, the man who reads for himself, thinks for himself and has confidence in his own judgment, is the man who usually comes out on top. He is the man that has a safe and sound footing upon which to stand, and so long as he retains this self-confidence, he need have no fears of falling.

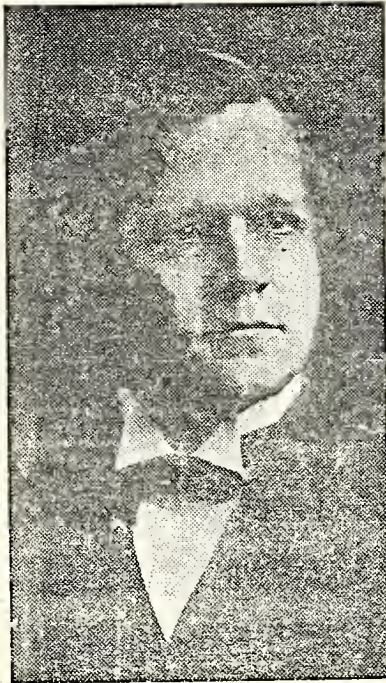
There are at present 8,000,000 automobiles in use in the United States. This would make a line 20,000 miles long, allowing 4 feet between cars. Running at 20 miles an hour, it would take the procession six weeks to pass a given point.--Exchange.



"A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

By R. F. Beasley, State Commissioner of Public Welfare.

"A man may be down,"--we all know that, everybody will admit it. God only knows how many are down and how oft. And women are down, children are down; so many, so often --down from weakness and ignor-



ance, from force of circumstances, frequently from lack of a decent chance.

Oh, yes, one may be down, we'll not deny that; down too often by his own fault, down by fault of others, down by sheer inability to be up. God help the downs for men too often overlook them.

"But he's never out." Not out? Out of what?

He must be out of strength or he would not have fallen, out of resource or he would be up again. He can't face life and win because he lacks something. Some problem which might have been easy for you or me was too hard for him and he was shattered by it, and now he is out of power of resistance or recuperation, out of buoyancy or resiliency; fallen like a brick, not as a rubber ball to bounce back from toughness and reaction.

But he is not out of reach. Yes, that's it. Never out of reach of human sympathy and understanding; never out of reach of the Father's love or the brother's help. Iron filings lie dead of themselves but they jump into life when the magnet is turned upon them. Unless the magnet is brought they lie dead. You see it is a question of applying the magnet. The law of attraction never fails to work when you get the range.

So the law of human love and sympathy and understanding will never fail to get its reaction in the heart of the man who is down. All that is needful is to be sure that we get the range. That comes through love, not condemnation; by understanding, not by criticism.

Am I my brother's keeper? I am: that's why I am his brother. That's the meaning of the word. And also he is my keeper. We can't escape each other. God fixed the thing up that way. No dodging the issue, for if he stays down sooner or later I go down with him; both on the same

plane, in the long run all up together or all down together. Pride and arrogance sometimes lead us to think that this is not true, but it is.

How Easy to Fall.

Did you ever try climbing a tree, a steep hill, or have you ever taken an ascent in a balloon or glided through space in an airplane? If you have you may have asked the question, "How long would it take me to reach the ground?"

Some of the experts have figured it out. Look it over: Should you fall from an airplane, the first second you would travel sixteen feet, the next you make forty-eight feet, the third second you would make eighty feet, the fourth second you would make 112 feet, and so on until the tenth second, if you should still be going, you would make 340 per second.

This looks like it is impossible, yet there is a distance greater than this that can be made in one second.

A man may have traveled for forty years making a great record, and may have climbed high in the making of character, yet in one moment of time, with an ill governed temper, he may fall from the high position he has attained in this life to the very lowest pit of sin and depravity.

Then how careful we should be; how guarded in any and all things. We should stop, look, listen and think before we act. There is none perfect, not one; we all make mistakes, we all have our shortcomings, and it behooves us to be guarded in all we say and do. We say that all make mistakes, some are more grave than others, but think for a moment, if there were no mistakes, the people

who manufacture lead pencils would stop placing rubber on the ends of them.

Habit, like the speed of a falling body, is cumulative; it creates its own momentum. Stealing goes against the average man's grain, but many an average man steals, gets away with it, and steals again. He may elude the law and escape its clutches for a long while, but his sins will overtake him after a while. The average crook is a jailbird, and the average jailbird is usually a repeater. Habit can make a man or it may break him.

The man who does right thinking and right living is the man who keeps himself free to do his own thinking and is seldom addicted to violating the fundamental laws of God and nature. The man who reasons out matters that come before him for his solution, soberly, the man that is free from superstition, the man who reads for himself, thinks for himself and has confidence in his own judgment, is the man who usually comes out on top. He is the man that has a safe and sound footing upon which to stand, and so long as he retains this self-confidence, he need have no fears of falling.

There are at present 8,000,000 automobiles in use in the United States. This would make a line 20,000 miles long, allowing 4 feet between cars. Running at 20 miles an hour, it would take the procession six weeks to pass a given point.—Exchange.

Temporal Boosted---Spiritual Merely Incidental.

By Jim Riddick.

The ideals and reasons for the education of the masses are predicated very largely if not exclusively on the commercial advantage to be derived. The state says the masses should be educated, and makes a pass at the business of educating, in order to make of them intelligent citizens, able and competent to exercise fully the rights of a citizen, thus making the state safer.

The state, through organic law, has said, and very properly so, that the church and the state should be forever separate. That is a very wise provision, against which there seems no contention; yet oftentimes, the church by indirection through individuals gets powerfully active in politics.

But is it sound to regard education merely from a commercial consideration? Have we not lost sight of the undeniable fact, by the orthodox at least, that this life is merely a probation? That it is a preparation for a life, fuller, bigger, broader, everlasting, in the hereafter. If this be true, what service can the knowledge and capacity to drive a good trade, to amass a fortune by exploiting opportunities and folks, and to fill high places of honor and profit, be to the inhabitant of the world beyond?

It appears to me that the temporal is emphasized, and the spiritual made incidental, in our main efforts at the business of educating the young. We are preparing for a life that extends over a period averaging less than fifty years---we, governmentally speaking, are ignoring or

beclouding or side-tracking a preparation that concerns an existence everlasting and eternal,

I know from actual knowledge and observation that in practically every home forty years ago there was recognized a family altar; that children were taught the catechism; that the Sabbath was observed fittingly and becomingly; that scarcely a child escaped learning the story of the Christ, and many beautiful and engaging Bible stories kept fresh in those days were the joy of childhood. On these the great majority of the children today are woefully ignorant. There is a reason.

A public school system has been built up, commercially managed under the idea that magnifies the dollar---success---and minimizes character and godliness. God and morality and religion are in it only incidentally, if at all. In the mad rush in working out commercial problems, playing the game which the dollar ideal has made popular, family altars have been torn down or converted into trading counters, and the scheme of education has been turned over to the public schools, except the few that yet remain in the Sunday Schools.

I do not believe that you can legislate the people good; I have no faith in making the people moral and upright by means of enacting laws. There is but one way under heaven, and that is by training and example. We have public schools for every child from six to twenty-one, the law requiring his attendance. These schools are supposed to be in

length six months. In how many of these schools do you suppose there is any effort direct or indirect to tell the story of Christ, to make familiar the characters who shine out brilliantly through the pages of the Bible? How many of these schools are opened with religious exercises, or the singing of sacred songs? How many? The parents have surrendered the education of their children to the public schools--the state hasn't contracted to teach other than the elementary branches with few frills and fads. And the average child (for only a few are in Sunday Schools and fewer in the church) grows up without the rich impressions that point towards morality, high character, religion, heaven.

The public school programme is so flexible, the hours so short, the methods so methodical and stereotyped, that a further giving-up of time might be encouraged to the real advantage of the child, in his educational preparation for life. It occurred to me, to avoid mixing state and church, that a period during the school week might be set apart for the teaching of the catechism, the stories of the Bible and as they advance, the duties of church membership and the obligations resting upon not simply the citizen, but the Christian citizen.

This instruction would not be required at the hands of the regular teachers, for in many instances they are not qualified along this line of work. They have qualified themselves to teach language, drawing, Palmer writing system, agriculture and to talk units and such stuff as the centralized school system may direct or permit.

Suppose--

Every Wednesday afternoon, every child is excused from school and requested to report to his parents' church--and having no church affiliation, the child to take his choice--and there be taken in hand by an authorized teaching force of the church, to be taught the simple things of morality, religion, Christianity, the catechism, and churchly duties. There would be laggards, bucking, stubbornness &c. You find them everywhere in everything--but that never stops a movement. Suppose a goodly number do not avail themselves of this splendid privilege at first? Why, they will remain in school. Under a regulation like this it would not be three weeks before every child would fall into line; or if the parent objected, the child himself would convert the parent to the wisdom of his attending the Wednesday afternoon church school.

The objection would probably be advanced that the pupils taking advantage of these Wednesday schools would become irregular in their studies--such a thing under the school methods now prevailing would be utterly impossible. The probability is that the boy and girl attending these Wednesday afternoon church schools would gain rather than lose. You can not estimate the value of the lessons and impressions under such a system in moulding the children into better and more studious pupils.

One thing is certain, and there is no room for stretching your imagination, that the eleven year course would be just as quickly and efficiently completed, that his preparation to enter and withstand college life would be securer, that the next gen-

eration entering into active life would be stronger and better men and women, and there be in the land fewer drunkards, thieves, burglars, deceivers, murderers; and the church itself would be rendered

stronger to fight its battles against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Is such a thing possible? Any school board could work out a system and inaugurate a Wednesday Afternoon Church School.

Every Boy Should Have an Ideal.

By M. H. Caldwell, Esq.

If I could look into the minds of all the boys at Jackson Training School, I am sure I should find that many boys are not even thinking what sort of men they will become. Now that sort of thing is dangerous. Those boys are just like a boy asleep in a boat while drifting toward the falls in the river. Unless those boys wake up in time they will make shipwreck of their lives by their indifference. The boys who don't think will never go far but they are sure to go wrong.

If I were to ask the boys of Jackson Training School what they would like to be when they became men, what would they say? I dare say a good many would say they wanted to be rich and ride in big automobiles, but are they thinking how they are going to get their riches and their automobiles? But right here is the trouble. If these boys have decided to get rich quick, by hook or crook, then they are headed the wrong way and some one should flag them down or show them a safer and a better way. Turn right and follow the right road--the road that is called "straight" It is a narrow road but it goes on "Honesty the Best Policy," and leads to Success and Safety. The broad road is much

traveled and many will be found going that way, but it leads to Destruction and Death, and they that travel therein soon learn, when it is too late, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

If a boy lets the devil do his thinking for him, that boy will be the devil's slave and do his bidding.

He is like a dog with a rope around his neck. He is dragged by his master and is bound to follow. Don't let the devil get his halter around your neck or his hook in your nose.

"Yield not to temptation
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win."

God pity the boy who has never come in contact with some man whom he wants to be like when he gets to be a man. The boy who has picked out his ideal man living or dead that he wants to be like, is not going to miss being like his ideal man. If his ideal man is a burglar or a train robber you may be sure the boy will easily succeed in making trouble for the authorities as he endeavors to carry out his ideals. But if the boy has got as his ideal a man who is a good man the boy will grow like him and will be found imitating the ac-

tion of his hero.

I know nothing so necessary to the boys of Jackson Training School as to get an admiration for the right sort of heroes. Let these boys learn the stories of red blooded men like Daniel Boone, David Crockett, Sam Houston, and Paul Jones, of patriots like Paul Revere, Nathan Hale, and Patrick Henry, of soldiers like Hannibal, Napoleon, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, of explorers like Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh and David Livingstone, of inventors like Franklin, Fulton, Edison, and Wright Brothers, of statesman like Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Lincoln.

Into the heart of each boy who hears the thrilling stories of these men there will fall a seed grain that can not die. The boy will feel an inspiration to "go and do likewise," and that boy will become a new creature, baptized by the benediction of the blessed lives of the heroes of the past. Give to every boy at Jackson Training School his birthright-- a familiar acquaintance with men who will compel his admiration and imitation. Do this and the boy is literally converted, is turned about. He will have a new birth and go forth a boy with a vision of Better Things.

Of Moral Preachments.

Judge Frank Daniels in his charge to the grand jury at Fayetteville the other day made the same old assault on the alleged evils of the times that judges and preachers and newspaper men and other more or less self-appointed guardians of our morals have been making these many years past. The only difference in this case was that Judge Daniels, by reason of an unusual command of English, was able to make his attack rather more ornate and picturesque than usual; but the gist of it was the same--modern dances, high society criminals, the automobile, the exceeding villainy of the rising generation. It is a good thing that the rising generation is youthful and resilient, for if ever any group of people was battered by all the heavy artillery of the world, this is it. If the men among us who are supposed to be our wisest and best--our preachers and teachers

and social workers generally--are to be taken seriously, modesty, chastity and sobriety have all disappeared from among the rising generation, and we are raising up a race of hellions fit to tear civilization to shreds as soon as it is strong enough.

Nor does Judge Daniels offer any remedy for the conditions he deplures except the old, exploded theory of suppression. The judge, however, in this enjoys an advantage over most of the Jeremiahs in that he is an official of the suppressive law. It is the business of courts to deal with criminals already in existence, and the only way to deal with a criminal *IN ESSE* is to suppress him. It is then inevitable, perhaps, that a man of the judicial habit of thought should favor application of the same system to the criminal *IN POSSE*. Nevertheless, it won't work. Bad habits, unwholesome tendencies, are

not subject to suppression. The only way to get rid of them is to crowd them out with good habits and wholesome tendencies.

If the rising generation in North Carolina is developing vicious tendencies, it is because the rising generation doesn't know how to develop any other. Vice is always stupid; it takes cleverness to develop genuine virtue. Judge Daniels, like most other well-conducted persons, is horrified by the carnality of the modern dance. But the popularity of sensual dances is easily explained--any fool can do them. A really graceful and beautiful dance step is hard to do, and by far the greater number of young people have never had opportunity to acquire the art. If they had been taught to dance real dances, they would have no more patience than their elders with the crude and coarse shivers and shakes that are now so common.

The same thing applies to the other evils the jurist denounces. The strongest shield of virtue--meaning chastity--is not innocence, but intelligence. A girl who has none but physical charms can exert none but physical attraction. Nature furnishes a boy with appreciation of physical pleasure, but it is a long and difficult process to develop in him appreciation of any other. Yet if he knows no other pleasure he will seek no other. He will fall into vice, not because he is essentially vicious, but because he is essentially a fool.

If the rising generation is to be reformed, it must be, not by suppressing its natural instincts, but by training them to turn toward pleasures higher than those that Nature gives to every animal. In other words, reformation is to be accom-

plished only by the right sort of education.

North Carolina now has under consideration a project to increase her equipment for educating her sons and daughters. Innumerable words have been written and spoken in the effort to demonstrate to the state the soundness of the policy from a business standpoint; but, after all, there is a consideration more important than good business. That is the moral consideration. An educated man may be immoral, but if so, it is by his own deliberate choice. He has a vastly better chance to live decently than the illiterate man, because he has open to him such a vastly greater number of ways of amusing himself without resorting to vice.

The educational program in this state is the greatest of all modern crusades.--Greensboro News.

Rifle Practice.

I shot an arrow in the air; it fell in the distance, I knew not where till a neighbor said it killed a calf, and I had to pay him six dollars and a half.

I bought some poison to slay the rats; a neighbor swore it killed his cats, and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents.

One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped 'twould soar till it reached the moon, but the candle fell on a farmer's stack of straw, and he said I must settle, or go to the law.

And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring that you think so smart may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

Most Anything.

A hot air electric heater has appeared in France.

War tank races are the latest sport in France.

The chief ivory market of the world is in Antwerp.

Spitzenbergen has four months of sunlight in the year.

Color and tints in diamond are due to impurities in them.

The world output of silk amounts to about 700 tons a day.

The average rise and fall of the tide at Panama is only 2 feet.

The use of electricity in Holland has more than doubled since 1913.

The horn of the rhinoceros is composed of closely compacted hair.

Scientists have figured out that the Tower of Babel was 275 feet high.

The high cost of fuel has led Japan to develop immense waterpower.

The quince was a popular food among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Since 1899 the United States has produced more than 7,700,000 automobiles.

The eggs of sea fowls are almost conical in form so that they will roll in a circle.

Wooden water mains, that had

been laid in 1789, were recently dug up in Boston.

The Belgium cotton spinning industry is almost back to pre-war conditions.

The cost of Columbus' expedition that led to the discovery of America was \$70,000.

Department stores in Portland, Ore., have "No Smoking" signs in womens' rest rooms.

Mozart began composing at the age of 4 years, earlier than anybody else on record.

From Japan a forage plant, called kudzu, is being imported to feed American stock.

The hottest thing on earth is the electric furnace, with a temperature of 3,730 degrees.

Retarded growth has been stimulated by the application of Roentgen rays to the head.

Former Princess Metchersky of Russia is now working as a house decorator.

A boy was washed through 300 feet of sewer into the sea at Redondo Beach, Los Angeles, and came through dazed but uninjured.

The "work or jail" system is being used in some of the larger cities to clean out the crowds of young fellows that infest the pool rooms.



COL. T. LEROY KIRKPATRICK, Charlotte, N. C.

Ex-mayor of Charlotte; prominent and active political worker; president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce; an enthusiastic booster; out-spoken; never sleeps; renders unselfish service to friends and his community; and is the most persistent advocate of Good Roads in the whole state. When he is not otherwise engaged he practices law, being a conspicuous member of the Charlotte bar.

HENRY WATKINS MILLER

In the annals of North Carolina no man has made a record of achievement surpassing that of Mr. Henry W. Miller, a native North Carolinian.

He is vice-president in charge of operation of the entire Southern Railway system with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

The story of what this man has accomplished in life, mastering difficulties and making fun of obstacles, sounds like a romance. But the story of the activities of this man sets up the finest kind of example to act as an inspiration to youths and wins the admiration of all for the man in action---for Mr. Miller is all action.

Somewhere in the year of 1868, Henry Miller introduced himself to a small neighborhood in the capital city of Raleigh. No particular ceremony attended his babyhood appearance on the stage of action. At the age of fourteen he began delivering in the early morning The News and Observer, following this through the day as a messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company. During all this time young Miller, instead of doing like most boys, today, was making research, was studying, making observations, and actually learning telegraphy, in which he is today, it is said, quite efficient.

When about seventeen years of age, having progressed and improved opportunities rampant in his system, he became loading clerk at the freight station in Raleigh. This was in 1885. As a messenger boy and by his faithfulness to a job he came in contact with and won the confidence of the late Col. A. B. Andrews, who had the knack and the unerring

ability to pick winners. Here's where Mr. Miller's railroad experience, itself wondrous, and his fortune began. He was for five years Col. Andrew's secretary and stenographer. That was a team that knew nearly everybody in North Carolina that did things or threatened to do things. The ready grasp of railroad matters and the quickly gained acquaintance with problems arising in the directing of a big railroad, brought to Mr. Miller, in December 1901, his first outstanding promotion under the title of "Assistant to the First Vice-President." He remained with Col. Andrews---literally a right bower---until December 1910, when he was promoted to "Assistant to the President" and located in Atlanta. Perhaps it is not overstating the fact when it is asserted that Mr. Miller knows the problems and functions of the great Southern Railway System from A to Z.

April 15, 1915, his promotion to the office of vice-president at Atlanta, in charge of taxes and lease problems, was announced. His duties carried him into larger fields of activities, varied and separated, but that indomitable energy and splendid mental force that are his made his administration little short of brilliant. During the time of federal control, Mr. Miller was still connected with the corporate organization of the Southern. When the government returned the railroads to their owners, March, 1, 1920, Mr. Miller was transferred to Washington as vice-president in charge of construction.

On the tenth of this month upon the death of Mr. E. H. Coapman, the subject of this sketch was made vice-president of operation. Thus it

will be seen, this restless, active-minded, intense man has risen steadily, surely and deservedly from the very lower round into the atmosphere of the top one, which, judging the present by the past, couldn't make him a bit dizzy.

This man Miller had many opportunities--they were not thrust upon him, but he made them. Most pages in the General Assembly seek the places for the money in it and the hope of a bonus at the end. Young Miller was himself a page in the North Carolina General Assembly in 1881, 1883, and 1885. He got his pay and used it wisely; but he got what he most wanted--knowledge of men and things. He has enough fire in his system to resent an insult, but if you called him a lobbyist and a politician he'd give you such an interesting look that you would wonder whether he really understood your expressed observation. That ability to never wear a chip on the shoulder never attained a more perfect stage than lived by Mr. Miller. The average man tries to make himself believe that no corporation has the suggestion of a soul--and who would accuse a railroad of being an angel?--and sometimes there are legislators that assume the attitude of putting the screws to corporations to the point inviting a contest; and when his company was concerned, it became necessary for Mr. Miller to move in and about the law mill. It made you have a funny feeling on his approach, but you were glad to see him just the same. He's an artist: he knows men; he knows temperaments; he knows his subject--and he always kept his head. That's Miller's way of presenting his subject and standing for his side.

The real truth is: the whole of the state is genuinely happy over the success, every inch honestly won and richly deserved, that crowns the activities of Henry Watkins Miller, who has come into his own. The state cheerfully congratulates him and his company.

Mr. Miller is married, his wife was Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Raleigh, where she enjoys wide and sincere friendships. She is a typically charming and attractive North Carolina woman.

Gaining The End

That there is a certain satisfaction in gaining an end after a struggle to reach it, most of us know by experience. One who is vigorous and strong, making his way through a driving storm in the face of a furious wind finds an actual enjoyment in his victory over the elements. His pulses, after his struggle is ended, tell of an exhilaration which seldom results from a saunter down some shaded path on a summer afternoon. A young lady, whose childhood has been passed in wealth and luxury, was compelled by the reverses of fortune to join in the struggle for a livelihood in which most of us are sharers. A friend who met her after these changes attempted to condole with her, whereupon, to his surprise, the girl laughed and said, "I really don't deserve or desire your sympathy." So far from feeling saddened over the change in my circumstances, I'm afraid I actually enjoy it. There is real delight to me in the thought that even in this crowded world I can make a place for myself, and overcome obstacles as others have done."

Editor Peterson Talks About Schools.

(Sampson Democrat)

One of the most interesting documents we have recently read is a recent copy of the UPLIFT a publication issued by the Training School at Concord, and actually printed by the boys who were sent there to be reformed. The thoughtful and thought-provoking editor of the UPLIFT, having reviewed the situation discovered in the public schools of the state with regard to spelling, asks why such a condition exists, stating that no such charge could have been brought against the schools of two decades ago. That the situation is deplorable is certain, but there are reasons for it, and chief among them we place two: First, all the children of the communities were not in school twenty years ago; and, second, there has been a systematic and persevering attempt to make all school work interesting.

Twenty and thirty years ago, when a boy showed no inclination for school he did not have to go, and, indeed, thousands couldn't go. The consequence was that the schools were largely composed of a picked class, but even then not all those who went to school became proficient in spelling, as may be readily perceived if one has occasion to edit letters or other matter written by men of more than the average education of those who were boys at that time.

On the other hand, today all are in school--blockheads, the indifferent, those who had no right early start, and those who have no incentive from family tradition to secure an education. They are all there, with the consequence that the average native ability of the pupils of this time will

fail badly in a comparison with that of twenty or thirty years ago.

Next, as suggested, the effort to make all school work interesting has taken a great deal of the stamina out of the really capable minds. The pupils of the day have not been treated fairly or candidly. They have not been trained to think that school work is work. Try as one may, he cannot make all subjects entertaining, or, in other words, he cannot find a royal road to spelling. Moreover, we are confident that it is a good thing that such is the case, provided the pupil is treated fairly and candidly and told that he must work as he expects to work when he becomes to be employed at other tasks. Hoeing, or cutting wood; plowing or picking cotton; neither is pleasant, but every farm boy knows that he must stick to his task through the long weary day, or get what Patty gave the drum. But the same chap is actually taught to dawdle and wait for the teacher to make his task a picnic, with the consequence that nothing worth-while is achieved, and the boy is actually more poorly equipped to achieve in the every-day occupations of life than he would have been without the cultivation of this habit of waiting for things to be made easy.

Let the boy or girl know that he has a task to perform, that easy or otherwise, the job must be done, and the work will not only be performed in a more successful manner but, likewise, the child's character will be hardened for achievement in real life, if school is not such.

But, again, don't let anybody f o o



you into thinking that all the pupils of even the old Blueback days became proficient spellers. They didn't, though the exceptional pupil did and his success is remembered, while that of the many who never mastered the book at all are forgotten. Our memory is good and we know that with the exception of a half-dozen of our country school mates of thirty-five to forty years ago when the blueback was the chief study for the boys and girls, the failure to learn anything of real practical value was utter. Three-fourths of them, today, cannot write two sentences without misspelling half the words, and we are confident we do not exaggerate, though under the same conditions, except at home, a few attained considerable advancement.

Opportunity Knocks.

Julius Cæsar could have had an automobile. The principles upon which it is built have always existed. If men had known enough to apply those principles then, the best type of modern car might have whizzed along the streets of Rome nearly 2000 years ago.

Cæsar might have had a telephone. Brutus a phonograph, Calpurnia a steam yacht, and the speech of Mark Antony might have been printed in a daily paper, if men had known enough.

During the coming centuries many inventions will be made—but the principles upon which they are to be founded are in existence right now, awaiting perception and application. And every improvement that will be made in every line of work—art, manufacture, commerce, agriculture physics, and metaphysics—will merely be the discovery and unfoldment

of facts that exist today.

In the years that are before us we shall all doubtless make significant progress. Each step will come as soon as we really think of it—as soon as we really see the next thing to do and do it. The opportunity to perceive the next step is always open always waiting to be utilize.

Does Smith Know His Name?

For a good, honest, straightforward name with no frills "John Smith" is hard to beat, and John might reasonably be expected to know his name wherever he heard it especially as it is a name found the world over in use of every people. The chances are, however, that John would not know whether a newly-made Russian acquaintance was addressing him or choking on a fishbone when he said, "Jonloff Smitowski." In Poland the name becomes slightly more sneezelike, Ivan Shmittiweiski, and almost musical in the mouths of the Tuscaroras, who say Tam Qua Smittia. It is quite certain that our John would not answer to the name Yoo Seef, but if he were a Turkish John Smith he would, and Ion Sinikton would be proper if he were a Greek. In Mexico he would be written down Jontle F'Smitri, while the Icelanders would call him Jahne Smithson. In Latin the name becomes Johannes Smithus, while the modern Italian reels it off as Giovanni Smithi. In German John Smith becomes Hans Schmidt, but this he can change to Jean Smeets by crossing the line into France, and, if he doesn't care for the sound of this, he can attain the more stately Juan Smithus by moving on into Spain.—The Open Road.

Home Not Complete Without Altar.

By Rev. H. C. Sprinkle.

Quoting the great wise man of history for his text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," Rev. H. C. Sprinkle, pastor of Centenary Methodist church. Preached a great sermon Sunday morning on the subject entitled, "Home Religion and the Family Altar."

The preacher stated in the beginning that he had neither the ability nor the desire to clarify the meaning of his text, adding that he might discourse for an hour without adding one particle to its deep significance. But he did attempt to show some ways in which the teachings of his text may be realized today.

Mr. Sprinkle called attention to the fact that there is a vast deal of difference between teaching a child and training a child. When our government assembled 4,000,000 men in the training camps, said the preacher, she did not teach those men to repeat from memory certain rules and regulations of morality, health and warfare, and then turn them loose to face the enemy as best as they could. Rather, our government trained each man in daily drills and exercises to practice the arts of war with marked skill and ability. Likewise, urged the speaker, parents must train their children.

The time to begin the training of the child is with the birth of that child's grandmother and grandfather, said the speaker. He then told the story of a friend of his who used to have a splendid looking bird dog that was not good for a thing in the world. When he asked his friend why

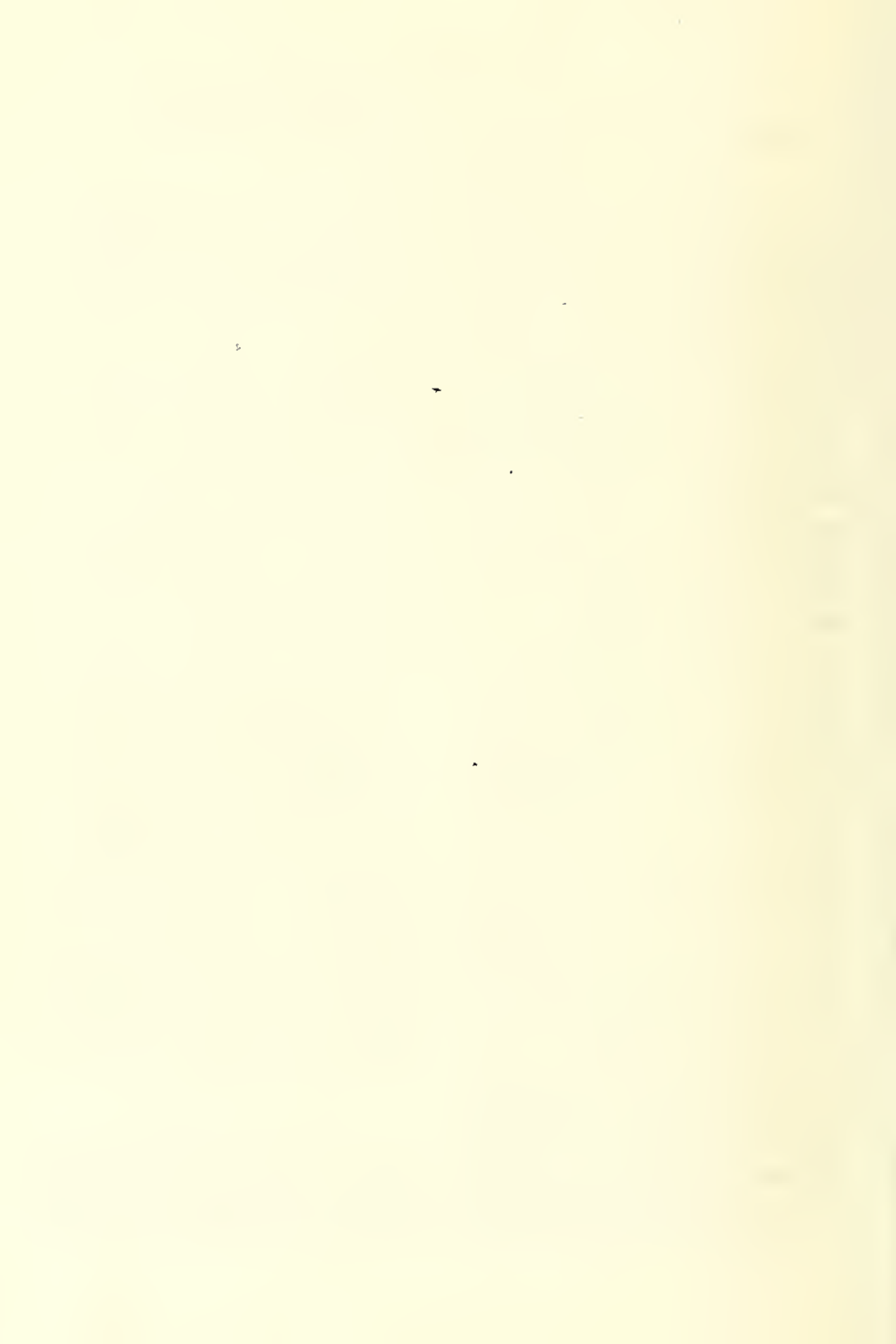
he did not train the dog his answer was, "It is too late--you cannot teach an old dog new tricks." It is equally true, said Mr. Sprinkle, that you cannot train a child when he is old.

There are several things in which the children of every home should receive training, according to the speaker. They should be trained in prayer, in the doctrines of the church, in the support of the church, in parental obedience, and in hard work. Ten times more children are ruined today, he declared, because they have nothing to do than are ruined because they have too much to do. "I am as bitterly opposed," said he, "to ruthless child labor as anybody in this country, but I want the world to know that as long as my boy makes tracks in the mud around my doorsteps and breaks bread crust at my table he will do what I say do and will work."

The chief emphasis of the sermon was laid upon the value of the family altar, and the speaker insisted that no home is complete in which the Scriptures are not read daily, and in which family prayer is not offered. At the conclusion of the sermon a large number of those present pledged themselves to begin at once to establish such an altar in their homes.--Greensboro News.

How To Win Confidence.

No one can succeed who does not enjoy the confidence of those with whom he comes into contact. To win confidence, therefore, is essential



to success. A first requisite of enjoying the confidence of others is not to have any reason to doubt your own self. If you are doubtful of your own judgment how can you expect others to have confidence in you? A great help in creating confidence is to be scrupulously exact in every little detail. Do not let little things pass as if they amounted to nothing. By way of illustration, it may not be essential that you do a certain thing right now; but it is much better to do it now than to get into a habit of putting off. A certain man we knew years ago was always just a little late and the people expected him to be late, and, while in every other respect reliable, on this account they often did not give him credit for what he could do simply because they feared he would not undertake it in time. Integrity is the very foundation of confidence. You cannot get rich by sharp practices and retain the respect or confidence of your fellow-men. When right and honesty are the dominating notes of a man's business career his success is assured.--Young Folks

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. "Bud" Talbert, of Waxhaw, is visiting his brother, Mr. T. V. Talbert.

Mrs. Ina Penland, of Morganton, has accepted work at the school as matron in Fourth Cottage.

Mr. J. W. Russel, of Third Cottage, visited his people in No. 1 township Sunday.

Mr. H. C. Deaton, of Morganton, and Mr. McKnight, of Kannapolis,

spent a while at the school Saturday.

Mr. D. A. Corzine, nightwatchman at the school, has moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. John Sides.

Mrs. Arthur Morrison and Mrs. Mack Reed, of Rocky River, spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Pearl Young, at Second Cottage.

Supt. Chas. E. Boger left Monday for Raleigh, where he appeared before the Appropriation Committee of the State Legislature.

Mr. Fuller, Supt. of Public Welfare of Columbus Co., came up from Whiteville last week, accompanied by Howard Bullard, who has been admitted to the school.

At the regular meeting of the Stonewall Literary Society, of Second Cottage, Thursday night, the following officers were elected: President, Herbert Riddle; Vice President, Waldo Shinn; Secretary, Chas. Ballew; Critic, Sam Taylor.

The debate at first cottage Monday night, Jan. 17, was especially good. The question, "Should the United States Adopt a Policy of Further Restricting Immigration" was well handled, and the debaters, Kern and Noble, of the affirmative, and Cranford and Smathers, of the negative, acquitted themselves with credit. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative.

A Chicago burglar was scared away by a frightful picture. At last, here is legitimate work for the futurist.--Philadelphia North American.

Cabarrus News.

The Pitts school house in No. 2 township was completely destroyed by fire on the 19th. Nothing was saved except the school furniture.

Mr. A. B. Pounds is modernizing his home on West Depot street, by the addition of new porches and a sun-parlor. Other remodeling is in view.

The Virginia Dare Book Club met with Mrs. M. L. Marsh on the 19th, at her home on South Union Street. Papers were read by Mrs. R. A. Brown and Mrs. J. L. Hartsell.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Noah A. Correll, which occurred in Richmond, Va., was received in the city on the 22nd. Mrs. Moody was the daughter-in-law of Mrs. W. C. Correll, of Concord.

Attorney T. D. Maness has begun operations preparatory to the erection of his new home on the corner of South Union and Ford Streets. It is to be the first brick veneered residence built in the city.

Among the two scores of lawyers in Raleigh, engaged in the Southern Power Company case, is J. Lee Crowell, Esq., of Cabarrus. He is representing some mill interests in opposition to the petition, asking for increased rates.

Rev. Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe, editor of the Methodist Advocate, Greensboro, preached to a large and appreciative audience in Central Methodist

church Sunday night. Dr. Rowe is very popular in the city of Concord.

Mr. Martin F. Barrier, one of the representative citizens of the county, and father of Mr. Clarence H. Barrier, an active business man of Concord, died on the 22nd. Mr. Barrier was the son of the late Moses Barrier, a member of one of the historical families of Eastern Cabarrus. Mr. Barrier's death was rather sudden.

On the evening of the 20th, in the First Presbyterian Church of Concord, The marriage of Miss Gladys Flack, of this place, and Mr. Russell Poole, of Union, S. C., was solemnized, Rev. Dr. Grier officiating. Miss Flack is a sister of Mrs. W. J. Hill, Jr., and has been a successful teacher in the city public schools. Mr. Poole is a prominent groceryman of the South Carolina town.

A Good Deed.

There is many a man, who bears the reputation of not being able to write his name, and he can't; there are others, who can do so in an indifferent manner, and, being timid and conscious of doing it rather poorly, when called upon simply say, "I can't do it."

This was said by a client to J. Lee Crowell, Esq., some twenty years ago. "Oh, yes you can," said the attorney. The man had reasonable intelligence, had aspirations to

better his condition for he was borrowing money to buy a farm. Lawyer Crowell did a novel thing. He sat down wrote carefully and legibly the client's name (a novel performance for a lawyer, because not many folks, including the lawyer, can read a lawyer's writing.) "Now," said attorney Crowell, "you get down there and copy that until you can write your name without the copy."

What's the conclusion---

Why, that client has prospered, has found it convenient and very agreeable to sign his name legibly to instruments of writing, best of all to checks.

Moral: If every man would contribute a little time and patience, it would not be long until a man, unable to write his name, would be a monstrosity in the land.

Cost More at Night.

The doctors have a scale of charges ---so much for day and so much for night calls. And country trips get an extra touch.

An interesting story of how enterprising one of our good county citizens proved himself to be, is going the rounds. A Concord doctor was called on to render the account to one of his parishioners. The amount surprised the countryman. "Why, doctor, you seem to have charged mighty high for that trip," said the farmer. "That was a night trip," replied the doctor. "The account was settled. "Say," said the doctor, trying to be diplomatic and leaving his country patient in a good frame mind, "I wish you would bring me a cord of good wood."

Several mornings afterward, be-

tween 4 and 5 a. m., the doctor was awakened by a noise at his woodpile. On investigation, he found that the wood he ordered was being unloaded.

When the bill was presented, the doctor expressed surprise at the amount. The farmer explained: "It is a night load, doctor; I get six dollars for a day load and twelve for a night load."

No appeal.

Dare-Devil and Dangerous.

Scarcely any one passes the public school building at Whitehall without recalling with great sadness an awful accident that occurred at that spot some years ago that cost the life of a young boy and wrecked the life of a useful citizen.

Children will be children, but the management of that school should assert their authority; precaution and wisdom in giving orders that the children shall not play in the road, a thing they do generally. Several days ago a gentleman drove by slowly and several bold, daring little boys jumped on the running board and two mounted the rear, while others spread themselves across the road making progress difficult. Had the driver been some of the careless ones, or shot with blind tiger, fatalities might have occurred.

This rank carelessness and dare-devil conduct is a daily occurrence, and should be stopped in the interest of the children themselves.

The Union Of Two Synods.

On Tuesday, March 1st, there will be a joint meeting of the N. C. Luth-

eran Synod and the N. C. Conference of the Tennessee Lutheran Synod, in St. John's Lutheran Church at Salisbury, for the purpose of putting the final touches on the union of the two bodies. Separated for one hundred years, they have now about removed the long-standing difference and it seems quite probable that a perfect union will be effected.

Each Synod will hold separate meetings in Salisbury, prior to the union meeting. Synodical committees, representing the two synods, have been courting of each other for several years; they marched up hill and then marched down again--then repeated the performance several times over, but all good-natured, hoping to leave no uncertainty to rise up to give torture, such as church differences alone can precipitate. Nothing like a love feast when all hands are in earnest.

Twentieth Anniversary.

Friends in Concord of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. P. MacLaughlin, now of the First Lutheran Church of Pittsburgh, Penn., have received invitations to a reception at their home in Pittsburgh, it being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. This interesting event is for February 2nd.

Dr. MacLaughlin, who did such valuable work in Concord while pastor of St. James Church, and who had many admirers and friends throughout the city and county, is now pastor of the strongest (numerically and financially) Lutheran churches in the state of Pennsylvania. His friends in the South will wish this delightful couple many returns of the happy event.

Get To-Gether Meeting of Dentists.

The Cabarrus County Dental Society held a meeting on the night of the 20th to consider matters of great interest to the profession. Officers for the ensuing years were elected as follows: Dr. H. C. Herring, president; Dr. W. C. Houston, vice-president; Dr. J. V. Davis, treasurer; and Dr. M. L. Troutman, secretary. The following compose the Executive committee: Drs. W. L. Ezzell, W. R. Fisher, P. M. Patterson, and G. C. Bernard.

Mr. J. F. Dayvault Ill.

For near unto eight months Mr. J. F. Dayvault, a popular and highly respected citizen of this city, has been in a serious state of health. He has never rallied or even approached normal health after an operation in a Statesville hospital. It became necessary for another operation, and he is now in a Charlotte hospital, from which the news is not at all favorable.

New Subscriptions.

J. H. Rutledge, H. C. Deaton, W. A. Stone, F. L. Fuller, Jr., R. S. McCoin, M. J. Harris, Mrs. R. K. Blair.

Centralization Run Wild.

It is the contention of Editor Mebane, of The Catawba News-Enterprise, himself an educator and at one time State Superintendent of Public Instruction, that "our public school system has been centralized until the county superintendents are mere figureheads, county boards of education can only do what they are told from Raleigh, and the school

committees are little more than janitors." He makes the bold statement that "the last four Governors of North Carolina have turned over bag and baggage the public school to the Department of Education and our system of public schools is in the hands of one man." He admits personal admiration for the Superintendent of Public Instruction, but "wants to see the management of the schools put back in the hands of the people of the respective counties of North Carolina where they belong." He maintains that "we have not reached the time in North Carolina when we need to be told from Raleigh every little thing that may be done and may not be done in connection with our public schools," and he invokes Governor Morrison "to take a hand in seeing that the people back home shall have some voice at least in schools of their children and their neighbors' children." ---Charlotte Observer.

Promise Yourself

To be strong, that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to everyone you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true.

To think only the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others, as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past, and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times, and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.—Selected.

Furnace A Rabbit Gum

Monroe, Jan. 25.—N. W. Thorpe, who lives near here, has discovered a new way of trapping rabbits. He installed recently a new furnace which is so inviting that it works much better than the usual rabbit gum, it is declared.

Mr. Thorpe in putting in the furnace had no other idea in mind than making his home more comfortable. It had been working fine until one cold morning this week.

One of the youngsters in the family was dispatched to investigate. Imagine the boy's surprise when he found a full grown rabbit in one of the furnace pipes.

Stranger still it was alive when extracted from the ashes although its fur was badly scorched, when it jumped against the grate bars.

He sighted along the barrel, aimed at a bird away in the distance, and pulled the trigger. A loud bang and the sportsman ran forward. When he reached the neighborhood of where the bird had been he saw something hopping around in the long grass. He picked up a frog and remarked with pride, "Not such a bad shot for an amateur. I didn't kill him, but I certainly knocked all the feathers off him."---Boy's Life.

A Variety

Scoutmaster---"Johnny, what are you doing there in the rain?"

Tenderfoot --- "gettin' wet." --- Boy's Life.

A Psalm of Life.---

Chill.

Ill.

Pill.

Bill.

Several children heard the word "scandal," and one asked, "What is scandal?" whereupon another replied, "It is when nobody ain't done nothing' and somebody goes and tells."

A native of China will work a whole year, with little rice and no recreation, then lavish all the saving accumulated by such economy on a wedding or a funeral.---Exchange.

"You and I know that prices have dropped. The newspapers know it, too. Won't it be fine when the storekeepers find out about it?"---Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Employer---"John' I wish you wouldn't whistle at you work."

Boy---"I wasn't working, sir; only whistling."

"If a man goes into a thing for money only that is all he will get out of it."

Mary, who had lived in the South and had never seen snow, went up North with her mother, where the ground was covered with snow.

"O mamma," said Mary, "is this the way the cotton grows up North?" ---Kind Words.

The man with steady habits and

with a steady job always looks at you with a steady eye.---The Youth's Companion.

Many know how to say the right thing, but few know the right time to say it.---The Youth's Companion.

"Fancy bringin' a child like that to a funeral! What pleasure can it be to her?"

The strong body of the old man must be bought and paid for by the young man.

The prisoner should have been discharged and the poet given thirty days and cost.

Your joy is a plant which has its root in another life which you have made joyful.

Grasshoppers are said to have neither lungs nor gills---but that does not prevent them from making a lot of noise.

In olden times men used to be converted with a club, and it sometimes is necessary to employ life saving methods now.

A man may think it is a nuisance to shave, but he should thank his lucky stars that he does not have to put up and take down his hair.

Eyes that see and hearts that understand are things essential for true appreciation of the universe, yet how few of us possess them! How many of us are making the mistake of living either in the past or in the future, thus failing to appreciate the present in all its fulness!

A man should not buy an airplane until he is sure of its upkeep.---Louisville Post.

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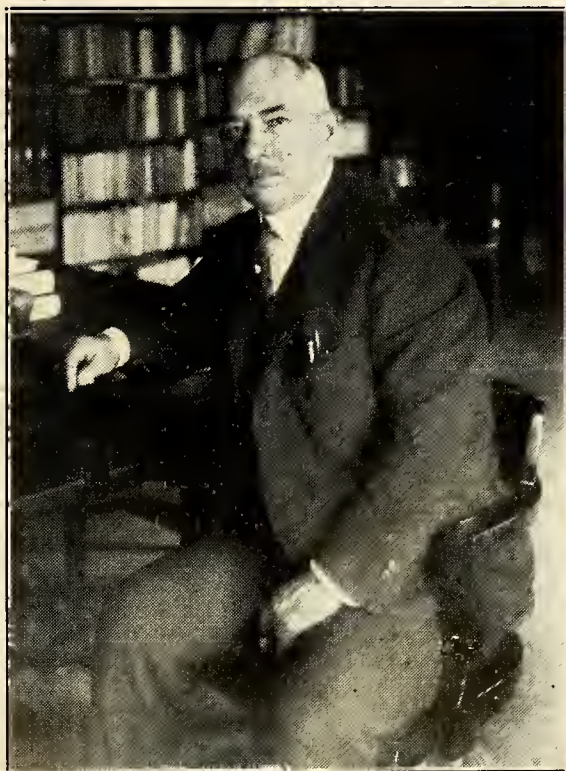
UPLIFT

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NO. 14



HON. JAMES S. MANNING,
Attorney-General of North Carolina.
See Page 24

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44	To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136	To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36	To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138	To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30	To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35	To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43	To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29	To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137	To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Tonic

The law of the harvest is to reap more
than you sow; sow an act and you reap a
habit; sow a habit, and you reap a char-
acter; sow a character and you reap a
destiny.---Geo. Dana Boardman.

WHERE THE SUGGESTION CAME FROM.

It is certain that the influence of imitation, to which we are all more or less subjected, plays on childhood stronger than the thing we call temptation or sin. When a child is caught the victim of trying to do that which some man or woman has done, vicious or wrong, we are very hasty in assigning the little fellow to the class of derelicts, vicious, degenerate.

We big boys too often lose sight of the fact that we are ourselves imitators, led on either by the love of the spectacular, the exciting or the uncommon. How, in reason, could a child, just as certainly born in sin and predisposed to those things out of order and discordant, as certainty can be; expect them to weigh the serious results following an act, or reason about the right or wrong of a thing, when to him a standard has never been held up, not once but continually, marking out the true way a training should take.

Under a High Point date line of the 26th this piece of news is sent out:

"Two small white boys, named Underwood and Gray, the former seven years old and the latter about 12, were apprehended yesterday afternoon, after they are alleged to have attempted to wreck an Ashboro train near this city by placing two pieces of iron slag on the rails.

Derailment of the train was narrowly averted by Chief of Police Welch, who outran the train to a point between East Green and East Russell streets.

Watchman Shepard, at the Green street crossing, said he saw the boys place the obstruction on the tracks. He notified the police and the chief answered the call. The obstruction would easily have derailed the train, officials believe.

Special Agent T. C. Bray, of the Southern Railway company, came to the city in response to a message from Local Agent S. O. Schauld and spent some time here investigating the happening.

The two boys were apprehended and were later released in the custody of their parents, who promised to have them ready for trial when the juvenile court authorities call for them."

Two boys--one 7 and the other 12 years of age--did not have the power of mind or imagination to work out this scheme of wrecking a train. This was a man's planning. They inherited it; it came to them through a picture, which made it work perfectly in its destructive accomplishment.

These boys saw a train wrecked in a moving picture show--they saw the instrument of destruction picked up--they saw the hands that placed it--where it would do perfect execution--they saw a train reel, turn over--they saw the dead pulled out--the bleeding and lacerated men and women and children hurried off for treatment--they saw in the picture and the story that the perpetrators evaded detection, after they had escaped with the booty of the deed. And there are people that will blame these boys--it's the influence of suggestion and the spirit of imitation that come when birth takes place, and it follows to the day of departure to the beyond.

Recently a historical play, in a certain town, was pulled off. The school children were guests. The story in history was good, but it was short--and to make the entertainment worth while from the standpoint of the owner of the moving picture theater, he sandwiched into the historical play one of his own selection--full of deception, of intrigue, infidelity, sharp practice, lying and even murder. This caught the eye of the youngsters, and impressed them more than the truly worthy historical picture. Why not? In that audience were older people, good people, church people, even they applauded the masterly performance of the characters in that bloody, slimy, suggestive picture. Do you expect a child to have the discretion, that we naturally hope to find in adults, if examples are not set up and held up daily before it. The average child has a chance, little better than an

animal.

The moving picture business has become an agency of education, good and bad; if in the hands of proper people, who would emphasize the dogged determination to exhibit only clean, decent pictures, the influence of the movies would result in promoting education and morality. In the hands of those obsessed with the purpose of making money alone, putting on vulgar and suggestive exhibits, there is absolutely no doubt that they do more actual harm and injury than the barrooms, in their palmiest day ever could accomplish.

Could a moving-picture establishment live that only exhibited clean, moral, edifying pictures?

♦♦♦♦

A STORY THAT CONCERNS FARMING LANDS.

The price of everything in 1919-1920 went on a terrific spree, and the spree affected every form of activity. About one year ago, the average clerk had to be all but beseeched to hearken unto your call and wishes; the man that had anything to sell was indifferent whether you traded or not, for just behind you was another man who craved the opportunity to purchase the thing—and the dealer knew it.

About the sorriest thing out was the dollar—it got nearly as cheap as common fodder; and folks who for once enjoyed the privilege of carrying a roll, thought a new day had dawned and that this glorious day would never end. The average wage earner bought and bought, then bought some more---bought things that he actually did not need. But now, the dull thud that has overtaken industrial, commercial and agricultural enterprises, has sobered us and filled many a man with regrets approximating the gnawing type.

Practically the other extreme prevailed way back in 1900. Money was dear; lands were cheap; everything raised on the land was low in price. Stock went begging; good wagons could be bought for twenty dollars; bug-gies for thirty-five; and the average cow sold for from fifteen dollars up to twenty-five, which was regarded a fancy price that only the favored few could indulge in.

And this leads us to the fact that whenever a sale could be found, much real estate in the country was on the market---town property was a drug. There came on the market a certain well-known plantation---well known because of the years it stood in the name of a distinguished person---milked for years by the tenant system, an object lesson of the scratch system of farming that prevailed about that period. This article has reference to the Dr. Mills old place.

This place---the Mills place contained 780 acres. It was sold to Mr. D.

B. Coltrane, in 1900, for the flattering (for that day) sum of \$4,500, just about \$5.75 cents per acre. Later on 40 acres were added at a price of \$20 per acre; and, again, another addition was made of 53 acres at \$25.00 per acre. Here then was a body of land containing 873 acres, costing in the aggregate \$6,625.

Since the ownership held by Mr. Coltrane he has done some theoretical farming, added a number of tenant houses, located at such places to serve well smaller places into which it was his purpose to divide the big body of land. He even offered a section of it at \$12.50--no body wanted it. During this time, the profits from the farm have paid for all the improvements, the taxes and an amount sufficient to make a reasonable interest on the investment.

Notwithstanding it is claimed that the bottom has dropped out of most things, cotton has turned tail, cotton seed worth a little more than fat saw-dust, everybody trying to persuade himself that "it is no use to try again" the gamble (?) of farming, Chas. J. Harris and associates stepping up to Mr. Coltrane bantered him to name a price for his plantation. He did. It was fifty dollars per acre. The trade was made. What Mr. Coltrane bought for \$6,625, in 1900, he sold in 1921 for forty-three thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars.

Listen: The appraisers last year assessed this land for taxes, at what they regarded its market value---they put it on the tax books at \$34,900. This place is about seven miles from Concord, in the Popular Tent neighborhood.

Another object lesson that should put ginger and stiffening into the faint-hearted, who possess real estate, is to be found in the case of the old Linker farm, about 11 miles south of Concord, in No. 10. Just 163 acres in this place. The Concord Tribune several weeks ago announced the sale of it for cash at the price of \$21,500. Yet the appraisers last year put this place on the tax books for \$12,000.

THE UPLIFT has no other purpose in making refernce to these transactions than to emphaize the fact that the appraisers under the Revaluation Act did their work conservatively; and when this artificial depression passes, this estimate of conservatism in the revaluation of property can safely be applied pretty generally over the state. This is fact No. 1.

Fact No. 2: That real estate is the surest, safest investment in existence. It has the power of coming back---that quality does not belong to all investments.

♦♦♦♦

Mr. Banks Dove, the Secretary of State of South Carolina, who is address-

ing the people of North Carolina on the merits of the Cotton Association, served as a teacher in the North Carolina schools for a number of years. He is a fine type of gentleman, resourceful, intellectually strong and a well-balanced business man.

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WHERE THE STYLE ORIGINATED.

Except from accident it is possible for some to feel that the young girls of today are not supplied with ears. The style of covering the ears in the make-up of the hair, using tuzzies over the ears, serves to leave the impression that possibly after all it has become unfashionable to be born with ears; or, having them, that something has arisen making it immodest or unlady-like to have them visible.

But whatever may be the reasons for the adoption of this really unbecoming and unattractive make-up of the hair, its origin is of some interest. A movement oftentimes starts from small things--a habit or a style may have a very humble and even a sad beginning. It is not generally known that the practice of concealing the ear--often a very pretty member of the human body--by a tuft or tuzzy of hair, started near Matthews, a small town in Mecklenburg county. A child was born in the neighborhood, who bore the affliction of having but one ear. When she grew older and became sensitive over what she regarded her great affliction, she began the fashion of combing her hair down over the side of her head thus concealing the space where the ear was supposed to be. This was near unto thirty years ago, and there were, in later days, hundreds of people who actually were ignorant of the real absence of one ear in the case of this woman.

Being so fashionable today, it is by no means certain whether the devotees of this unhappy style are all doing the thing for fun, style, or concealing a shortage on the part of nature.

♦♦♦♦

Capt. E. D. Springer has the unique record of having served as postmaster of the town of South Creek, in Beaufort county, for fifty-two years. A change of administration does not affect him. He is Republican, nationally, and Democratic in state matters. This man is eighty-three years old. His first year's salary was \$17.00, but it amounts to \$350.00, in latter years. The only other long tenure of office in the state that equals, in fact surpasses Capt. Springer's, is that of Judge Pace, the clerk of court of the county of Henderson. He has served fifty-four years, and will continue until death or he himself disposes otherwise. Judge Pace is a Republican

all down the line, but he has as many friends among the opposing party as he has in his own. Judge Pace is in his 85th year.

o o o o

Before the Road Bill is finally whipped into shape and passed by the General Assembly, some one ought to see incorporated a section requiring a decent care for road machinery. All the way from Raleigh last week, at various places, one could see all kinds of idle road machines, engines, ploughs, rollers and other equipment, lying uncovered and uncared for by the road side. In some states a penalty rests against the bossman, which is deducted from his salary, if he fails to properly store the machinery when not in use.

o o o o

Congressman, like lawyers, can be real good and nice sometime. On the 29th, it leaked out in Washington that Major Chas. M. Steadman was celebrating his 80th birthday. In a very short time a fund was raised and watch purchased and presented to Mr. Steadman, with showers of beautiful words and sentiments. Lawyers quarrel and look daggers at each other before a jury, then go out and take — a smoke together. There are few times in Congress when political differences disappear to do some one thing in common. It is rare.

o o o o

Governor Morrison in his address on the 28th to the legislature exhibited all the vision any progressive might desire; and he courageously pronounced for those things that we have no doubt in the world that a majority of the people want; and if they are secured, the good people will applaud; if not secured, there is bound to be disappointment. There is no earthly reason for North Carolina not taking the position among the states that she is able to do and ought to do.

o o o o

The cost of putting on an active campaign makes a canvass for subscriptions prohibitive. In lieu of this we occasionally send out sample copies to prominent people. We invite them to consider this a respectful invitation to join us for a year. THE UPLIFT, serving the best interest of the school and laboring in behalf of childhood in general, desires as large a family of readers as circumstances will permit.

o o o o

It is gratifying, we are sure, to a large circle of friends that Major Bruce

Craven, of Trinity, has resumed his "Seeing North Carolina, which The Greensboro News featured some years ago. There is delightful humor in Craven's observations that stay with you; and the few caustic stings are neither personal nor malicious---the real purpose is to make folks sit up and take notice. He accomplishes his purpose.

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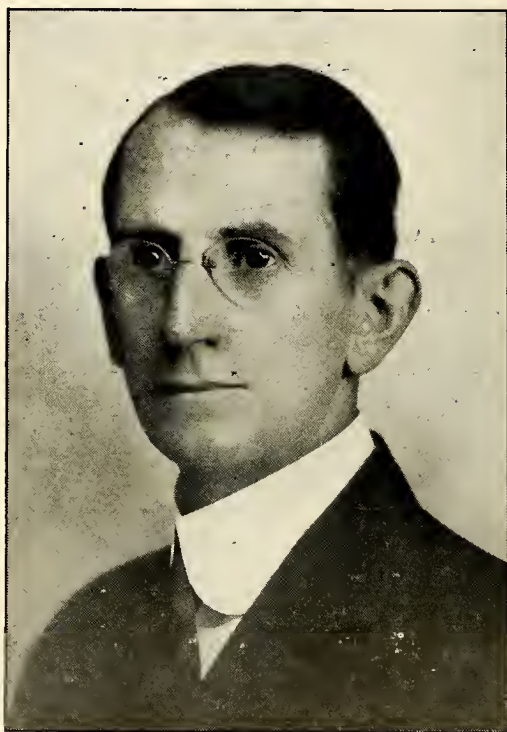
A few people of strong observing powers have claimed all the while that "Jiggs and Mag" actually reside in Raleigh. The more events transpire and "carring on" become conspicuous, the belief is becoming confirmed that the real "Jiggs and Mag" pair does live in Raleigh. Going just a little further in this observation, it is safe to conclude that practically everytown, sporting a new-rich, can lay claim to its notorious pair.

oooo

They have revived the student protest against Dr. Riddick, the president of the A. & E. College, at Raleigh. Whether it's a new protest or the old one, it is probably due to the weather making other sports impossible.



Two Preacher Brothers---Home Environment.



REV. J. H. BARNHARDT

Sometimes, in looking over the field of the ministry, we find where grandfather, father, son &c have taken upon themselves the holy order of the Christian ministry; but it is rare to find two brothers entering into a preaching life, coming from a family that no record reveals that any of the foregoing members had identified themselves with the actual work of the ministry.

There are two men, connected with the Western North Carolina

Conference, whom I have known since their bare-foot boyhood days. In fact, I have known them all their lives, and I watched with admiration and pleasure their progress, their success as they rose from one degree of progress and usefulness on toward a higher one. What they accomplished is neither brilliant nor marvelous; but what they have done, they did themselves, building upon a foundation that can be traced back directly to the influence and environ-



REV. Z. E. BARNHARDT

ment of a home--a home in which God was recognized, where the family altar was the chief furnishings of the home.

I have said that the records made by these young men are not brilliant nor marvelous. They are more than either. They are just exactly the outcome of a faithful following of a standard that was set up for them in childhood, adhered to through school, sustaining them in their respective activities, reinforced by more than ordinary intellects and a dogged and persistent energy. Such things have done for other boys, in other communities, in other times, but the influences of the wordly world were too much for them and they dropped out, but the subjects of this sketch did not. "Here I am" was their answer; they went was their answer to "send me."

These two preacher brothers are Rev. J. H. Barnhardt and Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt sons of Mr. Jacob R. Barnhardt, a substantial farmer, correct citizen and an ex-Confederate soldier that came out of the war without a thing material in the world, but an unconquered courage, a clean purpose and a superb energy.

These preachers were country reared boys--reared among the rocks and the briars, in the corn and the meadows, doing service with the hoe and behind the mule and plough, chopping wood and forking hay, with the glorious sports that can only be had in the country and to which only country boys ever receive an introduction.

The old-field school, near Cold Springs Methodist church, gave them a taste for education. John D. Barrier, old-time school teacher and Confederate soldier, now of

Charlotte, taught them to read; following this they entered N. C. College now Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute, where they acquitted themselves with credit and gained a foundation for furthering their educational endeavor that could not be surpassed anywhere in the state. Finishing their preparatory course at Mt. Pleasant each of these young Barnhardts entered Trinity College, where they took the regular A. B. course.

Their records at Trinity were fine. Under the dynamic influence of Dr. Kilgo, they brushed away all doubts, all confusing notions, such as often thrust themselves into the lives of young men, and straightway, earnestly and devoutly they prepared themselves for the Christian ministry. I would like to separate these interesting, able men. It can't be well done. They even stay near each other, now since they have gone out into the world, contributing of their best talent and best effort towards the leading of people aright and towards rescuing those for whom the evil fates lay snares.

The older of these country, farmer-boy preachers is Rev. J. H. Barnhardt born Feb. 22, 1873, near Mt. Pleasant, now of West Market Street Methodist church of Greensboro, and one of the most important stations in Western Conference. Admitted to Conference, at Concord, November 1899, and in the twenty years of his ministry he has served the following points in the order named: Burnsville circuit; Epworth, Concord; Grace, Winston; Leakesville; Waynesville; Wesley Memorial, High Point; Central, Asheville; Presiding Elder Greensboro district, now serving as pastor of West Mar-

ket Street church, Greensboro. Mr. Barnhardt is a trustee of Trinity and Davenport colleges and chaplain of the Greensboro Woman's College.

A very distinct honor was conferred upon Mr. Barnhardt in his election as one of the six clerical delegates to the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Ga., May, 1918.

May, 1, 1900. Mr. Barnhardt married Miss Hattie Misenheimer, of Mt. Pleasant, a member of one of the best and oldest families of Cabarrus. To this union three children have been given--Mary Bess, now in Greensboro College, Max and Margaret in the Greensboro High School.

Mr. Barnhart's great influence and his power as a preacher are attested by the frequent and copious references to his sermons, by the Greensboro papers. He is regarded one of the ablest and biggest preachers of his church.

Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt, the other of the farmer-boy preachers, was born near Mt. Pleasant, May 19, 1880. He, too, attended the rural public schools of the county several months in the year, and the balance of the time he spent in farm work, doing all those things that need attention on a well-directed farm where a living is expected to be won.

Mr. Barnhardt took one year at Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute, then going to Trinity where he finished an A. B. course, and prepared himself for the office of the ministry. His life at Trinity we are told, was full of effort, earnest and untiring. He, too, had an ideal, which largely revolved around the example of that great educator and leader, Dr. Kilgo.

Mr. Barnhardt was admitted to

the Western N. C. Conference December 1906. He has served the following points, and in the order named; Mt. Airy circuit two years; Mt. Airy District as special evangelist one year; West Asheville station four years; Lenoir station two years; Spring Garden, Greensboro, one year; Tryon Street, Charlotte, four years. Mr. Barnhardt is now serving Centenary Methodist Church, Winston-Salem. His present charge is one of the very strongest congregations in the entire conference. When we recall that the average preacher has to make such sacrifices that would disheartened men in other professions, it gives one a thrill to hear of a preacher receiving a salary commensurate with his worth. Rev. Barnhardt has experienced different salary scales, having received a salary varying from \$500.00 to \$4,000.00. Just like other Methodist preachers, he accepted his duty wherever sent without beseeching better pay or lighter work.

This thing we call speaking is a curious thing. Some men think they are speakers; some never attempt it until late in life when cornered; but Mr. Barnhardt from a boy up acquitted himself in such a way that his success was frequently commented on. As a student he entered six declamation and oratorical contests, and the medal was awarded him in five of the six contests.

In May 1907, Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt married Miss Kate Wagg. They have five children--three girls and two boys.

These two preacher brothers occupy high positions in the esteem of their church. They are strong, faithful men. They wield an un-

usual influence wherever they live and labor. They are contributing to the cause of christianity in the state a measure of ability and power that is rarely equaled and never surpassed. These be country reared, farm-hardened boys that came out of a plain country home, where God has not been forgotten. Though they have risen in the esteem of

their associates and among men who know them, they are modest and unacquainted with the least touch of vanity or self satisfaction. I know these preachers so well that I dare say that if you ask them what about their life, their experience, their feeling, each would say: "Have always had better than I deserve, I think."

President Cleveland Took Their Measure

[By Jim Riddick.

Such weather as prevailed during the past week—snow, ice and biting winds making a monopoly of the elements—was an ideal time to hug the stove and to roast the heels at a big open fire-place, and there ruminate and ruminate some more, recall the past and get acquainted again with some of the strong, ambitious fellows that persisted in staying in the lime-light and, if possible, on the pay-rolls of the government.

The election of Cleveland was the beginning of a great season for the trotting out of a different class of statesmen, or rather a different school of these country savers. It must be a strange feeling that envelops those in and going out, and those out with hopes of going in. This does not apply to the great hordes that hold down a score of hundreds of desks, filling cases and messenger jobs--their politics are a loose-fitting cloak that can easily and quickly be adjusted to any kind of a form and be passable.

The craze is for the job that is outstanding, the position that shines at foreign courts and spends itself in the lime-light, where all men may

look on and be awed by the mighty spirit and brain that direct one particular department of the great machine, which we call the government of the United States.

Cleveland went into his presidential job as a bachelor, in 1885. He had had much training that ultimately spells the description of what constitutes a real gentleman, who knows what to do with his hands, his feet and who has a living practical judgment regarding what is good breeding and good manners. The men, who had the ear of President Cleveland and who were expected to assist him in picking the suitable fellows for the jobs, knew very well the president's great ability at sizing up and taking the measure of a man. There were back home men, who had to be cared for--they pulled the political plough, they fought the battles, they led the people--and many of them had certain peculiarities of manners, dress and certain personality that could not get by the standard which Cleveland had observed throughout his public life. These were urged to stay in the back-ground and permit

their causes to be handled by the leaders.

Occasionally a bull-head was involved. There is no reasonable way to manage the average bull-head. These fellows gave the politicians their most serious problems. They must be cared for, or trouble follows. To trot them out before Cleveland meant certain defeat. But who ever accomplished the feat of reasoning with the average bull-head, who believes in himself, in his ability, in his power, his accomplishments, and knows to a certainty his invaluable asset to his party and to his country?

There were two outstanding examples of this class of beings in the waiting list of 1885. They were party workers---they had to be cared for; but the men close to the president knew for a certainty that if the president ever saw them before the appointment was made their hopes would be literal dough. Here's the story, as related to me in the snowy time of last week, by one well posted, observing citizen, who spends his time in ease and in snatching from the past interesting events about people and places. No. 1 ---

Had been a congressman, who loved to hold up his hands before an enraptured audience and declare: "These hands have never been touched by a dishonest dollar." The audience went wild. His defeat, however, was accomplished. He had his following and he had to be accounted for. So he was picked for minister to Mexico. That old grouch, self-centered and stubborn, who had just the proper aches for a Mexican job, agreed to "permit his name to be presented for that position," and he could not see why the appointment did not come by the next mail. Wait-

ing for ten days, against the protest of his manager, the old bull-head rushed off to Washington. Grooming himself in his own style, armed with a cheap cigar, he made his way to the White House. Up to this day it has never been discovered how this impatient North Carolina applicant for a federal appointment got even into the White House, and it is yet puzzling to know how he got into speaking distance of President Cleveland. But he did. He proceeded to blow the smoke from a sorry Cinco, composed of what by rigid analysis may be discovered as a second cousin to real tobacco, into Cleveland's face and to make inquiry why his commission as minister to Mexico had not yet been issued.

That North Carolinian never set foot on Mexican soil, either as a governmental officer or as a private citizen---he was too stingy to waste his own money that way. But landing him into another job, where he didn't have to come into contact with extraordinary characters or problems, gave him a connection with a payroll, and he remained true to his party.

No. 2 ---

I use to sit for minutes and look him up and down. Excepting the late Buck Kitchin, this applicant for office could handle the English language in a way that no other man could approach. This fellow could use his language at a degree, written or spoken, that would scorch anything it touched. In a town just North of Raleigh, where he operated a newspaper, or in which he had access, the insurance companies refused to issue a policy for fire protection--the hot, explosive stuff that

eminated from that office made a fire risk very hazardous. This statesman had "saved the party several times;" he had learned the taste and the fascination of a public pay-roll. What better time could be found than Cleveland's first administration to a place this obstreperous, vitriolic, fire-eater into a job beyond the seas. He had learning and scholarship in plenty for any consularship, but poise was a small matter when it come to landing a fellow beyond the seas.

The job was selected. His case was to be carried to the president by his Washington friends and his party workers from the state. It hung fire for a period. The big three-hundred pounder grew impatient, and, ignoring urging to the contrary, took the bit in his mouth

and took himself directly to the president. It is said that Cleveland caught his breath in a fainting manner at sight of the picture the big North Carolina politician presented. The applicant for a foreign post was attired in his usual long-tailed coat, baggy pants, the tops of which barely touched the top of his shoes; and when he talked he blustered. Mr. Cleveland received him courteously, made a little mark on a tablet, and rose---a sign, a respectful sign, when it is time to go.

President Cleveland declined to inflict any country in the sea or across the seas with a representative like this. The applicant grouched, exploded, quit his party, and became the champion high tariffite of the state.

The White House, Washington, D. C.



A new tenant of this splendid national residence is awaiting the events of March 4th. In the occupant-to-be centre the hopes of an innumerable host.

Helpfulness

By Emma Ingold Bost, in "Songs in Many Keys"

If any story I can write
Will make some burdened heart grow light
Or cause some weary face to smile
That little story is worth while.

If touch of my sustaining hand
Can help some wavering one to stand,
And make its life worth while to live,
That little touch I want to give.

If any song that I can sing
Can but a moment's pleasure bring
And solace one with its refrain,
That song has not been sung in vain.

Our pleasures hinge on such small things---
The cheery word, the voice that sings,
The helping hand with gentle touch---
These little things can mean so much.

Another Tar Heel Big in Southern Railway

When General R. E. Simpson, of the Southern Railway lines East, recently made his first trip over the Asheville division after his promotion, the honor of handling his train was accorded Engineer W. W. Pitts, who at Glen Alpine in Burke county in April 13, 1882, gave him his first job as a water boy on the Western North Carolina Railroad. At that time Engineer Pitts, who is known by Southern railway employes and his friends as "Uncle Bill," was foreman of what was known as a floating gang and Mr. Simpson was a lad of 12 years.

"Uncle Bill" is proud of the honor of having "discovered" Mr. Simpson for the Southern Railway and his appreciation is said to have been unbounded when he was selected to pull him as general manager over the Asheville division. "Uncle Bill" entered the railroad service as a section laborer on March 1, 1878, and was given charge of an engine in 189 .

When the late W. N. Foreacre died a few weeks ago, Mr. Simpson, who was then general superintendent of the northern district of the Southern railway with headquarters at Danville, Va., was named as his successor.

THE LONG JOURNEY UPWARD.

It's a far cry back to that spring day thirty-nine years ago when a barefoot boy applied for a job with a crew of itinerant railroad workers, but on every lap of the journey upward, General Manager Simpson has proven faithful to the trust reposed in him and in the common parlance

of the street has "made good." He has done something more than "make good," however. He has put into his work his own personality and has never been content with things as they are if there was an opportunity to make them better.

He wasn't a water boy long, for his father saw to it that he got some schooling. He was at one time a student under the late lamented R. L. Patton at Morganton and this beloved teacher must have planted in the heart of the mountain boy some of his own spirit of unselfish service.

WORK AS SECTION LABORER.

Simpson was a section man on the railroad and then section foreman. The task of the section foreman is to keep a particular section of track in order. He is pretty much his own boss and it offers opportunity for the development of some initiative.

The next step on the ladder was work train foreman, which extended Simpson's horizon. From this position he went to Asheville as train master and stopped there for several years. Then he became assistant superintendent of the same division and eventually graduated into superintendent.

Several years ago he was promoted to general superintendent of the northern district after serving as superintendent of several divisions.

FLOOD PROVES HIS METTLE.

Simpson proved his mettle as a practical railroad man back in 1916 when the disastrous flood practically

put the Southern out of business in Western North Carolina. The worst hit section was the line to North Wilkesboro from Winston-Salem. Simpson took personal charge of the work of re-building the road and had the work completed weeks ahead of the time that others had said would be possible.

As general superintendent he spent most of his time on the road and kept in touch with every detail of operation. He is not only competent in the practical details but knows men and is popular with the employes of the road.

Mr. Simpson is a 32nd degree Mason, a Shriner and takes a prominent part in Masonic affairs.

His father, J. L. Simpson, still lives at Glen Alpine, a small mountain village in Burke county, and, of course, is proud of his boy, who by faithful effort, has climbed to responsible position. Two sisters also live there and another sister lives in Winston-Salem.

Difference In Two Boys.

Joe and Carl each had a new cent given him. "Let's go and buy some gum," said Carl. "No," replied Joe. "I must go to Farmer Brown's and get some seed potatoes for my father," and off he went.

Carl look at his shining cent, and finally decided it was too pretty to spend, so he wrapped it in a bit of tinfoil he had in his pocket, and went into the house and put it away in a drawer with some keepsakes he had.

Joe found Mr. Brown planting potatoes and was much interested in the proceeding. After Mr. Brown had filled the basket with seed pota-

toes for his father, Joe said, "Mr. Brown I would like to invest a cent in seed potatoes." The farmer smiled as he plcked out the largest potatoe he could find. Joe planted and hoed and watered his potato patch that summer.

One day in the fall Carl met Joe coming along with an empty basket on his arm and looking very happy. In answer to Carl's question, Joe told how he had bought a potato with his cent and has raised a half-bushel of fine potatoes, which he had just sold to Mrs. Taylor for fifty cents.

When Carl got home he open the drawer and took out his cent, which had lost all its shining beauty. He said to himself; "Joe used his cent and he has a silver fifty-cent piece. I put mine in the drawer, and I have a rusty cent. Using money is better than hiding it."--The World Evangel.

A Smile.

Nothing on earth can smile but man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared to an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers can not smile; this is a charm that even they can not claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy---these three. It is a light in the windows of the face, by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting. A face that can not smile is like a bud that can not blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between them both---more bewitching than either. ---H. W. Beecher.

Not Good Enough

"There, I guess that will do," said John as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough, nobody will see it. If I can get the floor swept in about five minutes I can finish that story I am reading before anyone comes."

The store was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and the places underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "Good morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he en-

tered the store again Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared. "What lesson sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me!"

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned Mr. Willis said, "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I can get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store needed sweeping every morning, but it seems they do not. So I shall not need you any longer than this week."---Exchange.

Little Ones

"We must study to be honest in little things, for they are the seeds of great ones."

Watch Yourself Go By

By S. W. Gillilan, in "The Forecast."

UST stand aside and watch yourself
 go by;
 Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
 Note closely as in other men you note
 The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat,
 Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
 And try to make your estimate ring true.
 Confront yourself and look you in the eye,
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
 You looked on one whose aims you did
 not know.
 Let undisguised contempt surge through
 you when
 You see you shrink, O commonest of men!
 Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
 You note of falseness in you anywhere,
 Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what
 you loathe —
 To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe--
 Back to your self-walled tenement you go
 With tolerance for all who dwelt below.
 The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
 Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link--
 When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
 Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

Most Anything.

All efforts to locate the bodies of the two small Wyatt boys, drowned in the French Broad river near Marshall last Friday, have proven fruitless.

An effort will be made by citizens of Charlotte to have the next President, Warren G. Harding, as guest of honor and speaker at the 1921 20th of May celebration.

Athens, Ga., was visited by \$2,000,000 fire Monday when three blocks in the down town district were consumed, including a bank, six stores and other buildings.

A bill was introduced in the Missouri legislature Monday which would prohibit Sunday theatres, circuses and card playing, with a fine of not more than \$50 for violation.

An oil lamp in the negro Methodist church of Chapel Hill exploded Sunday night and the church was burned to the ground. A dwelling next to it was also totally destroyed.

Judge J. D. Willingford announced in an Iowa court that women may wear hats in the jury box and that time will be given them to powder their faces during court session.

A wireless telephone system for communicating with police patrol wagons has been installed by the police department of Dallas, Tex., and will be ready for use in a few days.

It might reduce the cost of living if somebody would invent a process

by which all the buttons will not be torn off of a shirt in the washing.

The small stand used at the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln and at every inauguration since except when W. H. Taft became President, will be used when Warren G. Harding takes the oath of office.

Six months in jail and a fine of one thousand dollars was the sentence imposed on G. A. Wallace, of Leesburg, Ga., clerk of the superior court of Lee county, who was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails.

George Shultz, who as cable operator in the station at Punta Rassa, Fla., received and transmitted to Washington the first news of the sinking of the battleship Maine, 1898, died Monday at his home at Ft. Myers, Fla., at the age of 80 years.

The body of H. A. Chadwick, a well known druggist of Pollocksville, was found in thicket near that town Monday night. A load of shot had entered just beneath the chin and had torn away one side of the victim's head. The shooting is supposed to have been accidental.

The State convention of the Woodmen of the World will be held in Greensboro March 22-23. It was to be held in Wilson, but the fact that a new hotel there has not yet been completed made it necessary to change the place of meeting. There will be perhaps 250 or more delegates in attendance.

Governor Morrison's Fourteen Points.

As forecasted at the time of his inauguration, Gov. Cameron Morrison on Friday, January 28th, delivered to the General Assembly a message that was specific, full of constructive suggestions, and exhibited an optimism in the power and vision of North Carolina to such a degree that it makes one genuinely proud of living in the state and being even a small part of her. The following points Gov. Morrison stressed:

- 1---*No ad valorem taxes for state purposes.*
- 2---*Leave property taxes for counties, cities, and towns.*
- 3---*Raise sufficient revenue for state purposes from other sources which the state has a right to tax.*
- 4---*We ought not to be bridled by the recommendations of the Budget Commission.*
- 5---*"The man who whispers 'Go Slow, we haven't got the money,' is asleep," and does not realize that we should use the credit of the state to take care of our institutions.*
- 6---*We must take care of the educational and humanitarian institutions of our state.*
- 7---*We must build a system of hard surfaced roads.*
- 8---*Ad valorem tax is not necessary for road building.*
- 9---*Stop maintaining the mud holes we call dirt road.*
- 10---*Income tax ought not to be graduated.*
- 11---*The report of the Budget Commission should be considered as valuable and suggestive, but not controlling. Suggests that finance and appropriations committees get together and "determine now" North Carolina's income, "not by past history."*
- 12---*"We are able to go forward," because we have the smallest debt of any state when our quick assets are deducted. We should use the credit of the state.*
- 13---*Create two new departments, one to supervise banking and the other to supervise taxation and evenue. The corporation commission now has more than it can possibly do well.*
- 14---*Give the governor the right to remove any appointee at will in order to get more life in the institutional boards of the state. No board should be so organized that a governor would be unable to remove any member if he failed to perform his duty.*

HON. JAS. S. MANNING.

Even in a name there is character. There are certain outstanding names among some North Carolina families that carry with them an introduction into good society anywhere and everywhere. Among these is the name of Manning. The founder of the law school at the University of North Carolina was John Manning, LL. D. He is remembered by a host of the legal lights of the state, and by many others who pay court to high character and to men of broad learning.

The reputation of this able and distinguished man has fallen into capable keeping in the person of a son, Hon. James S. Manning, present Attorney-General of the state of North Carolina. He was born at Pittsboro, N. C., June 1st, 1859. The subject of this sketch had born in his blood the trend towards law---it was entirely natural for him to select the legal profession, for besides a father there were in the immediate connection a number of distinguished legal minds. His great uncle was chief justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, and his mother was a grand-daughter of Judge John Hall of the North Carolina Supreme Court.

Like most men in North Carolina, who have attained to positions of trust and honor, young Manning began his educational preparation in the public schools. Among the first to enter the University of North Carolina, when resuming after reconstruction, was Mr. Manning, and his graduation occurred in 1879. And like most people, in another respect, he taught school, so engaged for over two years in his native town. Following this he took the law course at the University, and, in 1882, he

received his license to practice law, locating in Durham. He represented Durham in the General-Assembly twice---in 1907 in the House, and in the Senate in 1909. It was during the session of 1907 that the Jackson Training School was chartered, and no man in the house rendered more effective service in bringing his fellow members to a realizing knowledge of the necessity of such an institution; and it is a source of great pleasure to the officials of the institution to know that this able and patriotic citizen manifests constantly a deep interest in the growth and rejoices in the good work of the school. There can be placed at his door the credit for the accomplishment of much good for the state, but he has rendered no service reaching further and affecting the lives of more than his earnest stand for the Jackson Training School.

Mr. Manning's practice was dignified by the character of his clients. His qualities of mind and his preparation and his persistent faithfulness to a cause, rendered his legal talents much sought after. Long before he entered any phase of politics, he had in the profession an outstanding position in the state. Upon a vacancy occurring in the Supreme Court, in 1909, he received the appointment from Gov. Kitchin to fill out the unexpired term. He retired in 1911. His record as a member of this high court does him great honor. After a residence of two years in Durham, being associated with Hon. R. O. Everette, he moved to Raleigh entering a law partnership with ex-Gov. Kitchin. In 1916, Judge Manning was elected Attorney-General of North Carolina, and renominated without opposition and elected in

1920 to succeed himself. To this great office, which he greatly honors, he has brought a broad experience, superb ability and recognized wisdom. The state never had a safer or abler Attorney-General.

Though in his 62nd year, Judge Manning does not look it; his is a robust physique and a vigorous intellect against which heavy and continuous engagements have made no inroads. He has exercised the manly quality of sincerity and loyalty to friends until there arises no occasion to be uncertain as to where Judge Manning stands.

In 1888 he married Miss Julia Cain, of Hillsboro. The union has been blessed with six children---four sons and two daughters. The boys all saw service in the great war, answering quickly the call of their country, and one of them made the supreme sac-

rifice.

Judge Manning's enjoyment of his friends has led him into a membership in the several clubs in and about Raleigh, but the fact that he is a member of a Fishing Club establishes the man's wonderfully developed respect for patience, a rare quality in the average public official. The time will come when the numerous friends of this distinguished gentleman and most efficient official will be everlastingly grateful to him to make known how they shall call him: Judge? or General?---but who knows but the future may add still another to complicate matters.

Judge Manning is a faithful member of Christ Episcopal church; a valuable citizen; an able official, entertaining high ideals and living a life of great usefulness and unimpeachable integrity.

“Seeing North Carolina.”

Whatever may be said of the Old North State, admission must be made that in general variety it stands alone among the commonwealths of the world. During the past week I saw with my own eyes in this state, the following: Roses blooming in the yards and people bathing in the surf at Morehead City; a little bear running into the swamp away from the noise of the train near New Bern; the mountains covered with snow and ice frozen 20 feet high around a fountain at Ridgecrest; mocking birds singing in Trinity; snow a foot deep everywhere; the legislature in session at Raleigh and a full grown camel going from Winston-Salem to Lexington. * * * * *

There are two stray pieces of information which I want. One is the description of any farm in North Carolina that is for sale for less than the amount at which it is now assessed for taxation. They say the farms are over-valued and the whole thing must be revised. If so, it should be easy to name a dozen farms in every county that can be bought for less than their assessed value, because the law says they shall be assessed at their actual value. Frankly, I don't believe there are any, but I really want to know. Incidentally the farmers might just as well bear in mind that the taxes must be raised anyhow, and to lower the assessed value means to raise the tax rate.

The only thing that should be investigated is as to whether or not all the property is listed at its actual value, and if not, then it should be, and we already have plenty enough law to attend to that, if we just had someone to attend to the law. The other item of data I want, is the name of some boy or girl who stayed away from college this year because they couldn't find room. They say there were thousands of them, but I travel all over the state and have never seen one. I know a perfectly good college right now that has a dozen vacant rooms.---Greensboro News.

Institutional Notes,

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. Broadus Talbert, of Concord, has accepted work at the school.

Mr. Lloyed Avery, of Lillington, made a business trip to the school Monday.

Owing to the snow, Wednesday, visiting day, was peculiar in that not one visitor was here.

Mr. D. H. Pitts and Mr. Blackwelder came over from Concord and spent a while at the school Saturday.

Mr. A. E. Howell, of Goldsboro, Supt. of Public Welfare of Wayne county, was here on business Saturday.

Mr. Dewey Johnson, familiarly called "Honk" Johnson by his friends here, was a visitor at the school Monday.

Mr. Walter Holland, Supt. of Public Welfare of Iredell county,

came down from Statesville on business Monday.

Gardening has been begun at the School. Already about three pecks of sugar peas and ten bushels of onions have been planted.

Lambert Cavanaugh, better known as "Shag," who accompanied Mr. Bóger to Raleigh last week, is spending a few days at his home in Rowan county.

Mr. Zeb. Teeter, who for several months has been an officer of fourth cottage, has resigned to enter Trinity College. Mr. Teeter is studying for the ministry.

Owing to the paroling of so many boys during January, the band has had very little practice since Christmas. However, Mr. Lawrence has begun to fill the vacant places, and regular practice is to be resumed immediately.

While on his way to the Training School last fall, Vass Fields, of Newbern, met up with a travelling salesman from Philadelphia, Mr. Clarence E. Mason, who became interested in him. Yesterday young Fields received from Mr. Mason a beautiful new cornet. He's a happy youngster,

If a "Who's Who" of the boys at the Training School were compiled, a prominent place should be given to Jake. He came here eighteen months ago being fifteen years of age, and he didn't know a letter in the book, today he is beginning the fourth grade, and he writes his own letters. Of the one hundred and thirty boys in school, Jake only has not missed a single word in spell-

ing in three months. He stands at the head of all his classes.

Mr. A. W. Klemme, of the High Point Art and Decorative Co., spent a few hours at the institution, making measurement of the windows in the chapel with a view of designing memorial windows and offering a proposition to the state organization of The King's Daughters, who have expressed their purpose to make this improvement. Already a most artistic and attractive building, it will be a jewel when the windows and pulpit furniture are installed.

The hill back of the school house

was the scene Friday morning of much fun and merry making. There were boys with sleds, there were boys with boards, there were boys with tubs; some were skating, some were sliding, some were rolling and some were falling, but all were going down hill. And there was Johnson, with his feet in the air, riding a shovel and trying to steer the thing by the handle, just as if it were a Chevrolet. And when they reached the foot of the hill there was a cord or two of writhing, wriggling, laughing humanity, all on top of Russell. He's now walking with a stick, and Lawrence has a quaint halting step.

Still a Roof Over His Head.

The North Carolina farmer has felt a little blue at times over the industrial conditions of the last six months, but if he will look about him a little he will find as a type he is fortunate. It is not only the man who makes cotton, tobacco and peanuts that is paying the penalty of the wild revelry of the war. Reports say that two million men are out of employment in the United States. Here is where the farm has the edge on the factory. Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, has been a highly specialized industrial center. During the war money almost had no value there. The workers hardly knew what their incomes were. Iron and steel workers had wages up to twelve thousand dollars a year. They bought everything in most prodigal fashion. Today the pendulum is swinging the other way. It is said that in the Pittsburgh region a hundred and eighty

thousand hands are idle, and that the wages loss is a million dollars a week. Some of the industries that were built upon war necessities have collapsed entirely and will never resume. Men who two years ago had incomes of five thousand dollars a year today are earning nothing and many of them have not saved a dollar. They have nothing ahead, nothing to pay rent, nothing to buy food and fuel, and the North Carolina farmer has no possible conception of their situation.

Cotton may be low and tobacco off and other things selling for unsatisfactory figures but the farmer stills has a roof over his head, he has fuel in the wood lot, he has some hogs in the smokehouse, corn in the crib and he knows how he is going to pull through until spring. His job is ahead of him just as it was last spring, and if you would talk to him

about lining up in a row for a free bowl of soup to ward off starvation as is a common practice in the industrial centers he would not know what you meant. The sledding is not the smoothest in North Carolina at the

present time but when we consider what has overtaken people in some sections of our own country we in this favored State, have not so much cause for complaint.---News and Observer.

Cabarrus News.

Mrs. James C. Gibson is spending a season in Florida; and Miss Elizabeth is visiting relatives and friends in Norfolk Va.

Miss Lena Barrow, having resigned the position of County Demonstrator, has returned to her home. A Miss Wilson, of South Carolina, succeeds her.

At last the last particle of equipment has arrived. It is ready for business. Company "E" of the National Guards is an accomplished fact and is an attractive addition to the community.

The sensation of the past week for the community was an Indian and a white wife. He seems perfectly delighted with himself, his feathers and the various skins on which he relies for business purpose.

New Subscribers.

Mrs. R. S. Harris, E. B. Grady, Mrs. C. S. Parish, W. H. Winstead, W. H. Faucette, W. J. Noble, Miss Carrie Fields, A. B. Pounds, Dr. T. N. Spencer, Miss Addie White, Frank B. Smith, W. H. Muse, A. R. How-

ard, S. W. Preslar, D. B. Coltrane, D. W. Moose. Mrs. Joe Evens, Jno. M. Cook, L. D. Coltrane, Miss Lelia Bruton, Mrs. D. A. Garrison, Miss Annie C. Norfleet.

Dr. D. G. Caldwell.

The clean character, upright living, usefulness to society, and the patience he practiced in his great profession, emphasize the occasion for pity at the affliction that has overtaken Dr. D. G. Caldwell, one of the leading and older physicians of Concord. That was a beautiful and a thoughtful act of the County Board of Health when it went on record, declaring its sympathy for this splendid man and confessing its loss by his inability to meet with it.

How Our Viewpoints Change.

This scribe asked Mr. John P. Allison, who has directly and indirectly a knowledge of no little of the history of men and affairs of Cabarrus county, even before his time, to tell the story of the old Plank Road to Fayetteville. He claimed to know nothing about it; but his good wife

being present recalled what was the plank road up toward Morganton, by way of childhood impressions. A contemplated trip was making for the town of Morganton. The railroad was then practically complete. The little girl was asked: "Are you going on the railroad or by private conveyance?" "No sir," she quickly replied, "we are going in our carriage." The time was, and not so many years ago, when a carriage in a community created just as much excitement and interest as did the first automobile in later years. A carriage today would hardly class beyond a Ford, but the time was when it represented prosperity, distinction and a luxury.

Crowell Prevented An Explosion.

Did you ever laugh at a ridiculous occurrence happening to a friend or acquaintance, or even to one you really did not specially admire? Did you ever see one event follow another, as if timed and prearranged? Well, Dr. Herring has run down something in a class with the above situation. Here it is:

Bill Jones in the midst of the heaviest part of the piled up snow of last week, took a large load of wheat to the Fenix Mill, now named something else. His wagon was standing just under the eaves of a large shed. Just as the last bag of wheat was removed, as if some one had pulled a string or touched a button, the whole volume of piled up snow on the large shed emptied itself into Mr. Jones' wagon, completely snowing it under. Mr. Jones, believing that it was some of Giles Crowell's practical jokes, swelled up, and priming himself to say something, which he oughtn't, was pacified by the evident sym-

pathy of Mr. Crowell, who took the sting out of the awkward situation by saying: "Oh, Jones you are lucky; take it home with you and bring it back here next summer and I'll give four dollars for it."

This Should Not Be.

There is suffering and want throughout the world, in spots and oftentimes in whole sections. Stories of this kind are distressing. Sometimes, when want occurs, pride prevents the fact being made known, and suffering follows.

One of the teachers in the Concord Graded School made the remark in the presence of this scribe that often she discovered that there were in her room children that had not eaten any breakfast. Here in this land of plenty and certainly a land of opportunity a condition like this should not be permitted. Let a small child go to school without somekind of a breakfast, whether from poverty, want or carelessness, is intolerable and should not be permitted.

If it is carelessness that permits a small child to start to school in this manner, it is a crime; if it is caused by poverty or want, then the matter calls for somekind of an organization to go to the bottom, ascertain the facts and right the wrong. Humanity, if not a fully developed civilization, demands that this thing be corrected. Such habits are injurious to the physical health; and if persisted in may lead to the commission of that which is against the moral health.

This teacher even declared that she had discovered on occasions as many as ten who came breakfastless --- God pity the children subjected to

such neglect.

To Meet A Critical Situation.

The number of cases of tuberculosis in the county is distressingly large. Those who are afflicted with this dread disease are never fully conscious of how easily it may be communicated to others unless there be given a proper emphasis on the dangers. There are afflicted ones, so situated, that they can not observe plain rules for preventing its spread.

There are worthy men and women, whom this miserable affliction has overtaken, who are unable to secure that treatment which might restore their health or who can afford, under circumstances, to isolate themselves from others. In many instances whole families of children are set on fire. It has been demonstrated that tuberculosis, if taken in hands soon enough, may be cured. What has been done in the past may be done in the future.

At their meeting on the night of 31st, the local circle of King's Daughters, after a thorough consideration of the matter, appointed a committee composed of Madames J. A. Cannon, A. G. Odell, Gales Pickard and T. D. Maness, together with any other King's Daughter or any other interested citizen, to present this matter to the County Commissioners at their meeting first Monday in February.

The idea is to erect two buildings on the property of the County Home---one for the whites and one for the colored---suitable for the care of tuberculous persons unable to otherwise secure treatment. To this end it is necessary to request the representatives in the General Assembly

to secure the enactment of a law making such a disposition by the county possible. The King's Daughters hope to secure the interest of the county officials in this matter and through them start that which will mean so much in the eradication of this terrible menace in the county. To its support, the King's Daughters, we learn, pledge their fullest support.

Off To Texas.

All the resorts of Southern Georgia and Florida being filled to overflowing, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allison abandoned their usual mid-winter visit to that section. They left on the 2nd for Beaumont, Texas, for a period. Mr. Allison has considerable business interests in that part of Texas, and a combination of business and a delightful winter climate make a rather pleasing outing.

Mr. Yorke Ill.

One of the very finest young men Concord has ever sent out is Mr. John F. Yorke, now of Charlotte. It is saddening to hear of the uncertainty of the final outcome of a desperate illness, which has overtaken him, and which forced him to a hospital for a delicate operation. Quiet, steady, industrious and manly, he has gathered around him a host of friends in Charlotte; and he has conducted most successfully the business of Yorke Brothers & Rogers for years. His wife, it will be recalled, was Miss Fannie Rogers, born and reared in Concord.

Mother of a Profound Mathematician Passes.

"Aunt Sophia," Mrs. Jacob Lud-

wig, of Mt. Pleasant, at the age of 97 years, four months and fourteen days, has passed away. Most deaths are sad. This one was not--it was a glorious one.

Mrs. Ludwig, the daughter of Jacob House, a veteran of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, himself living to the age of over 96, was one of the most interesting and remarkable women of this section. Years ago her husband, a man of strong parts, went to his reward. The children were: Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig, Mrs. Lou Ramsay, John, Prof. Preston, James, Misses Augusta and Lillie and Prof. S. J. T. Ludwig. Of these three, Prof. H. T. J., John and James, are dead.

Perhaps a stronger, more vigorous intellect was never permitted another woman; and her memory was a marvel. The events, in their detail, of a period near a hundred years prior to her coming, by virtue of a strong minded father of intense activity making the local and state history clear to her, were vividly and chronologically fixed in her mind. Until recently, Mrs. Ludwig talked interestingly of remarkable events in this county as one who knew them by sight and having been all but an actor in those times.

It is not given to many women to enjoy the honor that was the possession of this woman. Mrs. Ludwig was the mother of the profoundest mathematician of the South in his day. Reserved, intensely modest and unselfish, shrinking to the painful point from all publicity, preferring to stay close to his mother and spending his life for the life of his church school. This scribe knows of his own knowledge that for two years, during an intimate association

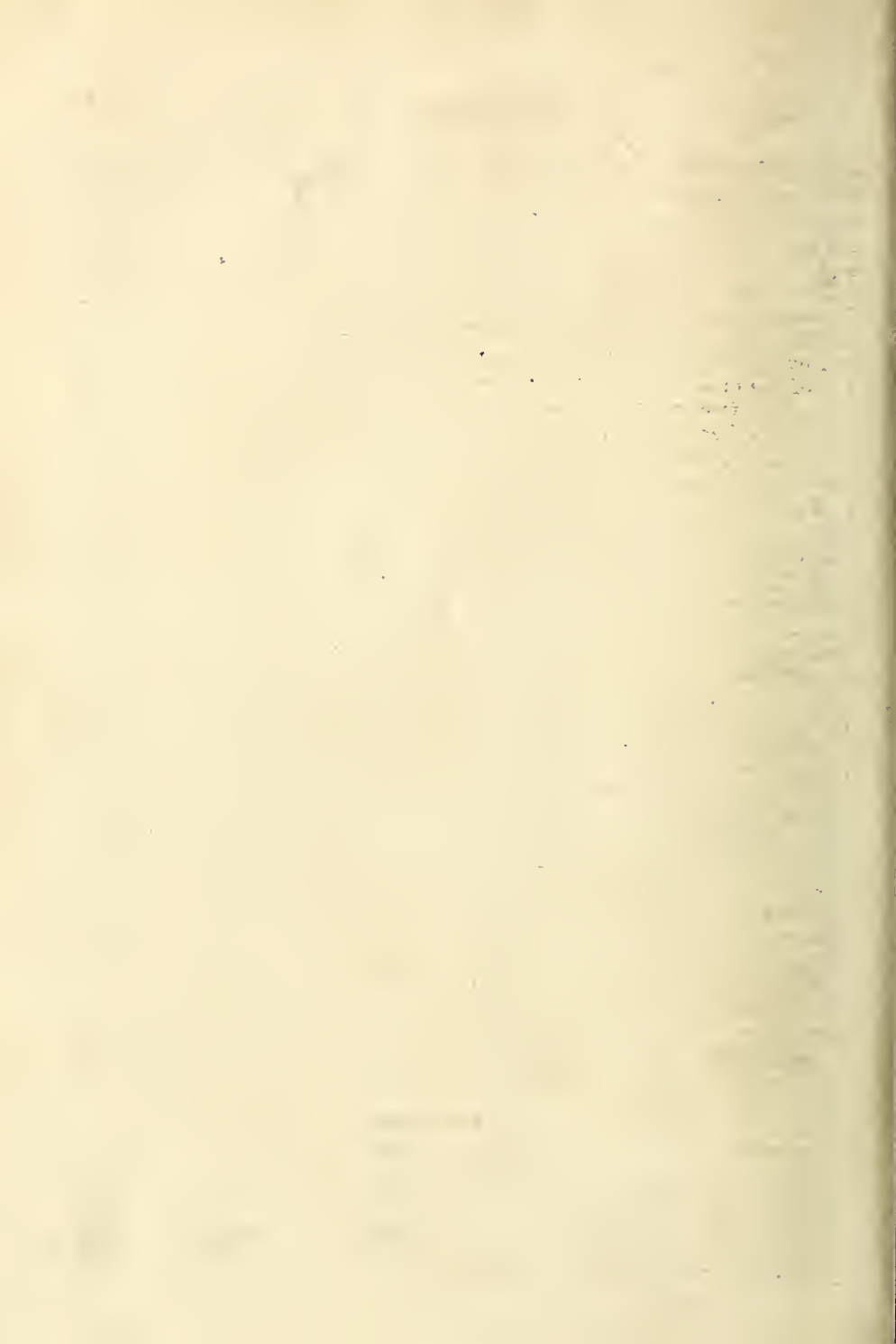
with Prof. Ludwig, not a week passed that some question or problem in higher mathematics was not submitted to him for his solution or interpretation, coming from John Hopkins, Harvard or Yale. His was the last word. Yet this powerful intellect, profound mathematician, declining opportunities and positions of distinguished honor and attractive remuneration, preferred to stay by his mother, whose death is a distinct loss to the county.

Had the historian, who would write an engaging and worthwhile history of this section, come forward in time, he would have found in the bright, clear mind and unerring memory of Mrs. Ludwig a wealth of facts and data. The opportunity has passed.

In the great beyond what joy there is today in the re-uniting of a 97-year old mother, rare in mind and soul, and the scholarly son who denied the honors and the glory of fame in this world to dwell near the old mother who bore him!

For years "Aunt Sophia," as the old and young of Eastern Cabarrus, affectionately knew and called her, stood at the head of the families that made that section rich in character and high ideals.

Mrs. Sophia (House) Ludwig was born Sept. 15th, 1823; married in 1841; died January 29th, 1921. She was catechised and confirmed in the old "Red Church," afterwards the Old historic St John's Lutheran Church, of No. 8, in Cabarrus. Her funeral, largely attended on January 30th, was conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. A. Goodman, of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, of Mt. Pleasant.



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NO. 15



GENERAL JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR,
Retiring President N. C. Agricultural Society.
See Page 12

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A Tonic.

Our youth owe more of their education to the lives which they read and the examples which they witness than to the instruction which they receive. It is the man whom the boy is taught to admire in his earlier years who largely determines his future.

—E. L. Godkin.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Today is the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States. The story of his life, beginning with his ancestors in Gaston county, N. C., through his childhood, his struggles, his overcoming obstacles, his dauntless determination, devotion to ideals, throughout the stormy period of his public life, down to his tragic death, is one outstanding story of American history.

The story of Lincoln should be taught to every child of this generation and to every child of every succeeding generation. This is and will be no reflection on the part taken by the heroes of the South, fighting and contending for what they regarded a just principle. His career should be studied by every child because it exemplifies to an eminent degree the conditions of American life which enable one to rise from the humblest position to the most exalted place.

Twelve months will cover all his actual school days. Though at the age

of nine years, Lincoln could read, write and cipher, without the confusing fads and frills that later confound elementary education. Teaching agriculture to infants in that day was unthought of. He had the habit of much reading; he rose by his own efforts. He split rails; he flat boated on the rivers; clerked in a country store; he led a company in the Black Hawk war; served as a member of the Illinois Legislature and here is where the public began to be attracted by his great ability and forcefulness; served a term in Congress. Lincoln canvassed the state in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, one of the greatest orators and statesmen of his day, vanquishing him in debate. And directing the destinies of the Union as President, at the most critical period of our country's history—these were the outstanding significant steps of his career; and they should be taught to every child.

One of the finest interpretations of the part Lincoln took in those eventful days is contained in the words of a student of history, who was born and reared in the South and whose kinsmen poured out their blood in many a battle for the defense of the South and her cause. We read: Lincoln was called to administer the Government when all was uncertainty and confusion. As a politician he was ambitious, but his ambition gave place to a strong, earnest devotion of a patriot. His election had endangered the Union; and to save it from this danger he labored day and night faithfully, earnestly and sorrowfully.

Among all the vexations and trials with which he was surrounded while President, he sought to "adhere to the right as God gives us to see right." Viewed through mists of passion and prejudice which overspread the country during the mighty conflict in which he was the central figure, he was often misjudged and misunderstood. As time passed on, however, the strength and singleness of purpose in his character made themselves felt.

Now that these passions and prejudices have passed away, we see in all their simplicity the elements of greatness that make his life and character heroic. His death on the 15th of April, 1865, as the result of a gun wound inflicted by Wilkes Booth in a Washington theater on the night before, was a calamity to the South, for it was the prayer of Lincoln's heart to restore the Union in such a way as to leave to both sides the fewest bitter memories.

Had Lincoln lived the evils of reconstruction would not have postponed so long the day when "a lasting peace would be achieved and cherished among ourselves."



Honor bright! Havn't you any superstition at all? You may doubt the

prophetic integrity of the ground hog, but you do hate to see the new moon through an obstruction, or you plant your seed in certain signs of the moon, or you abhor the sight of a black cat crossing your path. It's in the blood.

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TRYING HOTELS IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

Correspondents are making it warm for hotel practices, conduct and charges. It does not amount to a hill of beans, conducted as the campaign is.

It serves only to put the public on guard that all is not right with hotels. Anyone, who has been away from home within the last twelve months, knows too well extortions by hotel keepers. If the correspondent would call the name of the hotel and the profiteering proprietor, he would strike the oil of a successful campaign, but so long as the outraged correspondent speaks in generalities, the hotel grafter laughs in his sleeve.

We confess, manifesting our own horror at the hotel and cafe extortions that we have bothered ourselves to figure out a problem involving two questions: 1. Does a cafe proprietor, who charges 70 cents for two small strips of breakfast bacon and two half-fried eggs, really have any desire to go to heaven? If so, has he ever seriously considered whether his admission into heaven could be possible with this graft standing against his record?

There is, however, a more serious phase of hotel life---a moral question has been brought into the equation. Since segregated districts of vice and beastly conduct have been broken up, many soiled ones, under the pretext of following a commercial calling, are using some hotels for unworthy purposes. The clean, honest hotel man is annoyed by such, and, to his honor, he makes great effort to avoid impositions from such sources. But the hotel man, who shuts his eyes to these representatives of infamy, or exercises no care to keep such away, should be yanked up, or given notice. There are such---to them virtue and honor are strangers.

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"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS"

The editor joins Master Vass Fields in his justified joy over a substantial gift, which came to him unsought and so freely.

In the issue of last week, Prof. Crooks, reporter of the "Institutional Notes" had this item of interest:

"While on his way to the Training School last fall, Vass Fields,

of Newbern, met up with a traveling salesman from Philadelphia, Mr. Clarence E. Mason, who became interested in him. Yesterday young Fields received from Mr. Mason a beautiful new cornet. He's a happy youngster."

Mr. Mason we understand is in the cotton business; we believe he's the son of Col. R. E. Mason of Charlotte, also a man dealing in cotton. They are our folks--intensely interested in their business, but not forgetful of a service somewhere, somehow, sometime to others.

Fields is an attractive little fellow, open countenance, bright eyes that meet yours frankly and unflinchingly, and a little body plump and sound. He's happy, not alone because he has received a horn from Mr. Mason, but he's happy because a man, grown man, a business man noticed him, manifested an interest in him, exhibited a confidence and a hope in him--that's the thing that went to the spot. It's got the little fellow in its grip and the future is assured.

We know, Mr. Mason, nothing in this world about young Field's antecedents, how the fates conspired against him, the cruel neglect that was his portion or how he himself failed in his former young life to catch the proper step, but we see in the boy today that which we expect to see in every boy, sinning and sinned against, when his environment makes his "right-about" possible, an unmistakable assurance that young Field's life will attest his profoundest appreciation of the chance to come into his own.

We want you to know, Mr. Mason, that we know that your act, unsolicited and voluntary, has impressed most visibly a lost child, who, having discovered himself, gives pleasing substantial promise of great usefulness to society and the state. In serving this boy and holding out to him a life-line, you have helped us in our work and impressed the whole student body.

We, too, thank you for your goodness toward Master Fields and us.

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WHAT BECOMES OF THEM.

Last week the Supreme Court of North Carolina issued license to sixty applicants for law license. Seventeen failed. In the number was one woman, and one negro.

This performance occurs twice a year. Sometimes the number is greater than at the recent examination, and very seldom is the number lower. A horse-back opinion by a layman: it requires a nerry young man to enter the profession of the law at this period.

This observation is predicated on the fact that the practice of law has

materially changed in this state. It appears that the old land quarrels have been settled, which in their day kept alive a goodly number of lawyers. The spirit of compromise has grown so wonderfully that many threatened suits find a settlement in arbitration. The fact of the business is the legal business has just about resolved itself into a commercial practice in many of the smaller towns; and litigation becoming so rare, a resort to real estate handling furnishes the means of support for many a lawyer.

That approximately two hundred new lawyers are added to the profession annually, one would suppose the profession in danger of crowding. But their number does not seem to grow any larger. What becomes of all the lawyers, anyway?

♦♦♦♦

DIRECTED POWERS

Any agency, man or machine, that possesses power of influence, leadership, education and direction, is under obligation to civilization and to mankind to use that power for making the world better. A use of it for any other purpose is not only objectionable but is a crime.

Lawyer P. C. Whitlock, of Charlotte, makes the following observation in Monday's issue of The Observer;

The stock argument of the motion picture producers who affront the decency of the public by dishing up their salacious pictures is that they are giving the people what they want. So were the saloons, but they were put out of business. The same argument would justify every sort of dive and den of vice that was ever invented to pander to the vicious tastes and passions of people. It has always been profitable to cater to the base and vicious side of human nature, but it is not always permissible in a decent community.

Sounder reasoning is not possible. The movies, in the hands of good people, are a blessing; in the hands of those who seek only financial returns, may prove, often do, a curse to the weak.

The intellectual tastes of people must be trained as well as their physical taste. It is a convicting charge against the moral stamina of our people to claim that the pictures in movies must be steeped in vulgar suggestions and criminal colorings to win their patronage.

Let good, moral people, who stand for decency, withdraw patronage of questionable movies; then you'll quickly see how long vulgarity sustains its lead.

♦♦♦♦

In all history of all ages, no character ever went from one extreme in his

life to another that were wider apart, than did the sixteenth president. The difficulties and the obstacles which Lincoln overcame, makes thrilling reading. The story should be told to every child.

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TRADITIONALLY REMINISCENT

They tell an interesting thing on the late Col. Gratt Springs, of Charlotte. He was bright, long-headed, close observer, quick at repartee and had a strong intellect. The purchase of a near by plantation was being urged on him. As a selling quality, his attention was called to a splendid spring. When the owner assured him that the spring itself was worth one thousand dollars, Col. Springs replied quickly: "Yes, if that spring was in hades, it would fetch over a million dollars." By the by, the marked resemblance between Col. Springs and Abraham Lincoln has been noted time and time again---even today, though they have long since departed, the fact of their resemblance is frequently recalled. It is told of Col. Springs, when on a visit to Washington, that he called on Lincoln's monument, sized it up, shook hands with the distinguished statesman and remarked: "Abe, they say we look alike, I wonder if we are any kin?"

Perhaps no two people ever lived who bore a more striking resemblance, had ability to make such similar bright comments, or could alike give a knock-out response to that to which they did not agree. Col. Springs was six feet, five---so was Abraham Lincoln.

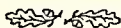
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THINGS EXCITABLE

One town voted local option; another followed; and still another did so. In the making of a sentiment against liquor, it was a local matter---the local units growing so numerous, it became a state matter. And the state voted liquor a blackguard and a criminal. One township built a fence around itself and called it the "stock-law." Then another township joined and still another until finally a whole county went in. This was regarded then a local matter. These local units grew more numerous, year after year, until a large section of the state went under the "stock-law." It ceased to be a local matter---it became a state matter, and it looks like the stock-law will be made to apply to the whole state. The tick has become a very important legislative subject. Don't hear a great deal about saw-dust---that's a back number.

The Man Who Quits

Selected



The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next; but he lacks sand
That would make him stick with a courage stout
To whatever he tackles and fight it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow
That he'll soon be showing the others how;
Then something new strikes his roving eye,
And his task is left for the by and by.

It's up to each man what becomes him;
He must find in himself the grit and vim
That brings success; he can get the skill,
If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin:
The man who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining, "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.
The man who stick goes ahead with a shout,
While the man who quits joins the "down and out."

Just Simply a Disgrace.

By Jim Riddick.

Years ago there may have been reasonable excuses for men and women, who could not read and write. For the past fifteen years there may have been a few who could not read and write, who might set up very good reasons for being in such a condition. But for a single one of the present generation to grow up without the ability to read and write, is **JUST SIMPLY A DISGRACE**. That is all that can be made of it.

In fact, there is no reasonable excuse today for a single person over twelve years of age being unable to read and write, if there could be arranged a sympathetic community interest. Look how easily Attorney Crowell taught his old client to write his own name before he would lend him money to pay for a farm. It was accomplished in an hour—and the very same man could be taught to read inside of ten days. Read! Yes, read sufficiently to aid his native ability to make of him an intelligent citizen, and open his eyes to the glories of the world.

The law making reading and writ-

ing a qualification for an elector should be enforced rigidly, determinedly and with eyes perfectly blind to any mitigating circumstances. A man or a woman, who can not read, has no business at an election when great questions affecting the country are to be decided. He is just the victim of the smartness of another, who after all might not be a good citizen.

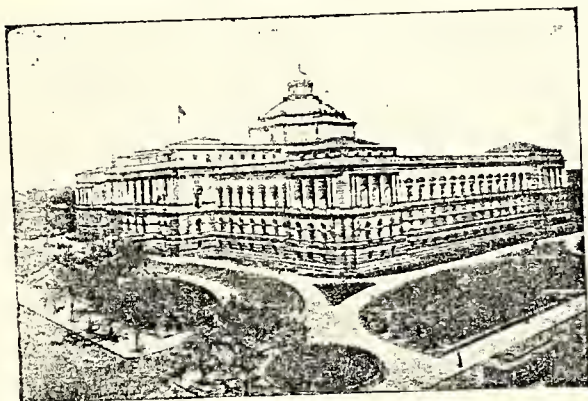
If this law, now since suffrage has been extended to the women, were strictly enforced, the pride of the women is such that they would leave no stone unturned to make certain the ability of every child to read and write to the end **THAT HER CHILD SHOULD ESCAPE THE HUMILIATION OF BEING REFUSED THE PRIVILEGE OF VOTING**.

Teach the world that the inability to read and write in this century is an evidence of down-right sordidness, which leaves the stain of disgrace--ignorance will begin to vanish from the face of the earth, and good morals and good citizenship will have a better chance to flourish.

The Measure.

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

UNITED STATES LIBRARY, Washington, D. C.



The above picture shows what is known as "The Congressional Library" or the United States Library, or the legal name, which is "Library of Congress." This new building, others having been destroyed by fire, was provided for by an act of congress, approved April 15th, 1886. The library was opened to the public in the new building in November, eleven years later.

The actual cost of the building was \$6,032,124.54, or \$213,443.40 less than the limit fixed by law. The book shelving is 231,680 running feet, or about 44 miles, which will accommodate 2,000,000 volumes. When completely filled, the library, without encroaching on pavilions, reading rooms, or exhibition halls,

will accommodate 4,500,000 volumes, occupying a little less than 100 miles of shelving.

The library now embraces near a million of printed books, in which is included the law library of over 100,000 volumes. There are also 240,000 pamphlets, 35,000 original manuscripts, 75,000 graphic arts, 250,000 pieces of music, and over 50,000 bound volumes of newspapers and periodicals. There is also a pavilion for the blind, open daily, with special library of books in raised letters.

It is said to be the finest library building in the world, and the manner in which it is kept, spotlessly clean and orderly, is a dream.

BY THE FORELOCK.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; but if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.---From the Latin.

General Carr Retires---Mrs. Vanderbilt Succeeds.

Things connected with Agricultural doings, are not always common place. There were elegance, grace, enthusiasm and great intellect involved in the matter of Gen'l Julian S. Carr, retiring president, turning over the ribbon reins of the N. C. Agricultural Society to Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, the first woman in the whole world to honor such a position. Equally interesting and brilliant was the appearance of Mrs. Vanderbilt before the North Carolina General Assembly, speaking as follows:

"Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the senate and house of Representatives:

"First of all I feel an apology is due to each of you, on this to me, most momentous occasion. I have never before attempted to make a speech, still less have I ever appeared, nor dreamed of appearing officially before such a distinguished gathering. I will only detain you for a few minutes, as I remember once being told that a speech should be like a modern skirt; long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to attract attention,

I can never thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me, in asking me to appear before you, and I rather feel that had you known me better you would have hesitated, and after hesitating, decided otherwise. But I am here, greatly impressed with my surroundings, and fully realizing that in inviting me to come here you are expressing, in your own most gracious manner your attitude towards women and their entrance into the politi-

cal life of the state. This is the day when women come into their own, and each one of us must shoulder her responsibilities along with the men, and try to fulfill her duty to her community, state and country at the same time remembering her obligations to her home and following the high-minded example of the men who founded our government and are responsible for its success, and the success of its institutions. So, gentlemen, I at once assume a responsibility in thanking you, in the name of my fellow-sisters for what you have done, for in conferring this distinction upon me you have included them.

"I want you to know that I personally have the interests of North Carolina very deeply at heart; that I am sincerely interested in all that concerns its welfare and that I have the utmost faith in the integrity and judgment of its people and feel that the future history of our Tar Heel state will uphold the standards and traditions of its past record. I want to see our state lead all the others in citizenship and broad-mindedness, and to feel that we have, one and all, done our bit to make it what it has always been, at the same time going along as leaders in the fast running tide of today.

INDORSES MORRISON ROAD PROGRAM.

"Our distinguished governor has a splendid and far-reaching program for road construction, and I am sure most of us heartily indorse his plan, and wish to see it carried through. It means, as we all know, the opening up of many regions at present

difficult of access and consequently undeveloped; and in connecting county seats by hard surfaced roads we will be able to connect our industries, farm products and commodities with outside markets, thus bringing



MRS. GEO. W. VANDERBILT

comfort and an improved scale of living to the people of the remote and hitherto neglected localities.

"Along with the program for an improved road system throughout the state should come, hand in hand, a definite policy looking to a higher

standard of agricultural production, and a higher plane of rural life. No single factor can exert a greater influence in this accomplishment than the state fair, and in urging your support of this admirable institution, I pledge you in the name of the executive committee of the State Fair association, our untiring efforts for the continued success of the fair and the realization of its purpose, and the extension of its influence on the agricultural and industrial life and development of our state.

"We, as a nation, are confronted with problems such as heretofore we have never encountered, but we can and will face them, and to the best of our abilities overcome them. The will to do is half the battle, and strength comes with the knowledge of our power, and being thus armed we will go forth fully prepared to meet emergencies and with the satisfying assurance that victory is to be ours.

"In closing gentleman, let me once more say, simply and honestly, thank you for your courtesy and believe me when I add that as long as I live I will remember this occasion, with a heart full of gratitude and appreciation for the honor you have bestowed upon me."

How to Live.

Live a good life--regularly, as to yourself;
sociably, as to your neighbor; humbly, as to
God....Selectsd.

Value of Red Cross to Public Schools.

Before the Southeastern Sanitary Association in Charlotte, N. C., on May 25, 1920, Miss Jane DeVerde, director of nursing and public health nursing, of the Southern Division of the American Red Cross, quoted Dr. Bransted, the new president of the American Medical Association, as follows; "Begin the child's education by teaching him the principles of health before anything else." The committee of the American Country Life Association reports that 54,000,000 of the population of these United States live in small towns and rural districts. Reports on education say 12,000,000 of our children are taught in one-teacher rural schools.

In order, continued Miss Van DeVerde, to carry out any country-wide program of health education, we must reach, not only the home and schools in our cities, but we must carry the message to every rural home and school as well.

This message can best be carried by the nurse. "She is being spoken of today by national leaders as one of the greatest agents for the rapid extension of health education. The experience of the past 50 years has taught that scientific training is the only way in which our sick can be properly cared for, or which is more important, that the well can be prevented from becoming sick."

THE NURSE AND THE SCHOOL.

In the schools the nurse aids the physician in measuring and taking the weight of the child. She notes defects of hearing and vision, the presence of diseased tonsils or teeth, growth of abnormal tissues, and the signs of handicaps of body and mind.

She goes into the home to persuade the mother to take her child to the family doctor to have a definite diagnosis and treatment. She talks with the teacher about the causes of mental retardation, the need of special classes and the equipment for defective children.

There are 150,000 people who die with tuberculosis every year and there are many more who are ill with the disease. The nurse can explain the slowness of the process and demand the long and tedious route to health. She can emphasize the building of new tissues, the destruction of waste thrown off, and can enforce without offense the isolation necessary.

In Conclusion, Miss Van DeVerde stated that there were about 150,000 graduated nurses in this country and less than 10,000 are specifically trained for public health work. There are nine universities that are affiliating higher education and hospital practice for schools of nursing. About 1,500 other schools are connected with hospitals offering facilities for theoretical and practical training. About 15,000 nurses are graduated from these schools annually. "This gives us some 200,000 graduates and students, or one for every 5,000 of our population. We are demanding of the nurse the assumption of much responsibility for the health and welfare of the nation. In view of this demand, we should give her the best opportunities possible for education and training."

Mecklenburg wants a whole-time health officer.

Was it Prophecy or a Jest?

By a Wonderer.

Older ones will recall years ago when the late Joseph P. Caldwell occasionally declared that "We will yet fly." To the average man this thing of flying seemed to be so utterly impossible, that many regarded that as one of Mr. Caldwell's delightful jests.

But I'm wondering whether down in his heart he did not actually believe the thing possible; and the fact that people began to fly so soon after his startling prophecy, one is led to believe that maybe after all this man, who had so much confidence in the might and power of man, regarded the discovery of the means of flying as just a mere mat-

ter of a little time and convenience. We do fly, and it is no longer regarded very wonderful.

People have always had a desire to fly. There is an old Greek story of Daedalus, who made wings of wax, with which he and his son Icarus tried to fly over the sea. Daedalus told Icarus not to go near the sun, lest his wings should melt. Icarus was a knowing youth. He ventured too near the sun, his wax wings melted and dropped off, and he fell into the sea and was drowned.

There is, in addition, the familiar story of an American boy, named Darius Green, who tried to fly. Said Darius to himself:

"The birds can fly an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird and phoebe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin,' sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Just show me that!
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!

"That Icarus
Made a perty muss---
Him an' his daddy Daedalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks,
I'll make mine o' luther,
Or suthin ur other."

“Is Death the End of Life.”

If there is no heaven, if there is no hereafter; if all our belief in a heaven and an endless eternity is vain, if there be no God, then all is darkness and dismay at the end of this life.

But, who is there among us that does not believe in the immortality of the soul?

Who is there in all the land that has no faith of an eternal heaven, who would doubt for one moment that there is a God, or that God is not love?

Stand for an hour on some street corner and watch the multitude. No two are alike; and yet we are told in God's own Word that they were created an image of God himself—a likeness of Him; not like God; nor are they made alike. Behold them in action, no two alike, and yet they are of the same image. Take a view of each as they pass, see their different actions; see them move, and ask yourself the question, “Is there a God?” and your answer comes spontaneous.

Behold all the beauties of nature as she performs her stupendous feats; the starry bedecked heavens, and every star another planet, and how they keep their regular trend through space; the sun as he beams upon you from his noonday throne; the moon as she makes her regular changes; the springtime with its sweet flowers and its millions of song birds giving praise, and if there is a doubt lurking within you, when you think of all this soberly, all your doubts will immediately give way to reason and belief.

And then one would ask, “Is death the end of life?” If so, then all of

life we see and feel and know is just a lie, a thing not real, a shadow and a myth by which we are deceived. Is this experience we call life and the final recompense for effort to evolve?

Then all the institutions which have brought to us the sight of life, the warmth of love, the thought that we are sons of God, have been illusions which compare with those mirages which lead on the thirsty travelers o're the sands, and create hope which dies at just the moment when the prize appears to be within our grasp.

But death is not the end to him who notes the ways in which the things called life appear and runs its course, from a feeble ray like morning sun, which breaks the shell of night, and luminates the eastern sky; then rises and increases its intensity until at noon he shines with glory and replendently reveals the beauty of the light reflected from itself and warms and comforts with its power the creatures which itself has brought to life; and then begins to fade as westerly it takes its course and reaches towards the coming night, which folds its sable arms and lulls it into sweet forgetfulness.

This is not the end, for just as darkness and the night enfolds the sun and seems to blot it out, so life in form of man appears to disappear in the embrace of death; but, if we wait with patience till the coming of the morn, and then will turn our eyes unto the east, and look and see and note, light appears. And life is born anew, and resurrected from

the grave of night, and shines again with added glory taken on while in the cold embrace of death.

Then, the end of life here is but the beginning of a new life; if the life is well spent, we need have no fear of the life to come. For surely there is a God, and His mercy endureth forever. Death to those whose life has been dedicated to doing good in this world has no terror. For every good deed done on this

mundane sphere will add a star of glory in the world to come, and when we have answered the last roll call, have administered unto those in need our last time, and wrapped ourselves in the habiliments of heaven and started on that journey, the sun will shine brighter in our soul, and we will pass triumphantly through the gates to eternal life.---Ex.

Inevitable.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten---who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.---John Hunter.

Meditations and Ruminations.

A recent spelling contest by seventh grade classes in four counties of the state included the following words.

Immediate, convenient, receipt, preliminary, disappoint, annual, committee, architecture, artificial, beneficial, colonel, contagious, development, familiar, financier, intelligent, opportunity, peculiar, persevere, treachery.

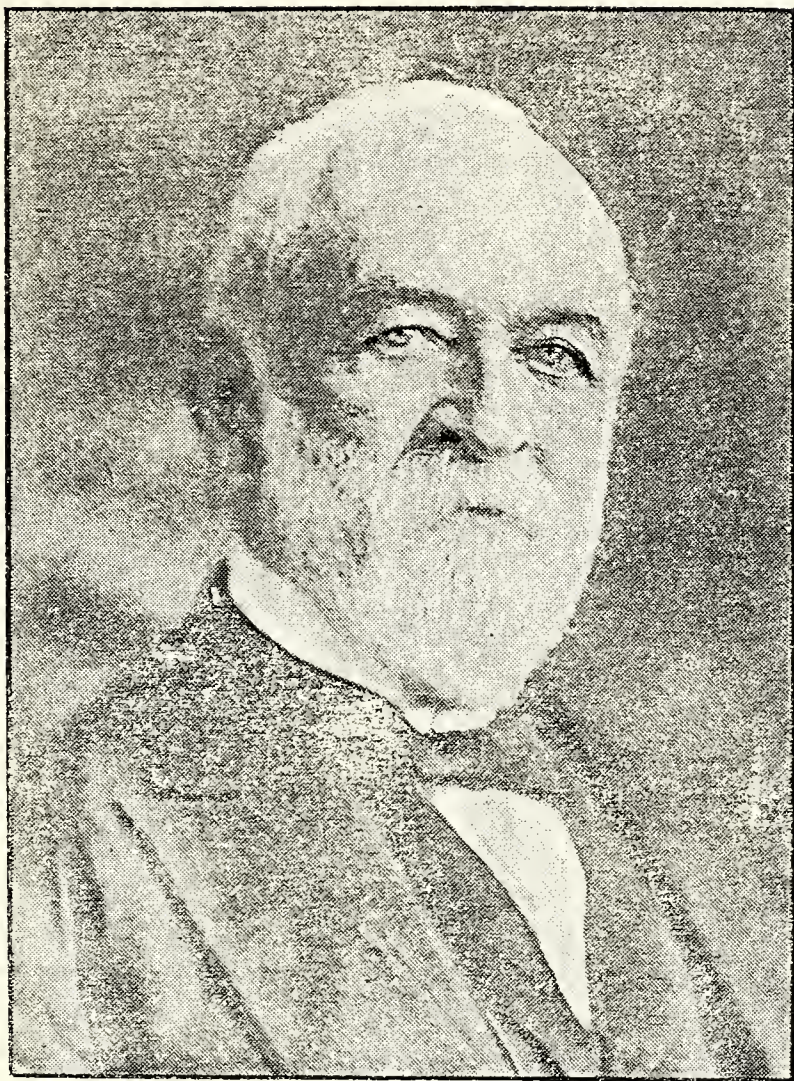
The record here shows that in the city schools less than 8 of the 20 words were spelled correctly; and in the rural schools less than 6 of the 20 words were correctly spelled.

Commenting on this result Editor Cook of the Uplift says.

Such a miserable record at spelling does not lie againts the public schools twenty or more years ago, and the terms then were much shorter and the teachers did not have the advantage of supervisors, summer schools

and the modern educational machinery behind them, centralized certification ect. But in those days the curriculum was not muddled with frills and ruffles, and the fundamentals were not forgotten but were stressed. The children of this day and generation have just as good intellects, they have the advantage of longer terms, and a stronger educational atmosphere prevails everywhere. Why do the children make such a poor show at spelling; where lies the trouble?

Older students who attended Union institute in this county when Prof. O. C. Hamilton was teaching under the old methods will recall that some students would go though a whole term without missing a single word in spelling, taking the page of the school dictionary in consecutive order. The modern school curriculum seems to be astoundingly weak on essential fundamentals.---Marshville Home.



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES MANLY STEDMAN OF 5th. N. C.

Who celebrated his 80th birthday on the 29th of January, being the recipient of a gold watch and cordial fine words from his associates.

Bill's in Trouble

Selected

Iv'e got a letter, parson, from my son away out west,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.
To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly planned
Should wonder from the path o' right an' come to sich an end!
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himsell a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row---
He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.
I know thar's big temptations for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waiting snares,
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway eveywhere.
But Bill he promised to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud;
But it seems as if my counsels sorto' faded from his mind,
And now the boy's in trouble of the wustest kind.
His letters come seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Bill was a-tramping a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short,
I just can't tell his mother, it'd break her poor ol' heart,
An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to her---
Bill's in the legislature; but he doesn't say what fur.

Accredited Schools.

At the annual meeting of the High School commission of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools held in Chattanooga, Tenn., November 30 December 3, forty-one North Carolina high schools were accredited for the current year. A complete list of the North Carolina schools now accredited by the commission follows.

Asheville---Asheville school, Bingham Military school, City High school, Normal and Collegiate Institute, St. Genevieve's academy, Grove Park school.

Burlington---High school.

Chapel Hill---High school.

Canton---High school.

Charlotte---High school.

Durham---High school, Trinity Park school.

Edenton---High school.

Elizabeth City---High school.

Gastonia---High school.

Greensboro---High school.

Greenville---High school.

Hendersonville---High school Fas-sifern, Blue Ridge School for Boys.

High Point---High school.

Kinston---High school.

Lake Junaluska---Snyder Outdoor School for Boys.

Laurinburg---High school.

Lenoir---High school.

Marion---High school.

Mars Hill---Mars Hill College.

Oak Ridge---Oak Ridge Institute.

Raleigh---High school.

Reidsville---High school.

Roanoke Rapids---High school.

Rockingham---High school.

Scotland Neck---High school.

Shelby---High school.

Smithfield---High school.

Tarboro---High school.

West Durham---High school.

Wilmington---High school.

Wilson---High school.

Winston-Salem---High school, Salem academy.

Several important and interesting resolutions in regard to the accrediting of schools and other aspects of secondary education were passed at this meeting. An account of these resolutions will appear in full in a forthcoming number of the Journal.

The members of the high school commission from North Carolina for the year ending December, 1920, were Professor N. W. Walker, University of North Carolina; Professor R. L. Flowers, Trinity College; and Superintendent E. D. Pusey, of the Durham city schools.---The High School Journal.

[The High Schools of a number of towns are conspicuous by their absence from this list.]

Patience.

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too. Patience lies at the root of all pleasure, as well as all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when Impatience companions her.---J. Ruskin.

How a Famous Hospital Started.

Innumerable roads on this continent lead to the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn. Here miracles are performed every day by the Mayo brothers and their expert staff in this world-famed institution. A hundred thousand patients come every year from all parts of the earth, many who had heard the death knell from their home physicians and who had lost all other earthly hope. Well nigh 50,000 operations are annually performed, and rarely are they performed in vain.

This pretty town of 15,000 people is in southeastern Minnesota, 100 miles from Minneapolis and 400 miles from Chicago. It is composed almost entirely of hotels, rooming and boardings-houses in order to accommodate the hundreds of waiting patients, the convalescents and their accompanying friends.

There are six large hospitals, one Roman Catholic; four training schools for the 800 nurses, and four Nurse's Homes. Eighteen world-famed surgeons and 235 equally famed physicians constitute the medical staff. Very few deaths occur. Very few experiments are made. If no help can be given the patients are kindly but frankly told. Money is no object. Rich and poor are treated alike, except in the fees required. The wonderful surgical ability of the Mayo brothers, Charles and William, is duplicated by all the other doctors on the staff. The atmosphere is uniquely Mayo-esque—characterized by uncalled system, order, cleanliness, courtesy, cheerfulness, hope. It is

Christian.

HISTORY

Forty years ago (1885) Rochester was a small country town. On the edge of the town in a little white house lived the beloved Dr. W. W. Mayo. For forty years he had visited the town and the country homes and had persided at the birth of half the population. He was known as a good surgeon, but there was little need in the community for the surgeon's knife. Then came the tornado (1885) which wiped out over half the town and left ruin, desolation and death in its wake. That night Dr. Mayo performed half a hundred miracles of surgery on the oak table in the town hall, and the future Mayo institution was unexpectedly born—born in blood, pain and anguish.

A small convent (Roman Catholic) was located near the town and the four Sisters, hitherto strangers to Dr. Mayo, offered their services and assisted all night as nurses. That brought into being the first hospital in Rochester (Roman Catholic,) in 1889, in which Dr. Mayo became the surgeon, and later his two sons, William and Charles, on whom the father's mantle has fallen in an enlarged degree, became his assistance. They later conceived and developed the wonderful haven of health that has made the Mayo name immortal. St. Mary's Hospital has been enlarged four times. The "Mayo Clinic," where all cases are diagnosed, was erected, and as all the patients came in train loads for assistance the Kohler corporation was founded, the four other hospital (Protestant) were erected by it. They have been

several times enlarged and now the corporation is erecting a million-dollar hotel and hospital combined to meet the ever-increasing demands

of a sick world.

The State Institution for the Insane is also located at Rochester.--- Selected.

Consequences.

There is no action in this life, which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.
 ---Thomas of Malmesbury.

Something About Abraham Lincoln.

The following interesting story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The President said "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"Well" continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the "Scrubs," We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. "I was contemplat-

ing my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it strong or improve it in any particular, when two men came down the shore in carriages with trunks and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, "Who owns this?" I answered, somewhat modestly, "I do."

"Will you, said one of them, take us and our trunks out to the steamer?"

"Certainly," said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I suppose that each of them would give me two or three bits.

The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the

money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in those days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

While Lincoln was a little boy living in his cabin home in the wilderness of Indiana, he looked out through the crack in the wall of the log house and spied a flock of wild turkeys feeding within range of his father's trusty rifle. He took down the old gun, and putting the long barrel through the opening took hasty aim and fired into the flock, when the smoke had cleared away, there lay a dead turkey. This is said to have been his largest game.

This success, however, failed to excite in him the passion for hunting.

Just previous to the fall of Vicksburg a self constituted committee, solicitous for the moral of the armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, For what reason? "Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks

too much whisky."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip. "By the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whisky? because, if I can find out, I will send every general in the field a barrel of it!"

An officer of the Government called one day at the white House and introduced a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F., of—". He has expressed a desire to see you and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him."

The President shook hands with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated took a seat himself. Then his countenance having assumed an air of patient waiting, he said: "I am now ready to hear what you have to say," "Oh, bless you, sir," said Mr. F., "I have nothing special to say; I merely called to pay my respects to you, and as one of the millions, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support,"

"My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitors, "I am very glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

Struggle.

*If what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
Or again; the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize---R. M. Milness.*

American Arrivals---A Challenge.



MRS. GEORGE MAYNARD MINOR AND D. A. R.'S.

The spot occupied on the social map of the state by our good town was very much enlarged, by a brilliant occasion which brought elegant women of the state to Concord to meet Mrs. George Maynard Minor, president general of the D. A. R. (Daughters of the American Revolution) and Mrs. Laidlaw Buel, state regent of Connecticut, two distinguished women who were guests of Miss Jenn Coltrane, of Concord,

and herself the historian general of the D. A. R. organization. This social event occurred on the 3rd, taking place at the city Y. M. C. A. and the Coltrane home.

THE UPLIFT laments the lack of space for it was the purpose to bodily take the charmingly prepared and complete report of this brilliant event, by Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, and transfer it from the Observer to the columns of this paper. Mrs. Caldwell

has further put this city under loving obligations to her for her most gracious reference is these eloquent words: "Concord, always famous for the charm of its hospitality, added fresh laurels to its wreath of glory."

The members of the local Chapter --The Cabarrus Black Boys--who enjoyed the honor of meeting with these two distinguished and nationally known women of the "Nut-Meg" state are: Mrs. J. M. Odell, Mrs. J. P. Allison, Mrs. W. W. Flowe, Mrs. P. R. McFayden, Mrs. J. P. Cook, Mrs. T. D. Maness, Mrs. Frank Armfield, Mrs. L. A. Fisher, Mrs. R. M. King, Mrs. T. T. Smith, Mrs. A. G. Odell, Mrs. C. B. Wagoner, Mrs. George Richmond, Mrs. H. S. Williams, Mrs. R. K. Black, Mrs. M. H. Caldwell, Mrs. D. G. Caldwell, Mrs. George B. Means, Mrs. John Wadsworth, Mrs. R. S. Young, Mrs. L. T. Hartsell, Mrs. P. B. Fetzer, Mrs. Frank Dusch, Mrs. T. T. Smith, Miss Eugenia Lore, Miss Clara Harris and Miss Mary Louis Harris, the latter the regent of the local circle. There may be others in the city eligible to membership but have not enrolled.

Many other prominent ladies of the town, who are not members of the D. A. R. accepting Miss Coltrane's hospitality count it a great event and a delightful pleasure to have had the privilege of meeting the high officers of the national D. A. R. and to mingle in one of the most brilliant receptions occurring in the state for many years.

The several speeches that took place in the Y. M. C. A. were cordial, full of welcome, and breathed a glorious harmony. The fine things these Connecticut women found to

say about our country and their splendid impression of the high character and great intelligence of the Southern people, put us all under obligations to them. They were peculiarly impressed, cutting out the negro, at the large (all but unanimous) percentage of down-right, pure Anglo Saxon, whose Americanism might not be traced as far back as D. A. R's can trace theirs, but who to all intents and purposes are the very finest white Americans to be found on American soil. They seemed astonished how such folks in the South out-numbered folks like that in the Northern states. The great bulk of those in the Northern States can well remember the dates on which their parents arrived at Ellis Island. That is a hazy date with our folks. It's too long back yonder.

There are people, getting down to real practical things, for this is not a social magazine, and looking at the things for which this great order stands, in which one of our attractive women holds a high office, who seem dazed when you spring a D. A. R. reference at them. On state occasions, society gets in very wonderful and brilliant stunts, but the real work of the D. A. R. organization is serious. It marks in words and granite outstanding historical events and deeds (Look at the iron fountain in the local court-yard, itself extremely useless so far as wordly profit goes, but it stands for a brave, heroic deed performed by the ancestors of a few of us) but the real glory--and God speed its course and strengthen its power---lies in teaching and preaching and inculcating into the minds of the young a love for the genuine spirit of Ameri-

canism, whether your father came here as a steerage passenger before the Civil War, the Mexican War, the War of 1812, the Revolutionary war, or whether your ancestors came here at a period entitling you to join the Colonial Dames, a far more select organization, because of numerical weakness, than the D. A. R. can dare claim to be.

The time of one's ancestors, escaping things abroad they did not like, and looking for something better than back home in any of the old European countries, from which we all came directly or indirectly, at different periods, governed only by the fortune of the time of birth, cuts mighty little figure in the final analysis. For if it be years that govern one's estimate of this thing, the Red Man and his squaw has long since put us out of commission. In Indian circles, where education has had some effect and where they have learned to wear clothes, they have their D. F. A's., a unique organization, which, in age, as we count years, makes the D. A. R's quite infantile.

No, there is no special class attachable to any of these organizations, however worthy. Not every member, or one eligible to membership, has done things wonderful, by virtue of tracing parentage back to the early arrival of a sail-boat on the Atlantic--some of the best people of the world are only eligible by a narrow margin to the Daughters of the Confederacy; some of the richest and well-behaved people amongst us are not members of the D. A. R. and not even eligible to the recently organized Mother's Association, a product of the late world war.

These high officers of an organization, that snaps its fingers in the face of grammar by calling some of its most beautiful and intellectual women "General," have issued a challenge to us during their short stay in our midst. They have recognized the large percentage of the population as being the purest type of the Anglo Saxon--these be the leaders of the earth to-day. We have the numbers, we have the history, and the climate. **WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE OPPORTUNITY?**

This is practically the question that the observation of Mrs. Minor and Mrs. Buel, who delighted our hearts by their visit in our midst, has put to us.

Education, service, loyalty, high ideals--these be the jewels of orthodox Americanism. They are accessible to all--let us teach the latest arrivals the meaning of these virtues; or, showing an incapacity to understand these virtues, turn them back at Ellis Island.

President-Elect's Sister Resigns. ❏

"Newspapers of Washington and elsewhere have announced that Mrs. Carolyn Votaw, sister of President-elect Harding, has been appointed by Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cummings, head of the Social Service Bureau of the United States Public Health Service, which operates in the sixty-two Federal hospitals of the United States. A Washington dispatch to the Seattle Times says that Mrs. Votaw has been special police-women at police headquarters in Washington for the last two years, resigning from that position early last fall.

Variations in Time.

Taking Washington, D. C., as the standard, there are marked differences in the actual time at various places. For instance when it is 12 noon at Washington, it is at:

Constantinople, Turkey	7:04 P. M.
Bombay, India	10:00 " "
Berlin, Germany	6:01 " "
London, England	5:07 " "
Paris, France	5:42 " "
Dublin, Ireland	4:43 " "
Rome, Italy	5:58 " "
Madrid, Spain	4:53 " "
Athens, Greece	6:43 " "
Augusta, Maine	12:29 " "
Boston, Mass.	12:24 " "
New York City	12:12 " "
Charleston, S. C.	11:49 A. M.
New Orleans, La.	11:08 " "
Chicago, Ill.,	11:18 " "
Austin, Texas	10:37 " "
Denver, Col.	10:07 " "
Salt Lake City, Utah	9:40 " "
San Francisco, Cal.	8:58 " "

When it is noon at Washington, D. C., it is exactly noon at Lima, Peru, but 2:16 at Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

Where The Trouble Lies.

Persons who are dissatisfied with the amount of taxes they have to pay, in blaming revaluation are making a mistake in the location of the source of their trouble. Revaluation does not affect their tax bill adversely except as their own land may be taxed too, high and their neighbor's land too low. For if valuation had been lower the rate necessarily would have been higher. That is, if the county wanted to pay its current bills as it went.

The real trouble with the taxpayers is not revaluation but the expense that have to be met with the

proceeds of taxation. If they will make their fight on these expenses they will get a much wider sympathy than in fighting revaluation which was nothing but an effort to distribute the tax burden, whether it was light or heavy, equitable among those had to carry it.

Now the great part of public expenses is local expenses. All but the equalizing fund of the thirteen cents the State levies for educational purposes goes back to the counties from which it originally came. Responsibility for the high tax bill is largely local. This fact received a very fitting illustration at a hearing of the joint finance committee Monday afternoon when Representative Dough-ton showed that boards of commissioners in ninety of the hundred counties of the State exceeded the ten per cent limitation of the Legislature by \$900,000. Revaluation is not responsible here. The Tax Commission is not responsible. Governor Bickett is not responsible. The Legislature is not responsible. Nobody is responsible but the county authorities. The Legislature did its best to hold the increase in taxation to ten per cent. But the pressure to increase local expenses was so great that in practically all of the counties the limitation was disregarded.

It isn't the rooster's early rising that makes him unpopular; it's his talking about it.--Providence Tribune.

No newspaper has had the hardihood to claim credit for the election of Senator Harding to the presidency. Yet as a fact the Marion Star did it.--Detroit Journal.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

The boys are indebted to Mrs. J. P. Allison for a large package of various magazines.

Mrs. J. Lee White and Mrs. Whit Pharr visited friends at the school Thursday evening.

Murray Evans, of first Cottage was visited Wednesday by his people from Iredell county.

Mr. J. J. Russell, of Charlotte, spent a few hours here Friday.

Mr. J. R. Poole, Supt. of schools of Robeson county, made a business trip to the Training School last week.

Mr. W. W. McCombs, formerly an officer here, came up from Charlotte Sunday and spent the night at school.

A number of Episcopal Ministers, who attended the Convocation at Concord last week, spent a while at the school Thursday.

Ellis Nance, of third Cottage, received the sad news that his brother, James, was accidentally killed in South Carolina last week.

Mrs. Pearle Young and Misses Greenlee and Gaither attended the music recital given by the music class at Sunderland Hall Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger and children returned Sunday from a hospital in Charlotte where little Miss Sarah and Master Charles had their tonsils removed.

Weather permitting, it will be but

few weeks ere the Mecklenburg Cottage will be ready for use. By request, Superintendent Boger has made an itemized list of the furnishings for the said cottage and turned it over to the Mecklenburg authorities.

Mr. J. R. Fairchild, of New York, who reads THE UPLIFT, saw where he could do a thoughtful act--and he did so. He forwarded prepaid one-half dozen attractive books on different subjects that appeal to the taste of our boys, who can not help receiving great pleasure and benefit by reading them. The books will not stop until they have passed through the hands of 133 youngsters craving knowledge.

Old Citizen on Visit.

Mr. D. P. Dayvault, a former citizen of Concord, and a large merchant for a number of years, now making his home in Texas, has been on a visit to relatives and friends in Cabarrus.

Mr. Dayvault, aside from the presence of a few gray hairs, looks the pink of health and vitality. He is engaged in the raising of rice, which is the chief product of that section of Texas in which he lives. He reports his family as liking very much the Lone Star State.

Thinks Uplift Worth \$4.00.

THE UPLIFT is in receipt of a much prized letter from a substantial, unobtrusive business man of Albemarle. This is what he says:

"Editor of Uplift:

For having overlooked sending in my subscription promptly to the

very interesting paper you edit for benefit of Jackson Training School, I line myself two dollars, and I am enclosing my check for four dollars for one year's subscription.

Service to my mind is the only real badge of honor to be coveted by man, and in your service and devotion to the institution which transforms as if by magic liabilities in human lives to assets you have reared for yourself a lasting monument. I am,

Yours very truly

M. A. Boger."

Two Deaths.

Mrs. Elizabeth Baugh, aged 73 years, died on Saturday at her home in No. 9 township, after an illness of pneumonia for about ten days. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from Cold Springs Methodist church, of which Mrs. Baugh was a consistent member, and the interment was made in the Cold Springs cemetery. Mrs. Baugh's husband died about five years ago. Two daughters survive: Mrs. John L. Petrea, of Concord; Mrs. John Plott, of No. 1 township; and one son, Mr. A. L. Baugh of No. 9 township.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning death claimed Mrs. W. M. Petrea, of No. 9 township, at the age of 73 years. Mrs. Petrea about a year ago suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, and a second stroke about ten days ago which caused her death. She is survived by three daughters and two sons: Mrs. Charlie Green and Mrs. Sam Hood, of Charlotte, and Mrs. Jesse Vanderburg, of No. 9 township, and Mr. Tom Petrea of No. 9 township, and Mr. John L.

Petrea, of this city. Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from Cold Springs Methodist Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. B. Wilson of Mt. Pleasant.

In the death of these two good women, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Petrea, of this city each sustained the loss of a mother, and No. 9 township has lost two of its best people.---Tribune.

They Acted Wisely.

The county commissioners of Cabarrus were asked to repudiate a contract, or to set aside arrangements that were made to cover a period of twelve months. They met on the 7th. Delegations went before them to oppose the purposes of a simple petition by a few people. That petition asked for the obliteration of the offices and work of the Farm Demonstrator and the Home Demonstrator.

The terms begin in July. Some folks, failing to see the great necessity of these departments or for some other reasons, sought to have the officers discharged and the departments closed. The commissioners are to be congratulated, not for not repudiating a gentleman's arrangement and agreement, but for continuing the work of these two very important departments in the county's work. They are worth scores of times all they cost; and representative people from every section of the county were present to attest the good that had been done by the two officers, and made clear that the forward-thinking people of the rural sections desired that the work be enlarged and extended

rather than crippled.

In the name of justice, don't take away one of the chief means many of the country people have of making country life sociable and brings about a community interest that is worth while. To abolish this work now or hereafter, would put our county to shame among the live, doing counties of the state. The work is important and necessary---give the officers your support and results will be greatly increased.

Why Not Cover Roads?

We have no desire to invite an argument or to muddy the waters in the matter of the proper care of the public roads; but an interesting suggestion comes from Esq. H. S. Puryear, a prominent member of our bar, in the form of a question: "Why not build sheds over our roads."

Mr. Puryear hasn't made any special figures on the project, but in a flash he declares, "covering would be much cheaper than any process of construction that could be invoked." "The object," he continues, "is merely to keep the road-bed dry to have good roads."

Three men—one a lawyer, one a capitalist and one a farmer---started in to sift Esq. Puryear's proposition to its very soul.

The farmer spoke up: "The dust would be intolerable." "Oil it," came in a flash.

The lawyer interjected: "If fire should start; it would be a spectacular sight to see a ribbon of fire unfurled from here to Charlotte." "Don't you know there is water along the road, and do you suppose the folks along the road would stand by idly and not stop the fire; besides

the supports of the roof could be of iron or concrete, making fire almost impossible."

But what about the up-keep?" inquired the capitalist. "That would be a very small item. All you need to do is keep the ditches on either side open, and the roof painted, the total cost would be far less than that spent on dragging the road."

We hope this suggestion will not reach the legislature now in session, for that body is about to get together on the road proposition, and Esq. Puryear would regret being the occasion of injecting at this time any diverting influences.

Off-handed, it appears certain that shedding the roads would be cheaper, better and wiser than the fool policy emphasized during the past four years---a policy that was as wasteful as pouring water in a rat hole.

"Dunces" Who Made Good.

Robert Clive started life with the sobriquet of "born dunce." His teachers pronounced him "impossible" and requested his parents to remove him from school. At 32 he could barely read or write. Yet Clive boasted that some day he would "show everybody."

He left home in rags and joined the army. During a critical engagement, and while severely wounded, he was called upon to command 3,000 men. Untrained and ridiculed by them he forced those men forward by sheer grit and succeeded in defeating 5,000 men at Plassey, thereby laying the foundation of the British empire in India. England erected a statue to his memory in Trafalgar square.

Another "born dunce" was Carolus

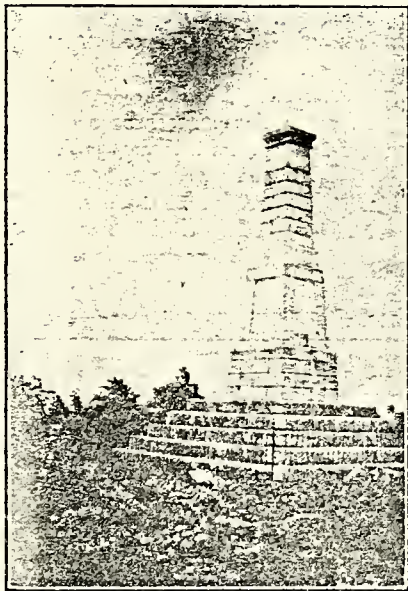
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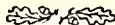
VOL. IX

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NO. 16



KING'S MOUNTAIN MONUMENT,
Marking the Scene of the Turning Point in the Revolutionary
Struggle for American Independence.



—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEMALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAIN-
ING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9.06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A Tonic.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.—George Washington, Sept. 17, 1796.

♦♦♦♦

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

All great events centre about the life of some person; all accomplishments and developments are traced to some one person; and all discoveries in every department of human endeavor find their parentage in some intellect. It is well, then, that if we are to gain substantial progress in learning we must look into and study the lives and characters and the activities of men and women. In other words, all worthwhile history is after all biographical.

Next Tuesday, is the anniversary of George Washington's birth. He was born February (11) 22, 1732, at Bridges creek, Virginia; his father was named Augustine and his mother Mary Bell. The activities of this outstanding character in American history are referred to in a number of places in this issue. So many things, existing to-day, together with policies and establishments, that are directly traceable to the influences of his life and activities, make it profitable for the old as well as the young to give more than a passing notice of the anniversary of the United State's First Citizen.

It is not, however, treating children frankly and fairly to hold up to them

George Washington as a perfect man. There was only one. We urge childhood to adopt an ideal. We have no right to discourage him by attributing to any human the qualities that make of him a perfect man. George Washington was human, like other men; he perhaps had weaknesses, like other men; but tell the children that George Washington, unlike some folks, was full of patriotism, high sense of honor, sturdy manhood, heard the call of his fellow men and gave the best that was in him for his country. That in all this his record admitted of no suggestion of wrong, and his integrity and loyalty in trying ordeals through which he passed stand out unto this day jewels worthy of the admiration and pattern for the living and for those yet unborn.

As we judge smartness and ability today, perhaps Washington, living in these days, would have thousands of equals. If this be not true then all the accomplishments of the years and the influences of civilization with all its researches and discoveries have played little part in the fitting and equipment of men for life's affairs.

It is a beautiful story to illustrate Washington's ability, in childhood, to tell the truth—and the story does no harm—but somehow or other, it is almost unbelievable that one who became so great and indispensable in the life of his country, could have manifested enough indiscretion as to cut down a cherry tree. Let us hope that it was a barren or a wild cherry tree and that it needed cutting down.

There could be but one Commander-in-Chief of the American forces for walloping England---that was George Washington; there could be one man to be the first President of the United States---that was George Washington. That he had the qualities of mind and body to fill efficiently both of these positions, with great credit and honor, and voluntarily retired to private life with the respect and love of a great people, make of him an Example in American life worthy to be taught as a model for all children, in all times.

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CONTRIBUTION BY THE BOYS.

Throughout every activity at this institution, especially in the school room, Sunday School and chapel exercises, bright, successful examples in biography are emphasized, that easily and quietly there may be impressed upon each boy an ideal, a wholesome ideal.

In holding up the examples of the lives of men and women rising from some obscure and difficult situations, who by living in the world have left it better, have accomplished some one thing outstanding, an object lesson is held

up that very few boys do not make an honest effort to adopt as their ideal.

To ascertain just how much our boys remember of the facts connected with the lives of these object lessons, the request went forth for a short story on Washington from the fifth and sixth grade pupils. The response was practically unanimous, but inasmuch as space forbids publishing them all we must content ourselves with just a small number of the expressed views on Washington, by the boys.

Frankly and candidly, neither bright nor dumb, we confess that at the age of these boys and the grade advancement, we could not have done near so well. Could you have surpassed it?

oooo

The Board of Censors, or the Board of Experts, has had a meeting recently, gone over the character of the several schools of the state, and gravely and augustly issued a statement revealing just what towns in the state have creditable High Schools. The names of a number of towns in the state, including Concord, Salisbury, Newton, Hickory and many others, are very conspicuous by their absence. What's the matter? The people of these towns thought they had pretty good schools---it seems that the experts entertain a different notion about the matter. Have they sent their diagnosis of the ills to the authorities, together with a prescription for the complaint?

oooo

The Raleigh women, enlightened by the teachings of the Women's Club, have decided to make their own hats, as their part in forcing down the high cost of living. There are men in Raleigh today who can smile who have not smiled in four years. This be a fine idea. Why can not women all over the country decide to make with their hands a creation that would cost them probably three or four dollars, which if purchased bodily would cost in the neighborhood of fifty dollars? Oh, you women! You now have the reins---pull them.

oooo

It was to be expected when the Corporation Commission, acting as a Tax Commission, stepped in and lowered the assessment (upon the testimony of two boys sent out from Raleigh) of certain mill property and leaving untouched other like property in the same neighborhood that the matter would rise up, demanding investigation. If this change were in the interest of justice, it should be extended all down the line. There is no excuse for

what might appear favoritism in a democracy.

o o o o

The annual joke is forth-coming: the reduction of the cotton crop. Just let the price go to twenty or more cents per pound within a month, then watch the acreage swell at planting time. You just can't organize the farmer, much. Pretty much that way with others. When fancy prices for the manufactured product shot up towards the stars, look how many new mills were promoted. We are alike--looking for the main chance.

o o o o

This issue has in it much that is Washingtonian. Why not? The finest capital of the finest country on the face of the earth. Then again, it is a reminder of the birth of our first president. The story of the capitol building, the Washington monument, and the Mt. Vernon. And finally, the quadrennial prevailing thought throughout the land is Washington.

o o o o

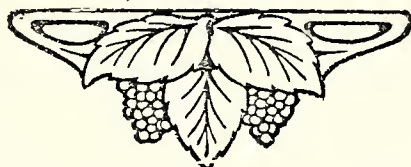
The lobbyist that has appeared on all sides--has made diametrically contradictory statements on the same subject within a few months at furthest--should not be seriously regarded. Being confronted by his inconsistency does not phase him. He loves money too well for that.

o o o o

We wish that the legislative news, coming out of Raleigh, could be justly sized up as encouraging. Just whether the final sizing up may be regarded as progressive and forward-looking, does not seem at all clear. One day, it looks good; the next, it looks otherwise.

o o o o

The distressing news comes out of Asheville that Judge J. C. Pritchard is desperately ill. It had been thought that a recovery from a recent illness was reasonably expected, but a turn for the worse has been announced.



What? Why? and Where?

Look into the faces of almost any crowd and you will see these questions unconsciously written across the countenances of thousands as they journey from rising sun to candle-light.

Their very attitude and actions indicate bewilderment, wonderment, doubt, fear—LACK OF PURPOSE!

WHAT CAN I DO? means to "hold down an easy job" to most of them. They never think of digging beneath the surface to ascertain if there is not a bigger work they can perform. Creative ideals are shunned because of the effort involved in their development.

WHY AM I HERE? finds no answer in their lives. They wander along aimlessly without motive or aim, performing their tasks in the most ordinary manner, content if only a pittance is granted out of which they may eke an existence.

WHERE AM I GOING? doesn't seem to occupy a very large place in their thoughts. It makes little difference to them which way they go, so long as they are not asked to help paddle. They prefer to float---to drift---to evade responsibilities.

Satisfied?---apparently! Contented?---never!

Let one with courage and stamina

step among them and he immediately finds ample opportunity to "blaze a trail" without question from them. They prefer to stand back and look on---for isn't it easier to criticise than to create?

Lack of purpose in Life makes slaves of thousands. Their unwillingness to think---to plan---to originate---to achieve---is moulding them into plodders---victims of their own evasion.

Originality of thought, backed with initiative and sincerity of effort, would bring freedom to their minds and liberty to their souls which would make them leaders in their chosen spheres.

A little more Faith!---a little more Courage!---a little more Determination to Do and Be more than the ordinary requires, would lift millions out of their mental bondage into lives of progress, achievement and plenty.

Stop short NOW! Begin to Live for a Purpose! Get a definite aim in Life. Extend your usefulness until it touches the hearts and lives of those around you. Then, will you find the answer to WHAT?---WHY?---and WHERE? for then Life will be full of meaning for you.

Doesn't See

The difference between men consists, in a great measure, in the intelligence of their observation. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man, He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness."

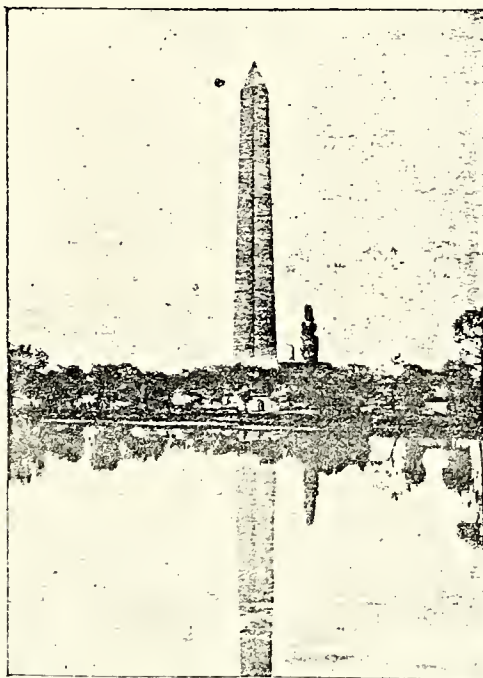
My Old Friend

James Whitcomb Riley

You've a manner all so mellow,
 My old friend,
That it cheers and warms a fellow,
 My old friend,
Just to meet and greet you, and
Feel the pressure of a hand,
That one may understand,
 By old friend.

And so it is you cheer me,
 My old friend,
For to know you still are near me,
 My old friend,
Makes my hopes of clearer light,
And my faith of surer sight,
And my soul of purer white,
 My old friend.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



Notwithstanding the fact that the plan of a monument to General Washington was approved by Congress in the latter part of December, 1799, nothing was done in the matter until 1833, when an association of prominent persons undertook the raising of the needed funds by subscription, and on July 4th, 1848, had so far succeeded in their undertaking that the corner stone of a monument was laid, and during the succeeding eight years the shaft was carried to the height of 156 feet.

At this period the work was suspended, at first for the lack of funds, then because of the War Between

the States, and finally because the foundations were believed to be insecure. In 1876 Congress undertook the completion of the monument. The base was first strengthened, and the work of rebuilding the shaft was resumed in August, 1880, and was finished August 9th, 1884. The time consumed in carrying out this project of a memorial to the first president of the United States covered a period more than a long life.

The shaft is 555 feet high, and the entire height of the monument, including the foundation, is 592 feet. The base is 55 feet and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. At five hundred feet above

the ground the monument has four sides, each of which is 35 feet wide. Its area at this point is that of a comfortable six-room house, each room of which might be 12x16 feet. This square forms the base of the pyramidal top which runs from it 55 feet until it terminates in a metallic point. This point is constructed of the largest piece of aluminium ever made.

The stones of which the monument is constructed are great blocks of crystal marble from Maryland, and in some cases are 9 feet long, 2 feet thick, and three or more feet wide. There are more than 18,000 of these marble blocks. The foundation is built of Potomac gneiss, and is 81 feet square at the base. One hundred and eighty-one "Memorial stones" have from first to last been contributed for use in the monument; but many were considered unworthy of a place, and one sent by Pope Pius IX., in 1855, was stolen during the

Know-Nothing agitation, and was broken into pieces and thrown into the Potomac river.

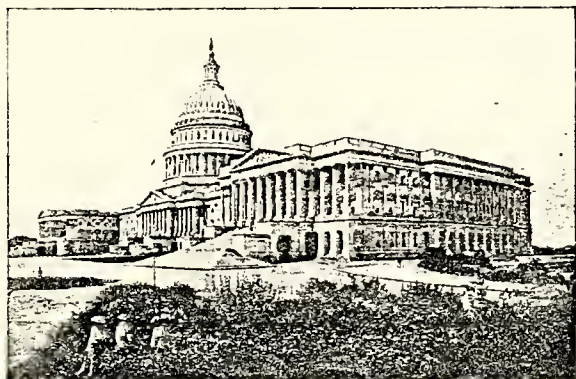
The monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on February 22, 1885, just eighty-six years after the project was authorized. Its cost was about \$1,500,000.00, which was raised partially by an appropriation by Congress and partially by private subscription. It is 30 feet higher than any other work of man except the lofty iron Eiffel Tower erected in Paris for the great exposition of 1889.

There is coming on the 4th of March a mingling of feelings--hundreds will see this grand pile of marble, gracefully pointing heavenward, for the last time, and others, seeing it for their first time, will be awed. Administrations go and administrations come, but this monument remains an eternal testimony of love and gratefulness of a great people to the "Father of his country."

When Men Can Start Things.

When men got tired of waiting for the wind to blow, they invented something that would take its place. For sails they substituted steam engines. For windmills they substituted force pumps. There was no objection to the wind, but there was objection to waiting for it. Men wanted something they could start themselves. They could light a fire in the steam engine and make things go. They could work the pump handle and keep water flowing. They could start things.--Henry Ford.

UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING



During the Colonial period of the United States there was neither time nor opportunity for the practice of the fine arts. When the Revolution was over, however, Congress in spite of heavy debt proceeded to lay out a national capital and erect national buildings. These latter were the first to receive serious architectural treatment, and until recently were, together with the state capitols, in what may be called a classic style, because they had porticoes with columns and other features of the ancient orders.

The Capitol building at Washington, the inception of which belongs to the last century, is unquestionable the grandest pile in that city, and probably the most monumental of United States buildings. Notwithstanding its conventionally classic style it is an edifice of which a great nation may be proud, majestic both within and without, and gaining in effect from its position on a commanding site.

The corner stone of the Capitol

was laid in 1793. It is of the Renaissance, and consists of two stories rising from a lofty rustic basement. The ground plan is a central pavillion with north and south wings. The principal facade is on the east side, where a portico of Corinthian columns thirty feet in height fronts the pavillion, while pilasters of the same order are continued along the wings. The eight middle columns project so as to admit of another inner row, and these sixteen columns support a noble pediment adorned with a baserelief.

The subject is allegorical, liberty attended by Hope and Justice, and is said to have been designed by John Quincy Adams. The approach to this imposing portico is by a flight of broad marble steps. The central portion of the edifice is, for the most part, occupied by a circular apartment, measuring about one hundred feet in diameter and height, and known as the Rotunda. It is ornamented with paintings and basereliefs illustrative of our national his-

tory. The paintings are separated from one another by gilded pilasters, which rise to the dome forming the roof. The dome compares well with those that are famous in the world, and, taken as a whole, the Capitol is said to be more stately than the

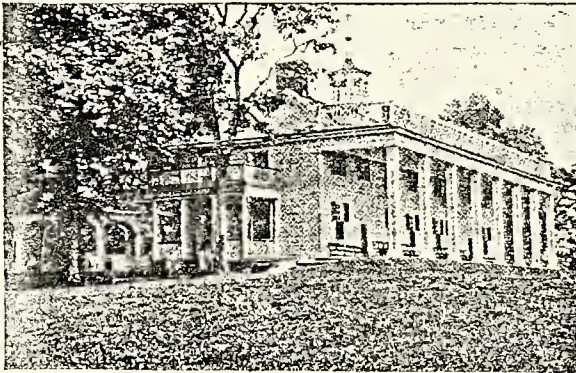
Houses of Parliament.

In this wonderful building of the most wonderful nation on earth is where the Congress make laws for the government of the affairs of the nation.

Washington Made Commander-In-Chief.

Unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Washington, in accepting the appointment in all modesty, said: "Since Congress desire it, I will enter upon this duty and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

MOUNT VERNON



It is memorable as the residence and the burial place of George Washington. It is on the right bank of the Potomac river, in Virginia, fifteen miles below Washington, and reached by boat or trolley. In 1858 the mansion and the surrounding

property were saved from the auctioneer's hammer, and secured as a national possession. It is a beautiful spot, and perfectly kept.

A visit to Mt. Vernon, while an evidence of patriotic regard, reveals history in a nut-shell. There are



many things there that Washington used and are preserved as he fixed them to suit his ideals of living in a his day.

The tomb is guarded. The old, black negro whom we met there lacks the politeness and the affability one is accustomed to find in the old-time negro. We saw him rather abruptly order some visitors, whose ancestors had not been long in this country, to "take off your hats as you approach the tomb."

The old negro, however, did comment over his weariness in seeing the "to-does" pulled off by some English gentlemen a few years ago, when it had been Washington's chief business in his glorious life to overcome and whip their ancestors in an unholy attempt to subjugate this country. So far as he knew the old darkey said he "heard no protest over their performances from any source--not even from the spirits."

What Use Is It?

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" To which his reply was, "What is the use of a child?"

He Got the Job.

Although the story may be an old one, it is worth repeating, of the man who desired to engage a careful driver. There were several applicants for the position, and they were taken to where the road ran around the edge of a precipice. "Now," said the employer, "I want each one of you to tell me how near you can drive to the edge with safety."

The men walked the length of the road, examined it carefully, peered over the edge into the ravine below, and then made their reports.

"I would drive not nearer than two feet," said the first man. "I would go as close as one foot," reported another. "I am an expert driver," said the third, "I could drive within six inches of the edge with perfect safety."

The fourth man spoke slowly.

"I do not know how near to the edge I could drive with safety," he said. "I wouldn't try to find out. I would keep as far away from the edge of the cliff as possible."

He got the job.

There are many people, and their name is legion, who always try to see how near they can come to a fire and yet not get burned. They are not content to keep as far away from danger as possible, they must flirt with it. They will venture to where the sparks are flying and there is a likelihood of their getting singed and burned.

The woman who, while really upright, plays with the fire of temptation, and risks her reputation that she may enjoy the excitement of a



clandestine meeting or an indiscreet act is trying to see how near to the precipice she can get without falling over and braving a plunge to the rocks below.

The young man who endangers his business position and social standing through the frequenting of questionable resorts and making companions of those who have an unsavory reputation believes that his position is so secure that he can drive near the edge of the precipice with immunity, but there is always danger that the ground may crumble and sink beneath his feet, and that he may drop into the abyss that is waiting to receive him.

The business man, the politician, the statesman, the professional man, the women of society, the youth, the maiden of tender years, who are trying to see how near to the fire they can get without being burned, who are endeavoring to drive as close to the edge of the precipice as possible without going over, are one and all courting danger.

They are all blinded with the glamour of the game of chance which they are playing, and in which they are almost certain to lose, and go over the brink of the cliff to destruction.

One cannot play with fire without getting burned; one cannot associate with the low and vicious, even if they be garbed in the clothes of a gentleman or lady, without some measure becoming smeared with the filth which is underneath their garments of respectability. A man or woman, a boy or girl, cannot afford to see how near to the danger line they can go before they pay the penalty. -The Independent.

The Secret Of Force.

Brevity is the soul of wit. Take up a humorous periodical if you doubt it, and you will notice that the jokes which impress you are the ones pared down so as not to have a superfluous word. An epigram gets its force by its brevity. It is as lean as a greyhound. Fat on its ribs, in the shade of adjectives and adverbs, would spoil it.

But it is not to jests alone that this rule applies. The forceful speaker is always one of few words; few for the idea expressed, that is to say. And the talker who bores is the person who smothers each idea in so many words that one is reminded of that old joke in which a very tiny gift is presented in a large box and enclosed in so many wrapping-papers that before the recipient gets to it he suspects that it is all wrapping-paper.

The more definitely you think the more definitely you will speak and write. And the more definite your use of language the fewer words you will find necessary to employ. Brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the secret of force.---Selected.

Give Him a Grin

Meet your neighbor with a smile, have a pleasant "good day" for him as you pass, and the world will be brighter and better for you both. No matter how discouraging your position in life, or how dark and gloomy, it could be worse, and there are thousands considerably worse off than you; then why sulk and be sad? Try to look happy and cheeful, aid others to do the same, and you will better fill your mission on earth and be missed more when you are gone.



Washington's Chronology.

Born in Virginia.	February 22, 1732
First surveying expedition.	March, 1748
Commissioned adjutant-general, with rank of major.	1751
Sails for the West Indies with his brother Lawrence.	Sept., 1751
Commissioned lieutenant-colonel.	1754
Appointed aid-de-camp to General Braddock.	1755
Braddock's defeat.	July 9, 1755
Elected representative to the House of Burgesses.	1758
Marries Mrs. Martha Custis.	January 6, 1759
Member of the first Continental Congress.	1774
Member of the second Continental Congress.	1775
Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American armies.	June 15, 1775
Takes command at Cambridge.	July 3, 1775
Declaration of Independence.	July 4, 1776
Battle of Long Island.	August 22, 1776
Battle of Trenton.	November 16, 1776
Battle of Princeton.	January 3, 1777
Flag adopted by Congress.	June 14, 1777
Battle of Brandywine.	September 10, 1777
Battle of Germantown.	October 4, 1777
Ratification of Treaty with France.	May 2, 1778
Battle of Monmouth Court House.	June 28, 1778
Arrival of French fleet.	July, 1778
Cornwallis's Surrender at Yorktown.	October 19, 1781
Takes leave of the army.	November 2, 1783
Resigns his commission.	December 23, 1783
Presides at the Constitutional Convention.	1787
Is chosen first President of the United States.	1789
Inaugurated.	April 30, 1789
Chosen for second term.	1793
Issues a Farewell Address to the people of the United States.	September 15, 1796
Retires from Presidency.	March 4, 1797
Nominated Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.	July 2, 1798
Dies.	December 18, 1799

What The Boys Think of Washington.

(In the school the boys of the fifth and sixth grades, numbering 55 boys, were asked to briefly write a few things about the life and movements of George Washington. Without any favoritism, or special selection, we have bodily picked up six of them and here reproduce them in THE UPLIFT, without change or correction. There are but few distinguished men in American history, with whom our boys have not come into a speaking acquaintance. That is just the idea—introduce them to good folks; they find out for themselves what makes them "good.")

Did Everything Earnestly.

George Washington was born February 22, 1732. He was a truthful and a good boy. His people were poor and they lived on the Potomac river.

When George was eleven years of age his father died and left him to fight his own battles for himself. George did his best and succeeded. His mother went about the farm in an old phaeton buggy and told the slaves what to do. This helped George a whole lot.

George went to school under an old man by the name of Hobby. I guess he was no kin to Mr. Hobby, one of our officers. George studied hard and soon come to the head of his class. He liked to play, and when it came time to play he played like he studied. He would take his playmates and make two armies out of them, and they would play like one was the French and one was the Indians. Sometimes they would make a real battle out of the play. When the boys had disputes they would bring it to Washington and he would settle the quarrel for them.

When George was about 14 years of age he got it in his head that he

would like to be a sailor, but his mother knew best and got him to stay at home. If he had gone on and had his way probably he would have never been president.

Washington was one of the greatest presidents the world has ever known and ever will know. He stuck to his hardships just like he did to his play. When anything came up about George he always told the truth about anything, no matter how hard it was.

When Washington made his journey through the South, just to show you that George treated his slaves right. Look how they greeted him goodby when he started to leave. The children all sang songs when he passed on his journey to the South.

Vass Fields.

Washington Carried Message.

George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732 on a farm near the Potomac river in Virginia. His parents were good sensible people. George grew up on the farm and learned to ride, jump, and wrestle as many of the farm boys did in those days. He went to school to an old man named Hobby. When he was elev-

en years old his father died. When he was fourteen he decided that he would like to be a sailor but his mother persuaded him to give up the idea.

When George was sixteen he went to live at Mount Vernon with his brother. He knew something of surveying and helped his brother in the work. At Mount Vernon he met Lord Fairfax, an old English gentleman, and the two became fast friends. Lord Fairfax owned some land which he wanted George to survey for him. Part of it lay beyond the Allegheny mountains. George started out with his friends to survey it, though he did not know it this was fitting him for an office in which a man like him was needed.

After he had surveyed the land for Lord Fairfax George joined the Virginian army. The French and Indian war was then close at hand. The French were encroaching upon the English Territory. Governor Dinwiddie, the governor of Virginia wanted a messenger to carry a letter to the French commander, telling him to leave the English Territory.

He selected Washington as the one to carry the letter. Washington arrived safely at the French fort after a hard journey through the forest. He was received warmly, but the French refused to leave the Ohio Valley, where they were then stationed. Washington started back immediately to report to governor Dinwiddie. For this service he was given the rank of colonel.

The English then started the war in earnest. At one battle Colonel Washington saved the remnant of Braddocks army, by rallying the Virginians and fighting like the Indians

fought, from behind trees and rocks. He fought through the war and after the war entered the legislature.

When the War of Revolution broke out he was made Commander-in-chief, of the American armies. He accepted the office and went to work to train his men.

By the following spring his army was ready and he started then to licking the English. All through the war Washington suffered as his men suffered. He pledged his fortune for the American cause. Many battles he fought and many he lost, but finally on the 19th of October, 1781 Cornwallis the British general surrendered at Yorktown Virginia.

For a while after the war Washington lived at Mount Vernon. But when the convention of 1787 met he was elected first President of United States. On April 30th he was inaugurated.

During his terms (two) the country developed greatly. When his second term expired he again returned to Mount Vernon where he spent the rest of his days giving parties and living a peaceful life.

It is said that Washington caught cold, which developed into pneumonia, while caring for a sick friend in the middle of a cold winter night; a few weeks later he died, Dec. 14th 1799.

He can rightly be called The Father of his Country.

Sam Taylor.

He Settles Fusses.

George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732 in Virginia on the Potomac river in a one story farm house. He lived there till he was about seven years of age, then his father

moved close to Fredricksburg on the Rappahanock river.

There he was sent to school and learned a little reading and writing, when he was eleven years of age his father died and left him to take care of his mother Mary Washington.

His mother was a good woman with plenty of sense. She made George and all the farm hands obey her. When George would write to her he would put, "Honored Madam" and signed it, "Your Dutiful Son."

Washington went to school in Williamsburg and there all the boys liked him. They would play war sometimes. And often they would get into a real fuss then the boys would call on Washington to settle the fuss.

Once he and his boys friends went in Washington's mothers pasture and caught her colt and tried to ride it but the colt was wild and jumped up and broke a blood vein and fell dead. He went back to the house and his mother asked him how the colt was getting along, He hated to tell his mother a lie and had to tell her that her colt was dead.

While Washington was about fourteen years of age he decided to be a sailor. He packed his clothes in a suit case and was about ready to leave when his mother came to where he was and persuaded him to stay home.

At sixteen he became a surveyor and done good work at that trade. He surveyed Lord Fairfax land and while he was surveying it he would shoot turkey and other wild fowl and animals and cook them over the open fire.

While in the French and Indian war he was raised to the rank of

Colonel. He was one of the main leaders in the war, one cold winter in 1753 the French had gone in camp on the Allegheny river. Gov. Dinwiddie sent Washington down to the French camp to tell them to get off of the Virginians land. The French sent word back that the land belonged to them and they were going to stay on it. Both sides acted at once.

When the Revolutionary war broke out the people looked about for a good officer. Every body said that George Washington would be a good one and they appointed him Commander-in-Chief.

Washington left his home and went to New York where he was to be elected. And on the way there the people would throw flowers in the road in front of him and the girls would sing, the men would fire their guns, the people built an arch for him to come under in Trenton.

He was elected president April 30, 1789 he was president for eight years. He would not take part in the war in Europe between England and France. He sent three armies to the other side of the Ohio river and drove out the Indians.

After he served eight years as president he went back to his home at Mt. Vernon. There he lived as a farmer, Washington was frequently a member of the legislature in Virginia.

Washington wrote some rules before he died two of them are: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire call conscience."

"Do not undertake what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

Washington died Dec. 14, 1799. The whole country was filled with

grief. "The people remembered him who was, First in peace, and and in first war, and first in the hearts of their countrymen."

Herbert Riddle.

Washington Used His Head.

There was born, as it seems to us now by the will of God, that America's birth, organization and freedom might have been assured, in the county of Westmoreland, Va. February the twenty-second, 1732, according to history, the eleventh of February according to Old Style, a babe, destined to be the father of the now greatest nation on earth.

His life, if followed closely through the pages of history is quite novel. From his birth to the time when he retired from public life, his career was made fit by his examples of truth, honesty, personality, patriotism, bravery and statesmanship, for the imitation of any ambitious American youth looking for his Ideal Man.

Washington was a regular boy, not an ordinary boy, he was an extraordinary, outclassing most boys today that have the advantages of good schools, which Washington did not have. He had his innocent fun and own methods of obtaining excitement. But from the tale given us in history, his innocent fun was almost in the form of criminality when he killed his mother's colt. But the deed did no harm inwardly when George living up to the instinct made visible before, the instinct of telling the truth, and one rarely seen today. His mother was made proud instead of grieved. His loyalty to his mother was ever supreme. He is unquestionably to be classed among the eminent men of our country whose

character was moulded by a mother's influence. His father dying when he was yet young.

George seems to have been born a leader of men. When the boys ran, jumped, or played war, who was their leader? It was Washington. When the Thirteen Original Colonies needed a leader, who responded? It was Washington. Who so skillfully led and manœvered our insufficient army, fighting like a fox, cunningly defeating small portions of the king's army at a time, using brains to make up for the scarcity of men.

His education was not neglected, he attained only an elementary education, completing the course prescribed to grammar schools today, it may have been neglected but for his earnest desire for knowledge.

When at the age of 14 years he seems to have become the victim of most boys desire at that age, the roving spirit was in his system, partly of his own fault, partly of the fault of his brother, he wanted to become a sailor. Again his mother's influence prevailed. He was persuaded to stay.

When a young man he came into touch with Lord Fairfax, who, owning large tracts of land in Va. entrusted Washington with its surveying. Washington proved very efficient, and Lord Fairfax was pleased with his accomplishments. On this occasion he received valuable training in responsibility, learned the value of these lands, prepared himself for his military education, that was received in the schools of nature, instead of military schools for there was none in this country or England.

His military career started early. When at the age of twenty, he was appointed adjutant-general of a mil-

itary district, serving excellently.

The trip to the forts on the Lakes proved his mettle. When many refused to answer the Gov. call, Washington responded. The journey was perilous, his life being endangered.

Retiring from the army in 1758, he married the widow of John Custis, Jan. 6th, 1759.

While he had been away with the army he was elected to the Va. House of Burgesses. He filled this place most admirably, though never appearing in speech or debate often, he is classed among the greatest of political leaders.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was chosen leader of a people in whom was born the desire for freedom. Being the Commander-in-Chief of the army, exhibiting great ability as a military leader ranking among the world's greatest generals, and by his generalship was gained for us the freedom we so much enjoy.

After the war he was chosen to be the first President of the U. S. A. and served two terms.

Later he retired following agricultural pursuits until his death, Saturday, Dec. 14th 1799.

Thus was born, lived and died the father of our country. Well deserving the title: "First in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

John A. Kern Jr.

Loved To Play Soldier.

George Washington was born in a small farm-house in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22nd day of February 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, died when he was eleven years old, and left him to take care of his mother. His mother Mary

Washington, was a very sensible woman and George treated her with great respect.

As a boy George was fond of play and excitement. He had an earnest desire to play soldier. He was not content to be just an ordinary private in the play-fights but he was always a leader. He liked to ride a horse very much and was very fond of hunting. He was noted for his truthfulness. Once while playing with his mother's colt, he killed it but he told his mother the whole truth about it. In school he got only a fair education, possibly he went no farther than the eighth grade.

About three years after George's father died he decided he would go to sea, but his mother persuaded him to stay at home. Two years later he started to survey the land of a wealthy English gentleman. It was a hard life and Washington and his companions were in danger of being killed by Indians.

When he was about twenty-one years old he was deputised by the governor of Virginia to take a letter to the commander of the French troops who were encroaching on English Territory. After conquering many perils and hardships he delivered the governor's command to move out of the Ohio Valley to the French general. The French refused and Washington and his companions started homeward. They had a hard time getting over the Allegheny River but Washington delivered the report to Gov. Dinwiddie. Washington was appointed leader of several bodies of troops in the French and Indian war. He was a very skillful leader. Having fought many battles in the war he lost only a few.

One day, while dining at a friend's

house he met a young widow named Mrs. Martha Custis, after a few months of acquaintance they were married by the Episcopal Minister of a small country church. He took his wife to Mt. Vernon to live.

When the Revolutionary war broke out, in 1776, Washington was placed in command of the Patriot forces. It was a hard job to train these farmers but Washington succeeded. Instead of open battle he took advantage of the British mistakes and fought short, sharp battles. The victories of Trenton and Princeton showed his great generalship. Due to his great perseverance the Patriots succeeded.

After the war when there were many questions to be settled he was unanimously elected President. He ruled so well that he was elected for a second term. He refused a third term because he thought that two terms were enough and his health was bad.

In 1796 Washington retired to private life. He went to Mount Vernon and spent his last days there. He died in December 14, 1799 at the age of sixty-eight. He is classed as one of the greatest characters in American History.

Thaddeus Shooter.

A Dutiful Son.

George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, in a small one-story farmhouse in Westmoreland county, near the Potomac river in Virginia. When George was eleven years of age a great ill-fortune befell him and his mother, his father Augustine Washington, died, then the manly youth was left to take care of his mother.

As George grew into his teens he

proved a dutiful son to his mother. Though often did wrong, he repented. George had great respect for his mother and loved her as true son should. He led all his comrades in athletics. He also had the roaming spirit like most boys have---he had the desire to become a sailor. He was always full of energy. He had his trunk at the school ready to sail away but his mother persuaded him to stay at home. He had an education as good as there was to be had in colonial times. While at school he wrote several rules for living, some of which have been kept. George's mother always respected him telling the truth. He was tempted to lie on several occasions but he overcame it. The greatest temptation was when he killed his mother's colt.

While staying with his eldest brother at Mt. Vernon he met Lord Fairfax, an English gentleman of sixty. As the days went by they became fast friends. Lord Fairfax was the owner of a large tract of land, some of which lay in the Shenadoah Valley. George had gained some knowledge of surveying, and Lord Fairfax employed him to survey his tract. The French claimed the land in the Ohio valley and they were going to take possession of it. Governor Dinwiddie thereupon sent a message by Washington to tell the French to clear out of that part of the country. He had several exciting adventures while on his mission to the French. He came near losing his life several times, once when the Indian guide tried to shoot him, and another time when he was thrown from a raft crossing a river.

In the contest that followed, the Indians united with the French.

Washington saved General Braddock's army from certain destruction. He then retired to private life. On a visit to a friend Washington met a young widow, Martha (Dandrick) Curtis. Several months later they were married, and made their home at Mt. Vernon.

In 1775 the English tried to tax the colonies so she could pay her own debt but the colonies refused, and this brought on what is known in history as the Revolutionary war. George Washington was given the command of the army. He drilled his troops, and after a long period and many hardships and suffering, the British gave up the contest, and thus the independence of the colonies

was secured.

After this war the people elected Washington president and he directed the establishment of the American government. He served two terms as president. He again retired to private life, but he never lost interest in the affairs of the country. Not long after his retirement, Washington died. The country sorrowed. He was remembered by all as the one great American, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Never was there another such man as George Washington---the father of a country.

Claude Pate

How To Do It

Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL

The United States in Congress assembled, after giving the most honorable testimony to the merits of the federal armies, and presenting them with the thanks of their country for their long, eminent, and faithful services, having thought proper, by their proclamation bearing date the 18th day of October last, to discharge

such part of the troops as were engaged for the war, and to permit the officers on furloughs to retire from service, from and after tomorrow; which proclamation having been communicated in the public papers for the information and government of all concerned, it only remains for the commander-in-chief to address

himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States (however widely dispersed the individuals who compose them may be), and to bid them an affectionate, a long farewell.

But before the command-in-chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself a few moments in calling to mind a slight review of the past. He will take the liberty of exploring with his military friends their future prospects, of advising the general line of conduct which, in his opinion, ought to be pursued; and he will conclude the address by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them, in the performance of an arduous office.

A contemplation of the complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object for which we contend against so formidable a power, cannot but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part, under which the war was undertaken, can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble conditions were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle.

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address to detail the hardship peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances

have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes of which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been affected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils.

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizen, and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so

happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy sodiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment; and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yeild a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy, and a dissolution of the Union, to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress, and the payment of its just debts; so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance, in recommending their civil occupations, from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

In order to effect this desirable purpose, and to remove the prejudices which may have taken possession of the States, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops that, with strong attachments to the Union they should carry with them into civil society the most conciliating dispositions, and that they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful as citizens than they have been perservering and victorious as soldiers. What though there should be some envious individuals, who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yeild the tribute due to merit; yet let such unworthy treatment produce no invectives, nor any instance of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered that the unbiased voice of the free citizens of the United States has promised the just

reward and given the merited applause. Let it be known and remembered that the reputation of the federal armies is established beyond the reach of malevolence; and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame still incite the men who composed them to honorable action; under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence and industry will not be less amiable in civil life than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance and enterprise were in the field. Every one may rest assured that much, very much of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the general has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that, unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it is as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes, on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

The commander-in-chief conceives little is now wanting to enable the soldiers to change the military character into that of the citizen, but that steady and decent tenor of behavior which has generally distingui-

shed, not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies through the course of the war. From their good sense and prudence he anticipates the happiest consequences, and while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion which renders their services in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the strong obligations he feels himself under for the assistance he has received from every class and in every instance. He presents his thanks in the most serious and affectionate manner to the general officers, as well for their counsels on many interesting occasions, as for their ardor in promoting the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commandants of regiments and corps, and to the other officers, for their great zeal and attention in carrying his orders promptly into execution; to the staff, for their alacrity and exactness in performing the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, for their extraordinary patience and suffering, as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army the general takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, and to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a

final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayer to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and his benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever.

Yankee-Doodle.

The air known as "Yankee Doodle" was originally "Nakee Doodle," and is as old as the time of Cromwell. It was known in New England before the Revolution, and is said to have been played by the English troops in derisive allusion to the then popular nickname of the New Englanders and afterwards the New Englanders, seeing that the British troops had been made to dance to "Yankee-Doodle," adopted the air.

A Very Old Book.

There is in the Lutheran Historical Society library at Gettysburg, Pa., a very rare little book. It is the translation of Luther's Small Catechism into the language of the Indian, and is the work of John Campanus some time before the year of 1648. It is said to be the first book of Christian instruction ever translated for the use of the "Red Man."

Your subscription is solicited.

Most Anything.

The 1920 expense of both Army and Navy was \$2,347,000,000.

England is planning to harness the ocean tides for water power.

Buenos Aires is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world.

George Washington's shaving outfit in a morocco case was recently sold for \$950.

Los Angeles is building a hotel where it will be possible to feed four thousand persons at one time.

The military taxation of Switzerland exceeds \$4.50 for every man, woman and child of the little nation.

To buy bread flour for the starving populace of Vienna the authorities are pawning a collection of the most valuable tapestries in the world.

The Chinese claim that certain of their Buddhist priests explored the coast of Mexico, visited the Aztec empire and crossed into Alaska one thousand years before the Spanish invasion.

American products are being advertised in the theaters of India by means of motion picture films. Views of road-making machinery at work prove to be especially interesting to the natives.

Pittsburgh will plant sixteen hun-

dred yellow tulips next spring near Neptune Fountain in Schenley Park in the form of two large gold stars, in memory of Pittsburgh soldiers who fought and fell in the World War.

In Andean Colombia there are no fewer than 1,150 species of land birds, which are non-migratory because of the fact that in this part of the Andes the birds enjoy tropical, sub-tropical, temperate and alpine zones.

A former soldier, a member of the A. E. F. of Chattanooga, coughed up a bullet which had been fired into his lung in an engagement in the Argonne. Army physicians feared an operation would be fatal and had refused to remove it.

The largest touring car in the world is owned by King Albert, of Belgium. It is in two sections and accomodates fifteen persons with sleeping quarters for 10. The machine was designed for hunting in Africa and is equipped with kitchen, bath and dining room.

A Federal prohibition agent of Seattle reports that after two year's search a still was found which was underground and could only be approached by going through a hollow log, the entrance of which was concealed by stumps and briars. Water was piped from a spring to a room 10 by 14 feet, from which a sewer led to the river.

High Financing

The following, taken from a journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association, handed us by Dr. T. N. Spencer, of Concord, is one of the cleverest take-offs on high financing, promoting, sky-selling, get-rich-quick schemes, yet published. The Catarat Company, if we are to believe various reports of successful promoting recently, ought to be able to deliver much stock in some sections of North Carolina. Here's the whole revealed thing:

MAIN OFFICE OF THE
CAT HOUSING CORPORATION OF N. J.
MY DEAR DR. TURNER:

Knowing that you are interested in and open for an investment in a good live business proposition, I take the pleasure of presenting to you what seems to me to be a most excellent business proposition and in which no doubt you will take a lively interest. Please advise me the amount of stock you wish to subscribe toward forming a company for exploitation of this wonderful idea.

The object of this company is to operate a large cat ranch in Newark, N. J.--the abandoned Ford Ship-building plant near Newark, N. J. can be purchased cheaply.

The corporation shall be known as the Cat Housing Corporation of New Jersey. The amount of capital stock shall be \$50,000, all of which shall be common stock.

To start with we will collect about 100,000 cats--each cat will average about 12 kittens a year. The skins will sell for about 10 cents per skin for the white ones and 75 cents for the black ones. We will have about

12,000,000 skins to sell at an average of 42 cents, making the revenue about \$500,000 per annum.

A man can skin about 50 cats per day. He will charge \$4 per day for his labor. It will take about 80 men plus 10 per cent for indirect overhead to operate the ranch, therefore the profit will be about \$350,000 clear.

We will feed the cats on rats, and we will start a rat ranch adjoining the cat ranch. The rats will multiply four times as fast as the cats, and if we start with 100,000 rats we will have four rats for each cat a day, which is plenty.

We will feed the cats on rats and in turn we will feed the rats on the stripped carcasses of the cats, thus giving each rat one-fourth of a cat.

It will be seen by these statistics that the business will be self-acting and automatic. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats and we will get the skin.

Awaiting your prompt reply, we leg to remain,

Yours very truly,
THE CATARAT COMPANY.

Not Born That Way.

The last issue of the Uplift contains a splendid write-up of two brothers who are members of the Western North Carolina Conference, Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, pastor of West Market Street, Greensboro, and Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt, pastor of Centenary, Winston-Salem. The only thing that would make "The Heavenly Twins" inappropriate as a title is the fact that the two were not born on the same day. However, each richly deserves all that is said about him.—Methodist Advocate.

A Light Fountain of Truth and Faith.

[Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels, on the 6th, delivered a masterful address to a large audience in John Marshall Auditorium, Richmond, Va., in behalf of Christian Education. Below is an extract from it.]

The Methodist church was born in a college. It hastened to carry the light of religion and learning to men and women in factories and in mines. In this hour when learning too often fails to recognize its debt to Religion there is significance in the revolution wrought by the early Wesleyan preachers. How many scholars today recognize that they are the trustees of their accomplishment and that knowledge is power only when it is placed at the use of their fellows. There is general contempt for the miser who finds his happiness in watching the glitter of his accumulated gold while his poor neighbor suffers and starves for lack of food. How have we appraised the place of the miser or semi-miser of knowledge who keeps it to himself or makes it a matter of merchandise? Are colleges dynamos of religious instruction and energy or are they the dignified resorts of doubts and dilentantism? Is it true that in the need for big endowments colleges remain silent over the civic sins of rich donors? Is the charge true that too often in institutions of learning, established to keep burning the torch of Religion and Learning, which must be inseparable, we find a deadening indifference to the claims of Religion or a skepticism which steals away faith and replaces it with the husks of higher criticism?

In this hour when, "after war and after madness," a shell-shocked world is struggling and floundering, our schools and colleges are crowded to overflowing with earnest youths. These young men and young women are seeking the Truth, digging after knowledge, and smelting for wisdom. Are they finding it in the seats of learning? The answer is, as to most of them, unqualifiedly yes. But the average parent is disturbed because they fear too little attention is paid to ethics and morals and religion in our educational institutions. It sometimes happens that young men go out of Christian home to college, with firm faith in the God of their fathers, to return from college with knowledge of everything else except the only wisdom which is from above.

Wars either make men better or worse. They bring out the best in men or throw them upon influences which tend to debase. After the war, what? Many men who looked unafraid into the jaws of death, have come home with a spiritual uplift. They have reentered colleges and universities. Have they found there the warmth and enthusiasm and religious sturdiness to strengthen their faith and make religion a joy and a shield. That is the question which at this time addresses itself to every trustee and teacher of our institutions of learning if we are to escape the frivolity, the skepticism and irreligion which have followed in the wake of so many wars.

The college must be a Light Fountain of Truth and Faith. It must send men out who have tested and weighed and analyzed theories of

government and science and life. It must not blindly accept creeds. Indeed it must go beneath creeds and formulas and rituals to the very foundations. When testing and investigations have done their perfect work, the only foundation that remains is the life and teachings of the Christ, the Son of the Living God. Endowed with a vital faith in the Great Teacher, fortified with the lore of the sages, and strengthened with wide reading and broad culture, broadened by discussion and toleration, the youth with this equipment runs easily and surely to the goal. Happy the people with such institutions of learning! Strong the nation with leaders so equipped and furnished for solving the grave problems which the coming generation must face!

Institutional Notes,

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Rev. Mr. Lyerly, of the Reformed Church of Concord, preached at the chapel Sunday.

Edward Cleaver, of fourth Cottage, was made happy by a visit from his mother Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Boger and children spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Boger's father near Pioneer Mills.

The brick work on the Mecklenburg cottage is complete; the roof is on; and the work on the interior is moving along satisfactorily.

A prominent and distinguished visitor to the school Monday was the State President of the order of U. D. C., Mrs. Wilson, of Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peck, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hartsell, and Messrs. Fuller and Barnhart, all of Concord, attended services at the chapel Sunday.

Mr. John A. Martin, Supt. of Public Welfare of Bladen county, was accompanied to the school Thursday by Charlie Jackson, who has been assigned to fourth Cottage.

Mr. G. H. Lawrence, of second Cottage, is spending a few days with his brother, Rev. A. S. Lawrence, at Chapel Hill. Before returning to the school, Mr. Lawrence will also go to Louisburg and Durham.

Mr. Jarvis Allison, Supt. of Public Welfare, of Haywood county, spent a few hours at the school Saturday. Mr. Allison was enthusiastic about the work of the institution, and spoke of the excellent record of the boys of his county, who have been parolled from here, are making.

A phone message was received from Kannapolis Friday, stating that a boy, who they thought was from the Training school, was being detained there. Mr. W. W. Johnson, thinking that it might be young "Sammy Lee," who took French leave the day before, went to investigate. The boy was not from here, but was from Concord. He had run away from home, and Mr. Johnson brought him back to his father.

Friday about noon, two of second Cottage boys, Singleton and Sanders, decided that the moment for their departure from the school had come. Accordingly, listening to the seductive call of "Rabbit Heel," they hit the high places out by Rocky Ridge,

on their way to liberty and freedom. But soon their wet clothes became uncomfortably cold—it was raining—and darkness and hunger threatened them. So, like the general who “marched his men up the hill, then marched them down again,” they came back. They went; they saw; they were conquered.

The Guilford Cottage Begun.

Much of the material for the Guilford Cottage is on the ground. The contract for the erection of this cottage has been let to Mr. John R. Query. It is located immediately beyond the new school building. It is the purpose of Mr. Query to rush this building to completion.

The Next Station

THE UPLIFT has information that the authorities of Durham county have decided to erect a cottage at the Jackson Training School. The building of this will be deferred for a time, pending certain arrangements. There are several other counties very much interested and have asked for a representative of the school to make a personal visit and consult with their officials.

Commends Our Work.

Mr. R. R. Ross, the postmaster at Ashboro and one of the best citizens of the state, in sending his subscription to the UPLIFT, takes occasion to speak nicely of this paper and laments that he “has not the money to give a large lift in the support and enlargement of the institution that is doing so much for the unfortunate boys of the state.”

Mr. Ross' observation and his deep interest are sources of encourage-

ment to those who are giving their best that the Jackson Training School may serve more efficiently a large demand.

A Valentine Tea.

At the home of Mrs. B. F. Rogers, on Monday, the Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a tea. It was a delightful affair, and attended by many. The object was to raise funds for the purpose of marking certain Confederate graves. A very worthy cause affectionately looked after by the faithful amongst us. Mrs. W. T. Wilson, of Gastonia, state president of the Daughters, was the guest of honor.

Dr. Theo. F. Pharr Passes.

Another one of the prominent figures in Cabarrus life has gone to his reward. For years Dr. Theo. F. Pharr, who for several years has lived in the country near Rocky River Church, has been in desperate health and patiently and uncomplainingly awaited the end. Dr. Pharr died Saturday in the Presbyterian hospital in Charlotte.

Dr. Pharr was a capable physician, a highly informed man, unobtrusive, and was very eloquent always in attending to his own business, letting others alone. He has not practiced for years, being content with a quiet life among his books, his papers and a few select friends.

His literary education was obtained at North Carolina College at Mt. Pleasant, and his medical education at the University of Virginia. He never married. He leaves two half-sisters, Mrs. Dr. McMannaway and Miss Gertrude Pharr, of Charlotte. His remains were interred in

the Concord cemetery, the funeral being conducted by Rev. T. W. Smith. Had he lived until March 12th, he would have been seventy years of age.

Mrs. Yorke and Mr. Howard Marry.

On Saturday in Baltimore, at the home of her father, Mr. P. H. Thompson, Mrs. Aaron Jones York, was married to Mr. Alex R. Howard. These are Concord people, and have hosts of friends who will wish them all the joy and happiness possible in life.

After March 1st Mr. and Mrs. Howard will be at home at the attractive Yorke residence on North Union street. Some years ago Mrs. Yorke, whose maiden name was Miss Pearle Thompson of Salisbury, came to Concord as the bride of Mr. A. J. Yorke a most substantial and elegant gentleman. Mrs. York, having been educated at Mt. Amoena, Mt. Pleasant, and often visiting in the county, started in with scores of friends and acquaintances, whose esteem for her grew with the years.

Mr. Howard is a native of Georgia, coming to Concord from Brunswick. Well behaved, diligent, aligning himself with the best in causes and people, he established for himself in Concord a position, socially and in a business way, entirely secure.

This marriage, while for sometime expected, for events cast reflections ahead, flanked social circles and gave them spontaneous and joyful excitement.

Mr. George Richmond, a former citizen of Concord, now of Bedford City, is visiting in the city. The

chief occasion of his present visit is to be with his sister, Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, who has been quite ill.

Thieves made a big inroad on the stock of merchandise of Mr. George Shinn, of Georgeville, on the night of the 12th.

Mr. C. S. Smart, superintendent of the Locke Cotton Mills, has entered the Long hospital of Statesville for treatment-

Loyalty.

Aliens or naturalized citizens or native-born citizens who would by other force than the ballot overthrow the Government are disloyal to America and by their disloyalty sacrifice all right in America's institutions.

Those who are Americans by virtue of their love for America may without offense seek by every peaceful means to shape the policies and destiny of America. Aliens and natives who have by disloyalty sacrificed all title in America display an insufferable insolence when they seek to shape affairs in which they have no rightful interest. If the guest dose not iike the fare will he linger on and complain of it?

There is room in the world for all. Those who do not love America may find a happy home elsewhere. May peace and joy go with them. Or, if they would stay, let them learn the humility of the novitiate and seek diligently to understand the miracle that is America, finding thus the grace to reverence and to love.

America is a melting pot, but those who keep the pot boiling must reserve the right to discard foreign substances that will not melt.--Ex.

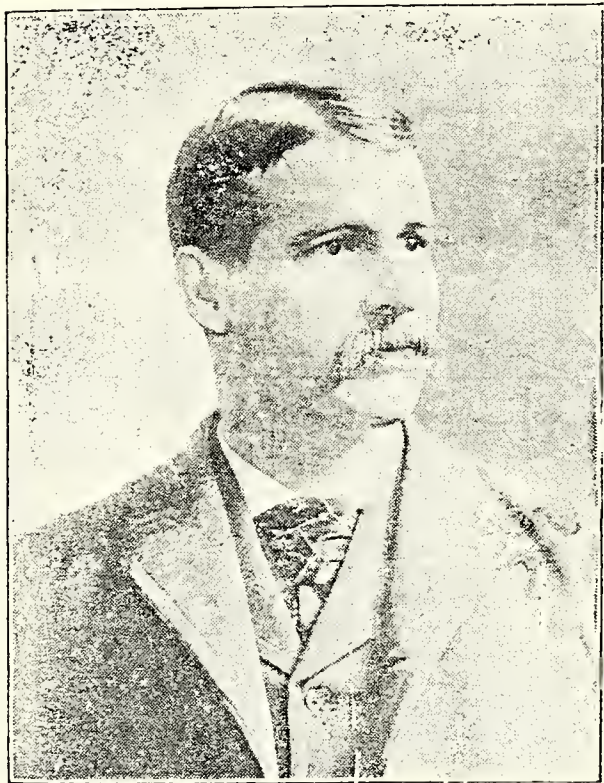
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NO. 17



HON. WILLIAM CICERO HAMMER,
Ex-District Attorney and Congressman-Elect of Seventh N. C. District.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44	To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136	To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36	To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138	To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30	To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35	To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43	To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29	To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137	To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

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JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Tonic.

Better be small and shine than to
be great and cast a shadow. A bit
of encouragement for the small, of
warning for the great.—*Selected.*

A DECLARATOIN.

The whole state is to be congratulated for the vision and the wisdom of the House of Representatives of the North Carolina General Assembly, which on the 17th passed a Road Measure, which in itself is a declaration against mud and sluggishness for substantial road construction and progress. There is no reason, at this writing, to believe other than that the State Senate will overwhelmingly adopt the same measure, thus making it a law of the state.

This is a matter in which it appears that we are about to have a practical demonstration of eating your cake and still have the cake. Besides the measure having been wisely drawn, it sets up machinery that promises to bring from hiding, or the outside, fifty millions of dollars, spending it among our own folks for material and work, getting the said amount scattered among the people of the state, and receiving substantial and permanent roads. The state gets fifty millions of dollars turned loose and gets something worthwhile to show for it. It places no burdens upon the people. The cost of this progress and this development comes out of the people.

ple who use the roads. They use the roads, they wear them out, they should build them and they should keep them in repair.

Reasons multiply why we all should glory in our state and take courage. Standing out in all this grand forward movement is that wise, long-headed, patriot, Governor Doughton. There is no reason for his passing, but when he passes a grateful people will never permit his service to the state to be forgotten.

o o o o

A LEADER IN ACTION.

This writer has learned to know Rev. Dr. McGeachy, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte, well enough to know that he does not relish compliments and that he runs away from that kind of notoriety that tickles and fascinates the average man. But the good doctor must pay the price that follows the appreciation of the general public for the accomplishments which he has wrought for the advancement of his own particular work and most especially for the general cause of humanity.

If he is to escape the expression, by word and by print, of gladness for his work amongst men, he will have to pull himself into his study, remain there, become a book-worm, shut himself entirely in except on stated and enforced occasions, like so many men of the cloth find it satisfactory so to do.

The services of this wonderful worker is in demand. He was called to address a meeting of men in Gastonia. He did so. From a report of that meeting we make this extract:

Dr. McGeachy without any preliminaries or wasted efforts took up his subject, "Work of Men in the Church." Dr. McGeachy explained that while he did not discount the work of the women in the church, the men must be relied upon to do the bulk of the work. "The men have the money," he said, "and they hold the positions of responsibility and trust. They are supposed to bear the brunt of the work."

"In my church in Charlotte," he continued, "we have men's club which in my 25 years of ministerial experience has been the most valuable agency for work I have ever known. Since its organization two or three years ago, following a sermon I preached on missions at the suggestion of a woman of my congregation, this club has been largely instrumental in financing a \$70,000 Sunday school annex, a \$25,000 cottage for Mecklenburg boys at the Jackson Training school at Concord, has brought 27 men into the membership of the church since January 1, has found within the eight blocks surrounding Independence square in Charlotte 153 men who were not church members, and has been largely instrumental in swelling the attendance at the Sunday night services at my church to the point where additional seats have to be brought in."

Dr. McGeachy's speech was a wonderful presentation of what the man-

power in a church can do when properly organized.

This is all the result of a superb leadership of one, who has a vision of service, and who is unselfishly active for the causes that better the condition of society and mankind.

The fact that through the efforts of this working club, which Dr. McGeachy directs, one hundred and fifty-three persons, within a few blocks of the church, had been brought into connection with church work, heretofore identified with no church, and entirely of the world and worldly, shows what can be accomplished by live religious workers. This kind of work amounts for vastly more than the effort to cause people to change their church relations, whether from convenience, social advancement, or the simple exercise of the proselyting habit. Out in the field of the world and in the kingdom of the devil is the proper place for proselyting and encouragement, and not among other church members.

That Men's Club, of the Second Church, of Charlotte, is the idea---may their number throughout the state increase. There is a work for such, headed by live pastors with a vision and without a frouch.



REVALUATION

There is absolutely nothing wrong with revaluation. Under the constitution and in righteousness, there is no other way to arrive at what is the market value of property than by the rules employed in the recent valuation of property. Men may have erred; when was it that man was not liable to err? There can be provided provisions for correcting errors; but because some errors of fact and judgment crept into the taxation matter of last year, is no reason for the repeal of the law. Make a correction of the errors possible—that is enough.

If the tax levy went beyond the amount suggested in the law, it was an error of the local authorities, the County Commissioners, and not the state authorities. The state levied no tax for the purposes of the state other than a small amount for the public schools, and this was returned to the counties. If you want to abolish anything, abolish your county authorities and try some others—they are the ones who have gone beyond the limit.

The time has arrived in the progress of the state, when there should be no levy on property for state purposes whatever. Leave all the property for the purposes of taxation by the county authorities. Bring the matter down home. Let home folks attend to home business. If there arise any special burdens, they are of home-making and they should be of home

cure.

The wisest thing ever done was when the special session levied no tax on property for state purposes. It put this tax question right up to the counties--they hold the key to the situation. The elimination of a levy on property for state purposes knocks in the head the question of inequality between the counties. The valuation of property in Pitt has nothing to do with the assessment in Iredell, even though property is assessed double its value in Pitt and valued just half its value in Iredell county. Carry your troubles, in the absence of a state levy, to your own county officials. They are supreme in the matter of how much tax you have to pay, and not the state authorities.

o o o o

PROHIBITION.

Those, who are inclined to regard prohibition as a failure, need only take a few visits to gatherings, conventions or fairs to have themselves disabused of such notions.

Twenty years ago it was all but impossible to board any train without meeting up with some case of intoxication. That possibility is now very rare. It is true that you may smell the presence of something akin to booze, but it is rare that you see one drunk. Twenty years ago, a visit to Raleigh, during a sitting of the legislature, it was utterly impossible to avoid meeting up with a drunken man, or to hear of a rough house somewhere in the hotel. Not so today. You may smell it, you may see one showing signs of a slight connection with the vile stuff, but never the old, cussing, rowdy example of drinking is now seen.

The folks who are drinking today are usually the kind that care nothing for their characters, their reputations or their lives, who patronize the dirty road-joints where all kinds of vile concoctions are dished out to the miserable beings that walk about like men, but who treat themselves as indifferent animals. These will sooner or later pay an eternal price for their carelessness and their habits, and the authors of their ruin will finally land in prison, become stranded or go out miserable specimen of fallen, dishonored humanity.

But the young must be forewarned. They must be taught the price that sin exacts. They must be introduced to ideals that lead away from such practices--they must be taught what is literally true: the patronizing of these infamous lawless joints that deal in booze and blockade stuff, against the laws of man and God, is an act of indecency and that no clean, law-abiding man will contribute to the support of them.

DR. POTEAT ON LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Dr. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, who presided at the recent meeting in Greensboro engaged in the discussion of questions affecting law-enforcement, had the vision and courage to say this:

Dr. Poteat in his speech declared that "the time is ripe when the law must not be used in a mild manner. Too much crime is abroad. We have already waited too long. Law enforcement, in my estimation, is in high accord with religious principles and any officer of the law who fails to carry out the law, should be ousted."

"We must educate our children to despise and eliminate whiskey. It is the next generation we must save. There are those who have gone so far that they have passed the bar of hope but the coming generation—our children and your children—must know the truth and be made free."

"We must not wait," he declared. "We must go after them from the mountains to the sea, and when arrested and convicted make a suspended judgement or pardon by any man impossible."

The foregoing is very sound. Even the lawless can not find fault with the righteousness of the position Dr. Poteat takes. We must save the rising generation---the one passing has become wedded to its idols, and must pay the penalty if the law-abiding ones among us can prevail in our contention.

♦♦♦♦

HONORABLE M. WITOS.

With box-car letters the announcement is made that M. Witos, Poland's peasant premier, appeared in the high court wearing "top boots, white shirt, but no cravat." The report was not minute enough to inform an excited public whether the distinguished officer wore socks and such things as most men wear.

This is a powerfully little thing to go way on the other side of the Atlantic and near one-half of the Eastern continent to find something with which to arouse the reading public in America. Less expensive, and very much more interesting, is the fact that one of the best mayors in one of the best towns in North Carolina (the best state in the Union) never felt the touch around his neck of a neck-tie of any kind in all his life. And he doesn't wear boots, either.

♦♦♦♦

"ETERNAL SOMETHING."

"In Bruce Craven's "Seeing North Carolina" of Sunday Greensboro News,

among other interesting observation we find this, which is a perfect gem:

As for myself, I just go on record as saying that a man who thinks he can measure the honor of woman by her outward appearance, is incapable of appreciating as fine a thing as woman's honor is. Likewise it is safe bet every time when you hear a man talking loosely of women, that he is doing so because some woman has convinced him that the thing he is saying is a lie. I am sorry for any human being who doesn't have occasion to know that there are some real things in life, infinitely more real than gold or land, and that among them is that eternal something in many, many women, that no fires can destroy, that no burdens can bury, that no sorrows can soil, and that has no relation to the things of the moment."

Nothing finer than this has been written in the state for months. It is too serious a matter to discuss what a woman is. Her character is too delicate for promiscuous handling. So long as the double standard is tolerated, chivalrous men will not permit careless remarks about women without a serious resentment.

There is, as Mr. Craven says, an "eternal something in many, many women that no fires can destroy."

o o o o

A jury in the superior court of Guilford has awarded two attorneys \$4,790, for their services in securing a settlement from an Insurance Company for a stock of goods lost in a fire. The owners resisted payment for their services, contending that 20 per cent of the recovery was exorbitant. A similar suit was tried some years ago in Durham. When the lawyer announced to his client his fee for securing a settlement of a fire claim, which was contested, the client, surprised at the largeness of the lawyer's fee, exclaimed: "Why, judge, whose fire was it?"

o o o o

Miss May Jones of Asheville (by the way she is Col. May Jones, having become so by virtue of being the private secretary of Gov. Craig) has made a very pleasing suggestion relative to the naming of the state's chief highways through the state, when we get them. The Central Highway from Paint Rock to Morehead City she would call "The Wildcat's Highway; and the Wilmington-Charlotte-Asheville Highway Col. Jones would name "The Old Hickory Highway." THE UPLIFT seconds the motion.

o o o o

Already, seeing his attitude and how he regards the court—not regarding himself an Appellate Court—Gov. Morrison has very seriously impress-

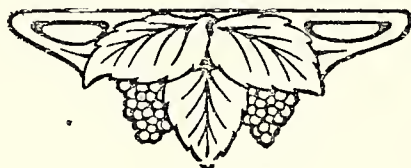
ed law-breakers in the state. There will have to be good and substantial reasons before he overrides the decisions of the courts. A sentimental reason will not go with him.

♦♦♦♦

The ground-hog and his character have been fully vindicated.

Drudgery The Price of Success.

Newton wrote his Chronology fifteen times over before he was satisfied with it; and Gibbon wrote out his memoir nine times. Hume wrote thirteen hours a day while preparing the History of England. Montesquieu, speaking of one part of his writings, said to a friend, "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."



HENRY TIMROD, *The Sweet Singer of the South.*

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8th, 1829, of an old German family. His grandfather and father held positions of honor among their fellow-citizens. William Henry Timrod was married to a Miss Prince. He died as result of exposure during the Florida war.

After careful preparation by well-trained teachers, Henry entered the University of Georgia, but was too poor to finish the course and get a degree. Returning to Charleston, Timrod began to prepare himself for the practice of law, but finding the study distasteful, he determined to devote himself to literature. He planned to fit himself for a college professorship, but failing to secure the position he sought, he conducted private classes. His first book of poems appeared in Boston, 1860. Early in the war plans for a London edition were made, but in the turmoil of the civil strife they were abandoned.

On the opening of the war he entered as a volunteer. During his service he wrote *Carolinia*, *The Cotton Boll*, and other poems which did much to arouse his fellow-Carolinians. His health failed, and as he could not serve in the ranks, he undertook the work of war correspondent. After the battle Shiloh he was present as representative of the *Charleston Mercury*. In 1864 he went to Columbia, S. C., to be editor of the *South Carolinian*. About this time he was married to Miss Kate Goodwin heroine of some of his best poems.

In the midst of ruin on all sides, the poverty of his friends and of himself, he suffered the crowning blow in the loss of his darling son. Willie. Consumption had already laid hold on himself also, and October 6, 1867, he was placed at rest by the side of his son in Trinity (Episcopal) Churchyard. Columbia. The premonition expressed in "A Common Thought" was literally fulfilled:--

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper "he is gone!"

Too True.

He who has a thousand friends, has not a friend to spare;
And he who has one enemy, will meet him everywhere.

ODE

Henry Timrod

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrims here to pause.

II

In the seeds of laurel in the earth,
The blossoms of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

Recreation For Country Women and Girls

By Miss Eleanor Copenhaver.

The Young Women's Christian Association, in its work for finding recreation for country girls, is an infant industry. If we are convinced that work of the same character that we are doing is being done by another organization, in every case we will withdraw and spend our time in another place.

Recreation, in the larger sense of the word, is that which enables a person to partake of the fullness of life joyfully. In order for recreation to exist, from the physical side, the term "fit" must arrive on the scene. Eighty-five per cent of our character is formed in hours of play. Since this is true, a great many adults have only fifteen per cent of their character formed.

Farm drudgery for women has not been made easier through the use of machinery as it has for the men. This makes child-bearing and raising very hazardous. Since forty-seven per cent of the children are born on farms, our country women and girls must have recreation to become more "fit."

The major muscles of the girls and women on the farms are developed too much to the detriment of the smaller. This gives us a coarse, awkward, self-conscious country girl. She has too much energy of the body and not enough of the energy of the soul--that which brings real happiness. In order to develop the finer

muscles, the country girl must learn how to play. She cannot do this without enthusiasm and help. Right here, we can get a useful motto, "Except you play as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The problem psychologically as well as physiologically is how to take the sex-conscious, self-conscious, awkward girl and make her into a joyful, self-confident one? The country girl desires to acquire poise, self-expression and personality. In order to do this, you must broaden her horizon; give her something to think about and something to do.

In order to keep the girls on the farm, you must bring back the boys who have left it for the city. Girls must meet straight-forward men.

The county homes should be mobilized. Mother and daughter meetings should be held where they can discuss problems, the big things in life. Idealism should be brought into the home.

The special ability of the country girl should be studied and brought out. She should be made to think for herself.

Try to approach recreation from the religious standpoint. The country girl must have something to tie up to. Try to show her how to gain personality. Teach her to acquire it by losing herself in others.

The man who knows his possibilities is better than he who know his limitations.

Will Power

Some have so great a faith in the power of will that they determine to be well, and are so. This may answer once; but, though safer to follow than many prescriptions, it will not always succeed. The power of mind over body is no doubt great, but it may be strained until the physical power breaks down altogether.

It is related of Muley Moloc, the Moorish leader, that when lying ill, almost worn out by an incurable disease, a battle took place between his troops and the Portuguese; when, starting from his litter at the great crisis of the fight, he rallied his army, led them to victory, and instantly afterwards sank exhausted and expired.

It is will—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on doing or being. The story is told of a working carpenter who was observed planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing, with more than usual carefulness; and when asked the reason, he replied, "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

"Where there is a will there is a way," is an old and true saying. He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it, and secures its achievement.

But---

One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life, beyond most others, vividly showed what a powerful and unscrupulous will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies. "There shall be no Alps," he said, and the road across the Simplon was constructed, through a district formerly almost inaccessible. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."

But all was of no avail; for Napoleon's intense selfishness was his ruin, and the ruin of France, which he left a prey to anarchy. His life taught the lesson that power, however energetically wielded, without beneficence, is fatal to its possessor and its subjects; and that knowledge, or knowingness, without goodness, is but the incarnate principle of evil.

Hon. Walter Murphy.

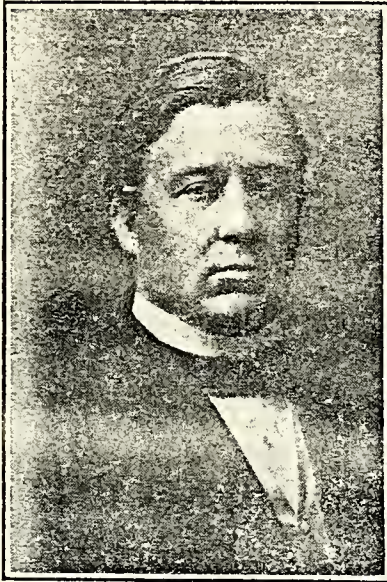


Hon. Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, who has represented Rowan county in the lower house of the General Assembly, serving in the terms of '97, '01, '03, '05, '07, '13 and '15, and was Speaker of the House in 1917, is one of the ablest members of the present General Assembly. The Raleigh News & Observer regards him "the most adroit debater in the House."

He is open and frank; true and sincere; and is absolutely a trustworthy and dependable supporter of measures that meet his conception of right and wisdom. He never straddles, and damns nothing by declaring his endorsement and then sticking splinters and pins in the proposition. He eliminates the "IFS."

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they just shine.---Anon.

Hon. R. O. Everett.



Hon. R. O. Everett, who represents Durham county in the present General Assembly, is a very able and valuable member. Mr. Everett is a patriotic, strong-minded North Carolinian. He looks into the future. He is not content merely with present-day requirements, getting around momentary obstacles, but he has an eye to future good and progress. Gov. Morrison has recently appointed Mr. Everett chairman of a commission, representing North Carolina in the conduct of the Cotton Association in connection with like commissions from other cotton producing states.

Reflected Light

*"The sun, the moon, the stars,
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed."*

A Terrible Taste.

By Jim Riddick.

That terrible tragedy being unfolded in the Federal Court at Greensboro is about the nastiest thing that has occurred in the state for ages. Whatever the outcome, a stain has been left that will require eternity to wipe out. Oh, the sins of the world!

But what I started out to say was not to contribute to the circulation and spreading of the dirty business, but to contemplate for just a moment how eagerly the public await, grasp and become absorbed in the published details of this crime against decent society of the state.

I walked through the long train, pulling out of the station at Greensboro, Thursday morning, for Raleigh. Every seat was taken by a passenger. Every living thing had in his or her hand a copy of the morning paper, completely absorbed in the court proceedings that concerned the dirty Lexington affair. So absorbed, two passengers forgot to quit the train at their destination. After the passengers read the account, some seemed to be re-reading

the account as if they sought to memorize it; and the balance engaged in analyzing the testimony and unravel the ungodly affair.

Had the leading article concerned the generous act of a millionaire giving to the cause of education, or the cause of the Christian church, or the cause of suffering humanity, or for the relief of distressed humanity, probably not 10 per cent of the passengers would have seen the story, and less than one-half of one per cent would have considered it of sufficient moment to discuss it with his fellow passenger.

Scandal, vice, infidelity, corruption and crime never want for an audience to breathlessly follow their doings on the stage of action. And in every town there seems to be maintained an official circle of gossipers, who feel it their bounden duty to keep alive the smut and slime and pass it along. And some of these folks think themselves important entities in the community.

Decent society is a long sufferer.

Rare Discovery.

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out his statements by facts, a little larger in deeds than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair and Campbell.--Holmes.

Good Advice.

"Here," said a citizen yesterday, "is a little bit of verse that I clipped from a magazine called 'Cheer.' An d I believe that it's worth passing along."

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley---be

The best little scrub at the side of the hill;

Be a bush if you cant be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of grass.

Some highway to happier make,

If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass---

But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,

There's something for all of us here;

There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star,

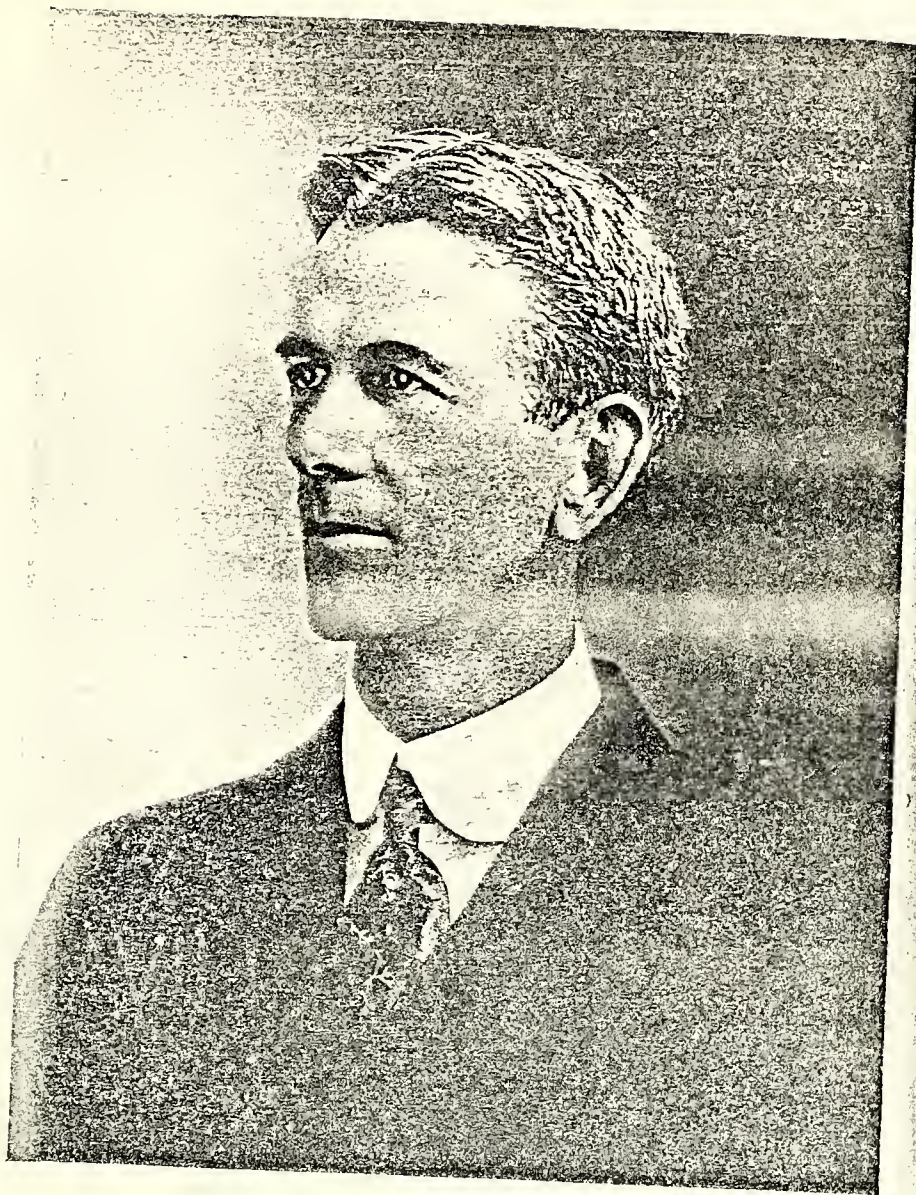
It isn't by size that you win or you fail---

Be the best of whatever you are.

Building Or Destroying?

The massive jaws of a derrick had gripped a huge steel girder that was about to be swung toward the top of the skeleton of a skyscraper. On the beam stood a man who was proud of his job, for he said, "Yes, sir, I like to see things going up, and not coming down. I worked for a wrecking company for several years; helped take buildings down; never felt good over it. It's better, more satisfying work to help build something up. Give me structural work all the time. Away she goes." And the man stood aside, and, with a look of approval on his face, saw

the great beam take its dizzy course up to the place intended for it. But this man had had a similar experience in another sphere, and his words applied there too. For he had been a destroyer of morals--his own and those of others. The time came when he decided it wasn't satisfactory business, and so he turned about and became a builder. No longer was he willing to belong to a wrecking crew, doing Satan's bidding. He changed his way of living, united with the church, and dedicated himself to the soul-inspiring task of helping as many as he could to find their place in God's spiritual temple.---Young Folks



Robert Wright

ROBERT HERRING WRIGHT.

Prof. Robert Herring Wright is the president of East Carolina Training School, a state institution located in Greenville, N. C. Prof. Wright was the first president of this institution and has continued regularly at its head up to this good day.

He is a native of Sampson county, having been born May 21st, 1870, just ninety-five years and one day after the immortals met in Charlotte and issued to the world the famous "Declaration of Independence." His father's name was John C. and his mother's Betty Valden (Herring) Wright. They lived on the farm, from which young Wright attended the regular public and subscription schools of that period. After a period at Oak Ridge Institute, he attended the University of North Carolina, graduated from there in 1897 with the degree of B. S. He is a post-graduate of Johns Hopkins, and spent a while in the Teachers' College of Columbia University.

Just as true as the needle is to the North Pole, this man Wright saw nothing that attracted him for his life work but that of teaching. He exercised his young teaching traits and ambitions in a school in Bladen county. It was a one-room school, and he taught the whole thing. And if this interesting and magnetic character were on the witness stand, with or without the influences of a solemn oath, he would say, like 95 per cent of others who have taught, that that "was the best school he ever taught." Methods, practices, conditions and schedules were in those days such that it was put right up to the teacher whether there would be what could be termed

a school. There was no division of responsibilities, and the burden was on the teacher. Prof. Wright liked the music of the school-room; and, he was fascinated with the responses evident in his pupils; and, being a student of nature and always charmed with the awakening of lives and minds to better and larger things, he planted himself firmly in the business of teaching school.

He had teaching experience at Oak Ridge, Baltimore City College, and just prior to his coming back to North Carolina, in 1909, he held the position of principal of the Eastern High School of Baltimore.

Through his wisdom, earnest devotion and an unusual amount of energy, he has made of the East Carolina Training School an important factor in the educational life of North Carolina. The primary purpose of this institution is to teach teachers, preparing folks to do well their chosen work in the school rooms of the state.

Prof. Wright's great ability has been time and again, being recognized and appreciated, drawn upon by the educational forces of the state to aid in the solution of perplexing problems that confront the schools and the school system. He is now chairman of the School Commission, which was charged with the important business of making a survey of the educational work of the state. That report is a cold and unvarnished revelation of that which can give no pleasure to those, who would have North Carolina doing her part --her full part--towards the education of childhood in the state. While this report is an indictment, it is nevertheless interesting, in that it shows up the unwisdom of many

practices that have prevailed among the educational forces in the past. Inasmuch as these theories were regarded when sprung as the solution of the problem, there may be some skepticism about the wisdom of some of the recommendations of the late report by this Educational Commission.

There is this one certain thing about the whole matter: no power in the state could influence this strong, resolute man to so far forget himself as to sign up to the varnishing of failures, mistakes and lost motion of the past. His eyes are set to the future.

Personally, Prof. Wright is genial,

sweet spirited and has a most striking personality. He is justly popular with all school men, and those, who enjoy his acquaintance, admire him. His natural sense of humor has made of him a delightful story teller; and a new or old joke, coming from him, creates a relish for more and scatters good cheer. Prof. Wright is one of the state's strong and dependable men. His association with ex-Governor Jarvis, who spent his last days in the interest of the East Carolina Training School, has enabled Prof. Wright to give the best estimate of the Grand Old man, his power and usefulness. We love to talk to him about Old Man Jarvis.

From Doubt to Faith.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, with academic, professional and honorary degrees from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Washington and Lee, Aberdeen and Edinburg, holds a place almost alone in his profession. For some twenty years professor of obstetrics and gynecology in Johns Hopkins University, his position has been beyond question the highest in America and Europe, and his published works cause him to be reckoned the most eminent of all authorities in his own field. He writes:

I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth, and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers; have

heard them discuss the profoundest questions; have myself engaged in scientific work; and so know the value of such opinions. I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I have been brought up---that of a Protestant Episcopalian---by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then again say them, not knowing Hebrew nor archaeology well, and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain.

So I floundered on for some years trying, as some of my higher critical friends are trying today, to continue to us the Bible as the Word of God and at the same time holding it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of mental gymnastics---a bridge over the chasm sepa

rating an old Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the Book a great light and glow of heat, yet shivered out in the cold.

One day it occurred to me to see what the Book had to say about itself. As a short, but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked out "Word", when I found that the Bible claimed from one to the other to be the authoritative Word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my text-book of religion, as I would a text-book in any science, testing it by submitting to it conditions. I found that Christ Himself invites men (John 7:17) to do this.

I now believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. That all men without exception are by nature sinners alienated from God, and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God Himself came down to earth, and by shedding His blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world. I believe that he who thus receives Jesus Christ as his Saviour is born again spiritually as definitely as in the first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with Him forever. I believe no man can save himself with good works, or what is commonly known as a "moral life," such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

Satan I believe to be the cause of

man's fall and sin, and his rebellion against God as rightful governor. Satan is the prince of all the kingdoms of this world, yet will in the end be cast into the pit and made harmless. Christ will come again in glory to earth to reign even as He went away from the earth, and I look for His return day by day.

I believe the Bible to be God's Word, because, as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it, a transformation correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure desires, and teaching that concerning righteousness of God which those who do not so use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world could do, that appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature--one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, a God far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings, and shows me that the infinite God creator of the world, took our very nature upon Himself that He might in infinite love be one with His people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adopted to all classes and races, and it is intellectual suicide knowing it not to believe it.

What it means to me is as intimate

and a difficult a question to answer as to be required to give reasons for love of father and mother, wife and children. But this reasonable faith gives me a different relation to family and friends; greater tenderness to these and deeper interest in all men. It takes away the fear of death and creates a bond with those gone before. It shows me God as a Father who thoroughly understands, who can give control of appetites and affections, and rouse one to fight with self instead of being self-contented.

And if faith so reveals God to me, I go without question wherever He may lead me I can put his assertions and commands above every seeming probability in life, dismissing cherished convictions and looking upon the wisdom and ratiocinations of men as folly opposed to Him. I place no limits to faith when once vested in God, the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, and can trust Him though I should have to stand alone before the world in declaring Him to be true.

Pity

God pity the man and his cause who have to pass under the judgment of a small man, drunk with brief authority, pretending friendship and interest but industriously persuing the business of splitting hairs.

Shifting Sands Hurled.

By D. V. Meekins in News and Observer.

The greatest playground of nature in Eastern America is down on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, where moving mountains of sand spread through woods and fields, wherever the hard sea winds may direct. Hundreds of acres of sand are sometimes heaped to heights of a hundred feet, but always shifting to the southward, covering farms, blocking highways, choking forests, devastating, hiding or destroying whatever happens to be ahead.

The sailor approaching Roanoke Island from seaward or soundward, sees above everything else on the

horizon, a yellow mass that is visible for many miles. As he approaches nearer, the panorama reveals many features characteristic of other hills. There are gentle slopes, abrupt rises, plateaus, valleys and pointed summits. The tops of trees show thick in places, suggesting some dwarfed forest denied sufficient sustenance to thrive upon. Apparent chasms here and there in the ranges, on close inspection prove to be trails leading inland from the shore.

SANDY MIST GREET'S TOURIST

The tourist who journeys the is-

land roads in the forests south of the hills, is often aroused from his contemplation of the high pines and clinging grape-vines on either hand, by turns in the road which, like the drawing of some rustic curtain, unveil high piled masses of sand. If the wind is blowing strongly from the north, a sandy mist drifts from the hilltops, and filters through the pines. Sometimes the drift is thick enough to prevent recognition of objects no farther away than a hundred yards, and the tiny grains in the air, quickly fill the eyes and throat of those who travel through it.

The sand drifting southward in this apparently slow manner, fills woods and fields, and drifts up in piles against any objects in the way, much in the manner of snowdrifts, heaping higher and faster than a stranger would imagine. In three years one hill has reached, covered and moved several yards beyond a highway used by the natives for many generations. In order to again connect the several sections, it was necessary to build two more miles of road around the hill.

The shrubbery showing like stunted trees, above the hills, is in reality the tops of very high pines which are surviving members of small forests around which the sandhills have wrapped in the endless march to the southward. Slopes amid the hills reveal tree-trunks buried to various depths which grow deeper, day by day, as the sand moves more and more.

SAND COVERS CEMETERY

In one of these forests, parts of a cemetery, wherein repose the remains of many generations of Roa-

noke Islanders, may be seen at the foot of a hillside. The greater part of this burying ground has been relentlessly covered by the sand, but here and there, an ancient stone struggles to tell the tale.

Not alone is this cemetery a reminder of what the hill can hide. A popular tradition has it that buried under one of these hills, the Pirate Blackbeard's hut beneath the floor of which considerable booty was left, remains hidden to this day. Sometimes, perhaps when the hill has taken its train away, the tradition will be routed or affirmed.

The hiding place of the pirates' hut may be only a myth, but the sand hills have taken other treasures. They have taken fields which were formerly fertile, have covered them with a subsoil of barren sand. Cornstalks still stand in rows no longer fit for cultivation, and there the yellow drifts pile higher and higher in the ruthless building of a hill, interesting only as freak of nature and useless for any purpose.

SANDHILLS ALONG BEACH

Over at Nag's Head, four miles away, sandhills lie along the barren beaches for miles and miles. When the cold north winds sweep in from the sea and pierce the coast guard pitilessly, they pick up stinging blasts of sand and like chaff from the hand of some great winnower, pile up little mountains. For centuries they have been ceaselessly blown across the beaches, here today and elsewhere tomorrow as it were, actually having covered cottages built by sojourners at the summer resort at Nag's Head.

The hills of Nag's Head move more fastly than the hills of Roanoke-

Island. They receive the full strength of furious seawinds and the unobstructed beaches afford a freer area in which to move about. The hills of Roanoke Island are raised only in certain places of the east of the island where the coast is more exposed; but though there are more hills on the beaches, the possibilities of damage are insignificant in comparison with that done by the hills on Roanoke Island where useful farms and woodlands happen to be in the way.

A HEAVY LIABILITY

The sandhills are a heavy liability. They are worthless for commercial purposes. This particular sand is devoid of mineral matter which would make it suitable material for glass, and the grains have blown about until they are too smooth for use in concrete. They are interesting but destructive and there is little protection from their ravages. Some of the natives spurred by the damage done their holdings have found effective means by which to arrest the rapid movement of the sand. Encouragement of every kind of growth in the paths of the hills proved effectual, provided sufficient shrubbery could be grown to the windward to break the force of the winds. By these means, hills of tremendous size have been retarded in their progress until sufficient straw and leaves had fallen thickly enough to hold the force from the sand.

Aside from the destruction accomplished by the hills, there is an atmosphere of interest which is attractive to those who visit the territory. In autumn the grey squirrels gambol boldly in the trees. Grapes, black and

purple and blue, sweet and redolent as the gardens of Solomon hang in abundance from high climbing vines. In winter the mistletoe gleams there and holly smiles on the snow that spreads itself on the hillsides.

In summer the shade of the trees, the invigorating Southern breezes, and the fathered songsters in the shrubbery invite the tired wanderer to stop, and rest; and there may be found the peace of mind denied those who may be burdened with the cares of business in a great city. There is peace and rest and freedom for the taking, in nature's playground, the sandhills.

A \$40,000 School For China Grove.

As a result of the visit to China Grove yesterday of Prof. J. H. Highsmith State inspector of high schools, and Prof. R. G. Kizer superintendent of schools for Rowan county it has been definitely decided to consolidate the two high schools now being conducted at that place, one at the Farm Life School and the other in China Grove. This will give one high school for that town and it is believed this plan will work for the good of these schools.

Another thing being considered and which will probably materialize is the erection of a new modern \$40,000 school building for China Grove. The old frame building has long ago served its purpose, is unsafe and over-crowded, with inadequate equipment and it is planned to provide that town with a school building equipped and sufficient to take care of the school needs of that progressive and growing Rowan town for years to come.—Salisbury Post.

Building and Loan Association.

Thos. P. Lee in Greensboro News.

To learn to do carpenter work is to cultivate one of the most natural tendencies of mankind, not only of mankind either, for the wild beasts of the forest have the same natural tendency, that of building a home. Even the fish of the sea have the same instinct, but neither man, nor beast, nor fish, nor fowl seem to think, nor feel it necessary to build, or have a home until a mate has been chosen.

A kindred tendency and desire that of selecting a mate and allowing the mate to make certain suggestions about the home where she is to be mistress and mother to a new generation.

It is a serious mistake for man to wait until he has selected his mate to begin to save for his home, although the actual building may well wait the suggestions of the mistress.

If you are a normal man it is most certain that sooner or later you will want a mate and the mate will demand, and must have, a home in which to rear her children. If your mate has babies she is only following the God-given instincts which perpetuate the race.

Therefore young men, if you would take an honorable part in the affairs of the nation, if you would fulfill that patriotic duty to your country and the future generation, you should begin now to save that you might have money with which to build a home.

We cannot all be carpenters, the actual builders of houses, but we do all have the home instinct which

should make us save our earnings that we might, after choosing our mate, build a home.

There is no better way of saving, systematically and conservatively, no more sure way of having money in time of need than to join a reliable building and loan association.

You simply bid for so many shares at \$100 par value; on these, or for these you pay at the rate of 25 cents per week if you want them to mature in six years and 38 weeks. If you would have your stock mature in three and one-half years you pay 50 cents on each share for each week. The stock is tax-free; there being neither state, nor county, nor revenue charged on it; still it draws you interest at the rate of six per cent annually. No savings bank in the United States can offer you as good proposition; no bank is more reliable.

The average young man spends enough money each week, foolishly, to pay the instalment on sufficient shares of B. and L. stock to make him rich at date of maturity.

I am not in the B. and L. business, that is I have no shares to sell, but I do want to urge young men to take advantage of the opportunity now and when the time for home-building comes they will have money to build a house---under the suggestions of the mate.

Let us have a special campaign for the young unmarried men. How about it Mr. B. and L. man---can't you let down the gap some way? How about taking off the "entrance fee" for 30 days to encourage the young men to start? How about it

Mr. Bossman, you who have a young man working for you, suppose you have several of them, some are paying for stock with which they are going to build the nest; others spend all their earnings in waste; if hard times hit your business who will you cut off.

I believe that I can see you reasoning rightly, that the young man who is looking to the building of the home and the rearing of babies will make you the best man for your business, whatever it may be.—Thos P. Lee.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Supt. and Mrs. C. E. Boger spent Saturday in Charlotte.

Mr. D. H. Pitts, of Concord, spent a few hours with friends at the school Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Hobby and Mr. G. H. Lawrence, made a business trip to Salisbury Friday.

Boys who received visits from home folks Wednesday were: John Wright, Mark Jolly, and the Suther boys.

Mr. John J. Blair, of Wilmington, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Training School, was here Friday morning.

Miss Mary Young, of the Sunderland Hall School, spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Pearl Young, at second cottage.

Mr. H. M. Rose, Supt. of Public Welfare, of Johnson County, accompanied Doan Manning to the school

last week. Manning has been assigned to Second Cottage.

Mrs. Jolly, of Guilford, who visited her son here Wednesday, expressed her-self as being delighted with the well-kept buildings and grounds, and was especially impressed with the cleanliness of the boys.

Rev. Mr. Martin, of the First Baptist Church of Concord, preached at the Chapel Sunday evening. A pleasing feature of the service was the violin music furnished by members of Mr. Martin's church.

The tap of the hammers, the hum of the saws, the rattle of bricks, the scraping of trowels and the call of the teamsters as heard here-about, are but the proofs that the Door of Opportunity is soon to be opened to sixty more boys in North Carolina.

He ran away early Wednesday morning. No one thought it of him, as he had always been tractable enough. But here, as elsewhere, the unexpected often happens. When his absence was noticed, the corpulent Mr. Corzine, irate and vengeful, set out to catch him. Through fields and woods the trail left by the fugitive led. On went Mr. Corzine, feeling sure of a capture, when suddenly the trail was lost in the depths of the woods. Undaunted the wily Mr. Corzine, knowing the habits of run-aways, hurried on to the old home of the fugitive. There by the side of his mother's pen, the pig, grunting his satisfaction at being at home, was found.

“The greatest sin is not the making of a mistake, but being satisfied with it.”

Cabarrus News.

Mrs. J. M. Grier is in a Charlotte hospital for treatment.

Mr. George S. Klutz has returned from a business trip to New York.

Miss Cora Lee Buchanan, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, is rapidly recovering.

North Carolina Day was pretty generally observed by the county public schools on last Friday.

Miss Lucy Hartsell, a student of Salem College, is at home. Miss Hartsell has been detained on account of illness.

Miss Elizabeth Coltrane is spending a time in New York. She will, on her return, visit her sister, Mrs. Frank Dusch, of Norfolk.

Mr. C. S. Smart, superintendent of the Locke Cotton Mills, who is undergoing treatment at a hospital in Statesville, is improving.

Mrs. J. C. Gibson, accompanied by her brother Mr. Richard Puryear, of Yadkin county, have returned from a trip to points in Florida.

Dr. Joe A. Hartsell is away for a period taking a special course in the government hospital at Greenville, S. C. Mrs. Hartsell is with him.

Rev. T. W. Smith officiated at the marriage of Miss Ruth Goodnight to Mr. W. S. Hartsell. These young people are representative folks of No. 3.

The news from the sick bed of Mr. John F. Yorke, of Charlotte, who has been desperately ill after an operation at the hospital, is very encouraging.

The Charlotte News informs the public that Mecklenburg has on the tax book 400 sheep and 2,500 dogs. Wonder what the aggregate for the entire state is?

Ill health has forced the resignation of Mr. W. L. Bell, who has for a time been connected with the Concord Furniture Company. He is bothered with sciatica.

Chief of Police, Caleb Robinson, is in a bragging humor. People have been behaving for a period. He thinks it is because they have learned to stay at home better.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Howard have returned from their bridal trip to a number of Northern cities. This popular couple received a cordial welcome home by their many friends.

The Cabarrus Black Boys Chapter of D. A. R.'s met on Wednesday with Mrs. C. A. Cannon. It was a profitable meeting and a number of additions were made to the membership.

Mrs. R. P. Benson, who has been spending a period with her father in the Eastern part of the state, is with her husband at their home in Concord. Mr. Benson met her at Raleigh.

Lieut. Earnest C. Norman, one of

the handsomest soldiers the United States furnished to the overseas army, is at home direct from Germany, for a short visit before returning to his command now located near Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fox, of Charlotte, spent Sunday with Senator and Mrs. L. T. Hartsell. Mr. Fox is now connected with the American Trust Company. Mr. Fox is remembered here very pleasantly, having been for years cashier of the Citizens Bank & Trust Co.

Mesdames John K. Patterson, J. L. Hartsell, W. D. Pemberton, A. M. Brown, W. S. Bingham, M. H. Caldwell, D. B. Morrison, J. F. Goodson, R. E. Ridenhour, W. L. Bell, J. C. Fink and L. P. Davis, of this city, attended the War Mothers meeting in Charlotte.

An Object Lesson.

There comes to us a simple little story that has all the human interest in it that one would wish to follow. The man--the husband--the father was overtaken by illness. He had enjoyed splendid wages, when everything was on a riot in prices. He had everything to buy. Everything cost much; but wages were glorious, and he did not think, or at least in his simple soul he felt that full time would come.

Full times stopped with a sudden thud. Wages dropped down. Short times prevailed in the work that engaged him. Then his illness snapped his strength. He grew so weak that labor was impossible. He wasted, finally dying. This occurred in Concord.

There was left a widow, frail and all but hopeless. A ten months'

old child was left an orphan. That kid came into this world without being consulted. Its parentage was of no concern to it. The environment was not of its choosing. The widowed woman could not sustain the child. She could not sustain herself. She was hopeless.

Having pride, her condition was slow in leaking out. Her dire distress and the perishing child for proper food to sustain it, paying the terrible cost of poverty and want, came to the ears of the King's Daughters. They tendered their help. The mother was perfectly willing to go to the County Home (And Cabarrus county has a home that reflects a heart in our people) except for the child--this she could not part with. A council was held. That mother's love for her child touched the tender hearts of the women. They acted. They planned. Sustenance was carried to the poor woman, and the right kind of food was furnished for the babe. Now after a few weeks, what has happened--

This is the answer. Hope has been but into the heart and soul of that widow. Her pride has been saved. She is able to work, and she is making an honest, upright living by the work of her own hands; and the baby--why, the baby responding to the proper nourishment and the right care is as fat as a pig and the happiest little thing in the town.

And this is what can be done by a few women, forgetting themselves and their own special comfort, going out to do service for distressed humanity. This is the kind of society that leaves its imprint on the world.

Men, Have a Heart.

As the snow descends silently

covering the earth with a white chill, there lies slowly dying a woman, at her home near Sunderland Hall. She has tuberculosis. She has been nursing it in all her ignorance. The family has contributed of its strength, its care and loving watchfulness, until they and the near neighbors are exhausted.

They are bread earners. This they must do to make an honest living. But this charge that has been entrusted to them requires much time that cuts short their earning capacity. Suffering is thus precipitated upon innocent ones. Oh, the horror of it! This is just one life, and there is no earthly hope for saving the woman. She must pay the price of a disease that some one in carelessness dropped the germ that attacked her system. And now that she is suffering and dying, how do we know that those loving, tender hands that now wait upon her, are not themselves ignorant of the dangerous liability of contracting the disease? Who know but that within two years, one, two three, four or even more of the kind folks attending this poor dying woman may not develop the terrible white plague, all because they did not know how to handle it?

But a distress call has gone out. The family and friends are willing, though practically unable, to bear some cost for assistance. Through the snowy night call after call has gone out here and there, seeking to employ a nurse. No nurse can be found. The answers that come in response to the call are sickening. Some have no time; some have a baby to look after; some can't afford to lose the time; the pay is not sufficient; it's too cold I don't want to. This be the inhumanity to man.

Had the county commissioners the right to erect at the County Home a tubercular camp, all this misery, trouble, sorrow and exposure would be eliminated---and the cost would be less, and the danger of spreading the fearful disease reduced to a minimum. "Am I my brother's keeper," can not be escaped. You may fool yourself here for a while; but the time, the awful time, is coming to all of us when we will have to stand up and be counted and forced to say whether or no we have ever played the part of a brother's keeper.

These be fearful times in which we live.

Tuberculosis Quarters.

The Concord Tribune has this to say about a very important matter: "Considerable interest has been created here for the building of a tubercular hospital for the indigent and needy tubercular patients in this county by the King's Daughters, County Commissioners and Anti-Tuberculosis Association. The Home has become a necessity, for it has been shown that the only means of fighting the white plague is by teaching the people to protect themselves and others. Mecklenburg and Guilford counties are now working along the same line as this county, and are asking the Legislature for power to draw on their general funds for the money necessary to provide such a hospital and its maintenance. Senator L. T. Hartsell and Representative H. S. Williams, of this county will be asked to keep this matter in mind and have the necessary Legislation passed at the present session of the legislature."

The Testing Of Our Associates

Probably one of the very best ways of testing a friend is to trust him. If you act in a suspicious manner toward a friend he is practically certain to suspect you, and if there is any vestige of treachery in his nature it will come out. However, if you show that you are trustful, whatever is true in him will respond to your confidence. Treat a friend as though you esteemed him highly, and he will show his all greatness. There may be exceptions to the rule, but the rule will prove itself. It is the only principle---if we look for good we find it, whether it be in life, in ourselves or in our friends. Speak the kindly word. How often do we hear people express themselves in most superlative terms of praise over those who are dead. From the preacher to every curious-minded attendant, words or commendation are likely to be said often of those who do not deserve it when they are lying dead. Is it not true that too many of us are disposed, under ordinary conditions, to find that which we can criticise and to seek out the weak spots in the character and the traits which are open to condemnation? Yet is it not also true that we all crave the kind word, we all appreciate the word of praise? This helps, the other hinders. The optimistic note in daily conversation, the aim to find that which is hopeful and helpful in everyone with whom we associate; these will be material aids to better understanding and better living. S. L. Schenck here says:

"In life---not death---

Hearts need fond words to help
them on their way;
Need tender thoughts and gentle

sympathy,
Careless, pleasant looks to cheer
each passing day."

---Selected

Wilson On The Bible.

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves--read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only but also of the things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life as men have been always; and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not, what things make men happy---loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them---and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy---selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean. When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your heart, your own happiness and your own duty."

How To Make Words.

Among other interesting items by Rambler in the Morganton News-Herald, Miss Cobb's paper, we find this:

"The use of manufactured verbs out of nouns is satirized in the story of the city boy who wrote to his brother on the farm: 'Thursday we

autoed out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there.' The brother on the farm wrote back: 'Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and poked till morning. We then muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown, whereupon we suppered and piped for a while. After that we staircased to our room and bedsteaded till the clock fived.'"

Thinking

Working hard and smiling will boost a man up the ladder of success far quicker than it takes for the criticising, procrastinating. Thinking sobriety will accomplish most any problem; swelling up and getting mad at every little reverse in life only adds to your own discomfort. It makes those who are your best friends feel that you are taking it all out on them. Then learn to smile when things do not go altogether your own way; do some thinking real thinking; consider the other fellow's feelings in all matters; think of that golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they do unto you."

The thinking man always wins out; in other words, he comes out on top. He may meet some reverses, but if he will keep on thinking and planning he will win in the end.

A Few Interesting Statistics

If all the dust brushed off railway passengers by Pullman porters in the course of a year could be collected in a single pile it would almost fill one small pill box.

If all the tips refused by all the waiters in the United States were merged in a single fund and put out at 6 percent interest, at the end of a year it would amount to enough to buy a picture post card.

If all the letters delivered on time by the Postmaster General during the year were placed end to end, they would reach clear across Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington.

If all the kisses refused under the influence of moonlight and mid-summer madness since the beginning of time could be exploded simultaneously, the report would be nearly as loud as that of a child's popgun with a missing cork.—Ex.

A Wasted Life.

"In the little town where I was born," says Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, "on the banks of the Severn, there was a man who worked in the iron works; he worked as few men worked. He had a boy, his only child. His ambition for the boy was that he should become a doctor. The boy received the hard-earned money of his father for his medical training. How that father economized! How he impoverished himself that his lad might become a doctor! Then it came out that the boy was wasting his father's money, and year after year there was the same story ---he was 'plucked' I remember how I resented it. I knew the longing of his heart, and there in that house was the tragedy of disappointed hope, the man spending all his strength that the lad might become what he wanted him to be, and the lad failing ignominiously to fulfill his father's desire."

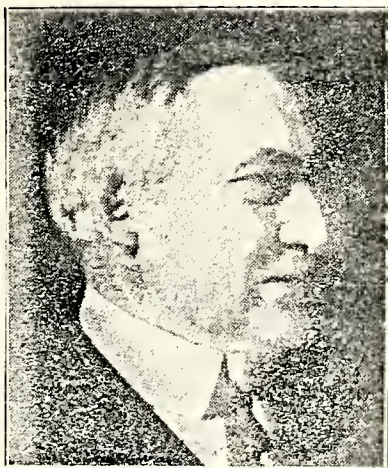
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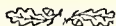
CONCORD, N. C. MAR. 5, 1921

NO. 18



PRESIDENT WARREN G. HARDING

See Page 13.



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Concord, N. C.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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A Tonic.

*If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or
make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he lives in the
woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.--Emerson.*

HERE'S PROOF OF THE STATE'S RICHNESS.

Two fat office-holders in the state are arguing with each other over the question: "Is North Carolina a rich state?" Neither one of them is a producer, but each is a theorist and, while they don't exactly juggle figures, they make them do funny stunts.

But the State Board of Health comes along, in discussing another matter, furnishes that which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that North Carolina is the richest state in the Union. Here it is:

"North Carolina now leads the entire United State with the highest birth rate in the Union according to statistics for 1920 just compiled by the State Board of Health. At the same time this state has one of the lowest death rates.

Reports during the past year show a total of 83,966 births in the state, a rate of 32.8 per thousand. The deaths totaled for the same period 33,228, a rate of 12.9 per thousand. These figures do not include the stillbirths, which amounted to 4,171 for the year.

During 1920 every six minutes a new life was born into the state; every fifteen minutes another life was snapped off. That the births are so far in excess of the deaths accounts for the large increase in the population of the state during the last decade as shown by the last cen-

sus figures, for the state has had little increase by reason of immigration."

It requires more than money to constitute a condition of wealth. All the money in the world, inclusive of real estate and personal property, would not buy a drop of water in a certain climate beyond this veil of tears. This shows the impotency of wealth. The state that can claim the highest birth rate and the lowest death rate possesses a wealth incalculable, and a condition of morals, cleanliness and climate guarantee a health that is worth all the gold in the world---and the influences of these virtues have great weight in the beyond where all your filthy lucre is as trash.

♦♦♦♦

A TERRIBLE LOSS.

The approximate fire loss of the state during the month of January was \$617,000. The loss in November was \$1,584,000 and for December it was \$1,026,000.

The fact that 80 per cent of this is due to carelessness and incendiarism, is a high reason why the officials of the Insurance Department exert so much effort to bring the need of more carefulness to the attention of the people. The fires, due to carelessness and wastefulness, would educate the children of the state, and build hundreds of school houses.

♦♦♦♦

TO-DAY IGNORANCE IS A DISGRACE.

The simple fact that a person can neither read nor write, is, by no means, a certainty that that person is ignorant. There is a native ability that makes of some men and women objects of great wonder; but had they been educated, what a power they would have been. It is possible, too, for some people, pretty well educated, to be after all quite ignorant because of the lack of common sense---they seem to have been born just that way. The late Riley Kindley, of Mt. Pleasant, of most limited education but of most uncommon native ability, used to make this comment: "It is the worst thing in the world to have no sense." No one will gainsay it.

This brings us to some comments made by Miss Cobb, editorially, in her most excellent paper, the Morganton News-Herald. She has been attending court in her county. Just listen to this:

Looking, however, back of the so often tragic scenes depicted in the criminal court proceedings the thing that impresses itself on the observer is that if these people who do things that class them as law break-

ers could have been educated they would have been lifted out of conditions that foster law breaking. The evidences of ignorance that can be seen in one day here in our own court are astonishing---actually pitiful. "I ain't got no 'edjumoncation,' Mr. Solicitor," was the wail of a comparatively young man who was on the stand the other day. The pity of it! It made one wonder whether or not he had a fair chance in life. If he did and threw it away, he has no one to blame but himself. If he did not, then how much is society to blame that such conditions have been allowed to exist?

It may sound hard, but it is nevertheless true that any young man today, who has a reasonable amount of sound brain, to be unable to read and write classes himself utterly without ambition and all but sorry. When people decide to hold such folks strictly to accountability, making them feel that such a condition is disgraceful, it will eliminate much of the sad condition that necessarily follows the inability to read and write. Ignorance, if it can be avoided, is a sin; and sin is ignorance.

Miss Cobb, a suggestion: If your "edjumoncation" fellow has any character visible enough to touch, get some kind-hearted person in your town to volunteer to teach him to write his name and to read. It can be done inside of ten days. Then report the experience.

o o o o

THE STATE'S GOLD MINE.

The announcement is made that, by the end of the fiscal year, the Insurance Department will have paid into the treasury a round one million dollars, as the collections from the agencies for license to do business in the state. There are over 18,000 agencies and companies, which have to secure from the department license to do business.

The next fiscal year begins with April 1st. This is a department of the state government which was built up from nothing by Col. Jas. R. Young, the first commissioner and who voluntarily retired to go into the banking business. His successor is Mr. Stacy W. Wade, who has a record for activity and efficiency in whatever he finds to do.

This office is, in results, a veritable gold mine.

o o o o

NEW PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

Probably never before in the history of this country has there been quite so much persistent and prolonged speculation relative to the makeup of a president-elect's cabinet as has been indulged in over the probable selections by Mr. Harding.

The announcement of his selection was followed by a general approval of

the high character and outstanding ability of the men selected for the several positions of secretaries. As the public judges ability and capacity for service, it is freely remarked that a number of the men selected for cabinet positions are much abler than the president-elect himself.

It is rare that such things occur, but Mr. Harding has displayed great good sense in finding a lot of men, whom the public at once regarded with confidence and hope.

o o o o

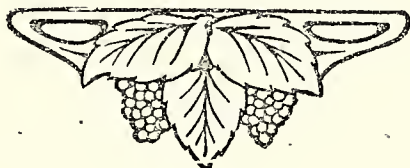
In another column of this issue we have the pleasure of printing a compilation of certain matter regarding a man of letters, who rushed into poetry inspired by the noble act of certain Baltimore women, who sought to relieve the distressed condition of the South by holding a Fair. That those folks raised \$165,000 for the purpose, made those people all but kin, and the city of Baltimore is loved throughout the South. The poetic outburst, predicated on the English legend, shows the fine heart and spirit of Wallis, the author.

o o o o

There has been lodged with us a criticism of the picture THE UPLIFT carried in last week's issue of Congressman-elect Hammer. It is alleged that the ex-district attorney did not have a mustache. Why, that is simple: he has been too busy recently to patronize a barber, besides this great, big man is so vigorous that he could inside of two weeks sport a flowing set of whiskers that would outdo the finest specimen of a seventh-day adventist.

o o o o

Tom Dixon, who has appeared large through the legislative days, though brilliant and dramatic, is himself quite a tragedy. It is a wonder after the trimming Jim Pou gave him before a committee that the rich ex-preacher should have had the nerve to come back and tackle the women, who are demanding decency and cleanliness in the movies.



Severn Teackle Wallis

Severn Teackle Wallis was born in Baltimore, September 8th, 1816. He was graduated at St. Mary's College in 1832, and then studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1837.

He became interested in the law and in the literature of Spain. In 1843 he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid. In 1849 he was sent to Spain by the United States government to examine the titles of East Florida lands.

Mr. Wallis was a member of the Maryland House of Delegates as a strong anti-war Democrat. He was imprisoned for more than fourteen months, only to be unconditionally released, without ever being told the charges against him. In 1870 he succeeded John P. Kennedy as provost of the University of Maryland. April 11, he died in his native city.

The Blessed Hand,

Which he wrote and which we reproduce, had a setting that should touch the heart of those who respect and honor the heroes of '61-'65. And this story of a great event comes to us as follows:

"After the war ended, there was so much want and destitution throughout the South, as an entire lack of seed and implements with which to start in life, that some ladies in Baltimore conceived the idea of holding a Fair for the purpose of raising a sum of money which should be applied to relieving the great want known to be wide-spread throughout the South. The result was the "Southern Relief Fair," which proved a great success, as the expenses were almost nothing, while all found something to give for the Fair. The amount realized was about \$165,000.

Among those who entered into the work of the Fair with great enthusi-

asm was Mr. Wallis; and soon after the opening, when he had seen the way in which the ladies worked, and how true and earnest was their desire to help those who were suffering, the legend of "The Blessed Hand" came to his mind, and he wrote the poem, which follows this article. He had it printed and sent to the Fair for sale. So perfectly did the lines agree with the feeling that filled every heart, and so beautiful were they in themselves, that great numbers of the printed copies were sold."

There is a legend of an English monk, Anselm, who died at the monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay. Wallis' poem is:

For you and me, who love the light
Of God's upcloistered day,

It were indeed a dreary lot
 To shut ourselves away
 From every glad and sunny thing
 And pleasant sight and sound,
 And pass from out a silent cell
 Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, Anselm, thought,
 For in his cloister's shade,
 The cheerful faith that lit his heart
 Its own sweet sunshine made;
 And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
 From matin-song till even,
 And trusted, in the Book of Life,
 To read his name in heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
 Filled full of saintly lore!
 What pages, brightened by his hand,
 The splendid missals bore!
 What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
 Around each blessed name,
 And how his Saviour's cross and crown
 Shone out from cloud and flame!

But unto clerk as unto clown
 One summons comes, always,
 And brother Anselm heard the call
 At vesper-chime, one day.
 His busy pen was in his hand,
 His parchment by his side—
 He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
 Kissed Jesus' name, and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
 Flashed o'er the graven stone,
 And seemed to touch his simple name
 With pencil like his own;
 And there he slept, and, one by one,
 His brethren died the while,
 And trooping years went by and trod
 His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement then,
 An Abbot's couch to spread,
 They let the jewelled sunshine in
 Where once lay Anselm's head.
 No crumbling bone was there, no trace

Of human dust that told,
 But, all alone, a warm right hand
 Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
 But, with a tender clasp,
 It seemed to hold an unseen hand
 Within its living grasp;
 And ere the trembling monks could turn
 To hide their dazzled eyes,
 It rose, as with a sound of wings,
 Right up into the skies!

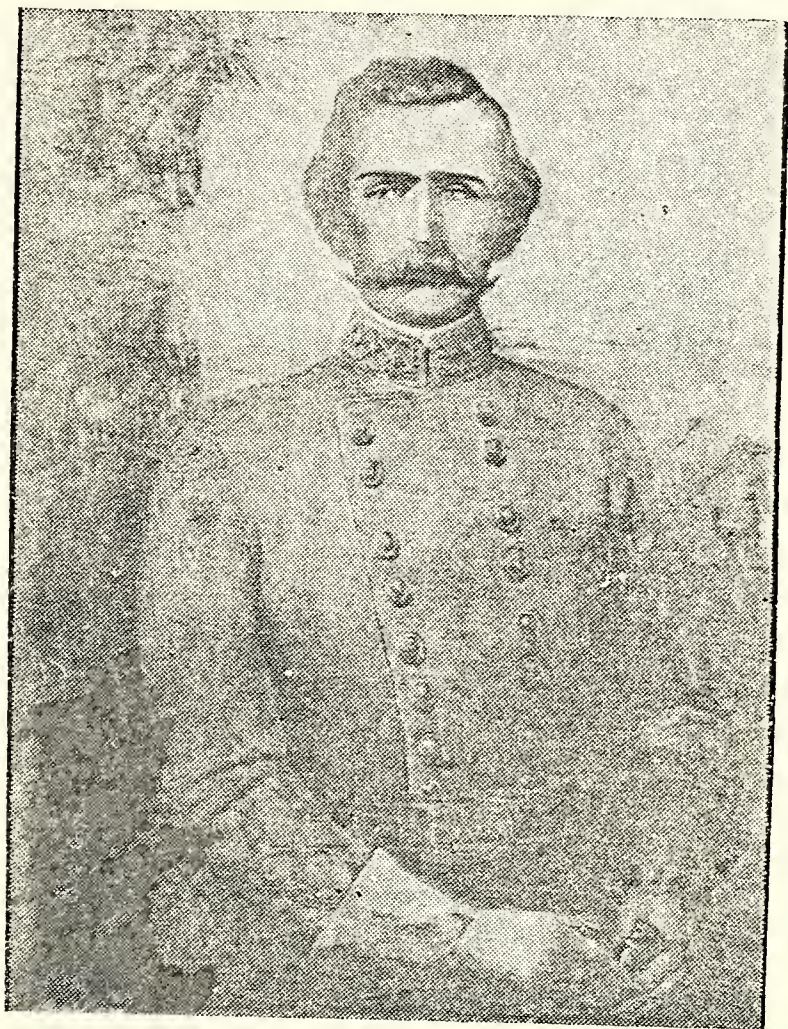
Oh loving, open hands that give,
 Soft hands, the' tear that dry,
 Oh patient hands that toil to bless---
 How can you ever die!
 Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts
 To Heaven's own gates shall soar,
 And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
 Those unseen angels bore!

Kind hands! Oh never near to you
 May come the woes ye heal!
 Oh never may the hearts ye guard,
 The griefs ye comfort, feel!
 May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
 So crown the work ye rear,
 That ye may never clasped be
 In one unanswered prayer!

Whoop 'Em Up

"One who fails in large things may do something in small things. One may not shine but he can brighten the corner where he is, be that ever so small, and can cheer others on to better things. If we can't be in the race ourselves we can cheer the runners from the side lines."—R. R. Clark, in "A man may be down, but he's never out."

Portrait of Gen'l. William Ruffin Cox.



Courtesy of Raleigh News and Observer.

GENERAL WILLIAM RUFFIN COX.

In Raleigh, in the Supreme Court room, on February 22nd, there took place the interesting event of the presentation of a portrait painting of General William Ruffin Cox to the State of North Carolina and accepted to be placed conspicuously in the Hall of Fame.

The portrait is the work of Miss Andrews, a well-known painter of Washington. It is regarded a splendid likeness of the great man, attired in the uniform of the Confederacy, with figures of Confederate soldiers about a campfire in the background.

The assemblage at the presentation was composed of conspicuous and distinguished North Carolinians. The presiding officer was Bishop (Cheshire); the presentation speech was made by the Hon. Frank S. Spruill, of Rocky Mount, and the acceptance by Chief Justice Clark on behalf of the state. Present in the audience were Mrs. Kate C. Cox, widow, and Col. Albert L. Cox and Captain Francis Cox, sons of the Confederate officer.

General Cox's war record was able and brilliant; the finest type of a soldier, brave and wise. It was at Appomattox that General Cox's brigade made the last charge that received from General Gordon the tribute, "Gallantly, gloriously done." General Cox was not only a brilliant soldier, but his patriotism and great ability made of him a statesman. In the affairs of the state, when leaders were so much needed, General Cox played a part which brought blessings upon the state, which unto this good day are being enjoyed. He was chairman in the campaign

that routed the carpet-baggers, in 1875; and it was in this campaign that he sent to W. Foster French, at Lumberton, the telegram that is today the most famous telegram of all history. It read: "As you love your state, hold Robeson."

General Cox held the office of Solicitor in the Raleigh district; was judge of the Superior Court; served three terms in Congress; and was for a period secretary of the United States Senate.

Mr. Spruill, closing his admirable tribute to the memory of this distinguished soldier and citizen of the Old North State, said: "In his career crowded with high achievements both military and in civil life, there was nothing adventitious or accidental, there was in him a definite nobility of soul and mind, and person, which marked him as one truly great. His perfect poise and unruffled composure, his large fund of practical common sense, his absolute sense of justice, his fearlessness and Spartan courage, added to his unusual handsome person and splendid physique, combined to make him marked and remarkable in any company."

Chief Justice Clark, in closing his speech of acceptance said: "The greatest figure of that time, of which the subject of this portrait is a type, was the Confederate soldier of whom it may be said without eulogy but in simple truth, that as long as the breezes blow, while the grasses grow, while the rivers run, his record can be summed up, in eternal fame in this sentence: "He did his duty."

"All that we send into other lives come back to us."

"A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

By R. R. CLARK, Ex-Editor, Statesville, N. C.

That, I understand, is the motto, the optimistic battle-cry, of the Salvation Army, the organization whose chief field of labor is among the lowly, the so-called "Down-and-Outs," the battered wrecks scattered on the shores of time. Necessarily one must be an optimist to accomplish anything in a work of that character, for many of the subjects are hopeless so far as human discernment can penetrate. I am asked to express an opinion whether one "may be down but never out." In the sense in which the Salvation Army makes the declaration it is justified. It is not literally true but it is largely true. It is proclaimed as the essence of the Gospel of hope --that while there is life there is hope that one may, through the saving Grace of the Gospel of the Great Nazarene, be made whole; may come up from the most hopeless conditions of moral depravity to a higher and better life. Though your sins be as scarlet they may become as wool, and as the old hymn, a favorite at revival meetings in former days, has it,

"While the lamps holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Sounds like preaching? Those who know me will acquit me of any purpose to usurp the function of the pulpit. I am simply giving my conception of the sense in which the Salvation Army uses the term under discussion. Christians generally teach, I believe, that no matter how low one has fallen there is always

hope, if not absolute certainty, of forgiveness and salvation. If the power of the Gospel may save unto the uttermost, then it must follow that the same Gospel can lift one to a higher and better life in this world. One may be so far gone that he may be able to accomplish little as the world measures accomplishments. But when one snatched as a brand from the burning gives even the brief remnant of a misspent life to the service of the Master and his fellows, even in the humblest capacity, it may be truthfully said that he was down but not entirely out.

There are exceptions of course but exceptions only prove the rule. The optimist proceeds on the theory that there is some good somewhere in all of us, even the most depraved, if it can only be found and brought to the surface. Sometimes that good is hard to find; sometimes it is never found. Maybe there are some, seemingly there are some, who are utterly hopeless, impossible, destitute of anything to which appeal can be made. But as most of us have seen some seemingly hopeless cases turned into the straight and narrow seemingly by a miracle, who is to say there is no hope?

From the viewpoint of material success there are "down and outs" not a few. The failures in life are many. If one has not attained some degree of success by the time he has reached the meridian, or if he fails after the days of youth and strength are gone, he is down and out so far as worldly success is concerned. Many

good and worthy people, many who deserve success, fail from the material viewpoint; and often the failure is not wholly their fault. It is distressing to observe one who has tried hard and failed; or who has succeeded for a time and then succumbed to misfortune, drop out of the procession because of discouragement or physical inability to continue the struggle; or who is held fast by disaster that follows fast and faster. Such an one is "down and out" so far as worldly success is concerned. But is he really "out" so far as any good is concerned? By no means. One who fails in large things may do something in small things.

One may not shine but he can brighten the corner where he is, be that corner never so small, and can cheer others on to better things. If we can't be in the race ourselves we can cheer the runners from the side lines.

It is our business to preach the Gospel of Hope and we don't have to go into the regular ministry to do that. It is not the despairing cry of the pessimist but the glorious shout of the optimist that the world needs. And in joining in the glad acclaim of the optimists we need not ignore the evil that stalks abroad at noon-day nor cease to seek its destruction.

Story For Boys About Harding.

By W. L. H.

Yesterday Warren G. Harding became President of the United States. Our readers will be glad to be introduced to the new head of this great nation.

There are many things in his life which are of interest. We call attention to but a very few. Mr. Harding was born in Blooming Grove, Ohio, November 2, 1865. He was a mere infant when his father moved to Caledonia, Ohio, and a very small boy when they moved to a farm, where he spent a number of very happy years. Mr. Harding's father is a physician, still living, and practicing medicine in Ohio. The father was a soldier in the Civil War. Mr. Harding's mother, we are told, was a wonderful woman. Her name was Phoebe Dickerson. In a descrip-

tion by Mr. Harding's sister, Abigail Victoria, of their parents, we are told that the father was a country physician, and money was often an unknown quantity, but there was never any dread of want in the family. Money was all right in the mother's estimation, but it was not essential. The chief essential with her was that each one of her children should measure up to his or her highest possibilities. Anything short of that was sin in her eyes, and was not to be tolerated. She was so lovely, so blithesome, that she made home happy, not only for her own children, but for all the young people in the neighborhood. This is, perhaps, a picture of the molding influence that made our new President.

President Harding did not grow up in affluence. He knew the value of money; he knew what work was.

There are some interesting stories of his boyhood days. One is that he earned his first money when he was about ten years old, and that he earned it by cutting corn at \$1.00 a day. Those of us who have cut corn know that it is not easy work. He stuck to his job for a full week and was very proud, we are told, of his \$6.00 that was paid to him on Saturday night; perhaps more proud of that than of any money he has earned since. Some of his Caledonia neighbors say that he earned money prior to his task of cutting corn. According to their version, when he was about six year old, he would drive the cows of the neighborhood to the outlying pastures of the town and make weekly collections from the persons whose cows he herded. Just how much he earned in this way is not stipulated, but he is said to have had a fixed rate per cow. How he earned his first money may be in doubt; it is certain that he continued to earn money. As a boy he was ready to do any odd job. He would milk cows, curry the horses and split wood for the neighbors who had no boy. He knew how to make brooms and would make them for the neighbors. On several occasions he entered into partnership with his father in raising potatoes and wheat on shares. When he became a little older he took odd jobs of painting houses, shingling barns, and drove a team for a railway construction gang. He also, as a young man, taught school. Thus in various ways he earned and accumulated money which sent him through Central College at Iberia. We are told that he drove a team while the grade was being made for the Toledo and Ohio Central Railway through

that section of Ohio in which he lived.

When Mr. Harding was graduated from college he took up the study of law with an attorney at Marion, Ohio. He, however, early manifested a desire to become a newspaper man. He set type while in college and thus earned some money toward his education. He also occasionally scented a newspaper story and wrote articles as a student. It was not long, therefore, after beginning his law studies that he gave them up and went to work on the Marion Democrat Mirror. He lost this position through insisting upon wearing a Blaine hat during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign. We are told that this is the only job he ever lost through dismissal. It was a dismissal which turned out, however, for his good, for in a short time he, with several partners, bought out a rival paper of the Mirror and rechristened it The Morning Star. This started him on his editorial and political career.

With his later career, with his work in the Senate, with his nomination and election to the presidency our readers are all familiar. It is these early boy elements and youthful efforts that influence and indicate the qualities that were in Mr. Harding and which helped him on to the White House.

Just a word concerning the new lady of the White House. President Harding's wife is of Colonial stock descended from the Pennsylvania Germans, her father having come from the Keystone State. Her mother was of French descent. Marion, Ohio, owes its Young Men's Christian Association to the generosity of her father, Amos H. Kling---a tablet on the walls indicates this fact. Mrs. Harding is domestic in her taste,

and, like the President, knew in her early days what it meant to struggle to make ends meet. For a time Mrs. Harding, owing to Mr. Harding's health, assumed the business management of their paper, The Star. Some say it had its best and most successful period during the time when Mrs. Harding "Helped Warren put

The Star over." We are told that this was a hard and long experience, but it was worth all that it cost Mrs. Harding. It, perhaps, was the training which will make her not only a good "First Lady of the Land," but a real helpmeet to the President of the United States.—Young Folks.

Did Not Rely on Luck.

"I have neither riches nor power, nor birth to recommend me; yet if I live I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends, than if I had been born with all these advantages."—Sir Humphry Davy.

When only twenty-three years of age, Davy secured an appointment in the Royal Institution, and as Professor of Chemistry his name is inseparably connected with this "Society for the Diffusing of Knowledge."

Harding's Cabinet.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Charles Evans Hughes, of New York City. Jurist---Born Glenn Falls, N. Y. Age 58 years. University training. Practiced and taught law, New York, 1884-1900. Conducted Insurance Investigation, New York Legislature, 1905-06. Governor of New York, 1907-08 and 1909-10. Associate Justice, United States Supreme Court, 1910-16. Republican nominee for President, 1916. Practiced law since in New York. Conducted government aircraft investigation, 1918.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY:

Andrew Williams Mellon, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Banker.---Born

Pittsburgh, Pa. Age 65 years. University education. Entered banking business 1874. President Mellon National Bank, 1902 to present. Active in industrial and financial developments in Western Pennsylvania. Trustee University of Pittsburgh and with brother founded Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. Identified with many charitable and welfare organization.

SECRETARY OF WAR:

John Wingate Weeks, of West Newton, Massachusetts.---Banker. Born Lancaster, N H. Age 60 years. Graduate U. S. Naval Academy.. 1881. U. S. midshipman, 1881-83.

Member of firm of bankers and brokers, Boston, 1882-1912. Member of Congress, 1905-13. United States Senator, 1913-1919. Candidate for Republican Presidential nomination, 1916, receiving 105 votes. Served in Massachusetts naval brigade 10 years and in Volunter Navy during Spanish-American War.

ATTORNEY GENERAL:

Harry M. Daugherty, of Columbus, Ohio. Lawyer.—Born, Washington Courthouse, Ohio. Age 61 years. University education. Practiced law, Washington Courthouse 1881-88. Elected State legislature in 1888, serving 5 years. Chairman State Republican executive committee 1912, also twice chairman State Republican central committee of Ohio. Campaign manager for Harding at Chicago convention.

POSTMASTER GENERAL:

Will H. Hays, of Sullivan, Indiana. Lawyer.—Born Sullivan, Ind. Age 41 years. Graduate Wabash College. Prominent in county, State and National Republican politics during last 20 years. Member law firm Hays & Hays. Bank director. Chairman Republican National committee since 1916. Mason. Presbyterian.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY:

Edwin Denby, of Detroit, Michigan. Lawyer.—Born Evansville, Ind. Age 51 years. Educated in public schools and graduate in law of University of Michigan. Went to China 1885, with father, then U. S. minister in Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs service for ten years. Returned to America in 1894, and entered the University of Michigan. Admitted to bar in 1896 and since

in practice in Detroit. Gunner's mate U. S. S. Yosemite during Spanish-American war, 1898; Sergeant U. S. Marine Corps, 1917, and on reserve as major Jan. 1, 1919. Member of Michigan House of Representatives 1902-03; member 59th to 61th Congresses, 1905-11, First Michigan district; President Detroit charter commission, 1913. Episcopalian.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR:

Albert Bacon Fall, of Three Rivers, New Mexico. United States Senator.—Born Frankfort, Ky. Age 59 years. Educated in country schools. Worked as farmer, rancher, miner, lawyer. Served in New Mexico legislature and as Associate Justice, New Mexico Supreme Court. United States Senator since 1912, present term expiring in 1923.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE:

Henry Cantwell Wallace of Des Moines, Iowa. Editor and Publisher.—Born Rock Island, Ill. Age 54 years. Collegiate education. Farmer and live stock breeder in Iowa, 1887-91. Editor-Manager and publisher of farm publication, 1893 to present. Bank director. Member U. S. Live Stock Industry. Committee, Secretary Corn Belt Meat Producers' Associates 14 years. Long interested in Young Men's Christian Association, being member of International committee. Mason.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE:

Herbert Clark Hoover, of Stanford University, California. Mining engineer.—Born West Branch, Iowa. Age 46 years. University training. Wide experience in geological and mining enterprises, U. S. and abroad. Chairman American Relief Commit-

tee, London 1914-15. Relief in Belgium, 1915-18. U. S. Food Administrator, 1917-19. Honored and decorated by foreign nations for war services. Received 10½ votes Republican National convention, for Presidential nominations. Near East relief, 1920-21.

SECRETARY OF LABOR.

James John Davis, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Labor leader.---Born

Tredegar, Wales. Ages 47 years. Went to Pittsburgh with parents at age of 4 years. At 11 began work in steel mills becoming a puddler. Removed to Elwood City, Ind., 1893. Held city and county offices there. Chose in 1906 to reorganize Loyal Order of Moose of which he is now the head. Member of Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and always has been active in union affairs.

Seeking A Balance

Time is the only little fragment of eternity that belongs to man; and, like life, it can never be recalled. "In the dissipation of worldly treasure, the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the past; but who can say, 'I will take minuets from to-morrow to compensate for those I have lost today'."

THE UPLIFT.

We have learned to look forward to the weekly visits of the Uplift as one of the most interesting weekly exchanges coming to this office. This interesting little paper is published at the Jackson Training School at Concord. It is ably edited by Mr. J. P. Cook and, we understand, all the type is set up by the boys of the school. It is always filled with choice reading matter, and can not fail to mean much in the moulding of the lives and characters of the pupils of the school. In fact, we could heartily recommend it as a worthy piece of literature for the best homes in the States. The last issue was a George Washington number. It carried a number of con-

tributions on Washington written by the boys, and these contributions certainly reflect credit on the great institution.

In the publication and editing of the Uplift, Mr. Cook is doing his State and humanity a service that only eternity can estimate the value thereof. Success to him, his publication and the Jackson Training School.---Albemarle News-Herald.

A pessimist and an optimist were discussing life from their different viewpoints.

"I really believe," said the former, "that I could make a better world myself."

"Sure," returned the optimist; "that's what we are here for! Now let's get to work and do it."



COL. JAMES RICHARD YOUNG,
Raleigh, N. C.

JAMES RICHARD YOUNG.

Hon. James Richard Young was elected Insurance Commissioner by the General Assembly, which, in 1899, created the North Carolina Insurance Department. He has been re-elected by the people every four years since until in 1920, when he voluntarily declined serving longer. He retired at the close of his term of office on January 12, 1921. His term of service in this important office covered nearly twenty-two years.

People generally do not know the great value of this department of the state government, yet it is a fact that it vitally concerns nearly every individual in the state. He knew the insurance business from A. to Y, and pretty soon after his induction into office he mastered the details of the business down to and including &c. Among the Insurance Commissioners of the several states, none stood higher.

Col. Young was born in Granville county February 17, 1853. He attended Hornér's Military School at Oxford, and completed his education at Hampden-Sidney College in Vir-

ginia. From 1881 to 1890 he was clerk of the Superior Court in Vance county. Practically all of his career, except while holding office in Vance county, has been devoted to the business of insurance, in which he prospered.

Mr. Young, growing tired of public-political service, and quitting a position to which he gave faithful service, and in which he accomplished great results for the state, is now devoting his time to the banking business, being an active Vice-President of the Merchant's National Bank, of Raleigh.

Mr. Young has joined about every order possible except the K. K. K., and the season is young yet, being a member of the Masons, Elks, Odd Fellows &c. Religiously, he is a Presbyterian, being an Elder in the Presbyterian church of Raleigh.

Hosts of acquaintances and friends in every county of the state, who know well the ability and fidelity of this distinguished man, will wish him unbounded success in his new relations. By his own deliberate act, Col. Young is a private citizen once more.

Withdrawing an Hour

With perseverance, the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far towards mastering a science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed one in less than ten years.

Daniels Tells of Plans.

Washington, Feb. 20.— Away up Pennsylvania avenue, next door beyond the white cottage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. President, is that fine, old fashioned pile known as the State, War and Navy Department.

The guide books tells us that there are 500 officers in this old building, and to me it is one of the most beautiful in Washington, for the builders weren't thinking so much of efficiency as architectural ornamentation, and the great, palatial-like apartment occupied by the Secretary of the Navy isn't a bit like a modern labor saving, electrically controlled office, but more like a reception room in an old-world palace.

Yet here, surrounded by the historic relics and paintings illustrating the thrilling stories of John Paul Jones, Lawrence, Perry, Farragut and the rest of our naval heroes, sits the man who has with singular success directed the energies and accomplishments of a navy great in size and power and efficiency beyond the wildest dreams of the greatest admiral of the past through the greatest conflict of all human history.

BACK TO PRIVATE LIFE.

And now, in a few short days, after eight years of the most dramatic and thrilling experience, imaginable, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, is going to step out of office and back into private life as a citizen of the republic he has served to the best of his ability.

There he sat, a rather small gray man in a gray suit with the vest unbuttoned, a pencil in one hand and his glasses in the other, looking not at

all worried or anxious or even sorrowful at the prospect of "going out of office."

"What are you planning?" I asked, and he replied, with the well-known twinkle:

"On Saturday night, after March 4, I'll pack my suitcase, and take the night train for Raleigh, arriving there Sunday morning. I'll go straight home, take a bath, and go to church—my own church—where I'll ask to be forgiven for my sins (another twinkle;) then home to Sunday dinner with Mrs. Daniels, and then Monday morning bright and early I'll go down to the office of *The News and Observer*, take off my coat, and go to work.

"You know, newsprint paper has been mighty high the past year and Raleigh has only 25,000 inhabitants, and although I try to think that my paper is a pretty good one, still I can't make any money out of it except by exercising economy and hard work, so I'm going to do both."

"But with all your wonderful experience of the past eight years, Mr. Secretary, your services ought to be in great demand at big prices, "I put in.

NOT IN LINE FOR FAT SALARY.

"Yes, that's so, no doubt" (with another twinkle;) "in fact,— (mentioning a well-known politician) told me that I ought to be able to earn \$100,000 a year, but, you see, the only folks I know who could pay \$100,000 a year are on the other side, politically and otherwise.

"You see, while I've been in office I've held up a good many fat con-

tracts and prevented a good many gentlemen from making a good millions out of our Uncle Samuel, and one way and another I seem to have incurred their displeasure (another twinkle,) and I'm afraid they don't want me, and, as I say, my friends, the folks I know best and like haven't got any hundred-thousand-dollar jobs, so I guess I'll have to get back to the editorial desk right away. Oh, well, I love it; I love Raleigh, and I love the News and Observer, and I love newspaper work, and I'm not so old either."

I stood up. I didn't want to be guilty of any anti-climax on my part. I knew from other sources of some of the things Secretary Daniels has done, of some of the deals he has prevented. I knew of one little item of \$3,000,000 held in the treasury of the United States right now, while the contractor who tried to put over

the deal has done everything humanly possible to get this extra money; has threatened, cajoled, pleaded, and sent imminent politicians to "influence" the Secretary, and this is but one of a hundred similiar affairs.

IN ENGLAND AND HERE

Secretary Daniels could today be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. In England Parliament would have voted him a peerage and half a million dollars probably. They do things that way over there. In America he, like many others who might be named, will step out of office on March 4 and go back to his private work, not a dollar richer, and in many cases poorer than on March 4 1913.

Some wise guys spent a great deal of energy worrying over the future of this republic, but after that half hour with Josephus Daniels I went out feeling that there are a lot of other things to worry about first.

Real Happiness

A great part of the happiness of life consists not in fighting battles, but in avoiding them. A masterly retreat is in itself a victory.---Long-fellow.

A Definition of Sanitation and Hygiene

"In the battle of life, just as in actual warfare, there are two great forces brought into action---offensive and defensive. Sanitation may be compared to the former, and hygiene to the latter. In sanitation we wage an active crusade against the germs of disease---we burn them with fire, we poison them with anti-septics, we demolish their strongholds of filth, and in every way ac-

tively pursue them to their death. In hygiene we strengthen our fortifications and look after the well being and equipment of the garrison, so that we can resist almost any attack. The human system is supplied with those defensive forces known as the power of resistance or immunity, and by obedience to the rules of hygiene ---of right living---they insure us against many attacks of disease."---
Dr. R. H. Lewis.

Up From The Ranks

By Jim Riddick.

There is no study more interesting than man and what he can make of himself, under the right impulses. Here's a man that the world calls a success. Investigate, and nine times out of ten he comes from a plain origin and from humble walks. A few days ago I ran across an enumeration of individuals, coming from the ranks, who had risen to that point where their names became imperishable in history. Here are a few of them:

The common class of day laborers has given us Cook the navigator and Burns the poet. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Johnson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. Nor have tailors been undistinguished; the greatest of all was unquestionably Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth president of the United States—a man of extraordinary force of character and vigor of intellect. In a speech at Washington, when describing himself as having begun his po-

litical career as an alderman, and run through all the branches of the legislature, a voice in the crowd cried out, "From a tailor up." It was characteristic of Johnson to take the intended sarcasm in good part, and even turn it to account. "Some gentleman says I have been a tailor. That does not disconcert me in the least; for while I was a tailor I had the reputation of being a good one, and making close fits."

Cardinal Wolsey and Defoe were the sons of butchers, and Bunyan was a tinker. Among the great names identified with invention of the steam engine are those of Watt and Stephenson, the first a maker of mathematical instruments, and the second an engine fireman. Herschel played an oboe in a military band.

Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy, we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler the son of a German public house-keeper; and Newton the son of a small farmer.

Self-Help

Notwithstanding the comparatively adverse circumstances in the early life of the foregoing, these distinguished men achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might indeed have proved an obstacle greater even than the humble means to which they were born.

Institutional Notes,

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

The Mecklenburg Cottage is now in the hands of the plasterers.

Rev. Mr. Bounds, of Tryon, N. C., spent Monday at the Institution.

The boys are now engaged in the annual spraying of our fruit trees.

Miss Mary Gaither, of our office force, spent Sunday with friends in Charlotte.

Mr. Query is pushing along at a satisfactory rate the brick work on the Guilford Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Johnson, of Newell, spent Sunday here with his brother, Prof. W. W. Johnson.

If for no other reason, we know Easter is near at hand from the accumulation of eggs on the part of the boys.

Mr. T. V. Talbert is furnishing the necessary cross ties for our siding. The railroad folks have already installed the switch.

Rev. Grant, pastor of the Hartsell Mill M. E. Church, conducted services in our Chapel, Sunday afternoon. It was a very profitable service.

Prof. W. M. Crooks, who was confined for several days to his home on account of a severe cold, is again in charge of his room. Prof. Crook's illness accounts for the brevity of the Institutional notes.

Surveyor Reece I. Long has staked out our driveway to the new siding the Southern Railway Co. is putting

in for the use of the school. Some of these days, when we become bigger and more numerous, a beautiful little umbrella station may grace the front of our Campus.

Manners.

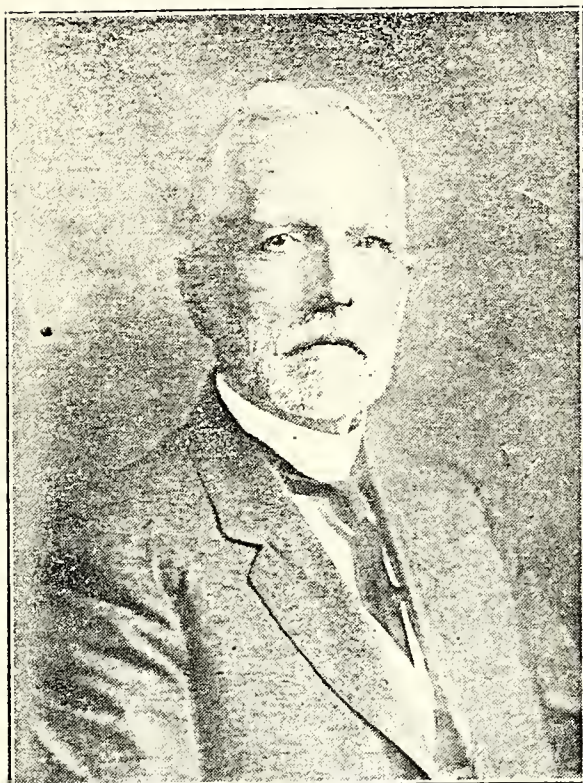
How many boys and girls starting out in life have considered the many things necessary for them to acquire in order to be successful.

Consider the business people of your acquaintance. You will have no difficulty in recognizing some one or more things that have held them back from real success.

Take your own case. Are you making a success? If your manners are not just what they ought to be, you will probably see that at times they have been costly to you. You can easily correct this. You have only to realize that bad manners are always the results of lack of respect for the feelings of others, and usually results in extreme selfishness. This you can conquer by putting yourself in another's place, and soon kindness will take the place of hardness, which is the best of all seeds for developing true, noble character.

A peculiar rumbling noise has been heard for a year or more at intervals by citizens near Flat Shoal Mountain, Stokes county. It is disturbing the people who fear that the mountain is inhabited by a volcano. It has been decided to have earthquake experts at Washington to investigate the matter. It is reported that trees and all evergreen on the mountain section from which the strange noise emanates are dying

Daniel Branson Coltrane.



Throughout the rural sections of Piedmont North Carolina, prior to 1850, there were but few frame houses; and a brick house was a rarity. The prevailing style in that period, the very highest standard of architecture, was a two-room, log affair with an open space between the two rooms. This open space served as a porch, or lounging quarters, being under roof but not always floored. A sample house like this was found on the Parish place

when it came into possession of the Jackson Training School.

Just such a house as this in Randolph county, not far from the Guilford county line, was the birthplace of Daniel Branson Coltrane, of Concord, N. C. He appeared there as a Christmas gift in the year 1842. He is one of a family of nine children---four boys and five girls. All are living, save a brother, Dr. Coltrane, who died in Greene county, Missouri, in 1907.

The subject of this sketch was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His coming was amid surroundings similar to the great majority who have made a success in life, and, leaving, have left the world better by having lived in it. At an early age, upon the death of his father, he became the head of the family; and along with this came numerous and heavy responsibilities. His opportunities for an education were of the most limited kind. Just what the public schools of that period offered, that alone was his portion of actual school life. He did, however, matriculate in the People's University, that great school of hard knocks, hardships and persistence.

His youthful days were spent on the farm, and they were strenuous ones. The cutting down and wearing out process was in vogue those days, and there were but few days that could be set aside as holidays. In this work the subject of our sketch was engaged, until 1861, when at the age of nineteen he volunteered, joining a company of state troops.

This company was commanded by Dr. Craven, as captain, and his first service in the War Between the States was at Salsbury, guarding federal prisoners. Abandoning this in 1862, he joined the 5th cavalry of the 63 Regiment under Capt. N. P. Rankin, of Guilford county. The first service for this command was in Eastern North Carolina under General Robertson.

Here's where young Coltrane had his first experience under fire. All down through the intervening years, experience after experience, situation after situation, none stand out so vividly as this one--what soldier is it that does not remember with abso-

lute clearness his feelings when first under fire: an impression just simply burnt into the being.

In the latter part of 1862 his regiment was transferred to Culpepper county, Virginia. Young Coltrane became sergeant. He was in the great cavalry fight of June 9th, 1863, just about the beginning of the Gettysburg campaign. On the 3rd day of the Gettysburg campaign he was wounded. Sergeant Coltrane was with Gen'l Stuart when killed. He was wounded the second time on August 25, 1864, near Petersburg. He received his third wound on October 27th, 1864, on the Boydton Plank road leading from Petersburg to Dinwiddie Court House.

After the death of Gen'l Stewart Mr. Coltrane's company was under the command of Fitzhugh Lee, and afterwards under Wade Hampton. On the retreat from Petersburg, Spring of 1865, when near Namazine Church, in Amelia County, Mr. Coltrane had his horse shot from under him. He saw Gen'l Barringer captured, and from this point, without a horse he walked to Clover station, a distance of 50 miles; there Gen'l Breckinridge, Secretary of War, directed Mr. Coltrane's command to form a courier line to Gen'l. Lee's headquarters. They were directed to press into service any available horse to be found; but hearing of Lee's surrender the horses were returned to their owners.

An incident in Mr. Coltrane's war experience (and by the way, there has been no attempt in this sketch to follow consecutively or chronologically his war experience--only to indicate the wide range his war service covered) occurred just about the time his horse was shot from

under him that reveals the trying hardships that was the lot of the average soldier in the Southern Confederacy. He had received from home a pair of boots. Boots in that day was a luxury. Through swollen streams he waded, having lost his horse, in his march to Clover station. Drying by campfire, the boots did what boots are liable to do---they shrunk to that point where they had to be surgically removed. Hungry, worn out, weary and suffering in heart, as all brave Confederate soldiers must have over the defeat after long years of heroic struggles, this man Coltrane walked barefooted to Danville, and from there sixty miles to Greensboro. Conquered? No, just overpowered and starved.

He reached his home in Randolph county on April 22, 1865, with a gun, a pistol, and a blanket---these constituted his total personal wealth at that period. On May 5th, he surrendered to General Sherman at Greensboro. Those who lived in that period, and those, who have had interest enough to learn of the terrors of those days, can well understand the prospects that confronted the average young man, returning from a four year's war, and finding the state, business, and conditions thoroughly paralyzed.

Mr. Coltrane did not wait for an opportunity to turn up---he started out to make an opportunity. He went to Saline county, Missouri, and buying a photographic outfit on a credit, he began the business of making a living and gaining a start in the world. In 1867 he began to learn the jewelry business, taking a position in a store and at the same time keeping up his picture business. In 1868 he moved to Miami, Mo.,

and opened a business of his own. He employed a man by the name of Hooper to assist him. In the course of time, this man went further West. In 1876 Mr. Coltrane moved to Marshall, and abandoning the photographic business, he opened up a jewelry store of considerable consequence, and succeeded most splendidly.

In December, 1867, Mr. Coltrane married Miss Ella Vanice, by whom there were four children, of whom two are dead and two living: Mrs. Dr. Garrison, of Gastonia, and Mr. L. D. Coltrane, cashier of the Concord National Bank. In 1882, Mrs. Coltrane died.

In Marshall gaining the confidence of the business people by attending to his own business and living an upright life, Mr. Coltrane had reached that point in a successful career where he could select such business as suited best his taste. He became teller in the First National Bank of Marshall, in which he had invested his earnings from a profitable sale of his jewelry business.

In 1884 he married Miss Miriam Winslow, daughter of Judge W. B. Winslow, of Kentucky. In 1887, selling out his interests in the Marshall bank, he went further west, seeking a new location. He went to California, just about the time the great vineyard and orange business was being developed; here he made an investment. But, by chance, he came into a knowledge of the fact that Concord had no bank. Making an investigation he decided to move to Concord; this was in 1888; and on July 5th of that year the Concord National Bank began business, with Mr. Coltrane as cashier and the late Capt. J. M. Odell, president. Upon

the retirement of Capt. Odell, Mr. Coltrane succeeded to the presidency, and his son, Mr. L. D. Coltrane, became cashier.

Mr. Coltrane is also president of the Kerr Manufacturing Co., Concord, the Landis Mills, at Landis, and the Norwood Manufacturing Co., at Norwood; all of them prosperous and successful institutions. He comes, also, being very near a newspaper man (though I doubt if he knows just what a quoin and a shooting stick do in a printing office properly handled), being President of the Governing Board of The Christian Advocate, at Greensboro, the organ of the Methodist Conference of North Carolina.

Several years ago a great affliction overtook Mr. Coltrane in the loss of his wife, a woman of fine personality and strong character. By this union there are four children: Miss Jenn Coltrane, Mrs. C. A. Cannon, Mrs. F. A. Dusch, of Norfolk, and Miss Elizabeth Coltrane.

This writer has known the subject of this sketch quite intimately since he became a citizen of Concord. His life has been a brilliant success. He started at the ground, as the war left him. He has built carefully, wisely, constantly. There is not a lazy bone in his make-up. Though without a college education, he is one of the best informed men of the state. He is loyal and faithful to his church, the M. E. Church, South, of which he is a liberal supporter.

He has always been a friend of public education. He it was that raised the Concord Public Schools out of their swaddling clothes and put them on their feet. In every moral question that arises, there is no occasion to wonder where he

stands—he need not be interviewed. He has lived in the midst of our people not only a Christian but a very pious life. His home life, clean, regular and systematic, is reflected in the high character of the children whom he has reared—all reflecting a training along high ideals. And this be the test of a true man.

The world, in its worldliness and its seeking after the momentary satisfaction scattered about, would in its wicked heart regard this man narrow. But the fact that he refuses to condone evil, and declines to countenance immorality, in high or low places, shows the stamina of the man, worthy of emulation. Though in his 80th year, he never complains; always busy and is active; works as many hours a day as a 20-year old; drives a good trade; takes a lively interest in all questions of the day; and does his full duty in the affairs of his church.

There come up in the lives of men many reminders of titanic struggles, where had one miscalculation been made, or one cog slipped, or one party failed to make his measure, that would have spelt the collapse of many a cause. Mr. Coltrane, when running a photographic business and a jewelry business, out in Missouri, when yet financially and other wise in the woods, he took on a helper by the name of Hooper. Hooper's measure proved correct; and Hooper found that he had correctly measured this man Coltrane. Closing business, they separated each looking out new scenes. That was practically forty years ago. About five years ago, Mr. Coltrane was on a western business trip and in Denver, Colorado, he unexpectedly ran up on Hooper. When these two

men met in a Denver hotel they ran together and hugged each other like two foolish, giggling school girls--both having bountifully prospered, and having found each other true, the gladness of a genuine confidence and friendship made in trying and serious days voluntarily overwhelmed them. There was nothing else to do. That thing that you call friendship is a priceless jewel.

Unostentatiously this man Coltrane has helped many a man cross a chasm; has given council, in wisdom and

financial aid, to many a struggling cause, and by these things he has been himself materially blessed and spiritually comforted. At the close of the war he had just a name; forty-five years ago he had fully discovered himself; to-day he is a wealthy man and it does not divorce him from activity in the church's affairs.

Daniel Branson Coltrane has lived to a purpose and is a remarkable man--an asset to the community and to his state.

Always Ready

The enemies of life and health are always ready to attack the weak and unguarded places in your physical armour. Knowledge of health laws is one of your strongest lines of defense. For having health knowledge you are forewarned, and thus you are forearmed against the foes of health.

Cabarrus News.

Miss Maud Brown, having resigned her position with an Albemarle firm, is now with Fisher's of Concord.

Mr. John W. Propst, who underwent an operation in a Charlotte hospital, is improving.

Messrs. Kenneth Caldwell, C. N. Alston and Ray Hoover have returned from Raleigh where they stood an examination for their respective commissions in the North Carolina National Guards.

Senator Hartsell and Representative Williams have made it possible by the passage of a measure for the Concord Commissioners to levy a tax on the property of the city, sufficient to raise an annual fund of \$1,700 for the benefit of the local library.

The labor trouble now going on in our midst is unfortunate. The times are lean enough without having additional troubles to harass. May the clouds soon roll by, and people look at things as they are. This

thing we call readjustment, in every phase of life, is a trying ordeal.

The County Commissioners have made a vigorous protest before the State Tax Commission for its having reduced the assessment on the Cannon chain of mills. Their protest was heard last Saturday in Raleigh, several of the commissioners and several of the County appraisers were in attendance.

Death Of Mrs. J. M. Grier.

At midnight the angels called for the sweet soul of Mrs. Columbia Davidson Grier, wife of Dr. J. M. Grier, beloved pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Concord. The mortal body was left at Charlotte Sanatorium, and was brought here through the country in the early morning to the manse on Spring street. Quickly the news went from house to house and weeping friends assembled to express their sympathy.

Mrs. Grier was born at Statesville, N. C. December 14, 1866. She was a daughter of Robert Quincy Davidson and wife, Jane Brown Davidson. Her great grandfather Davidson was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and was one of the Scotch-Irish pioneers. Reared in a Psalm-singing home and surrounded by an atmosphere of refinement, she grew into womanhood fair of face and with a character as sweet as sunshine. On July 13, 1886, she was married to Rev. J. M. Grier. She came to Concord in February, 1908 and all who have ever come under the spell of her smiles, are sad today over the loss of a dear friend.

Mrs. Grier is survived by her hus-

band. Dr. J. M. Grier, two sons, Rev. J. C. Grier, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Rutherfordton, N. C. and Robert D. Grier, a cotton manufacturer of North Wilksboro, N. C., her mother, Mrs. R. Q. Davidson, of Statesville, two brothers, Joseph Davidson, of Atlanta and Rev. R. C. Davidson, of Mooresville, N. C.

The funeral will be conducted at 4 p. m. at the First Presbyterian Church by Rev. W. C. Wauchope. The board of deacons will furnish the active pall-bearers and the elders of the Church will act as honorary pall-bearers. The burial will be in Oakwood cemetery.

The sympathy of the people of all the churches of the city go out to Dr. Grier in this bereavement. He has gone into hundreds of homes with the comfort and consolation of the gospel, and now hundreds will bow in remembrance and bestow a prayer of benediction upon him. What is death, but an awakening in "a land that is fairer than this"—a place where Jesus dwells—a place where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, and where loved ones meet? Concord Tribune

Local Y. M. C. A. In Trouble.

The local Y. M. C. A. is in distress. They are telling things that indicate a possible closing of the institution unless the people rally to it with liberal contributions.

That has been the history of such institutions in 90 per cent of the towns. They are hard to finance---distressed calls with red flags have to be sent out at least once a year, if not oftener, to stir the folks to a contributing frame of mind. The one in Concord is a delightful com-

munity house; splendid place for gatherings and entertainments, which can not be well and appropriately held in private homes or the churches. If for no other reason--and there are other reasons, the patrons are certain--it should be maintained for the great convenience it affords for important gatherings in the community.

Contempt For Decency.

The authorities have been appealed to put out of commission a joint operated in a miserable house in No. 5, half-way between the Salisbury and Gold Hill roads.

The many visitors, in all kinds of machines regularly visiting this contempt of law and decency, are having their names recorded by a responsible and trust-worthy party, whose purpose is to report them to the next grand jury. They will have the opportunity to explain why they visit this place so often. Patience ceases at times to be a virtue. This is severe, but the law-abiding folks in the neighborhood must for the sakes of their families, protect themselves.

Mr D. P. Dayvault Passes.

Some days ago Mr. D. Pat. Dayvault, of Lane City, Texas, was back at his old home visiting relatives and friends. Upon his way home he became suddenly ill, having to make two stops enroute home. The second time he did not rally and death claimed him.

It was noted and commented when here how well he looked; yet within ten days he passed to the great beyond. THE UPLIFT understands that

it was an affection of the heart. In the midst of life we are truly in death.

Road the Goat.

The Elks had a considerable to-do on last Thursday night. Besides having a feast, they enjoyed the excitement of riding the following applicants for membership on the goat:

W. A. Foil Jr., Sterling L. Brown, J. C. P. McDonald, of Concord; Hubert B. Howard, of Greensboro, J. P. Choate, and L. C. Watts, of Kannapolis, Fred C. Booe and Douglas O. Brown, of Davidson, A. Leonard Moore, of Mooresville.

Auto Deaths Outnumber Those of Railroads.

Coming out of Washington are some interesting figures comparing deaths by automobiles with rail accidents: Automobile accidents in the United States claimed 1,474 more victims in 1919 than were killed in accidents on American railways, according to comparative figures compiled by the Southern Railway System from official reports recently issued by the Census Bureau and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Deaths from automobile accidents showed a total of 7,969, an increase of 444 over 1918, for the Census Bureau's registration area, comprising about 80 per cent of the country's total population. Sixty-six of the large cities had 3,808 deaths from automobiles accidents.

In railway accidents the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that 6,495 persons were killed, this figure being lower than for any previous year since 1898

when the number of persons using the railways and employed on them was much smaller than in 1919. In the total for 1919 are included 2,553 trespassers and 1,882 other persons, not either passengers or employees, of whom a large percentage were the victims of collisions between automobiles and rail-way trains.

These figures show that while the persistent effort of the rail-ways to eliminate accidents has been productive of splendid results in decreased casualties, the number of deaths from automobile accidents is growing year by year.

The figures for 1919 are the latest available as those for 1920 have not yet been completed.

Grace Darling.

Grace Darling, a feeble and delicate girl, lived with her aged father, keeper of a lighthouse. On a September morning she looked out over a stormy sea and saw a vessel wrecked on a far island and nine men clinging to the wreck. Her father declared it impossible to venture on such a sea. She leaped into the life-boat to go alone, when her father's courage was roused and he went with her till, several times crossing the distance between, they brought every man into the lighthouse. The land rang with her praises; poets wrote about her; nobles and royalty sent for her to their houses but the memory of such heroic love is her monument forever.—A. McLeod.

(Many years ago we met up with the "Grace Darling" poem in our reader. Many a boy forty years ago used it for a Friday "speech." Will some one please fish around

among his old school books and, locating Grace Darling, send it to us? It is time that it takes another round through the press.)

Dodging Responsibility.

Not long ago two men were talking about their taxes. Said one; "I got off pretty well on that new beach property of mine. Bought it for a song, you know, and managed to get it assessed on the old valuation---no account made of electric light, town water and the rest of the 'improvements.' A still tongue did it. No need to give myself away, was there?" That man has pocketed some of the things that are Cæsar's. There are plenty more like him. They take the benefits of good government and make as little return as possible. Such people ride on the street cars and keep their nickel modestly out of sight until called for. They have not the first glimmering of an idea of what loyalty to good government means. There are only two courses open to an honest citizen of any government-- either revolt against the law or obey it.--The Pilgrim Teacher.

Teacher--"In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy?'"

Johnny--"I think it was his last battle."

Sue--"Wouldn't you like to be as happy as a lark?"

Prue--"No, indeed. Think of the time they have to get up."

Scout--"Is a chicken big enough to eat when it is three weeks old?"

Rookie--"Why, of course not!"

Scout--"Then how does it live?"

Cp 364

THE

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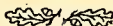
CONCORD, N. C. MAR. 12, 1921

NO. 19



HON. STACY W. WADE, N. C. Insurance Commissioner.

Mr. Wade was elected at the general election in November, 1920. Inducted into office January 12, 1921. Prior to his election, Mr. Wade was Chief-Assistant Commissioner for ten years. A man of high character, interesting personality and marked ability.



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Concord, N. C.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44	To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136	To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36	To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138	To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30	To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35	To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43	To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29	To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137	To Atlanta	9.06 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N.
C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A Tonic.

It is not accident that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry. To the feeble, the sluggish and purposeless, the happiest accidents will avail nothing--they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Next Thursday, March 17th, is Saint Patrick's birthday. Throughout the country those who sport much Irish blood in their veins will be wearing green neckties, or bearing something typical of that color.

In the larger cities of the North, especially in New York, one is struck by the great number of people, as judged by the green tie and by other make-ups, who claim to be descendants of the Irish.

These festival days come and go, and many people have so little curiosity as to the beginning of the practice or the origin of the day we are pleased to call Saint Patrick's Day. Elsewhere in this issue we give a short story of St. Patrick, himself.

♦♦♦♦

"NEVER TOUCHED HIM."

The Hon. Josephus Daniels has returned to North Carolina. For eight years he has acceptably, ably and with great distinction filled the important cabinet position of Secretary of the Navy. This man of rugged character

and courage, of ability and patriotism, in the early part of his administration of this high position, came into much abuse by opposition papers and people, who think nothing good can come out of this section.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Daniels to direct the affairs of the navy at a time, more perilous than any other event in the history of this country. His record is brilliant; his fame is secure. The schemes concocted, the raids planned and the traps set against him, by jealousy and political and business influences, "never touched him." He comes back, as all expected, just as he left---a thoroughly clean man.

That songfest gotten up as a public welcome to him and Mrs. Daniels, upon their arrival in Raleigh, Sunday, was an expression of gladness over their return and reflected the great honor North Carolinians accord this distinguished couple.

Now, watch the "Old Reliable."

♦♦♦♦

ORGANIZATION MANIA.

Bishop Berry, prominent in the affairs of the Methodist Church, taking note of the mania for so many organizations inside of the church, delivered some sharp observations on the subject. In part he is quoted as follows:

"Will somebody please kill off the organization fiend?" asked the bishop. He suggests that this troublesome person be buried in a grave 'six miles deep' and covered 'with an avalanche of committees of the whole and sub-committees, and motions, and amendments to amendments, and substitutes, and appeals, and motions to refer, and previous questions, and annual reports, and monthly reports and weekly reports.'

"Declaring that 'an organization mania' has taken possession of the Church, the bishop says: 'Not much can be done until we have a president, a vice-president, a secretary and an executive committee. Then the thing we desire to do must be moved and seconded, and referred, and amended, and substituted, and officially authorized by a formal vote. Still further, a committee must be appointed to carry out the mandate of the chief body.

"Machinery, machinery, machinery. Wheels and cogs, and pulleys, and levers, and lathes, and magnetos, and dynamos, and cylinders, and cylinder-rods, and cyclometers galore. How constitutions and by-laws and parliamentary rules have taken possession of us! How personality has been absorbed by the machine!"

"In conclusion, Bishop Berry says some orderly procedure is necessary; but, he adds, 'let us remember that this bad world will never be brought back to God by committees.' "

Perhaps no department of human endeavor shows as much organization

within organization, as is to be found in the legislation over church matters. Nearly every deliberative body contains a "parliamentarian" and his bigness and leadership can be maintained only by exercising in public his great knowledge of parliamentary law, and thus he gets his body loaded down with committees and organizations, which if they do not get into the way of each other are certain to overlap.

The Bishop said a great truth when he declared that the world can not be brought back to God by committees.

♦♦♦♦

GEORGE WASHINGTON WATTS PASSES.

On Monday of this week Mr. George W. Watts, of Durham, after an illness covering nearly two years, passed away. His death is a great loss to the state, materially, industrially, financially and socially. A christian man of very high ideals, a benefactor that contributed largely and wisely to many worthy causes. The \$600,000 hospital at Durham is one of his generousities. He has been regarded the wealthiest man of the state. He was born in Cumberland, Md,. He was three score and ten. He leaves one child, Mrs. John Sprunt Hill, of Durham, and a widow.

Mr. Watts was a remarkable man. His father before him built wisely and big. He, too, was generous. He built and endowed a college in India, turning it over to the Lutheran church for direction. Mr. George W. Watts, upon his removal to Durham, finding no church connection of his young manhood, connected himself with the Presbyterian church.

♦♦♦♦

SADNESS IN "THE ROW."

Nearly every town has its "row." Houses strung together, where the poor, the careless and the unambitious are perfectly content to find a lodging. There is some real observant person, signing himself or herself "Rambler," who writes weekly observations for Miss Cobb's paper. Rambler has investigated Morganton's "Row," He found a deserted mother, a dying babe, both deserted by husband and father---a brute.

But hear Rambler:

"The street just below the depot, with the five houses right together, is called "The Row," and all is not as well there as should be. Little unfortunate conditions at home, though, have not much space in our thoughts for depressing affair of the hungry Koreans in the far away East consume our attention now. So, because there is a bit of sadness in the Row nobody minds much. It's just a baby that's dying---

nothing more. Just an emanciated, wronged baby passing out of existence in the Row! That's all.

It happened this way: The mother, who gave her name as Mrs. Neil, heard that there was a divine healer about the cotton mill settlement and she, although ill herself, walked ten miles, carrying her sick babe, and trusting in God for help. She reached the Row exhausted, penniless, friendless but was taken in by the kind Mrs. Seagle who cared for her. The divine healer whose name the reporter was told, is Mr. Morgan, gave up the situation as too far gone, and the unfortunate baby must die. There is nothing else left to do, and the mother soon may follow.

The father? No one knows where the father is. He brought the mother in the town about two months ago when her sister died, and he has not been seen since. It is sad, yes, but what can we do? There are people in eastern Europe, thousands upon thousands of miles away from here, who are about to starve, and they must be thought of. They are dependent upon America for support and we must help them. Their very lives, we hear, depend upon America. Then thank God they have something to depend upon. This suffering mother and dying babe have no earthly means of support. Nothing, save the mercy of the Lord, and the kindness of the Row."

There is some irony, sarcasm in Rambler's conclusion. We can and do and ought to become deeply interested in the relief of suffering humanity wherever it be, for we are our brother's keeper; but, too often folks excuse themselves from exercising that interest close home because they have already done "their part elsewhere."

Should that baby live---what is its future? Don't tell us that child will not grow up affected by its environment. It had nothing to do with its coming into its cruel life's surroundings; its chance is really poorer than that of a dog. The dog may prowl about and relieve its suffering without being amenable to any law or the wounding of a conscience---nature teaches his dog-ship how to take care of himself; but that baby, handicapped by the limitations of childhood must depend on other sources for his care. Coupled with this, there is a probability of his growing up in ignorance, the handmaiden of sin, and because his eyes have never seen its father and its fingers have never touched the author of his existence, he starts in life hobbled and marked.

The progress that orphanages, houses of refuge, societies for the study and aid of childhood have made in N. C. is encouraging. The people generally are beginning to understand that the greatest duty before the public is the protection of childhood, its proper education and its preparation not alone for the duties of this life, but chiefly for the great beyond. Just so certain as we live, many of us will have to answer in that Great Day, awaiting

us, a pretty pointed question: "How have you discharged your duty to childhood."

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STATE ROAD COMMISSION

To administer the new State Road Law, which carries an appropriation of fifty millions of dollars, the commission, as appointed by Governor Morrison, seems to give satisfaction to the good road enthusiasts of the state. The state papers voice a general satisfaction with the personnel of the new commission. Outside of the chairman of the commission there is probably not a single member of the board that understands practical road building; but they have that which is absolutely necessary and sufficient: sound business judgment, careful and public spirited---these meet the requirements. It will not be possible, with this board, to waste the state's money; and "the poring-in-a-rat-hole" system that has been in vogue heretofore, can not survive. Goody!

The commission is composed as follows:

W. A. Hart, cotton manufacturer and capitalist; democrat.

John E. Cameron, business man, republican.

W. A. McGirt, business man, president N. C. Good Roads association; democrat.

John Sprunt Hill, banker and manufacturer; democrat.

J. Elwood Cox, banker, manufacturer and capitalist; republican.

Word H. Wood, banker and capitalist; democrat.

Rufus A. Doughton, banker, farmer and lawyer; democrat.

John C. McBee, farmer and lawyer; republican.

John G. Stikeleather, farmer and business man; democrat.

Frank Page business man, farmer and banker; democrat.

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STICKING TO THE SUBJECT.

The editor of this little magazine had a marvelous schoolmate once—some forty-odd years ago—who is now a prominent and successful preacher up in Pennsylvania state. When he was fifteen years of age, he had his first experience in writing an essay. That was an event in his life, and a big one.

He chose a very familiar subject--an abstract one that could be seen with the natural eye, and not have to go round about and take a mental excursion in getting down to the serious bottom of the subject. His subject was "THE DOG."

After putting down all he knew about the anatomy of the dog and the usual names for them, and what they could and did do, and finding his es-

say rather short, he continued his paper until he had included a story of the horse, the negro and the Phoenix mine, which at that date was being extensively worked.

This explains why we have some very interesting boy essays in this issue. We wondered how well Profs. Johnson's and Crook's students could stick to a subject, even a familiar one. It is gratifying to find, of the large number who told all they know about a horse, that not a one of them left the text. We are sure our readers will enjoy what the boys have done.

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HOW IT APPEARED.

Barring his inaugural address, the associated press sent out less matter about President Harding than it did concerning ex-President Wilson. This is largely due to the fact that the general public saw for the first time just how serious had been the illness of Mr. Wilson.

The abuse heaped upon him, in diverse ways, has been a national disgrace; and from now on, as we get away from the scenes of the act, this man Wilson will gradually come into his own. When his traducers have perished in complete oblivion, Wilson's name will stand out conspicuous as one of America's greatest men.

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THE WAY IT LOOKS

There is every reason for Governor Morrison to feel happy, in which joy the whole state has full reasons to join. He had a legislature on his hands. His recommendations were cordially received, and the great majority of them were enacted into law. The fine, sympathetic and harmonious spirit that prevailed throughout the 60 and odd days, goes out into the state and leaves a splendid effect.

People may differ in their estimate of the work accomplished by this General Assembly---such things are largely governed by the view-point. THE UPLIFT regards it a progressive body of men who sought to serve the state wisely and effectively and in the main have made it possible for the State to make greater and more successful strides towards her ideals. The General Assembly adjourned after midnight, Wednesday morning.

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After existing for one hundred years, overlapping in their efforts and energies, the two Lutheran synods of North Carolina have come together and united. This merger took place at a meeting in Salisbury the past

week. It is said that not a discordant note was uttered. It requires a long period, but sometimes time heals many a trouble and difference. Hereafter the Lutherans in North Carolina, numbering fifty thousand communicant members, in their state organization will bear this title: The United Evangelical Lutheran Synod of North Carolina.

♦♦♦♦

Attention is called to the story about the Reed Gold mine findings, which is taken from Wheeler's History of North Carolina. This history was issued in 1851, a very valuable book and is now out of print. The story of finding gold and in the manner therein described will be, we are sure, quite interesting to the young as well as to many older people, who have never heard of the wonderful finds at this mine in Cabarrus county.

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That is a thoughtful observation on jury verdicts, contributed by Mr. R. R. Clark. Just at this time, jury verdicts seem uppermost in the public mind. The laity have never understood why the legal profession insists on a unanimous verdict. Mr. Clark feels that possibly a majority verdict may be just as righteous as a unanimous one. Would it not?

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It was often prophesied, during the process of the huge loans being made to the European countries, that these loans would never be repaid. It is beginning to look as if some move may at anytime break out indicating the desire to have these large claims cancelled. When this occurs, if it does, there will be started a long bitter discussion.





The above \$600,000 hospital, including equipment and furnishings, is one of the generousities of Geo. W. Watts, the philanthropist and Christian gentleman, who died this week. Though dead, his noble, unselfish deeds in behalf of humanity live on forever.

Priority.

The great influx of people from other countries has put our thoughtful men and women to an earnest consideration of the question of "Americanizing" these new comers. It is a live question. Along this line we have run across something rather delightful and refreshing. It is:

No man who truly loves his own country will despise or hate the country of his fellow man. A man's love for his own wife or children is the basis of his regard for the families of others.

Americanization is not the equivalent of nativism. Race pride readily degenerates into race prejudice. National pride may easily pass into that ignoble and wholly unworthy thing which we know as nativism; that is, a selfish exclusion from consideration and participation in our privileges of all people except those who by accident of birth were born in our country or in our locality. Nativism is a primitive instinct, unworthy of modern civilization. The Chinese used to call all others "foreign devils;" it was nativism which inspired the Boxer uprisings. The Greeks considered all others "barbarians."

The savage regards a stranger as an enemy. In some sections of America this instinct persists. In one period of our history, nativism was made a political issue, and the American, or Kuow Nothing Party elected some members of Congress on a platform which contained sentiments against "foreigners."

Of all people in the world Americans should be the freest from this selfish spirit. Yet it is well known that some of the most intolerant "nativists" were either themselves immigrants or are the sons of those who sought America as political or economic refugees. We have been told of a Boston man, proud of his ancestry, who was entertaining a young Indian, a university graduate, a cultured Christian gentleman. The Boston man was unable to make the impression he desired and finally said rather impatiently, "You do not seem to appreciate the significance of the fact that my ancestors came over here in the Mayflower." The young Indian replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "I must remind you that my ancestors were on the reception committee."

Our Real Enemy.

"It seems to me that our real enemy is not an aggressive foreignism, but a passive, complacent Americanism. What we really need to fear is not that we shall be invaded by civilizations and ideals we can not assimilate but that we shall fail to develop and perpetuate and extend to all Americans the civilization and the ideals we firmly believe to be American."--
Frances Kellor.

The Blue-Back Speller

By Miss Fannie E. S. Heck.

(Some years ago there was a spelling contest, or Bee, held in the city of Raleigh. It was honored by a large audience, which had assembled to hear distinguished folks spell. It is said that those who had studied the Old Blue-Back stood up the longest---in fact the winner of that contest knew Webster's Blue-Back by heart. But the story is well told by Miss Heck, a scholarly woman of Raleigh, who does it in verse. Miss Heck died just a few years ago.)



I'd been mighty busy plowin',
When there came a half a peck
Of letters, sent from Raleigh,
And asking me direct,
To come and take a hand with them
At spelling in a Bee,
For helping on a set of folks
They called the Y. M. C.

I'd been a famous speller
In the days of Auld Lang Syne,
But that was thirty years ago,

And I hardly thought to shine;
But Charlie Cook said "Risk it,"
And I wasn't loth to show
That the good old blue-back
Is one thing that I know.

The house was well-nigh crowded
When the time came for the Bee,
And, after some persuadin',
There came up along with me
M. D. and D. D. doctors
And M. A.'s full a score,
And editors and teachers,
And lawyers several more.

'Twas funny then to see 'em,
As the hard words came like hail,
A pausin' and a stammerin'
And a turnin' almost pale.
But law! it all came to me
Like it used to long ago,
And I saw the blue-back speller,
With each long and even row.

And I gave 'em, with the column,
The place, the side, the page,
For I saw those words like faces
Of old friends that do not age;
But those learned folks kept droppin'
Like the leaves off any tree,
And at last there wasn't standin'
But a D. D. up with me.

And then there came a poser,
And the doctor he went down,
And a shout went up that startled
Half the sleepy folks in town,
But I didn't care for prizes---
The thing that made me glad
Was to down 'em with the blue-back
I studied when a lad.

Hammer And Forge

*You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must
hammer and forge yourself one.---Froude.*

Reed Gold Mine in Cabarrus.

From "Wheeler's History.

The first piece of gold found at this mine, was in the year 1799, by Conrad Reed, a boy of about twelve years old, a son of John Reed, the proprietor. The discovery was made in an accidental manner. The boy above named, in company with a sister and younger brother, went to a small stream, called Meadow Creek, on a Sabbath day, while their parents were away at church, for the purpose of shooting fish with bow and arrow, and while engaged along the bank of the creek, Conrad saw a yellow substance, shining in the water. He went in and picked it up, and found it to be some kind of metal, and carried it home. Mr. Reed examined it, but as gold was unknown in this part of the country at that time, he did not know what kind of metal it was: the piece was about the size of a small smoothing iron.

Mr. Reed carried the piece of metal to Concord, and showed it to a William Atkinson, a silversmith, but he not thinking of gold, was unable to say what kind of metal it was.

Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years on his floor, to lay against the door to keep it from shutting. In the year of 1802, he went to market to ayetteville, and carried the piece of metal with him, and on showing it to a jeweller, the jeweller immediately told him it was gold, and requested Mr. Reed to leave the metal with him and said he would flux it. Mr. Reed left it and returned in a short time, and on his return the jeweller showed him a large bar of gold, six or eight inches long. The jeweller then asked Mr. Reed

what he would take for the bar. Mr. Reed, not knowing the value of gold, thought he would ask a "big price," and so he asked three dollars and fifty cents (\$3.50!) The jeweller paid him his price.

After returning home, Mr. Reed examined and found gold in the surface along the creek. He then associated Frederick Kisor, James Love, and Martin Phifer with himself, and in the year 1803, they found a piece of gold in the branch that weighed twenty-eight pounds. Numerous pieces were found at this mine weighing from sixteen pounds down to the smallest particles. The whole surface along the creek for nearly a mile was very rich in gold.

The veins of this mine were discovered in the year 1831. They yielded a large quantity of gold. The veins are flint or quartz.

I do certify that the foregoing is a true statement of the discovery and history of this mine, as given by John Reed and his son Conrad Reed, now both dead.

January, 1848.

GEORGE BARNHARDT.

Weight of different pieces of gold found at this mine:—

1803,	28	lbs.
1804,	9	"
"	7	"
"	3	"
"	2	"
"	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
1824,	16	"
"	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
"	8	"
1835,	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	"
"	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	"

“ 4 lb.
 “ 1 lb.
 “ 8 lbs.

115 lbs. steelyard

weight.

“Lest We Forget.”

There are times when the ability to forget is a blessing, and then there are times when it is not only a duty, but a blessing to remember.

It is now 56 years since the “War Between the States” ended, and gradually the bitterness between the sections has subsided except when its revival is needed for political purposes.

The South can now with unprejudiced eyes study the character of Abraham Lincoln, and find that, instead of the horrid monster of Civil War days, he was a diamond in the rough---a man of deep feeling who had worked his way to the front over obstacles that would have crushed the ordinary man.

On the other hand, the North has reached the point where it is able to see in Lee and Jackson, characters that reflect glory upon our common

country. Here then is an instance where forgetting is a blessing to both sections. When, however, we look into what the present generation of young people of the South are studying we find that there are past glories of our South that they should remember. They should study the lives of our past leaders in order to follow in their paths, and among their most cherished traditions should be the achievements of our country, when for four long years, against overwhelming odds, we fought till our resources were exhausted. These things should be remembered, not for the purpose of keeping alive bitterness, but to inculcate lessons of endurance when the cause is just. They should know every phase of the characters of Lee and Jackson, in order that they may realize what true greatness is.

The literature of the great War has crowded out that of the Civil War, it is true, yet we would plead with parents to put into the hands of their young books showing our record, not only in battle, but in the production of true character, modeled after the Divine Christ---Presbyterian Standard.

Just Habits

Self-respect, self-help, application, industry, integrity---are all of the nature of habits, not beliefs. Principles, in fact, are but the names which we assign to habits; for the principles are words, but the habits are the things themselves, benefactors or tyrants, according as they are good or evil.

Recollections of Joel Chandler Harris

T. Larry Gantt in Siler City Grit.

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), journalist and author, whose book has been translated into many languages and whose name is revered by both old and young throughout the reading world---a plain Southern Democrat and whom a Republican President invited as his honored and especial guest to the White House---was a poor Georgia boy, born on a small, rocky farm in Jasper county. I do not suppose any lad ever started life under more trying or discouraging circumstances. He had only the rudimental smattering of an education obtained at a small and antiquated country school, and so had to educate himself while earning a living.

An old man who made hats out of rabbit skins printed a small paper on his farm called the Countryman. He hired Joe Harris as a printer's devil, and he also learned the boxes and how to stick type. In due time the Countryman suspended and Joe Harris found work on other weeklies in that section, and started to set up while at the case paragraphs for the paper; and they were so pointed and bright that he was encouraged by the editor to continue the work. Harris's squibs began to attract attention from the daily papers and were extensively copied. They became the leading feature in every paper with which Harris was connected.

It was during the Franco-Prussian war. I was a young fellow working on the Savannah Morning News, taking my initial training in daily jour-

nalism; and it was no child's play, for we started to work at 2 p. m. and it was often daybreak when the paper was ready for press. The editor of the News was Col. W. T. Thompson, author of a humorous book of that day named "Major Jones' Courtship." J. H. Estill was proprietor.

One night about 12 o'clock Mr. Estill came into the office piloting one of the most "unprepossessing" specimens of humanity my eyes ever rested upon, except when I looked in a mirror, and introduced him around to the force as "Mr. Harris."

Were I an artist I could paint that picture today from memory. "Mr. Harris" could have passed for any age from 18 to 30. He was a chunkily built, red-headed, freckle-faced young man, apparently weighing around 130 pounds and had he started to travel on looks would never get beyond his front gate. But the most noticeable thing about "Mr. Harris" was his cloths and their fit, or rather their misfit. They were of homespun jeans, the wool spun just as sheared from a black-greyish sheep. I should judge from their fit that the tailor spread out the cloth on the floor, laid Harris on it and and then proceeded to cut out the garment with a dull knife. The pants ended just above the shoe-tops, and it is needless to add that the pressing club was an unknown institution where the gentleman came from. And let me just here add that after Harris began to wear "store clothes" they always looked as if thrown

on him with a pitch-fork. I never knew a man further removed from a dude or a Beau Brummel than Joe Harris.

After shaking hands around and Mr. Estill escorted Harris downstairs, I turned to Colonel Thompson and asked:

"What species of critter was that Mr. Estill brought up?"

"Why, Gantt," was the reply, "that is our new news editor and his name is Harris."

"How did the boss catch him, in a fish-trap or net? Can it talk?" was my next query.

"He certainly has an ungainly appearance," remarked the Colonel, "but we have been watching his articles and he will surprise you. Estill got him from a paper at Forsythe. His work will be to paraphrase the State news."

The next night, when Harris's copy came up, I knew that our paper had a rare genius in its paragrapher. Every line was bristling with humor and pointed as a needle. Harris wrote a hand almost like copper plate, punctuated and every i dotted and t crossed.

If a new name appeared in the war dispatches he wrote it plainly out for each printer. Whatever work left his hand was perfect. This was his unbroken rule. You never could hurry him, but he could do more work in a given time than any man I ever knew.

Harris and I worked together for some seven years on the Savannah News, and our friendship was unbroken to his death.

Joe Harris was the most unassuming, yes, modest, man I ever knew. This characteristic made him appear unsocial to strangers, but with con-

genial friends he would unlimber himself and it was indeed a rare treat to spend an evening in his company. Harris was never much of a talker, preferring to sit back and leave that to others; but occasionally he would put in a word or witticism, and whatever he said was always germane to the point or brimful of humor.

Joe Harris never penned a line or spoke a word but it was worth reading or hearing. He was loyalty itself to his friends and they were bound to him with links of steel.

No famous man ever cared so little for public applause as Joel Chandler Harris. He would hide from admirers hunting him up and Harris never made a public speech in his life. We have been together at public gatherings and banquets when the room would be ringing with calls for "Harris! Harris! Harris!" But Joe would smile and shake his head and if the calls were too persistent he would slip away and disappear.

While in Savannah he met and married a Canadian lady, daughter of a sea captain, and his family life was as beautiful as his social life. A tenderer or more devoted husband and father could not be. Like unto nearly all daily newspaper workers, Harris was too busy to attend or join the church, but I understand that just before his death he joined the Roman Catholics, of which church his wife was a member. But Harris lived a clean and charitable life. I never heard him speak an unkind word of anyone; his writings have cheered and brightened thousands of homes, and when Joe Harris knocked at the pearly gates I shall never believe that Saint Peter met him with

a refusal.

As the years rolled by Grady employed Harris as editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution and I became owner and editor of the Athens Daily Banner. It was at this time that Harris began to win fame as a literary writer. I do not think Joe Harris realized his talent until the world began to applaud his productions and clamour for more. Had he remained on the Savannah News he would never have attained world-wide fame. Atlanta and Henry Grady pressed him to the front.

When Harris started on his Uncle Remus stories he wrote me inclosing copies of several he had prepared, and knowing that my family had always been slaveowners, asked that I refresh my memory and send him all the old negro folklore stories that I could call to mind. My old black nurse Tilda was pregnant with superstition, and being of pure African

descent, loaded my young mind with such narratives as recited by Uncle Remus, and which we both firmly believed. I sent Harris several pages of these stories, which he rewrote and published. Among them was the Tar baby, but Harris later told me that he already had it. It was thus that Harris collected material for his "Uncle Remus," and but for his work one of the most interesting recollections of slavery days in the Old South would have perished with emancipation. And futhermore, those Uncle Remus stories truly depict the kindly relations existing between the Southern slaveowner and his loyal and dependent blacks.

When Joe Harris died there passed away a pure-minded, golden-hearted gentleman, whose mission in life was to brighten and cheer the world. Peace to his ashes. I am proud to claim the author of "Uncle Remus" as my friend.

THE TWO FELLOWS AND THE BEAR---A FABLE.

Two fellows were travelling together through a wood, when a Bear rushed out upon them. One of the travellers happened to be in front, and he seized hold of the branch of a tree, and hid himself among the leaves. The other, seeing no help for it, threw himself flat down upon the ground, with face in the dust. The Bear, coming up to him, put his muzzle close to his ear, and sniffed and sniffed. But at last with a growl he shook his head and slouched off, for bears will not touch dead meat. Then the fellow in the tree came down to his comrade, and, laughing, said "What was it that Master Bruin whispered to you?"

"He told," said the other,

"NEVER TRUST A FRIEND WHO DESERTS YOU AT A PINCH."

What Takes Place Inside Jury Rooms.

By R. R. Clark.

How often do you suppose jurors are entirely of one mind when they retire to make up a verdict? I am disposed to believe that the percentage of cases in which there is unanimous agreement without discussion or some disputation, is very low. In the great majority of cases there is no protracted sitting, the verdict is made up without disagreement becoming acute and the public assumes that the jurors were practically of one mind from the outset. But were they? I have often wondered if the strong minds on the jury, be they in the majority or the minority at the outset, do not make up the verdicts. That is to say, jury verdicts are in most cases not the unanimous opinion of a dozen men who have duly digested the facts (or alleged facts) presented to them and come to the same conclusion but are the opinions of a few jurors whose personality dominates. The strong-minded may not always be the most intelligent or the most capable of finding the facts. But they are the most self-assertive, or are men whose opinions are respected, and if there are none equally determined on the other side the minority, or sometimes a majority, will accept the opinions expressed if not formed, either because they have no convictions or lack the courage to express and stand by their convictions; or because they have so little conception of or so little concern for their duty and responsibility in the matter, that they are unwilling to contend.

In case of "hung" juries, where

men are kept on a case two or three days after a long trial, it seems very clear that verdicts are often secured by a form of compulsion to which the court is a party. It is highly desirable of course to prevent a mistrial in a case long-drawn out. The time and expense of a long trial are a big item. But after a reasonable time is allowed for full consideration, if the jury reports disagreement and the court tells them to get together, the chances are that the minority will yield, regardless of conviction. One must have very strong conviction if, after sitting through a trial of a week or ten days, he is content to stay with a jury two or three or four days and nights rather than yield his convictions. Often in such cases the minority is simply worn out; men are so anxious to get out and go about their business that they give up rather than hold on. If the verdict gives general satisfaction and no row is raised those who yielded have no cause to worry. But if a storm arises he who has yielded to the majority against his better judgment is likely to try to explain that he didn't approve. Then he gets in worse. The man who yields his convictions in an important case, where the decision means serious results to the loser, simply to have an end of the matter, is unfit to be a juror and he simply advertises his unworthiness when he proclaims the fact that he assented to a verdict in which he did not believe.

Occasionally bills are offered in the Legislature to permit three-fourths

of a jury to return a verdict in civil actions. So far this proposition has not found favor in North Carolina simply because the lawyers are slow to approve change of methods in the courts, even when the advantage of the change is clearly manifest. Majority verdicts would not remove all possibility of a few determined jurors making up verdicts for their associates, but they would save the dominating spirits the trouble of making up the minds of so many and would

furnish a refuge for the timid who have convictions but lack courage to stand by them; and would certainly reduce the possibility of mis-trials. Would it not be better, too, to allow a few the liberty of dissenting than to force, by one process or another, a unanimous verdict against the convictions of a part of the jury? What is the benefit of a unanimous verdict, what is sacred about it except custom, if it has to be procured by duress?

Gentleness

Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature; it is far more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodill in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growing.

"Pour It In Her---She Won't Leak."

By Jim Riddick.

These were the last words uttered by Charlie Sherwood, a Cabarrus farmer, on Thursday, when he was dashed to death by his own automobile turning over on the Concord-Salisbury road. His companions on this death ride were four negroes.

It's just a case of intense drunkenness, on blockade liquor, dealt out by the worst kind of lawlessness---a road house. Charlie Sherwood, when sober, was a likable fellow; and by the way, is it not strange, that nine men out of ten who make a practice of getting drunk are generally clever folks, when sober? The facts in the case, as developed at Coroner Spencer's court, are that Sherwood

and his negro driver had been out to a liquor dealer on the Concord-Salisbury road and purchased a half-gallon jug of the fire-water. They returned to town, picked up three other negroes, and started back to the lawless cus, who defies decency and the law. Going at a breakneck speed, the owner cried out: "pour it in her ---she won't leak" and grabbed the wheel, causing the machine to climb an embankment, turning over twice and landing on its wheels again, but Charlie Sherwood's neck was broken and he lay dead, and his negro associates escaped practically unhurt.

But enough of this. I am impressed with another phase of this occur-

rence. It is a matter that ought to concern the law-abiding and clean people of the county. If it does not concern them, and they do not move, and move earnestly, then much of the blame attaches to them. The negro made testimony before the Coroner's jury that is sufficient to put one of the several liquor dealers in that community out of business, unless the law is impotent. He did not know the name of the keeper of this road house, but his description of the fellow is just as good a picture as a photographer could make with his machine.

The law should take him. The fellow, if he is innocent, should demand an investigation to the end that there might be established for a certainty the owner of the face the negro described. If it is not his face, then he must prove and exhibit a twin face.

Within a radius of three miles there have sprung up four or five places that bear wretched reputations. In these joints, so the public believes, every command in the decalogue is violated. Some of them have been pulled; some of them have

paid a light penalty for their crimes, but some of them have gone back to their wallow. This rotten condition will continue until the decent, law-abiding folks in the neighborhood demand a cleaning out. It can be done--if not done, they must share part of the blame.

No law is obeyed without public-sentiment is behind it--if the law is violated with impunity, then public-sentiment must favor this horrible condition.

An Inquiry: How long would a gambling joint or other place of vileness stay in commission, if the local correspondent would note, as is the custom, the presence of certain professional and business men, when they spend a "week-end" or some evening with one of these joints. That would be more exciting news than "So & So spent the evening in so and so, motoring in their car."

When the good, clean, law-abiding people of the county make up their minds in earnestness that these places of illegality shall close up, they will close--and not until then.

Character

Character is human nature in its best form. It is moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well-governed state they are its best motive power; for it is moral qualities in the main which rule the world.

Saint Patrick

Saint Patrick---the son of a clergyman---was born in Scotland. When sixteen years of age he was kidnaped by a band of pirates and carried to Ireland. An Irish Nobleman bought him, and he began a life of slavery. (Webster's Unabridged gives this: "The patron saint of Ireland, fabled to have driven all the vermin of the island into the sea. Legend represents him as born in Scotland about 396, sold as a slave into Ireland while a lad, and returning later to convert that country to Christianity.")

Returning to our story, it is said that for six years he tended sheep in the country. It was a lonely life and gave him time to think of the people among whom he made his home.

These people were heathen. They were kind-hearted, generous and quick to learn, but sometimes did foolish, cruel things because no one had ever taught them a better way of life. Patrick believed that if they were Christians they might live better and more useful lives. He often thought of his parents, too, and how he might escape and return to his own country.

At last, after a long wait, Patrick was able to slip away and make his way to the seashore. He boarded a ship that was ready to sail and, by working his passage, made his way back to his home. But when he was free he did not forget the need of the Irish. He set to work at once to learn from the best and wisest clergymen he could find, that he might become a teacher and a missionary.

Seven years after Patrick left Ireland as a runaway slave he went back again as a minister and teacher. This time he went in a ship of his own, with friends who were willing to help him. When they landed, the people thought they must be pirates and prepared to defend themselves. When they found what Patrick's errand was they were much astonished, but received him and his friends kindly and entertained them.

Before Patrick left he had helped the people to give up their heathen ways and become Christians. For more than fifty years he devoted himself to this work, going from place to place preaching and teaching. The Irish could not read the books Patrick brought with him, for they did not know the letters. The teachers, therefore, cut the alphabet on laths of wood, about a yard long and two inches broad, and gave these to the people so that they might easily copy them and in this way learn to read.

Patrick's work was not done without much hardship and danger. More than once the heathen tried to kill him and his helpers. They did not like to give up their old form of worship, nor did they like the new laws which were made by the wise men of Ireland at Patrick's suggestion, though they were better than the laws they had had before.

A piece of land in Northern was given to Patrick, that he might build a home for himself and his teachers ---and a church in which to preach. On this site he built a church which is the chief church of Ireland today. Before Patrick's death the greater

part of the Irish people became Christians through his preaching and teaching.

Welcome Guest.

Of the magazines and papers that come to this desk none are more welcome or carefully read than the "Uplift," the inspirational little

weekly publication that is issued by the boys at the Jackson Training School and ably edited by that splendid Christian gentleman, Mr. J. P. Cook. It is a credit to the institution, to the boys who do the mechanical work and to Mr. Cook, whose work speaks for itself through the pages of the paper.--Morganton News-Herald.

Acquaintance of Our Youth.



An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down; but the young saucebox told him plainly he would not. "Won't you?" said the old man, "then I will fetch you down;" so he pulled up some turf or grass and threw at him; but this on-

ly made the youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

"Well, well," said the old man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones;" so the old man pelted him

heartily with stones, which soon from the tree and beg the old man's made the young chap hasten down pardon.

MORAL

If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

How to Look

Even happiness itself may become habitual. There is a habit of looking at the bright side of things, and also of looking at the dark side. Dr. Johnson has said that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing is worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year.

The Horse.

THE UPLIFT has had a curiosity to know just how far the boys we have appreciate the opportunities given them at the institution. Some days ago, quite a number prepared a story of Washington. A number of the 5th and 6th grades were asked to write about The Horse. A few of these will be found in this issue. Those of our readers who have taught and others interested in child-life, will appreciate the good to be had by calling upon the boys to do this service. THE UPLIFT is gratified over what it finds--just a short time ago, all broken up and demoralized, those young fellows without advantages have traveled no little distance for the short time spent here. The average first attempt by a boy at essay writing is about this: Choosing a subject, then writing about something else. Our boys stuck to the horse.

The history of the horse can be traced back, (tho with extensive gaps) to the beginning of the Tertiary Geological period. At this stage we find him about the size of a fox, with toes on his feet. Through gradual evolution of size and usefulness we have him as he is today.

Primitive man did not realize his value, so the horse was left a

wild being; killed for food by some, for fuel even by others, until he grew to immense size.

During the Middle Ages he was unanimously introduced as man's beast of burden, the only means of travel, and was man's burden bearer in both war and peace. Fighting wars, or advancing civilization.

The senses of a horse are acute, tho many animals excel it in this

respect, but its sense of observation and memory are both highly developed. Even when untrained it is very intelligent; horses left out in winter will scrape away the snow and ice to get the vegetation hidden beneath, which cattle are never observed to do. This instinct may be inherited from their ancestors on the plains of Siberia where food is scarce and snow is plentiful, but the same instinct is visible in the horses of Falkland Is., whose ancestors in La Plata could have had no occasion to show the same instinct.

With patience and kind treatment the horse can be trained to go through complicated feats of memory and perception. It possesses also an accurate sense of time, clearly shown by the way he may be taught to walk, trot and dance to music. It is very timid and cautious of every new sight and sound. A country horse used to be frightened at the stight of a train. To fire a gun near him will cause a runaway.

The horse has been a source of revenue to many classes of people, those benefitted by his labor are: farmers, drayman, and many others too numerous to mention. But, he has been a conspicuous stimulant to betting and gambling.

Sometimes the running of one horse will net men millions. Horse raising was once prosperous. Now that he has served his purpose he is being abandoned, because of the introduction of automobiles, his carrying capacity and speed is outclassed.

But, be it ever mindful of his past usefulness, he helped by his own activities to lay the foundation for civilization. He bore the brunt of man's activities for centuries. Expeditions were carried out by his own

usefulness. Wars were won many a time by cavalrymen, but at Waterloo he caused Napoleon's downfall.

He may finally pass as other animals of his type have done, but still great numbers are to be found roaming over the unsettled steppes of Mexico, South America and Siberia. Even if he is extinguished we should be considerate enough to erect monuments to his efficient service rendered to mankind.

John A. Kern Jr.

The horse is a four legged animal with a long tail and a flowing mane. He has a rather large head with small ears. He has soft eyes which always seem to be asking something. His body is a kind of barrel shaped, and his legs are long and slender.

The horse is found in nearly every country of the world except the extreme polar regions. The horse of the desert lands of Arabia is well trained by his master and often will fight for him. Other horses treated right will show great love for their masters.

He is used for every kind of work, play or amusements. The horse has done as much if not more than any other domestic animal toward promoting civilization. He is used for draying, for riding, either saddle or carriage riding. He is used in war and in peace. In war to carry the officers and pull the big heavy guns that do not have trucks or railroads on which to be moved.

He is used in peace to carry on the vast amount of work cut out for him.

There are several different kinds of horses such as, the race, charger, cob, pony, and the dray horse. The racer is used for pleasure and riding.

He has slender legs and a small well shaped head and body. The charger is used mostly in war for the calvary and officers. He has a broad body and his head is slightly larger than a racer. He is strongly built and has great endurance. The cob and dray horse are nearly the same except that a cob has short stout legs and body, the dray horse being big and stout used for pulling heavy loads, trucks, etc. The pony is a small horse used mostly for pleasure.

The horse belongs to the herbivorous class of animals.

A horse ought to be treated almost like a human. Good food, good shelter and good treatment; with these a horse will live from seven to twenty-five years.

Give a horse food regularly, plenty of time to learn, plenty of rest, not too much work, and you will soon have as good a pet as any dog can make. The horse does not require constant care and treatment as some animals do. Turn a horse loose in a pasture lot and let him go. This gives him plenty of fresh air and grass which is his principal food. In a few weeks of this, for a young horse, the horse will be ready to put to work. He is strong and healthy, and not easily to get sick. After the horse is dead his hide can be sold to be made in leather. The hide varies in price according to the way cared for and condition it is in.

The horse is used for man power sometimes. In Venice, Holland, and Belgium he pulls canal boats. Out west he is used by the cowboys in rounding up cattle. I think the horse is the most useful domestic animal we have.

Sam Taylor.

The horse is by far the most useful animal man has in his possession. Probably the horse's greatest value to man is in helping him to till the soil. He pulls plows, cultivators, harrows, planters, and many other farming implements. Horses are gentle, but are driven with a bit and bridle as they sometimes shy at objects.

The horse is very strong and will work hard all day without complaining. He pulls heavy loaded wagons, buggies, and carts and almost any kind of vehicle. Horses drew canal boats many miles daily on the Erie and other canals.

The horse is herbivorous. He will eat grass, fodder, or grain. When the West was first opened to the civilized man, enormous herds of horses roamed over the western plains and plateaus. These horses were wild and ate grass and twigs. We shoe the horse to protect his hoof.

In the years before steam and electricity were introduced horse-back was almost the sole way of land travel. They carried mails and pulled stage-coaches. They were and are very valuable for military purposes. Before the aeroplane was introduced cavalry was one of the most important division of the army and is the same today.

The horse was used in Biblical times extensively. When the Indians of Mexico saw the Spaniards on horse they thought the man and horse was one being. The horse travels in almost any climate except Polar.

Horseflesh is not fit to eat but his hide is very valuable for shoes, belts, etc. A horse rarely gets sick, but when he does, it is usually very serious.

Horse's average lives are about fif-

teen. A horse is in his prime from about nine to fourteen. Some horses are very spirited but as a whole they are very docile.

Thad Shooter.

Maud was born, May, 17, 1881, on a farm near the Cape Fear river in North Carolina. Her mother's name was Kate.

Before Maud was able to work she would go around loose on the farm. She would always come up at meal time, to get her food. A boy would get up at a certain hour in the morning to feed. Maud knew when he was coming and he would come and let her out.

When Maud was a year old a man came along and happened to see her, and wanted to buy her, she was so gentle that you could go between her feet and she would stand perfectly still. This man paid (\$200) two hundred dollars for her. He carried her home and put her in the stable. The next day his servant came out and fed her and then after breakfast, she was hitched to a new rubber tire buggy. Maud felt so fine she held her head high in the air. Her new master had a little girl, and she would ride around to see her friends with her new pet.

One day there was going to be a race in the town and this girl wanted her father to let Maud enter the race. He did so. Maud had a hard time of it, but finally she succeeded in getting the first prize, which was a \$100. This pleased the girl very much and she never would let her father sell Maud.

A few weeks after the race Maud got sick, with the colic, and was not able to work for a few days. When she was able to be out, she

played in the lot.

Maud was cared for and treated kindly. And Maud never run away. They were driving for a joy ride one afternoon out in the coutry. There was a bridge on this road and was in a very bad condition. When they came to the bridge they never thought of its condition and started across, when Maud fell and broke her leg. When they got back home they told the girl about the trouble and the girl cried herself sick. Maud's leg kept getting worse and her master had her killed, but he never did forget his faithful horse.

Henry B. Facuette.

The horse came from the Euphrates valley. There they were raised in great numbers. They were used in the countries around; they were used mostly with the Arabs.

The Spaniards were the first people to bring the horse to America and they have been here ever since; the Indians thought the Spaniards were ghosts when they saw their shining armor and their horses they would fall down on their knees and worship them. They were of good use to the Spaniards in traveling and in fighting the natives they would ride in among them and fire their guns and they would run.

They are used in the towns and cities for pulling grocery wagons, ice wagons, and light wheeled buggies and carriges, they are used with the mounted police.

The horse is the chief treasure of a cowboy in the west. He can herd cattle with the horse and when a calf needs branding he lassoes it and brands it, the horse has to run fast for the cowboy for he may ride into a bunch of cowstealers and will have

to run for his life and the horse may save his life by doing his best. A horse may have a good master and may save his life many times when rounding up a herd of cattle.

They were used in the past war and a great many other wars. They were used in the Cavalry and they were used to pull cannons around.

The horse is useful to the farmer in pulling his wagon to town to buy something or to sell his vegetables or any thing else. He pulls the plows

and the reaper that reaps the grain.

When the first Canal was made they had not yet invented]the steamboat so they used the horses to pull the boats from one place to another.

Before there were any trains the Stagecoaches were pulled by horses; the Stagcoaches were often held up by bandits who killed the men in it and got their valuables and killed the horses, sometimes they didn't. The stage coaches are almost gone out of date.

Dudley Pangle.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. Clyde Johnson, of Landis, was a visitor here Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Talbert the latter part of Feb., a girl.

Services at the chapel Sunday were conducted by Rev. Mr. Snyder of Concord.

Supt. Chas. E Boger left Sunday night for Raleigh where he will spend a few days.

Rev. N. A. Williams, pastor of Rocky Ridge church, paid a short visit to the school Monday.

Miss Naomi Sherrill, formerly a matron at first cottage, now of Charlotte, spent Sunday with friends here.

Messrs Wilson and Robbins, of Davidson, are drilling a well at Rockynook, the home of Mr. Wm. M. Crooks.

Mr. Joseph Jones, of Franklin county, visited the school last week.

Mr. Jones is Supt. of Public Welfare of his county.

Boys who were made glad Wednesday by visit from home folks were: George Lafferty, Marion Buttler, Clyde Willard, Ed Norris and Montgomery.

Mrs. Arthur Morrison and Miss Lois Reed, of the Rocky River neighborhood spent Tuesday evening with Mrs. Morrison's sister, Mrs. Pearl Young, at second Cottage.

Mr. T. V. Talbert is having his timber cut for the new house which he expects to build on his place near the school. The sawing is being done by Mr. Geo. Faggert.

Messrs. George Lawrence and Kay Patterson went over to Mt. Pleasant Friday evening to play at the debate given by the Gerhardt Literary Society of the M. P. C. I.

Miss Josie Conley, a member of the faculty of the Normal School, at Asheville, spent a few days with Miss Eva Greenlee. Miss Conley was a guest of King's Daughters' Cottage.

Mr. Picket, of Durham, who visit-

ed his son here last week, said that he was particularly impressed with two things about the training the boys receive here. One was that they are taught to work, and the other was that they obey.

Of Local Nature

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. King have returned from a few days visit to New York.

Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, who has been desperately ill for a period, is regaining her health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allison, who have been spending some weeks in Beaumont, Texas, left there Tuesday on their return home.

Hon. W. R. Odell, who has been for some years chairman of the County Board of Education, has been re-appointed for a term of six years.

From legislature reports, it seems that the sheriff and treasurer of Cabarrus have been put on a salary ---the former \$3,500 and the latter \$1,000.

J. Will Wallace, it is alleged, killed himself in the local jail, last Sunday. The poor fellow had been demented, and when the officer entered his cell Wallace attacked him. In the scuffle to get away and out of the cell the officer dropped his pistol. This the demented man secured. The officer went for assistance, and upon his return Wallace, after firing the pistol five times, seems to have been hit by the sixth. Whether he was struck by the bullet direct or by a rebounding bullet, is not certain.

Dr. Whitley is Dead.

Dr. D. P. Whitley, a prominent physician of Stanly County, died at his home in Albemarle, Monday night. He was fifty-six years of age. Dr. Whitley had made a great success of his profession and stood high as a citizen. His funeral took place Wednesday, being in charge of his pastor, Rev. V. C. Ridenhour.

Making Investigations.

Officials of the State Tax Commission have been in Concord for several days, making investigation of the lowering of the valuation of the Cannon Mills from what was originally certified.

A Good Suggestion

Mr. Mebane is right in the suggestion which he makes in commenting on an editorial in The News-Herald last week. After giving further consideration to the matter we are convinced that it would probably be too big an undertaking for this county or any of our neighboring counties to build alone a cottage at the Jackson Training School. Therefore the practical way to go at it would be for two or more to combine forces.

Mr. Mebane's comment as appearing in Tuesday's News-Enterprise, Newton, follows:

"In referring to what other counties have done The News-Herald, of Morganton says:

"'Burke county could make no better investment than to follow the examples set by Guilford and Durham. Frequently there are coming to light cases that would make such

a place prove a solution of the question. 'What shall be done with this boy?' Moreover, there are numbers of instances, probably not generally known, where a boy is beginning to show much tendencies to crime as to make his downward course almost sure. The Jackson Training School would be the salvation of such a boy. We are rather inclined to think that it would be better to spend our public money in trying to prevent crime rather than in the conduct of courts to prosecute the criminal after the deed has been committed.'

"Small counties like Burke and Catawba would find it rather expensive to do as Guilford and Durham counties have done—these counties are large and wealthy—and fifteen thousand dollars does not mean much to them.

"Again these counties are populous and have need for more boys than does the smaller counties. It seems to us that it would be entirely practicable for two smaller counties like Burke and Catawba to build one cottage—each county take half interest in the building. This one building would serve these two counties' needs for years.

"Then when the time comes that the one cottage no longer will serve both counties, let one of the counties sell out its interest to the other county and build for itself. The purchasing county would have its cottage and the county selling could build its cottage and in the end both counties own cottage---and at the same time our presnet needs would be met as well as have a plan for the future.

"What say you, Miss Cobb, to this plan?"---News Herald.

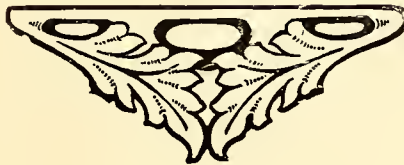
The Cabinet

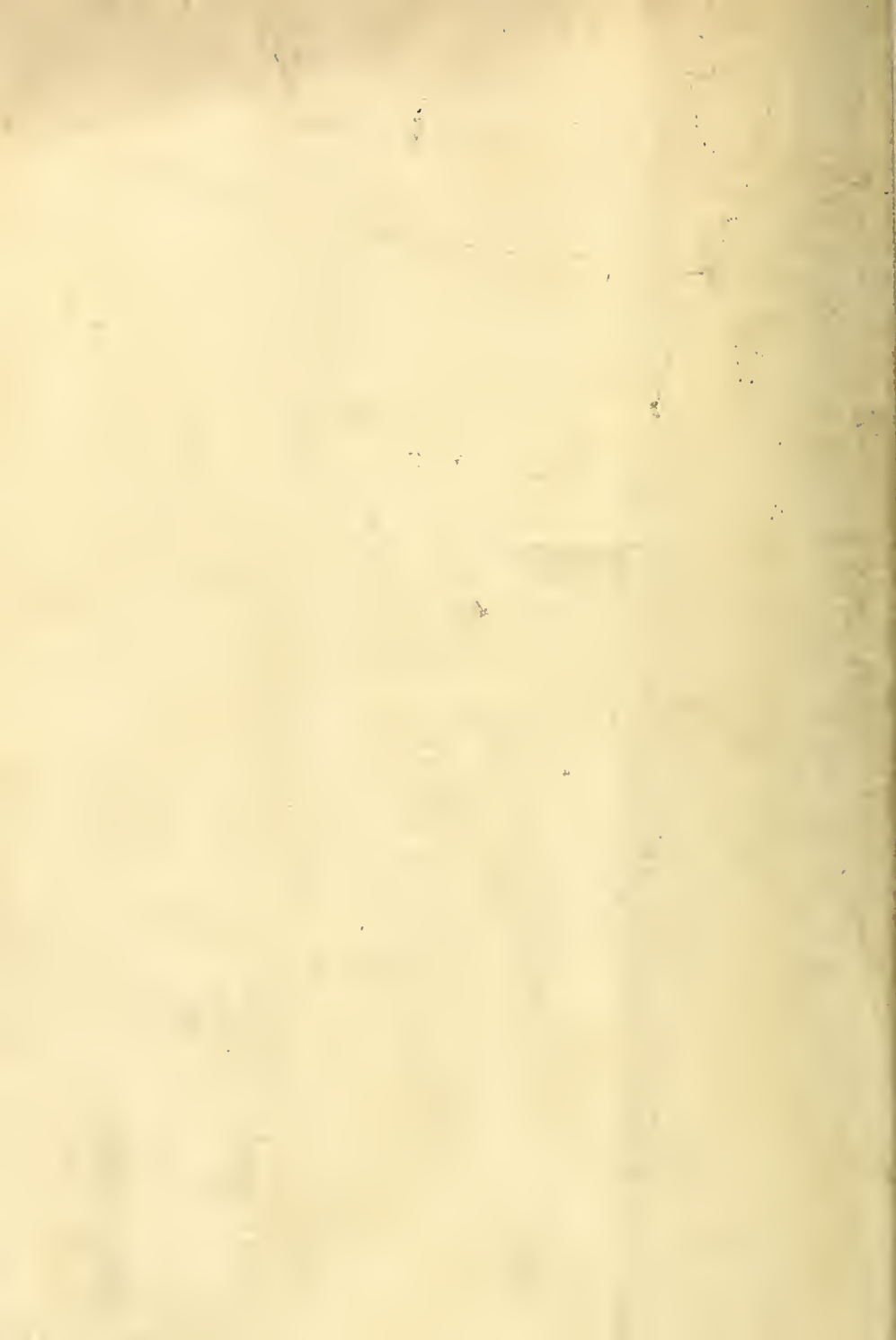
I am sure some women have wondered why all this fuss about the president-elect's cabinet. The reason is the business of the cabinet affects every citizen, every home, everything which pertains to personal and national welfare. Each member of the cabinet is the head of a great department, that is, his chief buainess, being an advisor or counsellor of the President, is secondary. It is only a custom and not by law that they are advisors. Washington had only four departments--State, War, Treasury and Attorney-General; now the President has ten heads of departmen's to supervise. The President nominates them and the Senate confirms them. Grace A. Turkington says in "My Country," One attends to the business with foreign countries (the Secretary of State--'State' here means the nation); another attends to the money affairs of the nation (the Secretary of the Treasury); a third supervises the affairs of the army in time of peace and also of war (the Secretary of war); the fourth has charge of the affairs of the navy (the Secretary of Navy); one is a lawyer, who protects the United States from law breakers and sees that all the affairs of the government are conducted according to law (the Attorney-General); another is general business manager of the Post-office Department (the Postmaster-General); the seventh attends to a variety of things--pensions for soldiers, Indian affairs, the patent department, the national parks, education, Alaska and the territories, the vast forest reservations and irrigation works etc. (the Secretary of the Interior); the eighth, one of the most important

of all, must do everything possible to increase the agricultural wealth of the country (the Secretary of Agriculture;) the ninth attends to the trade problems of the country (the Secretary of Commerce;) the tenth spends all his time in the interest of the wage-earner (the Secretary of Labor.”)

It is the custom to select men of his own party, usually personal as well as political friends; but at the same time he pays by these great honors political debts, and tries to represent different sections of the country. The wives of cabinet minis-

ters are the social leaders of official society. Washington, like other cities has its literary, scientific and social and philanthropic societies aside from the official society. Then, people here are much influenced by church association, so that young people who desire to make friends must drop into church, young people's societies and Sunday schools and show an interest in local affairs or they drift into being mere wage-earners, movie and theatre fans, with no social standing in religious or social life.---Mrs. Monroe, of Washington.





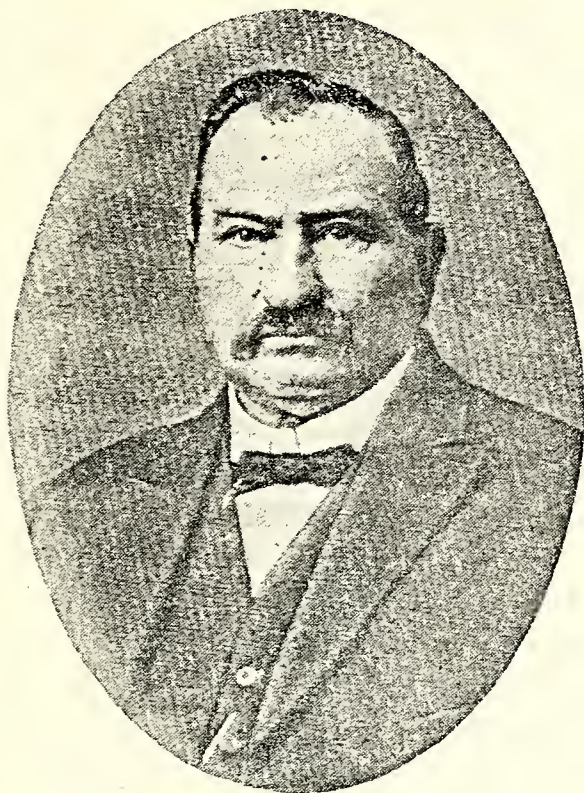
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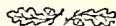
CONCORD, N. C. MAR. 19, 1921

NO. 20



DANIEL EFIRD RHYNE.
Lincolnton, N. C.

See Page 20



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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 23 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.



The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

March 21---The First Day of Spring

O thou bright and beautiful day!
First bright day of the virgin Spring,
Bringing the slumbering life into play,
Giving the leaping bird his wing.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,
In the breathing bud and the opening flower.

---William Gilmore Simms.

THOROUGHLY WISE.

Good, clean health is worth more than gold in this world and of more infinite value in the hereafter: The fact of the business is we forget, in our pride and arrogance, that we come into the world naked and bare; and we go out of it practically in the same condition. Anything, therefore, that protects health, makes future generations stronger and cleaner and freer of disease or pre-disposition to disease and ailments, is of paramount importance.

There seems a disposition to misunderstand the "eugenic" marriage law, passed by the recent General Assembly. There may be some kinks in it and even possibilities of causing some hardships, but civilization has so advanced and our knowledge of carelessness in this respect, as revealed by the in-

vestigations of war activities, that the child has been accorded the right to demand for its parentage healthy men and women.

Editor Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, sees "suggestive value in the law." This is his comment:

"The 'eugenic' marriage law enacted by the last Legislature is likely to operate more largely to the benefit of future generations. It will help at present mainly for the precautionary influence, but it will prove an impelling factor upon the rising generation of boys and girls mainly by reason of the force of suggestion. The minds of the young people will be directed in a profitable channel of thought and they will be inclined to a greater care in the promotion of perfect bodily conditions. Once it becomes understood and admitted that a sound body is an asset qualifying to the happy marriage, the necessity for the physical examination feature of the law will have disappeared. The law is a good one merely by reason of its suggestive value."

As above said, there may have been evidences of the bill's having been loosely drawn, and not entirely practical; but one thing is certain, it is headed in the right direction. This marrying business needs more safe-guards thrown around it for the sake of the contracting parties, if not in consideration of the health of coming generations.

o o o o

THE NEXT STATION.

This is a great old world. One thing right after another bobs up to keep excited those who revel in current news. When one murder or scandal case gets off the boards, another takes its place.

Just a few months ago we had an election throughout the country. After that the prognosticators were kept diligently busy making up a cabinet for the president. This out of the way, now the knocks have begun; other slates of appointments are being made and broken---just one inglorious thing after another.

The legislature is off our hands. But there are many appointments to places of honor and profit to draw the speculation of the politically inclined. They are trying to work out an appointment for Governor Morrison, who will soon fill the position of Tax Commissioner of the state. In the light of what he has done in the case of certain appointments, it is entirely clear that he is not trying to reward bosom friends or punish any enemies, if he has any. He has demonstrated his purpose, in the appointments already made, to put suitable, capable men in charge of the affairs of the state. This man Morrison has even surprised his friends---in his progressiveness, courage and purpose to see that everything is efficient, and that no one

shall "go to sleep at the switch." And he is not particularly maintaining a publicity bureau, either.

And now town and city excitement appears just over the hill. They are picking the winners. In some places the women, the dear women are offering for city positions. Why not? We have in the past twelve years been so intimately associated with women in the conduct of a great business, and seeing their marked ability, their most splendid fidelity and their sense of justice, we make bold to say that a capable woman would make a better mayor than simply a capable man. That fine touch and pride that she uses in the discharge of a duty is a something, of which man has never been guilty of using or knows how to use. If the law permitted the Jackson Training School, or Chuckatuck, or both, to have a mayor, we would nominate a woman for both positions in this issue.

♦♦♦♦

TO MAKE PLANS.

The chairman has called a meeting of the official board of the Jackson Training School for Thursday noon, March 24, 1921, for the transaction of certain business that affects the vital interests of the institution. This will be one of the most important meetings in the history of the institution, at least since the school got beyond the experimental stage.

The enlargement of the plant, the installation of new activities, filling of certain vacancies, and deciding other matters in the conduct of the school, will make of this meeting an all important one. The meeting will be held at the institution. It is desired that every member be present.

♦♦♦♦

A SQUARE DEAL.

THE UPLIFT, voicing the feeling of the entire management of the Jackson Training School, desires to testify to the pleasing fact that the Appropriation Committees of the recent General Assembly handed out to this institution a perfectly square deal. The first time in its history has this occurred.

It had been a puzzle heretofore to know how to approach the authorities, except in an enforced attitude of begging and showing a disposition to crawl up to the throne and bow down. Rather than to know the real facts, foreign matters were oftentimes introduced and odious comparison with irrelevant conditions were forced into discussion. The gentlemen, who attended to the appropriations recently, sought information and facts, alone; and having secured them, they acted as if they wanted to sustain rather

than punish a cause. Their splendid treatment amounts to a challenge to the authorities to leave no stone unturned to prove themselves worthy of the confidence and trust accorded them.

This shall be our aim, at all time. We feel the delightful sensation of not having been treated like a step-child or a vagabond.

♦♦♦♦

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

In another part of this paper will be seen the picture of the North Carolina Home for the old, worn-out Confederate soldiers, who, having grown feeble and having no one specially to look after their comfort, find this a delightful place to spend their declining days.

It is gratifying that the recent legislature made ample appropriation for the betterment of the home, and for its maintenance. Nothing is too good for these old boys, many of them needing as much concern and care as a child. Through Senator Sol Gallert, of Rutherfordton, and representative Pete Murphy, of Rowan, the pensions of the old soldiers have been increased until the total amount reaches one million dollars. It is said that the number is now rapidly decreasing.

May it please the great Father to spare these old fellows much suffering, and make their last days just as joyful as possible. They answered the call --they did their duty. The balance is up to us.

♦♦♦♦

BETTER CALL OUT THE FIRE COMPANY.

A certain Wake county doctor, in registering his protest against and criticism of the new "eugenic" marriage law, passed by the late General Assembly, has resorted to the use of words that make it advisable to call out the fire company, in order to be ready for most any kind of a conflagration. He concludes his condemnation of the new law as follows:

"To my mind this whole concoction is a heterogeneous conglomeration of incongruous incompatibles,, and while the gallant swains and rosy cheek maidens continue to meander down the bower-clad vistas of matrimony, they will have to call next door for this marriage license certificate."

The doctor shows manifestation of considerable excitement, or he may be practicing in a preparation of turning loose a broadside, right.

♦♦♦♦

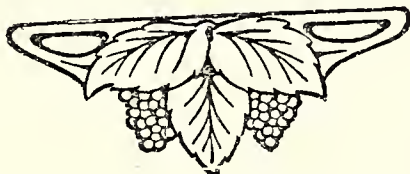
In our next issue we have a very interesting article from Col. J. J. Laugh-

house, of Pitt county, who tells about the necessity and the service of the K. K. K. in the trying period after the War Between the States. He makes it clear that the influences of that "Invisible Empire" saved Southern civilization and was the lone protection of the women.

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES.---A FABLE

In the old days when men were allowed to have many wives, a middle-aged Man had one wife that was old and one that was young; each loved him very much, and desired to see him like herself. Now the Man's hair was turning grey, which the young Wife did not like, as it made him look too old for her husband. So every night she used to comb his hair and pick out the white ones. But the elder Wife saw her husband growing grey with great pleasure, for she did not like to be mistaken for his mother. So every morning she used to arrange his hair and pick out as many of the black ones as she could. The consequence was the Man soon found himself entirely bald.

"YIELD TO ALL AND YOU WILL SOON HAVE NOTHING TO YIELD."



Spring.

Spring, one of the four periods into which the year is naturally divided by the annual motion of the sun in declination, or by the resultant characteristics of temperature, moisture, conditions of vegetation, is about to arrive. Astronomically spring comes on Monday, March 21st, when the sun crosses the equator, going northward; but generally

the beginning of March is regarded as the beginning of Spring.

But, if there be any doubt about the date of arrival of the Spring season, or any discussion over it, why just regard the appearance of the Violets as the announcement. That's what the late Isaac Erwin Avery fixed as the evidence of the arrival of Spring. Hear him:

Violets.

The violets again--little wet violets, and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep--taste this newness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is a quicker leap of life, and Nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is deeper glow on the faces of children--easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face--girlhood comes to outward whiteness again--the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets--little human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too simple, appealing--flower to lay on a baby that has died--to give as seemly tribute to womanhood--to press against the face as easement for tired heart Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone in flowerland--emblems of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.

(Isaac Erwin Avery was the second son of Judge A. C. Avery, was born Dec. 1, 1871 near Morganton, N. C., and died in Charlotte, April 2, 1904. After a period in China, following his graduation at Trinity, he became city editor of the Charlotte Observer, which position he held until his death. On every Monday morning he contributed a classic under the title "Variety of Idle Comment.")

Outstanding Force

"It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood--the courage to seek and speak the truth; the courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty."

For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

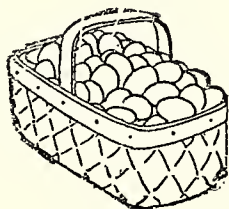
Ye who would his mercy crave,
Doubt no more his power to save,
All your guilt on him was laid,
And the mighty debt is paid—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

Ye who fear a dying bed,
Or who mourn for loved ones dead,
Joyful Easter praises bring,
Death is vanquished, Christ is King—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

—Rev. E. A. Wingard, D. D.

Lent.

At twelve O'clock to-night the period of Lent, which began on Ash Wednesday, ends. This forty-day period, known as Lent, was instituted as a preparation for the anniversary of Christ's resurrection, and also as a memorial of His forty days' fast in the wilderness. In certain Protestant churches, Lent is observed with special services and with proper collects and prayers.



Civil Pensions Obnoxious To a Democracy

By R. R. Clark.

Somebody is suggesting again that ex-Presidents be pensioned. One State paper, giving editorial approval to the proposition, thinks the present a good time to get the plan under way, seeing that we have two ex-Presidents, of different political faith, and partisan feeling would not intervene. Some of these days pensions will doubtless be voted for ex-Presidents, but as I see it the whole civil pension business is wrong and contrary to the fundamental principles of a democracy. It is the glory of a democracy that the humblest may aspire to and attain highest place. When they have finished the service to which they have been called they go back into the ranks as private citizens. If they served faithfully and well in public station they will retain the confidence and respect of their fellows and their service will be remembered, will be a memorial to them, long after they have passed into the Great Beyond. But after retirement from the public service they have no claim to special privilege. That, too, is the glory of a democracy. In a monarchy every member of the "Royal Family," numerous connections direct and indirect, and a host of royal favorites are quartered on the government for support, which means that they are supported by the taxpayers, maintained in ease and comfort at the expense of the toiling masses.

The idea of the civil pension list means, whatever may be the excuse offered for it, eventually an aristocracy of the ruling classes and their dependents, a privileged class sup-

ported by the toiling masses. It is a most obnoxious offshoot of monarchy. It is the setting up of a privileged class of people whose only claim to public support is that they of their forebears at some time filled public place. "Occupied" public place would probably better express it, for it is common knowledge that by no means all who attain public place serve. A large number simply occupy or fill in.

We all know about the honest and faithful public servants who render long and valuable service, who are unable to lay by from a small salary, and whose faithfulness to public duty prevents their reaping the rewards of private station. There are not a few of these, praise be. Sometimes their declining years are spent in poverty and their dependents are unprovided for. We all feel that this should not be and that something should be done about it. But where will the line be drawn? It can't be drawn. You can't say that one was faithful and is deserving, a proper object for reward, while another is not. You can't say that judges and ex-Presidents may be pensioned, while cabinet officers, Representatives and Senators in Congress, diplomats and a host of others may not be. In North Carolina, where the recent Legislature established this pernicious civil pension list, we may not say that only judges and dependent widows of Governors shall be pensioned. How about ex-Governors and State officers of long service and their dependents, who may be in need? The same argument

that calls for a pension for one individual or class can be logically, or illogically, extended to others, and presently we shall have a horde of private individuals living off the government through the civil pension route. The start made in North Carolina at one sitting will mean an annual outlay for civil pensions around \$20,000 within a few years; and as certain as the principle is allowed to stand, so certain will the list be extended by the next and succeeding Legislatures.

And it is a grim joke that practically all who will be beneficiaries of this detestable system "fought, bled" and all but died to get the job; and then resisted to the limit of their powers all effort to release them from the public service and allow other patriots to sacrifice for awhile, while those who had served could recoup their private fortunes. In other words these who will be beneficiaries of the civil pension list fought for the place and fought to retain it, and the idea is that they should go on drawing pay, or their dependants may, after age or infirmity or a long-suffering constituency has forced them into private life. And it is another grim joke that the private

means of the beneficiaries may not be considered. Some of them may be well-to-do, even wealthy, but they can draw the allowance from the taxes of those who struggle to pay.

It will be observed, too, that civil pensions are proposed only for those in prominent station. Those who serve just as faithfully, sometimes more faithfully, in minor places and get less in honor and emoluments, are expected to shift for themselves, even as the private citizen. From time to time civil service employes of the Federal government have asked for retirement allowances. Congress has so provided in some cases, the allowance being paid after a certain age and length of service. But the fund is provided by deducting a certain per cent from the employe's monthly check. If we must have a civil pension list I suggest that this plan be followed. Deduct a certain per cent from the monthly salary of Presidents, Governors, Judges and all public officials who are to be beneficiaries, and invest it against the day of need. This will provide a pension fund and will do for some of the public officials what they seem unable to do for themselves--provide a store against the rainy day.

May Be A Coward.

He who tyrannizes over the weak and helpless may be a coward, but no true man. The tyrant, it has been said, is but a slave turned inside out. Strength, and the consciousness of strength, in a righthearted man imparts a nobleness to his character; but he will be most careful how he uses it, for:

"It is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant."

to tell his own story of this kite business as it ought to be told.

Benjamin Franklin, who was born January 17th, 1706, in Boston, and who became a great figure in American history, learned a lesson by the use of the boy's kite. In 1746 Franklin commenced his researches in electricity, and succeeded in defin-

But let us have Franklin's story:

In the very heart of the great city of Philadelphia, near where, to-day, the massive city buildings tower above the town, there stood, one hundred and fifty years ago, a humble cow shed. Built as a shelter for the cattle which grazed upon the public "commons" thereabout, that cow shed, from a certain June day in 1752, was destined to become one of the most famous buildings in all America.

For on that June day of 1752, a stout, middle-aged gentleman of forty-six and a fresh-looking young fellow of twenty-two, walked straight for the cow shed on the commons. The younger man carried under his arm what looked like a bottle; the older man bore a good-sized kite.

There was thunder in the air; the clouds were gathering fast; there was every indication that a shower was coming up,---rather an odd time to go kite flying for fun! But these two gentlemen did not look as if they were about to fly a kite for fun.

Indeed, the younger man appeared just a bit foolish, for he was something of a swell, and seemed just a trifle troubled lest some one might catch him at such childish sport. Even the older man glanced around as they neared the cow shed, with the bottle and the kite, as if fearing that some one might recognize them and

ing more distinctly the theory of positive and negative electricity. With the kite he proved that lightning and electricity are the same, and he it was who suggested the protection of buildings by lightning rods. Franklin died in Philadelphia April 17th, 1790.

poke a little fun at him and his "toys."

But if there had been such a person about and he had looked at the kite the stout gentleman held so gingerly, he would have seen that it was no common kite. It was a good-sized one, made of a big silk handkerchief, and from the end of the central upright stick there extended a piece of iron wire, sharpened at the end.

The wind was strong, and the silken kite, after a few attempts at rising, caught the current and sailed finely upward, while the young man, stepping into the cow shed, set down the bottle and then stood watching his father's kite--- for the two were father and son.

The storm came, surely enough, just as they expected, and the two slipped within the shelter of the cow shed, and "out of the wet," anxiously watching the kite and the flying thunder clouds. The kite had been raised on a stout hempen string; but if you had been there too, you would have noticed that when the kite was up, the young man's father, who was flying the kite, held in his hand, attached to the hempen kite cord, a silken string from which hung a big door key.

A heavy cloud came sailing directly over the kite.

family ailing that Mr. Clark points out—doing no bodily harm, and not disturbing the peace of the household—but it's certainly in the blood of

this prominent Cabarrus family and who knows how many generations more it shall pass through as a legacy from the eighteenth century.

Margaret of New Orleans.

By Miss Grace E. King.

(Miss Grace Elizabeth King, a daughter of a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, has contributed no little to the literature of the South. Miss King has studied abroad and has contributed engaging stories to numerous publications. North Carolina has more than a passing interest in the work of this brilliant woman because of the fact that she is a sister-in-law of Col. F. Brevard McDonald, one of Charlotte's most distinguished and accomplished gentlemen.)

Margaret Haughtery's story is simple enough to be called stupid. A husband and wife, fresh Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore of yellow fever, leaving their infant, named Margaret, upon the charity of the community. A sturdy young Welsh couple, who had crossed the ocean with Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child and kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank in life. Failing health forced the husband to remove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterwards, Margaret in New Orleans lost her baby. To make a living she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for her monument.

The sisters of a neighboring asylum were at that time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was becoming daily more nec-

essary to them. The childless widow, Margaret, went to the superior and offered her humble services and a share of her earnings. They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings, at the laundry, Margaret bought two cows and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. The new, larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years Margaret's dairy, pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum—her baby house, as Margaret called it—was built, and then the St. Elizabeth training asylum for grown girls. With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest.

“Bread Will Come Back To You Buttered.”

Amos Bronson Alcott was born in Connecticut Nov. 29th, 1799 and died at Boston, March 4th, 1888. He is classed as an American philosophical writer and educator, one of the founders of the school of transcendentalists in New England.

Alcott's youth was spent in peddling books and other wares, interrupted by school-teaching, chiefly in Virginia and North and South Carolina. He was the father of Louisa May Alcott, who made for herself a name in the world of letters, writing particularly very attractive stories for chil-

dren. Among them were “Little Women,” “Little Men,” and “An Old-fashioned Girl.” More than a million copies of her books were sold. It is said of her that she “always thought, if I could not have been a girl, I should like to have been a horse or a deer, because it was such fun to run.” Miss Alcott died just two days after the death of her father.

Suggested by Alcott's life and theory, and his altruistic tendencies, a certain writer has this observation to make:

Showing Kindness.

Louisa M. Alcott's father had a habit of saying to his children: “Cast your bread upon the waters and it will come back to you buttered.” It is a rule with God that every sacrifice we make for love will sooner or later bring us a rich reward. Sometimes a kindness we have shown is returned to our loved ones after we are taken from them.

It was so in the case of Jonathan. He showed his love for David in many ways, even to the saving of his life. When David became King one of his first acts was to seek to find the son of Jonathan, that he might show him kindness for his father's sake. So Mephibosheth, the lame son of Jonathan, became as David's son.

We starve our own soul when we refuse to help another. May we have grace never to let a day pass without doing some kindly act.

What He Is

“The marines they call “Soldiers of the Sea.” The army of boys who have been farming last summer are “Soldiers of the Soil.” Every one, according to Paul, who takes his part in suffering hardship is “a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

Plain People Subject to Draft.

By T. Larry Gantt.

When Oliver Goldsmith wrote "Honor and fame from no condition rise," he stated a truth that has been demonstrated times without number.

It is rarely the case where brains or eminent public service are inherent in a family, for the sons and descendants of great men appear content to live upon ancestral fame. Like unto the potato, the best part is under ground. Historians refer to one marked exception to this rule in William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and his illustrious son as something unusual.

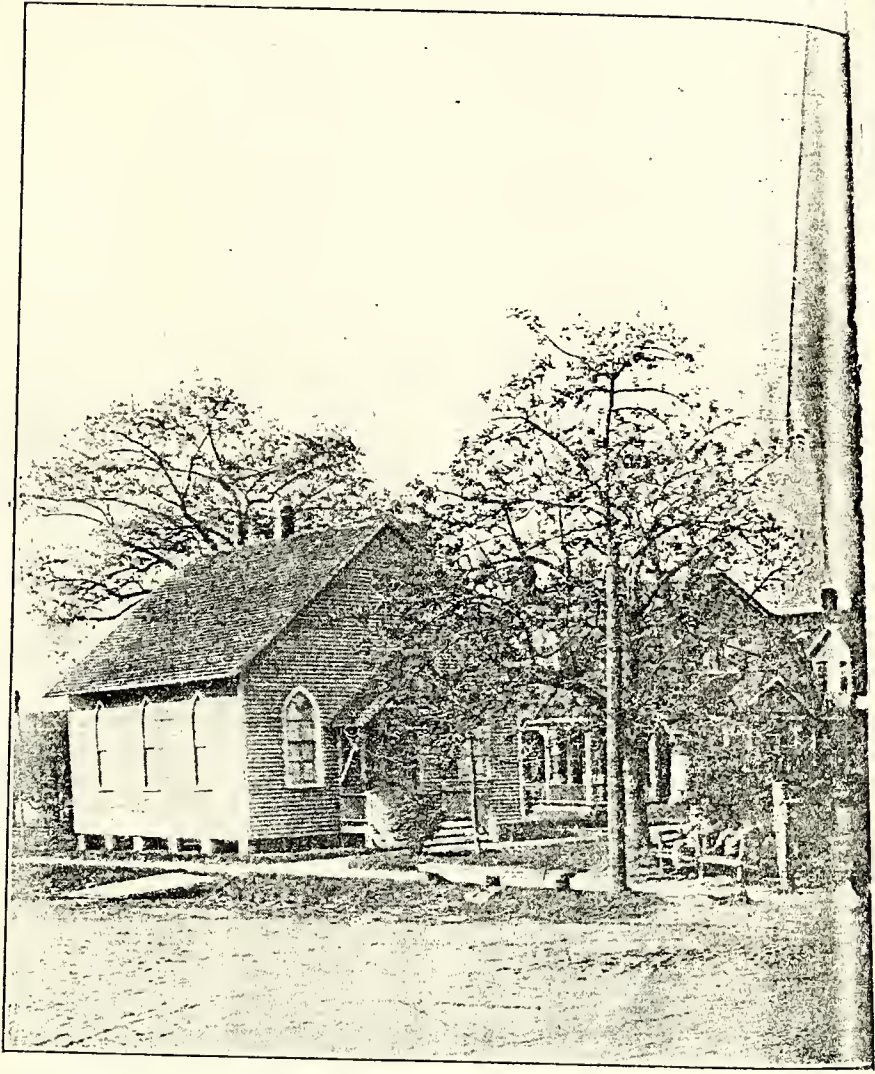
On the other hand, for intellect, eminence and leadership every country must go out among the plain people in the more obscure walks of life, and in the Old World often its peasantry.

Trace all the great leaders in Europe, both for good or evil, and you will find them belonging to what is known as the "lower class," but in our republic as the "plain people." William the Conqueror was the illegitimate son of a washwoman; Catherine who after Peter the Great created the Russian empire was the lewd daughter of an ignorant Tartar peasant, and Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican adventurer, whose boast was, "I am my own ancestor!"

Then consider our own country! Daniel Webster was the son of a poor New England farmer, who did not even boast a descent from the Pilgrim Father; Henry Clay was known as the "Mill Boy of the Slashes;" Patrick Henry, born on a small Virginia farm and when an obscure young lawyer, reaped fame and honors in a day by his "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" oration in that church in Richmond and which is still standing; John C. Calhoun descended from a family of poor Irish immigrants; the father of Jefferson Davis was a small bankrupt farmer of Wilkes county, Georgia, who moved his family in a wagon to Kentucky a couple of weeks before the future President of the Southern Confederacy was born; Alex. H. Stephens belonged to a poor but highly respected family, his father and mother's family (Grier) being small farmers; Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, was born and raised near the Chimney Rock section of Rutherford county, North Carolina, and Nancy was a house servant for a family named Enslow, and on account of the jealousy of her employer's wife she was sent to some kinspeople in Kentucky where she met and married Lincoln.

Go At It Right.

If a man has a clear idea of what he desires to do, he will seldom fail in electing the proper means of accomplishing it.



North Carolina's School



Home at Raleigh, N. C.

Family Trait Traced Through Several Generations.

By R. R. Clark.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Which same is the observation of the immortal Bard of Avon. Carelessly read it might be taken to mean that the evil survives rather than the good. Human nature is the same yesterday, today and forever. It is human nature to remember the evil rather than the good traits of our fellows. One may be a decent sort on the whole, may indeed have but one conspicuous bad trait, or it may be simply a disagreeable habit not really bad. But be assured that one failure will generally outshine all the good. And so it is believed that Shakespeare had this in mind when he was moved to utter the words quoted---that our associates would be pretty apt to remember what was bad in us, but our good traits will often---not always---be buried with us. The lesson is obvious. But this is simply preliminary to relating a remarkable case of heredity which recently came to my knowledge.

Some days ago a man was lodged in Iredell jail for wife-beating. According to the facts revealed in the case, he had indulged in the habit of correcting his wife by force for many years. He was under suspended sentence for the offence when brought to jail. The county welfare officer, who had investigated the history of the man and his forebears, found that his father and mother led "a cat and dog life," the lady in this case being the aggressor; and

that his grandparents and great grandparents on his mother's side had lived in an atmosphere of domestic disturbance all their days. The remarkable part of the story is that this evil disposition to make trouble with the matrimonial yoke-fellow was inherited by only one member of each family. There were other children, it is understood, in each family, but so far as known the others lived decently and orderly. Sometimes it was a daughter and sometimes a son who fell heir to the evil trait, and in every case the partner in wedlock was a sufferer. Another remarkable fact is that aside from the disposition of these victims of heredity, if they may be called that, to quarrel with husband or wife, as the case might be, they were fairly decent. It is not in evidence that they offended in any other way.

The parents of the man now in durance vile illustrates the point. The mother was the aggressor and she gave the old man a warm time. An eye-witness testifies that she kept rocks in the house to throw at the head of the family when she got out of sorts with him, and marks of the rocks on doors and door-facings, where they struck as the old man escaped to safety, were evidence that the "Better-Half" was in earnest when she threw a rock. One day when a trifle out of sorts the lady seized the axe and cut all the spokes out of a new wagon and cut up the harness to relieve her feeling; and in addition to other methods of expressing her displeasure she bap-

ated him with scalding water. One day the husband, recovering from a spell of pneumonia, and very weak, went to bed. When the wife, a hard worker, came in and saw the man in bed she let fly with a rock and broke his jaw. When members of the family and neighbors suggested that she had killed him: she is alleged to have remarked that she hoped she had. Feeling rather out with him one day as he was leaving home, the wife is said to have expressed the hope to her husband that she would never see him again. She didn't--alive. The team ran away and killed him.

But aside from this disposition to make it rather unpleasant for the old man this woman, yet in the flesh, is said to have been a good neighbor, industrious, and helpful to others in time of trouble. Neither is it said that she was unkind to her children, although it can be imagined that home was not a happy one.

This woman's son inherited her disposition to make trouble in the home and he has been brought to book. This evil trait which has come down through four generations can hardly be charged to environment. It affected only one member in each family, the others being free from it. Probably it is simply a case of unrestrained temper fed on jealousy. The modernists would say these people are abnormal, mentally defective, and should be treated for disease. Plain folks will say they are simply victims of uncontrolled temper, which they could restrain if they would practice restraint rather than yield to the impulse to indulge the evil. You sometimes hear people boast of having "a temper" and warning others to have a care as if "a temper" was something of which

to be proud. A "temper" which makes a business of turning loose and venting a lot of ill-feeling on all about may be a species of insanity, but it is a type that can be cured, and if the victim isn't disposed to cure himself some one who would make it a custom to caress him with a club when he has spells would render the victim and all with whom he comes in contact a distinct service.

We are born in sin and most of us have outstanding evil traits of one sort or another. Proper training in childhood will go far to remove these. The average grown-up tries to restrain the evil either from sincere desire or through fear of consequence. Some expect others to endure their meanness and pass it as an infirmity for which they are not exactly responsible. It is those who should be massaged with a club. The remedy is drastic but it would prove effective in most cases.

The other members of the families mentioned were very good folks and the one in each case who made it a business to carry on the evil deed of his forebear, was reputed as fairly decent outside the practice of promoting domestic infelicity. But no matter how decent all the others were nor how many good points the peace disturbers had, the one glaring evil will obscure all the good in the family. Whenever the name is mentioned thought of the bad in the one member of each family will be uppermost.

"The earth gets as much blessing from a cloud as from the sun; so should we."

DANIEL EFIRD RHYNE

I verily believe that the finest example in the state of an individual absolutely attending to his business and in no manner or form, directly or indirectly, by word or hint, ever meddling in the affairs or business of another, can be located in Lincoln county, N. C.

A more interesting character never lived in North Carolina, certainly not in the past half century, than is the subject of this sketch. I believe I know this for a certainty. I first saw him and learned to know him in 1871, when he had nothing but a good name and mighty fine parents; I saw him again in 1896, when, though he had become the owner of a cotten mill, he was assisting in the rolling of a small house, onto his own property, which he had just purchased; and I again saw him in 1920, when he owned several cotton mills, was a large stock holder in many others, president of a National Bank, president of a large Wagon Manufacturing concern, director in several large banks, and the owner of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stocks and bonds.

In all these years of transition, development and achievement, the finest student of human nature could not detect the faintest change in him of manners or personality—he remains just an approachable, honest, frank, matter-of-fact individual, whom all the wealth of the world couldn't induce to turn fool or to take on any fool airs. He may have played shinny when a boy, but he never played golf. He has always been just "Dan Rhyne," as people familiarly and appreciatively know him. He is the only rich man in

North Carolina that has never been addressed Colonel, or Major, or Honorable, or Doctor—he wouldn't answer or stand for such a salutation.

Daniel Efird Rhyne was born February 8th, 1852, on a farm two miles from Mt. Holly, in Gaston county. His father was Moses H. Rhyne, a man of sterling character and great influence in Gaston county. Mr. Rhyne was a student of North Carolina College, at Mt. Pleasant, in the year of 1871-72. And outside of a short experience in the public schools prior to this, Mr. Rhyne's entire educational preparation was received at Mt. Pleasant, where as a young man he gave promise of great usefulness, because of steady faithfulness to every duty, and his honorable and upright behavior on all occasions. But there is another school, of which he is an honor graduate: the University of Purpose and Determination.

Pretty soon after leaving school, farm work not appealing to him as his life-work, he entered the mercantile business at Woodlawn, in Gaston county. His father turned over to him an old stock of goods that inventoried just \$1040; and to this he added sixty dollars, which he had accumulated. A short time after this (1873) he joined his brother, A. P. Rhyne, which association continued for eight years. In 1883, together with two other gentlemen, he was interested in the building of the mill at Tucaseege, where he remained for four years.

On July 5th, 1887, when buying a ticket at Mt. Holly for Lincolnton, the ticket agent, a friend of his, suggested that he had better buy a return ticket. The significance of the suggestion may have been the notion that Mr. Rhyne could not sur-

live outside of Gaston county and away from his boy-hood associations and relatives. At Lincolnton, Mr. Rhyne with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. A. Abernathy, purchased the laboratory property several miles south of Lincolnton. In 1893, Mr. Rhyne bought out the interest of Mr. Abernathy, becoming the sole owner of the mill and the surrounding property.

Since that day the success and achievement of Mr. Rhyne sounds like romance, magic, Luck? No, just native ability, practical common sense, perseverance, determination, integrity, and honor--the stars had nothing whatever to do with his success; Dan Rhyne is the architect of his own fortune. Beginning in 1873 with \$1,100, and in 1921 being conservatively rated at several millions, is a record that is outstanding in the industrial and business world.

Sitting with him on the porch which surrounds three sides of his brick residence, located on a high knoll that overlooks the surrounding country, July 1920, I had occasion to see the practical manner in which this man approaches a subject. It is understood far and wide that the men in the employ of Mr. Rhyne entertain for him a feeling akin to affection. He knows them; he deals frankly with them; he resorts to no indirect methods--acts with them openly and above board. The children look upon him as a real neighbor. While there, a small bare-foot boy, crawling through a back fence approached, saying: "Mr. Rhyne, may I have some apples?" "Tom," said he, "get that bucket there, go to that tree out yonder, and pick up the apples." The boy, returning, set the bucket down. This man

Rhyne, made an equal division of the apples, 50-50, (a partnership), and after inquiring about the boy's sick mother, said: "Now, Tom, run on home."

The moral of all this is clear. That man Rhyne is considerate of childhood; he dealt with the little fellow along business lines; he took time to treat him courteously and considerately; and he gave the boy an object lesson in service, one to another. I don't know whether Mr. Rhyne thought about this at all--it is just his nature, his common-sense way of doing things. On this occasion, he went back reminiscently to the scenes and events of the short time he spent in Mt. Pleasant, asking about friends of his young manhood. Presently he asked to be excused for a moment. Returning with a large paper bag, he began to count out war-saving stamps in two piles--in one was \$2,000, in the other \$2,500. "Please," said he, "hand this pile to Mt. Amana Seminary and this one to the Collegiate Institute, with my compliments." There was no slobbering, grand-stand play or hysterics. It was just the expression of a grateful good heart in a man without speaking acquaintance with any guile.

This man Rhyne's ability to see the combinations of the future is all but marvelous. When the war broke out, a "shrewd" trader, having gone as far as he could, negotiated a sale of the immense plant of the Hickory Wagon Manufacturing Co. to Mr. Rhyne. I know one man in North Carolina, who is jealous of the great success of Mr. Rhyne. He remarked rather cheerfully: "Rhyne has gone to mill one time too many." The first official act of Mr. Rhyne, after taking over the plant, was ordering

the management to double the capacity. The boss man protested, because of a large stock on hand unsold and not much demand. This marvelous man rather sarcastically inquired: "Whose factory is this, yours or mine?" The capacity was doubled and every wagon had a buyer awaiting.

This is the business side of Mr. Rhyne. Making a success is a passion with him; but while he has made a fortune and his fortune is now working for him, unobtrusively, generously, and without any hope of reward, he is constantly going about taking the kinks out of church finances, aiding schools, helping suffering humanity, building bridges across chasm that thrust themselves in the pathway of man, living a simple and plain life, at peace with his neighbors, just to the state, and with great reverence for his God.

He it was that made the beautiful new Lutheran church at Lincolnton possible; he has aided dozens of struggling congregations to get houses of worship; and he it was that made it possible for Lenoir College at Hickory to come into a recent endowment of over \$300,000. Recently he came into possession of the fa-

mous Lincoln Lithia Springs, hotel and three hundred acres of land, costing nearly \$40,000; and I understand that he has practically decided to convert it into a home for aged Lutheran ministers and orphans. He'll probably do it. If he does--it will be done quietly and unostentatiously.

Love money---of course, he does; but he neither worships it nor hoards it. He makes it do service for the good of humanity. And this is Danial Ebird Rhyne, the man that attends eloquently to his own business; and is not on speaking terms with a meddling into other folks' affairs. A rich man that loves to appear just plain "Mister", who never aspired to or held public office, not even of a 'Squire', and he has never been guilty of looking upon a golf game, and he is 69 years of age--his outings and recreations are confined to occasional workings in a gold mine that he owns near his home. Mr. Rhyne has never found time to morry.

May this noble North Carolinian be long spared to serve well his fellow man, in making waste places blossom with success, and helping put across agencies for a common good ---for he knows not any selfishness.

The True Gentleman

The true gentleman has a keen sense of honor---scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle or prevaricate, dodge or skulk, but is honest, upright and straightforward. His law is rectitude---action in right lines. When he says YES, it is law; and he dares to say the valiant NO at the fitting season.

A Retrospect---Gov. Jarvis.

From News & Observer.

One of the closing acts of the General Assembly was the passage of a bill granting a monthly pension of \$50 a month to Mrs. Jarvis, wife of the late Thomas J. Jarvis, who gave his whole life to the service of his country. He dedicated his talents and all he had to his State when, leaving college, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, becoming captain in the immortal army that followed the immortal Lee. He served as legislator, presiding over both branches as Speaker and Lieutenant Governor, as Governor of the Commonwealth longer than any other North Carolinian, has been the State's chief executive, he represented the republic as ambassador to Brazil, and worthily wore the mantle of Zebulon B. Vance, when that illustrious statesman went to his reward. They had been running mates in the famous campaign of 1876 and co-workers in the epochmaking events that ended the night-mare of reconstruction, and together they recreated the solid foundations upon which the State has builded larger edifices even than they dreamed. But youths of today can never forget, without a reflection upon their gratitude and wisdom, that the peaceful and orderly conditions which have made possible their prosperity and happiness, were due to the valor in war and the equal or greater courage in days that succeeded war, by Vance and Jarvis and the galaxy of intrepid sons of North Carolina with whom they were associated. When can their glory fade?

It is never the office that confers honor upon the man. It is what he does, if done well, that renders the distinction. Vance was an Elijah and Jarvis an Elisha, co-worker in life and worthy recipient of his mantle in death. But not even official duties well performed is the highest distinction. It is the spirit of the man, private citizen or public officer. What does he stand for? What virtues does he incarnate? What influence does he set in motion for the welfare of his own and succeeding generations? It is the answer to these questions which determine whether a man truly serves his generation. Industrial and educational vision marked the public and private career of Governor Jarvis.

It was a surprise to most legislators and to the State to learn of the necessity of State assistance to Mrs. Jarvis. It is gratifying that, though some deprecated what might prove a dangerous precedent, the Legislature practically by unanimous vote voted the pension. It is not a dangerous, but a good, precedent which should be followed in all like cases—that is where the partner and co-worker of a great man, who has done the State great service, finds in her old age State benevolence necessary to her support and comfort. It is really a privilege to see that she lacks no comfort or slight token of high service to the State in its perilous days.

Mrs. Jarvis, in her youth, displayed talents as a writer, and had the imagination and capacity which

would have won for her a career if she had followed the call to a life of letters. As the wife of a public officer, she showed much wisdom and tact. When a younger woman, whose husband had been called to a high position, was going to a city where much would be expected of her, Mrs. Jarvis, out of her large experience said: "My dear, I know you will do nothing wrong. Be as careful to say nothing wrong." That admonition illustrated her own conception of the judgment needed in a wife's ambitions to be the helpmeet of a husband in the public eye. It is well known to contemporaries that the State is indebted to Mrs. Jarvis for the large and comfortable Home

of the Governor occupying a square in a delightful part of the city. It was built in a day when the State was poor, when public improvements were few, when tastes were simple, and appropriations for ten thousand dollars were scanned as carefully as legislators now regard appropriations for a quarter of a million dollars. Mrs. Jarvis conceived the plan, she secured the marble steps from Cherokee county, she interested Colonel Hicks who furnished much labor without expense to the taxpayers, and by expedients which only a woman's fixed determination could devise finally secured its construction, and she was zealous in securing this suitable Governor's Home.

The Human Heart.

President Woodrow Wilson once stated in a speech that the great things of life were the things of the heart. And among the many men who heard him make this remark was George Matthews Adams. It set him to thinking. Eventually he came to this conclusion: "Take from the world its heart and you would have a dead world." Writing on the subject in The Great Divide, he says:

"The most highly educated man in the universe is the man with an educated heart. A heart that beats out even throbs. A heart that can understand human need and human feeling. A heart that has courage---a heart that does not palpitate, a heart that pumps life's blood.

"Napoleon had intellect. Lincoln had heart. The world will never cease to admire Napoleon. It will love Lincoln forever. Here is an eternal sounding board to a great heart that vibrates all through time.

There is the physical heart that beats on through thick and thin---when it's in health. There is the understanding heart that never picks or enters a quarrel--that loves and forgives and forgets. And there is the spiritual heart that has feet below it, and which isn't afraid to walk through the 'miry clay,' knowing full well all about the green pastures that flourish on the other side.

"Wouldn't you like to go through a gallery of a thousand pictured hearts? And how would you like to see a likeness of yours there?"---New Era.

Big Little Boy

Just listen, boys, and let me tell you what one brave and true little boy did. There were four gentlemen who had an office together, and this boy ran errands for them. One day these gentlemen were teasing him about being so little, and said, "You'll never amount to much, you're too little."

"Well," said he, "if I am so little, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

They thought it funny, and asked him what it was. He didn't like to tell much but they begged him to tell what in the world he could do that they, big men, could not. Four big men felt ashamed when the little boy said:

"I CAN KEEP FROM SWEARING."

The Divine Spark Makes a Fighting Chance

We have no desire to parade any unusual accomplishments that take place in the school work going on at this institution. The editor of this little magazine, being in close touch with the very beginning of the institution, even before a shovel of dirt was removed, has recently come into a more intimate knowledge of some things that are going on that his heart is made to rejoice.

We have always contended that there are no bad boys--there are bad conditions, bad environment, bad management, and these little so called bad boys are nine times out of ten just the product of the influences thrust upon them.

Anyway we got a little eleven year old fellow from Roanoke Rapids about sixteen months ago. They told terrible stories about this boy. When he came he did not know a single letter in the alphabet---absolutely ignorant about just everything that was worth knowing. To-day he is in the 4th grade, after a schooling of just sixteen months. I asked him to tell a story about Sir. Walter Raleigh. Master Garris' story, as he wrote it, is given in this issue.

And Clyde Willard, in his thirteenth year, two years ago knew just enough to know that a primer was not an almanac, can now read most splendidly. He too wrote about Sir. Walter Raleigh, but his is somewhat bookish. While he did not rely on a book at all, his memory is so marvelous that the printed story of Raleigh stands out clearly before him, and thus some of the book expressions appear, yet the book was not near him while he wrote. These boys are going to be men, useful, worthwhile men---herein is in the glory of the effort.

Raleigh was born near Budleigh, entered the college at Oxford, and he
Devanshire, England in 1552. When learned to be a student and orator.
he reached the age of fourteen he He had a good mother and father,

and he was a good boy himself. When he heard of Spain and now rich it was getting with the Commerce with the new world that made him hate Spain.

So he wanted to plant an English Settlement in America. So that Spain wouldn't get all of the wealth and he wanted England to acquire some of it and that made Queen Elizabeth like him.

One day the Queen sent for Raleigh to come before her, and when she saw the beautiful clothes he had on, that made her like him more.

One day she was walking in her garden, she came to a muddy place and Raleigh pulled off his gorgeous cloak and laid it down for her to walk upon so she would not get her dainty slippers muddy. She made him a knight and after that they called him Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh had a half brother, who was a great sea man, whose name was Sir Humphry Gilbert. Gilbert got permission from Queen Elizabeth to land a Settlement in North America and while he was on his way a storm arose and all but one ship was sunken and while Gilbert's ship was going down he was seen sitting on deck with a book in his hand saying "be of good chæer my friends, you are as near heaven by sea as by land." That showed that Raleigh's people was willing to die for their country.

After that Raleigh took up Gilbert's scheme of colonizing the new world. In 1584 the Queen granted him a charter and told him he could send ships to explore the new country and after they returned they said that the soil was rich and the Indians were kind, and in honor of the virgin Queen all of the land from Maine to Florida was named Virgin-

ian.

In 1585 Raleigh sent over his first men and there were one hundred of them. Ralph Lane was governor. The Settlement was made at Roanoke Island on the coast of North Carolina. The man did not get along well with the Indians as they were lazy and did not want to work and didn't treat the Indians right and soon became enemies of them, and they would have starved if it hadn't been for Drake who had been plundering Spanish vessels and came by to see how Raleigh's men were getting along. When he saw what condition they were in he took them back to England.

From that day they became familiar with three things, Indian Corn white potatoes and tobacco. Raleigh was the first white man to learn how to smoke tobacco and he learned the English people how.

One day Raleigh was sitting in his room smoking, and his servant came in his room to see if Raleigh wanted some ale and when he saw the smoke boiling from his master's mouth he dashed the ale on Raleigh and ran out saying that his master was on fire.

When the first man failed to stay in America, that did not worry him because he knew that England must occupy North America. In 1587 he sent the second Colony. John White was governor, and White took with him his Daughter who had married Mr. Dare.

The settlement was made at Roanoke Island. And they went to work building houses, where the first Colony had been. And in a little while all of the food gave out and White went back to get food and a little while after he got there a war broke

at between England and Spain and aroused the people so that he could not get back until it was over. And when he did go back he could not find any of his men.

When they started to put Raleigh to death he said to the executioner when I stretch out my hand why kill me. And Raleigh laid his head down on the stone to die. And he stretched out his hand but the man did not strike and Raleigh said "strike man, strike" and the man struck and knocked Raleigh's head off. He died at the age of sixty-six and we shall never forget him for the good he did for England.

Clyde Willard.

Raleigh was born in 1552 in Southern England. His family was very prominent, being related to many of the English nobility. When he was fifteen years old he attended the University at Oxford, and while he was there he was regarded as a brilliant young man and he took a high stand, both as a student and as an orator.

When a young man Raleigh was received at the court of Queen Elizabeth. He was commanding in appearance, tall and handsome, and elegant in his manners. His clothes were made of gorgeous velvet, silk and satins, and were embroidered with precious stones which were worth as much as twenty thousand dollars.

One day while the Queen was walking in her garden she came to a mud hole. Raleigh at once spread upon the ground his new plush cloak upon which the Queen trod without soiling her dainty slippers.

The Queen did not forget this act she afterwards made him a knight,

and that is why he is called Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh learned to smoke tobacco and he taught the English people how to use it. One day Raleigh was sitting in his room smoking when a servant entered and he saw the smoke coming from Raleigh's mouth and he thought he was on fire and to save his master from burning up he threw a pitcher of ale on him and of course that put out the fire.

Soon after the failure of Raleigh's colonies, he fell into disgrace. He secretly married one of the maids of Queen Elizabeth and this so angered her that she never forgave him though she was ever afterwards kind to him.

When James I, became King, Raleigh was accused of plotting with the Spaniards to drive James from the throne. He was tried and though there was no clear proof that he was guilty, he was condemned to death, for fourteen years he was kept in prison, and then was finally executed.

Raleigh's death was very touching, when he was led out to die many of his friends were present. He turned to them and in a speech of great feeling declared that he was not guilty of treason. As his friends were slow to leave him, Raleigh gently dismissed them by saying: "I have a long journey to make; therefore I must take my leave of you." Then he turned to the headsman and asked him to let him see the axe. The headsman hesitated, but Raleigh said: "let me see it, dost thou think I am afraid of it." He said: "'tis a sharp medicine but it will cure all my disease."

He then said to the executioner: "when I stretch forth my hand, dis-

patch me." Laying his head on a block with his head to the court, he stretched forth his hands, but the headsman was so unnerved that he could not strike. Again he stretched forth his hands, but the executioner did not move. Then Raleigh cried out, "what dost thou fear?, Strike, man, strike." The execution-

er at last raised the axe and at one blow he struck his head from him.

Thus died Sir Walter Raleigh, at the age of sixty-six. He has done much for England. Here in America we should never forget him. The North Carolinians call their capital by his name: Raleigh.

Russell T. Garris

Let Something Good be Said for Others.

There would be much more of a spirit of amity among folks in general if we would but close our ears to the little, petty tales of a scandalous nature that are all too prevalent. "Let something good be said"—is a splendid motto for all people to make use of. Acrimony has done unlimited damage; and, just as there would be no thieves if there were no receivers—so too, would there be no acrimonious diatribes were there no listening ears to hear them. In speaking of your fellow-man too much caution cannot be used, for the galloping tongue of a gossiping scandal-monger has brought many a man to the earth who otherwise might have been riding on a cloud. If you know something good of a man let it be known in all corners of the earth but, if you know something bad of anyone be sure of the possibilities of it's substantiation before you utter a word.

It is a pleasant thing, indeed, to be in the company of a fellow who has no time for defamatory criticism of his neighbor; while, on the other hand, it is nauseating to enter in to speech with a man whose conversation usually begins: "So and so is such and such." Beware of the man of this like, for he is a dangerous foe in the most unlooked for places.—O. P. News.

Fewer Livestock on Farms.

"Fewer cattle were on the farms and ranches of the United States on January 1st of this year than at any time since January 1, 1917; fewer hogs than in any year since 1915; and we have to go clear back to 1900 to find a date when there were so few sheep, according to the report of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, "says a bulletin just issued by General Agricultural Agent Roland Turner, of the Southern Rail-

way System.

"In connection with our recent suggestions that conditions are now extremely favorable for the development of a real live stock industry in the South," Mr. Turner continues, "This report is most interesting. We should adopt a new policy with reference to live stock raising and plans should be made for permanent establishment of stock raising as a part of our agricultural system. The three principal points in the program for live stock development are: bet-

ter pastures, better feeding, and better breeding.

"The Southern Railway Development Service, through its live stock development agents, desires to aid farmers in its territory in planning for live stock production and on request from farmers will be glad to send a representative to help work out plans and assist in any way possible."

New Express Company Starts May 1.

The Southeastern Express Company, recently organized for the purpose of doing an express business in the Southeast, will commence business over the lines of the Southern Railway System and the Mobile & Ohio Railroad on May 1st next, fully equipped, according to announcement made by President and General Manager John B. Hockaday.

"It was necessary after the placing of the stock of the Southeastern Express Company," said Mr. Hockaday, "for the officers to turn their attention to the purchase of equipment, the organization of its forces, the provision of quarters at different stations and to otherwise prepare to start business. Such progress has been made that I can now announce that the Southeastern will commence business on May first next, fully equipped."

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Roy Gantt, a former J. T. S. boy who has made good, was here Wednesday.

Mr. W. W. McCombs, formerly

an officer here, spent Sunday at the Institution.

Mrs. Chas. E. Boger and Miss Mary Gaither spent Thursday afternoon in Charlotte.

Only three boys, Kern and the Suther brothers, received visits from home folks Wednesday.

"Uncle," Bob Wentz, always a welcome visitor here, was a guest at second Cottage Wednesday.

Miss Mary Lätimer, matron at third cottage, is away for a week visiting friends in South Carolina.

Work on the Guilford cottage has been held up for a few days on account of delays in getting material.

Mr. Chas. Nance, of Spray, arrived at the school Tuesday and will spend several days visiting friends here.

Sunday evening, Rev. T. W. Smith, of Concord preached a most excellent sermon at the chapel, using as his text Luke 10-27.

The finishing touches are being put on the Mecklenburg Cottage, and within a week or ten days it will be ready for the furnishings.

Friday night, at the Father and Son Banquet at the Y. M. C. A. in Concord, Supt. Chas. E. Boger made an interesting talk on Delinquent Boys.

Monday afternoon the school section began the work of leveling and sanding the out-door basket ball and tennis courts. Owing to the slope of the land, this is no small job.

Mrs. Ada Gorman and Miss Annie

Hoover, both of Concord. spent a while at the school Monday. Mrs. Gorman presented to the boys a number of books which they appreciate very much.

The barn force in charge of Messrs. White and Talbert, is busy breaking land, preparatory to planting the biggest crop ever attempted here. Most of the breaking will be done by the tractor.

Bob Leathers, who has been a house-boy at first cottage for a year, had an extraordinarily broad grin on his ever genial countenance the last time he was seen here. He was parolled Thursday.

The boys are enthusiastic in their practice of base ball. They hope to have a number of games this summer and they also hope some way will be provided for them to get new ball goods. Bats, mits and gloves are needed.

In many respects. the Sunday School here is quite different from other Sunday Schools. The attendance is always one hundred per cent perfect, and the lessons are always prepared and studied under the supervision and by the help of the Cottage officers, one night in each week and an hour every Sunday morning being devoted to the study of the lesson. With only a few exceptions, all the boys sing, and they sing with a will. Many of them have wonderfully good voices, and all have enthusiasm, so the singing is full of zest. Altogether, it is a remarkable Sunday School.

He Refuses to be Named.

The Jackson Training School has

come into possession of a new 600-lb. bell, to take the place of one afflicted like unto the Liberty Bell. This is just simply a declaration of a fact.

Now, when it is stated that it is a gift, free gift from a Concord friend, a man who has to work--work hard for a living and the support of an interesting and growing family--curiosity begins to ask the question: "Who did it?" Just can't tell, for the generous donor commanded silence. This is hard!

Our bell is one of the busiest officers of the institution. It starts things-- it puts a step to and pep into upwards of 200 folks hereabouts. It drives them to bed--gets them up in the morning--gives orders to get busy and orders them in for meals. That's some bell.

This gift, coupled with secrecy as to the donor, reminds us of a young one-handed clerk formerly of the Huffine Hotel, in Greensboro. For one whole day an inquisitive Hebrew guest sought of him "how, in the world did you lose your hand?" Growing weary of the questions, he remarked: "I'll tell how I lost my hand, if you'll promise not to ask another question."

The guest promised. "Well sir," said the clerk, "it was
Bit Off."

Of a Local Nature.

A young electrician arrived at the home of Mr. W. B. Sloop on the 13th.

Mrs. R. A. Brown has returned from a Salisbury hospital very greatly benefitted.

Dr. J. M. Grier, of the First Pres-

byterian church, is spending a season with his son at North Wilkesboro.

Young David Pemberton, son of Dr. W. D. Pemberton, has been seriously ill for some days with pneumonia. He is reported as improving.

Mr. R. B. Biggers, a highly respected citizen of the town, dropped dead in his garden Sunday afternoon. Mr. Biggers has for years been suffering from a heart affection. His remains were laid to rest in the local cemetery, the funeral being conducted by Rev. G. A. Martin, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

By legislative act Concord is now divided into five wards. Nos. 3 and 4 remain as formerly, but the northern part of the city has been made into a new ward. Preparations are making for a city election in May. So far no one has slung her head-gear into the ring, but there is yet time, for woman candidate for mayor.

Sheriff Spears sold at public auction on the 12th a Dodge and a Ford machines, both of which had been sometime ago captured in the business of carrying booze. The sale netted for the school fund a sum of \$991.00. If all the machines that carry whiskey and whiskey soaked simpletons through the county were captured and sold, the proceeds would increase the school term some six or eight months over the constitutional limit.

Ex-King Cotton.

There was a meeting on Saturday of the local branch of the North

Carolina Cotton Association. This old dethroned king gives lots of trouble, but the personnel of the committees guarantees that the very best possible will be done for him. The committees are:

No. 1—W. M. Morrison, Ed. Harris, R. A. Alexander, W. A. Bryans, C. W. Abernethy.

No. 2—W. D. Harry, R. O. Caldwell, C. F. Little, W. F. Cannon, L. B. Little.

No. 3—Mason Goodman, A. H. Harris, W. F. Smith, John Johnson.

No. 4—D. B. Castor, M. N. Petrea, C. J. Goodman, J. A. Wine-coff.

No. 5—John W. Cress, Fred Neisler, W. H. Brafford, Lee Sapp.

No. 6—J. H. Barrier, G. M. Cress, P. W. L. Kluttz, Wade H. Furr, G. W. Watts, H. J. Ritchie.

No. 7—John H. Moose Sr., G. W. Dry, V. C. Lentz,

No. 8—W. O. Petrea, J. R. McMayon, John Miller, W. A. Barringer, L. A. Lipa.

No. 9—Philip Barringer, J. L. Barnhardt, G. C. Heglar, L. Z. Shinn.

No. 10—Sam Black, C. W. Bost, J. C. McEachern, Fanny McMeanus.

No. 11—J. M. W. White, A. H. Liltaker, W. L. Morris, G. M. Green, G. E. Faggart.

No. 12—Z. A. Morris, J. P. Allison, W. W. Morris, A. B. Pounds, C. F. Ritchie, C. J. Harris.

At Brafford, England, 1,005 parents or guardians have signed a petition against school children being asked to do home lessons.

THE

UPLIFT

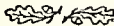
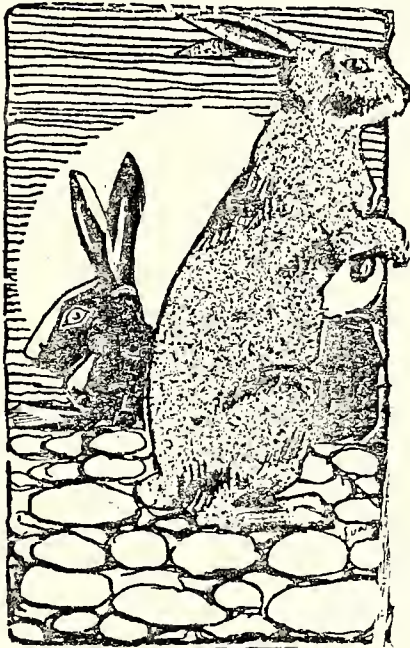
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Concord, N. C.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect October 3rd, 1920

NORTHBOUND.

No. 44 To Washington	5:00 A. M.
No. 136 To Washington	10:38 A. M.
No. 36 To Washington	11:30 A. M.
No. 46 To Danville	3:45 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To Washington	8:00 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	9:35 P. M.
No. 30 To Washington	1:20 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND

No. 35 To Atlanta	7:10 P. M.
No. 43 To Atlanta	10:30 P. M.
No. 29 To Atlanta	2:56 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	6:47 A. M.
No. 137 To Atlanta	9:06 A. M.
No. 11 To Charlotte	10:00 A. M.
No. 45 To Charlotte	3:20 P. M.

The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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Christ Overcame All His Foes.

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them. Be not afraid: go tell my brethren, that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel,

they gave large money unto the soldiers.

Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept.

And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you.

So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commended you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

MR. BEASLEY RETIRES.

The State Commissioner of Welfare, Hon. R. F. Beasley, has taken the state by surprise in that he has quit the work, which he organized. While he had accomplished much in bringing about an effective organization, the work was not yet complete. Much is yet needed to make it efficient, but this can only come when proper local men and women are found, whose hearts are in the work, and who have sufficient intelligence and enough zeal to do well their parts. Such assistance could not be had in every instance, and where failures were met with in this respect there was lacking of a proper sympathy on the part of the public for the truly great work.

No man, in the four short years given to this work, in a new field, could have accomplished more than did Mr. Beasley. There is wide-spread regret over his relinquishing the work; and there is still more regret that he is to leave the state. Into the great Oil World, out in Texas, this prominent North Carolinian goes. In a time so short, that it will surprise you, this man that gave up a \$3,000 job---a hard one---will be returning to North Carolina rich, just like all oil dealers who go at it right.

♦♦♦♦

DELIGHTFUL VISITORS.

The institution had pleasant visitors in the persons of the County Commissioners of Guilford county, last Thursday: Messrs Tucker, Rankin, Jones,

Barber, Foushee, sterling business men of this most splendid county. They brought with them their architect, who, by the way, made the plans for the most beautiful court-house in the South, the one Guilford now has.

These gentlemen made an inspection of the work on the Guilford Cottage, and declared themselves pleased with the progress and the character of work being done. They went through the new Mecklenburg Cottage, which is nearing completion. Said they to Mr. Query: "If you do as good a job on ours as you have done with Mecklenburg's building, we will be entirely satisfied."

We violate no secret in saying that the officials of the Jackson Training School feel beholden to these gentlemen, for their helpfulness, their complimentary words and feel awfully proud to hear them express a wonderment over the accomplishments of thirteen years and the fine results we have to the credit of the institution.

Guilford county was the first in the state to break the ice---Mecklenburg county was the first to walk in and declare it fine and urge others to follow. The act of these two counties made sure and certain the future of the institution---by their act they sent broadcast in North Carolina an endorsement that so rallied the powers that the institution has come into its own. This was a momentous event in the life of the cause. It lifted a burden---it opened the way---it aroused the people---and it has served the state immeasurably.

♦♦♦♦

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Is there any one so dense or so stubborn as not to see the reasons for being thankful for one great agency that has kept this country from going to the bow-wows? With the condition, now confronting this country in a business way, it is easy to see how wholesale bankruptcy would now stalk through the land were it not for the Federal Reserve Banking Law.

♦♦♦♦

Forty-eight of the members of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Agricultural Association---another name for the State Fair directors---attended a meeting last week. Of course, every one expected their president, Mrs. Vanderbilt, to preside; but she was detained in New York. Now, you see what salutary effect women have on men, fetching them right up to the scratch and getting faithful service out of them.

♦♦♦♦

The recent legislature has made it possible for a judge to retire on a

pension of two-thirds of the regular salary, provided he has reached the age of 70 years, and has served as much as fifteen years. It is said that Judge Oliver Allen is arranging to retire under the provisions of this new act. They had Chief Justice Clark doing the same thing.

♦♦♦♦

Col. A. D. Watts made a mighty fine collector---he had the nerve to go back to some of his constituents and tell them to try over the matter of the proper arrival at their incomes. If he knew how to do the job so effectively for as hard a master as is Uncle Sam, he certainly can turn the trick efficiently when working for the State alone.

♦♦♦♦

The Standard Oil Company opened up a service station in Concord. It is an attractive place. The first thing that happened was the lowering of gas from 32 cents to 29½ cents. Query: Are these dealers working for glory? And what was the motive, when the prevailing price was 32 and 33 cents?

♦♦♦♦

The Queen City---and she is a fine one---felt "hoped up" to entertain for a week the Governor of the State, and he one of her folks. They couldn't keep the distinguished citizen at his home long enough to get his bearings---he slipped out and moved around the City like one of the real boys.

♦♦♦♦

Insurmountable obstacles made it necessary to postpone the meeting of the Board of Directors of this institution to Thursday, April 7th, beginning at 10:30. The local officers are hoping for and expecting a full meeting.

THE TREE AND THE REED.

"Well, little one," said a Tree to a Reed that was growing at its foot, "why do you not plant your feet deeply in the ground, and raise your head boldly in the air as I do.

"I am contented with my lot," said the Reed. "I may not be so grand, but I think I am safer."

"Safe," sneered the Tree. "Who shall pluck me up by the roots or bow

my head to the ground?" But it soon had to repent of its boasting, for a hurricane arose which tore it up from its roots, and cast it a useless log on the ground, while the little Reed, bending to the force of the wind, soon stood upright again when the storm had passed over.

"OBSCURITY OFTEN BRINGS SAFETY."



Easter.

Easter, the festival of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, probably derives its name from Eastre, a Saxon goddess, whose festival was kept about the same time as Easter.

In the ancient church, the celebration lasted eight days, but in later times it was limited to two or three days. It was a festival of pleasure; alms were given to the poor and slaves were often freed. Daily services were held during the whole week before Easter, and on Easter Day the people greeted each other with a kiss, saying, "He is risen," to which the reply was made

"He is risen, indeed;" and the custom is still kept up in the Greek church.

The custom of exchanging eggs as a symbol of resurrection or renewed life is very old. Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which comes upon or next after the 21st of March (the beginning of the old church year,) the full moon being understood to be (though not accurately) the 14th of the calendar moon. If the full moon comes on Sunday, Easter Day is always the Sunday after.

"Christ Our Lord is Risen Today."

From the cross where Jesus died,
 Where our Lord was crucified,
 Come we now, with bleeding heart,
 To perform love's last sad part,
 To his grave with spices sweet,
 Thus to give Him burial meet.

Yet we thought Him strong to save,
 But they laid Him in the grave,
 Sealed the stone, set a guard,
 Lest His tomb might be unbarred,
 And with trembling lips we say,
 Who will roll the stone away.

Ah, what means this glad surprise,
 Joy and hope within us rise,
 Open doors and empty grave—
 He hath shown his power to save;
 Let His Church exultant, say,
 Christ our Lord is risen to-day!

Ye by sorrow all oppressed,
 Heavy laden, seeking rest,
 Let your anxious cares be gone,
 All your conflict now are won—

For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

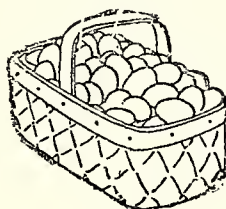
Ye who would his mercy crave,
Doubt no more his power to save,
All your guilt on him was laid,
And the mighty debt is paid—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

Ye who fear a dying bed,
Or who mourn for loved ones dead,
Joyful Easter praises bring,
Death is vanquished, Christ is King—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

—Rev. E. A. Wingard, D. D.

Lent.

At twelve O'clock to-night the period of Lent, which began on Ash Wednesday, ends. This forty-day period, known as Lent, was instituted as a preparation for the anniversary of Christ's resurrection, and also as a memorial of His forty days' fast in the wilderness. In certain Protestant churches, Lent is observed with special services and with proper collects and prayers.



Civil Pensions Obnoxious To a Democracy

By R. R. Clark.

Somebody is suggesting again that ex-Presidents be pensioned. One State paper, giving editorial approval to the proposition, thinks the present a good time to get the plan under way, seeing that we have two ex-Presidents, of different political faith, and partisan feeling would not intervene. Some of these days pensions will doubtless be voted for ex-Presidents, but as I see it the whole civil pension business is wrong and contrary to the fundamental principles of a democracy. It is the glory of a democracy that the humblest may aspire to and attain highest place. When they have finished the service to which they have been called they go back into the ranks as private citizens. If they served faithfully and well in public station they will retain the confidence and respect of their fellows and their service will be remembered, will be a memorial to them, long after they have passed into the Great Beyond. But after retirement from the public service they have no claim to special privilege. That, too, is the glory of a democracy. In a monarchy every member of the "Royal Family," numerous connections direct and indirect, and a host of royal favorites are quartered on the government for support, which means that they are supported by the taxpayers, maintained in ease and comfort at the expense of the toiling masses.

The idea of the civil pension list means, whatever may be the excuse offered for it, eventually an aristocracy of the ruling classes and their dependents, a privileged class sup-

ported by the toiling masses. It is a most obnoxious offshoot of monarchy. It is the setting up of a privileged class of people whose only claim to public support is that they of their forebears at some time filled public place. "Occupied" public place would probably better express it, for it is common knowledge that by no means all who attain public place serve. A large number simply occupy or fill in.

We all know about the honest and faithful public servants who render long and valuable service, who are unable to lay by from a small salary, and whose faithfulness to public duty prevents their reaping the rewards of private station. There are not a few of these, praise be. Sometimes their declining years are spent in poverty and their dependents are unprovided for. We all feel that this should not be and that something should be done about it. But where will the line be drawn? It can't be drawn. You can't say that one was faithful and is deserving, a proper object for reward, while another is not. You can't say that judges and ex-Presidents may be pensioned, while cabinet officers, Representatives and Senators in Congress, diplomats and a host of others may not be. In North Carolina, where the recent Legislature established this pernicious civil pension list, we may not say that only judges and dependent widows of Governors shall be pensioned. How about ex-Governors and State officers of long service and their dependents, who may be in need? The same argument

that calls for a pension for one individual or class can be logically, or biologically, extended to others, and presently we shall have a horde of private individuals living off the government through the civil pension rate. The start made in North Carolina at one sitting will mean an annual outlay for civil pensions around \$20,000 within a few years; and as certain as the principle is allowed to stand, so certain will the rate be extended by the next and succeeding Legislatures.

And it is a grim joke that practically all who will be beneficiaries of this detestable system "fought, bled" and all but died to get the job; and then resisted to the limit of their powers all effort to release them from the public service and allow other patriots to sacrifice for awhile, while those who had served could recoup their private fortunes. In other words these who will be beneficiaries of the civil pension list fought for the place and fought to retain it, and the idea is that they should go on drawing pay, or their dependants may, after age or infirmity or a long-suffering constituency has forced them into private life. And it is another grim joke that the private

means of the beneficiaries may not be considered. Some of them may be well-to-do, even wealthy, but they can draw the allowance from the taxes of those who struggle to pay.

It will be observed, too, that civil pensions are proposed only for those in prominent station. Those who serve just as faithfully, sometimes more faithfully, in minor places and get less in honor and emoluments, are expected to shift for themselves, even as the private citizen. From time to time civil service employes of the Federal government have asked for retirement allowances. Congress has so provided in some cases, the allowance being paid after a certain age and length of service. But the fund is provided by deducting a certain per cent from the employe's monthly check. If we must have a civil pension list I suggest that this plan be followed. Deduct a certain per cent from the monthly salary of Presidents, Governors, Judges and all public officials who are to be beneficiaries, and invest it against the day of need. This will provide a pension fund and will do for some of the public officials what they seem unable to do for themselves--provide a store against the rainy day.

May Be A Coward.

He who tyrannizes over the weak and helpless may be a coward, but no true man. The tyrant, it has been said, is but a slave turned inside out. Strength, and the consciousness of strength, in a righthearthed man imparts a nobleness to his character; but he will be most careful how he uses it, for:

"It is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant."

Handed Down Through Generations.

By Jim Riddick.

I enjoy the contributions of Mr. R. R. Clark, of Satesville, which have been appearing in THE UPLIFT. I hope that he will continue them. I read after him when he was editor of The Statesville Landmark, one of the very foremost weeklies of the State--that's my estimate, anyway. His leaving the editorial chair, was a distinct loss to Journalism in North Carolina.

That last contribution was both funny and serious. A finer exhibit of temper by his "lady," who made it warm for her husband, beats anything I ever heard of. That this ungovernable temper should be perpetuated through several generations, lodging in only one of the offspring at a time and skipping the others is a curious freak of nature.

This brings back to me, in memory, another curious thing that has run through five generations. It is all about the word "DURN." Now, I do not want to shock the editor or the readers of THE UPLIFT, for I observe its policy of not publishing scandal or crime news or making note of wicked events. But the word "Durn", while not elegant, is anything but profanity---it is just a safety valve, an exclamation or a sign of great earnestness on the part of the person using it.

Attending a synodical meeting

in Albemarle, some years ago, when hosts had made some extra preparations for the entertainment of the guests, a peculiar little family matter came to light as follows: A new table cloth had been purchased; a defect was discovered; the husband and wife were discussing it; their little boy in an adjoining room heard their conversation and approached, declaring; "that was not done by my cat (he had brought a cat home against the pleasure of his parents) it was done by "a durned old rat." The boy, showed not only a commendable spirit in defending his pet, but he manifested at an early age the ability to use the family pet word "durn."

I knew once an uncle of this little fellow---in fact I was associated with him, and in all my life I never heard him swear, talk ugly, or use language that could not pass muster in politest society; yet this fine man would emphasize some of his remarks or show his positiveness in emphatically speaking this word "durn."

It seemed strange to me, so I approached his father about the matter. The father of this, man, the grand-father of the little Albemarle boy, plead guilty in this statement:

"That word is a family word; that's the way I expressed my earnestness; my father before me always said "durn;" my grand-father said "durn" and I believe it is claimed that his father and grand-father before him showed a great partiality for the short explosive "DURN."

While this well authenticated family trait is not in the class with the

family ailing that Mr. Clark points out—doing no bodily harm, and not disturbing the peace of the household—but it's certainly in the blood of

this prominent Cabarrus family and who knows how many generations more it shall pass through as a legacy from the eighteenth century.

Margaret of New Orleans.

By Miss Grace E. King.

(Miss Grace Elizabeth King, a daughter of a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, has contributed no little to the literature of the South. Miss King has studied abroad and has contributed engaging stories to numerous publications. North Carolina has more than a passing interest in the work of this brilliant woman because of the fact that she is a sister-in-law of Col. F. Brevard McDonald, one of Charlotte's most distinguished and accomplished gentlemen.)

Margaret Haughtery's story is simple enough to be called stupid. A husband and wife, fresh Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore of yellow fever, leaving their infant, named Margaret, upon the charity of the community. A sturdy young Welsh couple, who had crossed the ocean with Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child and kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank in life. Failing health forced the husband to remove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterwards, Margaret in New Orleans lost her baby. To make a living she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for her monument.

The sisters of a neighboring asylum were at that time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was becoming daily more nec-

essary to them. The childless widow, Margaret, went to the superior and offered her humble services and a share of her earnings. They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings, at the laundry, Margaret bought two cows and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. The new, larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years Margaret's dairy, pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum—her baby house, as Margaret called it—was built, and then the St. Elizabeth training asylum for grown girls. With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest.

One of her debtors, a baker, failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for his debt. She therefore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread for the milk cart. She drove one as well as the other, and made her deliveries with the regularity that had become as characteristic of her as her sunbonnet was. She furnished the orphan asylums at so low a price and gave away so much bread in charity that it is surprising that she made any money at all; but every year brought an increase of business, and an enlargement of her original establishment, which grew in time into a factory worked by steam. It was situated in the business center of the city, and Margaret, always good-humored and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her, and, as it was said no enterprise that she endorsed ever failed, she was consulted as an infallible oracle by all, ragamuffins, paper boys, porters, clerks, even by her neighbors, the great merchants and bankers, all calling her "Margaret" and nothing more. She never dressed otherwise than as her statue represents her, in a calico dress, with small shawl, and never wore any other head covering than a sunbonnet, and she was never known to sit any other way than as she sits in marble. She never learned to read or write, and never could distinguish one figure from another. She signed with a mark the will that distributed her thousands of dollars among the orphan asylums of the city. She did not forget one of them, white or colored; Protestants and Jews were remembered as well as Catholics, for she

never forgot that it was a Protestant couple that cared for her when she was an orphan. "They are all orphans alike," was her oft-repeated comment.

When she died, it seemed as if people could not believe it "Margaret dead!" Why, each one had just seen her, talked to her, consulted her, asked her for something, received something from her. The news of the death of any one else in the city would have been received with more credulity. But the journals all appeared in mourning, and the obituaries were there, and these obituaries, could she have read them, would have struck Margaret as the most incredible thing in the world to have happened to her. The statue was a spontaneous thought, and it found spontaneous action. While her people were still talking about her death, the fund for it was collected; it was ordered and executed; and almost before she was missed there, she was there again before the asylum she had built, sitting on her same old chair that every one knew so well, dressed in the familiar calico gown with her little shawl over her shoulders, not the old shawl she had worn every day, but the pretty one of which she was so proud, which the orphans crocheted for her.

When it looks like all is up
 Keep a gown!
 Drain the sweetness from the cup,
 - Keep a gown!
 See the wild birds on the wing,
 Hear the bells that sweetly ring;
 When you feel like singin'--sing,
 Keep a gown!

Gov. Aycock's Solution of the Negro Problem.

Elsewhere in this issue is a story of the Ku Klux Klan, written by Col. J. J. Laughinghouse, of Pitt county. We asked for it, because we knew Col. Laughinghouse had been a K. K. K. man, had the courage of his convictions and could tell a story that would be a revelation to the young, who seem this day to know so little of the trials that confronted their fathers and mothers back in the days of Reconstruction,

Cold, sober opinion justifies the belief that the organization and operations of the K. K. K. were not only necessary but served a great purpose, in the preservation of Southern civilization and the protection of our womanhood. The presence of the carpet-baggers and the enfranchised negro, drunk with a freedom that he was not prepared to exercise, made the K. K. K. imperative.

The day of the Red Shirt, coming in later years, is not forgotten and the purpose they served was salutary, and saved our state from a turmoil and a conflict, if not restrained, would have wrought havoc with us.

To-day there is being felt in many places the harmful effects left by the war. Many negro soldiers, not as a class but as individuals, went through an experience, across the waters, that has blinded some of them as to their positions and belauded their status as long since established in this section. They were treated as social equals at times in their soldiers' life, and some of them can not forget the sensation. Unrestrained, this means trouble for them and others. The view-point, with different negro soldiers, is illustrated by this story brought back from France, where the white people made heroes of the colored man. "You know," said a negro soldier,

"when I return to America, I'm going to put on a white hat, white suit, white shoes and socks, white neck-tie and sport a white cane and demand social recognition." "Well," replied one that had not lost his bearing, "when I go back to South Carolina, I'm going to put on a black hat, black suit, black shoes and socks, black tie, black handkerchief and carry a black cane." "And why?" he was asked, Replying, he said:

"TO BE PROPERLY DRESSED TO ATTEND YOUR FUNERAL."

We must be just to the negro, but he must be forever taught his place. That white man that puts into the heads of foolish negroes the idea or the hope of social equality, is an enemy to the negro and a disgrace to his own race. He should be made to feel like a man without a country.

But, in 1902, when extreme opinions appeared relative to the solution of what was regarded the "negro problem" there rang out in the state the voice of wisdom and justice---that voice was the patriot Aycock. This is his utterance:

"I am inclined to give you our solution of this problem. It is, first, as far as possible under the Fifteenth Amendment to disfranchise him; after that let him alone, quit writing

about him; quit talking about him, quit making him "the white man's burdels," let him "tote his own skillet;" quit coddling him, let him learn that no man, no race, ever got anything worth having that he did not himself earn; that character is the outcome of sacrifice and worth is the result of toil; that whatever his future may be, the present has in it for him nothing that is not the product of industry, thrift, obedience to law, and uprightness; that he cannot, by resolution of council or league, accomplish anything that he can

do much by work; that violence may gratify his passion but it can not accomplish his ambitions; that he may eat rarely of the cooking of equality, but he will always find when he does that "there is death in the pot." Let the negro learn once for all that there is unending separation of the races, that the two peoples may develop side by side to the fullest but that they cannot intermingle; let the white man determine that no man shall by act or thought or speech cross this line, and the race problem will be at an end."

The Ku Klux Creed.

By Col. J. J. Laughinghouse.

"We, the Order of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, acknowledge the majesty and supremacy of the Divine Being and recognize the goodness and Providence of the same.

We recognize our relation to the government of the United States of America; the supremacy of it's Constitution; the union of the States thereunder; and the Constitutional laws thereof, and we shall ever be devoted to the sublime principle of a pure Americanism, and valiant in the defense of its ideals and institutions.

We avow the distinction between the races of mankind, as same has been decreed by the Creator, and shall ever be true to the faithful maintenance of White supremacy and will strenuously oppose any compromise thereof in any and all things.

We appreciate the intrinsic value of a real practical fraternal relationship among men of kindred thought, purpose and ideals, and the infinite benefits derived therefrom, and shall faithfully devote ourselves to the practice of an honorable clannishness, that the life and living of each may be a blessing to others."

With this Creed as our base and guide, the History of Civilization has but few instances in which a race, religious or otherwise, came

and swept all before it, and found expression in the secret order of the K. K. K.

Among the great secret movements

of the World's History that have been brought into existence to right the wrongs of humanity, there is no more shining example than the original, genuine order of the Ku Klux Klan, which was organized after the War between the States, and after accomplishing its grand and noble purpose, voluntarily disbanded, by order of its Grand Wizzard, General Nathan Bedford Forest, in the early seventies.

The Ku Klux Klan, the Invisible Empire, was the Great Idea of American Reconstruction. We say "American Reconstruction" because of the fact that all was affected by Reconstruction influences; the South most of all. For the great threat that loomed on the horizon of the South would have spread throughout the whole nation, had not the white robe of the Ku Klux Klan kept unrevealed those courageous hearts that were consecrated to saving the Anglo-Saxon civilization of our country, protecting the homes and well-being of our people and shielding the virtue of our womanhood.

The Ku Klux Klan were not outlaws or moral degenerates, nor did they perpetrate outlawry. They were men of the highest social standing and their leaders were men of sterling character and unquestioned culture. They reverently bowed to the soul of real law and swore to enforce its principles of justice, protection of the pursuit of happiness. Their strong arm fought valiantly and risked all for the preservation of the integrity of the race against the cruelty of base, unjust and tyrannical legislation and the unsufferable conditions created by a horde of conscienceless, diabolical greed and lust-crazed adventurers, that swarmed

down from the North to use the negro for their own selfish and damnable ends. These carpetbaggers, assisted by the native scallawag, poisoned the minds and brutalized the inoffensive negro, and converted many of them into human beasts by their cheap whiskey and glaring promises of rich reward in lands and mules, and loosed them, armed and inflamed, against the sacred privileges of persons of the suffering Southern people.

The Ku Klux Klan stood firmly upon the solemn promise of the Federal Government, through Grant to Lee, and the rights of citizens vouchsafed by the Constitution, and it swore allegiance to that Constitution. It was the defender of Justice, the enforcer of civil and racial law and the great regulator of the galling irregularities of the prostituted law at the hands of so called men, the mentioning of whose names is an insult to the blood of the race of Caucasian stock. The Ku Klux Klan struck from the neck of the wounded, bleeding, pauperized and prostrated South, the dirty heel of the degenerate outlaw, the "Scallawag" and the "Carpetbagger," and the misguided and lust-crazed negro, and made possible the birth of the greatest nation of all time—the Re-United States of America. It destroyed the Fanatic's vile hope of the amalgamation of the races, firmly established the most valuable heritage of the race—White Supremacy, forever, and restored the people of Washington, Jefferson and their compatriots in the founding of the nation of their rightful place in the peerless pleasure of America citizenship.

In all History no people has ever suffered such tortuous humiliation

and endured such intense woe as the people of the South during the frightful night of the Reconstruction of '66 and '70, and God only knows what the result would have been, had the atrocious reconstruction scheme of those contemptible, thieving politicians, who conceived and engineered it, gone on to a successful consummation.

The most vicious and deadly enemies of both races were the dirty carpetbagger and his vile henchman, the scallawag, who controlled the Freedman's Bureau, Union Leagues, that perpetrated the most abominable outrages on humanity, known to the annals of civilization. They had at their beck and call the combined powers of a great nation, well trained in arms, and detachment of troops in every County in the South. By them, the laws of the Constitution were regarded as "mere scraps of paper;" no man's home was safe; the chastity of womankind was not secure, and property rights of the people a thing of the past.

This was the terrible condition, unparalleled in History, which was imposed upon the suffering Southern people. The Devil and his infamous Imps held undisputed sway. The night was dark for all the stars had gone out. To correct this condition and break the greedy grasp of this unutterable tyranny, called for mystery and action; mystery complete and action drastic, certain, courageous, swift and sure. In the Providence of God, with their Creed as their guide, the Ku Klux Klan arose, a mighty impulse of an unconquered race, a veritable and invisible empire to save our dear Southland, and to destroy an organized force of diabolism that threat-

ened our civilization.

The work of that mystic society was well done. It met the combined force against it and through several years of dangerous strife, it won, and in winning it brought out order of chaos; replaced fanatical, pernicious persecution with perpetual peace; the wail of poverty with the music of prosperity; insolent indolence with prosperity and thrift and compelled the whole world to recognize the racial barriers erected by the Creator of races, and preserved from an everlasting legalize contamination the sacred blood of the Caucasian races. Through it, Right triumphed over Might. It harbored no prejudices, committed no malicious wrong and accomplished its gigantic task and achieved its noble mission and purpose "without fear and without reproach".

No greater achievement in all History was ever accomplished for culture, civilization and humanity. The men of that Klan were the champions of real liberty and the peerless paragons of the purest patriotism. A great courage; a dauntless spirit; a manly mission and high ideals, were the actuating principles of those patriotic ex-Confederates.

The Ku Klux Klan, by its patriotic achievements stands pre-eminent as the greatest order of real chivalry the world has ever known, and its members the noblest heroes in the great world's history. In simple justice, should their memory be forgotten? Should their patriotic achievements be lost to posterity? Shall we, of this, and those of future generations allow the cruel calumny, santanic slander and flagrant falsehoods heaped upon them for the past half century to pass, be repeat-

and go unanswered by an accurate and honorable revelation of the TRUTH, and suffer our progeny to believe they are under disgrace by being the descendants of a beastly and degraded ancestry? NO. NO. NO. No REAL man in all America will consent to such a crime against the heroic dead. Hence a great memorial should be built in every state in the South to commemorate those patriots and perpetuate their spiritual purpose and ideals. This monument for North Carolina should be constructed by the real American manhood of North Carolina's sons and cast in the proportions and character of a great fraternal order and should be known as the INVISIBLE EMPIRE or the KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.

The Ku Klux Klan is immortalized by their achievements and should be memorialized by the men of to-

day, who appreciate their patriotism. The spirit of the Klan still lives and should be a priceless heritage to be treasured by all those who love their country, regardless of section. The PARAMOUNT IDEAL of the Ku Klux Klan was composed of the finest of the Southern soldiery, men of character and intelligence, who aspired only to that which was noble for themselves and humanity. Very few are now left, the writer being the only survivor of the Klans in Beaufort and Pitt counties.

If a Klan could be organized in every county in the South, allowing only the best class of ex-soldiers to become members, men whose training as soldiers taught them the necessity of absolute obedience to orders, they could be a wonderful power for good. Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, Virginia and Florida see the necessity of organizing.

The First Recorded Ku Klux Notice

Attention! First Hour! In the Mist!
 At the Flash! Come. Come. Come!!!
 Retribution is impatient! The grave yawns!
 The sceptre bones rattle!
 Let the doom quake!



April

Next Friday April begins. In the old Roman reckoning, April was counted as the second month of the year, but it is counted in the Julian calendar as the fourth. It is said that the derivation is unknown.

In many countries of Europe, as France, England and Germany, and in this country the first day of April is known as All Fools' Day, which has been appropriated to a facetious custom, for which no certain origin has been assigned.

To send some unsuspecting and trusting person on some foolish or false errand is the practice of the day. The foolish young resort to exaggerated love making, concealed under another name. In Scotland the subject of the April Fool trick is called a gowk, translated into everyday language is "fool," or "cuckoo." In France the subject is called "April-Fish."

One theory of the origin, according to the encyclopedia, is attributed to Noah's sending out the dove. In

the literature of the past century there are to be found many references to the origin of All Fools' Day, but beyond this there is scarcely a reference. One suggestion is that the custom of playing tricks on the first day of April was derived from some ancient pagan custom, such as the Huli festival among the Hindoos, or the Roman Feast of the Fools.

Practiced by the sensible and reasonable it is a harmless sport and causes people to become in spirit young again. With the rude and the heartless, it is a day that may result in much harm. Some "jokes" have proven serious, leaving causes for regrets throughout a whole life-time.

In passing, one can not keep from recalling a certain phase of the matter. It is a well-known fact that many who love to play practical jokes and have innocent sport at the expense of friends, are usually the ones that are most easily offended by such and will not tolerate innocent jokes, even at the hands of known friends.

Is Here

"Shine and shower, all in a minute,
 A little laugh, with teardrops in it,
 A little scowl on the face of the sun---
 Hints of daisies and buttercups coming,
 Of busy bees in the clover humming,
 And the whole glad Summer that is to come,
 April, laughing, frowning, but dear,
 Bless me, little folks.
 April is here."

They're Built That Way

Selected

No matter how the sun shines:
The touchy will be ouching,
The grouchy will be grouching,
And the whiners will be whining every day;
The howlers will be howling,
And the growlers will be growling,
They'll do it cause they're built that way
No matter how the sun shines.

No matter how the wind blows:
The gushers will be gushing,
The rushers will be rushing,
And the pushers start to push at the break o'day;
The shirkers will be shirking,
But the workers will be working
They'll do it it cause they're built that way,
No matter how the wind blows.



MRS. MARGARET C. D. BURGWYN,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Mrs. Burgwyn is one of the state's most intellectual women. She is the widow of Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, a brave Confederate Soldier, an accomplished gentleman of the old school, and a successful business man.

Mrs. Burgwyn is devoutly active in church work; devotes energy and a fine judgment in welfare work wherever the call sounds. A charter member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, and its vice-chairman of same; has never missed a meeting, nor one minute of its deliberations when in session.

Mrs. Burgwyn is president of the State King's Daughters, of which she is an efficient and intensely popular leader. Finding some leisure moments not taken up by her duties with these organizations, Mrs. Burgwyn is the active head of the Old Woman's Home, a valuable and important charitable institution maintained in Raleigh.

A devout, consecrated woman, typical in every sense of the glorious womanhood of North Carolina. ---this is Mrs. Burgwyn.

Oh, let me know
The power of thy resurrection!

Oh, let me show
The risen life in calm and clear reflection!

Oh let me soar
Where thou my Savior Christ, art gone before!
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always only where thou art!

Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts thou freely givest;

Oh, let me live
With life abundantly because thou livest;

Oh, make me shine
In darkest places, for thy light is mine;

Oh, let me be
A faithful witness for thy truth and thee!

Oh, let me show
The strong reality of gospel story:

Oh, let me go
From strength to strength, from glory
unto glory.

Oh, let me sing
For very joy, because thou art my king!

Oh, let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.

--Frances R. Havergal.

Charlotte Man Owns Boone's Madstone.

Is the mad stone cure a myth?

And is belief in it dangerous? Does faith in it endanger the cure of a dog bite by Pasteurization? Dr. H. M. Wilder, of Charlotte does not think so, but believes that "its application together with the thorough cauterization of wounds supposed to have been inflicted by ratid animals and the further treatment by the medical profession who use antidotes as are customary for animal poisons will compare favorably with any treatment yet known to the public."

After making the above statement in the Charlotte Observer, Dr. Wilder gives an interesting story of the famous mad-stone owned by the famous Daniel Boone, when he was a citizen of North Carolina.

Dr. Wilder writes:

APPLIED 500 TIMES

"I have a mad stone, known in this community as the 'Butler stone,' that was owned by John T. Butler, and later by Dr. O'Donoghue, and later by myself. It has been applied, I venture to say, 500 times within the last 45 years with no ill results following its applications and not a single death, so far as I have been able to hear of.

OWNED BY DANIEL BOONE

"The stone was the property of the famous Daniel Boone and was taken from the bladder of a large deer kill by the celebrated hunter in that section now known as Watauga county, N. C., so tradition says. This was before he made his peregrinations into the wilds of Kentucky

in the early colonial period. The stone is of a Phosphorocalcareous formation and is porous in character. This stone in particular is one inch in width and one and a half inches in length, and it is of a light chocolate color.

"There are many mad stones within the U. S. and the most famous one in this country is now in possession of the Fred family in Virginia. It came from Scotland in the year 1776 and was spoken of by Sir Walter Scott in the Talisman and is regarded as perhaps one of the valuable relics of the age. History records that this mad stone has been applied 150 times consecutively attended by no deaths or manifestations of hydrophobia following. It is very significant. The theory is that if the stone when applied, sticks to the wound then the animal which did the biting is mad. Otherwise the animal is not affected.

"I have never attended but one case of hydrophobia of full developed character, and at that time the Pasteur treatment was unknown and the mad stone was not accessible, and the patient died after suffering the most excruciating agony I ever witnessed, and I do regard any treatment worthy of trial that would give any promise of relief from excruciating mental, as well as the physical suffering that the unfortunate patient I saw underwent.

"Pasteurization, originated by Prof. Pasteur, of Paris, who established an institute bearing his name which has treated many cases of rabies and all attended with various experiments, but I must confess I am

very much like the old countryman who brought a tin Lizzie load of persons to be treated with the 'mad rock'---as he characterized the stone. I asked him why he didn't try Pasteurism, that he could easily obtain that treatment in Kannapolis or Salisbury, nearby towns to his residence. He looked at me with a disdainful air, and remarked that 'if the mad dogs had not conveyed the poison to the members of his family that he was sure that he would have hydrophobia conveyed to them by having a doctor do so with his habidasher syringe---meaning his hypodermic

syringe. . .
 "In closing, I beg leave to state that where Pasteurism is resorted to it should be administered by an expert, and by no novice, as it is well known that it is uncertain where the mad dog ends and the Pasteurism serum begins. It is produced by first inoculating the guinea pig, or rabbit,

with the virus of a mad animal and after the animal becomes affected he is killed and his medulla oblongate is removed from the treated animal and dried in the atmosphere, or rather a vacuum, in the presence of caustic soda and drying substance and the spinal cord is emulsified with serum, or broth, and injected into the patient as many times as the operator deems it necessary in the case

"The physicians of Charlotte, and vicinity, know why I, in person, use the mad stone in connection with cauterization and elimination in the treatment of threatened rabies. I know nothing concerning the treatment of rabies that I withhold from the medical profession, in general, as to its curative virtues. It is certainly very satisfactory in the treatment of suspicious bites of cats and animals."

Some Changes.

The Civil War of 1861-65 destroyed the republic of Jefferson and created the nation of Lincoln. The Spanish war of 1898 substituted the empire of McKinley for the nation of Lincoln. The world war has established that empire on a foundation builded on the ruins of states rights and local self-government. And we have fallen on times when the President of the United States, to be successful, must be very much the sort of man Oliver Cromwell was.---Savoyard.

Beasley Quits To Enter Private Business

Roland F. Beasley, Commissioner of Public Welfare since the formation of State Board of Charities and Public Welfare in 1917, relinquished the place yesterday when his resignation was accepted by the commission at a meeting held in Greensboro. Mr. Beasley's resignation has been in the hands of the board since March 7th, and becomes effective at once. He accepts a position with the International Petroleum Company.

Keen reluctance was expressed by the board in acquiescing to Mr. Beasley's desire to return to private life after three years of service to the State. Resolutions of appreciation of his service were passed. He was urged to reconsider his determination to give up the work, but he for some time past has been determined to leave public life.

The commissionership of Public Welfare was created by the General Assembly of 1917 to supervise the work of the department throughout the State, and Mr. Beasley was the unanimous choice of the board. He assumed the office October 1, 1917, and since then has devoted his entire time to the organization of the work outlined by the General Assembly.

No successor has been chosen to fill the vacancy. For the present the office will be in charge of Mrs. Clarence F. Johnson, who has been Mr. Beasley's assistant for the past three years. Carey J. Hunter, of Raleigh, vice chairman of the board, is chairman of the committee to select a successor to the retiring commissioner.

Mr. Beasley will spend the remainder of the week in Raleigh, and

after the end of the month will go to San Antonio, Texas, where he will be associated with large business interests. In his letter of resignation, addressed to Chairman W. A. Blair, Mr. Beasley says:

"I hereby submit to the board, through you, my resignation as Commissioner of Public Welfare, said resignation to take effect at once.

"For some time I have felt a growing desire to return to private life, but have deferred making a decision until such time as it appeared that least disturbance would result in the arrangement and prosecution of the board's important work. With the adjournment of the Legislature, after its emphatic indorsement and continued support of the welfare work, that time has now arrived.

"I lay down the work with keen regret that is compensated for only by the knowledge that strong and capable hands will assume both its burden and the joy of carrying it on."

"Permit me to assure the board, and each member thereof, of my deep appreciation of the support and confidence that have been accorded me. If there has been the slightest suggestion of discord it has never come to my ears, and I believe that what has been accomplished under your wisdom and direction must be recognized as an important chapter in North Carolina history, a lasting testimony to the finest impulses of humanity and the statesmanship of our people. This great system for the protection of the helpless and the safeguarding of neglected children will be regarded with satisfaction by North Carolinians everywhere in the years to come."—News and Observer.

The Juvenile Court.

The juvenile court must become an indispensable part of our court system. We no longer regard a child offender as a moral delinquent; we have come to realize that a child's offense comes as a result of his training and environment. The purpose of the court, then, is not to punish the child, but to try to understand the child and help him.

In order to carry out this purpose the juvenile court must be organized on a scientific basis. In the first place, the judge must be a trained specialist; he must know the workings of a child's mind; he must know how to win a child's confidence and respect. The probation officers, too, must be trained for his work. He must assume the position of the child's older brother; he must know the child's home conditions, his associations, and his place of recreation. If his home conditions are not of such a nature as to render the right development of the child, the probation officer must take the child out of his environment and put him in some school where he can have wholesome recreation and association. In the third place, the juvenile court itself must not present the appearance or bear the atmosphere of a court. It must be a home where boys and girls can get friendly help and advice.

The juvenile court, however, to be a success must have the support of the community so that it will be able to tie its work up to the work of the other social agencies in the community, such as the work of the school, the church and the community center. The juvenile offender, then, presents a problem that must be

faced, and we must face it in such a way that we will make out of the offender a man rather than a criminal.

Is This Success?

Tomorrow morning at twenty minutes to eight I shall light a cigar and start for the office downtown, just as I have done, with slight variations, every morning of every working day for the last seventeen years. Tomorrow's job will be pretty much the same as yesterday's and last year's, and on back through the whole seventeen.

Sometimes I wonder if at forty-two I should not be filling a more important niche down at the office. The boss says I am the most efficient man among his thirty, and two diplomas here on the wall attest to my general knowledge of the science of our intricate business, and yet I have not advanced to any appreciable extent, while five under my tutorship have been promoted to be field managers.

Have I just missed being a failure? Measured by the usual standards, yes! And yet, if you erase the dollar sign, cut out the fireworks and get down to earth, I am a big success. I am contented; I've kept my health; I have kept the faith with every man. Millie and I have a lot of wholesome pleasure along the way. My garden is fertile, the lawn velvety, and over the porch honeysuckle and clematis breathe fragrance into the air. In the flower garden bumblebees drone the songs of their kind, and, over in the B-Third, Eilene gets one hundred per cent marks and gold stars on her papers.

I like to read about the high-pric-

ed fellows, and to hear them tell how hard it was to put it over the five thousand a year mark. I know intimately a lot of them, and somehow I believe they are missing quite a few of life's pleasures which I, on my little two thousand, am getting. And as for the family---well, maybe you wouldn't consider me in the light of a pleasure, but Millie and Eileen seem to have another sort of idea. And one thing is sure: they get more of me than they would if they got more money out of me. I have never had to fill out an income tax return, but we have had everything we needed and a good many of the things we just wanted. My house is assessed at \$7,000. I've saved some money besides, and enough of my endowment policies will mature before I am fifty to make the years after that look rosy to us.

The reason is that I would rather hold a subordinate position than to assume responsibility. I have had chances at promotion. I was assistant field manager for eleven years, and then accepted demotion rather than take a traveling job which carried a salary of over three thousand a year. I made my choice and took what meant most to me. I would rather have the comradeship of my family and the association of old friends than Woodrow Wilson's salary. I get more satisfaction from having a "spot cash" classification in the merchants' confidential report and in walking eleven blocks four times a day than I possibly could from belonging to expensive clubs and riding home in a taxi. I could do either. I can't do both. There is a lot of difference between being thrifty and merely appearing prosperous. Years ago I drew the line

straight and have followed.---L. N., in American Magazine.

On Printing the News.

Apparently without any particular case in mind, the New Franklin (Mo.) News observes in a general way:

"Suppose an editor should, just for once, relieve his mind by printing all the news he happened to know at that minute? Positions would be thrown up, citizens arrested, families disrupted, fights fought on every street corner, candidates resigning, business men turning things over to their clerks for a season, hired girls hunting new jobs, and so down a list of casualties--and the editor would be so muzzed up that his corps could not be identified by his own family. A newspaper man doesn't know everything, but his work is such that he hears a lot that common sense, common decency and common prudence keeps out of the papers.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

"A little child shall lead them," has become too true in many homes. When the child leads parents to help to make it all that it is possible to be in the world of service to itself and others it is a glorious thing.

But when it leads them to allow it to do as it pleases---to grow up in idleness---to waste the hard earned money of the parents---to be a consumer of happiness and joy and become a producer of misery and want, then the leadership of the child is all wrong.---Newton News Herald

Lon Carr---Hero.

All the heroes did not sink subma-

run or go unafraid into trenches. They are found in the quiet ranks of workers everywhere. Indeed, some of the most heroic deeds of war were performed by youths fresh from farm or factory, who never dreamed of doing a brave act they were writing their names with the immortals.

But there are heroes in peace as well as in war, and childhood furnishes its quota. Our hats are off to Len Carr, of Pender county, aged nine, who, when a rabid dog attacked his two small sisters, grasped the animal about the neck and threw it to the ground. Though bitten in five places he refused to loose his grasp until help came, and his sisters escaped unharmed.

It is of such stuff that heroes are made, and young Carr's brave act entitles him to a Carnegie medal. The News & Observer will make his noble deed known to those authorized to award medals for heroism.—News & Observer.

Individuals Die---Great Principles Live

The Greensboro News says of Wilson:

He goes out, shattered, scarred and broken, in body and in spirit. Loaded with burdens too crushingly heavy for any mortal to bear, exonerated, not for his own faults alone, but for the frailties of all humanity, rent, not by the beasts of prey whom he faced alone, but also by every jackal that skulked behind him, slandered, villified, hounded fairly into the grave, and, in the end, utterly defeated in his supreme struggle, who can call him enviable now?

Well, it requires long vision, supported by much faith to see that the

President is deserving of anything but compassion. For the moment, he is unquestionably bankrupt. He has lost the government. He has lost leadership of his party. He has lost the enthusiastic support of his countrymen. He has lost his health and all but lost his life. And among the sadly numerous mean-spirited he has lost his character. Nor was it without cause, for he committed the crime that, throughout the course of human history, has been the offense most certain to bring swift and relentless punishment in its train---the crime that prepared the blocks for Raleigh and the stake for Huss; the crime that brought the cup of hemlock to Socrates, and caused a third gallows to be erected on that hangman's hill that men in ancient days called The Skull---the crime of being too far ahead of this time.

Query For Annual Debate

The query for the ninth triangular debate for the secondary and high schools of the state is, "Resolved, That the policy of the closed shop should prevail in American industry."

The triangular debates will be held throughout the State the latter part of this month and the final contest at the University will be held early in April. Two hundred and twenty-five schools from ninety counties in the State will compete in this contest. It has been estimated that an average of 80,000 people have listened to the discussion each year.

A County Cottage at the Training School.

Guilford county is erecting at the

Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord a cottage to be used for Guilford county boys who are wayward and need the influences and training of this wonderful school. Durham county, it is said, expects to erect a similar cottage in the near future.

Burke county could make no better investment than to follow the example set by Guilford and Durham. Frequently there are coming to light case that would make such a place prove a solution of the question, "What shall be done with this boy?" Moreover, there are number of instances, probably not generally known, where a boy is beginning to show such tendencies to crime as to make his downward course almost sure. The Jackson Training School would be the salvation of such a boy.

We are rather inclined to think that it, would be better to spend our public money in trying to prevent crime rather than in the conduct of courts to prosecute the criminal after the deed has been committed.---
Morganton News-Herald.

Institutional Notes,

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. H. A. Bishop, of Salisbury, has been here this week demonstrating the Frick Tractor.

Rev. Mr. Martin, of the First Baptist Church of Concord, preached at the Chapel Sunday.

Miss Mary Latimer returned yesterday from a ten days visit to friends in South Carolina.

John Wright, Hubert Yarber,

Parks Newton and Ellis Nance were visited Wednesday by home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeBoer, of the Parental School of Chicago, while on their way from Florida stopped at the school Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Rankin, Miss Alma McLaurin, Mrs. Cline and Mrs. Fry, all of Kannapolis, visited Mrs. Pearl Young Wednesday.

The bare-foot boy, with cheeks of tan is conspicuous here-about. He delights in removing his feet from their winter quarters, and with bare feet it makes him rejoice "as a strong man to run a race."

A cement walk, just completed, beautifies the main entrance to the school building, iron railings have been put up along the walk-way, and when the yards and lawns are put in shape, a more attractive school building will be hard to find.

Much Needed and Worthy Periodical.

"I am enclosing personal check for one year's subscription to THE UPLIFT. You have, in my judgement, one of the best publications in North Carolina. I shall take very great pleasure in calling the attention of my friends to this much needed and worthy periodical.

Sincerely yours,

F. L. Wilson,

Co. Supt. of Public Welfare."

Transylvania Co.

Enquirer last Sunday: "Has any one been shot or killed in Concord today?" "Why," remarked the observer, "it is not twelve o'clock yet."

Mr. A. H. Litaker, a leading farm-

of No. 11, shipped a Berkshire to the Petersburg hog sale. His hog knocked down just one hundred dollars.

The War Mothers are on a boom—they are to have a meeting in Charlotte. The organization is growing so fast that it is going by hops, skips and jumps, hitting of the high places only.

That's a pretty thing the Standard Oil Company has erected to serve as a filling station on the corner of Union and Corbin street. Some folks, taking note of the long time required in its construction, are wondering how many could be built in a year. They need not worry—the public will pay the bill.

Register of Deeds Harris is issuing an occasional marriage license. The public has found out that a health certificate does not prevent subjects from marrying. The unfortunates will have to snook off to South Carolina, or some other state that throws no safeguards around his marrying business.

Mayor Isenhour has issued a warning against children playing in the street. He ought to call the authorities of the Concord High School to the fact that their pupils cover the entire street when leaving school, with an utter disregard to danger to themselves or the convenience of the public. These young people have just reached the age of reason and responsibility, and were the teachers to make a request of them they would doubtless stay out of the street where horses, mules, cows, wagons and machines are supposed to have some privileges.

Always on Guard.

Col. Bennehan Cameron, the president of the Bankhead Highway, a citizen of Durham county, and a state Senator, spent a while in Concord on the 19th in the interest of the great road meeting to be held in Greensboro in April. The Colonel never permits an opportunity to pass to speak for roads.

They Usually Sit at the Head.

Perhaps nowhere in the South is there a secondary school that in efficiency and substantial work surpasses the Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute. It claims to carry a boy up to and through the Sophomore year. It is a noteworthy fact that the graduates of this institution may enter, without question or trouble, the Junior class of any college or University of the South.

In this school, it is pleasing to note that emphasis is placed on the moral and physical training as well as intellectual. A boy that goes through the Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute is well-rounded. Much emphasis is placed, also, the matter of declamation, debating—it is specially sought to teach the boys to "think on their feet."

Trinity College, last Fall, pulled off a declaimer's contest—the Collegiate Institute sent a representative. He brought back the medal. Just last Friday a contest among the schools of North Carolina was pulled off at Wake Forest College. The Collegiate Institute sent down to this contest young Carl W. Seiler. He brought back the winner's medal.

This accomplishment beats all your basket-ball, foot-ball and base-ball conquests, especially in showing up the virtues of a school.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly--Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 2, 1921

NO. 22

The Ideal Man Shining Through.

"Breaths there a man with soul so dead"
That he can not awakened be
By bright'ning up that spark of good
Which God has placed within each soul?

That living fire, unquenchable,
Though we may pass through sin and shame,
Shall be the flame from heaven's heights
To lead us to the Throne of God.

Then how to make that spark of God
Glow into life, and light the path,
And guide the soul, and give the strength
And purpose too, to mount to God?

Condemnation? Castigation?
Pointing out the base and evil,
Which we all have as well as good?
By blame, and shame, and finding fault?

Ah! that but makes the bad more bad,
Prevents the good from being better,
By putting bad into the mind,
Discouraging and holding down.

The better way is to hold truth,
And love, and good, before our view,
As something we should learn to love
Because of its own loveliness.

Then let us not pick out the faults
And hold them up to criticism,
But lead us all to greater good,
By turning good to better good.

See Page 23

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ING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

CHAS. E. BOGER, Superintendent

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:30 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:30 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
7:50 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	7:50 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:35 p	133	New York-Atlanta - - - -	133	9:35 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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APPOMATTOX.

Next Saturday, April 9th, is the 56th anniversary of one of the most momentous events in the history of this country.

It is worth our while to give to it a serious thought. The story, without animosity, should be kept forever alive. Children should be thoroughly informed of the meaning behind those conditions that brought forth the event. In all history a greater conflict never took place---it was a quarrel set to action between a people of the same blood, and who started, each, on the same journey along the very same lines.

We are reproducing Lee's Farewell address to his soldiers; and his own description of his faithful horse, "Traveller," itself a perfect pen picture of an animal that figured in eventful and trying experiences. Again, the verse setting forth the work of a sculptor, who is about to plant the story of the four-year struggle on the face of Stone Mountain, is a true likeness of that period that exhibited American valor, courage and loyalty. These quotations, at this time, make appropriate reading---we must not forget; gratitude and honor bid us to keep all alive.

o o o o .

EASTER DAY AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

I spent my first Easter at the Jackson Training School. A glorious day it was. A more beautiful spot, at this season, can not be imagined. That mocking bird, perched on a tree just across by the side of the Chapel, never let up the whole day---it persisted in its song of gladness, hope, and make

belief that it too understood the significance of the great event, whose anniversary challenges the respect of Christendom throughout the world.

It may seem extravagant claims, but it does appear to me that the most efficient and resultful Sunday School in the entire state is maintained here. It runs just like a highly jewelled watch. Order, time, system, attention, directness, all these are in evidence. Every one of the 134 boys know where they belong--it's a self-acting school. Just one time in their whole experience were orders and directions given. That was enough.

TEACHERS HAVE PREPARED THEIR LESSONS.

An ill-prepared teacher is shot full of embarrassment to go up against any of the classes. These boys astounded me in the quick and accurate responses to the questions asked. They gave ample assurances, too, that their answers reflected a satisfactory understanding of the subject. There are just fifteen teachers. Supt. Boger lays stress on the work of the Sunday School, and glory be that he does--many a boy, by these privileges (and it's a shame on the conditions in parts of the state) has heard of, for the first time, the story of the Risen Lord. Nearly a score had never seen a Easter Egg; and its purpose, and what it stood for, was to them Greek and Hindoo and Hottentot all combined.

At certain periods during the week every boy is expected to make a studied preparation of his Sunday School lesson--and every one of the teachers prepare against these eager and alert minds. I found just fifteen people, who had the responsibility of classes; and this duty is just as incumbent upon them as any other duty at the institution. The student body is divided into fifteen classes in charge of the following teachers: Messrs. Boger, Johnson, Crooks, Fisher, White, Russell, Hobby, Talbert, and Misses Gaither, Greenlee, Barnhardt, Latimer and Mesdames Young, Penland and Eagle. After the opening exercises, the classes retire to some corner, nook or rock, if the weather permits. I found assembled classes out in the open, on rocks, under trees; here and yonder. When we get our auditorium seated and can use it, the Sunday School can be conducted in a most model manner.

AN EXTRA TOUCH FOR THE DAY.

The boys assured me that they regarded the day a particularly pleasing one. A happier lot of fine young fellows could not be assembled anywhere. Where the extra came in was in the form of a special beef treat but the biggest thing in the eyes of these youngsters was the quantity of egg fruit

sent to each cottage. The institutional hens have been on full duty for some time—2,000 eggs had been accumulated. One thousand of them had been divided between the four cottages, so each boy had as his share something like eight eggs. He ate some in the form he liked best at breakfast, and the others he used just like any other normal boy handles an Easter egg.

CHAPEL SERVICES.

This was a pleasing and very profitable feature of the day. It is worth going miles to see an orderly set of boys—134 strong—march from their several cottages to the beautiful Chapel across the road. Sing—I never heard such singing before in all my life. In fact they sang so well, that the delightful preacher, who came to lead in the service of worship, had them to sing and sing and then sing some more. Then the preacher publicly expressed his great pity for the person who could not sing. And I here testify to the preacher's soundness in his music philosophy.

Rev. T. W. Smith, as a labor of love, has been looking after arrangements for Chapel services at the Training School for years. He always sends, I am told by the boys, a good one; and if he can't get as good a one as he desires, he comes himself—and Rev. Smith, I wish to say in passing, has been to the institution a useful and faithful servant, for whom the whole population entertain a great love. On this Easter occasion he sent Rev. G. W. Rollins, pastor of McGill St. Baptist Church.

Rev. Rollins has been a boy himself. He had not spoken a dozen words until the boys manifested a great interest. They understood him—he understood them. It is a wonderful thing to possess the ability to understand a boy and get down on that level where he can follow you with interest and profit. Rev. Rollins read nine verses of the 37th Psalm. When he finished, he repeated: "Trust in the Lord, and do good." From this he carried the boys through the story of a number of boys of the Bible, who trusted the Lord and did good, and every time he asked for the naming of the boy, a chorus of voices answered back to the pleasure and surprise of the interesting preacher.

But Rev. Rollins stumped the boys one time—in fact he stumped the teachers, the visitors and even Dr. Herring tried not to be seen, for fear he might be expected to give an answer. There was deathly silence. I felt sorry for the boys in their inability to answer just one of the interesting story questions Rev. Rollins put up to them. But the situation was relieved when the preacher announced that this was just a boy, a servant

of the Lord, who did good, but no where in the Bible was he named.

THE BAND PLAYED.

Easter afternoon was just such a season as to put everybody in good humor---to establish peace---to spread gladness---to do kindnesses---to renew hope. Just awhile before leaving this one beautiful spot (a place dedicated to a noble cause, in which the achievements are far greater than I, a partisan hoper in the whole business and intensely jealous of its work, ever expected when the institution was being brought into existence thirteen years ago) Bandmaster Lawrence brought out his band---a second crowd that he has trained in the past twelve months. The first crowd has been parolled---they are out in the world playing the part of men. Men! Not a blemish on them---living useful, clean lives and doing their part as members of society and citizens of the state. In fact, one of Lawrence's first band boys helped the musical part of president Harding's inauguration.

The women of Concord---I mean the Stonewall Circle of Kings Daughters---who went down to their strong box and pulled out \$1,200.00 to purchase and present to the institution a set of band instruments, did a service of incalculable value in the conduct of the school and for the pleasure and profit of our boys. Oh, this expression of love has touched the hearts of hundreds of boys up to this date and---why, the future has just begun.

A REVELATION.

Several of the visitors at the institution on Easter Day, who shared with the boys the joys of the season, expressed themselves as supremely surprised at the growth and development. One, who had not seen the plant, since the first building was erected thirteen years ago, declared "it is just as much a revelation to me as if I were from Ocracoke."

J. P. C.

♦♦♦♦

A PLEASING DEPARTURE.

In the celebrations and the anniversaries and the memorials, having to do with subjects and individuals outstanding in the history of the war Between the States, it is rare that even the speakers ever refer to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy. It is an interesting fact that two prominent citizens of Cabarrus county are planning to give a dinner to all surviving Confederate soldiers in reach of Concord, on June 3rd, and the speaker to be is to be asked to deliver an address entirely about this great

statesman.

It will be recalled that June the 3rd is the anniversary of the birth of President Davis. He was born in Christian county, Kentucky, on June 3rd, 1808. We are bound to secrecy, but if the gentlemen secure the speaker in mind, there will be delivered in Concord next June the most thrilling, eloquent address that the people in these parts ever heard. The speaker in question is unquestionably one of the state's most engaging and delightful orators--and an awfully clean man with it.

o o o o

The whipping-post has been re-established in the state of Delaware. The first to grace the post were three negroes. Don't know how much the constitutional phase would interfere in the matter, but about the best punishment for the automobile thief would be the whipping-post. It would accomplish more than a fine and imprisonment. The number of lashes might be graduated--for instance, the theft of a Ford would call for the minimum of lashes, and gradually warm up until you reached the neighborhood of a real automobile.

o o o o

Mecklenburg set the pace for good roads in North Carolina years ago; and the man who had most to do with that progress was Capt. Sid Alexander. She is now preparing for a campaign to issue \$2,000,000 in bonds for the rebuilding of her roads--the county has a fine foundation to start with in her worn-out macadam. Guilford showed the state how to do it, and there is no reason why Mecklenburg should not keep her reputation.

o o o o

North Carolina is on boasting ground again. Some days ago it was discovered that North Carolina had the highest birth rate and the lowest death rate--now the claim is set up that the state has the lowest divorce rate of all the states. Even with this record, the number of divorces is entirely too large; or, better stated, too many foolish marriages are pulled off.

o o o o

THE UPLIFT can not resist congratulating the County Commissioners, the local Red Cross Chapter and the local King's Daughters for the part they took at the beginning and are now taking to make possible the services of an-all-time health nurse for Cabarrus county. The blessings to follow

will be everlasting--that's long enough.

♦♦♦♦

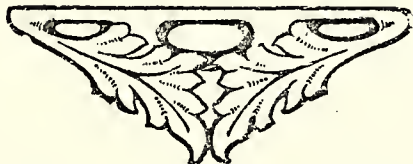
It does seem the hour has arrived when hazing should be stopped. It's a regular monkey business--imitating what others have done, and who ever afterwards were ashamed of the demonstration of the brute that was in them.

THE YOUNG THIEF AND HIS MOTHER.

A young Man had been caught in a daring act of theft and had been condemned to be executed for it. He expressed his desire to see his Mother, and to speak with her before he was led to execution, and of course this was granted. When his Mother came to him he said: "I want to whisper to you," and when she brought her ear near him, he nearly bit it off. All the bystanders were horrified, and asked him what could he mean by such brutal and inhuman conduct. "It is to punish her," he said. "When I was young I began with stealing little things, and brought them home to Mother. Instead of rebuking and punishing me, she laughed and said: 'It will not be noticed.' It is because of her that I am here to-day."

"He is right, woman," said the Priest: the Lord hath said:

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO; AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART THEREFROM."



Appomattox---April 9th, 1865.

What a world of activities, covering years, came to a climax at Appomattox, Virginia, on the 9th of April, 1865! There took place on that date at that place the conclusion of a contest, the seed of which were sown when the constitution of this country was written. The question of States' Rights had been contended for, at different times, by different states, when ever occasion arose in states for a defense of certain positions.

There is, however, a notion prevailing in certain quarters that the great conflict, which ended at Appomattox, had its genesis primarily and alone in the question of slavery. That is not true. If we have read aright the history that led up to the worst conflict of ages---worst, because of the relations of the people involved---the question of slavery was merely incidental. Long before there was agitation over slavery, the great state of Massachusetts threatened to withdraw from the Union, because of certain dissatisfaction; and she claimed her right so to do under the doctrine of States Rights, for which she contended.

It is not our purpose to discuss what led to the War Between the States. We merely desire to make reference to the fact, in a reminder, that the 9th of April is the 56th anniversary of General Lee's Surrender. It is fitting, too, that we recall the parting address of the great soldier, whose memory is imperishable. It is recorded that Lee, with the remnant of his army, moved towards Lynchburg, along the north side of the Appomattox River, intending to reach the mountains. He was followed by a large Federal force under Grant in person, while the entire Federal cavalry was sent west to cut off his retreat. Lee's provision trains were captured by Federal

cavalry, and finally, on the 9th of April, he found himself with only 8,000 half-starved men in the ranks, with nothing for them to eat, and surrounded by the entire Federal army of more than 100,000 men. He realized that the end of the four-year struggle had come. The leaders and the men of this little Spartan band had done their best, and they could with honor lay down their arms. It is recorded that Grant was very generous in the hour of his triumph. He offered honorable terms, which Lee accepted. The Confederate officers retained their swords, and the men their horses and other private property. There was no bitterness manifested between those who had lost and those who had won in this great conflict. Men in blue and men in gray gathered around the same camp fires, the well-fed Northern soldier sharing his rations with his half-starved Southern brother: in war enemies, in peace friends.

NORTHERN ESTIMATE OF SOUTHERN VALOR.

A Northern historian, in eulogizing the Federal Army of the Potomac, has this to say of Lee's army against which it contended: "Nor can there fail to arise the image of that other army that was the adversary of the Army of the Potomac, and which---who can ever forget

that once looked upon it?---that army of tattered uniforms and bright muskets---that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four long years carried the revolt upon its bayonets---opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

LEE'S FINAL ADDRESS TO OLD
SOLDIERS

Under date of April 10th, General Lee addressed his soldiers as follows: "After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia was compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessings and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of

your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

EVER MINDFUL OF THE COVENANT.

An eloquent Georgian has said: "The South is loyal to the covenant of Appomattox. Nor is she truer to the tryst than when she gathers among her grass-green graves to hold communion with her deathless dead. In the willingness of Americans to die for principle are grounded the triumphs of the nation in the conflicts which are yet to come.

Upon the sinking of the Maine, when the tocsin of war sounded, it was the blood of the old Confederacy that laid the first rubies upon freedom's altar. Then instantly the world remembered that it was the South whose soldiership and valor wrested Yorktown from the British---the South whose Patrick Henry kindled the fires of the Revolution, whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, whose Washington commanded the Continental army, whose Madison framed the constitution, whose Marshall interpreted the organic law---aye, the South to whom the Union was indebted for existence; and from 1861 to 1865 she drew her sword against the Union's flag, it was in defense of the Union's constitution!

Nor was it African slavery for which the South contended, but Anglo-Saxon freedom---the old Teutonic birthright of self-government and home rule!

These men did not die in vain. The principle for which they fought has been virtually sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Besides they live in literature that loves a lost cause. Troy's downfall awoke the harp of Homer. Warsaw is embalmed today, not in the triumph of the allied powers, but in the fall of Kosciusko, who bled for the liberties of Poland. The Greek-sung glories of Thermoplae have

sprung from the death-bed of Leonidas. The triumph of Wellington at Waterloo has not eclipsed the Mar-engo of Napoleon; and in distant years to come, Fame's loudest blast will sound to the listening world the name of Lee!"

Passing of Cardinal James Gibbon.

At 11:33 A. M., Thursday, March 24th, Cardinal James Gibbon, of the American Catholic Church, after a long illness, passed away in Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbon was born in Baltimore July 23, 1834, thus being in his 87th year. He was first appointed assistant in St. Patrick's Cathedral of Baltimore; later he became the private secretary of Archbishop Spalding, and chancellor of the diocese. In 1868 he was made vicar-apostolic of North Carolina, with the rank of bishop; and in 1877 became Archbishop of Baltimore.

He was elevated to the cardinalate in 1886, being the second Roman Catholic in the United States to receive that promotion. He went to Rome in the summer of 1903, and took part in the election of Pius X, as successor to Leo XIII.

There are some people in Cabarrus county who remember this distinguished Catholic, for he it was that organized the only Catholic congregation in the county, being the little St James church on the Gold Hill road three miles east of Concord. Of him the Raleigh News & Observer, whose editor the Hon. Josephus Daniels, having known him well and personally, says editorially:

The whole world will mourn the death of Cardinal James Gibbon. He was the most beloved prelate of his church in America, a world-figure who embodied loyalty to his native country, to his church, to humanity. Broad gauged, learned, honored by those who sat in the seats of the mighty, he won the heart of America by his sincerity, kindness, simple habits and tastes, and a comradeship

with his brotherman of all creeds.

North Carolina had somewhat to do with the making of Cardinal Gibbon. This writer was honored by his friendship and knows the warm place in his heart for North Carolina and North Carolinians. He had the good fortune in the early days of his ministry to come to North Carolina. We say good fortune advisedly. A few months ago he said to a North

Carolinian whom he regarded highly that he had always regarded it as a benefit that he was privileged to live among and mingle freely with North Carolinians, most of whom were Protestants. It is a matter of regret that every minister and priest in his earlier service does not come in closer touch with good men of other creeds. It broadened Cardinal Gibbons, as it blessed Protestants who came to know his earnest faith in Christ. Real Christians cannot be narrow, or assumed that the only good people are of their faith and order.

In 1868 Cardinal Gibbon became Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. He had a large diocese, or, as the old-time Methodist would say, a large circuit--big territory with few adherents to his church. He was abundant in labor, traveling in true apostolic spirit, preaching the gospel to Catholics and Protestants alike. He strengthened his church. He did more: he strengthened the faiths of all who heard him in the Risen Savior.

"I remember," he said not long before his last illness, talking to a North Carolina friend, "one of my most interesting experiences in North Carolina. I reached Greenville shortly after daylight on a river boat, having come from Tarboro on the Tar river. I was entertained by Dr. O'Hagan and during the day many

of the leading citizens did me the honor to call on me; to this day I recall the charm of my host and the courteous welcome given me by the citizens of the town. There was no Catholic church in the place. During the day I was waited on to ask my preference as to where I should preach that night. The courthouse and Methodist church, the two largest building, were tendered. I accepted the tender to preach in the Methodist church, had a large congregation, and I suppose ninety-nine per cent of them were Protestants. I never had more attentive and sympathetic hearers in my life and at the conclusion of the service they were so cordial in their words of appreciation that I have never forgotten them or forgotten Greenville." His face fairly irradiated happiness ---and no man had more light in his face---when the North Carolinian told him that up to this day his visit was remembered and men long dead now had left to their children their statement that never was a greater sermon heard in that place.

Cardinal Gibbon was an American whose love for his country was deeply rooted. He believed in its institutions, cherished its ideals, and was jealous to preserve its free government. He enjoyed the friendship of the great and lowly, and in his passing to his reward this old world is poorer and heaven is richer.

One Nail.

Hammering one nail until it is driven home is better than aimlessly striking at a hundred.

Secession Of The Southern States,

Elsewhere in this issue there appears something about Appomattox. This naturally suggests the beginning of that conflict.

The election of Lincoln was regarded distinctly against the interests of the South. Had all the votes cast against Lincoln been cast for one opposing candidate rather than being divided between Breckinridge, Bell and Douglas, Lincoln would have failed carrying the country by over a million of the popular vote---even 56 years removed, one could all but wish that such had occurred with the lively feeling that the most terrible war of ages, so far as this country is concerned, might have been averted!

FIRST STATE TO SECEDE

South Carolina, on December 20th, 1860, passed an ordinance of secession, by which she repealed the ordinance by which she had ratified the Constitution of the United States---she resumed the power which she had surrendered to the Federal Government, and declared herself to be once more a sovereign and independent state. Following her in the order named were Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana.

FORMS A CONFEDERACY

Delegates from the seceded states met at Montgomery, Ala., and formed a confederation which they designated by the name of the Confederate States of America; and this convention was presided over by Howell Cobb, of Georgia. The provisional government authorized was headed by Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-president. This was on February 9th, 1861. March 2, Texas joined the Confederacy.

FIRST CONFEDERATE CABINET.

The first cabinet selected by Presi-

dent Davis consisted of Robert Toombs of Georgia, Secretary of State; Leroy P. Walker of Alabama, Secretary of War; Stephen B. Mallory of Florida, Secretary of the Navy; Charles G. Memminger of South Carolina, Secretary of the Treasury; Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana, Attorney General; and J. H. Reagan of Texas, Postmaster General.

MEASURES OF PRECAUTION.

Following the formation of the Confederate States Government, the seceded states began to take possession of forts, arsenals and other United States property within the state limits. This they clearly had a right to do, if they had a right to secede. Everywhere there had been recognized the principle of law under which a state had the supreme control over all land within its borders, without consulting the owner, when such property was needed for the protection of the state---the Law of Eminent Domain.

REFUSED FLATFOOTEDLY.

Major Anderson, commanding Fort Sumpter in the harbor of Charleston, flatfootedly refused to sur-

render his posts to the authorities of South Carolina when demand was made upon him. The presence of Federal troops in Fort Sumpter threatened the safety of Charleston, so the state authorities determined to insist upon their withdrawal. The steamer *Star of the West*, approaching with supplies for Fort Sumpter, was fired upon by troops under Gen. Beauregard and forced to return.

A PROMISE UNKEPT.

After inauguration of President Lincoln at Washington, his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, gave a verbal promise that Anderson and his men would soon be withdrawn from Fort Sumpter and that no reinforcements would be sent. This promise was confirmed by Mr. Seward's historical answer: "Faith as to Sumpter fully kept; wait and see."

But early in April the Washington government sent troops by sea to Anderson's assistance, and so notified the South Carolina authorities. Beauregard saw the necessity of acting at once, so at 4:30 on the morning of April 12th, 1861 the first gun was fired and actual war between the South and the North began. The North claimed that by firing this gun the South began the war; the South claimed that by sending troops to reinforce Sumpter the North began the war. Anderson was compelled to surrender on April 14th.

OTHER STATES SECEDE

As soon as it was seen that the Washington authorities intended to use force in denying that any state had a right to secede, other states withdrew from the Union: Virginia April 17, 1861, Arkansas May 6th, North Carolina May 20th and Ten-

nessee June 8th. The "Border" states of Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri were divided on the question, though a majority sided with the Confederate States of America. But the Federal authorities soon had troops within these states, and citizens of these states entered both armies, according to their views.

LINCOLN CALLS FOR TROOPS.

Congress alone has the right to declare war; but Congress was not in session. Lincoln impelled by the excitement of North called for 75,000 troops. General Sherman declared that three hundred thousand would not be enough. They thought him crazy, but he was far too low in his estimate. Sherman knew the temperament of the South, for at the time of the secession of South Carolina Sherman was president of the Louisiana University.

Regarding the secession of the Southern States there were different opinions in the North. Some preferred to let Southern States go in peace rather than have an armed conflict. There were others who denied the right of a state to secede, but held that the United States Government could not legally coerce a state back into the Union. Of this number was Buchanan. But by far the greater number believed that the Union should be preserved at any cost, and as the time to inaugurate Lincoln drew near it soon became evident that determination of this kind was forming.

In anticipation of the use of force, the Confederate States began to prepare for resistance. Several efforts were made by commissions and peace congresses to bring about an amica-

ble adjustment of affairs between the two governments; but the authorities in Washington held the people of the Southern States to be in rebellion, and so would extend no official recognition to the Confederate Government. And the war began in earnest. It ended at Appomattox.

Pen Picture Of "Traveller"---General Lee's Horse.

If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of "Traveller"---representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of rider.

He might imagine even his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say that he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since---to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas at Sharpsburg, Frederickburg, the last days at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock.

From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James river. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-5 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipment. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis.

Of all his companions in toil, "Richmond", "Brown Roan," "Ajax," and quiet "Lucy Long," he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his picture.

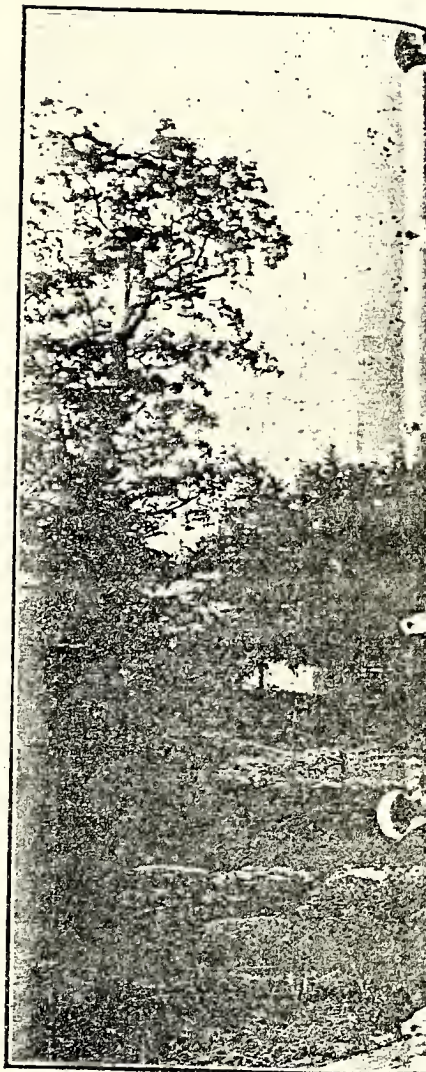
R. E. Lee.

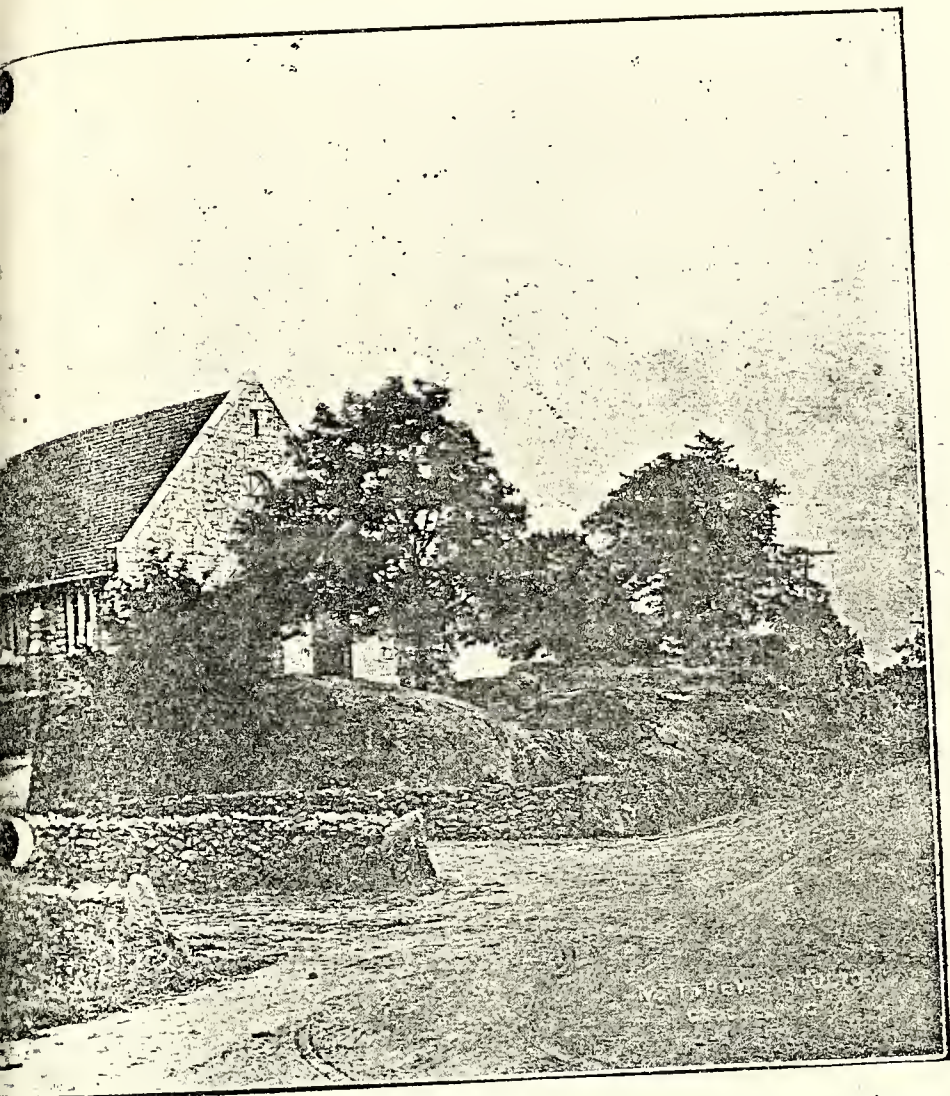
Our Chapel

Built with funds furnished by the State King's Daughters and dedicated Oct. 28th, 1915. It is a memorial of Mrs. Margaret Burgwyn, long-time president of the organization.

The same organization is now preparing to install beautiful memorial windows. An Art window has already been placed by the Junior Circle of King's Daughters of Concord.

Very soon this organization of women will erect a Memorial Arch across the highway connecting Chapel grounds with main campus.





“The New South.”

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1851 and died in 1899. He enjoyed splendid educational advantages, completing his course at the University of Virginia. He was an idealist. He was an optimist. He was a patriot. In many respects he was the greatest production of the South in ages. By his pen and words and by his vision, he opened wide the gates of opportunity in the South.

Hear him in this quotation from a speech he made in his native state, telling of the details of a Georgia funeral: “The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That the burial was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. That an iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. That hard woods and metals abounded, but the corpse was hauled in a wagon which was made in South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves which came from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man’s body, and the grave in which it awaited the Judgment trump. And that the poor fellow lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.

This painting aroused the industry and spirit of the South. It took pep and started. And he carried a story to the North in his speech on “The New South” delivered at the banquet of the New England Club, New York, December 21st, 1886. It follows:

A Master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation’s eye. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home

at the close of the late war---an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the pa-

role which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find-- let me ask you --what does he find when, having followed the battle stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence; swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence,--the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill-- a plain white shaft. Deep-cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men--that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of

that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennoble their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people—which gathered above the couch

of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever.

THE UNION

The union of lakes, the union of
lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of
hands,
And the flag of our Union forever!

Lee's Immortelles.

J. J. Douglas in News & Observer.

Gutzon Borglum, the famous sculptor, will carve heroic figures of the Confederacy upon Stone Mountain, a gigantic monolith, near Atlanta, and in sight of a much travelled public highway.

Carve in relief upon that wall
The knightly form of Lee,
True to the Southland's martial call,
Virginia's chivalry!

Carve there his features, noble, true,
His placid, patient brow,
The famous face the South once knew,
And would remember now.

Carve there our chief courageous, calm
With history in his face;
Although he needs no poet's psalm,
Or sculptor's chiseled grace!

Mute is the stone but Time shall cry
Till end of time his fame
Then let Stone Mountain tell the sky,
Our chieftain's honored name.

Aye, let it stand from age to age,
Like Sparta's sacred shrine
To mark the soldier and the sage,
The long gray battle line!

Carve Stonewall Jackson in relief,
Close by his chieftain's side;
Carve, if you can, the voiceless grief
In Dixie when he died.

Carve, if you may, the Soul of War,
The stern full-bearded mouth;
Flash from his eyes the fires of Thor
That kindled all the South.

Aye, carve him there in solid rock
That flings the lightning's flame;
Who stood like stone amid War's shock
And won his deathless name!

Carve Stonewall Jackson (Lion---bold---
Re-named at first "Bull Run");
Carve there his fame in fadeless gold
Beneath the Southern Sun.

Aye, carve it well, and carve it deep,
Upon yon towering stone,
Beneath the Southern stars that keep
Their watch above their own.

Carve there the Pleiades whose light,
Once shone in Southern sky—

Johnston, Longstreet, Stuart write
Their blazing names on high!

Carve Gordan, Pickett, Braxton Bragg
Forrest, Hampton, Hood;
Carve their memorial on the crag;
That since 'Time's dawn has stood.

But, stay! There is a long gray line
The privates in the cause,
The gray-clad army that must shine,
By fame's eternal laws.

Ah, carve them there, the rank and file
Who made their captains great,
Nor artists' brush nor sculptured pile
Their glorious deeds inflate.

Then carve them there, though they
have crossed;
Save few, the dark divide;
They were not less because they lost,—
Nor traitors that they tried.

Aye, chisel there a beardless lad
At War's red, swinging gate,
In his gray soldier garments clad—
Wyatt from the Old North State.

He was the first to give his life
Of all the altared dead,
In thunderous war's Niagara strife,
By crimson torrents fed.

Stay, sculptor! Hold thy chisel yet---
Who made the South's ensign?
Who plants the blue-eyed violet
And trains the fadeless vine?

Long as Stone Mountain has an inch to
spare,
Carve the Valkyri, the vestal virgin,
The Gracchis' Mother---
They were there!

There they shall march in sculptured
stone
Till God's great reveille---
Until the last loud trump is blown,
The army in the grey.

Wadesboro, N. C.

Isthmus of Panama in Public Limelight.

Bulletin by Geographic Society.

"The Isthmus of Panama, which now almost exactly corresponds to the Republic of Panama, has probably had as many thrills to the square foot as any other section of the earth of similar size. They have ranged from the ignoble to the noble, from the drunken debaucheries of blood-thirsty pirates as they sacked the prosperous cities of the country, to the feelings of Balboa as he stood, the first white man to view the waters of the Pacific, and those of the American engineers who saw the completion there of the world's greatest engineering feat. And through it all large tracts of the little country have remained much as they were when Columbus first set foot there in 1502, and happy to find a part of a real continent after seemingly interminable islands, named it 'Terra Firma.'

PANAMA SPRINGS GEOGRAPHIC JOKE.

"Panama perpetrates one of the greatest of geographic jokes on those who visit it. It very convincingly makes east west. From Panama City the sun rises out of the Pacific, which to most American minds is the proper place for setting suns. And he who sails through the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific travels not from east to west as he naturally expects to do, but from west to east, or more accurately, from northwest to southeast. One gets the impression, as one writer has phrased it, that 'there is something crooked about this.' The crookedness is found to be in the isthmus which runs predominant-

ly east and west instead of north and south, and in addition makes a double curve like the letter S, so that at one place the Atlantic waters are actually west of those of the Pacific.

"It may seem a far cry from the lay of the land at Panama to the South Sea, but because of the east and west trend of the isthmus the popular name for that huge, island-dotted ocean has largely taken the place of the more nearly correct, 'South Pacific.' When Balboa stood on an isthmian mountain crest in 1513 and discovered the great ocean stretching off to the southward he naturally named it 'El Mar del Sur'—the South Sea. A few days later when he had won his way to the newly discovered ocean he waded into it and made the singularly modest claim for the King of Spain to sovereignty over the sea and all lands and islands bordering on it, 'from pole to pole, till judgment day.'

STREAM OF GOLD FROM PERU.

"Since a few years after Bolboa's discovery the Isthmus of Panama---for a long time called Darien---has been the gateway for commerce between the East and the West and between Pacific South America and Europe. The old city of Panama was founded as the entry port on the Pacific side in 1518, more than a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts. Portobello, known to all readers of pirate tales, was the Atlantic port, and between them was constructed a paved trail. At the height of Spanish colonial

power gold and silver from Peru were carted across this old trail like cord wood.

"Such great wealth was an irresistible attraction to the buccaneers who infested the Caribbean. Time after time they swooped down on the isthmus from their strange island commonwealth near Haiti. Old Panama was entirely destroyed in 1671 by such an expedition under the leadership of the notorious Henry Morgan, later Sir Henry. On other occasions, Portobello, in spite of its formidable fortifications, was taken, and even occupied by the pirates as a base for months at a time. One of the old forts of Portobello, useless in the village to which the one-time opulent port has shrunk, was demolished during the building of the Panama Canal and its stones crushed to make material for concrete.

PANAMA INSOLATED POLITICALLY.

"Politically the Republic of Panama is a thing apart. It was formerly a state of the Republic of Columbia, in South America, but gained its independence in 1903. Geographically it is a part of Central America, but it has been left out of the recently

formed of Union Central America. This insulation is no doubt due in large part to the existence of the canal under United States ownership extending through Panama territory.

"The little Republic is shaped like a section of waving ribbon or of a squirming snake. It is 31 miles across at its narrowest point and not much over 50 miles wide throughout most of its 450 miles of length. It is about the size of South Carolina. The greater part of the Atlantic side of the isthmus is occupied by jungles. The population is between a third and a half of a million. Some pure Indians occupy the central mountains and a part of the Atlanta coast toward South America. There is a large negro element in the population. The remainder are of Spanish extraction and of mixed blood. The majority of the more civilized and progressive inhabitants live on the Pacific side of the island, and are concentrated noticeably in the western end toward the Costa Rican border. Since the cession of the Canal Zone to the United States, Panama has had no army but has depended solely on its national police force."

The Ideal Man Shining Through.

Did you ever look into a boy's face and see the coming man there, the ideal, the true, the spiritually beautiful, that shall by and by be? The possible from the present, the ideal from the actual, the "can be" from the "may be." The "now be" from the "will to be."

Did you ever see this, even though

there are signs in that face of sordid poverty, of pre-natal degradation, of early training in crime and social enmity? Even though you see marks there in that face of forces of good which have been dissipated, atrophied, and blighted by ignorance and lack of training. Even though you see the mark of dull sodden mis-

ery carried over from the past, from miserable surroundings and low ideals born of ignorance, and poverty, and lack of opportunity.

Pre-natal. Yes, much of it.

And yet you look into this boy's face and your heart warms, and your soul is filled with noble enthusiasm, as you see what may be done by the potter as he moulds his clay.

Here you have him removed, cut off, from the old surroundings that have kept him back and held him down. Here you have powers and methods which will neutralize that old antagonistic social spirit, that ignorance of human and divine law and of its consequences, that lethargy of soul which has kept this boy from exerting his power for good.

Lack of ambition because he has not seen the vision of righteousness and the openings to the paths to righteousness. Here you have new avenues for him to enter and to persist in, new paths for him to climb

upward by, new heights for him to scale.

And you are cheered and uplifted as you look into his face and see there The Possible Man, and realize what a blessing this man will be to himself and to society if you can have the time to bring this coming man into being.

You are cheered when you think of the sordid misery, the suffering, and the soul degradation you are leading this boy out of.

Is there any work more cheering, more exhilarating, and more noble than this? Training the unfortunate boy. Saving him from himself. Saving him for society. Bringing him upward, and upward, and upward still, into the Heavenly Kingdom, where pure loves make enduring happiness. Drawing him away from the dark kingdom of earthly lusts, where impure passion rules, and carnal desires bring dissappointment, and suffering and negation.

Jefferson's Ten Rules

Take things always by the smooth handle.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Pride cost more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

Pouring Water on a Duck's Back.

"Pouring water on a duck's back" is a very pointed way in illustrating the futility of bringing to bear an influence sufficient to cause results. The expression is century old, and so long as heedlessness exist among the thoughtless or those, who disregard public opinion, that expression will be very fitting.

ITEM IN TRIBUNE OF MARCH 24TH

The young men of the city will give a dance at the Elks' Home Friday evening, complimentary to the young ladies of the city and their Easter guests. The dance will begin at 9:30 o'clock, and music will be furnished by a Charlotte orchestra. Several other dances are also planned for the Easter season, their dates to be announced with the arrival home of other Concord young people who are attending various colleges and universities.---Concord Tribune of 24th.

CONTRIBUTION IN TRIBUNE 25th

Mr. Editor:

Please raise your voice in protest against the dance that has been staged at the Elks Home tonight. Millions of Christians all over the world are observing this day, Good Friday, in fasting and prayer as the holiest and most sacred day of all days in the church calendar. 'Tis the day that the Savior poured out his life in agony on the cross for the expiation of the sins of poor suffering humanity, and it would be just as fitting to hold this dance on any Sunday during the chief service of the churches in this city.

The young gentlemen who planned this entertainment must have forgotten their duty to Christian Concord.

Boys, in the name of all that is good and holy, call it off.

CHURCHMAN.

The dance was pulled off on schedule time. It started at 9:30 P. M. on Good Friday and continued to 2 A. M. Saturday morning, some reaching home after three. Probably this is the only dance that took place in the whole state on that night. It is conspicuous.

A New Chance.

Every day, every week, every month, is a new chance from God to you. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden gift each day offers to you.

Hazing---“Cowardly Crime That It Is.”

By R. R. Clark.

Haze--To irritate, vex, insult; to frighten, scold, beat. 2. Chiefly Naut. To harass by exacting unnecessary, disagreeable or difficult work. 3. To harass or annoy by playing abusive or ridiculous tricks upon; to test the temper by practical jokes---used especially of college students. Chiefly U. S. ---Webster's New International.

It will be contended by apologists for that form of brutality called hazing, which is yet a part of college life and which ranges in degree from assault to mayhem and murder, that it is really intended as a harmless practical joke, with no purpose to inflict serious injury, etc.; that the hazed who accept it in good part take it as a form of initiation into college society, and that it is really beneficial rather than harmful. It may be that the custom had its origin in that idea, but it must be admitted, even by the apologists, that it has degenerated into dangerous and even criminal practices that cannot be defended. The record of the years shows that not only have the freshmen in colleges been subjected to humiliating and annoying experiences under the name of hazing, but that not infrequently is the health of the victims permanently impaired, serious bodily injury inflicted, and in not a few cases death has resulted. In such instances the hazers should be held legally, as they are morally, responsible for the injury, for in reality they are as guilty as if they had wilfully and deliberately, with malice aforethought, perpetrated the crime (that is the proper name for it). When one manhandles another against his

will he cannot escape the responsibility if serious results follow, no matter how much he may claim that it was all intended as a joke. All these years hazing has been tolerated, condoned and defended, even when serious injury and death were the result, as a form of justifiable college sport, approved by custom. If anything serious happened it was an accident of course; they “didn't” go to do it.”

As the years passed this brutal so-called sport increased in brutality until there were such outbursts of indignation that college faculties and trustees, forced to action by public sentiment, began to make some effort, too often half-hearted, to check it. It has been checked by public sentiment but not entirely repressed, as recent instances in North Carolina educational institutions show. The general public can see no difference in assault and battery or other forms of lawlessness perpetrated on college campuses under the name of hazing, and similar outrages committed outside, which are properly characterized as criminal offences against the laws of the land and treated as such. To the Plain Citizen Whitecap bands which attack and maltreat, maim and murder citizens, and mobs that defy the law, are not

different in principle from mobs on college campuses which hunt in packs and humiliate, maltreat and maim fellow students whom they lack the courage, or the manliness, to attack single handed and on equal terms. That feeling became so strong that the North Carolina Legislature passed an anti-hazing law which provides that all who engage in hazing are guilty of a misdemeanor and conviction carries, in addition to punishment inflicted, expulsion from the college. Faculties failing to report cases of hazing, or failing to expel students convicted, are guilty of misdemeanor. The law is quoted from memory, but I think that is the correct substance. It will be noted that even the law recognizes hazing as different from the common crime it is in reality, by making a misdemeanor offences that are more serious under the criminal law. Under this law the recent hazing episodes in this State have been passed to the courts. We have yet to see if the courts will take the offence seriously. If they do not the law is nullified. If it is seriously enforced as it should be, hazing will be reduced to the minimum. (Law-breaking is never, under any statute, entirely eliminated, and can't be as long as human nature remains as it is). Public sentiment has checked hazing. It remains for strict and impartial enforcement of the law to do the rest.

The Plain Citizen has never been able to understand why hazing has been tolerated. Probably that is because Plain Citizen has never imbibed on a college campus that form of culture found nowhere else except among savages, and which finds enjoyment in the strong (by force of

numbers) inflicting humiliation, physical and mental torture on the weak. But the Plain Citizen probably lacks education---of that sort. The one weak apology that remains for this form of cruelty is that it is necessary discipline for the college freshman. Again Plain Citizen is unable to understand that being "fresh," "uppish," conceited or "Smart Alecky" is peculiar to boys in their first year in college. In reality that sort of youngster is as likely to be a sophomore, junior or senior as a freshman. If it be absolutely necessary to tone down a freshman whose freshness offends, it would at least be more like a real sport to give him an even chance than to sneak in on him and take unfair advantage in numbers; and among people of real culture there are ways of more effectually knocking the conceit out of an upstart than by the roughneck methods. The excuse offered falls to the ground when it is remembered that the timid and the shrinking, the weak and harmless, to whom humiliation is the refinement of cruelty, are the victims of hazers equally with those whose conduct invites a "taking down."

One definition of hazing is "to harass by exacting unnecessary, disagreeable, or difficult work." That form is not so common, but in some of our institutions, in addition to the other forms of maltreatment, the underclassmen are made to do menial work for the upperclassmen—shine their shoes, fetch and carry, and in form and manner (their manners must show subserviency) play the part of servant, being kept in a sort of state of peonage, so to speak. Think of that in a democracy! Yet we have endured and still tolerate

in a way that sort of thing simply because it is custom. One of the peculiarities of humankind is that we stand for all sorts of things that have no foundation in reason, common sense, justice or morals, simply because they have been done that way. When we get away from hazing, when it is fully recognized as the cowardly crime that it is, future generations will look back with amazement and shame on what was not only tolerated but actually condoned as a part of our educational system—the spirit of mob law in the college curriculum, so to speak.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Miss Martha Davis, of Harrisburg, was here Monday afternoon.

The teachers of Sunderland Hall school were visitors here Friday.

Mr. Daniel P. Boger spent Sunday at the home of his son, Supt. Chas. E. Boger.

Mr. J. H. Miller, of Charlotte, spent several days here last week overhauling the school's tractor.

Wednesday brought company to the following boys: Edward Cleaver, Waldo Shinn, Chas. Mayo and John Wright.

Mr. Buford Blackwelder, formerly an officer here, now a student of law at the University, spent his Easter vacation at Concord.

Mrs. Ina Penland, matron at Fourth Cottage, left Friday for Kingston, where she will spend a few days visiting her daughter.

Dr. King and family, of Concord, and Miss Neta Gressit, of Greensboro, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Monday.

"Boys of the Bible" was the theme used by Rev. Mr. Rollins in an excellent sermon at the Chapel Sunday. His text was Psalms 37:3.

Rev. Mr. Miller, of Mt. Pleasant, while returning from Charlotte Monday developed acute flivver trouble when near the school. The local dispensary furnished him with the necessary boy-power and elbow grease, so that he was enabled shortly to proceed homeward.

Easter Sunday was a delightful day at this place. The weather was ideal for staying out of doors, the boys were happy, and the good things to eat were abundant. One thousand eggs—two hundred and fifty to the cottage—were prepared for the boys. Beef, fish, chocolate cake caused the eyes of the boys to shine like good deeds in a naughty world. In the afternoon there was preaching at the chapel and a band concert on the lawn. Several visitors added to the pleasures of the day.

One of Our Boys

Tells of a day's doing at the school:

In choosing just an ordinary day at the Training School, we are sure of getting the daily spirit of activities and of the boys; exemplifying the discipline, order and interest prevailing in every move.

Activities begin at the break of dawn. Some few boys rising at this time to perform their duties in preparing breakfast and milking. About an hour later the remainder rise at

the ringing of the bell. Every boy "hitting the floor" at the first tap. No maid follows them around. They at once begin making up their single bed. Whether it is from pride or fear that every boy's bed is so neatly made we do not know, nevertheless every bed "shines" when the inspector comes around. This is just one little instance where thrift, accuracy and pride is cultivated in the boys character.

Marching downstairs a hasty but thorough preparation for breakfast is made. Then orderly lining up and marching to the dining-room, every boy bows reverently while some boy takes his turn and privilege of thanking God for his many blessings. Seating themselves at a wholesome meal they partake of it heartily. Here the boys are real rivals in politeness—every one notices any defect in the other's manners.

Upon finishing this meal they prepare to go to their various duties. The officer comes down, and with the regular roll call (the same preparation going on in the other cottages) the four cottages assemble on the campus. Here, the boys report to school section or work force. The boys in the school section go through rigid and often complicated military drills. The purpose of this is not altogether for the physical development of the body, it instals in the boy a spirit of promptness and obedience, which are valuable traits of character. Nothing is done that does not tend to develop the boy's character; or, nothing is done in a way that doesn't tend to develop a life of usefulness.

After this drill they have an interesting race for the school building, some 50 or 60 boys participat-

ing. Halting at the door in an orderly line they wait for "forward march." Here in these rooms illustrates the thoroughness of everything. The boys learn more (and learn it more thoroughly) in two years than the average boy learns in five in a public school. Why? Because he knows the consequences will be——if he doesn't prepare his lessons to a T. These lessons continue until dinner.

Now it is dinner! Every boy seeks his own line. Preparing for dinner he goes through the same performances as at breakfast. Through with dinner all go to the sitting room where an hour of pleasure is indulged in. Some read books, some chat, and some play games. Always our library is available, This hour exhausted, the campus is again sought. The same distribution of boys following as in the morning.

When the boys are divided into various sections they are as follows: School section, barn force, who cultivate and do the planting on the farm, the printing office boys, who go to the printing office to work on the publication of THE UPLIFT, the milk force, who attend to the cows, chickens and other small jobs, then the work force is left, they perform the big odd jobs of the school.

When school is finished in the evening, games are played in accordance with the season. We have no "sissies;" nothing but live boys are we. As you will notice, enough play is mixed with work to prevent laziness and produce smartness.

At about six o'clock supper is served. When it is finished we again assemble in the sitting room. To-night is probably "music night" so we enjoy music with a mixture of good

reading from our supply of magazines and books until bedtime, which comes at eight o'clock. Then we descend to the "nursery" as you might call it. Now! The settling time for all offences committed during the day has arrived. And woe be unto the sinners. But every boy takes his little punishment with the satisfaction of knowing it is for his betterment.

Ascending to the bed room every one joins in the Lord's Prayer, after

which is silent prayer, most every boy taking advantage of it. Rising from his bed he joins in a hearty "Good Night to his officer.

Thus ends a perfect day in a perfect manner. At the end of which we have climbed or fallen a rung in the development of a character, determining whether we will be a success: an asset to our state or an utter failure.

John A. Kern Jr.

Cabarrus News.

Mrs. W. C. DeJarnett, of White Hall section, died in the Long Sanitarium of Statesville, on Sunday, having never rallied from an operation. Her funeral was preached Monday by Rev. T. W. Smith, and the remains interred at Bethel cemetery in No. 10.

Death of Mr. Bonitz.

Mr. Henry E. Bonitz, a prominent architect of Wilmington, died on Easter day after a short illness. Mr. Bonitz was in his 49th year. He was among the first graduates of the A. M. College at Raleigh. He enjoyed a splendid reputation in his profession throughout the state.

It was Mr. Bonitz who made the plans for the remodeling of the main building of the Collegiate Institute, at Mt. Pleasant, which made of it practically a new building, with all modern conveniences. His death will be mourned by a large circle of friends in the state, among whom

he has professionally and fraternally mingled.

Delightful Entertainment.

Mr. R. S. Huntington, an electrical engineer and contractor of Greenville, S. C., is an interesting friend of the Jackson Training School.

Mr. Huntington complimented the boys one evening last week with a practical demonstration of what an X-Ray machine will do. In addition his lecture and explanations of the purpose and use of the X-Ray proved most profitable.

Nearly every boy present had the privilege of seeing the bones in his hands, and, incidentally discovered other things he's carrying around with him of whose presence he was entirely ignorant until Mr. Huntington turned the searching spotlight on.

Just the love of boys and a deep interest in the conservation of life, prompted Mr. Huntington's kind-

ness and generosity in giving this entertainment.

Miss Mae Stockton.

The announcement is made, from the State Board of Health, that Miss Mae Stockton, the newly selected All Time Health Nurse for the county will arrive and start her work about the first of the month. Miss Stockton is a native of North Carolina, has had fine training, no little experience, and is deeply interested in her work. The fact that Dr. Rankin, of the State Board, commends her is the last word in the matter of qualification.

This is the nurse for which the local King's Daughters, the Co. Commissioners and the local Red Cross, sometime ago, made financial provisions. The delay has occurred, because of abiding the time when a real efficient, experienced nurse could be secured.

This is the most far-reaching act that has taken place in Cabarrus in years. There will be fewer blind, delicate, crippled and defective children to care for--ignorance in dealing with vital matters will get many a slap in the face--danger warnings will stand for something--and the doctor will be called in time to render effective service.

A Suggestion to the Authorities.

We understand that in the map showing the roads to be taken over by the State Highway Commission, for the first development, that the Salisbury-to-Charlotte and the Albemarle-to-Concord roads are selected.

The county officials and the good

roads people in general in this section would play a good part by getting busy and have everything in readiness to talk business with the state officials, when the time arrives for actual work. The people in Stanley are moving to secure at as early a date as possible the beginning of the hard-surface road from Albemarle to Charlotte, via Concord.

A \$200,000 bridge is now being built across the Yadkin river beyond Albemarle, and when this is completed there will be opened up a road direct from Raleigh to Charlotte. All of this road has been graded, practically all of the bridges have been built and there is nothing to prevent a quick preparation for constructing the hard-surface road when the funds become available.

On the other road designated in the map, much of the work has already been done. Just a short section from Kannapolis to the Rowan county line; a short, miserable section in Concord just above the cemetery; and from the depot in Concord to the Mecklenburg line, via the Jackson Training School--these be the objects of immediate interest. Other counties are making preparations to meet the state officials in the work affecting their counties, and it may be well for something to start in Cabarrus.

To feel that we can have through Cabarrus county two well-graded, hard-surfaced roads, without a cent of tax on the county--a contribution of automobile users and gas burners in general--is a delightful thing to look forward to. And to be on a Highway from the State Capitol to Charlotte is no small distinction.

It is our move!

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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly--Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 9, 1921

NO. 23

Say---

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels:
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone:
But 'twill fall at his feet if he flings it a bone.

---From Lucile.

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

THE UPLIFT

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1921

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Concord, N. C.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:30 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:30 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
7:50 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	7:50 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:35 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - -	138	9:35 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
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Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WATTS.

Just what can be accomplished by the manufactured excitement over the appointment, by Governor Morrison, of Col. A. D. Watts, of Iredell county, to the position of Commissioner of Revenue, the new office established at the late session of the General Assembly, appears, at best, fruitless.

The Governor is responsible for the appointment, and he will be the last man to apologize for what he believes to have been the best solution. Really it appears that the opposition is entirely personal, factional and political. Those, who know Col. Watts best, know that he is fully competent to fill the office efficiently and ably. He knows men; he has a pride for success; and he's full of energy. It is to be regretted that the appointment has been taken so seriously by some, and that harsh things, all uncalled for, have been spoken,

It is a strange thing, if one is to take literally much that has been said, that in the whole state there is just one man capable to fill the position. We verily believe that time will prove that this man Watts, who by his intense support of certain public men, by his great ability in accomplishing things, thus winning for himself the jealousies of some and the enmity of others, has made an efficient officer and made a record that will confound his critics.

♦♦♦♦

SIGNING ONE'S NAME.

Elsewhere in this issue is an interesting contribution from Mr. R. R. Clark, making a reference to a prevailing ignorance among college students

about every-day things. But the most striking suggestion he makes is urging people to sign their own names and to exercise a care as to what they sign. "Countless numbers," says Mr. Clark, "will attach their names to papers without thought as to what they are signing." That is an established fact.

Some years ago, the usual crowd was lounging on the Cabarrus county court-house lawn and the matter of so many people, following a lead, who would sign most any kind of a document without knowing its contents, was being discussed. In the party was a new-comer, a first-honor graduate of one of the leading colleges of the state, an ex-school teacher, now a very prominent business man of Concord, socially and religiously standing A 1, declared: "Ah, that will not do; I am sure I'd never sign a paper without knowing its contents." The late William G. Means, who loved a practical joke on his friends prepared a document, setting forth that "I am the one guilty of (naming a terrible crime) and to ease my conscience and right a great wrong, I am willing to make all kinds of amends."

The next morning, Mr. Means, pretending to be in a great hurry to catch a train asked the new-comer "to sign this paper." And the College graduate signed it cheerfully, and seemed happy that he could serve a friend so easily. Some days afterwards he discovered that he had plead guilty to the commission of a great crime, when he was absolutely guiltless.

o o o o

THEN AND NOW---REFRESHING.

Twenty-five years ago, when this writer was hustling around over several states in the effort to do some business, incidently but primarily to make a living---the thought of that experience is yet a terror. Though prices were reasonable but nothing else approximated reasonableness. In the whole state of North Carolina, outside of Asheville, there was, as we recall, only two hotel bath tubs in the state---one in Charlotte, and one in Wilmington. Just look what we have now. It is to marvel.

But we have another thing in mind to which our reference is prompted. It used to be, about hotels: whiskey bottles, swearing, card playing, black-guarding, flirtations and all entirely worldly.

In contrast with this we find today a different type. Business is seeking sober, serious-minded representatives. A sport on the road is a rarity and offensive. Imagine the surprise presented twice in one week. In the Selwyn Hotel, in Charlotte, four commercial men were discussing religious matters, the church and social welfare. But the most impressive experience, on account of the time and the place was in the lobby of the St. Cloud,

hearing two "drummers" discuss their individual church affairs, and how they put across certain membership and money drives in their congregations.

It is refreshing. It is hopeful, when busy men, away from home, in their leisure moments discuss serious matters rather than sharp schemes and worldly matters bordering on the brink.

o o o o

This office bought a spool of cotton wrapping thread--made of yellow cotton. It weighted $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. It was made out of 11-cent cotton. The merchant charged \$1.00 for it. Pray tell us how the difference in the price of the raw material and the retail-- $72\frac{1}{2}$ cts--was divided between those who handled it since it left the farm and until it reached our shop.

o o o o

A reading of the selection in this issue, entitled "Hospitality", is particularly urged. Fast, too fast, is the old time hospitality, at one time the distinguishing characteristic of the Southland, passing away. There is more in this splendid article than simply preserving hospitality for hospitality's sake--there is a deeper and more vital reason.

p p p p

If a man's guilty--he's guilty; if he is not guilty and so sues for pardon there is no reason in the world why his pardon should be accompanied with any conditions. That's the way Gov. Morrison issued a pardon. It's horse sense.

THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRYMAN

At a country fair there was a Buffoon who made all the people laugh by imitating the cries of various animals. He finished off by squeaking so like a pig that the spectators thought that he had a porker concealed about him. But a Countryman who stood by said: "Call that a pig's squeal! Nothing like it. You give me until to-morrow and I will show you what it's like." The audience laughed, but next day, sure enough, the Countryman appeared on the stage, and putting his head down squealed so hideously that the spectators hissed and threw stones at him to make him stop. "You fools!" he cried, "see what you have been hissing," and held up a little pig whose ear he had been pinching to make him utter the squeals.

"MEN OFTEN APPLAUD AN IMITATION AND HISS THE REAL THING."

Witchcraft

Witchcraft is the very worst form of superstition. It is almost as old as the world. It figured largely in Bible times, for in many places witches are referred to, and in every instance they are coupled with and associated with evil practices.

Just because incivilized countries, today, you do not hear much of it, is no reason that it does not exist. There are folks in this county and in every county of this whole country that are so steeped in superstition that they have absolute faith in the existence and the devilment of witches.

The European countries, believing so heartily in witchcraft, punished by law and put to death, in most horrible manner, those possessed of devils and other things. In the year 1609, France condemned six hundred as wizards, and most of them were burned; Grandier, parish priest of Loudan, was burned on the supposition of having bewitched a whole convent of nuns, in the year 1634; nine old women were burned in Kalish, in Poland, charged with having bewitched and rendered unfruitful the lands belonging to a gentleman in that palatinate; the last punishment for witchcraft in England, as far as we have a record, was in October, 1808. Here is a story of the Salem Witches:

About four years after the Revolution of 1688, in England, arose the Salem witchcraft delusion, which you will now hear about. In olden times, as you have seen, people had very few and poor chances of learning, compared with what you have now. Almost everybody then believed in witches. These were supposed to be persons who had sold their souls to Satan, could ride through the air on broomsticks, make others ill by looking at them with an evil eye, cast a spell upon cattle, houses, or furniture, and, in short, do all sorts of impossible things.

As you know, some children have very lively imaginations, and hearing people talk of such things as seriously as if they were quite true, a few children in Salem, Massachusetts, began to fancy they must be

bewitched, because they were not quite well and had fits. The grown-up people, who should have known better and merely given the children medicine to cure their illness, believed these youngsters, and anxiously inquired who could have cast the spell upon them.

The children, remembering that their elders often spoke of the witches as old, first began to talk of such and such a woman who had looked at them crossly or threatened to beat them with her staff when they played tricks upon her. These poor old creatures, who were really in their second childhood, and not responsible for what they said or did, were put into prison, and tortured in many cruel ways, so as to force them to confess that they were witches. Bewildered, and hoping to get

some of the poor old creatures finally acknowledged that they were witches.

Almost everybody believed in witchcraft at that time, and for many years supposed witches had been treated with great cruelty in Europe. When persons accused of witchcraft refuse to confess, some people thought that the only way to get out the truth was to throw them into the water. If they sank it was said they could not be witches, but if they swam, it was considered a sure sign that they had sold themselves to the Evil One, and they were sentenced to death, either by hanging, burning, or torturing. But this was, after all, only a matter of deaths, for the poor creatures who sank were allowed to remain under water so long, to make sure they were innocent, that they were generally dead when taken out.

Persons who were only suspected of witchcraft were put in the stocks, fastened to the pillory, whipped at the cart tail, or placed on the ducking stool, or had their ears chopped off. These were punishments often applied to criminals in those days, and if you care to see pictures of pillory, stocks, and ducking stool, you can find them in any large dictionary. Both men and women were accused of witchcraft in Salem, and one of the men was put to death by a torture called *peine forte et dure*, by which he was slowly crushed under a thick door, upon which tremendous weights were laid. He was, fortunately, the only person in our country who was ever punished in this inhuman way.

Nearly one hundred and fifty people of all kinds were arrested for witchcraft in Salem, and nineteen of

them, after being tried by a court, were found guilty and put to death. But people finally saw that it was all folly, and even the learned minister, Cotton Mather, who had believed in witches just like the rest, had to own that he had been mistaken. The children were now punished when they pretended to be under a spell, and the Salem witchcraft delusion came to an end. Ever since then, no one with a grain of sense has believed in witches; but you will often hear people speak of the terrible time they had in Salem while the belief in them lasted.

Mather, the famous "Patriarch of New England," who believed in witches, was a learned man. He wrote more books than there are days in the year, and was so busy that he wrote over his door, "Be short," so that people should not take up his time with idle talk. In one of his books he once read that smallpox could be prevented by vaccination. He told this to Boylston, a Boston doctor, who tried it on his own son and servants. But when the Bostonians first heard of it, they were so indignant that they wanted to kill Boylston.

In time, however, people saw that the doctor was right, and ever since vaccination has been practiced, few people have died of the disease which once swept away families. Because Boylston went ahead and did what was right, in spite of people's threats, he is now greatly honored, and a fine street in Boston bears his name.

Try It.

It goes a great way toward making a man faithful to let him know that you think him so.—Seneca.

COL. ALSTON D. WATTS.

The new commissioner, who has heretofore served as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Western Dis-



State Commissioner of Revenue.

trict of North Carolina until his resignation, takes office on May 1 at a salary of \$5,500 annually. The act under which the new department of revenue was created provides:

1. From and after May 1, 1921, all powers and duties imposed by any act of law, upon the State Tax Commission are transferred to the State Revenue Department, created by this act, and administered by the Commissioner of Revenue,

2. The Commissioner of Revenue is to be appointed by the Governor by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and if the appointment is made when the Senate is not in session the succeeding session of the Senate may confirm. This term of office of the commissioner shall be four years, from and after May 1 and the succeeding Commissioner shall be elected in 1924 in manner provided for the election of State officers. His salary shall be \$5,500.

3. The powers and duties of the State Tax Commission in determining appeals from valuation assessments, from and after May, 1921, shall be exercised by State Board of Equalization composed of the Commissioner of Revenue, the chairman of the Corporation Commission and the Attorney General, ex-officio members.

It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Revenue to prepare for legislative committees such revision of the revenue laws as he may find by experience and investigation expedient.

Many A Time Verified.

“Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.”

Interesting References to Whitney and Badin.

We always read the Stanly News-Herald, which speaks progressively and aggressively for Albemarle and Stanly, a city and county that have made in twenty-five years a record of development unsurpassed anywhere in North Carolina. The following selection from the News-Herald tells of the growth (and temporary inactivity) of an enterprise that was one of the agencies that hastened the revolution in Stanly. How one can wish that the late Samuel J. Pemberton, who loved most ardently the whole of Stanly, were here these days to witness in the flesh the prophecies he made a thousand times to his own people and to outsiders and visitors.

Only one of the great power houses on the Yadkin river is in operation at the present, and only one generator is being used in this one. Under normal conditions, both power houses running, their combined output of power would total 125,000 electric horse power. Only about 2000 horse power is now being generated. Over 100,000 horse power is rushing past the great power houses unharassed.

Of course this shutting down of a part of the works here has thrown a considerable number of people out of employment. Some few are moving their families away from Badin, but the majority are taking advantage of the offer by the company to rent their houses during the period of idleness for only one cent per month, and remaining here. Numbers of the men are going to nearby cities securing work, leaving their families here, while others are locking up their furniture in their houses taking their families and making extended visits, trusting the work will start again soon. A great many are calmly staying at home, planting a large garden, waiting for the glad tidings to start work again. None

are getting excited, but taking matters as they come.

Cheerful news quickly spread on the street one day last week when an order was received for a car load of aluminum, which was quickly shipped. This was the first car to leave Badin since about the middle of December. Two or three more cars were shipped out this week. This may mean an early resumption of operations here, and has given every one a more confident feeling.

It will be interesting to many to know a little of the history of Badin, and of other "shutdowns" that have taken place. In fact the history of Badin will have to begin with that of Whitney, which is located about six miles from here. It was about the year 1900 that Dr. Dillon Brown made the first survey of the Yadkin river with the purpose in view of developing its power. But it was not until 1905 that E. B. C. Hanbly, a mining engineer who was interested in mining at Gold Hill, together with Mr. Whitney, a financier of Pittsburg formed the Whitney Reduction Company, which undertook construction of a dam at Whitney. The dam was constructed of granite

block, being about 750 feet long and 35 feet high. Cutting through woods, sides of mountains and much rock, a canal fifty feet wide and five miles long extending from the dam to below Palmer mountain was made. But in the year 1907, after spending millions of dollars, the undertaking fell through, and all work stopped.

Nothing took place until the year 1910, when Jean Jacquett, a French engineer, investigated the site and succeeded in getting the interest of the French Aluminum Company. The South Aluminum Company was formed by the French and in the year 1912 work again began at Whitney. At that time it was their intention to complete the dam at Whitney, use the canal, and build a power house at Palmer Mountain. But happily one day one of their engineers came across the Narrows, which is a few miles below Whitney. He discovered that the natural waterfall and the height of the hills on each side of the river would permit a dam to be built that would develop far more power than could ever be hoped for

at Whitney. The Whitney dam was abandoned, and work on the present great dam was begun in January, 1913. So too, with the destruction of the dam, the town of Whitney was forsaken, and the present site of Bardin was decided upon for their town. Constructors began the erection of one of the most modern towns in the South in September, 1913, and soon thereafter buildings were completed and occupied. About 150 apartment houses were built, some being known as two-family houses, but the most being four-family houses, each apartment having four five or six rooms, ceiled with wall board, nicely painted, electrically lighted, modern plumbing fixtures and bath, hot and cold water, and large stoves in each one. Things were proceeding splendidly when the great war broke out in Europe and on November 1, 1914, a notice was put up that all work has ceased. In a few weeks only seven families were left in the town that had formerly had a population of 3000 or 4,000.

Ignorance Among College Students.

By R. R. Clark.

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin reports in a recent number of the Atlantic monthly the result of "an information test" given a representative group of college students, which report might be accepted as evidence that college students are "vastly ignorant," to quote an Alexander county man. For instance 4 per cent, of the group, according to the professor,

would be willing to ask a "dairyman if his cows are Leghorns." These of course came from cities, where ignorance of such matters is not surprising. Six per cent., also doubtless from the cities, didn't know what an artichoke is, though some thought it was a species of fish, lizard or snake. It might be remarked in passing that there are plenty of folks outside the colleges and cities who

don't know what an artichoke is, or if they know it is a vegetable would not recognize it on sight. Others of that college group thought a chemist was a bird, an insect or a fish, which isn't so surprising, come to think about it. Thirty per cent. of the group didn't know the location of the thyroid gland. Before we all laugh at that, think for a moment, honest to goodness, just about how many folks outside of doctors and nurses, a few who may have studied the make-up of the human frame and a few others who are well informed generally as a result of reading and observation (which is study outside school rooms,) really know what the thyroid gland is or where it is located. In geography and literature, the professor tells us, the group displayed a similar percentage of lack of knowledge of things that should be generally known.

It is a sort of custom to jeer at the ignorance of college students, which isn't always fair. The ignorance isn't usually the fault of the college, nor is it always the fault of the student. It is the fault of early training. Some of these students had no business in college because they hadn't been properly prepared for higher education by a course of instruction in matters of general information. The best course of instruction in these matters can be obtained independent of the schools --by reading and observation. But this course could be more readily and more easily obtained if the pupil was intelligently directed that way early in his school career. Only a few who have a thirst for information or a well developed faculty for observation will gain the informa-

tion for themselves. In other words so many things should be taught, things of every-day use not found in school books, that the wide-awake and well informed teacher can make a most valuable addition to the pupil's stock of knowledge by frequent excursions outside the prescribed course.

In this connection I make bold to suggest to our educational leaders the propriety of adding to the high school curriculum a course of instruction in the matter of signing names, which course should especially emphasize the fact that the individual has the right to sign but one name--that his own--except under certain prescribed restrictions. Do you suppose everybody knows that now? Not by a jugful. I have had occasion recently to observe many people called to sign legal papers, in which it was strictly provided that only the person named therein could sign. The number supposed to be above the average in intelligence, so-called business men of standing, who would if permitted sign the name of another to such paper without blinking, without evil intent, or any idea seemingly doing anything out of the ordinary, was amazing. And as for signing the names of relatives and friends, that is considered not only a privilege but a right. Husbands and fathers seem to think that as heads of families they have an unquestioned right (which they haven't at all) to sign the names of wives and children; and children not a few think they can sign parent's names at will.

Surely a little instruction on this line would be useful and might help to avoid trouble. First emphasize the fact that one has the right to sign his own name and no other. He

may by request sign the name of one who can't write, provided he has the unlettered make his mark and the writer signs his own name in addition as a witness; or by express authority, duly conferred under certain conditions, one may sign for an individual, corporation or firm, first signing the name of the principal, per or by the agent.

How careless people are about signing names anyhow. Countless numbers will attach their names to papers without thought as to what

they are signing, giving their assent by signature to something they will often try to repudiate a little later, writing themselves down as exceedingly negligent and irresponsible, or as fools and hypocrites. Many things necessary as common every-day information is not taught in the schools but should be taught (even to the exclusion of other things not so useful) because so many people will not acquire it in any other way. As a beginning I am suggesting a few lessons in signing names.

The Man, The Dragon, and the Fox.

By P. C. Asbjornsen.

There was once a man who went into the woods to make rails. But he did not find any trees which were as large and straight as he wanted, until he got to a rocky place, where he heard groans and moans as of some one in great pain. So he went to see who it was that needed help.

He found that the groans came from under a big slab among the boulders. The slab was so heavy that it would take many men to lift it. But the man went into the wood and cut down a tree, which he used as a lever to raise the slab. From under it there came a great dragon, who, on seeing the man, threatened to eat him. But the man said he had saved the dragon's life, and therefore it was base ingratitude for the dragon to treat him so.

"Maybe," said the dragon, "but you can easily understand that I am hungry, since I have lain here many years and tasted no food. Besides, it often happens in this world that the strong oppress the weak."

The man begged and prayed for his life, and so they agreed that the first being they met should decide

between them. If he should decide against the dragon, the man should not lose his life; but if he agreed with him, the dragon was to be at liberty to devour the man. First, they met an old dog that was walking along the road in the hillside. They spoke to him, and asked him to act as judge.

"I have served my master faithfully since I was a pup," said the dog. "I have watched many a night and many a time when he has been sound asleep, and I have saved the house and barn from fire and thieves more than once. But now, when I can neither see nor hear so well as I once could, he wants to shoot me. So I ran away; I knock about from place to place, begging my way, but one day I shall die of hunger. But I will not complain—that is the re-

ward one gets in this world."

"Then I'll eat you!" said the dragon, who was about to swallow the man; but the man spoke up so well for himself and begged so hard for his life, that the dragon agreed to ask the next being they met to decide between them. Just then an old horse came along the road. They laid the case before him, and asked him to judge between them.

"Well, I have served my master as long as I was able to draw and carry," said the horse. "I have slaved and worked for him till the sweat streamed from every hair, and I have served faithfully until I have become stiff and worn out with work and age. Now I am fit for nothing, so I am to have a bullet, says my master--but that is the reward one gets in this old world."

"Then I'll eat you!" said the dragon, opening his jaws wide to swallow the man. He again begged and prayed hard for his life, but the dragon said he was so hungry that he could not wait any longer.

"Look! there's some one coming, as if he were sent to be our judge," said the man. Just then Reynard came toward them, making his way between the great bowlders. "Good things come in threes," said the man. "Let us ask him to judge between

us; if he is of the same opinion as the others, you shall eat me on the spot."

"Very well," said the dragon. He also had heard that all good things come in threes, and so he agreed to that. The man addressed the fox and presented the case as he had done to the others.

"Yes, yes," said the fox; "but this is a case which can only be settled on the spot itself, my dear dragon. I cannot get into my head how so large and mighty an animal as yourself could find room under that slab."

"Well, I was lying up here, sunning myself," said the dragon, "when an avalanche came down the mountain and turned the slab over me."

"That is very possible," said Reynard; "but I cannot understand it, nor will I believe it until I see it." So the man said they had better try it, and the dragon slipped into the hole again, and at that very moment the man pulled away the lever, and the slab shut down on the dragon a bang.

"You may lie there till doomsday," said the fox; "since you had no pity on the man who saved you."

The dragon yelled and groaned and prayed for himself, but the other two went their way.

The Land of the Morning.

The Robesonian.

The question of the ages, "If a man die shall he live again," as propounded by Job in the 14th chapter, 14th verse was the subject on which Dr. R. C. Beaman preached a won-

derful sermon Sunday morning,

This is the most stupendous question in the world, said the preacher. Byron in his poem "Darkness," answered Job's question in the nega-

tive.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

The bright sun was extinguished,
and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal
space,

Rayless, and pathless, and the icy
earth

Swung blind and blackening in the
moonless air;

Morn came and went--and came,
and brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the
dread

Of this their desolation; and all
hearts

Were chilled into a selfish prayer for
light---

And the rest of that horrible
dream of "darkness--was the
universe."

Death is everywhere. Two million people passed away on this continent alone last year. Fifty thousand persons die every hour.

What does it mean? Is it extension or passage into life? Is it a door or a wall?

If you catch a vision of death as a door, a gate, and not a wall, you need never worry about anything else. This question of the ages has found an answer complete, and human society may build upon it in triumphant hope as lasting as eternity. The great fact stands out triumphant over all our fears.

In the glory of the Easter dawn we stand in the light of the greatest event in human history and proclaim our immortality. Now we can answer Job's question. Now we know that God will not abandon our souls in a banqueting-house of worms.

Immortality is inherent in the hu-

man race. Everything in nature points upward. Put a rough, unattractive bulb in the earth and it breaks out into a flower; and the soul of it is perfume, a thing you cannot see.

Everything in nature points to the invisible. Thought is a thing you cannot see, yet it rules the universe. The mind of man has eternity for its background. Whence this thought of eternity if not from God?

Without hope the affairs of the world would come to a standstill in an hour. What is hope but the prophecy of immortality? "I shall go to work in the morning" were the dying words of Victor Hugo; and a long list of illustrious men and women have testified to catching the same sort of vision in their last moments. Oh, the land of the morning, how we fix our hearts upon it!

God would not create a world and turn his back upon it, create man and then desert him, plant a longing for immortality in man and mock him with oblivion.

The universal longing for immortality is God's guarantee of a future life.

No man has ever reached fifty years of age without standing appalled at the shortness of life, yet the average span of life has never reached forty years. Herbert Spencer said that it seems all a man can do is to make his mark and die. Some accounts are never settled in this world. "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." Justice and universal law demand a future settlement of human accounts.

A painter whose masterpiece pictured death as entering the shadows had this picture brought into his

room when he was dying. "I have made a mistake", he said "my masterpiece is a failure. There are no shadows, it is glorious morning."

A Day's Work of a County Nurse.

The state is becoming sensible of the need and benefits of a County Nurse. Some have no conception of this officer's duties and opportunities for service. This from the State Health Bulletin will shed some light:

Just as I was starting for the L--School a man stopped me and asked if I would go to E--to see a girl who was "mighty bad off." He denied any knowledge of the case, except that the neighbors said she was "bout to die." I went immediately and found a fifteen year-old girl, desperately ill and deserted. * * *

* * * * *

After lunch I went to the L--school, inspected forty first-grade children and found thirty-five of the forty defective. Some of these youngsters were in such poor physical conditions it was impossible for them to do good work in school. I talked to them on the care of the teeth, and promised to come back and give them the tooth-brush drill as soon as they all got tooth-brushes. I have heard since that they have exhausted the supply of tooth brushes in the town.

When school was dismissed at 3:30 I went on to see a family that had been reported as having "fluenza." I found the mother and two children in bed with high temperatures--the mother quite ill with pneumonia. The house was in wretched condition, very dirty and smelly, with a red-hot stove, and the windows nailed down for the winter. I bathed the children and made them as comfortable as possible, at the same time trying to teach the oldest daughter what to do

for them. I also wrote out a diet list for her to follow and showed her how to make the egg custard her mother had expressed a desire for. The father came in and told me he had put sulphur in his shoes and "assefidity" around the necks of the little children, and he firmly believes that this will keep off the "fluency." I was too tired to spend any energy trying to disabuse his mind of his ideas of prevention, for I realised that he would never believe that "assefidity" would be powerless against the germs expelled with every cough, but I made a mental note that it would be wise to introduce the handkerchief drill in the L--School during the season of bad colds and grip.

On the way home I stopped to visit a child I had sent from school with a very bad looking throat. I found a family of seven children, all under fourteen years of age, and the mother cheerfully expecting another the next month. The fifteen-months-old baby seemed quite sick--had "the brown-chitus," the mother said, and was squirming under an onion poultice. The entire family had colds and sore throats. I took the children's temperatures, gave some advice about their diet, and made the mother promise to send for the doctor.

I got back to town in time for a bite of supper and then went twelve

miles to C---to attend a community meeting. To my great surprise, although it was a cold night the little school-room was packed with mothers. I talked to them on Social Hygiene, and how to tell the story of life to their children; using lantern

slides to illustrate. They all seemed very much interested and invited me to attend the next meeting of their parent-teachers association.

At 10:30 I drove my Chevrolet into the shed, went home and called it a day.

Look Out.

By John Ploughman.

To get through this world a man must look about him, and even sleep with one eye open; for there are many baits for fishes, many nets for birds, and many traps for men. While foxes are so common, we must not be geese. There is a very great difference in this matter among people of my acquaintance; many see more with one eye than others with two, and many have fine eyes and cannot see a jot.

All heads are not sense-boxes. Some are so cunning that they suspect everybody, and so live all their lives in miserable fear of their neighbors; others are so simple that every knave takes them in, and makes his penny off them. One man tries to see through a brick wall, and hurts his eyes; while another finds out a hole in it, and sees as far as he pleases. Some work at the mouth of a furnace, and are never scorched, and others burn their hands at the fire when they only mean to warm them.

The Hygiene of Work.

By Southern Red Cross.

Work for body and mind is nature's well arranged plan for the development of the individual. Evidences of the body's need of work or movement, is seen in the earliest efforts of the infant to exercise its body and limbs by kicking, turning and crying. When these signs are not present we at once begin to think of the child as sub-normal in some

way and take steps to have its physical condition improved. The same should be true of older children and of adults; when the individual ceases to desire to work in some way that individual is sub-or ab-normal.

All constructive social organizations are founded on the theory that work is a natural outlet for personal energy and the directing of this

force into its natural and proper channel means the improvement of social conditions or the reverse. In other words if the people in any given community unite in a desire to work together for a fixed end that determination has a two-fold purpose; it brings needed help to the community as a whole and, at the same time, it has a direct influence on the health, happiness and personal development of the individual.

No more striking illustration of this could be furnished than the war work done by the people of America during the days when the world was in turmoil. This work when directed by the Red Cross was of inestimable benefit to the troops in the field, to the men in transit, to the sick, and wounded in hospitals and to the families of the men at home. At the same time the effort and energy put forth in accomplishing this gigantic plan of general help and a direct beneficial influence on the nervous and physical health of the men and women who were doing their personal part in bringing about these needed results.

Conditions today are such that the community service of every citizen is as much needed to produce community development as it was during the war period to hasten peace. The individuals themselves recognize this and because the forces which were mobilized for war accomplished results of so marked and so far-reaching a character the Red Cross has been appealed to by the people of the country with a request to enlist their services for peace.

The response to this request is being made notably in the Volunteer Service which is, as its name indicates, a strictly non-professional,

non-technical service from all the people but designed to meet individual needs of strictly local character. Before the organization of such a service, however, the work of the Public Health Nurse for general community health protection and preservation was directed along similar lines but the need for community indorsement and co-operation was so deeply felt by the Public Health Nurse that she welcomes the organization of a Volunteer Committee in her Red Cross Chapter as a direct indorsement of her own work and a tangible aid to any undertaking which she may desire to accomplish.

An active Volunteer Committee in a Red Cross chapter with the chairman of the local Nursing Committee as one of its members means that the Public Health Nurse in that locality is assured of the use of automobiles when they are needed either for her own transportation or that of the convalescent, the children, old people or invalids who may be partly disabled and who need office treatment from doctors, dentists or specialists and who could not reach the desired goal without the volunteer automobile.

With a Volunteer Committee to rely upon the Public Health Nurse feels assured that her loan closet will be well filled; that layettes will be forthcoming for needy infants, that proper diet will be available for the sick and convalescent and, in short, that the innumerable services which build for public health will be adequately met.

The opportunity to enlist community aid and influence is one which the Red Cross gladly offers to all the people and there is a general satisfaction on the part of the workers

to feel that they are allied with a great national movement while they are, at the same time, meeting comparatively small local needs.

The full details of this Red Cross plan will be explained in detail to any interested person on application

to the Bureau of Volunteer Service, and it is well for any community desiring improved general conditions, better health for its people and a broader spirit of community service to give to this subject the careful consideration which it merits.

Just Grin.

“Just grin when you come in,
And make it wide, not tight and thin.
Say ‘Hello, Bill’ and ‘Howdy, Jack,’
And slap the other fellow on the back.
Stick out your mitt and crack a joke;
If no one laughs, no bones are broke.
And bye and bye you’ll make your club
A sort of happy sunshine hub
That radiates good cheer and vim.
Because you grin when you come in.”

Most Anything.

The egg of a trout requires 35 to 60 days to hatch according to the temperature of the water.

The twenty-first chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter "j."

Buffalo and camel races are among the amusements provided for the guests Egyptian hotels.

Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

Some time ago, in the front of a large London, Eng., building was found a pigeon's nest made entirely of hair-pins.

Sheep are commonly used as beasts of burdens in eastern Turkistan. They are said to make excellent carriers.

More than 4,000,000 pens are destroyed each day.

Only one person in 15,000 lives to the age of 100 years.

Four-fifths of the halibut of the world is captured on the Pacific Coast.

About 2,700,000, or nearly 3 per cent, of the total population of the United States make their living from automobile industry.

Only nine per cent of the inhabitants of Mexico know how to read and write.

Surnames cannot be traced back further than the tenth century.

Only in one case out of fifteen the eyes are in good condition.

The longest pipe line in the world is the one from Oklahoma oil wells to New York Harbor.

For every cubic foot of an iceberg that is above the water there are eight cubic feet below.

It is estimated that thirty thousand American settlers have entered Canada since the outbreak of war.

Japan has over 130,000 spinning mill operators, of which over 100,000 are women and about 5,000 are girls under the age of 14 years.

There are three varieties of dogs which never bark. They are the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherded dog and "lion-headed dog of Tibet."

Ching Hong, a Chinese, is reputed to have taught the method of making bread from wheat 4,000 year ago.

Czar, a beautiful Russian wolfhound owned by Mrs. George D. Hale of Pasadena, Cal. earns \$10,000 a year by appearing in the movies. He has already appeared in 31 pictures, supporting such stars as Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, and the strenuous Douglas Fairbanks. His last New York appearance was in Basil King's "Earthbound"



HON. HIETTE SINCLAIR WILLIAMS
Concord, N. C.



HON. HIETTE SINCLAIR WILLIAMS.

At East Bend, Yadkin county, N. C., March 3rd, 1872, there started a most intensely active life. This was the time and place of the birth of Hon. Hiette Sinclair Williams, a prominent member of the Concord bar. The parents of the subject of this sketch were J. Franklin Williams, who passed away three years ago and who in his life was an upright citizen, taking an active interest in matters that concerned the public welfare. The mother in her maidenhood was Miss Sarah L. Patterson. There are three brothers and two sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Dr. J. V. Davis, of Cabarrus.

Mr. Williams was educated in the Union High School, at East Bend and at Guilford College, where he was a student from 1893 to 1895, graduating with the degree of B. S. After his college days, Mr. Williams taught in the high schools at Rural Hall and at his home in East Bend. In March 1899 he entered the law schools of Wake Forest College, and in the following September, standing his examination before the Supreme Court, was granted license to practice law.

At the age of twenty-five he was elected to the legislature, as the member from Yadkin county; and for a period of three years he practiced law in his home county. Then it was, when the R. J. Reynolds Co., at Winston, began to enlarge its business, to spread out its sales forces, that an offer came to Mr. Williams that he could not resist. After a four year's engagement with the Reynolds Company, making his headquarters in Charlotte, Mr. Williams could no longer resist the

call of the practice of law, which had been his ambition from his youthful days. Digressing here, we are constrained to remark that in the past forty years there be few lawyers, those with clients and the clientless ones, who from necessity and other reasons, did not approach the bar by devious ways---clerking, teaching, farming, magisterial taste, and even the pulpit, all of which are good training.

In 1906 Mr. Williams located in Concord, opening a law office. Soon after coming to Cabarrus county, living an upright life, by nature a rather genial mixer and not averse to the game of politics, the subject of our sketch found himself a leader in the political affairs of his party, being aligned with and of the Republican party for many years. His party believed in him; his clean living commanding the respect of all people and his unusual ability, made him the subject of confidence and honors. He has served in the lower house of the General Assembly, representing Cabarrus in the sessions of 1909, 1913, 1915, 1919, 1921. In the legislature he has always and easily been the leader of the minority party.

In 1916 Mr. Williams was honored by his party with the nomination for Congressman from the eighth district. He made a vigorous joint campaign with Congressman R. L. Doughton, and friends and foes, alike, freely admit that the campaign he conducted was the strongest and the most statesmanlike against which Mr. Doughton ever went up against. Though defeated, the majority against him being about 1,800, but in that campaign Mr. Williams added friends and gained the distinction

of being more than a local character, able and of great courage.

Since 1908 Mr. Williams has held the position of Co. Attorney continuously except two years when the opposition party controlled the offices.

On Sept. 25, 1907, Mr. Williams married Miss Ethel Reavis, of Yadkin county, a lady of attractive personality, highly educated and talented. There have been born to them three children, a daughter and two sons. They have been bereaved of

the little girl.

In religion, our subject is a member of the Friends (Quakers.) As we judge successes in this life, he has reasons to be proud of his achievements. Building up a lucrative practice in an already crowded bar, leading his party successfully and continuously for years, himself personally very popular, and intensely energetic and true to a trust, attest the great ability, capacity and character of Mr. Williams.

“Hospitality.”

For many years back we have been accused of losing our hospitality. Our guests rooms have disappeared, we have lived in smaller quarters, we have not welcomed our guests with open arms, visitors have vanished, callers have taken their places, and our lives have become self-centered. No wonder we were termed a selfish Nation. And yet, simultaneously with this have sprung up our great social and civic movements that have been for the benefit of mankind. Have we become so wrapped up in this larger good, that we think the little things in life should not be given a place? Entertaining a guest in your home may seem like one of the little things in life--it is little, compared to the larger work of your community, but it may be potent for great good, a good beyond your comprehension.

One of the earliest recollections of my home is of the guests that were there entertained. Mother's life was circumscribed as is the life of any mother with a family. Home cares were heavy; yet she tried to keep

some touch with the outside world, and in so doing many guests came to our home. Public speakers, missionaries, ministers, any one working for the advancement of good was welcomed in our midst. Mother and father gave of their best. It depleted their funds; their neighbors became more prosperous in this world's goods; but they failed to acquire what came to our home. The need of real workers in the world was borne in upon us in such a degree that it was a vital factor in forming our characters and in helping us to choose our work in life. Contact with a guest in the home of a wise mother will always be helpful to the other members of the family. The mother will hold before her children only the best that is in a guest. Anything mean or sordid she will pass over or give it such a small place that it will have little effect in the household.

Later, when I made my own home, I expected to have guests. My husband was then a student at school. We had only two rooms, yet a guest

was welcome and we gave of the best we had. Since then the guests have been many and I expect and hope that it will so continue.

Recently a young woman came to speak at a late afternoon meeting in our community. She came directly from her office, and I knew the evening would be well started before she could reach her home. At our request she stayed to take the evening meal with us. Her remark in accepting was startling to me. She said, "In these days it seems like an imposition to go to any one's home to have supper." Must we let the high cost of maintaining our home in these reconstruction days affect our hospitality? The tendency to crush it out has been increasing. Shall we lose the great blessing that comes from having guests in our home? The war has knit us close together as a Nation, by virtue of the common tasks in which we, as individuals, have participated. Is there any place where the ties of friendship can be strengthened more than they can in our own homes? Why should the necessity of serving simple meals, a necessity common to us at the present time, deter us from enjoying them together? As iron sharpeneth iron so we need the stimulus of mental contact. Experience is the best teacher, whether it be living an experience of our own or listening to that of another person. Many experiences are related over the festal board.

The situation of the country is changing many things--our food, our clothing, our economics, our luxuries. Are we going to let it change our ideals? Let us at least retain our hospitality. What have we always give to a guest? We have

given only the privilege of sharing the best we had. We never can give more. There is always the reward of intimate fellowship.

Close your house to occasional frequent guest and you are helping to make this country a Nation of individuals. We are already that in too large a measure. We need more community life and co-operation. Close touch with friends and neighbors will make for greater co-operation.

So open your house as you have always done and welcome the guest. If you have not done this then commence at once. Oh, yes, you will be tired when the friends have gone; but the pleasant memories will offset that. It is part of a normal life to have friendship. They prosper best under a roof-tree.

This is not to contend for promiscuous and expensive entertainnient. Rather let us make it a time of sifting, that we may bring into our homes only those whom we desire, but these frequently. Have you thought of choosing your guests or are you drifting along with the tide? There are guests and guests. There are those for whom you think elaborate preparation is necessary. Have you ever received much genuine uplift from them? Has not the burden of entertainment fallen so heavily upon you that the visit was ended with a sigh of relief on your part? But the other type of guest, the one with whom you share your everyday life, with whom you can be frank, who comes into your home as a breath of sunshine, whose presence is a blessing, and whose departure is regretted, should receive a larger place in your home and in your life. You can continue to welcome such

guests, even in the days of reconstruction. They will understand, if you allot them one or two daily tasks that your household may not be too greatly burdened with the additional persons. They will respect your need of a rest when necessary. They will fit carefully into the routine of your home life. They will bring joy to you, and in turn you may be helpful to them. I have bidden God-speed to many young guests at my door who have gone forth to fill their places much better equipped than when they entered my home. It was not especially what was given to the young people, but rather that the mental contact caused opinion to be crystallized into conviction. Another personality touched their lives and helped them---what lives will they touch and assist to better things? So the influence of one short visit may go on and on until it has gone around the world.

Then open your home to those who are working for community interests and for anything that is uplifting to the human family. You will hear how the other half lives and you will see that your lines have fallen into pleasant places. But above all things you will see the great need of reaching out a helping hand. If you do this you will gain the superior satisfaction of knowing that your good is imparted to fertile soil. You may be circumscribed in your ability to help, by your surroundings and your cares. But you or your guests may be able to make your children see so vividly the need of being helpful to mankind, that the desire to lead a useful life will spring up in their hearts. Perhaps they will even so order their lives as they come to manhood and womanhood that the

opportunity to be helpful will be given a large place.

While temporarily located in furnished rooms in a city where we were almost total strangers, a missionary from Mexico spoke at the Sunday morning service of the church we were attending. No one in that large church thought to invite him to a home, so we took him with us. My dinner was all prepared, the main dish being beans. Had I expected to entertain a guest from that country where beans are used extensively and cooked by experts until they make delicious repast, I certainly would have chosen a different menu. However, he enjoyed the dinner with us and deeply appreciated our hospitality for a few hours, especially when he noted the circumstances under which it was offered. He was very familiar with Mexico, its rulers and regime. Our boys were then across the border with many anxious hearts at home. How clearly he stated the Mexican situation to us, speaking from more than twenty years of residence in the cities of that country! If the attendants of that church had realized what a blessing he would be to the home he entered, I am sure he would have had many invitations.

Let us continue to have guests---that we may be a blessing---that we may receive a blessing---that we may keep up the spirit of sharing---that we may become filled with the spirit of co-operation that will help us to stand together to win the right, and stand together to reconstruct our Nation along the best lines now that the days of peace have again come to us.

"Hospitality is an ancient virtue and an abiding one. Good fellowship,

the widening of sympathies and outlooks, the stimulus of intercourse and temperate discussion of the affairs of States or philosophy are promoted by the companionship of

the table."

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."---Table Talk.

THE BLAME,

Can you blame anyone except yourself if you stumble twice over the same stone?

Which Would You Value Most---Cash or Ideas?

In the current Scribner's the editor declares that "a new idea is a better thing to have than five figures in a bank book."

This positive statement of one who declares that "the shattering of old ideas always means the birth of new" will have the effect of bringing on more talk. Five figures must mean ten thousand dollars at least, and ten thousand dollars will bring many comforts and more necessities, though in our earnest desire to secure comforts in these days we have almost come to have half concealed contempt for the necessities of life. Somehow we think they will come anyhow and we must strive for the luxuries and comforts. These two are not as far apart as some suppose. What were the luxuries of yesterday are regarded as the necessary comforts of today and tomorrow they will be regarded by our children as the prime necessities. Thirty years ago, or a little more, there was no running water in any of the homes of Raleigh. The luxury of hot baths in porcelain tubs was almost unknown. Most of us used the Saturday night tub, but our

children feel that the daily luxury of a hot bath has become a necessity.

But—is a "new idea" worth more than ten thousand dollars? You average conservative who confounds new ideas with bolshevism and changing ancient ways would be apt to say that new ideas generally are worth less than nothing, indeed that to compare one iconoclastic thought with a single dollar bill is to underrate the value of the dollar.

Of course the practical business man will ask whether the new idea concerns an invention or an improvement that can be sold. He will tell you that the new idea of Morse was worth millions if Morse had been smart enough to capitalize it, and that Mergenthaler would have died worth millions if he had known as we do about a business idea as he knew about multiplying the art of printing. A new idea is worth what it will bring on the market is the business way of looking at it, and ten thousand dollars is no price for it if it can be syndicated and sold for more.

But the writer was talking rather about "a new idea" that frees you

from old fetters, gives your mind wings to fly with and enables you with a sense of freedom to shed your old ideas as you shed an outworn garment. How our old ideas ride us like an old man of the sea, how they compress into narrowness, how they thwart dwelling with new peoples and enjoying new faiths. It is Freedom, whether it is Wilson's New Freedom or Old World's longing for any kind of freedom that is worth more than ten figures ever dared to be worth. The right to think one's own thoughts, to speak one's own mind, to travel with friends who have thrown off hampering conventionalities, to delve into books where genius has opened vistas never before dreamed—it is such new ideas and new worlds which cannot be measured in any product of any minute.—News & Observer.

Concord Debaters Won Both Contests

Debaters of the local High school earned the right to go to the State University on April 14th and 15th and contest for the State High School debating honors by winning from Salisbury and Statesville Friday night.

The debate here was heard by an audience that filled Central school auditorium, and was easily the most interesting and most hotly contested debate ever conducted by high school students in this city. The local debaters defended the affirmative here, and won the unanimous decision of the Judges. The local debaters were Misses Lois Crowell and Elizabeth Harris. The Statesville team was composed of Miss Lois Morrison and Mr. Clay Furches

Mr. Furhes became ill during the

debate, and was forced to stop while speaking, this fact acting against the visitors. Miss Morrison's debate was fine and if her partner's had been as good, the judges would have been perplexed as to what decision to make.

The local team composed of Miss Gladys Brown and Mr. Luther Barnhardt met one Salisbury team in Salisbury, and there also the Concord debaters received the unanimous decision of the judges. In Salisbury the Concord team spoke on the negative.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That collective bargaining through trade unions should prevail in American Industry." The judges here were: Rev. R. M. Gibson, Hon. H. S. Williams and Mr. Martin Verburg.

This is the third time since the interscholastic debates were begun several years ago by the literary societies at the University, that Concord has won both contests. By winning the debate in this district Concord debaters will go to Chapel Hill on the 14th and 15th to take part in the finals.—Concord Tribune

52.5 People Per Square Mile.

The average density of population throughout the United States exclusive of outlying positions, was 35.5 persons per square mile of land area in 1920, against 30.9 persons in 1910, the census bureau announced. The density in North Carolina averaged 52.5 persons per square mile.

"Every day brings an opportunity that can be found and used; but no day ever comes twice."

How Do You Hoe?

Selected

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?

Say, how do you hoe your row?

Do you hoe it fair,

Do you hoe it square,

Do you hoe it the best you know?

Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,

And leave what's worth while there?

The harvest you'll garner depends on you;

Are you working on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?

Are you making it straight and clean?

Are you going straight,

At a hustling gait,

Are you scattering all that's mean?

Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,

And dance a step or two,

As the row you hoe leads up the hill?

The harvest is up to you.

Lauds the Aims of Masonry.

Mr. W. C. Feimster, of Newton, made a talk in Charlotte and his speech is thus reported by the Charlotte Observer:

"The crying need of the age is to ennoble labor and give more respect to the man who works," declared W. C. Feimster, Newton lawyer, speaking at the celebration of the 17th anniversary of the founding of Jopka lodge, in the Masonic temple.

The assembly room was crowded to capacity in open meeting to listen to what was afterwards termed one of the most masterful addresses on the principles of Masonry heard in the walls of the local Masonic temple.

Mr. Feimster, with the genius of the true Southern orator, traced the origin of Masonry. He declared that it is thought that Masonry had its beginnings in the building of the temple by Solomon and that the wisest of men was the first grand master.

The order was introduced in England in 1717, in France in 1721, and in Spain, Austria, Germany and America between the years of 1725 and 1750.

After speaking of the lofty principles of the order, Mr. Feimster said that the objects of Masonry are for progress against stagnation, truth against falsehood, freedom against bondage, knowledge against ignorance, right against might, light against darkness, virtue against vice, labor against idleness, and for God against Satan.

"In this world of civilization there are more poor than rich, more ignorant than wise. It is the mission of-

Masonry to so dispense knowledge that the ignorant man will be brought up to a more equitable basis with his fellows," he asserted.

Then he stressed the nobility of labor and declared that the need of the age is to bring about the condition that will result in the ennobling of work, either of the hand or of the brain.

"Work is the truest emblem of God. The symbols of this order are the tools of the workman and the artisan. Men who produce are greater than the thing produced," the speaker declared.

"It has been said that yesterday is a dream and tomorrow a vision. Men so live and work that all your yesterdays will be dreams of happiness and all your tomorrow visions of hope," Mr. Feimster asserted.

After all has been resolved down to fundamentals, he said, there are only two real things in life, God and man. One of the principles of the Masonic order is to 'love your neighbor," he explained, and it is beholden for Masons to live that injunction and to study the Bible, that light to be the better land.—Statesville Landmark.

Believes With Solomon.

In Raleigh a school teacher whipped a couple of boys, 14 and 13, with a leather strap. An investigation followed (in which the teacher was sustained, by the way,) and much newspaper space has been consumed in discussion of the event. Why all this ado about a teacher (whose legal right to inflict corporal punishment on pupils is unquestioned,) whipping a couple



of kids, and a lot of rot about "humiliation," etc.? It does not appear that the whipping was unduly severe and the only criticism of the teacher which seems well founded is that the punishment was administered in the presence of the school, which was contrary to the rules. The continued attacks on teachers, personal and otherwise for whipping children is encouraging the spirit which defies all authority and which constantly renews the criminal dockets of the courts. Children uncontrolled either at home or in school and taught that they should not be punished, will certainly not have respect for law nor the regulations that govern respectable society.---Hickory Record.

Cabarrus County Health Work Started.

The Executive Committee of the Red Cross and representatives of the King's Daughters and county officials met Friday afternoon, with Miss Mae Stockton, the all-time-health nurse for Cabarrus, who has just arrived. Miss Stockton, who comes with the full endorsement and recommendation of the State Board of Health, was accompanied to Concord by Miss Katherine M. Myers, Consulting Public Health Nurse of the State Board. Miss Myers outlined the meeting yesterday just what the work is to cover.

At the meeting on Friday, a committee, in accordance with the usual plans of organizing the county work, was appointed to operate with Miss Stockton, and to receive at monthly meetings a full report of all the activities of the county nurse. The following committee was named: Mrs. J. P. Cook, chairman, Mrs. M. L. Cannon Mrs. H. S. Williams, Mrs.

G. L. Patterson, Mrs. D. L. Bost, Dr. Buchanan, W. B. Ward, Dr. King, Mr. Sharp, of Kannapolis, Mrs. D. D. Barrier, of Mt. Pleasant, and others from the several townships to be named later.

The Value Of a Newspaper.

I never took a newspaper that did not pay me more than I paid for it. One time an old friend of mine started a newspaper way down South and sent a copy to me and I subscribed for it just to encourage him and after a while it published an order to sell a lot and I told a friend of mine to run it up to \$50. He bid it off at \$38 and sold it in less than a month for \$100, so I made \$62 just by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted in some distant county, and a little girl was sent to him and after awhile she grew up sweet and beautiful and he married her. Now if he had not taken that paper what do you suppose would have become of me? I would have been some other fellow or maybe I wouldn't have been at all.---Bill Arp.

A Statement.

In the school bond election in Fayetteville, Tuesday, when that town distinguished itself by voting by an overwhelming majority a school bond issue of \$250,000, one of the three votes cast against the bond issue was cast by a man who cannot read or write, has five children of school age and owns no property. It is interesting to note that among the citizens who are opposed to the proposed small bond issue of \$30,000 for Lum-



berton school is a citizen who has two children of school age and whose State and county taxes last year amounted to less than 15 cents. His town tax was so small that the clerk and treasurer did not put the amount on his books.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Albert Levy, a former J. T. S. boy, was a visitor here Sunday.

Senator and Mrs. L. T. Hartsell, of Concord, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr. Kirby Stafford, of Raleigh, a former Training School boy, was here Sunday.

Miss Virginia Harris and Miss Lannell Gudger, of the White Hall school, were callers at first cottage Friday evening.

Ralph Freeland, Fred Blue, Dick Brockwell, Earnest Jordan, and Robey Moore were visited by home folks Wednesday.

Miss Alice M. Lawrence, of the Public Library of Charlotte, was the guest Sunday of her brother, Mr. G. H. Lawrence, at second cottage.

Miss Dora Barnhardt, who has been the matron at the Administration Building for some time, is spending a while at her home near Mt. Pleasant.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, preached at the Chapel Sunday. His subject was the Parable of the Sow-

ers, found in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew.

The prospect is good for an abundance of fruit this year from the school's orchard. Strawberries are in bloom, and from the time they begin to ripen until fall, the canning of fruit and vegetables will be an important industry here.

Of a Local Nature.

Mr. William Bingham suffered a badly broken wrist while attempting to crank a Ford.

Ephraim Burris, sentenced to the penitentiary for 20 years for killing Policeman Kennedy last winter, has escaped.

Mr. D. B. Colltrane presided over the good road meeting in the court house on Monday. Senator Hartsell made a very clear presentation of the leading features of the law. Delegates were appointed to the Greensboro meeting and a committee to wait on Chairman Page of the State Highway Commission, relative to Cabarrus roads, was named.

Called to Columbia, S. C.

Rev. Oscar F. Blackwelder, formerly of Concord, but now pastor of a growing and thriving work in Roanoke, Virginia, has been unanimously called to become pastor of Ebenezer Lutheran Church, of Columbia, S. C. This is one of the largest and strongest Lutheran churches in South Carolina.

Mr. Blackwelder has not indicated his purpose with respect to this call. The year he has been in Roanoke has

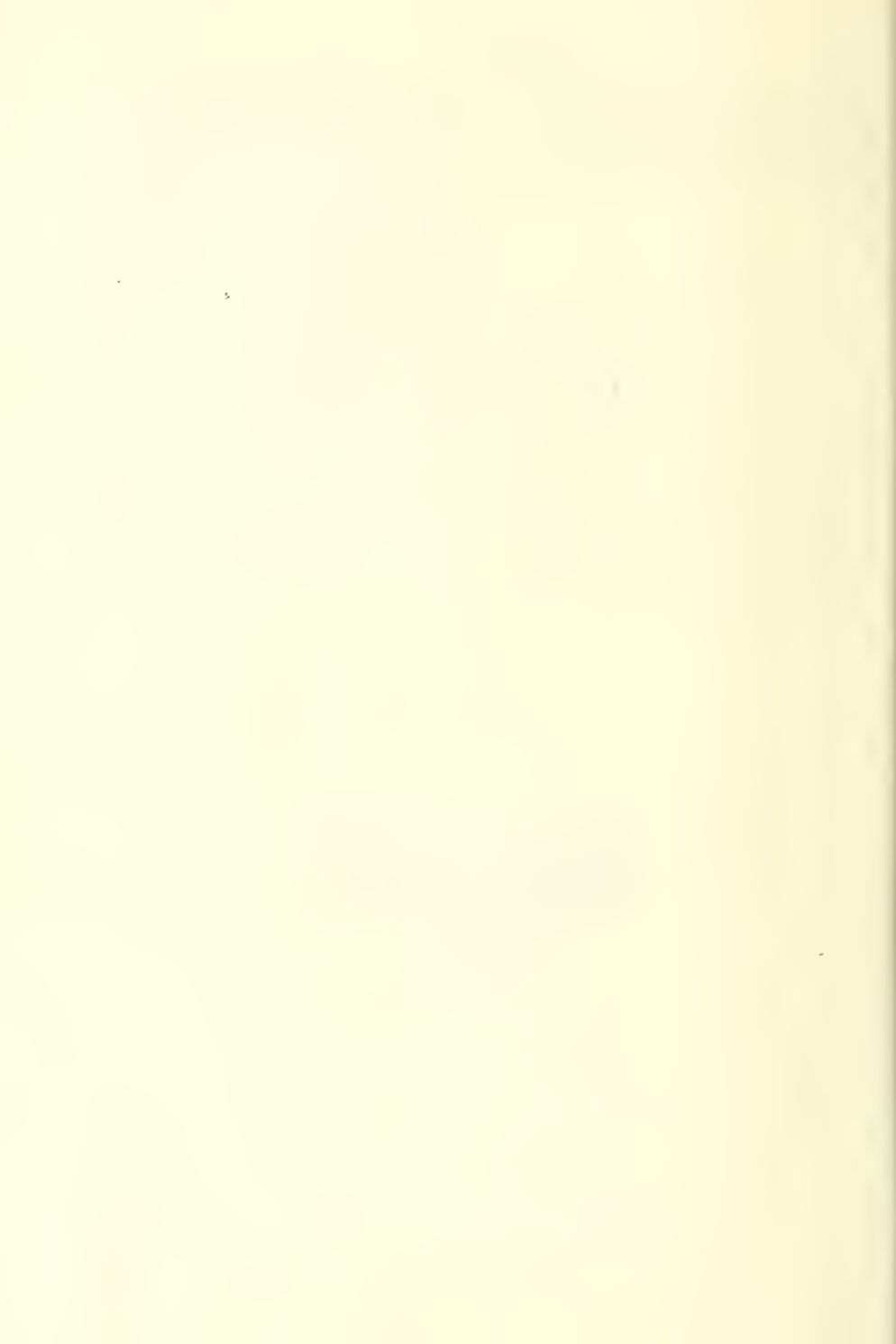
been so fruitful of accomplishments that it will probably influence him to remain to further advance a work which he has so successfully developed.

Qualities to Admire.

Everyone enjoys seeing the feats performed by physical strength. Strength of body is not to be despised. Washington and Jefferson were physical giants. Washington is credited with having remarkable power in his arm, so that he alone has been able to throw a stone across the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg. But it is not this for which he is remembered. It was not this that made him famous. It was

his moral integrity, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his superb qualities as a general that have given him a firm place in the hearts of his countrymen. If Samson had been as strong morally and religiously as he was physically he would stand out as one of the grandest figures in Bible literature. As it is we think of him as one of the weakest of the judges. Physical strength and powers of endurance are to be sought after, but rather as the foundation upon which shall be built the noble structure of intellectual and spiritual manhood and womanhood. We somehow pity the individual to whom physical stunts are the chief end of life. He seems to bar himself from the sphere of largest usefulness and achievement.---Selected





THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly--Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 16, 1921

NO. 24

Ready For A Bargain.

I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer...Huxley.

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

STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:30 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:30 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
7:50 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	7:50 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:35 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - - -	138	9:35 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SET MAY 12th FOR MEETING.

Thursday of last week was the day for the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School. All reports for the past year, reports of officers and plans for future development, were ready for submission to the Board, but the Board did not meet, except informally, for the lack of a proper quorum for the transaction of business.

It was a sore disappointment to the officers, who are anxious to begin a program of development, and to the few who had come a long distance to do their part in making plans for the future. The meeting was, therefore, adjourned to Thursday, May 12th, at 10:30 at the School.

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"SLOPPING OVER WITH OPPORTUNITIES."

One of the cleverest pieces ever read before the North Carolina Press Association, so far as a memory of the meetings attended now reveal, was by a tall, lean, strong-faced and radiant-souled Yankee, who came here from the state of Pennsylvania. He put real Tar Heels to shame in his enthusiasm over the glory, real and material, of the state. He saw. He recognized. He spoke out. That Yankee, now a great North Carolinian, is none other than Bion H. Butler.

In that piece of his he proved his subject so effectively that instantly a motion prevailed unanimously that it be given to the press for the widest possible publicity in the state and elsewhere. His subject was "North Carolina, Slopping Over With Opportunities." And it is so; but we had to wait

for a foreigner to come here and tell us.

Just fully what Mr. Butler meant by "Slopping Over With Opportunities" has never been concretely understood until young Ben Dixon MacNeill, of the News & Observer, went down to the sandhills and went back to his desk in Raleigh and wrote his piece, which the News & Observer in its recent Sunday issue printed with illustrations. MacNeill is a happy, bright little soul without malice and stings in his writings--he, too, is slopping over with goodness in his heart, brightness in his intellect and pep and earnestness in his system. His story of what the Pages and others have done for the peach business in that sand country is not less in interest than the real business, of which he writes, has been in practical, moneyed results.

We have no doubt that "Shag," our official escorter, whom MacNeill made famous, will be perfectly willing to share the first crate of peaches with his friend, our friend, every-body's friend, that bright bunch of nerves and intellect who holds down masterly his part of the job of making the News & Observer a real "Old Reliable."

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"I DON'T LIKE HIM."

From an infallible authority there comes the injunction "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This is hard to do, isn't it? With frail humanity it seems much easier to hate and dislike than to love and bear.

Let three or four men gather together for one-half hour. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred some one in that party, during talks about men and their affairs, will say "I don't like that fellow, or I have no use for him." Now, don't let the good sisters feel that they can prove an alibi, for women do love so much to talk, even if they have to take it out on the tackiness of that woman at the club. But they are more forgiving, and the average woman would walk home with that tacky person and pick out the short comings of some other unfortunate sister. Nothing is meant by this--it is just a habit folks have gotten into. Talk, talk, talk. Serious things are too clumsy; and so few people enjoy serious things.

All this introduction is for a specific purpose--

There is a man in the eighth congressional district (Taking in this great territory to conceal his identity), who fought in the War Between the States; has been the victim of a bank-rupt friend; has been imposed upon by faithless people; has been the victim of accidents in the flesh; has rear-

of a nice family; has lived a correct life; has had the devotion of a sensible, domestic, and serious-minded wife; and he is now growing old.

When the last snow was on the ground--the cold drove them to the open fire-place, all ablaze. They became reminiscent. They went through the years, the families, the changes, the ups and downs in life--name after name passed in review. At last this character, whom we place as a resident of the eighth district, remarked: "I DON'T LIKE THAT MAN."

Leaving the room, the family took counsel of what they had just heard. Not a one could conceal a pained surprise. It developed that the mother, the wife, had never in all their fifty years of married life heard her husband ever say (before this time) directly or indirectly that he did

"NOT LIKE A CERTAIN BODY."

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JUDGE JETER CONLEY PRITCHARD PASSES.

Sunday morning, in Asheville, Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court, fourth district, passed away after a lingering illness, though pneumonia was the immediate cause of his death.

Judge Pritchard was born in East Tennessee on April 12th, 1857, lacking just two days of being 64 years of age. Truly a man of great native ability, power and uprightness has gone out from among us. The course, which he took under adverse circumstances, but bravely met, coupled with a high purpose to win and to succeed, brought him to an eminent position among his fellows and in the service of his country.

The life of Judge Pritchard, from youth up, his struggles and overcoming them, his striving after learning and gaining it, his choice of high moral living and faithfulness to duties and his success in them, furnish to the striving young an example well-worth their pattern. The state and the nation suffer alike in the loss of this truly great man.

Concluding an analysis of the distinguished jurist's career, Editor Joseph Daniels has this to say: "North Carolina gave welcome and honor to the Tennessee youth who came to us in the vigor of a sturdy young manhood. He will lie on the slopes of the hills he loved so well, and the state will remember him as one who gave his best for the moral uplift of the Commonwealth."

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IT IS ASTONISHING.

Editorially the Raleigh News & Observer, taking account of the lengths

to which some people will go to get into the lime-light, or see their names in the paper, makes use of this occurrence:

"The man who a few days ago said he was concerned in the murder of Joseph B. Elwell in New York last summer now confesses that he was lying and that he had nothing to do with the murder. It takes considerable of a thirst for notoriety for a man to pull off a stunt like that. But it always was astonishing to observe to what lengths some people would go to see their names in the paper."

There are people that will motor to another town, or have a tacky party, or do some other very ordinary stunt, for no other purpose than to figure in the newspapers, and espically in that dope that comes out voluminously in the Sunday papers. Much of it is not even a third cousin to real news and of absolutely no interest to a soul other than the party, whose name is attached thereto. Sometimes, folks go to a real expense to accomplish this craving after fame.

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TO THE HONORABLE JOSEPHUS DANIELS; THIS QUESTION?

By what process of reasoning, or under what influence, has it come about that you now speak of our state, North Carolina, as the "Commonwealth?" Have you forgotten that Virginians claim a patent right on this designation of its territory?

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AN INPROMPTU DECLAMATION CONTEST.

Some weeks ago, in answer to a request, Dr. A. A. McGeachy, of Charlotte, contributed an interpretation of "A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out." It caught the boys and the whole population; and many readers have taken occasion to speak most complimentary of it. Several of the boys in Prof. Johnson's room memorized the beautiful piece.

When several of the Board members were present on the 7th, the boys were marched into the auditorium and they spoke the piece like little houses on fire. The six Board members acted as judges. They had a hard nut to crack, for every one wanted to vote for each of the boys. The best the judges could finally do was to agree on two; and Mrs. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, presented a handsome little book to the lucky boys, the winners being: Masters William Noble and Sam Taylor.

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A very high compliment has been paid to THE UPLIFT in that a number

of schools in the state used its April 2nd number as the basis of their anniversary exercises of the event of Appomattox, April 9th, 1865. Miss Bost, of the Concord Graded Schools, made use of that issue in this manner. And to make the exercises doubly interesting the class had Mrs. J. C. Gibson, of Concord, to supplement with an interesting story of the suffering of the South. In Greensboro, where there are so many Irishmen, one department of the Public Schools used our edition that carried the story of St. Patrick's Day, in the study of the incidents in St. Patrick's career. These evidences of appreciation are encouraging to the parties, who, from week to week, get out THE UPLIFT under rather difficult circumstances.

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Insurance Commissioner Wade has furnished subject matter for considerable copy. After spending four years in the interest of promoting the public welfare of North Carolina, incidentally making it a better place for children to grow up in, Mr. Wade singles out ex-Commissioner Beasley as using his acquaintance and popularity and prominence to promote the sale of Texas Sky to innocent suckers in his native state. Just wait and see how Mr. Beasley clears up this akward situation. He can make words talk equal to any other North Carolinian, the public may be sure. If there is fraud in the Texas concern, Mr. Beasley does not yet know it.

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What could be the connection or the sympathy between a Good Roads Convention and a Street Dance? This is the question that is stirring up the citizenry of Greensboro. A crowd that would go three miles to see a Street Dance, or give it a place of importance in polite entertainment, would be very lame ducks in promoting the spirit and construction of good roads.

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If it didn't look like a fine sizing up of the prospects, the paragrapher of the Greensboro News could be indicted for slander in calling the proposed "flying" train from Goldsboro to Asheville the Pell-mell train. Col. Henry Miller had his hand on the master-switch lever; but Judge Pell comes back from Washington in an optimistic mood.

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Governor Cameron Morrison and State Treasury Lacy have gone North to beard the financial lions in their den in the interest of selling the North Carolina Development bonds. If this pair can't turn the trick, no one need



try.

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The Spring poet has stung the "O. M. Page" with no little engaging poetry. The "O. M." is encouraging the muse from diverse sources.

LAW-ABIDING MAN AT EIGHTY YEARS.

A man nearly eighty years of age walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining Town. When he reached his destination, spick and span, he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all that way!" the latter exclaimed, How did you get along?.,

"Oh, first rate!" the Old Man replied: "that is, I walked till I came to a sign--'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back a bit."

Moral---THE OBSERVATION OF LAW AVOIDS PENALTIES AND PREVENTS SERIOUS OR FATAL ACCIDENTS. IT APPLIES TO ALL AGES..





Dates on the North Carolina Flag---Halifax.

The North Carolina flag carries two dates. In real American history they stand for something. They record acts that show a forward-looking, liberty-loving people, who managed affairs in the early days of organizing that territory which we now call North Carolina.

A school child in North Carolina who does not understand the significance of these two dates, is wanting in an important part of his education. A people who are forgetful of the heroic deeds of their forebears, who have no interest in the struggles made that a better state might be prepared for their occupancy, are mighty poor people, not to say an ignorant people.

One of the dates on the North Carolina flag is May 20th, 1775. This belongs to another period and another issue. The other date is April 12th, 1776. Of this we wish to speak. It must stand for something, for it is honored with high position---on the flag of a great state. The day is treated as a holiday. It has significance. What is it that contributes to its glory?

That Mecklenburg affair was the first move in America, declaring independence of England. The second date commemorates the Halifax Convention going on record for an instruction to the North Carolina members in the Continental Congress to vote for a separation from England. These are two much-prized distinctions that North Carolina children should not be permitted to forget.

In those restless days the community spirit and fellowship were pronounced. When England closed the Boston harbor, because the Bostonians boycotted certain things from

the old country, a ship-load of provisions were sent out from Wilmington to Salem, Massachusetts, and then by wagon to Boston. At New Bern relief agencies were organized collecting provisions from the various North Carolina counties for the benefit of Boston.

A Continental Congress was planning to meet in Philadelphia. And to this Congress the Halifax Convention named William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and Richard Caswell as delegates, who were instructed to vote for a declaration of American Independence.

If our memory does not trick us, we confess to a sense of shame that one of these delegates, Richard Caswell, who became the first constitutional governor of North Carolina, lies buried in an unmarked grave in Lenoir county. Though his name has been honored in the naming of a North Carolina county and in the naming of the state school in Kinston, which looks after the feeble-minded children of the state, Richard Caswell's grave is neglected---or that was the case some years ago.

The shame of neglect lies against a thoughtless people in the case of other distinguished men, who rendered a service for their countrymen. The man, who made the beginning and erection of Cabarrus county possible in the General Assembly of 1793, being its speaker, lies in a caved-in brick vault, overgrown by bri-

ars and weeds in a governmental fishery reservation, out a few miles from Edenton; and there are others.

How we do forget!

But this is, in part, why April 12th, 1776 is on the North Carolina State flag.

The Diet of Worms--A Determined Stand.

One of the characters that figured in the Diet of Worms was Charles V. He was born at Ghent in 1500. He was the ablest and the most powerful monarch of the sixteenth century. By the various marriages of his ancestors, he held the hereditary control of more tribes, peoples and governments than any living monarch of history, before or since the time of Charles V.

Along with these powers he inherited, also, some troubles--jealousies--for becoming the ruler of a vast extent of empire, consisting of geographical territory widely separated and brought under the same head, not by affinity or sympathy, increased the number of his rivals and made his duties all the more perplexing.

The word "Diet" carries with it a variety of meanings. Of Latin origin, it probably means "day" but in the circumstance of its use in connection with the city of Worms it is used with the meaning of an "assembly," a "court" or "senate," for here it was that Charles V., mighty in his power and the affairs of the Roman Church, met to have it out with an arch "heretic."

This heretic was Martin Luther, born at Eisleben, Germany, in 1483. He was the son of a miner; educated at the University of Erfurt, and 1505 entered the Augustine convent at that place; ordained a priest in 1507; became professor of philosophy at Wittenberg, 1508; visited Rome in 1511; denounced the sale of indulgencies in 1517, and became involved in numerous controversies; cited to appear before Leo X., and he refused to comply; burned the papal bull containing an order to destroy certain of his works, and

denied the authority of the pope; excommunicated; laid aside his monastic dress in 1524 and married Catherine Von Bora, an ex-nun, in 1525; he completed in 1522 the translation of the New Testament, and in 1534 that of the Old Testament.

"The Diet of Worms" is an outstanding event in the progress of religious freedom and an historical event in the life of Protestantism.

The 18th of this month will be the 400th anniversary of this great investigation, that established an undying principle, made possible the unlocking of the Bible and gave to the whole world, in its final analysis, a religious freedom heretofore utterly impossible.

The Diet of Worms was especially convened to give trial to Luther. The power of the Roman Church was such, that it was felt that the spectacular event of Luther recanting would forever make impossible in the future the uprising of other

heretics." The world at large has little interest in the result of that meeting, that trial, in which Martin Luther played an heroic part. Luther appeared before this august body, and his defense of himself and his followers against the charge of heresy was dignified and eloquent, and compelled the admiration of the assembly and many of his former foes.

Had Luther recanted, or in the least manner been unable to sustain his contention at that momentous time, the time of the Reformation and the unlocking of the Bible, putting it in reach of the people and not the chosen few, may have been centuries deferred. Charles V. was a Catholic by conviction, and in addition the traditions of the empire required that he should support the Roman church. Luther was heard, but at the close of the diet Charles had the ban of the empire pronounced upon Luther and his adherents; but the edict, which had been obtained by unfair means, remained inoperative and impotent; and the spirit of the Reformation went on triumphant.

Quoting the North Carolina Christian Advocate: "That day (the Diet of Worms, when Luther stood up and defended himself and his views) is the watershed of the church of the world. On the other side of it lies religion of authority, on this side religion of the Spirit. Before that day, truth was decided by decisions of council and papal decree; since, by its self-evidencing appeal to the conscience and judgment of mankind." Continuing, we quote The Advocate

"When told that his 'error' had been rejected by the General Councils, Luther replied that they had

erred, and when the emperor, with a show of weariness, made a sign to end the matter, Luther said: "I cannot do otherwise; here I stand, God help me." It was one man against the combined political and ecclesiastical power of the world.

On the same day the emperor, Charles V, made a speech in which he said: "You all know that I descend from the most Christian emperors of the German nation, the Catholic kings of Spain, the Austrian Archdukes, and the Burgundian dukes, who all, unto their death, have ever been the truest sons of the Catholic church, and defenders and propagators of the Catholic faith to the honor of God, the increase of the faith, and to the salvation of their souls. Since it is now manifest that a single monk, deceived by his particular opinion has fallen into error, and has set himself in contradiction to the faith of entire Christendom, not only that which is today living, but that which has prevailed for more than a thousand years, and arrogates to himself that all Christians until now have been in error, hence we have determined to hazard in this cause all our kingdoms and lands, our friends, our own body, blood, life, and soul."

The emperor was as good as his word. But civil and religious liberty had been born, and fire and sword could not crush it out.

John Wesley found a nation steeped in formality, denying in their lives the doctrines that were confessed in their creeds, and in the providence of God he kindled that nation into life. Martin Luther found a church tyrannical in authority, corrupt in practice and erroneous in doctrine, and broke the

shackles of bondage and rediscovered the truth of salvation.

After every allowance is made for the fact that great souls like Huss and Wiclif had blazed the way, and that civil rulers were eager to use Luther as a tool to free them from Rome, the doughty monk of Wittenberg still remains the mightiest figure since apostolic times."

And this is why the Diet of Worms

"UNLESS I AM CONVINCED BY SCRIPTURE OR BY CLEAR ARGUMENTS--UNLESS I AM THUS CONVINCED, I AM BOUND BY THE HOLY SCRIPTURE AND MY CONSCIENCE AS CAPTIVE TO THE WORD OF GOD. I CANNOT AND WILL NOT RECAANT ANYTHING, SINCE IT IS NOT RIGHT NOR SAFE TO GO AGAINST CONSCIENCE. GOD HELP ME. AMEN."

The American Bathtub.

Speaking of bathtubs suggests cleanliness. Most people think this expression, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," is a quotation from the Bible. Of course, it isn't, but it is one of Wesley's observations.

The fact that some people have not the opportunity to use a bathtub, or, having the opportunity, do not use it, is no occasion to regard them, to use an expressive term, dirty or even untidy. The introduction of the bathtub in a town or city for the first time is an event to date things from. Years ago a certain man went to the legislature from this

county, and, though he lived many years before and after that event in his life, he dated all his acts from "the time I was in the legislature." When the first bathtub came to Concord, and was exhibited in Esq. W. J. Hill's place of business (and that is not many years ago) it created a sensation; and many good people, real intelligent ones, upon seeing it made no halt until they asked Mr. Hill what "the thing is for." The good old squire never had much faith in advertising and availed him-

self very little of the art, but he found that the presence of the bathtub the biggest draw-card in all his business career. He really regretted to sell it when a purchaser called for it.

It is a far cry from the ordinary wash-tub that has been pressed into service for bathing to the zink home-made thing that lent character and distinction for a long time to the fortunate owner; and it is a far-cry from that to the porcelain tub, and the shower arrangement made for

folks too lazy to lie down and lacking energy to get up, when once down. But the bathtub, where prejudiced and set-in-their-way folks are not considered, has become a necessity and not a luxury, or the evidence of caste, as it once was.

Even in this day, after years of demonstrative use, and harmlessness has been established, there are some good folks, who will persist in walking around a bathtub, and still cling to an ordinary basin and a rag. Such miserable perseverance! But read this interesting story of the fight the bathtub had with legislatures, town counsils and medical profession, not many years ago.

No home is now considered modern or complete in America if it has no bathtub or other plumbing fixtures. Nearly everybody bathes frequently, believing that it is not only necessary to cleanliness but that it promotes health. Yet we have had bath tubs for less than 80 years and for a long time after the first one was installed nearly everybody, including both doctors and laymen, opposed them as being effeminate, undemocratic and injurious to the health. This is a remarkable illustration of the comparative rapidity of the world's progress and of how completely ideas may be revolutionized within a generation or two.

The first bathtub in the United States was installed in Cincinnati in

1842 by Adam Thompson. It was made of mahogany, lined with sheet lead. Some papers denounced it as an epicurean luxury and others declared it to be undemocratic as it lacked simplicity in its surroundings. Medical authorities attacked it as being dangerous to health.

In a number of places medical opposition to the innovation was reflected in "blue law" legislation. In 1843 the Philadelphia common council considered an ordinance prohibiting bathing between Nov. 1 and March 15. This measure lacked only two votes of being passed. In the same year the legislature of Virginia laid a tax of \$30 a year on all bathtubs set up in the state. In several cities exceptionally heavy water rates were laid on persons who had bathtubs. Erudite Boston in 1845 made bathing unlawful except on medical advice. This ordinance was never enforced although it remained a binding part of the municipal law until 1862.

President Fillmore gave the bathtub recognition and respectability. While vice-president he visited Cincinnati in 1850, inspected the original bathtub and bathed in it. When he became president he had a tub installed in the White House. Then in spite of all the learned arguments of doctors and other opponents of bathtub ablutions, tubs and bathing became popular.

It is Will.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.--Charles Buxton.

Inculcate A Respect For Law.

By R. R. Clark.

The law is good if a man use it lawfully.--1 Timothy, II-8.

For nothing is law that is not reason.--Sir John Powell.

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.--Measure For Measure, Act., II, Sc. 2.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse any man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.--Selden.

At this time, when lawlessness doth so much abound, and there is much talk of law enforcement, or rather the lack of law enforcement, those who think on these things are seeking the seat of the disease and a remedy. Recently a college student, a member of the party of hazers, was sent to the hospital when he emerged from the room of the intended victim, and he explained to his father that he did nothing to the fellow who hurt him; that he went along with the other boys, was an innocent bystander, so to speak, and he was the only member of the party to get hurt. Now that young man evidently thought he was badly treated--that he should be so hardly used when he had simply gone along with the others, to enjoy the fun probably, and maybe lend a hand in an emergency. He evidently expected sympathy when he told his father that he was an innocent victim. But the father was a man of sense and he answered in effect, "Son, you went beyond the pale, you were without the law, when you entered the other man's room against his will."

This led to the suggestion that respect for law, reverence for law, and some of the simple principles

of law, should be taught in the common schools--beginning with the child when young and especially impressing him with the rights of others and his duty to respect the rights of others in demanding consideration for his own. Apropos of my suggestion in the last issue of THE UPLIFT, that it would be a good idea to add to the school curriculum some things that should be of common knowledge, but about which there is much ignorance, I am passing this last suggestion along. It is not meant that a law school shall be set up in all schools, but that the pupils have inculcated along with the three Rs some ideas of the common rights and duties, as well as the privileges, of citizenship; and especially should it be emphasized over and over again that the first duty of the citizen is to obey and respect the law; that he who does not is not a good citizen, no matter what his profession or his standing among his fellows; that obedience to law means not only avoidance of the major offences, such as murder, burglary, arson, etc., but that the violation of the minor regulations of the Commonwealth, of your town or community, in spirit or letter, is as morally wrong and make one as

essentially a law-breaker as the commission of the major offences, even if the consequences are not so serious.

It should be obvious that our initial mistake in this matter is the disposition to violate minor regulations if it suits our purpose, and then feel that we have done no wrong. From that we drift easily into the commission of more serious offences, such as we feel we can commit and escape the law, salving our conscience with the heresy so common, that we are justified under the circumstances. This is the field of the so-called respectable citizen who disregards the law and who is as morally guilty as the hardened criminal---and worse; for operating under the badge of respectability his example is more dangerous, more hurtful, than that of the hardened criminal.

"Boys will be boys," and the young animals do many things which are forbidden and which are annoying to their elders, simply because they have never been led to see the wrong of it and they do not feel that they are doing wrong. The youth in the hazing expedition had known of that sort of thing being done, and it did not seem to seriously occur to him that he was guilty of a grave offence (a capital crime under our law) when he entered by force the sleeping apartments of another; or that he was at least guilty of trespass---a misdemeanor---when he entered upon the premises of another against the other's will. This writer is not a lawyer nor son of one, but he can risk saying that under the law it is an assault, which is a misdemeanor, to so much as to lay your hand on the person of another against his will. The person is sacred and one's premises are under his control, in which

the law protects him. It would be good for the child at an early age to have impressed on him what constitutes trespass on the rights of another and the seriousness of law violations, even though the violation is not at the time followed by the infliction of a penalty. The boys who want to play ball on a neighbor's premises against the will of the owner feel much aggrieved and badly treated if they are driven off; they can't see that they are doing wrong and in this erroneous idea of their rights and those of others they are too often encouraged by adults who ought to know better, but who really have no more regard for law and the rights of others than the boys.

In short, what is needed is a thorough reverence for law because it is the law and a thorough ingraining of the principle that violation of law is sin; that it is not a matter for individual judgment or opinion. We may think the law is wrong and we may be right. In such case we can agitate for repeal or change; but there can be no justification for violation so long as the law is on the books. If one law is violated with impunity another may be, and the end is anarchy. We seem to be fairly well on that road now, and the real reason for it all is that we have the idea, or we act on the idea, that we are called to regard only such laws and regulations as it suits our purpose to observe. If we are ever to get away from this we must begin teaching the children the principles outlined as they affect their daily lives, and once the idea is inculcated the rest will follow.

But be it remembered, beloved, that we can never attain the full measure of success with all the in-



North Carolina

Highway Districts.

The North Carolina highway commission districts, by counties, as created by recent act of the general assembly, follow:

Frank Page, Aberdeen, chairman; business man, farmer and banker, chairman of the former North Carolina highway commission.

District No. 1—W. A. Hart, Tarboro, commissioner, cotton manufacturer and capitalist. Counties, Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Gates, Hertford, Northampton, Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe, Martin, Burtie, Washington, Tyrrell, Dare, Hyde, Beaufort, Pitt.

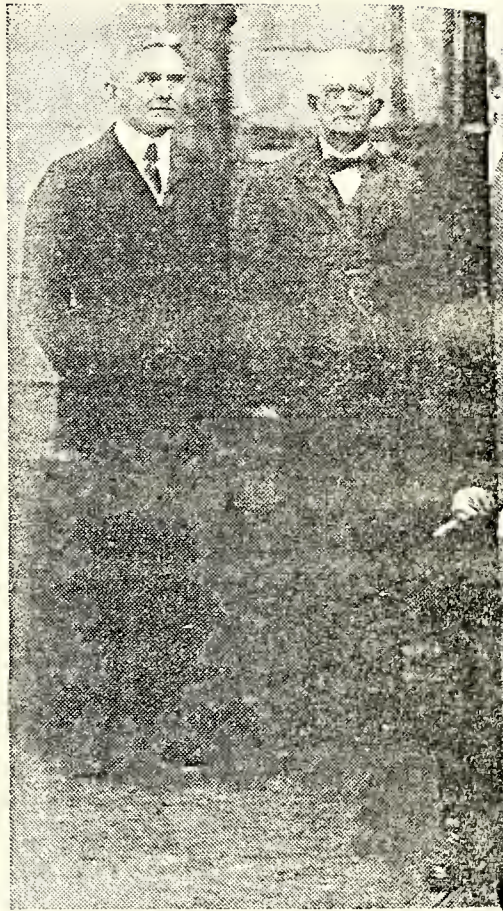
District No. 2—John E Cameron, business man. Counties: Craven, Pamlico, Carteret, Jones, Lenoir, Greene, Duplin, Sampson, Wayne, Johnston, Wilson.

District No. 3—W. A. McGirt, Wilmington, commissioner; business man, president North Carolina Good Roads Association. Counties: Onslow, Pender, New Hanover, Brunswick, Columbus, Bladen, Robeson, Cumberland.

District No. 4—John Sprunt Hill, Durham, commissioner; banker, manufacturer. Counties: Harnett, Lee, Chatham, Wake, Orange, Durham, Person, Granville, Vance, Warren, Franklin.

District No. 5—J. Elwood Cox, High Point, commissioner; banker, manufacturer, capitalist. Counties: Caswell, Rockingham, Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Montgomery, Moore, Hoke.

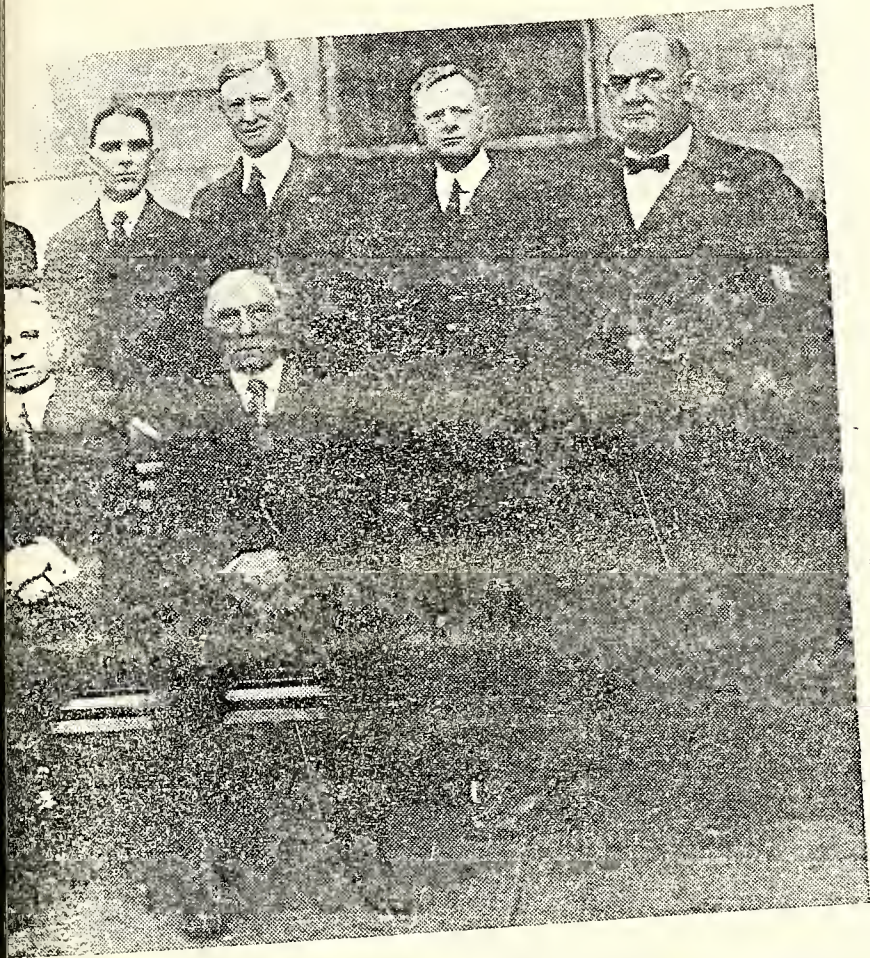
District No. 6—Word H. Wood, Char-



lotte, commissioner; banker, capitalist. Counties, Alexander, Iredell, Catawba, Lincoln, Gaston, Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Rowan, Stanly, Union, Anson, Richmond, Scotland.

District No. 7—Rufus A. Doughton, Sparta, commissioner; banker, farmer,

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Courtesy Charlotte Observer.

Highway Commission.

Ashe,
Surry,
David.
McBee, Bak-
er, lawyer.
Yancey,
Henderson,

Polk, Rutherford, Cleveland.

District No. 9—John G. Stikeleather,
Asheville, commissioner; farmer, busi-
ness man. Counties, Madison, Bun-
combe, Haywood, Transylvania, Jack-
son, Swain, Graham, Macon, Clay,
Cherokee.



struction, we can possibly give the children, unless the adult set the example of obedience. The child told that it is wrong to disobey the law will not take the injunction seriously if he sees his father or leading citizens whom he has been taught to believe lead correct lives, violating the automobile laws regularly. Told that it is very wrong to lie and steal, the boy will wonder how his father or leading citizens supposed to be exemplars of the right, can drive autos with a license tag over a year old, or keep part of their taxables off the tax list and undervalue what they put on. And neither will he be seriously impressed with a lecture on honesty and obedience to law when he sees 12 ounces of butter sold for a pound or customers overcharged or given inferior material for first quality; and he may think of Shylock when he knows that his father, the Sunday school teacher

and possibly the preacher at times, lend money at 8 and 10 per cent when the law says 6.

If we are ever to have ideal obedience to law each individual must begin with himself. In these remarks we are not unmindful of the observation of Montaigne, which was that "There is no man so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the law, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life." But we don't have to submit our evil thoughts if we can suppress our evil actions. We are all miserable sinners and perfection is not attained here below. I am always suspicious of those who claim to have attained unto a state of holiness. But if we will do our best to observe the Golden Rule, the sanest and fairest rule ever laid down for the guidance of weak mortals, there will be such a marked change that one will think the millennium has arrived.

About Sunday.

Chas. H. Ireland in Greensboro News.

Two thousand years ago, at practically this same season of the year, Matthew the Evangelist, gives an account of an incident that took place on the hill outside the City of Jerusalem. "And as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week (our Sunday) the women came to seek the Lord." The annunciation of the angels who met them was, "I know whom ye seek, Jesus. He is not here; he is risen."

The Lord Jesus Christ made sacred his rising from the dead on Sunday, and his first six appearances after this was on the Sabbath day; hence, in commemoration of that, believers of Jesus Christ have ever claimed that day as sacred in commemoration of what he has done for them.

In all ages, then as now, the great division amongst men is their attitude to Jesus. It is not a matter of opinion, it is an act of faith. Believe or reject. "Ye are my disciples if ye do what I ask you." There has never been a nation or a people who profaned God's Sabbath and prospered.

Thrift and Spendthrift

If there is one lesson which the American people as a whole are in need of learning it is the lesson of thrift. Even though it was an American, namely, Benjamin Franklin, who said that if you take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves, most Americans do not practice what he taught. We all love to spend, but few really like to save. This is so common a fact that a few years ago a thrifty Frenchman who was visiting here made the statement that the United States would never attain to its full possibilities of development until the American people realized that twenty-five cents is money.

This visitor was not theorizing. He spoke in terms which are plain to every Frenchman, if not to every American, for the French people are among the most thrifty in the world. The following story will serve as an illustration: Several years ago one of our big railway corporations sold an issue of bonds in France, the interest and the principle payable in francs. The evening before the subscription books opened a line of people formed outside the offices, a line so long that it extended down into the street and around the corner; these people stood there all night, waiting to put in their application for bonds when the books opened. Did you ever hear of people standing in line all night in this country unless they wanted to see a champion baseball game or a good seat at some football game or a point of vantage at some prize fight?--Selected.

The Thirteen Colonies

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The thirteen original colonies--"the old Thirteen," as they were often called--were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. All the rest of the present states were made from these, or from territory added to these. The history of our country down to the Revolution is therefore, the history of these thirteen colonies.

It is easy to see that each of the thirteen had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them, it is true, were found-

ed by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony.

Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinction of rank existed. Two of them--Pennsylvania and Maryland--had each a single proprietor, who owned the whole soil. New York had its "patroons," or large landholders, with tenants under them.

Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecutions in Europe. Yet one of them--Rhode Island--was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony; and another--Maryland--was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments, some had royal governments without charters, and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

But however differently the thirteen colonies may have been founded or governed, they were all alike in some things. They all had something of local self-government; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen. Finally, they all grew gradually discontented with the British government, because they thought themselves ill treated. This discontent made them at last sep-

erate themselves from England, and form a complete union with one another. But this was not accomplished without a war--the war commonly called the American Revolution.

When we think about the Revolutionary War, we are very apt to suppose that the colonies deliberately came together, and resolved to throw off the yoke of Great Britain, but this was not the case at all.

When the troubles began, most of the people supposed themselves to be very loyal, and they were ready to shout, "God save King George!" Even after they had raised armies, and had begun to fight, the Continental Congress said, "We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states."

They would have been perfectly satisfied to go on as they were, if the British Government had only treated them in a manner they thought just; that is, if Great Britain either had not taxed them, or had let them send representatives to Parliament in return for paying taxes. This wish was considered perfectly reasonable by many of the wisest Englishmen of that day, and these statesmen would have gladly consented to either of these measures. But King George III. and his advisers would not consent; and so they lost not only the opportunity of taxing the American colonies, but finally the colonies themselves.

After an absence of four years a certain man went back to visit his old home town. The first four people he met didn't remember him and the next three didn't know he had been away.--Exchange.

Colonel Harris' "Made in Carolina" Exposition.

(Editorial in Sunday's Observer)

There appeared a leading editorial in last Sunday's Charlotte Observer that breathes so much spirit and hope, predicated on the wonderful achievements that have been brought about, in the past fifty years, in this section, that THE UPLIFT cannot resist reproducing it. It will make good reading for the pessimists and the citizenry that persist chronically to look through smoked-glasses.

It is evident that the highly trained journalist, Wade H. Harris, felt powerfully good and overflowing with good cheer when he sat himself down to pen the remarkable showing that this section can justly view with great pride. It is:

Fifty years ago there were about a half dozen cotton mills in the Carolinas employing a small handful of people. Southern cotton in those days was made in the South with fifty-cents a day labor and shipped to New England, where it was made up into goods and sold. In those early days any one would tell you that cotton could not be manufactured in the South. Because of atmospheric conditions and unfavorable labor conditions it was impossible ever to make fine yarns in the South, so the chemists and the experts said, and everybody took it for granted.

In those days the Carolinas stood at the bottom of the list in educational matters and our educational system consisted of many log school-houses and a few small colleges.

Poverty was the companion of the State and raw materials and natural resources, vastly rich in their hidden potentialities, lay dormant awaiting the hand of capital to bring them into activity.

Times were hard and industry was confined to very small activities in those days. We sold our raw materials cheaply to other sections and

paid big prices for the finished products, not only of cotton and wool but of wood and other materials.

Today the piedmont section of the South is the richest in natural resources of any section in the world. Last year North Carolina alone ranked seventh in the United States in amount of internal revenue tax paid to the Government.

A new day has dawned indeed! Today the South manufactures more cotton and tobacco and lumber than New England. Seven hundred cotton mills rear their walls to the heavens and approximately one hundred and fifty thousand people find employment in them in the two Carolinas.

Wherever a new industrial plant has lifted its smokestack toward the heavens there has come in quick succession the church and the school. The Carolinas no longer trail the list of States in education. Just as they have forged ahead in the world of industry, so have they taken their place among the honored States in money spent on the education of their children.

Greeley's injunction to young men to "Go West," has been changed to

a clarion call to "Come South" and hundreds of millions in wealth and the brains of a vast section are employed to keep going our spindles and looms and forges and foundries and factories and shops

High Point has become the Grand Rapids of the South and that tremendous stream of golden dollars which once poured out of the Carolinas for products of common usage has turned its tide back home.

Our own State of North Carolina is proud of the fact that it has the largest hydro-electric water power development of its kind in the world; that it is the home of the largest wood pulp plant in the world; of the largest towel mills in the world; of the largest hosiery and underwear mills in the world; of the largest damask mills in the world; of the largest tobacco factories in the world, and that the two Carolinas house today hundreds upon hundreds of industries of a wide deversity of manufacture, each singing its song of prosperity and adding the sum total to the section's wealth.

Were the Chinese wall built about the Carolinas, we should still live in ease and plenty, for in this garden spot we make our own shoes and stockings, our own ties and shirts, our own hats and boots and underclothes and overalls and our own gloves. The automobiles and trucks we use are made, many of them, at home. The chairs we sit upon and the beds

or which we rest of night, are made in the Carolinas. The mirrors before which we gaze upon our beauty are made in this charmed section and the flour and pudding and meat and candies and cakes and medicines and drugs and bread which enter into our stomachs are produced at home.

We fatten our soil from our fisheries and fertilizer industries. We cultivate our land with home manufactured tools and implements and the farmer rides to church in a home-made wagon and hears the minister read from a Bible printed in this section. The collection plates are of home manufacture and the only thing in use in the church which is not of home production is the money which is put into the plate.

We find that our places of business are fitted out with home-made goods and when we come down to die, we are buried in a coffin made in the Carolinas, outfitted with a shroud of home production and our grave is marked with a monument of home design.

And so it is that for the first time in the history of our two States we are to hold in Charlotte early in September a real exposition, commensurate in size and diversity of products shown, with that thrilling story of industrial achievement which has made of a once pauperized and bankrupt section the flower garden of the continent of America.

Japanese houses are strictly clean and the floors are beautifully kept. There was reason, then, for the wit of a Japanese student who lived in an apartment house where the halls were often untidy. On the approach of winter the janitor displayed at the door the notice, "Please wipe your feet." The young Japanese added these words in pencil, "On going out."

Faithful Unto Death---Pres't. Davis' Body-guard Dead.

From its Washington Bureau the Greensboro News publishes a human interest story in connection with the death of James Jones, the negro Body Guard of President Davis, of the Confederate States of America.

The faithfulness and loyalty of the old-time negro constitute something just a little lower than a jewel. Unfortunately and conspicuously that element is lacking entirely in the uppish offspring of the free-born negro of to-day. The thing we call trust-worthy respect for kind deeds and helpfulness---gratitude---is a rank stranger in the natures of the race that have gotten just a smattering of education. Where his education starts and stop, with the head as too often is the case, with heart and moral side not correspondingly developed, there is created a being utterly devoid of that thing that really made the negro James Jones an object of great respect and worthy of any trust.

It is to just such negroes' memories that the late Col. Sam White, of Fort Mills, erected a granite monument, perpetuating their virtues. This is the Washington story:

Faking with him to the grave the secret of the whereabouts of the great seal of the Confederacy, which he hid when Jefferson Davis was captured. James Jones, the negro bodyguard of the president of the Confederacy, died here today.

Jones was a North Carolina negro and his body will be taken to Raleigh tomorrow for burial. The aged colored man had been failing for some time, but even as death approached he kept silent about the Confederate seal.

Throughout his long life, with his latter years spent in the government service in Washington, James Jones would never reveal what became of the confederate seal. "Marse Jeff" had bidden that he never tell—and he never did. Veterans of the union and confederate armies, newspaper writers, curiosity seekers, and curio

hunters from time to time urged Jones to reveal where he buried the great seal. They argued that the civil war was far in the past and the seal should be produced for the inspection of the younger generation of today and the generations that are to follow in a reunited country. Always James Jones shook his head and to the end he maintained his silence.

The negro bodyguard was with Jefferson Davis when his capture was effected; in fact, he is said to have warned his master of the approaching enemy, but President Davis did not escape in time. Jones accompanied President Davis to Fort Monroe, where he was placed in prison.

Jones was born in Warren county, North Carolina. After the war he headed a negro fire department in Raleigh and became a minor city official. He turned Republican in politics, but always voted for Representative Williams Ruffin Cox, of North Carolina, who represented the state

in the house in the 48th and 49th Congresses. Later when Mr. Cox became secretary of the United States senate he brought Jones to Washington with him and gave him a messenger's job in the senate. That

was in 1893. Since that time he has had several jobs about the capitol and was a messenger in the senate stationery room until a short time before his death."

They Paid Heavy Toll

The two most gifted and most beloved leaders in politics and in civic righteousness whom western North Carolina has given to the State since the days of Vance and Merrimon were Jeter C. Pritchard and Locke Craig. They contested in the two parties for leadership and they met each other in the political contests as the chosen champions of their faith. In 1894 and 1896 and 1898 and 1900 the political battlegrounds in the mountain country were the scenes of hard-fought battles. Craig and Pritchard were the rivals, and what happened was this: The harder the contests the more they respected each other, and as the years passed that respect ripened into regard and into affection. Pritchard became Senator. Craig became Governor. They served their country patriotically and the strenuous campaigns of those days left them a legacy of physical weakness which later manifested itself, undermining what all thought were constitutions which could stand any strain. The character of political campaigning in those days in North Carolina shortened the life of most of the men who threw themselves into it. Vance and Aycock and Glenn and Kitchin and Pritchard and Craig paid heavy toll for the heroic methods of campaigning.—News and Observer.

April 14th, Anniversary of Lincoln's Assassination.

One of the greatest tragedies in American history is the assassination of President Lincoln on April 14th, 1865. Besides being an unwarranted and dastardly murder, it precipitated upon a war-torn country additional sorrows, agonizing troubles and terrible doubts and anxiety.

Just five days after the surrender at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, the whole country was stunned by the news that President Lincoln had been shot down in Ford's Theater, in Washington. It was the work of a

misguided actor, John Wilkes Booth, who considered himself a patriot specially charged with a duty to perform. Booth sought to escape, but was followed, overtaken, and, refusing to surrender, was shot.

Lincoln's death was one of the great misfortune to the South. His whole purpose was, as history appears, to force the seceding states back into the Union; and when this was accomplished, to tide over the period of reconstruction, it was his purpose to put in charge of the several governments men friendly to the Union cause. During the war, even, he had organized a state government of Union men over that part of Tennessee which had come under Federal Control. He had done the same thing in Virginia with that part, which is now known as West

Virginia.

President Johnson, succeeding to the Presidency, believed in bringing back the seceding states into the Union, but he had a different plan from Lincoln's for the work of the Reconstruction. Lincoln's plan would have undoubtedly accomplished the purpose with the least friction and injury to the fallen Confederacy. Johnson's plan wrought the very greatest amount of friction possible, numiliating insults followed, and terrors, the stench of which are even unto this day recalled and, in a measure, resented.



COL. JOHN M. MOREHEAD,
Charlotte, N. C.

North Carolina member of the National Republican Executive Committee. A wealthy man giving almost all his time to the cause of his party. Member of Congress one term, representing the 5th District.

Weddings in the Holy Land.

"The marriage customs of the Holy Land to-day are substantially those referred to by Old Testament writers in the days of Abraham, and are those, too, of the time of Jesus, alluded to in the New Testament," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"The religion, and to a certain extent the blood of the country people of Palestine, have changed in the past three thousand years. Most of these people, speaking one of the many Arabic dialects, are now Mohammedans; but their customs have come neither from Mohammedanism, Christianity, or Judaism, but probably antedate all of them, and seem, like certain privileges under the common law, to 'run with the land.' It is as though the local environment had molded to a certain form all who have dwelt in it.

"Marriages among the village folks of Palestine do not spring from courtship as they do in Anglo-Saxon countries, as well as in many other lands of the western world. The Palestine bride is literally 'given in marriage' and 'taken in marriage.' The prospective bride is not consulted at all; and even the dominant male usually has very little to say about his nuptials. Fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and even more remote relatives take the matter into their hands. Love is supposed to come after marriage. Often, it must be said, it does; even if it does not, respect on the part of the wife for her lord is pretty well assured by rigid family training and age-old tradition."

It's almost impossible to find an unmarried woman in the Holy Land

past the age of twenty, or even past the age of fifteen years. Marriage is a girl's openly recognized aim in life, and her family goes about in a businesslike way seeing that the aim is accomplished. The very strangers in the byways would be invited to furnish a bridegroom if no other opportunity of obtaining a husband for a daughter presented itself. And since the obligation to be married rest heavily on the young men, Palestine is spared the problem of bachelors and spinsters.

When a young man reaches the marriageable age---he would still be considered a callow youth in the West---his parents consider the matter of a suitable bride. Usually the son is not consulted at all. Now and then he may call to his parents' attention a maiden whose fame has reached his ears, but if he has chanced to see her it will have been merely as a veiled, mysterious figure, at a distance. The mother and other female relatives of the young man visit the family of the girl who is decided upon as probably being most eligible. The young woman appears before them and they carefully size her up. If this "scouting expedition" of the wouldbe bridegroom's feminine relatives is favorably impressed, the business side of the matter is then taken up by the father and other masculine relatives.

A Donation That Means so Much.

This writer makes a confession; near a year ago, when our school building was nearing completion, and the funds were about exhausted, the question arose "how is it to be furnished?" Without any special survey of the field there arose before the mind's eye the names of two young men, one of whom were amply able and sufficiently interested in the cause to provide for the furnishing of the Auditorium---putting it in shape for a practical and much needed use.

Just last week one of these young men was met on the streets of Concord. His attention was called to the idea. Courteously and patiently he listened. No answer was given. The matter was not closed. The subject was changed, and each went his way.

Do you believe in telepathy? This writer does. One evening, last Sunday to be exact, this writer was thinking about the gentleman in question, wondering if he had even thought of the subject since dismissing it, hoping, however, that he had taken time to consider what a service he could render us, the boys, the cause-----

Just about then the phone bell broke in, and the conversation that ensued brought the gentleman and the writer together. The Concord Tribune, of Monday, tells the balance of the story as follows:

Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, of this city, on a visit home from Saranac Lake, N. Y., where he is taking treatment, has authorized Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the Board of Trustees, to proceed at once to the complete furnishing of the splendid auditorium of the new School Building at the Jackson Training School, and present the bills to him. This, The Tribune understands, is one of the handsomest and most helpful individual gifts the institution has received since its foundation.

The auditorium will be equipped with regular opera chairs, electric fixtures installed, stage furnished and the placing of a piano. Propositions for the furnishing of all of these at a satisfactory price are in the hands of the officials, and The Tribune hears that the order for the

seats has been placed. The total cost of all this equipment will not be less than two thousand dollars.

Though finished for months, this splendid auditorium could not be used for the want of furniture. It is planned when completed, to hold for the first event a dedicatory exercise of the model school building, to which the good people of the state will be invited that they may have a first-hand knowledge of the splendid work being done at this institution. The Tribune understands that Mr. Cook has another good friend, who will install a moving-picture outfit, so that the boys may have weekly opportunities of seeing historical, Biblical and human-interest stories on the canvas.

For what it makes available, for cutting loose fetters that tied the

school's hands, and for downright goodness of the heart, Mr. Cannon's gift at this time to the Jackson Training School is a most happy one. The public and friends alike of the institution, will applaud this thoughtful and helpful generosity on the part of Mr. Cannon.

Remembered on His Eightieth--He Doesn't Show It.

The bar association of North Carolina never enjoyed the membership of a more brilliant one than Hal. S. Puryear, Esq., of Concord. On Easter Day of the year 1841 Mr. Puryear made his happy appearance in the county of Yadkin. Easter that year fell on April 11th.

The relatives and friends of the genial Squire assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron McRae, on Monday, and sprung a surprise on him. The nephews and nieces, and the little great nieces and great nephews and other relatives were present to do honor to the possessor of one of the finest spirits of the whole state. The birthday cake was huge. Effort had been made to have it large enough to accomodate eighty candles, but there was in town no stove big enough to bake a cake that would stand the eighty candles. So, they fudged on the candles.

The gifts and the expressions attest the love and esteem in which this young man of eighty is held. Absent ones remembered this event in the Squire's life; and by the way, not as agile as once, he is mentally as sharp as a briar and he would not take a dare for a fox-race, anytime, anywhere.

An absent one, accompanying her gift, took occasion to celebrate the event as follows:

“Here's to Hunck of eighty,
With flesh not so weighty,
But all the brains of yore.
He nursed the babies
Of the family ladies
And now is waiting for more.

Here's to many more years,
With never sad tears
The light of his eyes to dim;
We need his kind hand
In this sorry land
As do the children who love him.”

WANTED: A MAN.

"I don't want to be an angel. When I was a small boy I was taught to sing 'I want to be an angel and with the angels stand,' but I don't teach my children to sing it. We sometimes hear the song, 'Oh to be nothing, nothing, nothing,' but I'm never going to sing that song. We are too much inclined to be nothing anyway."

Rev. J. H. Shore, presiding elder of the Rockingham district, was preaching at Chestnut Street Methodist church here a week ago last night when he brought his congregation sharply to attention right at the start by the statement in the paragraph above. And he kept the undivided attention of his hearers to the end. It was a powerful sermon.

His subject was "Wanted: A Man"; his text, "Ye have not gone up into the gap, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord," Ez. 13:5. He told how God is always looking for men, men who dare to stand alone and blaze out the path, and that when God fails to find a man things go to smash.

If he had written the chatecism which begins, "What is the chief end of man?" and answers, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever", said the preacher, he would have added: "What is the chief end of God?" and would have answered it, "To glorify man and enjoy him forever." And Mr. Shore proved his thesis that man is the greatest work of God, a little lower than God, not a little lower than the angels, as it is sometimes read.

"Jesus Christ is the fullness of the

Goodhead bodily, and ye are complete in him."

Three things determine the greatness of man, said the preacher: The greatness of his creation, the greatness of his redemption, the greatness of his character.

Greatness of his creation: God never made a world or a flower in his own moral image. He made man a little lower than God, as His crowning work.

Greatness of his redemption: The greatness of the sacrifice God made to save man. The only way God could save man was to offer up his own Son as a sacrifice. If man could have been saved by sacrificing the world God would have done it.

Greatness of his character: The only part of Gods world of which character is predicated is man. Men can think the thoughts of God, he can do the works of God, he can be like God. Discoveries are only men thinking God's thoughts.

Mr. Shore does not take any stock in predictions of the world coming to an end. The world is not coming to an end until man puts under subjection every force in nature, he said. God works with man to help man to bring all things under his subjection: And yet people waste time over giddy, meaningless things!

The scarcest thing in America, the scarcest thing in North Carolina, is men. God never starts a movement until he find a man. Men are the milestones that mark the evolutions of history. A dark age is when God cannot find a man; a golden age is when God finds a man who is willing to stand alone. Martin Luther was

lonely, but he saved the world from bondage in thought; John Wesley was lonely, but he saved England from a French revolution; John Knox was lonely but he freed religious thought in Scotland.

God cannot use a man until he is willing to stand alone. Christ's greatest suffering was not on the cross, but it was His loneliness, and the fact that He went through the world misunderstood.

God is looking for men who will build up the hedge of our home life; for men to stand in the gap and magnify the church of God. If we save America we can save the world. God has never had a single Christian nation to work with.

How would we treat Jeremiah if he went weeping through our streets today? How would we treat any of the prophets? We'd treat them like they treated them before the days of Christ.

God wants men in every profession. The preacher paid a passing tribute to the fourth estate, saying he thanked God that the men who are molding public sentiment in newspaper offices are usually found on the right side of every moral question.

It was a powerful sermon that made a profound impression upon his hearers.---Lumberton Robesonian.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Messrs. D. H. Pitts and Kay Patterson were here Sunday evening.

The Bird Orchestra in the trees

on the campus may be heard from Sunrise to Starrise every day.

Boys who recieved visits from home folks Wednesday were: Pressley, Wright, Evans, Thompson and Holman.

The Mecklenburg Cottage has been finished, and the authorities have been notified that it is ready for their acceptance.

Mr. G. H. Lawrence left Tuesday evening for New York City, where he will spend about three weeks visiting his people.

Mr. Geo. Lawrence accompanied several of the band boys to Charlotte Tuesday to hear Pryor's band, which is playing at the Automobile Show at that place.

Mr. Martin Verburg, Sec. of Concord Y. M. C. A., made a most interesting talk at the Chapel Sunday. His subject was "Clean Living," and his text Romans 12-1.

At a business session of the Stone-wall Literary Society last week the following officers were elected: Pres. Geo. Crabtree; Sec. Clyde Willard; Critic, Earnest Sanders.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees Thursday the following members were present: Mr. J. P. Cook and Mr. D. B. Coltrane, of Concord; Mr. John J. Blair and Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh; Mrs. A. L. Coble of Statesville; Mrs. T. W. Bickett, of Raleigh and Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham.

Equipped Her Office.

The Nursing Committee, in support of the all-time county health

nurse, Miss Stockton, set about to equip her office in the Dixie Building. This committee prides itself on its conservatism and carefulness. To equip an office properly with necessary desks, tables, chairs &c, would mean an outlay of considerable funds. This committee knows, also, whom to approach.

During the week the proposition was presented to Mr. Joseph F. Cannon. "Why, I'll be glad to lend just what you need." Breaking in on an effort to thank him for his kindness and great assistance, Mr. Cannon stopped it by saying:

"That's alright---it's ready for you."

Mr. J. B. Womble, a substantial and highly respected citizen, has offered himself as a candidate for the office of Mayor of Concord. Mr. Womble is a business man of considerable experience, a high-typed fellow, and, if honored with the office, will give to Concord a clean administration of the city's affairs.

Why Our Girls Do Not Marry

Since the war ended in November, 1918, a half million women from Europe have landed on our shores with the avowed purpose of seeking husbands. Now, when a woman of any nationality decides that she will marry and is willing to take the stuff offered she can marry. Many soldiers brought home foreign wives, and that 18,000 on the Rhine are said to be nearly all married to German wives. Many a girl is more widowed in heart by the death of her soldier lover than the woman who had married and sent her husband to the war. Many returned soldiers had become diseas-

ed or broken in body, and still more had become alienated from church and high ideals, so that women who care for nobility of intellect and soul prefer to walk alone the journey of life rather than to be wedded to a grafter or half-educated man. Not over 25 per cent of returned soldiers are now active in church and altruistic work. The open door for industry where women can make an honorable living is, doubtless, another reason for celibacy. Very few women now marry just for a home. Marriage is desirable for everyone provided there is genuine love and capability of fulfilling the strenuous duties of the married relation on both sides. Half-education men are not attractive to the best class of women, and boys leave school for business entirely too early to become first-class men. Most young women in business are pursuing some study and trying for higher things. Are men?---Mrs. Monroe in The Lutheran.

My Dog

All my friends have left me,
Alone, with my dreams,
But let them go, if they want to
I have yet, a friend, it seems.

My dog "Spot," is lying there
Wig-wagging a bit o' cheer
His soft brown eyes look up in
mine,
As to say, "I'm still here."

We'll share alike "Spot" old boy
We'll travel on together
Through thick and thin, we'll plod
and win,
And all storms we'll weather.

}Ronders.

THE UPLIFT

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Wealth

No matter what a man has of wealth or power, whether it be large or small, the possession of it makes him a debtor to his generation. The artist does not paint for his satisfaction, the singer does not sing for her own entertainment, the preacher does not preach for his own edification, and by the same tokens the citizen does not exercise his franchise for his own selfish interests, nor should the captain of industry or the laborer at his work prosecute his daily tasks that he may acquire means to use solely for his own selfish desires. Everyone has something that someone else needs and must have. Anything that we possess of wealth, talent or genius that will in any wise enrich the world or our neighbor, must be brought into service. There are poor rich men and rich poor men. The former have so deadened their emotions and finer impulses as to render their hearts as stone. The latter have so used the few or small gifts they have as to make them valuable.—Dr. James E. Freeman.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	41	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte -Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:30 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:30 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
7:50 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	7:50 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:35 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - -	138	9:35 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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THE PATRIOTIC RICH.

The colored section of the Charlotte Observer of the 17th played up most effectively the city of Spartanburg, S. C. It is a showing that must make any Southern town feel proud of the citizenship of a class of moneyed men --men of action--who, unitedly, do those things that beautify their city, put class into it and make it both prosperous and up-to-date in the possession of all the agencies that enhance the opportunities of all the people.

A community that is blessed with the citizenship of several wealthy men, who do not hate Cæsar and have a pride in their home town, is to be congratulated. Spartanburg is a city of that kind.

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"THE LAST WORDS."

A sprightly, inquisitive little boy, of Concord, put up to his father, who is more deeply interested in business than the manner of dying or the dying words of others, a question that jarred him. It would never do for the father to let his little son know that he was unfamiliar with every act and utterance of George Washington, who had been held up to the child as a model man.

"Father," asked the child, "what were George Washington's last words?" Quickly and very inaccurately the father answered: "Gone away from here." The little admirer of George Washington was thoroughly satisfied; and the father felt proud that he had gotten away with the embarrassing circumstance with flying colors.

There is a deep human interest in the "dying words" of people. Scarce-

ly does any one, in telling of the death of an individual, neglect to repeat what was the last statement or word the dying person made. Of course, in the effort to make the last moments and conduct something worthwhile to hand down to future relatives and friends, there are some who record, under the influence of imagination, scenes that really did not fully materialize, and words not exactly spoken. This thing we call death, after all, appears to most of us the largest event in our lives, hence the desire and the practice of loved ones to preserve the last words of the dying.

Not always is it the case, but many of the dying expressions are from the fullness of life and endeavor. Elsewhere we have a compilation of the "Dying Sayings of some Famous People."

♦♦♦♦

MR. DANIELS ANSWERS THE QUESTION

The strip of land that lies just North of the State of North Carolina, inhabited by the F. F. V's and others, prides itself as the Commonwealth. In fact a little old county prosecutor, they dignify with the name of "Commonwealth Attorney" and such like. It is Commonwealth this and Commonwealth that until it makes one dizzy. Editor Daniels came back from Washington and began to speak of good old North Carolina as the "commonwealth." THE UPLIFT made bold to ask him a question, and this is his answer in Monday's paper:

"To the Honorable Josephus Daniels, this question: By what process of reasoning, or under what influence, has it come about that you now speak of our state, North Carolina, as the "Commonwealth?" Have you forgotten that Virginians claim a patent right on this designation of its territory?---THE UPLIFT of Stonewall Jackson Training School.

"State" is the best word, but as a synonym to avoid the use of "State" too frequently commonwealth is not bad and no matter what the Virginians claim, commonwealth is too good and meaningful a word for any State to have exclusive use of it."

♦♦♦♦

PERPETUAL MOTION

Perpetual motion is a movement which is not only self-active but also self-creative. A machine which when set in motion would continue to move without the aid of external force and without the loss of momentum until its parts were all worn out, might be said to have solved the perpetual motion problem.

But even more is expected of this invention should it ever become practicable, that it shall go on doing work without drawing on any external

source of energy, or shall by its movements continually create power. The impossibility of constructing such a machine has long been demonstrated, but still ignorant and ambitious inventors continue to try for it.

As early as the year 1775, the Parisian Academy of Sciences refused to approve any further schemes for perpetual motion, regarding it as an impossibility. There was a time when the perpetual motion problem was worthy the attention of a philosopher, just as there was a time when a man might have been justified in doubting whether the earth was round.

Thirty-six years ago, and for ten years prior to that time, there was a man in No. 10 township Cabarrus county, a mechanical genius, of unshakable faith in his ultimate success, who experimented on a machine intended to solve the perpetual motion problem. This writer saw it once, and a part of it. It was a rare conception; and if not mistaken, for a time the machine would run itself. But when anything was hitched on to it, the machine itself would stop. It feebly ran itself for a time, but it had no power to spare or lend. It was, of course, a failure. Before the interesting old gentleman, whom the world would dismiss thoughtlessly as a crank, had served his earthly period he recognized the futility of effort, aimed at solving the perpetual motion problem.

But, seriously, do you not recall that the author of nearly every great creation—the experimenter who has given to the world marvelous inventions—was derisively classified by the public as a CRANK?

♦♦♦♦

The state is truly a great loser by the death of Mr. Z. B. Taylor, who expired suddenly on a Seaboard train between Richmond and Washington, Monday morning. Mr. Taylor was a captain of industry, endefatigable worker, and accomplished great things. He was one of the able men, whom Mr. J. B. Duke found and put in charge of a great business.

♦♦♦♦

Will some one give us a story of how and why cosmetics came into use? And in how far the men of the past indulged in their use?

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

An Ass once found a Lion's skin which the hunters had left out in the sun to dry. He put it on and went towards his native village. All fled at his approach, both men and animals, and he was one proud Ass that day.

In his delight he lifted up his voice and brayed, but then every one knew him, and his owner came up and gave him a sound cudgelling for the fright he had caused. And shortly afterwards a Fox came up to him and said: "Ah, I knew you by your voice."

"FINE CLOTHES MAY DISGUISE, BUT SILLY WORDS WILL DISCLOSE A FOOL."



Living Conditions Fifty Years Ago.

Our issue of the 16th carried a reproduction of the leading editorial of the Charlotte Observer, of some days ago, in which Col. Harris discussed the material progress of this section for the past fifty years. It was a remarkable showing but the editorial dealt entirely with industrial developments, space making it impossible to deal with living conditions.

Those who love money and enjoy the chase after wealth, size up a section from its industrial activities; those, who do not make the amassing of a fortune the chief end of personal industry, take account of the living conditions of the masses, and from these form an estimate of the progress of a section. It is well that we think for a while what conditions confronted folks fifty years ago in their effort to exist. That picture with the present-day enjoyments shows just as wonderful a progress as the industrial side of the proposition.

Half a century ago a large part of the people of this section lived in houses unpainted, unplastered and utterly devoid of adornments. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a high chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people now live in houses weather-boarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Scarcely any carpets and no rugs. To-day few are the homes in cities or country that do not contain a carpet or rugs. The rope-corded bedstead has disappeared from the land, and beds with springs have taken their place. The old-fashioned, dangerous feather-bed is becoming rare. The last one now remembered was buried sometime ago in the grave with the woman, who raised the geese, picked them and saved the

feathers--the discarding of the ancient possession was not in the interest of health, but to prevent its desecration by some unworthy heir.

Fifty years ago the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handle knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting-pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver-plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, bake-oven, in the yard, and frying pan; to-day there is no end to kitchen furniture and conveniences.

The people of 1830 and later sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspaper by the light of the "tallow-dip." Later the kerosene came into use. Then if the fire went out on the hearth it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tender.

(There are people living today in all of North Carolina, who can recall going to a neighbor to borrow a coal of fire. That was true neighborliness.)

Those who indulged in the pipe or cigars could light them only by some hearth-stone. If this condition prevailed today, it would put the cigarette out of commission. But fires and pipes today get their motive power from the dormant fire-works in the little match, at the cost of less than a hundredth part of a cent.

In those days, before the time Col. Harris wrote about, we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon-mark" upon the floor. In cloudy weather, the question of noon had to be decided by one's stomach. Only the well-to-do could then afford a clock. To-day, who does not carry a watch? And as for clocks, you can purchase them at wholesale, by the car-load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures. Very few. Some years ago, when the firm of Cannors & Fetzer was in its zenith, it pulled off a stunt that flooded the whole country and adjoining counties with cromos. They were given as a premium for the purchase of a certain amount of merchandise. It would be interesting to know just how many homes the late P. B. Fetzer, an example of the finest manhood and character that the whole country ever afforded, caused to come into ownership of the first picture to adorn the walls. That firm got them by the car-load, continuing the practice through several seasons. Then followed the family portrait enlarger agent. He reaped a fine

harvest.

Some who read this article will remember that fifty or more years ago the Bible, the almanac and a few text-books were the sole contents of the family library. The dictionary in vogue then was a volume of four inches square and an inch and a-half in thickness; and often only one in an entire neighborhood.

Fifty years ago there were in Eastern Cabarrus, and that was more than an average section in progress and conveniences, only two buggies and two carriages. The buggies had dash-boards so high that one would have to stand straight up in the buggy to ascertain whether he was driving a horse, or mule, or steer. Just think how people ride to-day!

We are living in a wonderful period. We have passed out of a wonderful period--we are going into a more wonderful one. But if every child were given a living knowledge of what conditions prevailed fifty years ago, what struggles their forebears had to endure, the lack of conveniences, the lack of books and other literature, churches and Sunday Schools almost inaccessible, they would grow up with a larger appreciation of present-day opportunities and take a sensible account of the responsibilities resting upon every one, who desires to be listed among the "some accounts."

The Wrong Train.--"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I asked you?" angrily demanded a passenger of a porter as his train was moving off.

"I did," shouted back the porter; "your luggage has more sense than yerself. You're in the wrong train."---Exchange.

Scratch Pad--Writing And Dictating.

Editor Josephus Daniels had in the News & Observer of Sunday a very entertaining story about how President Harding prepared his message; and told how ex-President Wilson used a little typewriter, such as no one else uses. This writer has a letter from President Wilson, which he wrote on "that little typewriter" commending THE UPLIFT and expressing his deep interest in the accomplishment of the fine little fellows, who set the type on this magazine. We have an exalted opinion of the capability of "that little typewriter"--it spells well, uses ornate language, and the commendation of this writer's work, gives that little typewriter high standing in this neighborhood.

But the chief feature about Mr. Daniel's article, which we wish to use as the basis of an article, concerning an experience years ago, is this from his editorial:

"One thing the type-writer has done--It has lost us the old time craftsman in the printing office whose pride was that he could read anybody's handwriting, even Horace Greeley's. The modern linotypists with a few exceptions, and they are generally of the old school, shy even at the hand writing of this scribe and suggest that he catch up with the times and get a typewriter. Better far that printers imitate Horace Greeley and William W. Holden and John Nichols and J. C. Birdsong and that old school of trained printers who could read any writing and who learned so much that they would write as correct English as the editor whose copy they put into type."

There is no question about the accuracy and truth of Mr. Daniel's observation. Sometimes we put into the hands of our boys copy written with a pencil--most of it goes to them prepared on a typewriter--and though this class has had but four months experience at the case, we

find that a deeper interest arises, among the boys when they run across copy written with pen or pencil than in that prepared on a typewriter. It requires more care to decipher the writing, to catch the meaning, and in turn the boys get something that they do not get when the operation is entirely mechanical.

In the early nineties of the past century, this writer had an experience which stays by us. It was when there existed a personal connection with the publication of the Concord Standard. Through the late Col. Paul B. Means we secured the promise of the late General Rufus Barringer, of Charlotte, to write an article on the Barringers, the earlier settlers of Eastern Cabarrus. General Barringers made the terms and the conditions. He wanted to divide up the story into three issues, and each to be published consecutively. He desired to turn them over to a certain organization to which he made a promise so to do, at a certain time.

The General is dead; but were he here in the flesh he would endorse in toto what is to follow. The General couldn't write, that is so you could read it--he made marks, which

to him, when another subject intervened, was the same as Greek, which wasn't his mother tongue by a long shot. We could not blame him nor any other man who confessed that he could not read General Barringer's hand-writing. It was simply awful, and no body knew its character better than the General, himself.

The first two installments came along and were handled pretty satisfactorily. We had an old-time printer---he's now in printer's heaven---who could read anything in the world if even half of the word appeared, or half of the sentence appeared. That Printer made something out of any kind of writing. When the General's third and last installment came, it was accompanied by a request to send same, after printed, to several parties in Washington, one to Raleigh, and one to Richmond. The only printer in the world---our world at that time---was on a spree, a thing some of these real smart printers had a fashion of doing about twice a year, and the frolic with them continued for a week or more. We called in Col. Means, who wrote the most beautiful hand of any living

man in the state at that period, except his brother W. G., and asked him to decipher General Barringer's writing so we could copy it for another printer, who was able to read our writing like print.

Col. Means couldn't do it; but we never could get him to confess that he couldn't read it. Time was passing. The business was being held up. We ran over to Charlotte to see General Barringer. We told him our difficulties and, bless your soul, after looking at the manuscript for ten or fifteen minutes, the General paid us a very high compliment by asking: "What is all this about." That's what we sought the interview with him for, and General Barringer's third article, telling about the Barringer family that settled in Eastern Cabarus before the nineteenth century, did not appear in the Concord Standard until one of Mr. Daniel's old-time printers finished his spree.

Drinking among printers to-day is very rare. We oftentimes believed that the vexation of reading the writing of some smart men who couldn't write drove printers to the bottle, or suicide.

Mark Twain to His Brother.

"Sum up all the gifts that man is endowed with, and we give our greatest share of admiration to his energy. And today, if I were a heathen, I would rear a statue to ENERGY, and fall down and worship it. I want a man to---I want you to---take up a line of action and follow it out in spite of the very devil."

What Took Place April 30th, 1789---132 Years Ago

On April the 30th it will have been one hundred and thirty-two years since George Washington took the oath as President of the United States, being the first. What led up to this event covers one of the most exciting and history-making periods of this country. It is worthwhile, therefore, to refresh our memories with certain side-lights that entered into the deliberations and the actions of the men, who wrought so bravely and zealously in those days.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed, the thirteen colonies had already established State governments, and were a unit in resisting England; but the Continental Congress felt the need of a closer union for the purpose of being clothed with power to act for all the states in matters of common interest. Therefore, Articles of Confederation were proposed in Congress July 12th, 1776. There was much opposition to the Articles of Confederation, but they were finally adopted. They had been signed by twelve states by July, 1779. The war of the Revolution was nearly over by the time the first Continental Congress, acting by authority of the Articles of Confederation, met on March 2, 1781.

WEAKNESS OF THE UNION DEVELOPED UNDER THE ARTICLES.

WEAKNESS OF THE UNION DEVELOPED UNDER THE ARTICLES.

The powers of Congress were specified, such as the power to declare war; to make treaties and coin money; to issue bills of credit; to fix the proportion of money to be raised by each state for the purpose of carrying on war. But these powers could not be exercised by Congress until nine states assented. With all these powers Congress did not have

the power to enforce its own acts. The Articles contained the agreement that EACH STATE SHOULD RETAIN ITS SOVEREIGNTY AND INDEPENDENCE. These led to the recognition of the weakness of the union under the Articles of Confederation.

A CHAOTIC STATE.

Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, the United States were in a deplorable condition. Debt and poverty confronted the people; Congress had no power to levy taxes. Disputes and jealousies were arising between the states; and Congress met less frequently because of the difficulty of securing a quorum. The need of the American people was clearly demanded stronger government than that of the Confederation.

ANNAPOLIS CONVENTION SEPT. 1786.

The legislature of Virginia issued a call for a convention, in which representatives from New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware participated. Alexander Hamilton, afterwards becoming both a financier and a statesman, proposed that a general convention meet in May of the following year at Phila-

delphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION MAY
1787.

Delegates from twelve states assembled for the very serious purpose of "revising the Articles of Confederation." The most distinguished men of that period were in attendance; and the convention was presided over by George Washington.

The first thing done at that convention was to adopt a resolution introduced by Randolph, of Virginia, "that a national government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislature, judiciary and executive." A committee took up the business under the resolution, but when they reported on June 26th the words "national government" were stricken out and inserted in their lieu were "government of the United States."

Virginia proposed a plan for constituting the government; New Jersey had another plan; and after a period of great and earnest debate what is known as the "Connecticut Compromise" was adopted. This provided that in the lower house there should be a representation according to population; and in the upper house, each state should have two—small and large states, alike. The matter whether slaves should count as population or mere "matter of property" brought forth intense argument, but a compromise was agreed to that "five slaves should count as three free inhabitants, thus bringing into existence what is known as the "Federal Ratio."

DISAGREEMENT OVER THE EXECUTIVE

Whether to have one executive or

more caused considerable debate, and how to elect caused more. Some wanted the choice made by Congress, others by the people. In this manner of threshing out differences, the election was left to an electoral college, the number of electors corresponding with the number of senators and representatives.

And finally the Federal Constitution was completed, but not all of the delegates were pleased with it. Some of the ablest members of the convention refused even to sign it. Some saw danger in it of interfering with the liberty and self-government of the states; others thought the provisions in the Constitution sufficient to prevent any interference by the government of the rights of the people. Massachusetts proposed certain amendments to safe-guard the rights of the state. It was understood that all the amendments made by the states would be adopted at the first meeting of the Congress.

RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Delaware was the first state to ratify, December 7, 1787, followed in succession by Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York. In the face of the assurances that the amendments would be adopted, the vote for ratification in several states was very close. The Massachusetts vote was 187 for to 168 against; Virginia by a majority of only ten. The Virginia convention went on record declaring that the people had a right to resume her former power whenever she pleased; New York and Rhode Island made the recognition of this power a condition of their

ratification. When nine states had ratified the constitution, it should go into effect. By a certain date eleven states had adopted.

ELECTED FIRST PRESIDENT UNANIMOUSLY.

In January, 1789, eleven state legislatures, out of the thirteen, appointed electors, who met in New York on the first Wednesday of February and unanimously elected George Washington President of the United States, and John Adams Vice-President. At the same time the legislatures elected twenty-two senators, and the people elected members of the House of Representatives. New York was named the Capitol, and the first Wednesday of March was fixed as the meeting date of the Congress. There was no quorum, so the electoral vote was not counted until April 6th.

News did not travel in those days like it does today. It required some time to reach Washington with the information of his election; and to ride to New York on horse-back required considerable time. So our first president was inaugurated on April 30th 1789.

Two states, North Carolina and Rhode Island, did not participate in Washington's first election to the presidency. They remained independent republics until the ten amendments were adopted; the former came into the Union in November, 1789; and the latter in May,

1790.

OTHER PRESIDENTS INAUGURATED ON OFF DAYS.

James Monroe, second term, March 5th, 1821; John Tyler, April 6th, 1841; Zachary Taylor, March 5th, 1849; Millard Fillmore, July 10, 1850; Andrew Johnson, April 15, 1865; Hayes, March 5th, 1877; Arthur, September, 20, 1881; Roosevelt, September 14, 1901.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST CABINET.

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Knox, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War; Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, Postmaster General; Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, Attorney-General. Other Secretaryships have been added from time to time.

FIRST SUPREME COURT OF UNITED STATES.

John Jay, of New York, Chief Justice; John Rutledge, of South Carolina; William Cushing, of Massachusetts; James Wilson, Pennsylvania; John Blair, of Virginia; Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland, being succeeded after a year's service by James Iredell, of North Carolina.

FIRST SPEAKER OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

F. A. Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania.

Saving Habit.

The habit of saving is a significant trade-mark upon any young man's life. And the habit of saving time is more important than the habit of saving money.---Assembly Herald.



HON. THOMAS DAVIS WARREN,
New Bern, N. C.

HON. THOMAS D. WARREN.

Have you noticed that practically every man, who to-day plays a conspicuous part in the affairs of the State, first saw the light of the world on a farm or in a village? Take a pencil, write the names of the North Carolina men who are doing worthwhile things in the State, and check out those that had a rural birth--few names will remain unchecked.

Among these conspicuous North Carolinians will be found the name of Hon. Thomas Davis Warren, of New Bern, who was born, Jan. 21, 1872, on a farm in Chowan County. Let us see who this man Warren is. We shall profit by a study of his career.

His educational advantages consisted of training in the Edenton High School, Horner's School and the State University, graduating in 1895. During the following three years he studied law, graduating an LL. B. at the University in 1898. During this time, he taught at Horner's and was for a while in his Senior year an instructor in the law department of the University.

For ten years he practiced his profession at Trenton, Jones County, and in 1908 he removed to New Bern, his present home. During all these years Mr. Warren took an

active interest in public matters, and by the force of his high character and his splendid judgment he was brought into the direction of many business and commercial enterprises. He has been in all these a brilliant success.

Mr. Warren has had considerable legislative experience. He's wise, discreet and belongs to the class that we call in North Carolina "the conservative." A more sincere, positive, well-poised man ever occupied positions of trust among our people. There is nothing about him that suggests loudness, boastfulness, or the spectacular--just a real man, of seriousness, purpose and ability.

Since March 1914, Mr. Warren has been chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. His leadership has been appreciated and highly endorsed by his party. President Wilson appointed him District Attorney of the Eastern N. C. District, but his nomination was not confirmed by the Senate, controlled by the opposition party. The act was purely one of the exercise of political might and convenience.

Mr. Warren is a state figure, whose qualities of mind and heart make him worthy of any position of trust or honor. Clean, highminded, faithful, patriotic and wise--these be conspicuous qualities of the subject of this sketch.

A Definition.

A conservative is a man who goes ahead, looking carefully on all sides to see that he isn't likely to get run over. A man who stands still isn't a conservative; he is a reactionary. And he usually gets run over. A conservative always goes ahead."--Banker Nash.

May Day---It's Observance and Festivities.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

On May Day, according to ancient custom in England, all ranks of people rose at early dawn and went out "a-Maying" to welcome the advent of Spring, and to gather flowers and branches of trees to bedeck the homes as well as to adorn the person.

The beautiful and exciting May-pole dance at one time was general throughout England. The old and the young, the high and the low, assembled on these festive occasions to see the dance and the May Queen---it was a season of gladness and cheer in which all participated. On one occasion Henry VIII assembled his court at "Shooter's Hill" to witness the dance and the crowning of May Queen; also Queen Elizabeth observed May-Games at Greenwich.

Spencer says, "What May-game hath misfortune made of you?" Said Herrick: "Come, my Corinna, come let's go a-Maying."

There was also some superstition connected with the day, as well as a mingling with the flowers and doing honor to the May Queen. If a

young lady in company with her beau were successful in finding a snail with its head peering out of its shell that snail was carefully carried home and placed in a pen sprinkled with meal. The snail was left to work its way out, and if the initial of the beau, or his name, was scrawled by the creeping of the snail, then "the die was cast"---fate had decreed the two as one. But no marriages were celebrated in May because of a superstitious notion of May marriages being unhappy ones.

Another superstition that had followers was the belief in the power to see into the future on this May Day, by catching the rays of the sun at noon with a mirrow and reflecting the light into a well of crystal water. If the test was successful, it was possible to lift the veil and see your future home, husband and family. These were old English traditions and were practiced by her children in old Virginia with much faith in the revelations.

Another custom was the carrying of May Day garlands by little girls

from home to home and leaving them to some sick person or to one in distress. It is yet a beautiful custom observed in some parts of Virginia.

These garlands were made of small hoops covered with many colored flowers, and suspended from a stick and carried by the girls, holding to the ends of the stick. In old English settlements of this country the cus-

tom yet prevails whereby children take baskets of flowers, in the spirit of the May morn, and leave them wherever cheer is needed.

Why not revive these beautiful customs and introduce them into our lives. It spreads cheer, creates an appreciation of the glories of nature and brings us closer to the great Author of all our enjoyments.

The 5th President And The Monroe Doctrine.

Next Thursday, April 28th, will be one hundred and sixty-three years since the birth of James Monroe, the 5th president of the United States. He was born in Westmoreland county, Va., April 28th 1758 and died July 4th 1831.

The public generally does not know Monroe and his record as well as his career warrants. He was among the greatest of men, who have occupied the greatest office of the greatest country on the face of the earth. His record is full of honors and accomplishments. We suspect that many a so-called statesman speaks of the "Monroe Doctrine" glibly, but who in reality knows precious little about its origin and the occasion of its coming into existence. Its influence has been world-wide; and it has directed many an action that otherwise would have been different except for the principles of this (Monroe) Doctrine.

James Monroe was a student of Williams and Mary College, Virginia, but left it in 1776 to join the army. He was a member of the Virginia State Council and a delegate to the Continental Congress. United States Senator from 1790 to 1794; envoy to France 1794-1796; governor of Virginia 1799 to 1802; President Jefferson sent him 1802 as additional envoy to France, where he helped Livingston to negotiate the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. He was then sent as minister to London, where he remained until 1807. He had commenced another term as governor of

Virginia in 1811, when he was appointed Secretary of State. This office he held until 1817, and combining with it 1814-1815 the War portfolio.

In 1816 he was elected President of the United States, which he held for eight years, having in his second election no opposition. Monroe's administration has gone down in history as "the era of good feeling."

The outstanding features of his administrations are the acquisition of Florida, the Seminole War, Missouri Compromise, seaboard defense policy, the visit of Lafayette, and

the Monroe Doctrine.

“THE MONROE DOCTRINE.”

After the overthrow of the empire of the first Napoleon, France, Russia, Prussia and Austria formed an alliance for preserving the balance of power and suppressing revolutions within each other's dominions. The Spanish colonies in America having revolted, it was rumored that this alliance contemplated their reduction, although the United States recognized their independence. George Canning, the English Secretary of State, proposed that the United States join England in the prevention of such suppression. After consulting with Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and Calhoun, President Monroe embodied in his annual message to Congress in 1823 a clause which has since become celebrated as the “Monroe Doctrine.”

Referring to the proposed intervention of the allied powers the message stated that we “SHOULD CONSIDER ANY ATTEMPT ON THEIR PART TO EXTEND THEIR SYSTEM TO ANY PORTION OF THIS HEMISPHERE AS DANGEROUS TO OUR PEACE AND SAFETY;” and again, “THAT THE AMERICAN CONTINENTS, BY THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT CONDITION WHICH THEY HAVE ASSUMED AND MAINTAIN, ARE HENCEFORTH NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS SUBJECTS FOR FUTURE COLONIZATION BY ANY EUROPEAN POWERS.”

The doctrine thus set forth has been maintained by the United States on many subsequent occasions; notably in matters relating to the Isthmus of Panama and in the case of the French intervention in Mexico under Maximilian.

The Divine Friend.

By Newell Dwight Hillis.

With normal natures happiness begins with the thought that God has time to care for each life. In a world where no grain of sand escapes nature's notice, where there are no runaway stars or suns, where a divine ruler leads a beautiful world out of darkness, fire, mist and chaos, man cannot support the thought that there is no place for him in God's loving providence. So momentous are these moments named a betrothal, a marriage, the death of a babe, or mother, or statesman, that men wish to associate these events with a divine friend. Indeed the most bitter cry that ever arises from human lips is this one, “No man careth for my soul.” King Lear, rushing

forth from his palace, to wonder amidst the darkness, his white hair wet with the drenching storm, carries a heart that breaks, not because he has lost his crown but because he

finds himself uncared for by the daughters on whom he had lavished all his gifts. And life holds no office, no gold, and no honor that will stay the tears of him who feels that he

has drifted beyond the divine care and oversight. If man is simply buffeted about by fate and chance; if matters and force use the soul for a lifelong game of battledore and shuttlecock, then the brightest day in man's life is darkness, all music is a dirge, the world holds only one color, black, and every joy passes under a perpetual eclipse.

"Then, dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their slime,
Were mellôw music, matched with
him."

When an enemy threatened that beautiful orphan girl, Richelieu drew

a circle about her feet and threatened to launch the might of Rome upon him who, with hate and purposes of vice, crossed that golden line. And in a world full of conflict, full of labor, whose fruitage is often only sorrow, man is supported by the thought that the angels of God's providence go before him, that the angels of His mercy camp in his rearward, and that from an urn above the Divine hand pours light upon his pathway. In the night-time is heard this cry, "No man careth for my soul." Then comes the sweetest word that ever fell o'er heaven's battlements, "God careth for you."

Dying Sayings of Famous People.

Addison—See how a Christian dies.

Anaxagoras—Give the boys a holiday.

Cardinal Beaufort—I pray you all, pray for me.

Broute (father of the authoress)—While there is life there is will.

Byron—I must sleep now.

Cæsar—Et tu, Brute.

Charlemagne—Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

Charles II (of England)—Don't let poor Nelly starve.

Charles IX (of France)—Nurse, nurse, what murder! What blood! Oh I have done wrong. God pardon me.

Charlotte (the princess)—You make me drink. Pray, leave me quiet. I find that it affects my head.

Chesterfield--Give Day Rolles a chair.

Columbus---Lord, into Thy hands

I commend my spirit.

Crowell--My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone.

Demonax (the philosopher)--You may go home, the show is over.

Fontenelle--I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

Franklin--A dying man can do nothing easy.

Goethe--More light.

Gregory VII--I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore, I die in exile.

Grotius--Be serious.

Haller--The artery ceases to beat.

Hobbes--Now I am about to take my last voyage--a great leap in the dark.

Dr. Hunter--If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.

Irving--If I die I die unto the Lord, Amen.

Jefferson--I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country.

Jesus Christ--It is finished.

Knox--Now it is come.

Louis XIV--Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever? I thought dying had been harder.

Louis XVIII--A king should die standing.

Mirabeau--Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.

Sir John Moore--I hope my country will do me justice.

Pope--Friendship itself is but a part of viture.

Rabelais--Let down the curtain, the farce is over.

Schiller--Many things are growing plain and and clear to my understanding.

Thurlow--I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying.

William III (of England)--Can this last long?

Wolfe (general)--What! do they run already! Then I die happy.

His Mind Made Up.

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.--Abraham Lincoln.

Echoes Of The Past From Rare Books.

In the current issue of the Lexington Dispatch we find a very interesting review of the contents of several very old books, material of which was gathered before 1800. One of the old publications is supposed to be the very first gazetteer published in this country. The Dispatch's article is as follows:

"J. M. Mays, of this city, has in his possession two of the most rare and interesting volumes now existing in America, these being a copy of the first gazetteer ever published in the country and a bound volume of the American Museum, a collection of prose and poetry of early American history.

The gazetteer was published about 1800 from materials assembled in 1796 and succeeding years. It

lists all the important towns, the counties and districts, rivers, mountains, etc., in what was then the United States. At that time there was no Greensboro but what is now that city was Martinville, a town with about forty houses, a court house and jail. Charlotte, which was also known as Charlottesvill, likewise was estimated to have about forty houses, a court house and jail. Salem (there being then no Winston)

had about a hundred houses and one of its industries was a paper mill. Salisbury was the largest town in this section, having more than 100 houses, court house and jail and being capital of the Salisbury district, which included territory as far south as Mecklenburg county and north to the Virginia line. Buncomb was the largest county in North Carolina, including all the territory that is now Western North Carolina and being reckoned by the editors as probably the most mountainous and hilly country in the United States. The great Rockies did not then belong to the United States.

The American Museum volume contains an original article by Benjamin Franklin, letters by Thomas Jefferson and John Jay and a speech that Alexander Hamilton had just delivered before the General Assembly of New York urging the state to forego the collection of customs duties to the Federal Government. All these men were then active in public life.

It contained a poem picturing a ragged beggar woman as Britannia, who complained that she had reared a large and prosperous band

of sons and daughters, but that her youngest son, George (Washington) had become rebellious and by his actions she had been reduced to beggary.

There is also contained the speech of a woman before the supreme court of Massachusetts pleading that she should not be punished when arraigned for having her fifth illegitimate child. She recounted the fines and beatings she had received and declared she would gladly marry if any man would take her. The judges acquitted her and it is said that on the following day one of them, so impressed by her speech, married her. She lived a long virtuous and useful life, comments the editor' and bore fifteen sons and daughters.

This work was published in 1787.

These volumes were originally owned by Samuel Earle, a congressman from South Carolina, who was the great grandfather of Mr. Mays, and they have been carefully handed down through four generations, Mr. Mays expects to take them to Philadelphia in a few days and have them newly bound."

Heavier Punishment for Blockaders.

Col. Laughinghouse in News & Observer.

Those who are sincere in wishing to see the unholy traffic in intoxicants will undoubtedly agree with Col. J. J. Laughinghouse, of Pitt county, in his advocacy of heavier penalties for the violation of the law. It is well to give each offender a chance to reform—to deal leniently with him at first; but before the courts give more concern for the pleasure and convenience of the blockader than it does for the outraged public which must endure the results of his nefarious business, the

violator of the law should give some unmistakable signs of a purpose to leave off his dirty business and to live a law-abiding life.

Col. Laughinghouse is so intensely in earnest about this matter that he has talked to a judge and called a hand-primary of those present during the interview with the judge:

"The reading of J. R. Newlins' article in today's News and Observer recalls to my mind an interesting conversation between a Superior Court Judge and eight of Pitt county's best citizens. One of the number said, "Judge, I want to congratulate you upon your action at Durham in giving all those moonshiners and blind tigers road sentences instead of fines." The Judge replied "I am glad you approve of it." This gentleman said "My approval would have been much greater if you had given each one of them a sentence four times as long."

The Judge said that would not do. The gentleman replied, "that is what the law-abiding, tax-paying, God-fearing people want." The Judge said, I don't believe it." The gentleman said, "we have eight of our best men here, let's see how they stand on this question." The question was put as follows: Don't you believe if our Federal, Superior and County Judges were to give the maximum punishment instead of the light punishment now given, it would break it up." The poll was taken and everyone said "yes" and some added, "not only believe it, but I know it." The gentleman said, "Judge shall we take what eight good citizens say or what one Judge says." The Judge had no reply to make but as he knew all these parties personally and knew them to be among Pitt county's best citizens

I feel that it made some impression.

Why should the worst class of citizens in North Carolina, to-wit moonshiners and blind-tigers be dealt with so lightly by our courts? See the many murders of late traceable to this class of criminals. The officer runs the risk of his life every time he goes in search of them. Look at the murder of Ben Thompson, Deputy Sheriff of Johnson and Morton of Jones, the cases around Wake Forest and about Statesville and dozens of others in the State.

When a man so conducts himself as to be a menace to his country and the officer has to risk his life to capture him and twelve of his fellow citizens adjudged him guilty, why not remove this menace as long as possible? All of the best citizens would approve of it.

We elect judges to protect us from these criminals. They seem to have more sympathy for the criminals than for their constituents.

You can organize all the law and order elagues you will but until our Judges give heavier punishment the crime is going to flourish. The shyer lawyer is a willing adier and abetter to this class of criminals and gets more fees from the violation of this state than any other half-dozen and to a great extent they are running our Legislature. They are going to be slow to relinquish a potent influence that make fat fees.

I've known moonshiners to pay an attorney \$500 and get off with a suspended judgement on a \$100 fine. Everyone knows that whiskey directly or indirectly is the cause of two-

thirds of the murders in our state and that the lax methods of our Judges causes the criminals not to fear to Court."

Inflated Personal Liberty---Lawlessness.

By R. R. Clark.

Americans generally are disposed to laugh at Old World reverence for royalty. While the divine rights of kings largely passed with the world war, monarchy still exist in some countries, where respect for accidents of birth is deep-rooted, regardless of brains or character. Folks in this country can't understand why the British people, for instance, in which country in some respects the voice of the people is more potent than in our own, continue to maintain a royal family even under a limited monarchy. It may be said in passing that while we laugh at subservience to royalty we are guilty of subservience to wealth. We don't know or acknowledge as rulers those whose only claim is that they are descended from some particular line, but we are subservient to money and the influence that is a concomitant of its possession. While we deny the charge, our subservience to wealth, no matter how that wealth is acquired nor what the character of its possessor, is more or less in evidence in all the relations of life, and the influence is seen in society, in business, in the temples of justice, and in the Church.

Which is to say that we have nothing on the people bred to subservience to royalty, even with our boasted independence. This is preliminary to saying that while we admit no royal family prerogatives, we could imitate England, for instance, with profit to ourselves and to our country, in matter of respect for law and its rigid enforcement. Statistics are not at hand, but they can be cited to show that our homicide record alone far surpasses that of any other country in the world,

comparison by population. England's percentage of homicides, compared with reference to population, is so low as to make us a nation of murderers by comparison. That is not because English are really better people, but it is because the English ingrained respect for law means better obedience to the law not only, but a more certain, strict and impartial enforcement of the law. It is the certainty that the law will be enforced, the almost absolute certainty that the violator will suffer the penalty, that lessens violations.

In this country it is the feeling, implanted and nurtured by experience and observation, that the chances are greater for the violator to escape entirely, or be lightly punished, that creates disrespect for law and the habit of observing it only as it may suit our purpose.

We often hear from the foreign born and from fools who join with them, protests against the tyranny of our government and demands for liberty, for greater freedom---this from people who neither know nor

appreciate real freedom. It is a truth that we have had, in many respects, too much liberty in this country for our own good. In the early days when the country was sparsely settled, except in some settlements where religious fanaticism dominated the citizen was almost a law unto himself, because conditions permitted larger liberty than in this modern day, when the rights of the community are and must be superior to individual rights. In the old days when homesteads were few and vast stretches of unbroken forests and uncultivated lands were common, live stock ran on the range. The open country was considered public property so far as pasture for cattle, hunting privileges and firewood were concerned. Individuals owned the land but there was so much of it that trespassing as now understood was not considered. About forty years ago, here in North Carolina, it was suggested that it would be more economical to fence the cattle in and leave the crops unfenced. The small landowner and the non-landholder rose up in arms. They were ready to fight and in some instances did resort to deeds of violence, such as have been reported in the recent past from sections of eastern North Carolina, where the stock law is yet a live question. In few instances could the proposition be carried by vote. It was put over by legislative enactment. In this section of North Carolina we now wonder why anybody ever opposed the stock law, or how we could get on if we still had to fence the cultivated fields. The opposition soon realized that the law was really for the good of all, although they honestly felt at the time that they were really be-

ing deprived of God-given rights because they could not let their cattle and hogs run at large.

A little later when hunting on lands of another was prohibited, except by consent of the owner, the hunters who had roamed at will, sometimes to the damage of another's property, felt that their rights were unjustly abridged. The idea had no support in legal right or justice, but it came down from the time when the range and the haunts of the wild things were considered public property for certain purposes. When the prohibition of the liquor traffic was proposed, men who made and sold and drank liquor, as had been the custom since the dawn of time, felt that they would be unjustly deprived of their liberty; and some who opposed making and selling and drinking joined in the opposition because they honestly believed prohibition laws dangerous to individual liberty. Those who now violate the law offer no such excuse. It is a matter of making money and gratifying appetite.

When health regulations began to be enforced they were, and are yet in localities, resented as unnecessary and annoying interference with the rights of the citizens simply because it was different from the ways of the fathers. The right to vaccinate against the will of the individual was denied and quarantines against smallpox enforced. Then it occurred to that able and distinguished son of Cabarrus, Dr. W. S. Rankin, to let them be vaccinated of their own volition or have the smallpox if they preferred; and that problem was settled. The other day in Sampson county a citizen defied the law requiring the erection of a certain

type of privy, designed to prevent the spread of disease, and is serving a term on the roads, a martyr in his own mind to his idea of freedom. Freedom to let children grow up in ignorance is now denied and in some cases the compulsory school law is resented as interference with the rights of parents.

All this is cited to show that as a result of too much individual freedom in former days, which conditions warranted to some extent, we must be forced to submit to regulations made necessary by modern conditions--regulations for the public good, unquestioned by thoughtful people of vision. And the greatest trouble is that we were accustomed to so stress individual liberty that we thought it not amiss to violate laws we did not approve. Many people who pose as respectable citizens and get away with it, aid and abet in violating the prohibition laws by patronizing blind tigers; many who occupy chief seats in the synagogue and make long prayers, violate the usury laws, grind the faces of the poor and dodge taxes for which they are liable. And in many other ways people called good, who would feel slandered if called law breakers, are more responsible for lawlessness by force of example than all admittedly in the lawless class; and the greatest harm is that they are rarely called to book. The class less guilty morally, and in some cases really less guilty legally, suffer the penalty of the violated law, which prominence and influence escape. And we profess surprise that there is a large and growing class who defy the law and show a disposition to wreck and destroy. Yes, we wonder, while so-called good citizens com-

pound murders and felonies by setting themselves above the law and weakening its enforcement by encouraging disrespect and disobedience to law.

Most Anything.

"Yes, Xenophon, when you see a string of letters after a man's name, you know that he got that way by degrees."

"You say you graduated from a barber college? What is your college year?"

Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw!"

"Suppose I gave you five dogs and then another dog, how many dogs would you have?" asked the school inspector of the small boy.

"Seven," came the confident answer.

"Tut! Tut! How would you have seven?"

"Because I've got a dog of my own at home."

A Coincidence.--A little girl ran over to the neighbor's house calling, "I've got a new baby brother and, he came on his birthday."--Exchange.

Tenderfoot--"What is perseverance?"

First-Class Scout "Oh, that is something that when you start it you don't give up, even if you have to."--Boys Life.

"Any other load is easier than a load on one's conscience."

"To lift another's burden is to have the weight taken from your own."

A Plea For Work.

From Y. M. C. A. Bulletin.

“Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it;
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

“Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quake to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?”

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bessent, of Concord, N. C.

The great fortune which Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bessent, of Concord, has amassed consists very largely in well-trained, well-educated girls, whose lives have been shaped by the example and influence of this consecrated



and noble woman. This writer has had since 1880 a very intimate knowledge of the capability and efficiency of Miss Bessant as a teacher of girls.

Perhaps there is no other woman in North Carolina whose positive, earnest and godly example as a teacher has touched a greater number of lives

than Miss Bessent in her long experience in the school-room. Long before I knew her, the manner of woman she is, the type of teacher she was, her positive influence for good, were all known to this writer through the pupils she had sent out from her school.

In all the history of Concord, no person has ever enjoyed a higher place in the hearts and esteem of her home city. Her living amongst these people has been a benediction. The lives and careers of hundreds of girls, now mothers and grandmothers, attest the beauty of her character, the power of her influence, and the glory of her christian example. Miss Bessent, intensely modest and avoiding publicity of any kind, has rendered a service educationally and for eternal good second to no teacher in the State. THE UPLIFT counts itself honored to have the opportunity and great pleasure to present this story, contributed by a devoted and life long friend, that the hundreds of people, who have greatly profited by the life of this splendid woman, may share the joy of a renewed acquaintance.

Margaret Elizabeth Bessent was born in Mocksville, Davie County, on August 2nd, 1814. Being left an orphan at an early age she was adopted by her Uncle, Dr. Bessent, who brought her to Concord where he was living. Having no home of his own, Dr. Bessent found a place for her; first with Mrs. Robert Foard, and later in the home of Mrs. R. W. Allison. In both homes she won a place for herself in the hearts of those who cared for her.

Going to school in Concord for some years, she went at the age of fourteen to Edgeworth School, in Greensboro, and was graduated from there in 1861. During that Summer her Uncle, who volunteered in the Confederate Army, placed her, by the cordial request of Mr. John Moss, in his care in his home in the country. In this home, as in those of her childhood days, she was regarded, not merely as a boarder, but as a member of the family. In the Fall of 1864, she accepted the position of Governess in the family of a Mr. Strong in Goldsboro and remain-

ed there until the summer of 1865.

On her return to Cabarrus county Miss Bessent taught in the country for several years. In 1872 she came to Concord with the family of Dr. Adolphus Gibson, son-in-law of Mr. John Moss. She conducted a private school in Concord until the opening of the Academy (the first building on the grounds of the pres-graded school) which was conducted here several years before the Graded Schools were established. She and Miss Mollie Fetzer were joint principals of the Academy. In 1891 she accepted a position in the Old Salem Academy, Winston-Salem, where she remained for twenty-one years. Since then Miss Bessent has lived her quiet, useful life in the family of Dr. Gibson's daughters, in his old home. Miss Bessent is a devout member of All Saint's Episcopal Church, Concord.

May the writer be allowed to quote the old couplet;

"None know her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

Mecklenburg Cottage Completed and Accepted.

Messrs Guthery, Smith and Jones, representing the donors of Mecklenburg, and through the officials of the Jackson Training School acting as a Building Committee, spent Monday at the institution, going over the Mecklenburg Cottage with Contractor Query.

They declared Mr. Query's work fully satisfactory, and expressed their appreciation of the agreeableness of doing business with him.

When the furnishings are installed, there will be pressed into service

MECKLENBURG COTTAGE, which stands forever as a monument to the goodness and generosity of Mecklenburgers.

A Case Of Profit And Loss

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world if in doing so he loses his own soul? Or what shall a man gain in exchange for his soul? The comparison is between the value of the material and the spiritual. The Lord puts the spiritual far above and beyond the material. Yet we develop the material side of our education to the highest point of efficiency and effectiveness and in most cases have overlooked and entirely ignored spiritual development. It is an essential principle of American life that education is compulsory and that there should be complete religious freedom. Owing to the divergence of religious views this fact from the beginning has obscured religion from our educational system. It is an essential of true democracy that education should be universal and that the state should not teach any particular religion. Hence our religious education, which is of more lasting value than the material or intellectual education, has been left to the Church, and the Church has not measured up

to the responsibility. Again we ask the question, "What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul?" and in doing so ask the Church whether she is conscious of her duty in this matter. There must be more systematic, more thorough and more comprehensive instruction in the truths of God's Word and in Christian life and faith. ---Selected.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Supt. Chas. E. Boger spent Thursday in Salisbury.

The following boys had home folks to see them Wednesday: James Gray, John Wright and Jack McLelland.

Much of the fruit on the farm here, and some of the young garden plants, have been killed by the recent cold weather.

Miss Dora Barnhardt, after a few weeks vacation, has returned to the school and resumed her work at the

Administration building.

Rev. Dr. Martin, of the First Baptist Church of Concord, preached an excellent sermon at the chapel Sunday. His text was Mat. 14:12.

Messrs. T. H. Webb and W. H. Gibson of Concord, and Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of South Carolina, came over from Concord and spent a while at the school Wednesday.

Concord boasts of a greater mileage of paved streets than any other city of its size in the South. This is

taking considerable territory, but the truthfulness can be easily established. Contractors are finishing up a cement pavement extending from the centre of town to the depot via Corbin Street.

Mr. J. J. Cook, of Greensboro, died Saturday at his home. His remains were brought to Mt. Pleasant for interment. He was a son of the late R. J. Cook, of No. 5, was a photographer, having been in business in Greensboro for a number of years. Mr. Cook was a very worthy man.

Two Unselfish Women.

When the battle of Cowpens was over, and the few remnants of Tarleton's force had fled to join Cornwallis, the latter marched forward, hoping to catch up with Morgan's army and crush it with his superior force before it could join Greene's forces. Both armies were therefore anxious to reach the ford over the Catawba first, and tramped ahead as fast as possible, stopping to rest only when the men were completely exhausted. But, in spite of the great odds against him, Morgan finally managed to give Cornwallis the slip, and, crossing at the ford, was soon joined by Greene. The two generals continued the retreat, cleverly tempting Cornwallis to follow, until finally the whole American army was safe beyond the Dan River in Virginia.

We are told that it was during this race for the Dan that Greene once stopped at the house of a patriot Southern lady, Mrs. Steele. She quickly supplied him with warm garments and food, and hearing him say he could not pay her because he was penniless, she brought him all her savings, which she forced him to accept and use for the sake of his country.

It seems also that in the course of

this campaign the Americans laid siege to a house which served as a fort for British soldiers. Although Light-Horse Harry Lee was very anxious to secure these men, he soon found that he could not drive them out of the house. He therefore asked Mrs. Motte, owner of the place, whether she would allow him to set fire to it, to force the British out.

She not only consented to this,--- although the house was all she had, ---but brought Lee an Indian bow and arrows, so that he could shoot bits of flaming wood upon the shingled roof. The house was thus soon in flames, and the British, seeing they

would be roasted alive if they staid in it, and shot if they tried to escape, promptly surrendered. Then the fire was put out, and as it had not yet gained much headway, Mrs. Motte did not, after all, lose the house which she had been willing to sacrifice for the sake of her country.

As was the case all through the Southern campaign, the British were very cruel; still, a few patriots managed to escape from their clutches. For example, one of Tarleton's men once ordered a prisoner to give him the silver buckles he wore. The man proudly bade the Englishman take them if he wanted them. Knowing that he would be slain if he did not escape, the American killed the man kneeling before him, and, jumping on a riderless horse, dashed away. Before any of the four hundred men around there thought of pursuing him he was out of reach.

As soon as his men had rested a little from their fatigues, Greene again led them against the British, whom he met at Guilford Courthouse in North Carolina. Here, although the Americans behaved with great valor, the British won the victory. But it was at the cost of so many lives that when Fox a British statesman, heard of it, he sadly exclaimed: "Another such victory would ruin us."

The site of the old Revolutionary battlefield at Guilford Courthouse is now a beautiful park. Here are many interesting statues, and in the museum, among other curiosities, you can see British and American flags peacefully crossed, showing that after the war was over the two parties generously forgot the past and were ready to meet as friends.

After the battle of Guilford Court-

house, Cornwallis retreated to the coast, and Greene turned his attention to the British forces farther south, with which he fought the battles of Hobkirk Hill and Eutaw Springs. In the latter engagement, Marion, surrounded by the foe, encouraged his brave men by saying: "Hold up your heads, boys! Three fires, three cheers, and a charge, and you are free!" During the same engagement one of Lee's men found himself alone and without arms in the midst of the enemy. With great presence of mind, he seized an officer, wrenched his sword out of his hand, and, using him as a shield fought his way back to his friends.

Though Greene was often defeated and never won a great victory, the British loudly complained that he never knew when he was beaten. But while Greene modestly described his own doings as, "We fight, get beat, rise and fight again," he and his two thousand men were little by little driving the British out of South Carolina. Indeed, by their brave efforts the Americans finally recovered both South Carolina and Georgia, with the exception of the cities of Charleston and Savannah.

Three-cent currency was in vogue in the United States immediately after 1863.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.---Spanish Proverb.

Someone is copying you, your acts, words, movements and even the expression of your face.---Journal and Messenger.

If you would have a golden old age, do not live a pewter youth.---Forward.

THE

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Where The Honor Lies.

There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics; or selling the products behind a counter. A youth may handle a yardstick or measure a piece of ribbon, and there will be no discredit in doing so, unless he allows his mind to have no higher range than the stick and ribbon—to be as short as the one and as narrow as the other.

Men who have raised themselves from a humble calling need not be ashamed, but rather ought to be proud of the difficulties they have surmounted. An American President, when asked what was his court of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." A doctor once taunted a bishop who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth with the meanness of his origin. who replied, "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

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STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

CHAS. E. BOGER, Superintendent

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - -	138	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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like it should function was another North Carolinian, the late Col. Osborne, whom Mr. Wilson invited from his home in Greensboro. When Col. Osborne ruined his health by taking the job too seriously and accomplishing vastly more than any former officer, he was succeeded by another Southerner, Mr. Roper. Now it is Mr. Blair. The only change is simply in the complexion of the politics--and that don't amount to anything in this case.

If Mr. Blair moves his family to Washington, society will be enhanced by the addition of an interesting family, and, incidentally, by one of the most beautiful and attractive women of the South.



ONE OF OUR BOYS WINS.

Some weeks ago the "American Boy" Magazine offered prizes for the best three interpretations (short) of "Who Is the Most Successful Man?"

The Contest was entered, of course, by hundreds and hundreds of boys of every section of the United States. The announcement of the winners (3) was made in the May number of the American Boy. It is very pleasing to the Jackson Training School and to THE UPLIFT that one of our boys came "under the wire" a winner. Master John A. Kern, a quiet, earnest little 15 year old gentleman, a member of THE UPLIFT printers' class, was awarded second prize. This recognition of his work will not spoil him—he wears his honor modestly and is no more "set up" than the editor of THE UPLIFT over his success.

Young Kern's answer to the question of the American Boy is:

The most successful man I know will die, probably, without enough money to pay his funeral expenses.

The general opinion is that man is a failure. No, he isn't! The popular understanding of "success" is the getting of money or fame. But that is only material success. Do not riches take wings?

Well, then, what is "Success?" Isn't it to keep clean, to live well, to do good, to earn friends, to be happy, to bestow happiness, service and cheer to any fellow man in need? Certainly it is.

This man, who is nothing but a common blacksmith, works hard, pays his debts, trains his children as they should walk, attends church regularly, and is happy. Nothing but a plain, useful man without an education, with a heart overflowing with love for mankind. Anything that is for good receives his unbounded support. What he can't give in money, he makes up in service.

When anyone gets sick or is in distress, he is the first person to learn of it and to respond, tendering his services. This man has visited and ministered to more sick than any individual in North Carolina.

He hasn't obtained earthly treasures; but has lived a religion that

has touched and benefited mankind.

He isn't known by a hundred people outside of his community. He seeks no office; his desire is to do his honest part for the betterment of his community. He has filled his niche.

This is my ideal man. The man whom I endeavor to follow.

♦♦♦♦

A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EVENT.

The Jackson Training School was honored on the 23rd by the visit of a number of delightful folks from Concord. They came in good cheer to dispense a greater cheer among the boys and officers of the institution. Madames R. P. Gibson, R. M. King and G. L. Patterson chaperoned a bevy of charming young girls, who, in part, compose the Junior Circle of King's Daughters of Concord.

This was the Junior Circle's annual visit, which is always punctuated by a generous and large treat. This time they brought seven gallons of delicious cream and enough cones to engage the boys for a period of feast. To see how these young Americans took to the cream without any special instruction what to do with it and how to handle it, being served by the splendid little King's Daughters, made a charming picture.

No less appreciated was a valuable gift made the institution by the Concord Junior Circle in the form of a set of books of ten volumes, an encyclopedya particularly adapted to the wants and needs of the boys in their society preparations and other investigations. This idea, while our population is the direct beneficiary of the goodness handed out, is the highest type of service to engage normal folks, and we dare say that the makers of this delightful and profitable occasion received just as much pleasure from their act, as did our boys whose joy was unbounded. THE UPLIFT notes in attendance from the Junior Circle the following charming little ladies: Misses Bessie Webb, Louise Morris, Alice Yorke, Penelope Cannon, Mary Cannon, Annie Cannon, Nancy Lee Cannon, Laura Virginia Yorke, Edna Yorke, Mary Grady Parks, Ruth Moore, Alice Bowen, Phoebe Bowen, Jennie Brown, Dorothy Black, Mary Dayvault, Willie White, Betsy Davis, Ida Patterson, Margaret King, Virginia Reed, Claudia Moore, Frances Jarret and Margaret Ritchie.

THE UPLIFT is proud to make acknowledgement of the pleasing call of these earnest workers, craving their special attendance at our first concert when we throw open our new auditorium. We desire these splendid young folks to come as honor guests.



Mrs. R. A. Brown, of Concord, informs THE UPLIFT of a performance that is calculated to make this weekly journal feel proud of itself. When our paper breaks into a sewing club---serious, earnest and very sensible women, of course---and plays a part in the programme, we know something is happening. In the Sewing Club, of Concord, they do not answer "aye" or "here", when a member's name is called, but each member announces her presence by reading something, to quote Mrs. Brown, worthwhile: At a recent meeting of this Club the members announced their presence by reading from THE UPLIFT. Were we eligible we'd apply for membership in that Club---we enjoy good, sensible society.

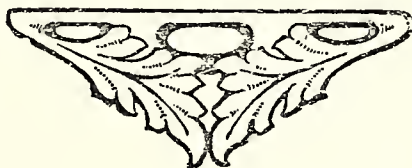
Col. Wade Harris used to ask why it was that "the sorriest town always had the best brass band?" One is tempted to ask what is the character and reputation of the institution that has the best basket-ball, foot-ball, or base-ball bunch?

THE CAT-MAIDEN.

The gods were once disputing whether it was possible for a living being to change its nature. Jupiter said "YES;" but Venus said "NO." So, to try the question, Jupiter turned a cat into a Maiden, and gave her to a young man for a wife. The wedding was duly performed and the young couple sat down to the wedding-feast. "See," said Jupiter to Venus, "how becomingly she behaves. Who could tell that yesterday she was but a Cat? Surely her nature is changed."

"Wait a minute," replied Venus, and let loose a mouse into the room. No sooner did the bride see this than she jumped up from her seat and tried to pounce the mouse. "Ah, you see," said Venus,

"NATURE WILL OUT."



Play-Ground And Boy Scout Business

By Jim Riddick.

Human beings are imitators alright. One daring woman may go down street all a-fire with some new fangled attempt at dress, and others fall over each other to do the very same stunt. A youth, supposed to be a leader in the frivolities and the foolishness of the age, dons a coat split in the back half-way to the neck, revealing a soiled shirt and making a vulgar appearance, starts others to wearing split clothes. It's just one innovation after another.

This boy-scout business is being extended to the hurting point. Instead of leading the average boy to having some serious thoughts, casting an eye into the world he's to fill when manhood arrives, and making creditable effort and preparations to meet the responsibilities of that world, the tendency of the greatest effort to-day is to get the boy to seek idleness and sport. It seems to have been forgotten that the idea of the boy-scout business had its origin in the effort to place the underprivileged boy into a better environment and to get him out from the scenes of crime-producing districts. Play-grounds in the average Southern, large city are already too numerous. And a play-ground in a town of ten thousand population would seem a joke, if it were not a serious matter.

I believe in the child—I would contend for giving him all that he is entitled to—and I resent an undue hardship placed on him; but I recognize the possibility of spoiling him when he should be taught the principles of usefulness and the honor of doing light work. What do you think of the chances of a strapping big boy becoming a useful citizen, spending his time in sport and plays

in the gymnasium and the swimming pool, daily, when his mother at home is carrying in the stove-wood and his daddy is laboriously running the lawn-mower among trees and bushes, galore? That is a daily occurrence in the sight of all town people. Most of it is hysteria, prompted by good impulses, no doubt, but nevertheless in many instances just what the boy does not need, and will in the end prove injurious.

Mrs. Caldwell in her "O. M. P." turns loose a contribution from a Charlotte mother, who is striving to solve the wisdom of this craze over the play-ground business. She furnishes for publication a contribution from a high authority. That we may see clearly the tendency of the age, that statement is here reproduced:

The restless, moving life we lead will drive us all to neurasthenia. Leading the pace that kills, not so much as regards vice, but the desire to be always on the move, has ruined our schools and colleges and has attacked the mental and moral fiber of the American brain.

These are some of the signals of American life by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame university, in an attack on modern

living as compared with ancient customs and development, in which the latter in no way suffer. Three passions, he says, amazingly developed in the American people, are tearing the foundations of our characters and home lives. These are the passion for travel from place to place, the passion for public spectacles, whether they be good or bad, and the passion for gregariousness as against home life.

Father Cavanaugh said: "It is often disputed upon good grounds whether there has been any real progress of the human race within the time of record d history. In my mind the old poems are the best poems; the old philosophy the best philosophy; the old sculpture, paintings and architect are still the models. Demosthense and Cicero still hold their prominence. In every important phase of expression modern life has made no development.

"Within my lifetime I have seen three passions developed in the American people---the passion for travel from place to place; the passion for public spectacles and entertainment, and the passion for gregariousness as against home life. In the poorest parts of the country, in the hardest times, among the people least favorably conditioned financially, I find the railroad trains and the street cars crowded with all sorts of people darting here and there on errands of pleasure. The theaters are crowded, the dance hall and the public garden are more frequented than ever, and a new and horrible form popular entertainment has been found in the 5-cent theatre.

FAMILY HEARTH IS OBSOLETE.

"Steam heat and the modern

methods of living have driven out the old family hearth in the literal sense; and the passion for living crowded or among strangers has killed off the old family hearth in the poetic and social sense as well. An evening that a young woman spends with her family alone dull, flat and unprofitable; a night that a young man spends with his mother and father at home is a lost night. In a cartoon a doting father is pictured as trying to catch a glimpse of his pet boy home from college for the Christmas holidays. The time the old man has darting in and out around the home is amusing in the picture but not in life. That college boy is legion.

"Obviously, what the country needs is chloroform or locomotor ataxia. The effect of this restless, moving, unrepeseful life will be national neurasthenia. Its effect on the mentality of the people is already seen in the thin, pale courses of our high schools, and in the fact that our colleges are deep in social things and shallow in intellectual things.

"But in scoring the modern life for negative developments surely something may be said for science however, and very much may be said for the things that make for comfort and convenience in life. To some of us the railroad train, the steamship and the automobile appeal as conveniences, but to the greater number of Americans such inventions and fruits of the few great brains are merely instruments of their desire to lead the pace that kills."---St. Louis Dispatch.

Germany continues to converse.

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Germany continues to converse.

Ascension Day---The Lord Received Up Into Heaven.

Afterwards he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, GO ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, HE WAS RECEIVED UP INTO HEAVEN, AND SAT ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs, following.---Mark 16, 14-20.

Next Thursday, May 5th, will be Ascension Day, a festival of the church, occurring forty days after Easter, or ten days before Whit Sunday, in memory of Christ's ascension into heaven forty days after his resurrection. This is supposed to be no ordinary day in the holdings of the church, but in later years it has come to be somewhat of a holiday, at least with those not particularly concerned with an observation of the more serious side of the subject. In some localities it is regarded, superstitiously, by certain ones as the luckiest day of all in which to go fishing. Such desecration, however, is not general.

The observation of Ascension Day seems to be pretty well established

as starting in the second century. As time passed other festivals were observed, until in the fourth century they became more prominent and numerous. At one time since the Christian era began, festivals were observed more generally and thoughtfully than they are in the present period. As observed in an earlier period, all public and judicial business was suspended, as well as every kind of game or amusement which might interfere with devotion; the churches were specially decorated; Christians were expected to attend church in their best dress; love feasts were celebrated; and the rich were accustomed to special kindness to the poor.

What is Said.

Work fits us to know and to grow and to enjoy. God does not say well-thought, or well-said, but well-done.---Babcock.

Echoes From The Realm of Maternal Love.

The hardest heart may be cracked, or moved, or touched, by human-interest examples where a son acts a real son, and where a mother acts a real mother. The world is full of just such examples---they are around us and about us. They are the high signals that preserve in tact the finest of home ties.

Here is a beautiful story that the Oxford Public Ledger, being released from secrecy, gives to the public. It is purely personal and simple, and so matter-of-fact that one's heart is touched and made to feel again the glory of motherhood and sonship:

"Any young man who thinks a lot of his mother is all right and can be depended upon anywhere and at all times. Mr. John Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hall, fills the bill. He is a civil engineer and holds a fine position with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company, with headquarters at Chillicothe, Ohio, but if you want to find him you must look up and down the B. and O. as far west as Chicago and as far east as New York City.

Mrs. Hall, mother of this fine boy, was taken sick and sent to a hospital in Richmond recently. The Public Ledger was requested not to say anything about Mrs. Hall's conditions for fear John might see it. The Public Ledger kept it as quite as a mouse, but as soon as the operation was performed Mr. Hall telegraphed his son that the operation upon his mother was successful and that she was resting very nicely at a hospital in Richmond.

The telegram found John 600 miles west of Richmond. The

first thing that passed through his mind was to the effect that he would go to Richmond immediately to see his mother. On reaching Richmond he drove to the hospital and found his mother resting nicely in a big arm chair in the sun parlor.

When Mrs. Hall saw her son enter the room she thought it was a vision but when he placed his brawny arms around her she realized that it was her "dear boy."

Some years ago, while he was running a great flour mill for an English syndicate in the Argentine Republic, South America, and incidentally trying to teach the natives some English and how to act America, but falling victim himself in getting more knowledge of the Spanish language than he imparted of the English, Giles T. Crowell did a thing that makes mother-son kingdom stand for something in the face of so much evidence of neglect and ingratitude.

When this man Crowell, four or five thousand miles away from home, and to get here must necessarily come by way of England---her control of the seas and sea-travel made it necessary---figured the cost and the time, and in lieu of showing himself at Christmas time to his old mother, quietly biding her time of departure, peacefully and without

want in her country home in No. 6, he sent a check of fifteen hundred dollars to a Concord friend, with this instruction: "Take this out to my old mother on Christmas morn, and tell her it is from Giles---that it is part interest on the debt I owe her for raising me."

If a book were written, revealing the fine filial and maternal acts and expressions and deeds, in detail and in their just setting, that now lie hidden in the bosom of many a family, there would---well, one would see clearly that the "home fires still burn."

Judah Philip Benjamin, Orator and Statesman.

It will have been thirty-seven years on May 6th, when the death in Paris of Judah P. Benjamin occurred.

It is worth our while to recall some facts connected with the life of this man, because of his wonderful ability, his Southern citizenship and for the conspicuous part he played in the fortunes of the Confederacy. He was born on the island of St. Thomas, a British possession, on August 6, 1811,

His parents were English Jews. In 1816 the family moved to the United States, settling in Charleston, S. C.

Judah attended the well known academy in Fayetteville, leaving there in 1825 for Yale College where he spent two years. In 1828 he took up his residence in New Orleans. He became a lawyer; rapidly reaching prominence in his profession and in politics, he was elected to state offices and finally going to the United States Senate. His farewell address in the Senate, when Louisiana withdrew from the Union, is regarded one of the ablest defenses, from an argumentative and logical viewpoint, of the rights of states to withdraw from the Union.

President Davis selected him as Attorney-General in his cabinet, and later becoming Secretary of War. In this position he proved a failure, and was severely censured by the Confederate Congress for the loss of Fort Henry and Donelson, and especially for the disaster at Roanoke

Island. But President Davis, recognizing his great ability, appointed him Secretary of State in 1862.

Upon the fall of Richmond, Mr. Benjamin accompanied President Davis in his retreat until it was made certain that the Confederacy was lost. He then made his way to the Florida coast in disguise, and in open boat reached Bemini Isles, reaching Nassau, then Havana, then St. Thomas and at last to Liverpool. In London he finally made his home.

Mr. Benjamin married, 1833, Natalie St. Martin, "a beautiful artistic, cultured, but self-indulgent Creole, who finding life in Louisiana too slow and dull, took up her residence in Paris, where her husband visited her each summer while he was yet a citizen of the United States. Mrs. Benjamin died in 1891.

Mr. Benjamin, in person, was a striking specimen of manhood. He was an orator and a statesman. His

devotion to the South and her cause, make of him a conspicuous and unique character, about whom our children should know more of his record and career than can be told in a brief article.

Lawyers---Good Ones and Shysters.

By R. R. Clark.

A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these he may venture to call himself an architect.---Sir Walter Scott.

When lawyers take what they would give
And doctors give what they would take.---Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Our wrangling lawyers are so litigious and busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter---some of them in hell.
---Robert Burton.

And it is one of Shakespeare's characters who makes the startling proposition: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

From which it may be inferred that there was some prejudice against the legal fraternity in former times, even as there is in these modern days. Let it be said at the outset that I am not in sympathy with the proposition that all the lawyers should be killed. We might spare a few, for on the whole they are a necessary and useful institution. And if some of them find business in the lower regions hereafter, as Mr. Burton suggested, they will have plenty of clients who will be only too glad to avail themselves of their services in the hope that they may through them be able to escape their just deserts, as is the custom in this life.

While it is my purpose to submit a few remarks on the shortcomings, the faults and frailties of the legal profession as seen by a layman, I am not of those who would consign

all of them to the bad for the sins of a few or even the faults of the many. Many of us have found them a very great help in time of need; and come to think of it, the things for which the laymen mostly condemn the lawyers are done not in behalf of the lawyers but to save the laymen from their just dues. It is the layman in trouble whose money and influence induces the unscrupulous of the profession to go outside the limits to serve clients, so the layman is really responsible for leading the lawyers astray when they do go astray. In brief, then, the legal profession is on the whole as honorable as any other and the race is its debtor for many of the privileges that we enjoy and for some that we should not enjoy.

There is a criticism that there are too many lawyers in our legislative bodies; that the lawyers make the

laws, interpret them and then show us how to break them and get away with it. This criticism the broad-minded lawyers must admit has some foundation. But it is the fault of the laity. "We have a curious idea about lawyers in this country," remarked a Statesville philosopher on one occasion. Continuing he said in effect that when a man obtained license to practice law at once, generally speaking he is set apart in the public mind as one of superior attainments. He may be ignorant outside his law books and know little of their contents; he may lack character. But simply because he has law license, which could be obtained for \$20 at one time in the history of the State, he is usually put forward as a leader, asked to make addresses on all sorts of subjects, whether he knows anything about the subject or not and then is elected to office simply because he is a lawyer, whether he has any other qualification. And that is a true bill. The practice grows out of the idea that a lawyer is necessarily a capable public speaker, which all of them are not by any means; and the equally erroneous idea that all public men must be able to talk glibly on their feet, whether they say anything or not. Hence the multiplicity of lawyers in public office.

While the great majority of the legal profession are honorable men, public spirited, patriotic and well equipped for the leadership which is theirs, the laymen would appreciate them a little more and be less disposed to be critical of the profession if the good men in it would initiate a few reforms in the practice of the law--reforms which all candid law-

yers will admit are very much needed. The contention sometimes made that a lawyer should not appear for a client when he is convinced of his guilt finds no sympathy here. The admittedly guilty need the counsel of a lawyer as to their rights that they may not be unduly punished; and no reasonable objections can be offered to a lawyer's efforts in behalf of the known guilty, so long as those efforts are confined within proper bounds. What is proper bounds? There's the rub. That is a matter of judgment and human judgment is often faulty. In some cases the lawyer is so excessively zealous in behalf of all clients that he works himself into the belief that practically all who employ him are innocent; and not infrequently this type persuade themselves that they are justified in going to any length to free the accused. In this way justice is often cheated, confidence in the courts impaired and the profession brought into disrepute by shady practices that are apparent but that are allowed to pass.

In the matter of the cross-examination of witnesses practically all lawyers violate the proprieties at times, in the opinion of the layman, and in jury addresses as well. Cross-examinations are necessary. Few witnesses tell all the truth until it is pulled out of them, and some through bias innocently or purposely color statements. But few laymen who have witnessed cross-examinations but are convinced that the purpose often is not to get the truth but to destroy the truth. By bluster, browbeating, insult, humiliation, the apparent purpose is to anger and confuse the witness so that the effect of his statement to the jury will be

destroyed. Often these exhibitions are so shameful, on the part of prominent and leading lawyers at that, that the judge, if he were really fit for his job, would intervene. But the judge is a lawyer, was guilty of the same practice when he was at the bar, and the fellow feeling makes him wonderous kind. It was probably after undergoing cross-examination and smarting under the injustice, that Shakesphere was moved to put in the mouth of his character in the play the suggestion to "kill all the lawyers." Many a witness who comes off the stand could kill one or more and feel that he had done no wrong. Cross-examinations that are designed to prevent the truth being told rather than obtain the truth should be discontinued.

Lawyers talk much about the "ethics" of the profession. The layman well acquainted with them is tempted to give the horse-laugh when he hears the average lawyer discourse on that subject. The great majority of the legal brethren are honorable men, as has been said, but the minority that is guilty of shady, not to say disreputable, practices, is far too large and this is the joke. In almost every community there are shyster lawyers, just as there are shysters in other callings. Have a heart-to-heart talk with lawyer acquaintances some time as I have, for it is and has been my good fortune to number members of the profession among my best and most intimate friends. In a burst of candor they will tell you of sharp and crooked practices that will surprise you even when you don't expect to be surprised. Your honest lawyer-friend deplores these things, realizes that they degrade the profession and are detrimental to the

public welfare, but he and the other honorable members of the profession do nothing to correct the evil. They continue to practice the profession with the sharps and crooks on terms of equality. Disbarment proceedings are extremely rare; and unless a lawyer does something that puts him outside the pale, it is almost impossible to get one of his legal brethren to prosecute him. It was the failure to find a lawyer to take a case against another lawyer he wanted to "law" that moved an Iredell citizen to observe on one occasion that "Possum dog won't eat 'possum."

Another cause of lack of confidence in and respect for courts and lawyers that could be removed is the prosecuting attorney who enters nol. pros., fails to send bill or recommends suspended judgment, as a favor to brother attorneys, for political and personal reasons. There may not be so many of him, but there are more than enough, and judges sometimes share in the fault by permitting such things to pass. It is a pleasure to put on record the fact that so far as my knowledge goes, bribery in such connection, as the word "bribery" is usually understood, is unknown in our courts. But there is a form of bribery equally as effective and morally as wrong as the other kind, that is too common in all relations of life. Solicitors and judges more than often have political ambitions; they want to hold what they have or go higher. The favor of the lawyers is a mighty political asset, their disfavor a serious liability. In their zeal to secure political favor solicitors, and even judges, sometimes permit that which can't be justified in the light of day. These instances

are not so many, we want to believe, but we know there are too many, and the lawyers know it even better.

If any of the legal profession should do me honor to read these lines I trust they will accept this

criticism in the spirit in which it is given and that they will lend their influence to remove the evil which the candid among them must admit exists.

The Woman in The Moon.

Since the shackles have been removed and woman has come into her own, why should she not be in the Moon as well as in any other sphere or country? There always has been the notion that there is a "man in the moon", and one with watery eyes backed by a lively imagination can see most anything in the moon.

It was left, however, for Lafayette Rupert Hamberlin to immortalize in poetry the "woman in the moon." Hamberlin was a genius. He was born at Clinton, Miss., and educated in the Meridian schools, finishing at Richmond College in 1882. He excelled in oratory, reading, and in the field of poetry. He died at an early age, 1902. But just read what he thought about:

"THE WOMAN IN THE MOON."

With wax and wane of yonder frickle moon

There comes and goes a vision known to few;

Deft o're the disc, with hand and chisel true,

Some god, whose love and fancy were in tune,

Hath carved the features of his mistress there.

The lifted profile speaks a noble mind,

Yet claims, withal, a woman's heart there shrined;

The full dark wealth of wondrous gathered hair

Proves woman's glory matching charms within;

Below, the almost heaving bosom swells

In shapely fairness 'neath the chisel-trace.

And ever as that orb doth fulness win,

Its widening growth each day to men out-spells

The bright medallion of that classic face.

The Duty For Mankind.

Man finds the whole race in the same moral ruin with himself here, and with the same possible and endless destiny of shame or glory here-after. The intuitive moral principle, which requires that he should love his neighbor as himself, and which prompts him to share his blessings, and chief of all his blessings of his religious faith, with that neighbor, makes it imperative that he should seek to give to all men the full benefits of the scriptural provision for the moral reconstruction of the world; and so reach the highest perfection as a social being by obeying the great commission of Christ:

“Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature.”

Institute for Crippled Children to be Opened In June

Mr. R. B. Babington, of Gastonia, the conceiver, the founder and the artist of the Orthopaedic Hospital, at Gastonia, must be very happy in the justification of making an announcement that the institution will be opened for the reception of children in June. It has been a long struggle, full of difficulties and delays that were calculated to try the very soul of man. But read President Babington's statement:

The North Carolina Orthopaedic hospital for crippled and deformed children, of sound mind, if nothing happens, will throw its doors open to Tiny Tims of the state about June 15. The number of the patients that can be received at that time will be a limited number, owing to the fact that the state's appropriation has not as yet been available, but hope to soon get an amount sufficient to begin the constructive work in part about date above mentioned.

We have a large number of applications from children from many counties all over the state. However, our facilities at first will be limited, but we desire to get the applications on file and handle them as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

It is our purpose and desire to accept the younger children, and also the children with the lesser deformities first, especially the unfortunate, neglected, poor and orphan boy or girl who has a bright mind, but has not a ghost of a show in the world. Because of their deformities they cannot work or get to schools, and are shut up all their lives; grow up in ignorance, and become a burden to the country and state, and live a life of misery and suffering, with a mind yearning for freedom and usefulness to man. Hundreds of these slightly crippled children can be put on their feet quickly, and returned home ready for school, to develop into useful intelligent citizenship.

Our desire: To help any crippled

child that can be benefited.

Our requirements: Possibility of improvement--a sound mind.

Our non-essentials: Religious creed--fraternal affiliations--social standing--financial connections.

Our object: To benefit helpless humanity--to prevent possible pauperism--to turn wealth consumers into wealth producers.

We request the press of the state, to whom we accord much credit in making this great institution possible, to continue with us and help us in taking every little cripple child in our state by the hand and tender-

ly placing them within this institution and giving them a chance to make good.

We also ask all physicians, surgeons, public welfare superintendents, school teachers, pastors, and others who love his fellowman, to write us for an application blank for the crippled child they have in mind. The blank will be mailed promptly, the application numbered and filed and handled according to the provision that is made for the work.

N. C. ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL,
R. B. BABINGTON, President.
Gastonia. April 21.

Condition of Enjoyment.

I shall never fully enjoy my loaf of bread until I know that no other human being on the planet suffers for the lack of bread.--Tolstoy.

The Common Mocking Bird.

It is, reader, in Louisiana that the bounties of Nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes,

reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of Nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day is thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place is now become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well do the birds know that man is not their most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the tree nearest to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops

upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his mate.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dewberries from the fields, and many kind of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insect, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.—John J. Audubon.

The Grouch.

“The longer I live,” said ‘Squire Cobb yesterday, “the more I realize that it is the cheerful man or woman who gets along the best, who is the person always welcome at feast or function---not the grouch who always queers the game. You remember an old jingle which runs:

Says the cheerful man in a cheery way:

“Isn’t the weather great today?”

And the old grouch says as he hurries past:

“Its all right now, but it cannot last”

“Getting ahead in this world too often means getting behind in the world to come.”

Sketch of Longfellow

By Kate M. Griffen.

The first Englishman to be given a title for literary ability was Alfred Tennyson. Yet as widely read in English, and translated into more languages, are the poems of Longfellow. James T. Fields said he had heard Longfellow's lines quoted by an Armenian monk with a cowl, and he had heard them sung at a campmeeting in New Hampshire.

The Emperor of Brazil himself translated into his native language and published "King Robert of Sicily," one of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

In China they use a fan which has become immensely popular on account of the "Psalm of Life" being printed on it in the language, of the Celestial Empire.

"Hiawatha" has been not only translated into nearly all the modern languages, but also can be read in Latin.

Professor Kneeland, who went to the national millennial celebration in Iceland, said that when he was leaving that far-a-way land on the verge of the Arctic Circle, the people said to him, "Tell Longfellow we love him; that we read and rejoice in his poems; that Iceland knows him by heart."

During his life Longfellow had the pleasure of knowing that his works were more widely circulated and commanded greater attention than those of any other author. Within two years of his death his bust was set up in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, this being the first time such an honor was ever accorded to an American.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His mother was the daughter of General Peleg Wads-

worth. Six of her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Among them were John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, about whom Longfellow wrote in his poem entitled "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

He was named for his mother's brother, Henry Wadsworth. This young man had given his life to his country's service. When only nineteen, he was in the U. S. Navy, on board the "Intrepid." They were on the northern coast of Africa, and rather than to be taken by the enemy, this ship was blown to pieces by her crew, and Henry Wadsworth perished with the others.

Longfellow was the second son in a family of four sons and four daughters. His literary taste was early developed, and showed itself in his fondness for good books. The library of his father, who was a lawyer and a Harvard graduate, supplied him with the best. In later life he said, "Every boy has his first book. I mean to say, a book among all others which in his early youth fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was the 'Sketch Book' of Washington Irving."

Longfellow was graduated from college when he was nineteen. About this time a chair of modern languages was established in Bow-

doin College, and the place was offered him on condition that he spend a year or two abroad in preparation for his work. He spent over three years in Europe. This trip is said to have made him what he was.

Voyages to Europe at that time were made in sailing vessels. He left New York in April and reached France in June. He wandered from one country to another, studying their languages. He said that every new language learned opened a new world to him. He met Washington Irving in Spain, and learned to be as fond of him as he was of the "Sketch Book."

He said to himself that he could not help being struck with the facility with which he mastered foreign languages, and with the ease with which he could recall them even if he had not spoken them for many years. Upon his return from Europe, he became a teacher in the college where he had once been a student. Not finding books for the teaching of languages which suited him, he published one of his own.

Longfellow married Marry Storrer Potter, the daughter of a well known judge in Portland, Maine. He was asked to go to Harvard, and to prepare for this more prominent position he again went to Europe, accompanied by his wife. They traveled for some time for her health, but she died in Holland after they had been married but four years. He then

came back from Europe and took the position he had accepted at Cambridge. He settled in the Craig House, which was famous as the headquarters of Washington during the Revolutionary War.

Six years later he was married to Frances Elizabeth Appleton. After this marriage this father-in-law purchased Craige House, and also the lot opposite, so that no one should ever shut off the view of the river Charles from the front of the house. It was this view which inspired the poet to write that beautiful poem "To the River Charles." Here Longfellow lived nearly fifty years. He was a professor at Harvard College for nearly twenty years, and resigned to give his whole attention to literature. From the middle of his life to its close, Craige House was a mecca for a continually increasing stream of pilgrims from both continents to do him honor. This included all conditions of men, from the most learned to the mere sight-seer

James Whitcomb Riley wrote of Longfellow's love of children:

Always he loved the children,
And wove them into his rhyme,
And the music of their laughter,
Was with him all the time.
Tho' he knew the tongues of nations
And their meaning to him was
clear,
Yet the prattle and lisp of a little
child
Was the sweetest for him to hear!

It is Better.

The spirit of industry, embodied in a man's daily life, will gradually lead him to exercise his powers on objects outside himself, of greater dignity and more extended usefulness. "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

Sense Contribution To Knowledge.

The noblest part in the disclosure of the external world belongs indisputably to the sense of sight, which gives rise to nine-tenths of all sense perceptions. Its impressions are so distinguished above the others in clearness and distinctness that language borrows its figures for the perfection

of knowledge from this sense (idea, insight, evidence, intuition,) and the perceptions arising from the other senses must, for the sake of scientific comparison, be reduced to optical perceptions; as, for example, temperatures to the graduation of a tube of quick-silver, difference in weight to the graduation of the arm of the scales.

To the sense of sight is added that of touch. Sight leads only to

surface images, which seldom extend to optical illusions, we gain, through the tangibility of the sense of touch, a knowledge of solidity of external things and their material peculiarity. The sense of sight and touch work most intimately together, so that touch presents only rude seeing in the immediate neighborhood (touch of the blind,) the sense of sight only a refined touching at a distance.

Variety.

The State Highway Commission has been in session this week, at Raleigh.

Col. A. D. Watts assumes the work of the State Commissioner of Revenue next Monday.

The Charlotte primary seemed to have been a very positive affair. Jim Walker and Jim Honeycutt swept the field for mayor and office of safety.

W. S. Lee, of Charlotte, has been elected president of the Piedmont & Northern railroad to succeed Z. V. Taylor, recently died.

The Trustees have decided to let the students continue to run the A. & E. Collage at Raleigh---making the practice official.

Dr. W. S. Rankin has been re-

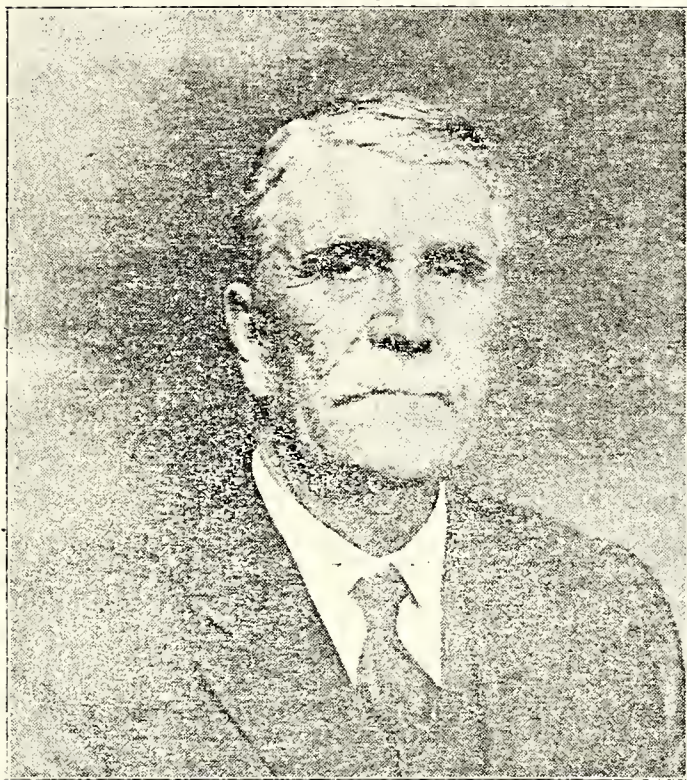
elected Secretary of the State Board of Health---a very proper thing to be done.

Prof. S. B. Underwood, Co. Superintendent of Instruction of Pitt county, is being sought for the head of the public schools of Raleigh. He is one of the ablest School men in the State.

Catawba County has joined the progressives---she voted \$500,000 roadbonds.

The town of Lexington has voted a \$25,000 bond issue for the erection of a high school building. Supt. Cowles is doing a wonderful work.

Dirt on a street in Greensboro near the O. Henry hotel sold recently for more than eleven hundred dollars per front foot.



JOHN ARCHIBALD CLINE,
Concord, N. C.

John Archibald Cline.

That great bunch of sturdy manhood, which goes about the business of the world and the church, unostentatiously but with a splendid fidelity, is, after all, the greatest asset of any community. On this class of folks the hope of good government, well-regulated society and the keeping alive the Christian spirit, has its centre and security.

The subject of this sketch, John Archibald Cline, of Concord, is a conspicuous and most worthy member of this class of citizenship in North Carolina. His patriotic purposes, his smooth and conservative life and his helpfulness in every cause that stands out for the good of a community and his fellow-man, make a leading citizen, and the temptation to tell him about it, at this time, is a pleasant one.

Mr. Cline was born on a farm, in No. 8 township, on July 22, 1852, his parents being Wiley and Mary Anna Cline, substantial and leading citizens of their day. His educational advantages were somewhat limited, for his youth was during that period when business and life were in a chaotic state. He was just nine years old when the War Between the States broke out, and duties as well as severe tests fell upon boys of his age. However he had a liberal taste of the "Old Field" schools, finishing his school days in a private school taught by the late B. F. Rogers.

Possessed of a bright intellect and ambition to succeed, even as a young man, he fitted himself for teaching in the public schools which he followed for about ten years in the period following the war. This was a side-line to his farming operations, as was the case with all the successful teachers of that time. On

December 28, 1875, he was married to Miss Laura Barringer, a member of a leading family of the same neighborhood. By this union there are living three daughters and four sons. There is, perhaps, no man in the community that has placed on education a higher estimate than Mr. Cline. He has given to all of his children the advantages of a collegiate education and thrown around them the protection of an intensely interested fatherhood.

When the Grange was in its zenith, Mr. Cline was selected to direct its mercantile enterprise, which brought him to Concord. This was in 1881. Sometime after this he accepted a position with the firm of Cannons & Fetzer, and at its reorganization, he became a stockholder. When this firm retired from the field, Mr. Cline started a business of his own, dealing in heavy groceries. Having wide acquaintance and enjoying a reputation for square dealing, he built up a large business. It has finally become, under the firm name of Cline & Moose, one of the largest and most important grocery businesses in this section.

In 1884 the subject of this sketch was elected to the office of County Treasurer, which he held for six years. In 1906, he was elected chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. During this service there was started in the county the first

real constructive road-building. It was during his term that the splendid road from Concord to Kannapolis and other roads in the county were developed.

His contribution of service to church and schools has covered all the years of his majority. For fifteen years he was a member of the Board of the Concord Graded Schools, which never had a more faithful member. For years he has been a director of Mt Amoena Seminary at Mt. Pleasant, to which he has given a loyal and able service. And in his church, St. James Lutheran, Mr. Cline has rendered an invaluable service. A regular attendant, a liberal contributor, always deeply interested in the growth and development of Christian activities, and, above all leads a personally clean and manly life. Mr. Cline, in the synodical organizations of his church, has held important positions of trust and honor.

He is one of the few men, who never exhibits a particle of sensitiveness. Until his youngest son became grown (or at least taller than his father) Mr. Cline was the tallest man in the county. You are at liber-

ty to discuss the matter with him, and he will very readily give you all the information about it that you may desire. Some years ago, when associated with the firm of Cannons & Fetzer, and one of the important factors in it, the report was noised around that "Cannons & Fetzer did not want Mr. Cline any longer." Non-plussed at the evil news, a friend approached him to inquire the reason of all this. "Oh," said Mr. Cline, "they have decided that I am long enough; and I think so, myself."

Though he is nearing his 69th year, Mr. Cline is very active in his business, responsive to every call of a public duty and renders unstintingly a support to every worthy, benevolent purpose. There is a Golden Rule -- it may be dusty, stiff and rusty for the lack of as wide a use as it should have--and the thousands of people, who know the subject of this article will at once recognize the fact that if there is any one man in the county, who knows of the existence of that rule and makes an honest, persistent effort to do it honor, it is John Archibald Cline.

A Prescription.

Simple industry and thrift will go far towards making any person of ordinary working faculty comparatively independent in his means. Even a workingman may be so, provided he will carefully husband his resources, and watch the little outlets of useless expenditures.

The Spy.

You may remember that Benedict Arnold marched gallantly through the Maine woods to attack Quebec, and was wounded there in the beginning of the war. After his recovery he showed his courage in many ways. For instance, he was once surrounded by Tories, who killed his horse. While Arnold was trying to release his foot from the stirrup, one of his foes rushed toward him, crying, "Surrender!" "Not yet," answered Arnold, and, drawing his pistol, he shot the Tory, jumped up, and ran into the woods near by. There, finding another horse, he quickly mounted, and came back to take part in the fight once more.

You remember, too, how he won the victory of Stillwater, with Morgan and Schuyler, while Gates was lingering idly in his tent. On this occasion, however, Arnold was again badly wounded. As he lay upon the ground, helpless, one of the enemy, who had fought with great valor and had fallen only a moment before him, slowly raised himself, and, in spite of a bad wound, tried to get at Arnold to kill him. Just then a friend of Arnold's came up, and was about to slay the soldier, when Arnold stopped him by crying: "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he is a fine fellow!"

Although Arnold could thus show himself both brave and forgiving, he had one great fault, his vanity. While recovering from his wound, in Philadelphia, he got into bad company, ran into debt, and behaved in such a way that Congress bade Washington reprove him publicly for his conduct. Washington did so as gently as he could, and some time later, when Arnold asked him for the command at West Point, he gladly granted this request; for he knew that Arnold was brave, and thought he had been treated rather unfairly. But no sooner had Arnold secured this

important place than, forgetting his duty to his country and his honor as a man, he determined to avenge his wrong by giving up the fort to the British (1780). He therefore began a secret correspondence with General Clinton, and finally arranged to meet a British officer, so as to settle the particulars of the affair with him.

True to the appointment, Major John Andre came up the Hudson in an English vessel, the Vulture. Landing at night, he met Arnold as agreed; but their talk lasted until morning, and the ship, being then discovered by the Americans, was fired upon. It therefore dropped down the river. Seeing that he could not join it without running too great a risk of discovery, Andre now got a pass from Arnold. He then crossed the Hudson, and set out for New York on horseback, reaching Tarrytown in safety, although travelers were then often stopped by parties of "Skinners" or "Cowboys," as marauding British and American troops were generally called. Andre was just beginning to think that all danger was over, when three men suddenly sprang out of the bushes, seized his

horse, and forced him to dismount.

Although Andre offered his horse, his watch, and a large sum of money to these three men if they would only let him go, they held him fast and began searching him. At first they found nothing suspicious; but in his boots they finally discovered plans of the fort at West Point, and other important papers.

Sure that they held a spy, Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart now sent word to Arnold to look out, for they had caught a spy, and then they took Andre to White Plains. Arnold was at breakfast when the notice of Andre's capture reached him. Rising from the table, he hurriedly explained matters to his fainting wife, kissed his child good-by, and, mounting his horse, galloped wildly off to the river. There he found his boat, as usual, and was rowed off to the Vulture. The British, who had watched his approach, received him in grim silence; for while they would have been glad to take advantage of his baseness, they all despised him as a traitor.

Washington, then on his way to West Point, received the news of Andre's arrest too late to seize Arnold, altho he tried very hard to do so. Still, he did not forget that Arnold's wife was innocent. Pitying her evident suffering, he soon sent her word that her husband had escaped, and said that she would be allowed to join him in New York.

The news of Arnold's treachery, which wrung tears from Washington, and made him exclaim, "whom can we trust now?" filled the whole country with dismay. People were horror-struck; but while all hated Arnold, many were almost as excited over the capture and probably fate of

Andre. An artist, writer, and soldier, this young man had many admirers; but as he had played the part of a spy, and had been captured in disguise within the American lines, most people thought he deserved to be hanged.

Still, it was felt that Arnold, the traitor, was the one who merited that death most, so when the British protested that Andre should not be hanged, the Americans offered to exchange him for Arnold, thinking that if they could only make an example of the real culprit it would prevent similar cases in the future.

But, much as the British despised Arnold, they could not, of course, give him up. Andre's trial, therefore went on, and the jury condemned him to death as a spy. Instead of treating him as the British had treated Hale, however, the Americans allowed him to write to his friends and prepare for death. When he was ready, Andre paid the penalty of his wrongdoing by being hanged. Still, people have always felt sorry for him, and the British, who would have gained greatly by his spying, declared that he had fallen a martyr. They therefore gave him a place in Westminster Abbey, where many of their greatest men are buried. Besides, two monuments have been erected for him in our country, at Tarrytown and Tappan, thus marking the places where he was captured and hanged.

But, although Andre was hanged, his sufferings were slight and merciful compared with those of Arnold. This was just; for, while the former had tried to serve his country, the latter had betrayed his trust, and it was natural that his conscience should trouble him night and day. Although

the British, as they had promised, gave him a large sum of money and a place in their army, none of their officers ever treated him as a friend.

We are told that Washington, still anxious to secure and punish Arnold for the country's sake, made a plan to seize him shortly after his escape. An officer named Campe deserted the American army, by Washington's orders, and—narrowly escaped recapture by his comrades, who were not in the secret—swam out to a British vessel anchored in New York Bay. The enemy, having breathlessly watched his escape from his persuers, welcomed him warmly, and, without asking any questions, allowed him to enlist in Arnold's new regiment.

Campe intended, with the help of two other patriots, to seize and gag Arnold when he was walking alone in his garden, as he did every night. Thence they meant to convey him to a boat, row him secretly across the river, and hand him over to one of Washington's most devoted officers, Henry Lee, who was called "Light-Horse Harry," to distinguish him from the Lee who disgraced himself at Monmouth.

Unfortunately, on the very night when Campe's plan was to have been carried out, Arnold took his regiment on board a vessel in the bay, and sailed south to fight for the British in Virginia. There poor Campe had to wait for months before he got a chance to desert Arnold and rejoin his countrymen. Until then all his fellow-soldiers had believed him a real deserter; but after welcoming him cordially, Washington and Lee publicly told the others how nobly Campe had tried to serve his country, and how nearly he had secured

the traitor,

While fighting in the South, we are told, Arnold once asked one of his prisoners, "What do you suppose my fate would be if my misguided countrymen were to take me prisoner?" The man, who was a good American, promptly answered: "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war; but the rest of you they would hang on a gibbet."

Lette. to His Son.

You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best--If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago,

there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness---still known as "the dark day"---a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day---the day of judgment---had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found in his place doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.---Robert E. Lee.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. J. W. Howard, of Dunn, was here on business last week.

Ralph Holler and "Red" Absher were visited last week by home folks.

Mrs. Wm. M. Crooks and Master Harold Crooks were guests at second Cottage Sunday.

Miss Alice Lawrence, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Charlotte, spent a while at the school Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. T. E. Spence and Mrs. Ed Ervin, of the Rocky River section, made a short call at second Cottage Tuesday.

In the absence of Mr. G. H. Lawrence, who is on his vacation, the band is being directed by Mr. W. W. Johnson.

Base ball practice is engaged in every afternoon by an enthusiastic bunch of boys. They hope to have a game with a neighboring team Saturday.

From the text "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Rev. Mr. Helms, of the West Concord Baptist Church, preached an excellent sermon at the Chapel Sunday.

At the prayer-meeting service at Forest Hill Methodist church Wednesday evening, Masters Weldon Creasman and Sam Taylor delighted the audience with their speeches on "A Man May Be Down, but He's Never Out," and Smathers of first Cottage, gave equal delight with his Cornet solos.

A Correct Man Passes Over the River.

On the 23rd, at his home in No. 10 township, Mr. Martin Boger passed away, his wife, who was Miss Amanda E. Orchard, preceding him to the grave by more than twenty years.

There is death around us, day after day; and it is not the province of THE UPLIFT to make a specialty

of recording deaths, but this case is an exception. The man was really remarkable—a gentle, smooth-tempered, compassionate, rich money-lender. That itself is unique. There is something else that is even more remarkable—the subject of this sketch was never guilty of a single piece of sharp practice, or personally profited by hook or crook.

It was brought out, in speaking of the religious activities of Mr. Boger, that he had been for years the President of the Missionary Society of his church. So far as records reveal, this is the only case to be found where a man held the presidency of a Missionary Society. It is said that he was proud of the honor, esteeming it above all offices.

In the beautiful grove that surrounds St. Martin's Lutheran church, just beyond Bost's Mills, where Mr. Boger worshipped his entire life, were packed cars and buggies that conveyed a vast assemblage of the good people of the county, who came to pay their last respects to the memory of this man. I heard more than twenty persons voluntarily say something akin to this: "He was one clean man; I borrowed money from him, but never one time did he intimate direct or indirect that his money was worth more than the legal interest. He treated me right." I dare say, in its final analysis, Mr. Boger did not really know what the word "USURY" meant. He seemed all his long life to seek to know the civil as well as the moral law that his life might be clean, upright—and he succeeded.

He will be missed—all good, useful men are; he has left a beautiful example for his children and his friends. May they profit by it.

Though he lived to be 77 years, three months and 14 days, his capacity for usefulness, counsel and assistance seemed just before his illness to be growing stronger and more needed. Mourning his loss are three children, Mrs. W. A. Foil and Mrs. Parks Lafferty and Mr. L. E. Boger, all of Cabarrus; one brother, Mr. D. P. Boger, now in his eighties, and several nephews, among them Hon. L. T. Hartsell, of the Concord bar, Supt. Chas. E. Boger, of the Jackson Training School, M. A. Boger, of Albemarle, Robert Hartsell, of the county, and Rev. W. J. Boger, of Newton.

Just A Few Of 'em Left.

There is in Cabarrus a servant who was an ante-bellum slave. She never went to school a day in her life; she can't read, she knows not one single letter. But she has a marvelous intelligence, and interested in all questions of church, home and other phases of life.

This old ex-slave carries with her a bright, cheery disposition, and her smile and her laugh combined with her high sense of honor in discharging every duty will go a long distance in dispelling blues.

Being detained from home all day, the good house-wife upon her return home asked: "Aunt Jane, were there any calls?" "Yes'm," she replied, "there have been three phone messages, two said they'd call later but 414 says for you to call." "Are you sure, aunt Jane, 'twas 414?" "Yes'm, just wait a minute, I wrote it down." This was astounding, for she knew how to make very fine butter-milk biscuits, but Aunt Jane's ability to write was question-

ed. The old "slave mammy" pulled a small piece of paper from under the vase on a near-by table and here is how she wrote down the phone number.

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1111,

now that was convincing and this old remnant of a faithful people has decidedly more intelligence and common horse sense than many of the educated of her race.

Politeness Rewarded.

The Boston Post sent out a reporter to find the most polite person in the city of Boston and offered a fifty dollar cash prize. This prize went to a young deaf man named Anthony Chadwick. The reporter dropped a handkerchief on the the street which young Chadwick picked up and not being able to call the reporter he pursued him in great haste until he overtook him and gave him his handkerchief. He was so polite and smiled so pleasantly that the reporter felt sure he had found the person entitled to the prize. So it went to the deaf man.

Politeness is generally a peculiar trait of deaf people. Their bright faces and expressive eyes not only take the place of words but intensify their personality. No one can bow, smile, shake hands, and lift his hat like a deaf person. So we are not surprised that this reward went where it did. It was only a question of a deaf person having an opportunity to compete. But when once found the contest was ended.--Ohio Chronicle.

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

Important changes in passenger train schedules, effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday April 24th.

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 35.

Lv. Reidsville	5:05 P M
Lv. Greensboro.....	5:58 P M
Lv. High Point.....	6:27 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	6:40 P M
Lv. Lexington	6:55 P M
Lv. Salisbury.....	7:45 P M
Lv. Concord.....	8:20 P M
Lv. Charlotte.....	9:10 P M
Lv. Gastonia	9:56 P M

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 37.

Lv. Greensboro	7:35 A M
Lv. Hight Point.....	8:02 A M
Lv. Salisbury	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte.....	10:40 A M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No. 36.

Lv. Gastonia.....	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte	10:25 A M
Lv. Concord.....	11:07 A M
Lv. Salisbury.....	12:05 P M
Lv. Lexington.....	12:40 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	1:00 P M
Lv. High Point.....	1:15 P M
Lv. Greensboro	1:55 P M
Lv. Reidsville.....	2:32 P M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No. 138.

Lv. Gastonia.....	8:00 P M
Ar. Charlotte.....	8:45 P M
Lv. Charlotte.....	8:55 P M
Lv. Concord.....	9:30 P M

For further information consult Ticket Agents.

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

Didn't Change His Habits.

When James B. Duke, tobacco king, was earning \$50,000 a year and rapidly becoming known as the leader in the industry, he lived in a hall bedroom in a cheap rooming house and ate his three meals a day from the counter of a dreary little flowery restaurant. When questioned as to why he did this, he declared it was in part so that he could save every dollar possible to put it back into the business and partly because the grinding poverty of his youth had not been forgotten.

When he was a boy his father, having lost everything as a result of the civil war, was forced to take the job as farm hand on a farm 30

miles from Durham, N. C., James and his three small brothers lived with their father in a shanty that permitted the storm and cold to enter from all sides, and the four had to sleep on a single husk tick in one corner of the place for the sake of warmth. Their food often consisted of little more than a handful of parched corn. It was years after the war that the first ray of sunshine came. Some of the farmers that owed young Duke's father money from before the war began to pay him in tobacco. This was the start of the company that became one of the greatest corporations the world has ever known.—Detroit News.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription \$2.00

VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. MAY 7, 1921

NO. 27

1861 — 1865

The Confederate Cause.

That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civic liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake.

But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple.

If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystalized.—Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, in 1892.

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Concord, N. C.

CHAS. E. BOGER, Superintendent

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Southern Railway System

PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - -	138	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

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LEST WE FORGET.

This issue of THE UPLIFT is made up entirely of matter pertaining to the War between the States and the actors in that awful period of American history. This writer, joining even those that engaged in that conflict wherein they bore the burden of the hardships and the sorrows, has no feeling of animosity whatever against the leaders and their descendents of the Federal side. He could very well do so, however, because in nature there is, in fact and truth, what science has discovered and termed "pre-natal influence."

The mothers, anxiously awaiting the news of loved ones on the battlefields, receiving news of the death in battle of a soldier son, brought into existence all over the Southland child-life that had bred in it all the tendencies of sorrow, anxiety, distress, suffering---real and imaginary trials that bind the children of the Confederacy without appeal to the mercy of relief and freedom. These can never and should never forget the heroes of '61-'65.

There is no disposition, no desire, to revive any bitter feelings. The story of the Confederacy is a story that should engage the whole nation with a feeling of pride mingled with sorrow.

That the young and future generations of the South should be permitted to forget the heroic struggles and the actors in the Confederacy, is a crime chargeable to the teachers and leaders of the South. Remembering in love these heroes, is no offense to a Union, in which we are all loyal, and none stand more ready to uphold her flag and defend her against all comers.

History proves this, not only to our own glory but to the common glory of all American people.

Painful is the fact that many a high school pupil is permitted to pass out into active life without a speaking knowledge of the simple facts of the story and leaders of the Southern Confederacy---due entirely to the tyranny of the course of study and the character of modern teaching and ideas. It is nothing short of a sin against childhood. A citizenship that takes no pride in the deeds of their forefathers reflects no glory on a country.

♦♦♦♦

MEMORIAL DAY---MAY 10th.

Memorial Day had its origin in what was called Decoration Day. The idea originated in the state of Georgia. Its observance has spread to most of the states, both North and South. Officially it has become, and of right, a holiday.

The date of month, however, varies. The reason for this does not consist in any bickering over the propriety of the occasion, or from a lack of appreciation of the beautiful practice of remembering our heroes by covering their graves with flowers. The different dates, observed by a number of states, is the result of the seasons.

Flowers seem their best about the 10th of May in North Carolina---and the dear old Confederate who gave up his life for his country deserves in memory their very best. In Virginia, for instance, the date is May 30th; this being due to the profuse blooming of flowers coming at a later date than in North Carolina.

There is a reason, however, for North Carolina selecting the 10th and not the 9th or any other date near the first of the month. On that day---the 10th of May---we have a reminder of the anniversary of the death of the Confederate army's right arm, the sainted Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

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WHAT WOMEN HAVE CONTRIB JTED SINCE 1865.

On the first Easter morning the women remembered their dead, so the Southern women of the nineteenth century put on their mourning attire. There was scarcely a home in the whole Southland that did not have a new-made grave to demand its care.

Right well did our women rise to the occasion, for early in 1866 Confederate Memorial Associations sprang up like magic throughout the South, the first one being organized at Columbus, Georgia, on April 26, 1866; and at

Charleston, S. C., on May 14, 1866. On May 31, 1900, a general Association was formed at Louisville, Ky., now containing more than seventy district associations. These associations have given a tender thought and impressive activity in seeing that the graves of Confederate soldiers are marked; that the survivors are properly remembered; and that suitable exercises are annually held commemorative of the courageous service of the Confederate soldiers, living and dead.

To their splendid and earnest organizations may be attributed the establishment, in large measure, the Soldiers' Homes of the several states. They may have come, sooner or later, but the activity and the love of the noble women of the South hastened the day of the establishment of these restful places for such of the old soldiers as wish to avail themselves of their care and protection. This writer well remembers thirty-three years ago, how concerts and entertainments were held to create funds to assist in the maintenance of the North Carolina Soldiers' Home. One of the most beautiful and engaging entertainments ever held in Concord was a Confederate Concert, engineered by Madames J. P. Allison, R. S. Harris, Dr. Herring, Dr. Fetzer and the writer. The proceeds, amounting to nearly two hundred dollars, went to Raleigh, supplementing the maintenance of our State Home. Like entertainments were held all over the state, and not abandoned until the Legislature rose to a sense of its obligation for a complete and just support.

Woman! First at the cross, last at the grave.

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A REVIEW OF THE CONFLICT---Contributed.

Fifty-eight years ago, come May 10, the South's great field marshal, one of the greatest military captains of all time, passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. The peerless Lee, knightly of the knightliest race that ever buckled sword, exclaimed when Jackson died, "I have lost my right arm." The armies of the Confederacy had indeed lost a mighty arm. It was so ordered. The pious old Southern preacher who reverently reminded the Lord that when He decided that the South should lose the decision "Thou didst first find it necessary to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson," expressed the general feeling. The cause for which the South fought was not to become a reality, and less than two years after Jackson's death the curtain fell at Appomattox.

On this anniversary (May 10) a few will assemble, here and there, in memory of a cause that was lost and in honor of those who fought for it.

The faithful Daughters of the Confederacy, who keep alive the story of valor and sacrifices; a few tottering survivors of the armies of the Confederacy, and a few others will gather in honor of the day. The great majority will pass by on the other side. Other days and other events have intervened and changed the scene. There are new generations to whom the great and tragic events of the 60s are past history and to too many they are of little concern.

It was fifty-six years ago last month since the last act at Appomattox. Even the 15 year-old boys who served in the Confederate army are now past 70. In a short time, ten to fifteen years, a Confederate veteran will almost be a curiosity. The stirring scenes in which they acted so noble and heroic a part are in the dim and distant past and we lack appreciation of what they sacrificed and suffered. We should at least devote a little time each recurring 10th of May to the few survivors and to a study of their part in the great drama of the 60s.

Let it be understood once and for all that the formation of the Confederate government was not a rebellion. I resent that word as applied to that event, not because it is a term of reproach, for history shows that "rebels" are often the greatest of patriots; but I resent it in this connection as a misrepresentation of the truth of history. The union was formed of independent, sovereign States. Many of the States went in reluctantly, jealous of their rights, with the express understanding, some of them with the express reservation, of the privilege of withdrawal. The union could not have been formed at that time without this reservation, expressed or implied. This question became more acute with the passing of the years and the unfortunate growth of sectional prejudice. Slavery, fanatical devotion to the institution of slavery and fanatical opposition to it, widened the breach until it was impossible to go in peace. Certain States, acting on the understanding when the union was formed, withdrew from the compact and set up a government of their own. Those remaining in the union, composing the Federal government, denied the right of secession, the more especially as they believed it improbable that two separate nations could exist in peace on this continent. And so the dispute that had continued for near a century, was precipitated by the bitterness of the slavery issue (that issue was the occasion, not the real cause, of the conflict) and submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. The South lost. We have come to realize that the decision was for the best; that it was not best for human slavery to continue nor wise for two national governments to try to exist on this continent. He who overrules all things decided the contest

for our good.

When Abraham Lincoln, the patriot, called for troops to invade the States and coerce them he was doing his patriotic duty, and they were patriots who answered the call of Gov. John W. Ellis of our own State and the other Southern Governors. The South fought for home and fire-side, for what it believed to be and what had been generally admitted to be, in the earlier days of the union at least, a just and righteous cause. And in the four years, from '61 to '65, until overwhelmed by force of numbers and the exhaustion of resources, the men of the South fought in a way that not only amazed but commanded the respect and admiration of the world. Only a sincere belief in the justice of a cause could have commanded the devotion and sacrifices of the South in that mighty struggle. With a courage unsurpassed in any age, on every hilltop and in every valley, from Bethel to Appomattox, they poured out their blood and freely gave their lives, with a courage that never quailed.

And when it was all over they returned to a land devastated by war and to a civilization all but destroyed. In that wreck and ruin they went to work to rebuild with the same grim determination with which they had fought to preserve their land from invasion. The story of what they accomplished is history, and that accomplishment under the hardships and the obstacles encountered, is really a greater tribute to their worth than their valor in war even, which is unsurpassed as an example of devotion and courage that is sublime.

Remember, especially young veterans of the recent great conflict, that the Confederate soldier fought much of the time, most of the time, poorly clad, half fed and with meager equipment, the result of the poverty of our resources. The abundance of comforts and equipment and hospital provision and all the things provided to soften the hardships and horrors of the recent war, were almost unknown to the Confederate soldier, especially in the last years of his war. And when he came back there were no pensions for the wounded and no government help of any sort. It was a continuation of the conflict, this time for existence, and the crippled and physically wrecked had to depend on their own resources, just as the able-bodied. They came out of a hell of shot and shell into a hell of wreck and poverty. This is cited to bring home to those who don't know or don't appreciate the facts, what the survivors of that fearful struggle had to endure after the actual fighting ceased.

Think on these things, and then let us stand uncovered in the presence of the few survivors of a mighty struggle and in memory of their comrades

who have gone before. Soon they will all be gone. Let us show those yet in the flesh that we have not forgot.--R. R. Clark.

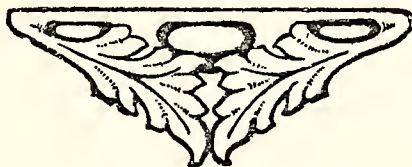
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In another part of this issue will be found a story of what the women of the Southern Confederacy endured, and how beautifully and philosophically and patriotically they went about meeting the hard conditions created by the war of '61-'65. THE UPLIFT requested this article from this dear, old lady, who has been for many long years conspicuous for her beauty of character, loyalty to sacred causes and her most splendid memory of the heroic deeds, which occasion the character of this issue. Mrs. Harris has told about things of which she had a living knowledge---she tasted of the hardships of which she writes. Mrs. Harris is the mother of Editor Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Observer.

A Sincere Conflict.

No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than the American Civil War. It was not a war of conquest or glory. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly. To call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideals, of principles, of political conceptions, of loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom held dearer than life by both sides. Neither abolitionist nor fire-eater brought on this war. It was a "brothers' war," which ought to have been avoided, but which was brought on, as our human nature is constituted, by the economic forces and the clashing of inherited feelings. woven by no will of either side into the life of the Republic.

It was settled at last by neither abolitionist nor fire-eater, but by men of the West who had not inherited unbroken political traditions, but simply saw the union of American States as the ark of their salvation and beheld its flag, as Webster beheld it, "full high advanced, floating over land and sea."---Edwin A. Alderman, at New England banquet, New York, Dec. 22, 1906.



The Bonnie Blue Flag.

(Like "Dixie," this famous song originated in the theater and first became popular in New Orleans. The tune was borrowed from the "Irish Jaunting Car," a popular Hibernian air. The author was Harry McCarthy, an Irishman, who enlisted in the Confederate Army from Arkansas. The song was written in 1861. It was published by A. E. Blackmar who declared that Gen. Ben Butler "made it very profitable by fining every man, woman or child who sang, whistled, or played it on any instrument, \$25.00." Blackmar was arrested, his music destroyed, and a fine of \$500.00 imposed upon him.)

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
 Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil;
 And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
 Like friends and like brethren kind were we and just;
 But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
 We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
 Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
 Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
 All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right,
 Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight:
 Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

And heres to brave Virginia! The Old Dominion State
 With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
 Impelled by her example, now other states prepare
 To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyful shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
 And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
 The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.

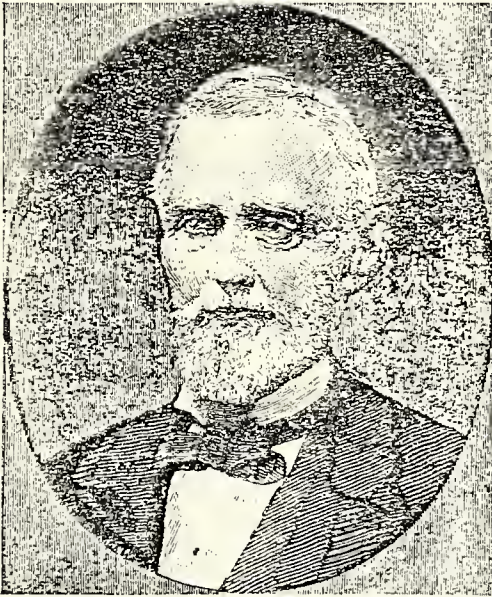
Then, here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,
 Like patriots of old we'll fight our heritage to save;
 And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer---
 So cheer again for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.

Jefferson Davis "was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability." This is the estimate of a great man by the unprejudiced historian.



Jefferson Davis was born in Christian (Todd) county, Ky., June 3, 1808 and died in New Orleans December 6, 1889. His parents were of Welsh and Irish descent and belonged to the sound middle class of home-loving Americans. His father was a revolutionary soldier, making his home in Georgia, then removed to Kentucky, then to Louisiana, and finally to Woodville in Mississippi, where the boyhood days of Jefferson Davis were spent. He attended the country

schools of his county, two years at Saint Thomas College, a Catholic institution of Kentucky, and three years at the Transylvania (Lexington, Ky.) University. Entering West Point in 1824, he graduated in 1828. He served in the United States army on the Western frontier from 1828 to 1835.

He resigned to marry the daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, settling at "Briarfield" in Mississippi. A few months afterwards his wife died. This all but crushed Davis, and for the next seven years he lived practically a secluded life on his farm. From this seclusion he came out in an unsuccessful effort for election to the state legislature, in 1843. In 1845 he was sent to Congress, from

which he resigned to go as Colonel of the Mississippi Rifles into the Mexican War, where he served unto the conclusion. In 1847 he was sent to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and latter was elected to a full term ending in 1857. He was Secretary of War in Pierce's cabinet, at the end of which he was returned to the United States Senate. From this time he led the Southern Senators in opposition to the anti-slavery aggression. He was regarded the

ablest member of that distinguished body. It is said that he never realized the solidarity of the North on the question of slavery. He was opposed to secession except as the last resort. He even hoped, after secession that reunion might occur until Sumner was fired upon. On January 21, 1861, he took leave of the Senate; and his parting address is said to be one of the greatest speeches and most logical and unanswerable arguments ever delivered on American soil.

Jefferson Davis became president of the Confederacy; but, while he yet hoped that the terrible conflict might be averted, he in precaution and wisdom set about perfecting the organization of the government of the new-born Confederacy. The name of Davis is inseparably associated with all the activities of the Confederacy. There were trials and disagreements and factions. These were to be expected. Davis was human—he made mistakes, but possibly no other man then could have accomplished more than he did in the high and responsible position which he occupied. Space does not permit following, in detail, his administration of the office of the presidency.

After the collapse of the armies and the government of the Confederacy, he was captured and arrested in Georgia, May 10th, 1865, carried to prison at Fortress Monroe, charged with treason. Here he was kept in prison for two years, imhumanly treated, and never brought to trial. In 1867 he was admitted to bail, and a year latter the indictment was dismissed. It is said that during the latter period of the war President Davis had become with certain people very uupopular; but the in-

human treatment and the composed feelings of the people brought him back to the esteem and love of all.

After this he spent three yerrs in Canada and Europe, recovering his health; and in 1871, going to Memphis, he became president of an insurance company, which proved unprofitable. In 1879 he settled down at Beauvoir, Miss., there writing his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States." The Southern people gave him their affectionate regard and wherever he went he was the recipient of enthusiastic ovations. The North continued to dislike him, and was not in a mood to even do him justice. But Jefferson Davis "lived a dignified life to a dignified close."

HENRY W. GRADY'S TRIBUTE TO DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis delivered the address at the unveiling of the Statue of Senator Hill. He was introduced by Grady, who, among other things said:

"Had the great man whose memory is perpetuated by this marble chosen of all men one witness to his constancy and his courage, he would have chosen the honorable statesman whose presence honors this platform to day, Jefferron Davis—first and last President of the Confederate States. It is good, sir (turning to Mr. Davis), for you to be here. Other leaders have had their triumphs. Conquerors have won crowns, and honors have been piled on the victors of earth's great battles, but never yet, sir, came man to more loving people.

Never conqueror wore prouder diadem than the deathless love that crowns your gray hairs to-day. Never king inhabited more splendid pa-

lace than the millions of brave hearts in which your dear name and fame are forever enshrined. Speaking to you, sir, as a son of a Confederate soldier who sealed his devotion with his life--holding kinship through the priceless heritage of his blood to you and yours--standing midway between the thinning ranks of his old comrades, whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, and the new generation thronging to take the work that falls unfinished from their hands--here in the auspicious Present, across which the historic Past salutes a glorious Future, let me pledge you that the love we bear you shall be transmitted to our children, and our children's children, and that generations yet unborn shall in this fair land hold your memory sacred, and point with pride to your lofty and stainless life.

My countrymen (turning to the audience), let us teach the lesson in this old man's life, that defeat hath its glories no less than victory. Let us declare that this outcast from the privileges of this great government is the uncrowned king of our people,

and that no Southern man, high or humble, ask a greater glory than to bear with him, heart to heart, the blame and the burden of the cause for which he stands unpardoned.

In dignity and honor he met the responsibilities of our common cause. With dauntless courage he faced the charges. In obscurity and poverty he has for twenty years borne the reproach of our enemies and the obloquy of defeat. This moment--to this blessed Easter week--that, witnessing the resurrection of these memories that for twenty years have been buried in our hearts, has given us the best Easter we have seen since Christ was risen from the dead, this moment finds its richest reward in the fact that we can light with sunshine the shortening end of a path that has long been dark and dreary: Georgians, countrymen, soldiers and sons of soldiers, and brave women, the light and soul and crown of our civilization, rise, and give your heart's voice, as we tell Jefferson Davis that he is at home among his people."

Varina Howell Davis.

The maiden name of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President's second wife, was Varina Howell, the daughter of William Burr Howell, of Nathez, Miss. who served under Commodore Decatur in the War of 1812, and was the grand-son of Richard Howell, a gallant soldier of the Revolution and afterwards the Governor of New Jersey.

Varnia Howell was born in Nathez, Miss., May 7th, 1826. She enjoyed private instruction at the hands of a superior scholar, Judge George Winchester, who had charge of her studies for twelve years. Afterwards she attended the celebrated Madam Greenland's School in Philadelphia. On February 26, 1845, she married Jefferson Davis. Throughout the public life of her distinguished husband Mrs. Davis proved a strong

and capable support. She possessed such a strong personality, backed by the powers of an unusual intellect, that wherever known they were recognized as a brilliant couple.

When Mr. Davis entered the presidency of the Confederacy there were three children in their home-- Margaret Howell Davis, Jefferson Davis, Jr., and Joseph Evan Davis; their eldest child, Samuel, having died when two years old. Soon after the Confederate Capital was removed to Richmond, there was born another son, William Howell Davis, and in 1864 the son, Joseph Evan, died. Quoting from the writings of an intimate friend of Mrs. Davis: "Into the darkness of the last year of the Confederacy, when its fall was foreshadowed and the clouds were gathering thick and fast around the great chieftain, while the peerless Lee was bending every energy to prevent the capture of Richmond, Varina Anne Davis, always known as "Winnie," was born. This marked epoch in the lives of these parents, so weighted with trials and reverses, for she was to be the light of many dark days of the future. Then came the end, when the glorious fabric of Confederacy was crushed to earth-- its banner furled--its chieftain a captive in prison walls--and ruin and desolation all over the Southern land. Still with faith sublime, she trusted, and sought speedy trial and release of the beloved prisoner in Fortess Monore. This she could not accomplish, although no charge against him could be established, and he endured hardships and humiliations for two long years. She plead for the privilege of sharing his imprisonment, and during the last year of his captivity this was granted, and

she was with him, cheering and encouraging and bringing back to vital force the enfeebled body, so wasted by confinement and prison food. Into the dark walls of his prison cell there came, too, the winsome "Winnie," the prattling babe, the flower of the Confederacy, illuminating its gloomy depths with ineffable radiance."

Upon his release, Mr. Davis took up again his residence at Beauvoir; and Mrs. Davis fully met the demands of misfortune as she had his years of success; and whether as the wife of Senator, Cabinet officer, or mistress of the "White House of the Confederacy", or the "Martha" in the management of the domestic affairs at home, she maintained the same dignity and strength of character. Into their quiet and retirement came further sorrow in the death of their youngest son in 1873; then three years later the loss of their last son, Jefferson Davis, Jr., brought additional affliction to the martyred parents.

When Mr. Davis passed, the widow with "Winnie" faced the new situation with courage and determination, and by means of her pen she wrought out a livelihood. Before the death of Mrs. Davis, October 16th, she gave to the state of Mississippi, as a Home for Confederate Soldiers, beautiful Beauvoir, the last home of President Davis. This be a worthy tribute: "The work that she did, the life that she lived, must point upwards as an inspiration and example of loftiness and nobility of character, for without murmur she bravely faced the conditions of life, and with heroic faith met all of its trials until called to her eternal rest."

Varina Anne Jefferson Davis.

Varina ("Winnie") Davis was born in Richmond, Va., June 27, 1864. At an early age Winnie showed great intellectuality. When twelve years of age she knew by heart many striking passages from Shakespeare. In 1877 she was placed in a boarding-school at Karlsruhe, Germany, where she remained for five years. In 1882 she went to Paris where she studied French and did much traveling. When she returned home she spoke German and French fluently.

Upon the death of Jefferson Davis she, accompanied by her mother, moved North where they could find work, for it had become a necessity, and also to be close to their publishers.

Winnie Davis made for herself no small reputation in the field of letters. She wrote a number of charming stories for different magazines, was the author of a number of books. She attained great success.

The announcement of the death, at Narragansett Pier, September 18, 1898, of the "Daughter of the Confederacy" was flashed around the world. Her remains were buried in Richmond, Va.

North Carolina's Man Contribution to Confederate Cause

The Old North State's record and fame for contributing her full share to the conflict, fighting for what she believed eternally right, is secure. History gives to her a position that is translated:

"First at Bethel
Farthest to the Front at Gettysburg
And Chickamauga
Last at Appomattox."

NUMBER OF TROOPS FROM NORTH CAROLINA:

Transferred to Confederate States by original rolls	64,636
General Holmes' Report of conscripts	21,348
Enlisted number of recruits since 1862	21,608
Number of North Carolinians serving in other states	3,100
Number of detailed men (three regiments & one battalion)	3,117
Number Junior Reserves	4,207
Number Senior Reserves	5,686

Number in State Troops	3,203
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Total	126,905
Additions by coming of military age	2,000
Nine regiments of Home Guard 1864-'65	5,000
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Grand total	133,905

The Private Soldier.

The fulsome praise for the officer always contemplates the heroic spirit of the private soldier: It was he who made our generals, who fought our battles, who won our victories, and who, in the last analysis, has made the Lost Cause of the South immortal. Like the heroic horsemen of Balaklava:

"His not to make reply,
His not to reason why
His but to do and die."

Without the heroism of the private soldier, his obedience to orders, his contempt of danger, his love of home, his fidelity to principle--where would be our Gettysburgs and our Malvern Hills, our Chickamaugas and our Kennesaws?

Coming from modest homes all over this land, with no thought of preferment, with no thirst for distinction, they responded to the tocsin's call in 1861, eager only to serve their

country in its hour of need. Footsore and weary, half-starved and half-clad, they forded the streams and climbed the hills and fought the battles of the South, not to win glory for themselves but for this alone: that Dixie's cause might prevail. Many of them are sleeping today upon the battle-fields--some, under wooden slabs, in country churchyards,--and some, alas we know not where, in graves unknown.

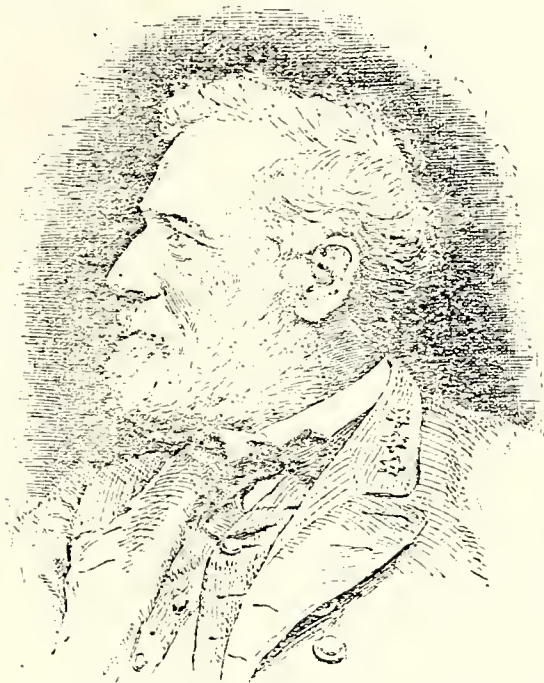
But the Great Shepherd knows them all, and they are all, folded in the arms of Him who loveth every lamb.--Selected.

Stubborn Apparition

Dr. Parkhurst, the celebrated New York divine, once made the remark that the South was lifeless when the conflict (War) started. A loyal Southerner replied: "If this be true, she was certainly represented on the battlefield by the most glorious and stubborn apparition."

General Robert Edward Lee.

When a great man dies, and the tribute of a nation is paid to his memory, the badges of mourning and other outward indications of a people's sorrow seldom mean more than respect and regret. But when the news of Robert E. Lee's death went forth from the little town of Lexington, Va., there thrilled from heart to heart throughout the South a feeling more intense than regret or respect--the grief that is felt when one near and dear has passed away.



The world admired him; his country held him in high esteem; his people loved and venerated him. The South centered its affections in him because he was her very own; because he was her champion and defender through years of bloody conflict; because his fidelity to her brought upon him sacrifice and sorrow; and be-

cause, when peace came, he pointed her the way to resignation, forbearance, and trust in the God of nations who worketh all things well.

He was a model for the young to pattern after, in conduct and in all the relations of life. A demerit mark was never attached to his name in the four long years he attended that strictest of military academies--West Point. To him, duty was the noblest word in the English language. The gentleness and courtesy with which inferiors are treated characterize every true gentleman. Can any finer example of this gentleness and courtesy be cited than Robert E. Lee touching his hat to

an aged negro who, bowing and scraping, and with hat in hand, greeted "Marse Robert" as he was passing along the street. To a friend who expressed surprise at the act, Lee simply said: "I could not let an ignorant old negro excel me in politeness."

Lee was fifty-four years old when

the war between the States began. At that time he was a noble specimen of vigorous manhood, tall, imposing, and massive. In the estimate of his official superiors he outranked in ability all other officers in the military service of the United States, from which service he resigned to dedicate his sword to the defense of his native State. It is said that General Scott, then commander-in-chief of the army, had already fixed upon Lee as his successor, age being about to compel him to retire.

At the close of the war Lee became president of Washington College, Virginia, and thus the remaining years of his life were spent in instructing youth. From all over the South young men came to him, and many of these feel to this day the effects of his influence and character. The college over which he presided has come to be the famous educational institution, Washington

and Lee University, named from the two brightest stars which Virginia has placed in the galaxy of eminent Americans.

Every honor was paid the remains of the dead chieftain of the Southern Confederacy. Thousand participated in the funeral procession, and tens of thousand separated by distance were present in spirit at the graveside. But better than pomp and funeral pageantry were the tears in the eyes and the prayers in the hearts of millions of his people, as the hero lay dead in his Lexington home. Said a great London journal: "A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than General Robert E. Lee."

Outrages.

"Had a tenth of the outrages perpetrated since the war been inflicted upon us, or even attempted, before a blow had been stricken, there would have been no flagging of popular enthusiasm, no Appomattox, no military satrapies instead of States under the Constitution"...Senator Vance in August 1875.

Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born at Clarksburg, West Virginia, Jan. 21st, 1824; died near Chancellorsville, Va., on May 10th, 1863.

He graduated at West Point in 1846; served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war; and resigned from the army in 1852, having become professor of physics and artillery tactics in Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.

He joined the Confederate army at the beginning of the War Between the States, and served as a Brigadier-General at the first battle of Bull Run,



July 21st, 1861. Having at a critical period in this engagement been sent forward to restore the battle on the Confederate left, he maintained an exposed position against great odds until the broken forces were enabled to rally.

In rallying his troops General Bernard E. Bee cried out: "See, there is Jackson standing like a stone-wall! Rally on the Virginians." From that day on; and down in history until the end of time, more people will know him as "Stonewall Jackson," than by his real name.

From an authentic historical source we compile the story of Jackson's Valley Campaign. Before the spring of 1862 fairly opened in the Shenandoah Valley, Jackson hurled his little army of 3,500 against 7,000 of Banks' army under General Shields, at Kernstown. Though unsuccessful, the boldness of his movement awakened such consternation that re-

enforcements designed for McClelland's army on the Peninsula were retained for the defense of Washington. A division of Fremont's forces under Cols. Milroy and Schenck, advancing from western Virginia, had taken post at McDowell, about forty miles west of Staunton. Here they were opposed by a few Confederate troops under General Edward Johnson. The genius of Jackson for making rapid and skillful military combinations now shown forth. Summoning Ewell to confront Banks so as to conceal his own movements, he marched his men up the Valley, with incredible rapidity, a distance of 100 miles, joined forces with Johnson, drove Milroy and Schenck out of McDowell, chased them for two days, and before Banks knew that the Confederate Commander had disappeared from his front he had performed another march of 120 miles and was back again. Joining forces with Ewell, he completely routed Banks at Front Royal and pushed him northward to Winchester. Here Banks was again defeated.

Active effort was now made to capture the intrepid Confederate leader. McDowell was ordered to cross the mountains into the Valley, Banks and Fremont to advance, and thus by a convergence of columns surround him. In all the forces opposed numbered 60,000. Jackson, however, was too quick for his adversaries. Falling rapidly back from Banks, and burning the bridges over the Shenandoah so that Fremont's and McDowell's forces could not unite, he reached a point within strik-

ing distance of each, and fell upon them at Cross Keys and Fort Republic in rapid succession, gaining an additional victory in each instance. Before his bewildered antagonists realized what had happened, Jackson had slipped out of the Valley in safety, with all the spoils of his victories, and was on his way to join Lee in the Seven Days Battle.

Stonewall Jackson had, in three months, marched 400 miles, defeated four armies, captured 3,500 prisoners, and with forces at no time exceeding 17,000 had occupied the attention of 60,000 Federals. In the Army of Virginia his corps was known as "Jackson's Foot Cavalry."

HIS DEATH.

Although the Confederate successes of the Chancellorsville campaign were extremely brilliant, they proved dearly bought victories. Jackson's attack upon Hooker's right flank ended at twilight on May 2nd, 1863. Laying plans to continue the attack the next day, he rode forwards with some of his staff to reconnoiter. On their return, they were in the dark mistaken for Federal cavalry and a body of Confederate soldiers fired upon

Jackson and his staff. Jackson received a wound, which hastened his death on May 10.

His loss was a staggering blow to the Confederacy. A man of pure and spotless character--his memory to-day is honored everywhere where Christian character is esteemed and brilliant soldiery is recognized.

An observant writer and friend of Jackson has said: "As a teacher, he instructed her youth at Lexington. As a patriot, he hastened to her defense at the first indication that she was to be attacked. As a devout Christian, he never failed to render to the Almighty the prayerful tribute of a strong and earnest nature before every battle. As a general, he inspired unlimited confidence in the hearts of his men, and they had come to believe that where he was, defeat could not be. As a military genius, he stands among the greatest military commanders the world has produced."

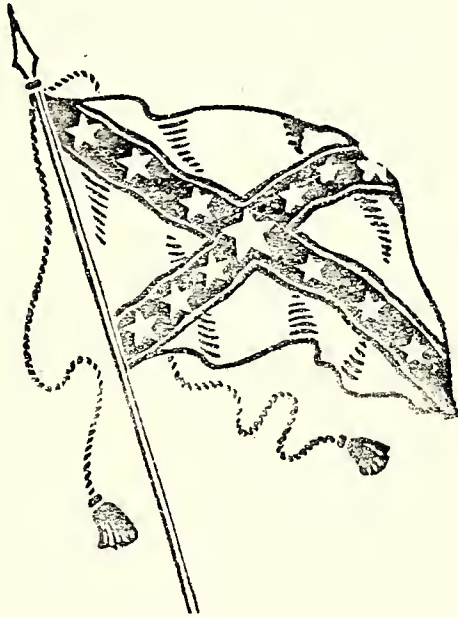
Jackson's dying words to the sorrowing friends and his wife, who stood vigil at his departure to the beyond were: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Americans Not British."

The fighting qualities of the Confederate soldiers have been strikingly embalmed in the famous retort which was made by Henry Ward Beecher to the man who interrupted him while he was delivering one of his great speeches in England during the war. "Wasn't it said at the North," interjected the stubborn Englishman, "that the people of the South could be subdued in thirty days?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Beecher, "and the reason why the Southern people were not subdued in thirty days is because the Southern people are Americans and not British."

The Confederate Flag.



Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
 A people's hope---and then refuled,
 Even while its glory was the theme
 Of half the world.

A beacon that with streaming ray
 Dazzled a struggling Nation's sight---
 Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
 Of fire by night.

They jeer who trembled as it hung,
 Comet-like blazing the sky---
 And heroes, such as Homer sung,
 Followed it to die.

It fell---but stainless as it rose,

Martyred, like Stephen, in the strife---
 Passing, like him, girdled with foes,
 From Death to Life.

Fame's trophy! Sanctified with tears---
 Planted forever at her portal;
 Folded, true: What then? Four short years
 Made it immortal!

Dixie

By Dan D. Emmet.

The origin of the name is still in doubt. Three theories have been advanced: 1. That the name is in some way related to Dixon of Mason and Dixon Line; 2. That a New Jersey farmer, named Dixie, employed negro labor on his estate, which resembled a miniature Southland, the words "Dixie Land" referring at first to his plantation; and the 3. seems the more probable, relating to the famous Citizens' Bank of Louisiana. Twenty years before the War this bank was the great financial institution of the South. Its best known issue was a ten-dollar note with the French word "Dix" engraved upon it. These bills were termed "dixies," and, as they were known in all the states, people began to speak of the South as Dixie Land.

The song spread from New Orleans throughout the South. The words were written by Emmet for Bryant's Minstrels in 1859. It was popular in the North but did not become the Marseillaise of the South until it was sung by Mrs. John Wood in the fall of 1860 in New Orleans.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten,
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land,
 In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin',
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land,

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray, hooray,
 In Dixie land I'll take my stand
 To lib an' die in Dixie,
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Ole missus marry Will-de-weaber,
 William was a gay deceaber,
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 But when he put his arm around 'er,
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
 But dat it did not seem to graeber 'er
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Dere's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabel,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

(There are other "Dixies" written by different people, notably one by Mrs. Downing, of Virginia.)

Hardships in Southern Homes During the Confederacy.

By Mrs. Richard Sadler Harris.

After the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States in November 1860, the idea of seceding from that government rapidly gained favor among the prominent men of the Southern States.

South Carolina was the first one to take this decisive step, and on the 20th of the following December declared herself independent of the Federal government. Other states followed her example, and on February 4th of the next year, the Confederate government was formally constituted at

Montgomery, Ala., with Hon. Jefferson Davis as Provisional President. The seat of this government was removed to Richmond, Va.

To repel the invasion of this territory by Northern troops to coerce them in the Union, the seceding states soon had an army under marching orders, and the flower of Southern manhood, under command of General Robert E. Lee, stood in Virginia, face to face with their Northern foes. The call to arms had been sudden, and by many unexpected. In the preparations for war, there was an ominous hush over the land--there were tears, heart aches and hasty departures for the field of battle.

The women of the South, brave and loyal, wiped away their tears, and cheerfully took up the burden of aiding in the support of their families. They were determined to win the war by every sacrifice possible. Gayety had gone, dinner par-

ties and social festivities were no more.

After the first battle at Bethel, the Richmond Dispatch was the paper with the widest circulation. It was eagerly opened, anxious eyes scanned first the list of dead, wounded and missing, relieved for that day, at least, that there was for them, no mourning.

They spun cotton, wool, dyed the yarn and wove the cloth. Home-spun dresses were the fashion. Boxes and trunks of clothing, long packed away, were opened, the contents shaken out and remodeled in good taste.

The dyes used by these ingenious women, were made from the bark of trees, cedar brush, copperas, cochineal and the indigo plant of eastern Carolina.

The soldiers were not forgotten, no sacrifice was too great that could minister to their comfort. Boxes of every thing good to eat that the

home could furnish, was sent to the boys in gray, at every opportunity. Did they need blankets? Carpets were taken up, heavy curtains taken down and even piano covers, all were made in convenient shape and sent to the camps. After the blockade became more stringent, nothing was expected from the outside world. Merchants had bought no Spring stock, and their shelves gradually depleted. Sugar, coffee, molasses and even salt were scarcely to be had--later, not at all in the stores. Sorghum was made from the cane, coffee, from parched sweet potatoes, barley or some other substitute. Farmers sent their wagons to Virginia for salt. If any one had a supply of real coffee, it was never brought out and made except for a soldier home on furlough, or some one sick. Moulding candles of beeswax and tallow was a flourishing business, as was also

making hats of plaited straw and shucks. A unique candle was made by taking a heavy cord of cotton yarn, yards and yards long, and running it through a vessel of hot bees wax and tallow until heavily coated. Then after cooling, winding it in a cone, broad at the bottom, leaving one end of the waxed cord loose at the top to be lighted.

Ingenuity supplied every need in the home, even when things went to fabulous prices before the end of the war.

All these privations were borne cheerfully, gladly, if only the Confederacy would win. The heart-break came when the soldier returned not to his own, and the banner of the South was furled forever.

The South has arisen from defeat in war and in the tragedies of reconstruction, and is now, as ever, God's own country of peace and plenty.

We're Tenting To-Night.

A futile effort was made among local talent to ascertain the authorship of this beautiful sentiment. Without question, at first, all accepted the belief that the verses are of Southern origin; but later became skeptical. A number of singing Confederate soldiers were consulted, and none could be found who had heard it sung during the war. A version of the song is in possession where it has been adapted to fit the ideals of the Federal soldier, expressing the hope that "the flag shall float o're all the land by the might of boys in blue." That sentiment is distinctly un-Confederate. We are inclined, in the spirit of guessing, to believe that "Tenting Tonight" appeared after the War and each section adapted it to its own purposes.

We're tenting tonight on the old Camp Ground,
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts; a song of home
 And friends we love so dear.

THE UPLIFT

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
 To see the dawn of peace.
 Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
 We've been tenting tonight on the Old Camp Ground,
 Thinking of days gone by;
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
 And the tear that said good bye.

We are tired of the war on the Old Camp Ground,
 Many are the dead and gone,
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes---
 Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the Old Camp Ground,
 Many are lying near;
 Some are dead and some are dying;
 Many are in tears.

CHORUS:

Dying tonight, dying tonight,
 Dying on the Old Camp Ground.

On Death of Lincoln---His Successor.

For an enemy so relentless in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political consequences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune to the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignancy toward the people of the South; his successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need."---Jefferson Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

Zebulon Baird Vance

Zebulon Baird Vance, the second son of a family of four sons and four daughters, was born in Buncombe county, N. C., May 13, 1830. He attended an "old-field school," later became a clerk in a Hot Springs store. During his youth he fell from an apple tree, breaking a hip, from which he suffered a lameness. When about twelve he entered Washington College, Tenn., but the death of his father called him home.



By the aid of the Loan Fund, he entered the University of North Carolina in 1851. In 1852 he began the practice of law, opening an office in Asheville. His general popularity and thorough understanding of human nature fitted him for political contests before the people. He was county solicitor, legislator, congressman, governor and United States senator--the hearts of the people were with him from first to last.

Of all the Governors of the seceded states, none stood higher and rendered a higher service for the state and the soldiers than did Vance. He was opposed to secession, but what took place in meeting the situation when war activities actually began is best told in Vance's own words: "For myself (he said in a speech in 1886) I was canvassing for the Union with all my strength---I was addressing a large and excited crowd, large number of whom were armed, and I literally had my arm extended upward pleading for peace and the union of our fathers when the telegraphic news was announced of the firing on Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers. When my hand came down from that impassioned gesticulation it fell slowly and sadly by the side of a secessionist. With altered voice and manner I called upon the assembled multitude to volunteer not to fight against, but for South Carolina. I said if war must come, I preferred to be with my own people and to shed Northern rather than Southern blood. If we had to slay, I had rather slay strangers than my own kindred and neighbors."

In these words, Vance expressed the attitude of hundreds and thousands; but when this war-like con-

duct upon the part of the Federal authorities took place, there was no other course open for courageous and patriotic North Carolinians.

When the convention met and repealed by unanimous vote, May 20, 1861, the act of November 1789, by which North Carolina had acceded to the Federal Union, and declared the state to be no longer one of the United States, that was merely a formal, legislative declaration. When Fort Sumter was fired upon and Lincoln called for troops to wage battle against South Carolina, a sister and neighbor state, kin-folks and people of like impulses, asking for two regiments from North Carolina. Governor Ellis expressed the unanimous sentiments of the genuine manhood and womanhood of North Carolina when he replied on April 15: "You can get no troops from North Carolina."

Upon the death of Governor Ellis, Speaker Clark became governor until the election in August, 1862, when Vance, then colonel of the 26th Regiment, was selected, defeating William Johnston. Vance took the oath of office the following month. Even after his election he remained with his regiment for a period against the protest of his friends. During a lull in the fierce and deadly assault on Malvern Hill, while his regiment was awaiting orders to charge, a rabbit was seen in front of the line and soon ran away. Vance called out in the hearing of his men: "Go it, Molly-

Cotton-Tail! If I had no more reputation to lose than you I would run too."

Immediately upon Vance's becoming Governor he set about to care for the need and support of the North Carolina soldiers. He purchased a steamer--the Ad-Vance--which made eleven round trips between Willington and Bermuda, exchanging cotton for supplies, finally being captured by the Federal troops. It is generally understood that the North Carolina troops, by reason of Vance's wise and energetic interest in their behalf, were better provided with blankets, shoes and other necessities than the soldiers of any other Southern State.

In this connection, there is no purpose to give a biography of this distinguished North Carolinian. That is left for a later issue. The contribution this beloved citizen made towards the advancement and progress of North Carolina and her citizenship, is one of the brightest records in the annals of the state. He was popular with the army, and there was always audience for him amongst the soldiery of the Confederacy. The great cavalry leader, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, said: "If oratory is to be measured by its effects, Vance was the greatest orator that ever lived."

On Saturday, April 14, 1894, this great North Carolinian passed over the river.

Imperishable Knighthood.

Out there in Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood.

Reason For Desertion And A Deserter.

It is inconceivable that a great army could be gathered, by volunteer, draft or otherwise, in any period of the world's history, that some desertion did not occur. Before such a state could be reached in the prosecution of war whereby desertion would not occur, human nature must change.

It is a matter of record, however, that the number of desertions from the Confederate Army was gratifyingly small, taking into consideration all the circumstances surrounding the great conflict. It is to the everlasting credit of the Southern character, that a very small per centage of the de-

sertions was from the Confederate cause to the Federal cause. The greater part of the desertions, we are told, was not to another flag but back home. That thing you call home-sickness—the consuming desire to see home and home folks—dethroned the power of resistance in a number of cases, but the affections were not transformed to another flag.

The penalty for desertion was severe. The remedy for it—shooting—was invoked the fewest of times; but there is a human interest in the circumstances of the investigations of a desertion, that we find it, for the knowledge it conveys, appropriate to reproduce here John Esten Cooke's "Vision of Sudden Death": * * * * *
 * * * "I was sitting on my horse near General Stuart, who had put in the skirmishers, and was now superintending the fire of the artillery, when a cavalryman rode up and reported that they had just captured a deserter.

"Where is he?" was Stuart's brief interrogatory.

"Coming yonder, General."

"How do you know he is a deserter?"

"One of my Company knew him

when he joined our army."

"Where is he from?"

"——— County."

And the man mentioned the name of a county of Western Virginia.

"What is his name?"

"M———."

(I suppress the full name. Some mother's or sister's heart might be wounded.)

"Bring him up," said Stuart coldly, with a lowering glance from the blue eyes under the brown hat and black feather. As he spoke, two or three mounted men rode up with the prisoner.

I can see him at this moment with the mind's eyes, as I saw him then with the material eye. He was a young man, apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, and wore the blue uniform, tipped with red, of a private in the United States Artillery. The singular fact was that he appeared completely at his ease. He seemed to be wholly unconscious of the critical position which he occupied; and as he approached, I observed that he returned the dark glance of Stuart with the air of a man who says: "What do you find in my appearance to make you fix your eyes upon me so intently!" In another

moment he was in Stuart's presence, and came, quietly, without the faintest exhibition of embarrassment, or any emotion whatever, waited to be addressed.

Stuart's words were curtest of the curt.

"Is this the man?" he said.

"Yes, General," replied one of the escort.

"You say he is a deserter?"

"Yes, sir. I knew him in _____ County when he joined Captain _____'s company; and there is no sort of doubt about it, General, as he acknowledges that he is the same person."

"Acknowledges it!"

"Yes, sir, acknowledges that he is _____, from that county; and that after joining the South he deserted."

Stuart flashed a quick glance at the prisoner, and seemed at a loss to understand why futurity had induced him to testify against himself--thereby sealing his fate. His gaze--clear, fiery, menacing--was returned by the youth with apathetic calmness. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, and I now had an opportunity to look at him more attentively. He was even younger than I at first thought him--indeed a mere boy. His complexion was fair; his eyes blue, mild, and soft in their expression, as a girl's. Their expression as they met lowering glances of Stuart, was almost confiding. I could not suppress a sigh--so painful was the thought that this youth would probably be lying soon with a bullet through his heart.

A kinder-hearted person than General Stuart never lived; but in all that appertained to his profession and duty as a soldier, he was inexorable.

Desertion, in his estimation, was one of the deadliest crimes of which a human being could be guilty; and his course was plain--his resolution immovable.

"What is your name?" said the General coldly, with a lowering brow.

"M-----, sir," was the response, in a mild and pleasing voice, in which it was impossible to discern the least trace of emotion.

"Where are you from?"

"I belonged to the battery that was firing at you, over yonder, sir."

The voice had not changed. A calmer tone I never heard.

"Where were you born?" continued Stuart, as coldly as before.

"In _____, Virginia, sir."

"Did you belong to the Southern army at any time?"

"Yes, sir."

The coolness of the speaker was incredible. Stuart could only look at him for a moment in silence, so astonishing was this equanimity at a time when his life and death were in the balance. Not a tone of the voice, a movement of the muscles, or a tremor of the lip indicated consciousness of his danger. The eye never quailed, the colour of his cheek never faded. The prisoner acknowledged that he was a deserter from the Southern army with the simplicity, candour, and calmness of one who saw in that fact nothing extraordinary, or calculated in any manner to affect his destiny unpleasantly. Stuart's eyes flashed; he could not understand such apathy; but in war there is little time to investigate psychological phenomena.

"So you were in our ranks, and you went over to the enemy?" he said with a sort of a growl.

"Yes, sir," was the calm reply.

"You were a private in that battery yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

Stuart turned to an officer, and pointing to a tall pine tree near, said in brief tones:

"Hang him on that tree!"

It was then that a change—sudden, awful, horrible—came over the face of the prisoner; at that moment I read in the distended eyeballs the "vision of sudden death." The youth became gastly pale; and the eyes, before so vacant and apathetic, were all at once injected with blood, and full of piteous fright. I saw in an instant that the boy had not for a single moment realized the terrible danger of his position; and that the words "Hang him on that tree!" had burst upon him with the sudden and appalling force of a thunderbolt. I have seen human countenances express every phase of agony; seen the writhing of the mortally wounded as their life-blood welled out, and the horror of the death-struggle fixed on the cold upturned faces of the dead: but never have I witnessed an expression more terrible and agonizing than that which passed over the face of the boy-deserter, as he thus heard his sentence. He had evidently regarded himself as a mere prisoner of war; and now he was condemned to death! He had looked forward, doubtless, to mere imprisonment at Richmond until regularly exchanged, when, "Hang him on that tree," burst upon his ears like the voice of some avenging Nemesis.

Terrible, piteous, sickening, was the expression of the boy's face. He seemed to feel already the rope around his neck; he choked; when

he spoke his voice sounded like the death-rattle. An instant of horror-struck silence; a gasp or two as if the words were trying to force their way against some obstacle in his throat; then the sound came. His tones were not loud, impassioned, energetic, not even animated. A sick terror seemed to have frozen him; when he spoke it was in sort of a moan.

"I didn't know," he muttered in in low, husky tones. "I never meant ---when I went over to Maryland---to fight against the South. They made me; I had nothing to eat---I told them I was a Southerner---and so help me God, I never fired a shot. I was with the wagons. Oh! General, spare me; I never---"

There the voice died out; and as pale as a corpse, trembling in every limb---a spectacle of helpless terror which no words can describe, the boy waited his doom.

Stuart had listened in silence, his gaze riveted on the speaker; his hand grasping his heavy beard; motionless amid the shells which were bursting around him. For an instant he seemed to hesitate---life and death were poised in the balances. Then with a cold look at the trembling deserter, he said to the men:

"Take him back to General Lee, and report the circumstances."

With these words he turned and galloped off; the deserter was saved, at least for the moment.

I do not know his ultimate fate; but if he saw General Lee in person, and told his tale, I think he was spared. That great and merciful spirit inflicted the death-penalty only when he could not avoid it.

Since that day I have never seen the face of the boy---nor ever ex-

pect to see it. But I shall never forget that "vision of sudden death" in his distended eyes, as Stuart's cold voice ordered, "Hang him on that tree."

The Rebel Sock.

(Under the non de plume of "Tenella", Mrs. Mary Bayard (Devereux) Clarke wrote "The Rebel Sock." She lived from May 13, 1827, to March 31, 1886, thirty-four of which she lived in her native town of Raleigh, N. C. The last eighteen years of her life were spent in New Bern. She was a typical Southern woman, richly endowed with genius and ambition. Judge Reade in his sketch of her says: she was "reared in affluence, thoroughly educated, and highly accomplished." In a very clever way "The Rebel Sock" shows the superb loyalty of the women, even unto the very elderly ones.)

In all the pomp and pride of war
 The Lincolnite was drest,
 High beat his patriotic heart
 Beneath his armor'd vest.
 His maiden sword hung by his side,
 His pistols both were right,
 The shining spurs were on his heels,
 His coat was buttoned tight.
 A firm resolve sat on his brow,
 For he to danger went;
 By Seward's self that day he was
 On secret service sent.
 "Mount and away," he sternly cried,
 Unto the gallant band,
 Who, all equipped from head to heel,
 Awaited his command;
 "But halt, my boys--before you go,
 These solemn words I'll say,
 Lincoln expects that every man
 His duty'll do today."
 "We will, we will," the soldiers cried,
 "The President shall see,
 That we will only run away
 From Jackson or from Lee."
 And now they're off, just four-score men,
 A picked and chosen troop,
 And like a hawk upon a dove,
 On Maryland they swoop.
 From right to left--from house to house,
 The little army rides;

In every lady's wardrobe look
To see what there she hides.
They peep in closets, trunks, and drawers,
Examined every box;
Not rebel soldiers now they seek,
But rebel soldiers' socks!
But all in vain!--too keen for them,
Were those dear ladies there,
And not a sock, or flannel shirt
Was taken anywhere.
The day wore on to afternoon,
That warm and drowsy hour,
When nature's self doth seem to feel
A touch of Morpheus' power;
A farm-house door stood wide open,
The men were all away,
The laides sleeping in their rooms,
The children at their play;
The house-dog lay upon the step,
But never raised his head,
Though crackling on the gravel walk,
He heard a stranger's tread.
Old grandma, in her rocking chair,
Sat knitting in the hall,
When suddenly upon her work
A shadaw seemed to fall.
She raised her eyes and there she saw
Our Federal hero stand,
His little cap was on his head,
His sword was in his hand.
Slowly the dear old lady rose,
And tottering, forward came
And peering dimly through her "specs,"
Said, "Honey! what's your name?"
Then, as she raised her withered hand,
To pat his sturdy arm,
"There's no one here but Grandmama
And she won't do you harm.
Come, take a seat. and don't be scared,
Put up your sword, my child,
I would not hurt you for the world,"
She gently said and smiled.
"Madam, my duty must be done
And I am as firm as rock,"
Then pointing to her work, he said,
"Is that a rebel sock?"
"Yes, Honey, I am getting old

And for hard work ain't fit,
Though for Confederate soldiers, still,
I thank the Lord, can knit."
"Madam, your work is contraband
And Congress confiscates
This rebel sock, which I now sieze,
To the United States."
"Yes, Honey---don't be scared---you see
I'll give it up to you."
Then slowly from her half-knit sock
The dame her needles drew,
Broke off the thread, wound up the ball,
And stuck her needles in;
"Here---take it, child---and I tonight
Another will begin."
The soldier next his loyal heart
The dear bought trophy laid,
And that was all that Seward got
By this old woman's raid.

THE

UPLIFT

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VOL. IX

CONCORD, N. C. MAY 14, 1921

NO. 28

Bennohan Cameron

The Value Of A Child.

The most sacred thing in the commonwealth and to the commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the State. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained.

Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man he had known in many years in connection with Harvard University was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State.—Walter Hines Page, in an address at Athens, Georgia, December, 1901.

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Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - -	138	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - -	43	10:30 p

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THE 20TH.

Friday of next week will be the one hundred and forty sixth anniversary of the brave and courageous stand of the patriots at Charlotte, when they issued to the world what is known in history as the "Mecklenburg Declaration Of Independence."

There are those who speak of it as a myth. The Mecklenburg patriots may not have dotted the i's or crossed the t's in it or punctuated the resolution as it has come down to us through the ages, but there was a something in that meeting and among that crowd of patriots that spells a spirit of freedom and a determination to be no longer subjects of England, and history proves that they weren't---and if that is not a "Declaration," what could you call it?

The little stunt pulled off by the Cabarrus Black Boys, (an account of their deed published elsewhere in this number) and many other protestations against England's arrogance, clearly demonstrate the attitude of this section even before the united Colonies got well into the game.

That's a fine observation of the late D. A. Tompkins, who especially gave it for the issue of THE UPLIFT of May, 1910. It covers the ground, and should satisfy all.

♦♦♦♦

WHAT COL. HARRIS THINKS ABOUT THE 20TH.

This writer requested an article on the event of the 20th of May 1775, by Col. Wade Harris, of Charlotte. He very kindly responded and his in-

teresting contribution elsewhere in this number will be read with great pleasure and profit by our readers. He considered it unnecessary to go into the many historical details that led up, from different angles, to the event, which Charlotte, Mecklenburg and the whole state have a just right to celebrate.

We count ourselves fortunate in being able to print the picture of the little, odd court-house in which the first orderly, business-like effort was made towards the birth of American freedom---this is the property of Mr. Harris, and we are grateful to him for its use.

o o o o

A VARIATION IN THE OBSERVATION OF AN EVENT.

“While they deserve all that is and can be said, the usual memorial address features Lee and Jackson, and it is the rarest thing that you ever hear the name of Davis, the president of the Confederacy---and, only incidentally the private comes in for a just recognition.”

The foregoing is the justifying reason why two Cabarrus citizens, Messrs. D. B. Coltrane and Shakespeare Harris have planned to do something out of the ordinary, and something real worth-while. The date is set for June 3rd, the date of the birth of Jefferson Davis, upon the head of whom the whole North and much of the outside world heaped an unpardonable injustice for his patriotic and uncomplaining support of the cause of his country.

It is pleasing that men will stand up and do honor to one, who made the sacrifice President Davis did---live uncomplainingly amid abuse and without a country. These Cabarrus gentlemen have set an example that doubtless will be followed elsewhere in the South. They propose to have a splendid dinner, not one of your thrown-together dinners, a root-hog-or-die affair, to which every survivor of the Confederacy of the county is cordially invited and asked to take his time between 10 and 12 on June 3rd to recount personal experiences and to adequately feed himself. Then at 1 P. M. they together with the general public are invited to hear Dr. Long, of Graham, N. C., a scholarly old Confederate, tell the story of Davis, the man, the president, and the sacrifice of a whole section.

This is a beautiful and thoughtful act of Messrs. Harris and Coltrane, two old soldiers, who came back from the results of Appomattox bare-footed, but whom the Lord has blessed and their blessings have not spoiled them.

o o o o

THIS EDUCATIONAL BUSINESS.

One of the brightest and most just ideas that have been developed in the

educational business of the State, is the County Schools Commencement, The man or woman, who originated the thing, should be perpetuated in history. It is the one outstanding mark of progress in the cause of rural public education.

What was taking place in Cabarrus on the 7th--the County Commencement--has been going on, in a smaller or larger manner, in the great majority of the counties of the state. The forgotten child in the rural sections is coming into his own--after awhile, the towns will need some new lawyers, new preachers, new teachers, sturdy business men--they raise them in the country. And it is justice that the future leaders in these walks of life should come to town on these annual occasions, if for no other reason than to see how they like it.

Of course, Dr. Hood made a great address. That fact was assured when the authorities invited him. The generosity of Mr. Wagner and the Citizen's Bank and Trust Company put pep and enthusiasm into the several contests that were on the programme.

In an analysis of the awards, one is forced to the conclusion that Pinnacle School has run away with educational things in Cabarrus county; and young Mr. Rutledge McEachern, its brightest pupil, swept the deck of the prizes and distinctions.

Co. Supt. Robertson has closed a very successful school term in the county; and the reports and exercises at the Commencement demonstrated a fine efficiency obtaining in the work of the rural schools during the term.

A suggestion and a Prophecy: When the several white schools of the county--now forty or more--are united and consolidated into not more than ten schools, of four to six teachers, conveying the children to and from school, and the devil is extracted from one to two fool parents in each district, then

THE CABARRUS SCHOOLS WILL BECOME MARVELS IN EFFICIENCY.



THE COUNTY'S SHAME.

Judge Bryson, who has made an enviable reputation among our people for ability, capacity and justice, and Solicitor Clement, an able representative of the state, have gone home, after holding a two-weeks' term of court in Cabarrus county. The term was supposed to be divided, one for criminal cases, the other for civil cases.

Beginning on the first day, the court spent the whole week and all of the second up to adjournment on Friday with criminal cases, having not finish-

ed the docket but merely clearing the jail. Heretofore, it is a common occurrence for the court to finish the criminal docket in its entirety up to Wednesday afternoon, and never later than Thursday morning of the first week.

An observer has gone to the trouble to figure it out that this court, dealing with every kind of a case from petty theft to murder, found convictions the total sentences of which reaches beyond 72 years. Twenty years ago, most of the cases were against colored people. It was rare that a white man faced court charged with stealing. But in this late court, one was struck by the great number of white men charged with crime. It is appalling. It can not all be charged to cessation of manufacturing operations, but much of it may be assigned to a fact of idleness. There are those, who credit the influences of the dirty pictures in the movies with the larger per cent of this transgression; others to assistance of rapid travel by automobile in getting away with the deed--but after all, it dates further back. In all earnestness--

Have not the obliteration of the family altar and the let-up in parental training contributed most largely to the condition of which we write, and of which we should take serious notes. There is too much winking at evil things in our mad social and commercial rush.

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PRESBYTERIAN ELDER BEATEN BY HIS WIFE.

Red Springs, where Flora MacDonald College is located, had an exciting time at the recent election. Mr. G. T. Bullock, prominent citizen of the town and an elder in the Presbyterian Church of that town, was beaten by his wife, who is the daughter of a retired Judge. It happened this way and on this account: There were two tickets in the field for town officers, at a recent election. Mr. Bullock was on one ticket, and Mrs. Bullock was on another, both running for the same office.

Mrs. Bullock outran her hubby by four majority, and that is the way she "beat" him.

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Sometime ago, when thinking of the peculiar hardships surrounding the children in their early teens during the War Between the States, what they had to do and what they missed, we asked Dr. Herring, who was just twelve when the war began, to tell us about it. He has responded, and his interesting article appears elsewhere in this issue. Incidentally he points the way for a great improvement in man's attitude to women. Man does not

respect womanhood today as in years gone by---in fact, the women do not demand it.

THE FOUR OXEN AND THE LION.

A Lion used to prowl about a field in which Four Oxen used to dwell. Many a time he tried to attack them; but whenever he came near they turned their tails to one another, so that whichever way he approached them he was met by the horns of one of them. At last, however, they fell a-quarrelling among themselves, and each went off to pasture alone in a separate corner of the field. Then the Lion attacked them one by one and soon made an end of all four.

“UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.”

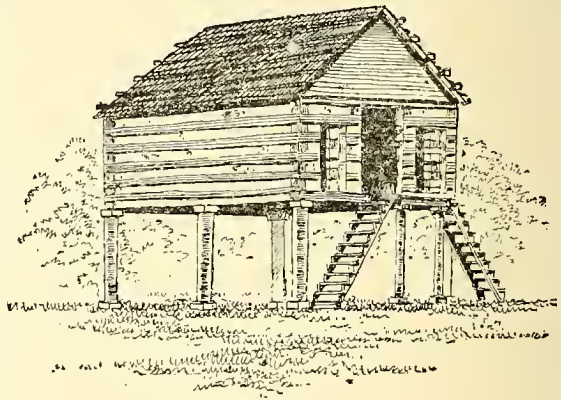


Conditions Leading Up to Mecklenburg Declaration.

By Col. Wade H. Harris.

How many of the bright young fellows at the Jackson Training School can tell the date on which Columbus discovered America? Not many, I imagine. I would have to "look it up," myself, but the important fact is that Columbus discovered our country. If he hadn't Indians might even now be hunting buffaloes over the very ground the coming statesmen are now growing sorghum and potatoes on the Jackson Training School farm.

So, it does not matter whether the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was signed at Charlotte on May 20 or May 30, 1775. The big thing is that it was signed, or the King's Collar might yet be fastened around our necks. There has never been any controversy about the signing of the famous document by the men who may have direct descendants among the readers of THE UPLIFT. Off and on, how-



OLD MECKLENBURG COURT HOUSE.

ever, in times past inconoclastic assault has been made on the day Charlotte has been wont to celebrate, but the decision was finally given in favor of May 20. That date was declared a public holiday in the State and to establish it still more firmly, the legend, "May 20, 1775," was put on the State flag. All the controversy about May 20 being the day on which the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was signed, therefore, has become past history.

In response to the request by the editor of THE UPLIFT that I make contribution for the anniversary number, I have thought it might be a good idea to undertake "some-

thing different"---there will be, no doubt, a sufficiency of historic detail on other pages of this issue of THE UPLIFT. What was the Declaration of Independence, what did it mean, and why all this noise about the document and the men who signed it? To write of these things is to write of conditions around us as they existed 150 years ago. It was a wild country in those days, with trees everywhere, mighty few roads and fewer people, and these few living far apart. It is a hard matter for the people of the present day to picture the conditions which surrounded the isolated population of that time. But the fact to be remembered is that aside from living in a

wilderness, they were living under the Government of the Crown. They were ruled from England and under a system of tyranny that gradually laid tribute upon all they were able to make, while liberties had been practically confiscated. Finally the exactions of this foreign Government became unbearable that the people of Mecklenburg County, which at the time embraced the larger part of this section of the State, determined to "throw off the British yoke," and the 20th of May gathering in Charlotte was the final result. At this meeting the famous "Resolves" by which they declared themselves a free and independent people and pledged their lives in defense of their liberties, were given to the world. That was a year and more before the more loudly-heralded declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia.

Of course the inherited glory of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence belongs as much to Cabarrus as to Mecklenburg, but I must confess that it was not until after I had come to Charlotte, early in the year 1882, that any personal interest was aroused in my breast in the history of the great event. Even the fact that a few years previously a candidate for the Legislature in Cabarrus was defeated solely because he had hooted at the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, had made no particular impression on my mind. But as I had heard old Doctor Cy. Alexander talk in Cabarrus, so I later found myself in Charlotte under the more entertaining reminiscences of Mr. James Harty, at that time an old man, but possessed of a remarkable memory for things historical. In his

boyhood days, Mr. Harty talked with older men who had information straight from their fathers and his knowledge of incidents in connection with the Declaration and its signing was almost first-hand. For one thing, he had been given graphic details of the court house in which the document was signed, and from his description this writer made a sketch of the building which corresponds to the recollection of the men of Mr. Harty's time.

The court house stood at the crossing of the only two roads in this section, and over the spot now marked in Independence Square with an iron tablet. There were only half a dozen houses in sight, all around being woods and swamps. Just why the house was elevated on posts was never explained with any degree of satisfaction, but in those days, on the rare occasions that the people came together, it was the custom to peddle cider and ginger cakes, and it is a good guess that the space under the building was used as a market and loafing place.

The picture may serve to give an idea of rugged surroundings of the people of that day. They had no fire-arms other than the flint-lock rifles; they had no way of providing themselves with guns; they had no means of transportation, and communication was only by wagon trail or horseback. They were under the dominion of a Government that could send over troops and cannon, yet practically stripped of all resources for making defense, they sent defiance to a powerful and a tyrannic Government, and when the British Army later came over to whip them, it found that it could not do it. The defeated British

General---Lord Cornwallis---stopping in Charlotte in the days when trouble assailed him, found the people so aggressive and so bold he termed the place where the Declaration was signed, "The Hornet's Nest." And Charlotte is proud of that name to this time.

Understanding the isolation of the people and their appærent helplessness against the organized forces of

the British Government, the spirit that moved them to throw defiance at their rulers and to declare their independence of British power, one may come into a better appreciation of what the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence stood for, what it meant to the fortunes of the American people and why Charlotte should make annual celebration of the event.

The Thing People Call "Personality."

By Mrs. Jim Riddick.

I once heard a rich mother say the town in which she lives was too small and offered no opportunities for her child and, in consequence, she would be forced to move to a larger city so that her son could develop "personality."

That remark has lingered in the mind of this writer for months, trying to fathom the reasoning for such an utterance, and also endeavoring to decide when, how and where begins a development of personality in the young. Possibly the scientists would say pre-natal conditions have much to do with developments---that I believe---but these conditions must be followed up in an earnest and wholesome way by a life of service; forget self; and do something to make the world better and people happier.

But I'm convinced now that it is not the easy life of the golf enthusiast, who is financially able to have his caddie, but the real country boy, who knows how to manage a horse in any style of harness, who can appreciate a thorough-bred from a mixed breed in the barn-yard, who knows how to treat the soil kindly so that it will produce abundantly,

who has the ambition to develop an old farm-place, and equip a home with all the modern conveniences and make it HOME and not just a stopping place, and yet can grace the parlor by the use of chaste language, easy manners, and above all look you square in the eyes and give evidence of having lived close to nature's heart and a clean life.

Just such a picture in human blood and flesh was presented to me a few days ago. He was a country boy, with a collegiate education, and as he entered a suburban home, with all modern conveniences, instead of showing an ignorance by asking questions relative to all these developments, he reflected a comprehending intelligence and sought most modestly to find suggestions for his own home---his passion was for a real home, orderly surroundings and an opportunity for service. That is personality that counts.

The average town boy who frequents the movies, takes frequent dopes per day and smokes cigarettes, passes through life as in a mystic maze; he asks but few questions because his interest in cause and effect rarely becomes developed.

This visit of this country boy was refreshing--he was so alert, so interested in life, so dignified, and when he rode off in his big touring car and tipped his hat like the true country

gentleman, I saw the answer to the question "what is a strong personality?"

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool."

A Strange and Interesting Case in Speechlessness.

In 1864, back west of Staunton, Va., a Cabarrus soldier took suddenly ill. He lay for a time in an improvised hospital and it was discovered that his illness left him speechless. He came home practically well at the conclusion of the War Between the States, but he had "lost his voice."

He took his place in the life of his community along with the others, hardpressed, scanty supplies, demoralized conditions, beginning at the ground. For years he labored earnestly and faithfully. He prospered, made good, reared high class children, faithful to every trust and to the state, and lived himself a correct, upright life--but all the talking the quiet, well-behaved citizen could do was in a very low whisper.

This man, of whom we write, is Mr. John P. Hahn, of No. 8 township, of Cabarrus county. Mr. Hahn, a prosperous farmer, has passed 77 years of age, and since 1864, or for 57 years, he has been unable to speak audibly, but with a lip-movement he could whisper to make his wants in a measure known. He suffered no pain, has never suffered any pain from the affliction, no doctor has ever risked an opinion of what the real cause was, or manifested the

least notion of being able to overcome the strange affection, with which Mr. Hahn has gone through the larger part of his life, uncomplainingly. He's a gentle man; but if he were not he'd had a hard time in conducting a quarrel until about one year ago, when suddenly and without the slightest warning his voice came back to him.

Knowing him for more than fifty years and only receiving a whispering greeting, this writer felt queer recently when Mr. Hahn spoke out his "howdy-do" in a strong, deep voice and began to talk like other folks. It is a fact that about a year ago his speech returned to him, and now he seems, after 57 years, perfectly normal. He says, however, whenever he gets a slight cold, his voice is stronger--in fact he can call hogs now, or woop 'em up at a corn-shucking, or a log rolling.



THE LATE DANIEL A. TOMPKINS.
Charlotte, N. C.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

By Daniel A. Tompkins.

(Eleven years ago today, the editor of THE UPLIFT asked Mr. D. A. Tompkins, one of the most patriotic citizens that ever called Charlotte his home, who manifested a faith in the South when it required courage to so do, and who blazed the way for a successful industrial development, to give us a short statement relative to the authenticity of the "Mecklenburg Declaration." Below is what he wrote eleven years ago. On the opposite page is the picture of him doing that which interested him most---making a survey of the situation.)

"If William Tell never lived, none the less does the story represent a sentiment that did live, and which will continue to live for all time, iconoclasts to the contrary notwithstanding.

If it could be proved that the meeting ascribed to May 20th never took place, still would the Mecklenburg spirit of independence in advance of that of the rest of the country survive. The emblem of the hornets, the resolves of May 31st, and abundant other proof of the independent spirit of the times survive to sustain the fact that everything else here was in accord with the Declaration of May 20th. 1775.

The same evidence and plenty besides goes to show that there was a declaration."

“The Gunpowder Plot” Or The Cabarrus Black Boys.

This event is well authenticated. The immediate story below was prepared years ago by Hon. D. M. Barringer, who afterwards became Envoy to Spain. It is fitting that this story be reproduced in this issue, because it was one of the many demonstrations in behalf of freedom from the English yoke that led up to and culminated in the “Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.” Cabarrus county was not then in existence as a county but was embraced in the territory of Mecklenburg.

In the year 1771, some difficulties arose between Governor Tryon of North Carolina and the Regulators, and in order to coerce them into his measures, the Governor procured from Charleston, South Carolina, three or four wagon loads of the munitions of war, consisting of gunpowder, flints, blankets, &c. They were brought to Charlotte, North Carolina, and from some suspicious movements amongst the friends of liberty, wagons could not be procured to transport them on; at length Colonel Moses Alexander procured wagons to convey it to Hillsboro, the then seat of government. The vigilance of the jealous Whigs was ever on the alert, and in a settlement, lying now in the county of Cabarrus, known by the name of the Rocky River Settlement, sixteen miles north-east of Charlotte, and seven or eight south of Concord, there existed as much of the true spirit of patriotism as ever was found in the same bounds, and where not a Tory was ever born or ever breathed.

The following individuals, viz., Major James White, William White and John White (all brothers, born and raised on the banks of Rocky River, one mile from Rocky River church), Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benjamin Cochran, James Ashmore and Joshua Hadley, bound

themselves by a most solemn oath, not to divulge the secret on each other, and in order to keep themselves concealed they blacked themselves, and set out to destroy, if possible, the powder, &c., that had been procured to shed the blood of their countrymen. They set out in the evening, while the father of the Whites was absent to mill with two horse-loads of grain; fortunately they met him (the boys were on foot); they demanded of their father the horses, and ordered him to dismount. He pleaded lustily for the privilege of the horses until he could carry home his bags, but all remonstrance was vain; they lifted the bags off the horses and left them on the side of the road. They came up with the wagons that hauled the powder, &c., encamped on what was then called Phifer's Hill, three miles west from Concord, on the road leading from Charlotte to Salisbury, near midway between these places, at or near what is now Long's tavern. They immediately unloaded the wagons, stove in the kegs, threw the powder, flints, &c., into a pile, tore the blankets into strips, placed them on the pile, made a train of powder a considerable distance from the pile, and Major White fired a pistol into the train, which produced a tremendous explosion. A stave from the

pile struck White on the forehead, and cut him considerably. As soon as it came to the ears of Colonel Moses Alexander, he put his whole ingenuity in requisition to find out the perpetrators of so foul a deed against his Majesty. The transaction remained a mystery for some time. Great threats were made, and in order to induce some one to turn traitor, a pardon was offered to any one who would turn king's evidence against the rest. Ashmore and Hadley, being half-brothers and composed of the same materials, set out unknown to each other, to avail themselves of the pardon offered, and accidentally met each other on the threshold of Moses Alexander's house. When they made known their business, Alexander observed, "That by virtue of the governor's proclamation they were pardoned, but they were the first that ought to be hanged." The rest of the "Black Boys" had to fly their country. They fled to the State of Georgia, where they remained some time. The governor finding he could not get them into his grasp held out insinuations that if they would return and confess their faults they should be pardoned. They returned, and as soon as it was known, Moses Alexander raised a guard, consisting of himself, two brothers, John and Jake, and others, and surrounded the house of old White, the father of the boys. Caruthers, the son-in-law of White, was also at White's. They placed a guard to each door. One of the guard wishing to favor the escape of Caruthers, struck a quarrel with Moses Alexander at one door, while his brother Daniel Alexander whispered to Mrs. White, if there was any of them within

they might pass out and he would not see him; in the mean time, out goes Caruthers, and in a few jumps was in the river. The alarm was immediately given, but pursuit was fruitless.

At another time, the royalists heard of some of the boys being in a harvest field, and set out to take them; but always having some one in company that favored their escape, as they rode in sight of the field one of the company waved his hand, which the boys took as a signal. They pursued Robert Davis so close, that he jumped his horse thirty feet down a bank into the river, and then dared them to follow him.

They fled from covert to covert to save their necks from the blood-thirsty loyalists, who were daily hunting them like wild beasts. They would lie concealed weeks at a time, and the neighbors would carry them food, until they fairly wearied out their pursuers. The oath by which they bound themselves was an imprecation of the strongest kind; the greater part of the imprecation was literally fulfilled in Hadley and Ashmore. Ashmore fled his country, but he lived a miserable life, and died as wretched as he had lived. Hadley still remained in the country, and was known for many years to the writer. He was very intemperate, and in his fits of intoxication was very harsh to his family in driving them from his house in the dead hours of the night. His neighbors, in order to chastise him for his abuse of his family (among whom were some of the "Black Boys"), dressed themselves in female attire, went to his house by night, pulled him from his bed, drew his shirt over his head

and gave him a very severe whipping. He continued through life the same miserable wretch, and died without any friendly hand to sustain him, or eye to pity him.

Thus we see Mecklenburg and Cabarrus (at that time but one county) were the first that set the ball in motion that ended in the independence of the American people.

Frequently when the royalists ranged the country in pursuit of "the Black Boys," the Whigs would collect in bodies consisting of twenty-five or thirty, ready to pounce upon them if they had taken any of them. From the allurements held out to them to give themselves up, the boys, at one time, went to within a short distance of Hillsboro', to beg their pardon of the Governor (Tryon), but finding his intention, if he could get them into his hands, to have hanged every one of them, they returned and kept themselves concealed.

Thus we find in a region of country very little known in the history of the revolutionary struggle, that the spirit of liberty was cherished

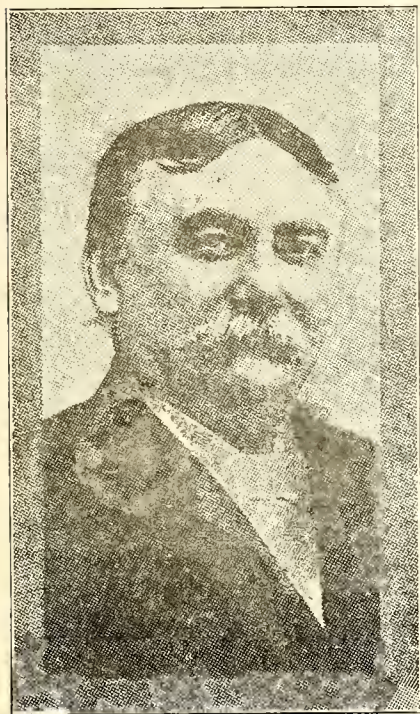
and matured; the first to manifest itself in the Declaration of Independence, in the County of Mecklenburg, of which they were then a part. From that very neighborhood, delegates were sent to Charlotte on the 20th of May, 1775. In the transaction of burning the powder, those who were engaged (with the exception of Hadley and Ashmore, who were always cowards) gave their country a sure pledge of their attachment to the cause of liberty, which they faithfully redeemed, whenever their services were needed. Major James White, at the time the British lay in Charlotte, was continually annoying them. It was White who led the party on that memorable day when Col. Locke was overtaken and cut to pieces; and when Gen. Joseph Graham was also severely wounded. White rode a very fleet horse; he would ride near to the British forces, fire at them, and whenever they would salley out after him, he would put his horse, which he called Stono, to his speed, and outrun them.

Lacking A Stirring War-Cry.

"Seven-tenths of our people owned no slaves, and to say the least of it, felt no great and enduring enthusiasm for its preservation especially when it seemed to them that it was in no special danger. Our statesmen were not wise enough to put the issue on any other ground. In brief, it was not so arranged as that the cause of the war took hold upon the popular heart, and the real wonder is, that, sustained mainly by sectional pride and a manly, war-like spirit, the contest lasted so long as it did."--Gov. Vance in 1875.

Charles N. Crittenton's Idea Took Form

Twenty-eight years ago, in the city of New York, Charles N. Crittenton, a wealthy business man, was brought face to face with a problem, which demanded a solution. In that wicked city, the most wicked of all this country, but simply because there is more of it than any other city of the country, in walking along the street this man Crittenton was accosted by two young girls, in a deplorably delicate condition, seeking aid. Crittenton responded, but said:



"Go and sin no more." But said the girls, "Where shall we go?" To the very serious and sincere advice came back a very practical and pressing question. What had this man done? Out of the goodness of his heart he contributed to the fallen;

out of his wisdom as a business man and one who feared God, he had given some wholesome advice; but the world came back at him with the question

"WHERE?"

Growing out of this circumstance, which Mr Crittenton could not remove from his mind, he erected a home in New York City to provide for the necessities and care of unfortunate girls, tripped and enslaved by the snares and the weaknesses of the earth. This he named in the memory of a dead daughter. Out of this effort grew others, until in the different parts of the United States there are to-day more than one hundred of "Florence Crittenton Homes," answering in a very effective and salutary manner, the question that came up from the whirlpool of sin and indiscretion---
"WHERE?"

Much of Mr. Crittenton's great fortune was set apart for the overhead management of the system of Crittenton Homes throughout the land. "Bread cast upon the waters" ---going on and on, relieving suffering; handing out a sustaining and reclaiming hand to the fallen. It is a wonderful accomplishment into which a simple idea, taking form, has become such a power, and agen-

cy of relief and restoration.

The city of Charlotte has had one of these homes for sixteen years. Through it there has passed nearly eight hundred young girls, of the state, and the record shows that the great majority of them have taken the advice Charles N. Crittenton

gave to the two sinning young girls, twenty-eight years ago on the streets of New York City, "Go sin no more."

The Charlotte home is under the direction of a number of leading and prominent women of the city, and it is playing a great part in the field of social welfare work.

Lived Rightly.

Painters often put gray skies into the loveliest pictures. If life is not all sunshine it can be beautiful even under the gray, if lived rightly.

A Picture of Conditions.

By Dr. H. C. Herring.

Wonder how many of our school boys and girls know and appreciate the great work the State is doing for their mental and physical development? The State exercises a constant watch-care over them, that they may attain to that sturdiness and mentality which characterized ancient Greece in her palmiest days. Up to a certain age there is a gratuitous care of their teeth. Experts look after their health and see that conditions surrounding them

while at school are sanitary and perfect. All sorts of athletics, swimming pools, hikes and every thing which promises development of mind and body are employed. A generation thus taught and trained are before the foot-lights.

Look at the picture: The girls are jostled around and treated as one of the boys. Town gossip hints of an obscene picture at the Movies, a scandal written up in the press, an unmentionable trial at the Court House, are themes that delight and charm. The hat is only removed when going in swimming or to bed. The lady is no longer addressed as "Miss." She is accustomed to clouds

of cigarette smoke on the streets and in her parlor. Should he request her to go to the piano he keeps his seat and smokes. She will dig into a popular jazz, and if a selection strikes his fancy he goes over and takes a seat beside her on the bench—still smoking. A few minutes more and a trip to the drug store or the Movies follow. Have either learned or contributed anything to the mental benefits of each other? I was sixteen years of age when the War Between the States ended. As soon as war between the States was declared as fast as the "Yankee School Marms" could get through the lines, they hiked out for the

North, leaving the country practically without schools, for most of the men were at the front, consequently during the period of the war other things of greater moment claimed the attention of the people.

For several years following the war, conditions were even worse; the State had no money to foster the Common Schools. Individuals had none. A maimed soldier might have been employed to teach, but there was nothing for him to eat. It is not a play upon words when I say: "It was a struggle for existence." The only thing that saved these teens from total ignorance were snatch lessons given these busy girls and boys by educated mothers and sisters. How anything under such conditions was accomplished is a puzzle. After a few years the State managed to give a pittance of as much as two months schooling in some cases. In the mean time these teen boys and girls had made good under the tutelage of mother and sister or had been swallowed up in the sea of matrimony.

Previous to the war North Carolina's Common School System, its curriculum, was superior to any South of the Mason-Dixon Line. There were but few books, but they were mastered before handed down to the next member of the family. For intellectual profit and lasting benefit the ante-bellum library, consisting of a dozen or two volumes, was worth as much or more than many of our modern libraries. A lady was treated as something sacred. A gentleman on meeting her would remove his hat and remain bare as long as he was in her presence. He would never smoke when she was around. If perchance

he was engaged in this habit and a lady should suddenly appear, he would throw his pipe or cigar away ---or as I once witnessed, drop it into his pocket, standing bare, while the pipe burnt through and dropped to the ground.

In the parlor he could hand a lady to the piano stool with a grace and ease that none of the State's beneficiaries can approach to-day. Selections from Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven and other masters were faultlessly rendered.

Often there would be a discussion over the wonders and beauties of Byron, Burns, Scott or Shakespere. Each one showing a familiarity by voluminously quoting from these authors. Even the negroes caught the contagion of refinement and politeness. The men and boys would "Scrape" the foot and the women and girls would "Drop a curtsy." This urbanity can still be seen in the very old darkey.

Oh, how I think of these days and like Tiny Tim pray, "God bless every one of them."

One of our deep thinkers recently said, that the small colleges were producing a greater per cent of good citizens than the larger Colleges and Universities. The small Colleges laid stress upon morality and character building whereas the great Colleges and Universities seem to stress equipment and the numerical strength of the student body. We see it every day: Education without habits of industry, and a reverence for religion is a curse. Education does not promote piety; but it is piety, when it sheds its luster upon education that makes it invaluable.

Almost every home had a family

altar. The children were subject to wise, Godly counsel. But when the men returned after four years of hardships and dangers, then coming in at night from work tired and gloomy the children gradually took advantage of the situation and would slip off to the country store to loaf. They then began to absent themselves from Sunday School and church services. These same children are now fathers and grandfathers. The paternal control over the children to-day is practically gone.

Parents realize this and for the past few years they have memorialized the legislatures; they have implored the Y. M. C. A.; they have begged the church to help restore reverence for God and loyalty to things Divine.

While I have an opinion and I know it is correct, I am not fool enough to invite a clash from the modern pulpit. Children are imitators. Perfect ideals at that day were great factors in saving teens. There were many old men and women who, by precept and example, held up Christ in their every day lives, and last, but not least, the old fashioned preacher, who never attended

college, never heard of a Theological Seminary (not man-made nor hand-picked) a radiance, a glow which was as noticeable as the glory that followed Moses down the Mountain, marked him as "A man of God." In his neighborhood, wherever he visited, his very presence was a benediction. When he went before his congregation every seat would be occupied, if there were enough people in the neighborhood to fill them. He could picture the glories of Heaven and paint the horrors of Hell—figuratively speaking, he could souce a pitch fork into a sinner and toast him over the pit—moving the whole congregation to action and tears, in language that no modern preacher, with all of his attainments can approach to-day. He had no time in which to circulate evil reports, or to malign—his idea and mission were to save, not destroy. The public and strangers knew him as preacher without the aid of special information or a letter of introduction, or dress—his countenance and speech told the story.

We need models, living models, made in God's laboratory, the heart.

"Is Religion Profitable As a Matter of Dollars?"

By R. R. Clark.

As the partridge sitteth on her eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool.—Jeremiah, 17:11.

But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which draw men into destruction and perdition.

For the love of money is the root of all evil which while some coveted

after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.--I Timothy, 6:9-10.

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten.

Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days.

Behold the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of the Sabbath.---James, 5:1-4.

Is religion profitable as a matter of dollars and cents? Is it legitimate to hold out the idea of material gain in urging the benefits of religion? I am asking, not answering. I dropped into a church recently and heard a sermon from a minister who is a stranger to me but who is a representative of a very orthodox and conservative denomination. "Godliness is Profitable," was the subject of his discourse, and somewhat to my surprise he emphasized the contention that religion is materially profitable. He cited statistics, their source I do not recall, to show that a large part of the wealth of the country is owned by Church people. Professing Christians (I am supplying the word "professing," not quoting it from the preacher,) according to the statistics quoted, own half the mines, three-fourths of the railroads, etc. At once I fell to thinking of the coal profiteers who have been robbing us

in the price of coal, of the railroad management and other methods of "Big Business," and the rest of the discourse did not profit me. These fellows may have religion, but some of us can't think much of the brand. In justice to the preacher, let it be said that he did not hold out material benefits as the chief gain in becoming a Christian, but he did stress that as an inducement in a way that seemed new to me.

The Scripture quoted at the outset of this article are representative passages of the warnings against wealth and what may happen to the rich. There is so much of that in the Bible and so much of comfort to the poor that most folks have the impression that riches and religion do not go together. I am not of that school. There is no sin in being rich, as I see it, and no virtue in being poor. Poverty is more than often the lack of virtue, the result of sin. Sloth, extravagance, sinful indulgence, the opposite of virtue, is more than often the real cause of poverty. Unquestionably the Lord does not permit some people to accumulate wealth because He knows it would be their undoing; but He gets more responsibility for improvidence than belongs to Him. All the Scriptural warnings against wealth with which I am familiar are directed against the improper accumulation of wealth, its improper use and the temptation to which its possessor is subjected. How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom, the remark of the Great Nazarene following the visit of the rich young ruler, which so amazed the disciples,

was explained by saying that it would be hard for those that put their trust in riches to enter into the kingdom; because of the manifold temptations of wealth it will be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Turning again to the preacher who, it seemed to me, unduly stressed material gain as an inducement for one to become a follower of the Nazarene, revived in my mind the rather disturbing thought that is often uppermost, which is that the Church is going rather strong in the direction of catering to wealth and power. The evidence is unmistakable, it seems to me. I could call names and cite facts if my back was pressed to the wall, but I have no disposition to go that far. I simply ask any who may read this to give a little thought to the subject, with an open mind, and if they don't see the evidence I will be surprised. The antiquated idea that the Church is an ideal democracy, in which all are equal, and in which the souls of men and not their social standing, wealth or position, is considered, is a dream. The Church needs so much money for its work, so much more than its members will ever give, that getting money for its great work has become an obsession with some of its leaders. That has led to the welcoming into the Church and the honoring often of men of wealth in the hope that they will give liberally. How they make the money, whether the questionable methods of accumulation ceased after they professed religion,—is not of so much concern, seemingly. If they give liberally that will cover a multitude of sins; their methods of mak-

ing money will be excused and defended; they in effect in some cases buy indulgences, the Church practice which was one of the chief causes of Luther's revolt. Not a few Church leaders boldly say, "Take the money and ask no question." Making good use of it, they maintain cleanses it from all iniquity.

Get this fact clearly in mind: I am not railing against the rich solely because they are rich; I have unspeakable contempt for those who do that, neither do I charge, as some do, that the Church has gone "money mad." The Church needs and could use for good and legitimate purposes a great deal more money than it will ever get; and a lot of professing Christians, some who think they are really good people, are going to be surprised at their location on the Day of Final Accounts simply because they withheld from the Lord, as His stewards, what was justly His. But I am calling attention to the fact that the Church, in its zeal to get money for the cause of the Master, is in danger of dishonoring His cause and His plain teaching, by not only accepting but actually soliciting money made in a questionable way; and worse still, giving a clean bill of health to the questionable methods of money-making and those who pursue them. And not only that, but the righteous thunder of the pulpit is often silenced against doubtful business methods or known evils, because of fear that the Church's revenues may be affected. Is that statement too strong? Look about and see.

All of us should offer daily, solemnly and earnestly, that beautiful prayer of Agur, the son of Jakeh: "Give me neither poverty nor

riches,
 Feed me with food convenient for
 me;
 Lest I be full and forget Thee,
 Lest I be poor and steal."

The White House Dog.

Animals owned by the president or any member of his family while occupying the White House are certain to become objects of public interest. The people of the nation have not forgotten the stories of the pony owned by the Roosevelt boys, nor has the memory of the Guernsey cow owned by the Taft family disappeared. The Wilson sheep are not forgotten and now the White House boasts a dog, an Airedale presented to President and Mrs Harding. Nature gave the Airedale an unlovely exterior, but compensated by putting in the dog heart many noble qualities. The Airedale's reputation for dependability is well established. There have been lovers of dogs who declared they never saw an ugly dog, but thus far no lover of dogs has arisen to declare the Airedale a thing of beauty. Ponies,

however attractive, have a limited public appeal, because only a few men ever owned ponies during boyhood. The White House sanction of the Guernsey cow was important to fanciers of that breed but hardly aroused national interest, nor did the sheep. But the dogs in the White House will arouse interest all over the nation. Nearly every man can recall the dog friend or his boyhood, his chum his companion, his pal. And many years have not weakened the love for that dog. Most women recall some dog, known in childhood, some dog that was a faithful friend. The ages are filled with stories of the peculiar friendship between men and dogs. There are uncounted stories of heroic service done for men by dogs. It will be natural, as one views the picture of the dog friend of the president, to recall the dog of other days and make comparison. Dogs are loved because they are lovable, they are welcomed as friends because they are dependable. The man who never loved a dog has missed something and is poorer for what he missed.

Oliver Goldsmith.

"The most beloved of English writers,"---what a title that is for a man! Oliver Goldsmith, a wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, is found longing to see the great world, and to achieve a name and a fortune for himself.

After years of dire struggle, of neglect and poverty,—his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there,—he writes a book and a poem, full of the recol-

lections and feelings of home,—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him,

and dies with it on his breast.

His nature is truant; in repose, it long, for change, as, on the journey, it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor,—his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity.

You come, hot and tired, from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldier round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porches he stops and sings

his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," he has found 'entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but, once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain—if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. Think of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delights us still; his song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his very weaknesses are beloved and familiar,—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us, to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity, to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

A Soldier Of The Revolution

I have often visited an old stone house which stands on a grassy hill not far from the village of Millwood, beyond the Blue Ridge, in the valley of Virginia. At the foot of the hill there is a spring, which bubbles up beneath some weeping willows, and on all sides are green fields and woods and blue mountains. The house is old and large. To the right of the front door is a long apartment with tall windows and a fireplace so large that it holds an entire load of wood. In this room I have often mused about former days, and thought of the old soldiers gathered there once, talking about the days of the great Revolution.

This was the place of residence of Daniel Morgan, the brave soldier. He was a native of New Jersey, but he came to Virginia when he was

young, and worked as a farm laborer, for he was poor and of humble origin. But you will see that he was a braver and truer man than

many who had greater advantages in beginning life.

Morgan's early manhood was not very quiet or respectable. He was a rough young fellow, and so much given to fighting that the village near which he then lived took the name of Battletown. His home was at a place called Soldier's Rest, near by, and this old house still stands. It is an interesting old house, for George Washington used to sleep in it when he was a surveyor here.

But Morgan was too brave a man to spend his time in idle brawls. He soon showed that he was fit for better things. No sooner did the Revolution begin, than he raised a company of riflemen and set out to join Washington, who was then at Boston. They were all hardy young fellows, with "Liberty or Death" written on the breasts of their hunting shirts; they marched six hundred miles, and at last reached the end of their journey. It was in the evening, and Washington, who was riding out, saw them and stopped. Morgan stepped in front of his men, and, saluting, said:—

"General, we come from the right bank of the Potomac!"

At this Washington displayed great emotion. He dismounted from his horse, walked along the line of riflemen, shaking hands with every man, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then mounted his horse again, and, touching his hat, rode away without a word. He believed that Morgan and his men were the real stuff for soldiers, and in this he was not mistaken.

The Americans determined to attack Quebec, in Canada, which the English held, and Morgan was sent to help in this undertaking. The

march, which took place in winter, was a fearful one, for the wilderness had to be traversed, and the sufferings of the men were terrible, but at last they reached Quebec. The attack was made at night, from the "Plains of Abraham," as they are called, west of the old city, and it was a desperate and bloody affair. General Montgomery, who led the assault, was killed, and Morgan was taken prisoner.

Morgan fought so desperately that the English were filled with admiration for him. He was their prisoner now, and the British general sent for him. He told Morgan that if he would join the English army, he should have the commission of colonel. This was a splendid offer to so poor and humble a man, but Morgan only frowned and grew angry.

"I hope," he said, looking sternly at the English general, "that you will never again insult me, in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!"

That was a brave reply, and showed the stuff Morgan was made of. He did not mean to sell himself for rank or pay. On another occasion, some years afterward, he made another speech of very much the same sort. After getting away from the British, he had gone on fighting bravely and had risen to the rank of general. At the battle of Saratoga, General Gates commanded the Americans, and as the English army had surrendered to him, he thought himself a greater man than Washington. He therefore set a scheme on foot to have Washington removed and himself appointed commander in chief. The enemies of Washington secretly tried to find if the

American officers would support Gates. When they came to Morgan, he very quickly answered them;—

"I have but one favor but to ask of you," he said in the same stern tone he had used at Quebec. "Never mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington as commander in chief will I ever serve."

You may see at a glance that men of his sort may be counted on; and old Daniel Morgan, as he always called himself, soon showed everybody that he was true as steel. No man was ever braver, and whenever he fought, as he did all through the war, from north to south, he showed that nothing could daunt him. This same battle of Saratoga was one instance, and his daring attack there was the cause of the British defeat.

His most important victory was the battle of Cowpens, in the Carolinas. The Americans had been defeated everywhere, and were retreating before the English, and on their heels rushed Colonel Tarleton who commanded the British cavalry, certain that he was about to destroy them. Colonel Tarleton was a very brave soldier, but as cruel and boastful as he was courageous. He now hastened after Morgan, who was in command of the Americans; and wherever he stopped, he boasted

that he would soon overtake Morgan and cut him to pieces.

It seemed that he would be able to do this, as he had, in addition to his calvary, a considerable force of infantry and plenty of cannons. He supposed that Morgan would not dare to stop to fight him; but in this he was mistaken. Suddenly he came upon the Americans drawn up in line of battle, and instead of flying, Morgan awaited his attack. The English fought hard, but they had found a tough obstacle in "Old Morgan." He would not yield, and the end of it was that, before night, Colonel Tarleton was himself flying, with all his men and cannon, and with Morgan following close on his heels.

I should like to tell you more about the hard fighting of brave old Daniel Morgan for his country but of this you may read in other books. He died in Winchester, a celebrated old man, with his gold medal from Congress, and enjoying the respect and regard of Washington.

The old house which I have described is more closely connected with his last days than any other place. It is interesting to visit it, and think of the tall soldier who once walked about the grounds and down to the old spring.---John Esten Cooke.

Nothing Left.

When a man catches up with his ambition and sits down well pleased with what he has done, he might as well not be, for he has nothing left worth living for.

The World Demand For The Bible.

Noting the passing events it is observed that on the 6th of this month is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the American Bible Society. For this long period alone, contemplate the enormous number of Bibles and Testaments that have been printed and circulated and add to this number the thousands and thousands that had been issued prior to the organization of this society, and you are amazed at the popularity of the greatest of all books. Touching upon the circulation of the Bible during the great war, we find this from Dr. William I. Haven, General Secretary of the American Bible Society:

In a recent address on "The Bible and the New Internationalism" I have stated that there never was such a seed sowing from the beginning until now as occurred on the battlefield of Europe, in the trenches, the encampments, prisons, and hospitals during the world war. I presume more than twenty millions of copies of Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions, in from ninety to one hundred languages, were distributed to the soldiers and sailors and the labor armies, to say nothing of the civilian forces that helped to keep up the courage and to care for the armies in the war. This takes no cognizance of the circulation in the vast industrial plants in Europe and America that were engaged in supplying the equipment and munitions of war.

In a volume entitled "Religion Among American Men as Revealed by a Study of Condition in the Army," published by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, in the paragraphs on interest in the Bible are testimonies as follows:

"You can see patients propped up in bed reading their Testaments wherever you go."

"I am surprised at the number of men whom I find in the barracks reading their Testaments at night. Several times I have seen them reading their Testaments at the rest period in drill."

"I had assisted in the burial of many American dead on the battlefields of France, and almost without exception we found a Pocket Testament among the effects carried on the persons of the men."

The summary says:

"It is very safe to say that very many men have carried Bibles or Testaments who never did before. This may have increased their sentiment in regard to it and their curiosity as to its contents."

This report does not claim, and we would not claim, that all these soldiers became Bible students or even Bible lovers. The fact, however, that nearly seven million copies of Bibles, New Testaments, Gospels of St. John, the Psalter, and volumes of the Book of Proverbs were received by the American soldiers through the American Bible Society alone is a phenomenon starting in itself. When one's imagination takes the very simple fact that Chinese coolies, Indian soldiers and laborers, men

from East Africa and West Africa and of various African tribes, representatives of almost all the languages spoken on earth, took away from their service along the battle line somewhere Scriptures in their own language and carried them to their homes, it is easy to understand unusual demand for the Bible which has sprung up all over the face of the earth.

There is no field in which the American Bible Society has representative from which the same report has not come, viz., that there is a new and eager interest in the Bible that has never been known before. In European countries—for example France—so largely uninterested in the Bible in the average home—so different in that respect from England and the United States, though interest even there needs quickening and shows quickening—there has been an awakening as to the meaning of the scriptures when they have seen the American soldier carrying in his pocket the little Testament which the American Bible Society provided for him and which was given out through cooperation with the Y. M. C. A., and the demand which the Protestant forces of France have been unable, unaided, to meet. It has been a great privilege to send tens of thousands of French Testaments to France to assist in meeting this need. The same is true in Italy, where it is impossible to supply the demand, and countries like Austria, in which the Protestant forces were almost negligible compared with the population. The change in government and the anguish of the war have created a call that has never been known before. Thousands of dol-

lars have been sent by the American Bible Society to Switzerland to provide Bibles for Austria, where no Scriptures for distribution were to be found. It will be years before the needs of these countries will be overtaken. It has been pathetic to discover that in Asia minor, among the poor persecuted Christians, there were many who said it were better to go without food or without garments than to go without their Testaments; and our latest advices from Syria are to the effect that hundreds of thousands of dollars will be needed to meet the new demands for the Scriptures which the war has created in the land from which they sprang.

This is just as true of South America and Asia as it is of the immediate war regions. The estimates for the budget for 1921 received from all the fields of the American Bible Society called for appropriations amounting to over a million and half of dollars, and these were made, not on the needs of the countries, but on the hopes and anticipations of the Society's representatives in those countries. The estimated resources of the Society, stretching faith to the utmost, enabled it to make a budget of \$1,222,367, the largest budget in the history of the Society, but this was discouraging to those who had asked for so much more and is only a beginning of the world demand. The annual appropriations of the American Bible Society ought immediately to reach \$5,000,000, if it is going to meet its share of the world's need.

Do I think the world is growing better? I cannot tell. Sometimes, in the midst of all this upheaval and restlessness, it seems to me, when I

consider the overthrow of ancient and cruel dynasties, and the swing of the pendulum toward the rights of the people, and when I open my mail day by day and receive the insistent and eager demands for the Bible from every part of the United States, from all over Latin America, from every nation in Europe, from the peoples of Africa and from the vast masses of Asia---that the world must be growing better. Why does it want this Book if it had not awakened from its sluggishness and sloth and fear and oppression? Unquestionably, the influence of the world war has increased the turning to the Bible as the source of social authority, for all forms of social betterments, and as holding the ideals that should underlie all government and the relation of governments to each other throughout the world, to say nothing of furnishing food for the hungry soul.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. John Braswell, of Hamlet, spent a while here Wednesday.

Mr. Teague, of Taylorsville, spent several days at the school last week.

Mr. Sam Johnson, of Charlotte, visited his brother, Mr. W. W. Johnson, last week.

Sam Derr, of third cottage, was made happy Wednesday by a visit from home folks.

Mesdames Ebird and Barrier and Miss Kennedy, of Concord, visited the school Friday.

The Training School Band played at the County Commencement in Concord Saturday.

Mr. G. H. Lawrence returned Wednesday from New York where he spent his vacation.

The music at the Memorial Day exercise in Concord Tuesday was furnished by the Jackson Training School band.

Rev. M. L. Kester, of the St. Andrews Lutheran Church of Concord, preached an able sermon at the Chapel Sunday evening. His text was Luke 15:22.

Prof. Austin, of East Carolina Teacher's Training School, and Messrs. Suggs and Williams, of Greenville, made a call at this school Monday.

It was a disappointment to the boys not to be able to accept the invitation of Rev. Mr. Myres to attend the services at Forest Hill Methodist Church Saturday night, but several cases of chicken pox in the school prevented their going.

The Stone Bridge---A Memorial.

There has been in contemplation for a great while the construction of a bridge or an arch across the highway, connecting the main campus with the Chapel and the grounds, following the railroad which eventually will become a park of some consequence. Fuller details about this matter at a later date.

Mr. Query, who has about completed the Guilford Cottage, has a force erecting this bridge. It is a contribution entirely from the state organization of the King's Daught-

ers, who have done so much for the institution. They have decided to regard this arch, a memorial one-- a memorial to the boys that crossed the seas, among whom were twenty-eight former Jackson School boys, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice. It is a fine spirit that prompted the good women to provide the funds for this development; and it is a most commendable sentiment.

Aside from these views, it is a necessity and a matter of safety. There have been a number of narrow escapes when the line of boys was marching over to the chapel by the carelessness of autoists. The construction of the arch will remove the constant occasion for anxiety, for it is necessary every day to make a number of crossings of the road.

The authorities of the Jackson Training School count themselves fortunate in the possession of such interested friends, the King's Daughters of the State, who let no occasion pass without showing the great interest in the cause of the institution and the welfare of the boys.

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

Important changes in passenger train schedules, effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday April 24th.

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 35.

Lv. Reidsville.....	5:05 P M
Lv. Greensboro.....	5:58 P M
Lv. High Point.....	6:27 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	6:40 P M
Lv. Lexington.....	6:55 P M
Lv. Salisbury.....	7:45 P M
Lv. Concord.....	8:20 P M

Lv. Charlotte.....	9:10 P M
Lv. Gastonia.....	9:56 P M

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 37

Lv. Greensboro.....	7:35 A M
Lv. High Point.....	8:02 A M
Lv. Salisbury.....	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte.....	10:40 A M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No. 36.

Lv. Gastonia.....	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte.....	10:25 A M
Lv. Concord.....	11:07 A M
Lv. Salisbury.....	12:05 P M
Lv. Lexington.....	12:40 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	1:00 P M
Lv. High Point.....	1:15 P M
Lv. Greensboro.....	1:55 P M
Lv. Reidsville.....	2:32 P M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No 138.

Lv. Gastonia.....	8:00 P M
Ar. Charlotte.....	8:45 P M
Lv. Charlotte.....	8:55 P M
Lv. Concord.....	9:30 P M

For further information consult Ticket Agents.

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

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

Reduced round trip fares on the identification certificate plan, and the straight certificate plan, to various points for special occasions as listed below.

ROUND TRIP FARES

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

International Convention, Kiwanis Club. Tickets on sale June 18th to 20th, final limit June 28th 1921.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Annual Convention, Supreme Lodge,

Loyal Order of Moose, Tickets on sale June 24th to 28th, final limit July 5th, 1921.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

Southern Baptist Convention, Tickets on sale May 9th to 12th, final limit May 21st, 1921.

DETROIT, MICH.,

Annual Convention, World-Wide Baraca Philathea Union. Tickets on sale June 21st to 23rd, final limit June 29th, 1921.

RALEIGH, N. C.,

Sundan Temple, A. A. O. N. Mystic Shrine. Tickets on sale May 18th to 19th, final limit May 21st, 1921.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Baptist Young People Union of America. Tickets on sale June 28th to 30th, final limit July 6th, 1921.

Persons attending these meeting should see that they are provided with proper certificate which is furnished by his Secretary.

CERTIFICATE PLAN FARES

LOUISVILLE, KY.,

National Convention Travelers protective Association. Certificates issued June 9th to 15th, final limit June 22nd, 1921.

ALANTIC CITY, N. J.

National Confectioners Association, of the U. S. Certificates issued May 19th to 25th, final limit June 1st, 1921.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

National Tuberculosis Association Certificates issued June 9th to 15th, final limit June 21st, 1921.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

Inter-State Cotton Seed Crushers As-

sociation. Certificates issued May 14th to 20, final limit May 24th.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

National Association of Real Estate Boards, Annual Convention. Certificates issued July 8th to 14th, final limit July 19th, 1921.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

Conventional National Association of Master Plumbers of U. S. Certificates issued June 3rd to 7th, final limit June 13th, 1921.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

Annual State Convention B. Y. P. U. of N. C. Certificates issued June 10th to 15th, final limit June 20th, 1921.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.,

Annual Convention, Southern Wholesale Grocers Association. Certificates issued May 6th to 12th, final limit May 17th, 1921.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Meeting American Cotton Manufacturers' Association. Certificates issued May 24th to 28th, final limit June 1st, 1921.

Persons attending these meetings should ask Ticket Agent for certificates at time ticket is purchased for going trip, which will be honored for return trip in accordance with instructions authorizing meetings on certificate plan.

The Southern Railway System offers excellent and convenient schedules to all of the above points.

"THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH."

For further information and Pullman sleeping car reservations call nearest Ticket Agent.

M. E. Woody, Agent, Concord, N. C.
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THE

UPLIFT

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NO. 30

Make The Trial.

“Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed today, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove—perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest—after a thousand years.”

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Herman Cone, Greensboro	Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh

Southern Railway System

PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	133	New York-Atlanta - - -	133	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - -	43	10:30 p

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M. F. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

R. H. GRAHAM, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WHY SIT IDLY BY?

The Merchants' Association, of Concord, supposedly to be interested in developing the trade conditions of the town and doing those things that make for the progress of the town, has presented to it an opportunity to do something real worthwhile in the foregoing directions. Two roads in Cabarrus have been designated in the plan covered by the \$50,000,000 legislation—the Salisbury and Charlotte road, and the Concord and Albemarle road. The road to Charlotte seems to concern the talkers, the boosters, the idlers and the gossipers to the exclusion of the other. That one is rarely, if ever, mentioned.

The Charlotte road, so far as business for Concord is concerned, is a trade bleeder and a pleasure proposition. The Albemarle-Concord road, in a business way, would mean to the merchants of Concord, and business generally, a feeder of consequence, bringing to the town ten dollars for every one brought by the other route. The eastern part of the county and western Stanly is practically all the back country trade left to Concord. Again, more Cabarrus people travel the Concord-Albemarle road than the other. Are we not expected to care for our own. If we do not, who will?

The Salisbury-Charlotte road is indeed worthy of much attention and interest. Aside from many of our people using it, it is the thoroughfare of hundreds of tourists, who contribute absolutely nothing to its up-keep, bring no trade and scarcely ever leave a visiting card. The other makes possible a trade condition between thousands of people, who are our own,

who contribute to the upkeep of the road, put life into our local industries, and who, by nature and kinship, desire to come closer together.

It is understood that the leaders in Stanly are anxious that some substantial move be taken to put the Albemarle-Concord road into the running. There is no better organization to get behind this matter than the Merchants' association of each town. They will get all the support they wish in the move by the hundreds of prosperous people along the line—people, who belong to the very best elements of the state. Already concrete bridges are built over the twenty-five miles of this road, and all has been graded. The way is open for the hard-surface finish.

Concord: you let the Yadkin railroad get away from you, taking away fifty per cent of the trade formerly coming to your town; you muddled up the Norfolk & Southern railroad proposition, and lost it; do you mean to sit idly by or spend all energy and support in perfecting a road that is largely one of pleasure and tourists convenience and ignore entirely one that concerns your own people and is a feeder?

♦♦♦♦

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

There was a district meeting of the Knights of Pythias held in Concord on the 20th. The guest of honor at the banquet, served by the King's Daughters in the Y to more than 200 Knights, was the Grand Chancellor, Hon. Robert S. McCoin, of Henderson, a member of the State Senate.

During the day Senator McCoin, accompanied by a number of local Knights and others, visited the Jackson Training School. This visit from these good people was appreciated by the boys and the officers of the Institution. Senator McCoin is popular with his order in Concord, and made many new friends on his recent visit. Our band boys, who furnished music for the banquet occasion, would like to see these functions more frequently pulled off—they liked the "eatins" so bountifully spread before them at the banquet.

♦♦♦♦

WAS JOHN BROWN A HIRED AGENT?

This issue gives what we regard a fair story of the uprising of John Brown, who, in some quarters, stood very high in the estimation of some; but generally he is rightfully regarded, as having been, if not a brute, a vicious, bad man.

There is a large number of people, who firmly believe that John Brown

was the hired agent of conspirators, who sought by this means to arouse the people to action. He does not say so, but the eye-witness of the arrest and execution of Brown, Col. Gregory, a highly esteemed citizen of Iredell county, makes a reference to Douglas and Greely that arouses some speculation.

Men have been inspired and become agencies of the Lord in doing mighty things that the world might grow better, but no where in history is the fact recorded that the Lord ever delegated a character for an important mission, that answers to the description which Col. Gregory gives to John Brown. In the final hour, if we judge by his utterance, he practically died with a lie on his lips.

♦♦♦♦

SAVE THE TREES.

That is a very fine contribution elsewhere in this issue, by Mr. R. R. Clark, who writes on the subject of trees, flowers and grass--the setting of a proper home-ground. He is eternally right. There is nothing that contributes to the beauty and joy of home like trees and shrubbery, and the cost is so small that the proposition is within reach of all. His closing suggestion is pleasing to us. We have but to call our boys' attention to Mr. Clark's hope, and every one of the 134 little fellows will know the verse before the next issue---come, hear them.

♦♦♦♦

THE UPLIFT acknowledges with pleasure and gratitude the sentiment accompanying a voluntary subscription---in fact that is the way they are all coming in---which reads as follows: "Enclosed you will find a check for THE UPLIFT. Sometimes we feel that we get more than our money's worth---this is one of them."---Mrs. G. L. Patterson. If Mrs. Patterson could have seen how the little fellows, who make this paper week after week, smiled and gave evidence of much pleasure over the cheer her bright statement produced, she might think we owed her some change.

♦♦♦♦

If Governor Morrison's delegate, Hon. R. O. Everett, a prominent lawyer of Durham, to the World's Cotton Conference, which is to be held in June in Manchester, England, can bring back a solution whereby the cotton growers may get cost plus a small profit for their product, he will be at once famous. Nations and states and politicians may be ungrateful, but we cotton farmers shall never forget the leader who forces the world

to offer a living price for the thing, once declared a king, but now a miserable subject without a country or standing.

♦♦♦♦

Our readers will profit by the reading of "Looking Back" by Mrs. Burgwyn. This good woman is the official head of the King's Daughters of the State, that have contributed to our institution one cottage home, the beautiful stone chapel and are now erecting the Memorial Arch and are arranging to install memorial windows in the Chapel. Mrs. Burgwyn is Vice-Chairman of the Board of Trustees. She has not missed a meeting of the Board since its organization.

♦♦♦♦

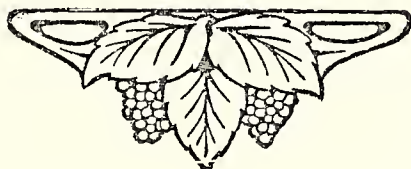
State Treasurer Lacy's exhibit of how and on what terms he secured a loan of \$500,000 through the Page Trust Company, of Aberdeen, ought to satisfy all North Carolinians. He's about as astute a financier as the gentlemen he calls in for witnesses. Let's not throw mud—let's shovel rock, concrete and asphalt.

♦♦♦♦

Col. Wade Harris, spending a while with George Washington's diary covering a hasty trip through this section in 1791, concludes that the first president was "a poor reporter."

♦♦♦♦

Some people write as if they are surprised at Col. George Harvey's maiden effort in England.



Looking Backward.

By Mrs. Margret C. D. Burgwyn.

Looking back is not always unprofitable, does not always turn the one indulging in such a glance to a pillow of salt. On the contrary, it is sometimes greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to Heaven. The report of neglected boys rescued from lives of ignorance and crime, and made good citizens and soldiers, is, today, borne to the great Tribunal on High, by The Stonewall Jackson School, with thankfulness for the opportunity, the desire and the strength, to help God's needy children. The Trustees of the School feel that there are those on this mundane sphere who have an interest and right to know what the past deeds were from which this report is rendered. The story of the founding of this institution is too well known to be repeated, for a Biblical warning, always to be heeded, prohibits vain repetitions. Many persons do not realize that a spot 14 years ago, without a building, without cultivation, without adornment, is now one of the most beautifully attractive places in North Carolina. Many blades of grass grow where none grew before, and handsome Homes for 180 boys with other necessary buildings now greet the eye, and should excite the pride of the State. It is with great pleasure that I recall the fact that appropriations made by committees of the Legislature were absolute essentials to this work and enabled us to carry it on. The faith of these Legislators was the evidence of things yet to come! It is necessary now to "lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes," for there are still hundreds of boys in North Carolina who could be saved with care. The growth of this school like that of a healthy plant or animal, the danger of infancy passed, is assured. It is no longer an experiment, it is a success. The statesmen and philanthropists of North Carolina will not neglect it, for it is their own; and we commend its future to their care. It was my pleasure to be at the School last week, and the sight of the boys on the lawn, indulging in games and playing remarkably well on brass instruments, and exhibiting the most gentlemanly bearing whenever approached, was a tribute to the officials of the Institution, especially the Superintendent, who has wonderful control and influence over the boys. The Chairman of The Board of Trustees lives near the School. This is most fortunate, for much of its prosperity is due to his untiring labor, and zeal. His love for the school is inseparable from his life, and is the main-spring of his successful activities in its behalf. Let us all work together to make the Boys of North Carolina "rise up and call us Blessed!"

Raleigh, N. C. May 23, 1921.

There is a path no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps hath not trodden it.—Job. 58:7.

"The Groves Were God's First Temples."

By R. R. Clark.

"Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the path must be,
Of him who, having open eyes, has never learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.

"Who loves a tree, he loves the life that springs from star and clod.
He loves the life that gilds the clouds and greens the April sod;
He loves the wide Beneficence; his soul takes hold on God."

"He that planteth a tree is the servant of God.
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

The glorious trees! They are in full leaf now, and magnificent in their splendor. When we contemplate the beauty of the trees we can the better appreciate why the groves were God's first temples; better understand why in Eden's Garden "out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight." There are "tongues in trees" as well as "books in running brooks, sermons in stones." The description of heaven as a city whose streets are paved with gold, where there are magnificent mansions with walls of jasper does not appeal to me so much as that other picture of the home of the blest, which features green trees, and green grass, flowers and crystal streams and songs of birds. Possibly there will be a heavenly country as well as a heavenly city in our Father's home and His children will have the privilege of enjoying all as it pleases them.

But I started out to talk about trees here on earth; shade trees, mostly, and grass and flowers that

make beautiful spots here and there; that beautify and make attractive our homes. It is always a mystery to me why folks are not all the time planting trees in season, why anybody is content to have a home without an earnest effort to grow trees about it; why our towns and cities do not cultivate and protect trees in every available spot where one will grow instead of all the time destroying, in the name of "improvement," the trees the fathers planted; and why farmers are not all the time planting trees in every waste spot and on all vacant land. The trees will grow into money, more slowly but more surely, than any crop that can be planted. It was the Highland laird who said to his son, as a parting injunction when the father lay dying, Sir Walter Scott tells us in *The Heart of Midlothian*:

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."

I have in mind a modest home that is surrounded by a wealth of

trees. There are so many that you can't tell there is a house until you get near it. There are splendid maples, modest elms, magnificent willow oak, a towering Lombardy poplar; a beautiful pin oak and a graceful fern tree that came from the government nurseries in Washington, the gift of a friend, a member of Congress, who has since passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees; and there are cedar, white pine, big cherry trees barren of fruit but rich in foliage, and others. There is a splendid white oak sapling, grown into a respectable shade tree from an acorn brought from Arkansas and planted 12 to 15 years ago. A friend visiting in Arkansas was attracted to the acorns under an oak on account of their size. He brought some home and one that found its way into this home was planted by the grandmother, who had thought for the future and others. She, too, has since passed to the other shore to rest under shade of the trees and among the flowers that she loved, and the tree she planted grows and flourishes and gives pleasure to others. Many of the trees around this home were planted by the householders and the lady of the home (who is really responsible for all there is to the place,) after they built there near a score of years ago; others were planted by those who had gone before.

The trees not only make attractive and pleasant the grounds of this home but they bring the birds that add to the joy of it. Many song birds nest in the trees and rear their young. They are protected and made to realize that they are among friends. This year a mocker-reared a brood in an apple tree near the back

porch; a wood thrush is now nesting on a limb of the Japanese walnut tree, within ten feet of the front porch; last year a robin reared her young in a nest among the vines of the front porch. About the last thing the inmates of this home hear at night, and the first thing in the morning, are the songs of the birds --the thrilling lays of the mocker, the flute-like notes of the thrush, the voice of catbird, wren, robin, red-bird and the various warblers; the chatter of the blue jays and the chirp of the unpopular English sparrow, all make up a joyful chorus of feathered songsters. And the householders rejoice because of the trees. The trees come first; then the birds and the grass; and the flowers and shrubbery and things which the lady adds to make up the setting. But for the trees, if the place were bare of shade, there would be no song birds, little or no grass and few flowers. The place would not be exchanged for a marble palace without trees. And the beauty of it is that anybody can have trees and grass and flowers about a home with little work and small outlay of money. Even the humblest home can be set in such attractive surroundings of shade and shrub and vine and flower that all who pass will pause to admire; and those within will feel a contentment and satisfaction, a love for the home and an uplift that they could not know among less attractive surroundings.

I am writing this in the main for the bright young fellows in the Training School. If I could encourage even one among them to plant and protect trees; to help make attractive the grounds of the home he will make for himself by and by; and

to protect the birds--I would feel amply repaid, feel that I had done something worth while. There is a beauty and a grandeur, an uplift and a refining influence in the things of nature, the things that God makes, can not be found elsewhere. We get nearer to the Creator as we look up through nature. I am going to ask

the boys in the Training School and any other boys and girls, too, who may read this to commit to memory and constantly repeat this sentence from Carlyle:

"Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness, to make some nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God."

A Skimming Mania.

"Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee—a king's garden none to the butterfly.

John Brown, "Of Ossawatimie."

Ninety-five percent of the people of over twelve years are familiar with or can manipulate the song: "Hang John Brown on a sour apple tree;" yet it is probable that scarcely ten percent have any fixed idea about how John Brown became notorious and secured a place in history.

There were lots of John Browns in the days when he became active. But he was the most notorious one of the whole crowd. It has been asserted by some that he was crazy. This is not true, if we may believe well-supported historic data. He was, of course, a crank, a fanatic; and for all the real good he accomplished, he was a down-right fool. He had nerve, great nerve, and the power of persistency, the possession of which would be a credit to any person normally and wisely engaged.

The thing that made John Brown a bad man, a dangerous man, was his intense conceit that he could do no wrong--that any law he broke or any statute he disregarded was per-

fectly permissible when he was about the execution of his designs. He undertook a big job, that of setting the negroes free, blotting out a condition that had grown up in this country and under constitutional protection. John Brown regarded all law "a ass."

This notorious character, celebrated in the song of "hang John Brown on a sour apple tree", was born in the Nutmeg state, in 1800. In 1805 his father removed to Ohio, where young Brown learned the trade of tanner and currier; and in 1840 he became a dealer in wool. Having conceived it his duty to liberate the

slaves in the South, he went to Kansas in 1845 where he operated faithfully in his endeavor. He met a force from Missouri, who opposed him, and defeated them at Ossawatimie, hence this name was coupled with his to distinguish him from the thousands of John Browns.

Intoxicated with his success, and declaring that the Lord had specially delegated him to do this work of causing the negroes to uprising, he began operating in Virginia. On the night of October 16th, 1859, with the assistance of about twenty followers, he seized the governmental arsenal at Harper's Ferry. With arms and ammunition thus gained, it was his purpose to arm the negroes, who with him could shoot their way to liberty and freedom.

On the 18th he was captured, after a stubborn fight, by the State militia and United States marines. He was tried and convicted of "treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and murder in the first degree." He was hanged December 2, 1859.

BROWN'S OWN STATEMENT AFTER CONVICTION.

(His last speech to the court, November 2, 1859, before which he was tried at Charlestown, West Virginia. During the night before his execution a company of soldiers, with their arms and accoutrements, slept in the courtroom where Brown had been tried, and the curious fact has been noted that one of these soldiers was John Wilkes Booth, afterwards the slayer of President Lincoln)

I have, may it please the court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted---the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean

thing of that matter, as I did when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case)---had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends---either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class---and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say that I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done---

as I have always freely admitted I have done---in behalf of His despised poor was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done!

Let me say a word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any

person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of any kind.

Let me say also a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of their own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

Now I have done.

Bringing John Brown To Justice---Saw Him Hanged

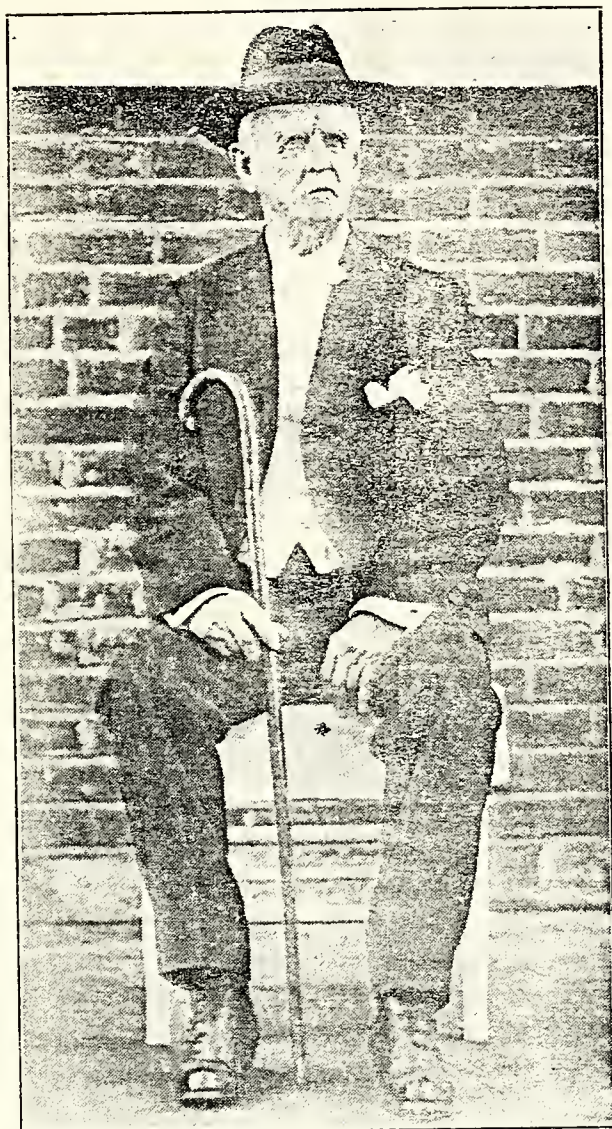
By Col. W. H. H. Gregory.

(Lawyer Morrison Caldwell, who delivered the Memorial Address at Statesville, had the good fortune to meet a most interesting gentleman, who aided very materially in making some very far-reaching history. Through this local lawyer, who possesses "a fine nose" for historical matter, THE UPLIFT has made the acquaintance of Col. Gregory, the author of the story of the capture of John Brown and his execution. This story appeared in the Atlanta Journal of May 8th and in a recent issue of the Statesville Landmark. Col. Gregory has very kindly made some additions to the article, which adds to the interest of his story.)

On the night of October 18th my company, which was Company F, First Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Captian R. Milton Cary, was assembled in our armory for drill and the adjustment of our new belts, which at that time were used, and had just arrived. After roll-call we were allowed to break ranks and proceed to the above-mentioned duties. In a short time a courier from Governor Wise's residence was admitted who bore a

note from the Governor to Captain Cary calling upon him for the immediate service of his command, and telling him that there was an out-

break at Harper's Ferry by John Brown, and that he had incarcerated with him a number of our best citizens, holding them as hostages. In



COL. W. H. H. GREGORY, OF IREDELL COUNTY,
Who was present at arrest and execution of John Brown.

the Governor's note to Captain Cary he stated that there would be an extra train awaiting our arrival at the Fredricksburg depot to carry us to Washington via Acquire Creek.

As soon as this notice was read by Captain Cary we were ordered to repair to our homes, get our knapsacks, blankets and such clothing as was wanted, and report promptly at the depot named. Before entering the train a roll-call was made and every member, with an additional member who was not present at the armory, responded as the news of the outbreak spread very quickly. Governor Wise and members of his staff were with us. Upon our arrival at Acquire Creek we found a steamer awaiting us. Upon our arrival in Washington we marched to Willard's Hotel and breakfasted. Immediately after breakfast we marched to the B. & O. Railroad and took the train for Harper's Ferry. There was some little detention at the relay station, or else we would have arrived in time to have performed the capture made by Col. R. E. Lee (afterwards General Robert E. Lee) who, at the request of Governor Wise (being so much nearer) was sent in command of a company of marines by the national government from Washington to quell this insurrection.

ARRIVAL AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Upon our arrival at Harper's Ferry, we found that the engine room in which Brown had taken refuge from the attacks made on him by the citizens and in which he had barricaded himself and quite a number of prominent citizens, holding them as hostages, had been battered down after a demand to him to surrender (which he refused to do) by order of Colonel

Lee, by means of a ladder. This course would probably have been pursued by the citizens but because of his position, using the peep-holes through which he could fire without giving the citizens a fair chance at him, they were very wisely awaiting the arrival of help, which they had been notified would arrive soon as possible.

HIS FORCES

His force consisted of 17 white and five colored. Immediately after his arrival in the village, he extinguished the lights in the streets, took possession of the entire arsenal, arrested the three guards and the negro watchman at the Potomac bridge, whom he murdered upon his refusal to join him and posted a guard of armed men on the bridge. On the following day he made arrests of all who appeared on the streets, offering all sort of propositions if they would join him. As already stated, these were the hostages held by him and it has been stated that he sent Cook, whose history will be given later, out to bring into the town several prominent citizens.

WOUNDS DRESSED

After the capture, his wounds which were inflicted by Captain Stewart with an ordinary sword, were dressed and he was carried into an adjoining house, a part of the arsenal and Governor Wise and he had an interview which of course resulted in his being carried to Charlestown, together with Cook, Copic, Shields, Green, Copeland and Stevens, who were also captured, to be imprisoned until a trial could be given them. It was found that John Brown had on the opposite side of Harper's Ferry camp equipage, consisting of tents,

shoes, blankets, pikes, pistols and by-laws by which his command was to be governed, also a large swivel pivot gun, which was fired into Harper's Ferry by some one unknown after the capture. These things were captured and a distribution of some of them given to our command, one of which I have to-day. The pikes were intended for the negroes. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is the only one who is in possession of one of the pikes.

It was also discovered in some of his papers captured that Fred. Douglas, Horace Greeley and quite a number of other prominent men were backing him. It is well remembered that after the capture of John Brown, Fred. Douglas, fearing arrest made it convenient to have important business on the other side of the Atlantic where he remained for quite awhile.

BROWN SENT TO CHARLESTOWN

The relief given to the citizen of Harper's Ferry was not hard to discover upon our arrival, as they had been imprisoned under a sufficient guard. Brown was sent to Charlestown where he, with others of his gang, were imprisoned. My command was ordered to return to Richmond. It was not long after our return that the air became pregnant with rumors that an attempt would be made to release him and threats were made coming from responsible people, to this effect. We were, however, not ordered to return until after his trial, in which he received the same impartial trial given to any other culprit. He was most ably defended by the Hon. Daniel Voorhees, who made a masterly speech in their behalf. Although not in sympathy

with their crime, as their counsel he bent all his efforts for their defence.

REGIMENT SENT TO CHARLESTOWN

As is known, Brown was guilty of inciting slaves to insurrection, treason and murder. October 29th, after the decision of the jury in his case, Governor Wise, at great expense to Virginia, ordered our entire regiment to Charlestown and its surroundings to see that the law should be obeyed. This military guard was augmented by the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute and also two companies of cavalry commanded by the gallant Ashby. The military was under command of General Taliaferro, of Virginia.

TALKED WITH BROWN

The day set for John Brown's execution was the 2nd of December. During the interval of time of his sentence and execution, which was short, those who desired to see and talk with him were allowed in squads of three and four to see him. Feeling a desire to talk with him, and ascertain, if possible, what actuated this most foolish act, I got from him in response to my respectful question, "Mr. Brown, what did you expect to accomplish?" this reply: "Give freedom to every living creature." I then suggested that with such a small force it was a very dangerous lesson he was trying to teach. He replied, seeing my uniform: "The train that landed you here was the train upon which I expected help." In my talk with him, and my idea of human nature, I could never put him down as such a fanatic or religious hero as some are trying to do. His general physique showed many signs of degradation. He had no

countenance, a man entirely devoid of human feeling, and who could and had committed murder without a wrinkle in his face twitching. No mark of intelligence, and, with his porcupinish hair, showed every indication of being the brute he was hired to be. Unless governed by family ties, can anybody conscientiously put him down as a religious hero. It never entered John Brown's head that there was a work for him to do, directed by a Divine Master. In the murder he committed in Kansas of the husband of a lady who sent the rope for his neck to be broken with, (but which was too short to be used), there was no motive except robbery.

SELECTED TO START THE BALL

He was selected by a few of the abolition party to start the ball. They were wise in their selection of help. The crowd, with the exception of Cook, were the "dregs of the earth" and could do as he had done without any remorse of conscience.

AS TO COOK.

As to Cook, who was a school teacher, and more to be censured than Brown on account of his education, and occupying his position in some of the best families of Virginia, and being a brother-in-law of Governor Willard, of Ohio, the term of religious hero would, I think, more appropriately be put on his casket and adorn his crown than John Brown. There might have been something in Cook to have adjusted and promised assistance for the freedom of the slaves as occupying his position and having his family connections it seems that he would not have been actuated by mercenary motive to

drive into such a conspiracy. John Brown's own statement, not told to me but to others who visited him, was that Cook had mislead him and deceived him.

MET WITH GOV. WILLARD

I was sent by Captain Cary two days before the execution to Richmond on a special mission for my company and on my return I was requested by a gentleman occupying a seat in the same train, to be seated by him. This turned out to be Governor Willard, of Ohio. His only reason for extending this invitation was that he saw I was in uniform and decided I was going to Charleston. He had been to call on Governor Wise to intercede for Cook. In his talk to me I understood him to say that Virginia had been more lenient to her criminals than other States would have been. He was certainly deeply grieved at the conduct and acts of Cook and seemed to think that he was demented. It was generally thought that through his efforts Mr. Voorhees was retained for the defence.

DAY OF EXECUTION.

On the day of John Brown's execution, being the 2nd of December, 1859, and being a beautiful day, he was mounted upon his coffin (after bidding farewell to those in prison with him, viz., Stevens, in his cell, Shields, Green and Copeland in another cell, Cook and Copic in an upper cell and Hazlett in another cell). It is remembered that Cook and his mate cut through the walls of the jail and got into the yard or the jail but were again captured. In bidding farewell to these members of his party he refused to notice Cook. It

was reported that he had made a disposition of what money he had amongst the crowd, leaving out Cook. He was nicely dressed and drawn by two beautiful horses in a hollow square, escorted in the square by my company, a company from Petersburg, a part of the Virginia Military cadets, the Ashby Cavalry, scouting the outside, could be seen from the grounds upon which he was hung.

DECLINED ASSISTANCE.

Upon his arrival at the gallows, which had been erected to seat a goodly number, John Brown being pinioned, was offered assistance to reach the platform, which he declined. After getting up he was asked if he desired to say anything to which he replied, "No, let me go as soon as you can." After adjusting the cap and the drop fell, John Brown's body was dangling in the air. Upon our return to Richmond, at a banquet given us, John Minor Botts, then our Representative in Congress, made a quotation which will ever be remembered: "Coming events cast their shadows."

It is useless to recall the fact that immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln dissolution of the North and South must come, as he was regarded as the candidate of the Abolition party.

BROWN STARTS A GOVERNMENT OF HIS OWN.

Col. Gregory in transmitting his account of the arrest and execution of John Brown furnishes, at the request of THE UPLIFT, some additional information regarding the movement of this wild, bad man from the west. It is: "John Brown led a party of slaves from Missouri to freedom—in Canada. He crossed the line at Detroit on the 12th of March, 1859, and assembled a secret convention of negroes and sympathizing whites on May 8th, and in that convention a provisional constitution and ordinances for the government of the people of the United States, by Brown, were adopted.

Brown, being chosen commander-in-chief, returns to the United States and enters upon his scheme to liberate the slaves. He made a contract in Connecticut for 1000 pikes and three guns to be used by negroes; and in the early part of July that year he rents a farm near Harper's Ferry, Va. He decided to strike the first blow against slavery on the night of October 24th, but changed his mind. On the evening of Sunday, October 16th, he moves his forces of 17 whites and five negroes to the village of Harper's Ferry;—the remainder of the story is in the foregoing account.

Influence.

"There is a destiny that makes men brothers:
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."

Medium Of Exchange.

Recurring to the method of paying the clergy in Virginia for their services by means of so much tobacco, one is led to see just how much difficulty our forebears had in trading in the early period of this country. Pulling out a roll of bills in the days of Patrick Henry, would have occasioned great consternation. Now most anybody---who has it---regards the possession

of a bunch of currency as a most ordinary matter.

In the early days the colonists had very little of what we call money. They traded by exchanging goods and products. In the Indian trade, leaden bullets and shells strung together were used in the place of money.

Some folks have an idea that the warehouse proposition is a new thing. That idea is as old as the country. In Virginia they stored their tobacco in warehouses and took for same certificates, which were use as a medium of exchange. Just

think of passing over a warehouse-tobacco certificate to the soda-water jerker for a dope, or passing one in through the hole in the glass for a ticket to see a sorry movie! An attempt was made by Virginia in 1645 to establish a mint. Massachusetts, in 1651, was more successful. She minted coins of the value of shillings and sixpences, stamped with the figure of a pine tree. As early as 1690 Massachusetts issued paper money, an example soon followed by other colonies.

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL.

Patty the Milkmaid was going to market carrying her milk in a Pail on her head, as she went along she began calculating what she would do with the money she would get for her milk. "I'll buy some fowls from Farmer Brown," said she, "and they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell to the parson's wife. With the money that I get from the sale of these eggs I'll buy myself a new dinity frock and a chip hat; and when I go to market, won't all the young men come up and speak to me! Polly Shaw will be that jealous; but I don't care. I shall just look at her and toss my head like this." As she spoke she tossed her head back, the Pail fell off it and all the milk was spilt. So she had to go home and tell her mother what had occurred.

"Ah, my child," said the mother,

"DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED."

The Blind Member Who Nominated Clark Speaker.

By Mrs. H. E. Monroe

Probably no man now in public life has won out over difficulties which to a weak soul would look and really be more unsurmountable than Hon. Thomas D. Schall, now serving his fourth term as representative from the Tenth District of Minnesota. He was the son of a Christian woman who could not read or write, but earned a living for herself and child by cooking in hotels and restaurants. When Tom was 12 years old he scarcely knew the alphabet, so when a farmer asked for the boy on condition that he would send him to school and let him pay his board by working morning and evening, the mother gave consent. The farmer did not send the boy to school and was most inhuman in his treatment; the boy escaped, but was overtaken by the farmer on horseback, who drove the boy back, lashing his bare legs all the way with a long whip. It did not take the boy long until he escaped again, this time hiding in barns and stacks in daytime, and travelling at night till he reached his mother. The farmer came at once to reclaim him, and, fearing his mother might yield, he seized his bootblack outfit, struck the road, and at the age of 12 became a soldier of fortune. On trains he would sing and dance to pay his fare. He stopped in one town wearing a man's old shoes and a pair of man's trousers cut off to suit him, the seat coming back of his knees, the trousers held up with one suspender fastened by a nail. Of course, the rowdy boys flew at him immediately, but he licked the crowd of toughs. The teacher of the school came by as he was finishing the job; the teacher said, "A boy who has pluck enough to fight a town has good in him."

Mr. Munger, that teacher, is now Dr. Mungèr, a dentist who lives in Washington. So the teacher took him home, gave him a suit of boy's clothing and put him in school. Among other things which the teacher gave Tom was a pair of nice shoes fastened with buckles. The lad was so proud of these shoes that he stuck one out on each side of his desk. A neighbor boy spat on Tom's new shoe, a fight followed, of course, on the spot, and he assuaged the wrath of the teacher by claiming that the act showed disrespect to the teacher who had given the shoes to him. He became school janitor and earned enough to buy his food, but he had to work so hard that he failed the first year in his studies; he, however, persevered, and when he got as far as the high school he was taken into a family where he earned his living by chores. While there the girl of the house gave a school part to which he was not invited. He overheard one of the boys say, "Where is Tom?" The girl replied, "Why, Tom was not invited; he is our slop boy." Tom resolved then and there that he would equal the best of them. In the Ortonville school there was a yearly oratorical contest on hand. Young Schall practiced Daniel Webster's great oration,

"Supposed Speech of John Adams," as he milked, as he swept, or as he shoveled coal. His friends dressed him suitably for the occasion, but he refused to wear a stiff white collar. His teacher, W. A. Varney, now of Burlington, Vt., drilled him in pronunciation and gesture. He won first prize and thus began the display of eloquence which caused thousands to stand and cheer frantically when last summer he seconded the nomination of Hon. Hiram Johnson to be President of the Uni-States. After the the Ortonville contest he took part in many other contests, in 1902 winning the Northern Oratorical at Chicago. During his college course he conducted a student laundry; he hired the work done, but on his bicycle he gathered and returned the students' clothing. While yet a freshman he was chosen to represent Hamlin College in the state collegiaie contest. When he finished that oration the audience made not a sound. He thought he had utterly failed. He walked to his seat and sat down before the storm of applause broke loose. An enthusiastic co-ed jumped up, threw her arms about him and kissed him. The boys of his class paraded with him on their shoulders. A bunch of American Beauty roses was handed him. When the chairman read out, "Thomas D. Schall, of Hamlin College, first prize," the boys of his college carried him outside, took the horses from a buggy, and a shouting mob of boys drew the carriage through the streets, followed by the whole school. At night the boys gave a dinner and the professors made complimentary speeches concerning him as a student and an orator. After this he studied law and

began to practice among the plain people. In 1907 he stepped up to an electric cigar lighter fed by the city current. It proved to be short-circuited, there was a flash and Mr. Schall was blind forever. He had married, and now, with his faithful wife as helper, this indomitable soul faced life, with faith in his God, and full belief that patience, energy and true, good work would win out in an American community. He ran for Congress in 1912 on the Progressive ticket, and was beaten. In 1914 he again ran for Congress, and without help from the Republican Central Committee won the place with a majority of 1400. He was elected to the Sixty-fifth Congress as a Progressive Republican with 9000 of a majority. In public life a crisis bound to come somewhere. His came April 2, 1917, when he found the House of Representative so evenly divided that if he voted Republican it would elect a Republican Speaker, but he reasoned to forego party advantage and present a solid front to the world was the nation's duty. If the Democrats were left in power they could be held responsible for the war; if not, delay and confusion would surely result. His own future seemed bound to the Republican party, but with a Democratic Senate and a Democratic President, the responsibility of war should remain with the Democrats, and should the Republican party succeed in organizing the House, it could accrue no possible advantage and only furnish excuse for Democratic failure. If he voted for a Republican Speaker, Mr. James R. Mann would be Speaker of the House. Mr. Schall went to Oyster Bay to consult Mr. Roosevelt, who refused to advise, be-

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use Roosevelt believed Mr. Schall's political destiny was involved. On April 2, 1917, amid a tenseness which could be felt, Mr. Schall made an eloquent speech, setting forth his reasons for voting for a Democrat. He said: "The party which has controlled our nation during the development of this crisis should reap the harvest of the seeds they have sown. All our ex-Presidents and ex-candidates for President have promised Mr. Wilson under oath to stand by him in this crisis." He then extolled both Mann and Clark, and

ended by saying, "I shall vote for Mr. Clark." The Clerk said, "Did the gentleman from Minnesota intend to place Mr. Clark, of Missouri, in nomination for Speaker?" Mr. Schall: "It was not my intention. I merely wished to state the reasons and motive for my vote, since I am going to vote for him I can see no reason why I should not. I deem it an unusual honor, and gladly place him in nomination for Speaker." The Clerk answered: "Champ Clark, of Missouri, has been placed in nomination for Speaker of the House."

An Asset.

"There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it."

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Three hundred and sixty-one comfortable opera chairs have been placed in the Auditorium.

Messrs W. W. Johnson and G. H. Lawrence attended the commencement exercises at Mt. Pleasant, Monday evening.

In a spirited spelling match Saturday evening, the fourth grade defeated the third grade after a prolonged effort.

Mrs. Pearl Young, matron at Second Cottage, left Monday for Charlotte, where she will take treatment in a hospital.

The first ripe peaches of the season

have been gathered from our farm. From now until midsummer, fruit will be plentiful here.

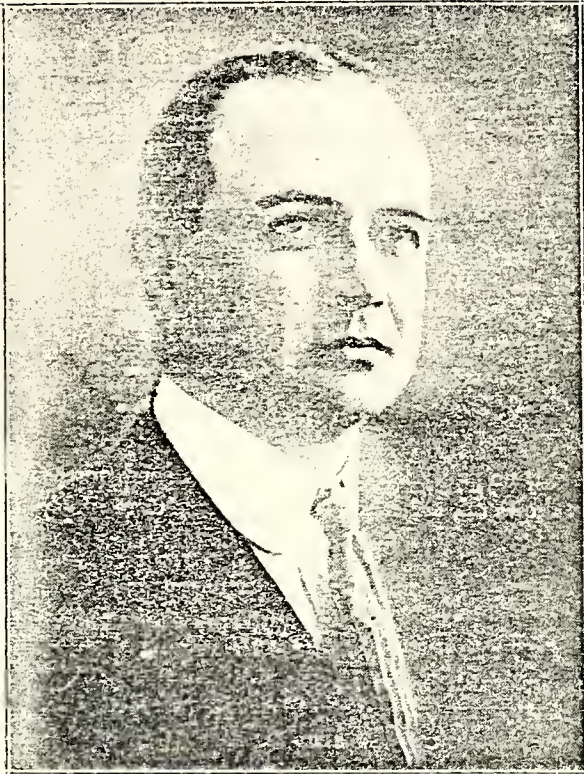
Rev. Mr. Sesh, of Fairview Church, preached at the chapel Sunday afternoon. His subject was: "Lessons from the Life of Jonah."

Lonnie Walker, Clyde Willard, Columbus Mead and Arthur Montgomery were glad to receive visits last week from relatives.

Saturday afternoons in school are usually devoted to spelling matches, buzz matches, drill on multiplication tables and speech making.

Two of our band boys, Masters Noble and Smathers, played at the Sunday Morning services at the First Baptist Church in Concord, Sunday.

THOMAS H. WEBB.



To know how many people have changed their names, by the elimination or addition of an initial, and the true, honest reasons why such took place, would make, in many instances, a very romantic story. It would not be far, in a general way, from being an accurate explanation for such occurrences to say right out and flat-footed that "there is a woman" in the case.

I asked, (making apology for the foregoing paragraph), Mr. Thomas

H. Webb, of Concord, the simple question, "What does that 'H' in your name stand for?" He replied, "distinguisher" or "an identification." Way back in the early lives of those who saw fit to make changes in their names, some little bright-eyed girl, fascinating and exciting, wrote a little letter in answer to another little letter, and, forgetting that there are other "Toms" and other "Jims" and other "Morrison's," and addressing it--to what she

thought was actually a real somebody. even so early in life---the letter fell into the hands of the wrong "T," or "J" or "M", and then the whole story got out to the embarrassment of two young birds trying to learn how to fly.

This is sufficient justification; the die is cast, and there be no good reason for going further behind the records. Men have changed their names since the foundation of the earth; women have changed theirs, legally by marriage; and illegally, by putting it into a fantastic spelling, using an "e" for a "y" &c.

The subject of this sketch came to Concord in 1916, from Duke, N. C., having accepted the position of Secretary & Treasurer of the Locke Cotton Mills. Mr. Webb was born in Hillsboro, N. C., once the capital of North Carolina, two years and one day after U. S. Grant took the oath of office as president of the United States. His childhood days were spent just like most children spend theirs; his actual school-room experience was limited to instruction in the then famous girl school of the Misses Nash and Kollock, a successor of the Burwell school. It was not his privilege to attend a collegiate institution, for at the early age of fourteen he found it necessary to enter the University of Hard Knocks. Starting in as the water-boy and sweeper in a cotton mill, he soon demonstrated his capacity and his purpose, and his promotion followed rapidly. It was not a matter of favoritism, nor pulls nor accident---just the realization of the declaration "there is room and place" at the top.

In 1895 Mr. Webb was married to Miss Isabelle Graham, a daughter of

Major John W. Graham, one of the foremost lawyers of the state, and a member of a conspicuous and very able family that has played no small part in the affairs of North Carolina. By this union two sons were born. In 1902 Mrs. Webb departed this life. In 1907, Mr. Webb was happily married to Miss Louisa Robeson, of Harnett county, a representative of a prominent and influential family, herself a delightful personality. They have two little girls, the sunshine of the home.

Mr. Webb is a practical mill man. He has spent his life in some phase of mill operating. He grew up with the industry in the state, and is familiar with the many details that enter into the manufacture of the raw material until it reaches the consumer. He was for a time associated with the late Col. W. E. Holt in the Lexington Mills, and in 1896 he took entire charge of the erection of the Eno Mills, at Hillsboro, where he superintended their erection from the time the clay went into the brick mill, until the machinery was installed and running. Being succeeded there by a brother, when he was called to Durham, he became associated with Mr. W. A. Ervin, the genius that has built up in the state such large and extensive manufacturing plants. In 1904 Mr. Webb was transferred to Duke, where he directed the large manufacturing plants of that section.

Though thoroughly identified with the cotton milling business, the subject of this sketch finds time to take an efficient interest in matters that concern the betterment of the community. Entirely unselfish, and imbued with a vision that spells progress and development, he moves in

and among the people in a very pleasing and folksy manner. His is a fine personality, fine common sense, dignified in his demeanor, earnest and faithful in contributing his part to the progress of the community, manly and frank in his dealings with the world---these be the qualities of mind and heart that have made for Mr. Webb a hearty welcome into the business, social and moral life of the entire community. His coming with his interesting fami-

ly is regarded as a distinct acquisition to the city. He is a director of the Concord National Bank, of the Bank of Harnett, and of the Cabarrus B. and L. Association. In religion, the subject of this sketch is a member of the Episcopal church and takes an active and leading part in its work.

Mr. Webb is somewhat of a "jinner," being a K. of P. and Mason---he smokes an old-fashioned pipe and nurses no grouch.

Eliminating Self.

"As years are added to my life, I am trying to suppress self; and without trying I am anxious to accommodate my friends---this be a real pleasure."

The One Critical Event That Decides

(This decisive event in the life of Patrick Henry, which established his legal career, involves a great principle that concerned the country and the church in his day. It is full, also, of human interest. It belonged to the issue of THE UPLIFT of the 21st, but room was wanting)

There is some one thing---call it what you may---that shapes in a great measure the course of a life or a profession or an occupation. We learn from Thomas Jefferson of the sorry preparation Patrick Henry had for his entrance upon the the legal profession; we have understood, also, that he was inclined to be lazy and that school-life was distasteful to him. But there lay dormant in this rugged, peculiar Virginian, a genius---in him nature had planted the fires of a true orator---and these awaited the time and the opportunity of being liberated to assert themselves in the affairs of men and his country.

That time came in what is histori-

cally known as the Parson's Case. It is so intensely interesting, let us follow it up and see how Henry threw off his handicaps and how he came into his own, sweeping from before him any and all doubts as to his power to convince and to lead:

It will be borne in mind that the church of England was, during pre-Revolutionary days, the established church of Virginia. Each minister of a parish had been provided with annual stipend of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. The price of tobacco had remained for a long time stationery, at two pence per pound. About 1755 the crop was painfully short, and we may suppose that, un-

der the law of supply and demand (trade then not having learned how to confuse or overcome the effects of such a theory,) the price of tobacco went up. Accordingly, the legislature passed this act: "all persons from whom any tobacco was due, were authorized to pay the same either in tobacco, or in money, after the rate of sixteen shillings and eight pence per hundred." The ministry resisted this, thus arising in court what is historically known as the Parson's Case.

Patrick Henry was retained to represent the people in the case, for which the ministry had brought to force the people to observe the payment in tobacco alone. The ministry became so excited and determined that their lengthy discussions were shut out from the press in Virginia. They carried their argument to Maryland. The king sided with the ministry--this emboldened them and they felt certain of winning their contention.

At length the trial was at hand. A vast concourse of people were on hand (I wonder if the business of the usual court horse-swapping did not originate at this trial), coming from a number of counties.

Among many of the clergymen was a Rev. Patrick Henry, an uncle of our subject. Young Henry approached him, expressing his regret that his uncle was present. "why so," inquired the preacher uncle. "Because, sir," said Young Henry, "you know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence, to be able to do my duty to my clients; besides, sir, I shall be obliged to say some hard things of the clergy, and I am very unwilling

to give pain to your fellings." "Why, Patrick," said the old clergyman with a good-natured smile, "as to your saying hard things of the clergy, I advise you to let that alone---take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my leaving the ground, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you harm or good, in such a cause. However, since you seem to think other-wise, and desire it of me, so earnestly, you shall be gratified." And the clergyman left for his home.

Mr. Lyons, the attorney for the clergy, reviewed the case briefly, concluding with a high eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And now came the time for young Patrick Henry to show his strength. In the language of the reporter of what followed: No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy (of whom there were more than twenty present) were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion, from his seat. But these feelings were of a short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For, now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed; and now were first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the exuviae of the clown seemed to shed themselves spotan-

eously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shown with a nobleness and a grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which on one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, in a manner which language can not tell. Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images: for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair rise on ends." * * * * *

In less than twenty minutes the audience might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence, their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their sense listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm, their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, who happened to be the presiding judge, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks without the power or inclination to repress them." The clergy lost; Henry won.

And thus Patrick, Henry, discovering himself, came into his own

The Possibilities of The Future

By O. O. Philips in Lexington Dispatch.

Actual facts are sometimes serious, and reported facts are sometimes even worse. To be in a bad situation is unfortunate, but to be in a bad situation that has a bad reputation associated with it is even more unfortunate.

The little town Nazareth in far off Galilee before Christ was born had a bad reputation. The people were rough and uncultivated and disliked the cultivated circle of the social world. A bad reputation for a place is like a stone about a man's neck, it helps to drag the place down. Its people are at a discount in the market of the world. Then too, they look upon them-

selves half hopelessly. When persons do not expect much of themselves very little good result. A bad reputation hampers and hinders the whole

life of a community.

The sentiment of the people at that time of Nazareth was foregone conclusion that a good thing could

not come out of Nazareth. But, contrary to all expectations, a good thing did come out of Nazareth. A little boy grew up there, a mechanic matured there. In a general way His fellow villagers knew Him, favorably. His home circle did indeed wonder at him. But no one outside of Nazareth cared anything for him. Then a day came when, in his full manhood, he stepped out into the sight of Palestine. Nazareth had come to such a good thing that the name and power of Jesus of Nazareth filled the earth and men were inspired to the loftiest sentiments and to the bravest deeds by him, and more, the whole world was being redeemed through him. That little, rude provincial village indeed had possibilities of which no one ever dreamed.

We are now to think of the way in which we as persons find our possibilities for good. It was from the wilderness that the greatest movement of history was heralded by a John the Baptist. And to day there is not a place, wherever it be, that has not amazing possibilities of influencing human life. A man may dwell in the remotest wilderness, but if he is a great thinker, there will be a beaten pathway to his door. In this land of America, with its postoffice facilities and its communication with

the public press, every place can get its ideas to the front, and if they are worthy ideas can get them into recognition. And today many of the great movements for the blessings of humanity like fresh air projects and seaside and mountain homes for needy children, originated in the country and forced their way into the city. The rills that start rivers begin far away from the haunts of the multitude, and no one knows but that out of some remote hamlet which to the superficial eye might seem incapable of affecting the age shall come a power that shall transform the world.

The question comes to our mind, how are we to find our own possibilities? First, we must believe that we are on the earth for a purpose of good. That belief we must never give up as long as we live. God has created each of us for something definite and distinct of usefulness.

He did not put us into being carelessly. He made us in his own image, and gave us the power of intellectuality and intensified that power to the ones who would use it. Second, and last, the door of success stands open to all young people, rich or poor, great or small. Step in and make use of the opportunities as they come, is the command and fee.

A Recompense.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps, there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—Dickens.

Wearing Blind Bridles.

Dr. Rowe in Advocate.

The most stubborn, disconcerting and upsetting thing in this universe is a fact. On one occasion Senator Frye tried to tempt Professor Agazzis off on a fishing trip in the woods of Maine by telling him that there were trout in the streams up there twelve inches long. "Now I know that's a fish story," the scientist replied, "because that fish doesn't grow over nine inches long." The senator went on his way, and in a few days Professor Agazzis received a box in which lay a trout, packed in ice, twelve inches long. The great scientist immediately sent the senator a telegram in these words: "The science of a lifetime knocked to pieces by a fact."

Science systematizes facts in order to arrive at laws and principles, which may be put to practical use. If all the facts were in, a perfect and finished system might be reached, but as we live in a growing universe, the last fact is never in, and just as one drop of water added to a tubful displaces every particle of water in the tub, so every fresh influx of facts calls for a revision of the systems that have been made.

But as it is inconvenient to be forever learning and growing and going, men get tired and either deliberately shut out new facts or become indifferent to them. The driver wishes a horse to see the road, but he does not wish to have his attention diverted by things that may appear beside the road. Hence the blind bridle. It is a contrivance in the interest of concentrated attention on the thing in hand--or foot. It is intended to keep the attention of the horse from anything that would tend to keep him from going down the road. Sometimes men put blind-bridles on their fellows--sometimes they deliberately put them on themselves.

There was a great old son of Stanley by the name of Valentine Mauney, who was once in a quarterly conference being held by Dr. Geo. H. Detwiler. When the elder and father Mauney failed to agree on a question, Dr. Detwiler closed a clear and elaborate explanation with the question, "Now, don't you see it, Brother Mauney?" "No, I don't," he replied. "Well, why don't you see it?" "Because," the old gentleman smilingly replied, "I don't want to see it." He did see it, of course, and as his smile would indicate, gracefully yielded at last.

However, many men fail to gain the knowledge that new facts would give and miss the practical use to which that knowledge might be put by allowing their powers of observation to become deadened.

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance--"

Picking up a jar of chemical of vile odor, he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student.

After each one had licked his fing-

and felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly:
 "I told ye so. Ye dinna use your

faculties. For if ye had observed ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."

The Hygiene of Habit.

(Nursing Service, Southern Division Red Cross)

Youth is the habit forming period of life; so much depends upon the habits formed in youth that it is said to be during the early years that man's whole after life is foreshadowed because of the habits formed in youth.

Health, which is not a heritage from heaven as much as the result of habits of hygiene living, is determined largely by the first few years of life. A child whose body has formed the habit of assimilating proper food, of being adequately and correctly clothed, of breathing air, of taking proper exercise, will soon find a sort of demand or desire for conditions which produce the comfort and pleasure which health brings.

It is a fact, too, that a persistence in giving a course of action creates a habit which becomes automatic in a surprisingly short time. We may prove this most conclusively by considering our daily lives. If we will pause on the threshold of a new day and note what we are "in the habit" of doing as we arise each morning, we will understand how naturally we give our body the attention it merits, and how automatically we go about the ordinary processes of dressing, bathing, etc., even while our minds may be occupied at the same time with some problem disassociated from the actual act of dressing. It is

of the most vital importance, therefore that these habits of ours which become almost a part of us are habits that are helpful to our physical as well as our mental development.

The hygiene of habit, then would be to make our habits of such a character that they would be a direct contribution to our health for it is a fact that improved health standards and advanced health ideals are among the most needed elements in our daily lives.

If we eat, sleep, rest, exercise, work, play and live hygienically we will have established hygiene as a habit and one which should become as fixed and immovable as any habit which the human mind may form.

Fortunately to-day there is a marked tendency to instruct all persons in health matters and this means that the following of such instruction will form health habits. As an example we know that any undue tax of our eyes means a lessening of the usefulness of the important sense of sight, while we know in the same way that neglect of any of our teeth has a marked influence on our general health as does insufficient sleep, wrong food and even unwise clothing. To form a HABIT, therefore, of conserving our eyes by reading in a correct light, of visiting a dentist at least every six months for a careful

inspection of our teeth, of having at least eight hours sound sleep, in a well ventilated room each night, of eating at regular intervals such food as our body demands, all mean that health itself will become a habit which it will be difficult for a disease to break.

The importance of such habit is strongly impressed upon us when we learn that more than half of the so-called "healthy" persons show, upon careful examination some physical defect directly or indirectly due to some fault habit of living. Again, the need for habits of hygiene are emphasized by the fact that some 750,000 cases of illness are noted every year from what is called "preventable disease" almost every one of which might have been avoided had we, as a people, formed universal "habits of hygiene" until hygiene itself becomes a habit and one which is so fixed and strong that it is almost impossible to break or change it, folly to try to organize vital communities around a unit that is already dead or dying.

The average countryman, however slow or backward he may be considered, knows to watch a dead tree as he moves around it. He likewise knows a dead town and shuns it when he gets ready to leave the farm. Thus the country town that has been content to live the parasite life misses the fresh blood that passes on to the city. True the city may have the same germs of decay that afflict the small town but the bulk is so great that it is not so apparent.

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

Important changes in passenger

train schedules, effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday April 24th.

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 35.

Lv. Reidsville.....	5:05 P M
Lv. Greensboro.....	5:58 P M
Lv. High Point.....	6:27 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	6:40 P M
Lv. Lexington.....	6:55 P M
Lv. Salisbury.....	7:45 P M
Lv. Concord.....	8:20 P M
Lv. Charlotte.....	9:10 P M
Lv. Gastonia.....	9:56 P M

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN No. 37

Lv. Greensboro.....	7:35 A M
Lv. High Point.....	8:02 A M
Lv. Salisbury.....	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte.....	10:40 A M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No. 36.

Lv. Gastonia.....	9:20 A M
Lv. Charlotte.....	10:25 A M
Lv. Concord.....	11:07 A M
Lv. Salisbury.....	12:05 P M
Lv. Lexington.....	12:40 P M
Lv. Thomasville.....	1:00 P M
Lv. High Point.....	1:15 P M
Lv. Greensboro.....	1:55 P M
Lv. Reidsville.....	2:32 P M

NORTHBOUND TRAIN No 138.

Lv. Gastonia.....	8:00 P M
Ar. Charlotte.....	8:45 P M
Lv. Charlotte.....	8:55 P M
Lv. Concord.....	9:30 P M

For further information consult Ticket Agents.

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

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

Reduced round trip fares on the iden-

education certificate plan, and the straight certificate plan, to various points for special occasions as listed below.

ROUND TRIP FARES

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

International Convention, Kiwanis Club. Tickets on sale June 18th to 20th, final limit June 28th 1921.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Annual Convention, Supreme Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose. Tickets on sale June 24th to 28th, final limit July 5th, 1921.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN..

Southern Baptist Convention. Tickets on sale May 9th to 12th, final limit May 21st, 1921.

DETROIT, MICH.,

Annual Convention, World-Wide Baraca Philathea Union. Tickets on sale June 21st to 23rd, final limit June 29th, 1921.

RALEIGH, N. C.,

Sundan Temple, A. A. O. N. Mystic Shrine. Tickets on sale May 18th to 19th, final limit May 21st, 1921.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Baptist Young People Union of America. Tickets on sale June 28th to 30th, final limit July 6th, 1921.

Persons attending these meeting should see that they are provided with proper certificate which is furnished by his Secretary.

CERTIFICATE PLAN FARES

LOUISVILLE, KY.,

National Convention Travelers protective Association. Certificates issued June 9th to 15th, final limit June 22nd, 1921.

ALANTIC CITY, N. J.

National Confectioners Association. of the U. S. Certificates issued May 19th to 25th, final limit June 1st, 1921.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

National Tuberculosis Association Certificates issued June 9th to 15th, final

limit June 21st, 1921.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

Inter-State Cotton Seed Crushers Association. Certificates issued May 14th to 20, final limit May 24th.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

National Association of Real Estate Boards, Annual Convention. Certificates issued July 8th to 14th, final limit July 19th, 1921.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

Conventional National Association of Master Plumbers of U. S. Certificates issued June 3rd to 7th, final limit June 13th, 1921.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

Annual State Convention B. Y. P. U. of N. C. Certificates issued June 10th to 15th, final limit June 20th, 1921.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.,

Annual Convention, Southern Wholesale Grocers Association. Certificates issued May 6th to 12th, final limit May 17th, 1921.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Meeting American Cotton Manufacturers' Association. Certificates issued May 24th to 28th, final limit June 1st, 1921.

Persons attending these meetings should ask Ticket Agent for certificates at time ticket is purchased for going trip, which will be honored for return trip in accordance with instructions authorizing meetings on certificate plan.

The Southern Railway System offers excellent and convenient schedules to all of the above points.

"THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH."

For further information and Pullman sleeping car reservations call nearest Ticket Agent.

M. E. Woody, Agent, Concord, N. C. R. H. Graham, Division Passenger Agt Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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NO. 31

The Effects of Disobedience

The cause of all sin and misery and suffering, despair and darkness is disobedience. Disobedience drove our first parents out of the Garden of Eden, disobedience caused the first murder; disobedience was the cause of the destruction of the world by flood; disobedience drove Israel into captivity, destroyed the holy city and scattered them among nations. What is your disobedience doing for you individually? If you are not saved it is because you are disobedient. If you are under the power of sin and Satan it is because you disobeyed God; if you are wretched and unhappy, it is because of your disobedience; if heaven does not smile upon you, it is because you are living in disobedience.

Decide to obey God right now and immediately things will change. Decide to obey God, to surrender to him and he will save you; decide to obey and you will be able to believe; obey and you will be able to trust him; obey him and the darkness will disappear and heaven's light will stream into your soul; obey him and peace and joy and rest will fill your soul. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."—(Isa. 1:19).—Ex.

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STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

Concord, N. C.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE

Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	133	New York-Atlanta - - - - -	133	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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EDUCATIONAL KNIFE STUCK DEEP.

There is loud complaining by people generally over a new regulation for the government of teachers' salaries that has been promulgated by the educational authorities of North Carolina. If its results are what is claimed for it by the complainants, it is a severe injustice upon a large class of teachers, who have made good, are good and far superior, in a large measure, to those whose interests the new rule advances materially.

Too often our educational leaders forget that the best educated and those who have had the model and modern advantages in a preparation for the school-room are oftentimes among the poorest of teachers--granted that there is a reasonable amount of educational preparation, the years of experience count for far more than the frills and exactions of experimental doctors. The ability to teach, and to teach successfully, comes from a higher source than books and educational doctors and theorists. And to know whether the teacher has those qualities, is only ascertained by actual experience.

There is no justice in reducing the pay of a known, successful teacher of twenty years' experience, and raising the salary of a young graduate, without experience, over that of the former, even though she has a certificate from a dozen A 1 colleges, and has attended a score of Summer Schools. That's what the new regulation is alleged to do. If this be true, the new regulation is a crime against righteousness.

There are, we may well believe, since the educational work of the state

has become entirely centralized, reasons for many strong regulations; and the matter of teacher-pay is a very important one, so important that there may be a passing excuse for the order which is giving so much offense, but such a radical one like this that affects the cause so intensely should not be enforced *retroactively*---start the experiment with the new teachers, and let those, who have made good, hold their own, undisturbed, until they exhaust themselves rendering faithful and efficient service. Don't drive them out, nor humiliate them merely to save the integrity or pride of a ruling.

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THE FARM WOMAN OF THIS PERIOD.

A trip through the rural section of the state, in any quarter, reveals a development and an improvement that are at once pleasing, but it is very questionable whether the improvements are keeping step with the many inventions and discoveries that are offered for reducing the drudgery that enters into farm life.

The statistics furnished by the Home Demonstrators do not warrant us in believing that the rural public have availed themselves to that degree expected of the many appliances offered for a relief of the hardships. During the year 1920 the home demonstration agents conducted a survey that covered thirty-three states. Ten thousand women offered answers to the inquiries. Here are some of the findings:

Only ten per cent of the farm homes have indoor toilets or bath tubs; 68 per cent of the women have to carry their own water, 50 per cent have to carry it from outside of the house; 80 per cent care for oil lamps, although on one-half of these farm electricity is used for farm purposes. The average working day is thirteen hours in summer and 10 in winter; 87 per cent have no vacation. Besides the daily drudgery of preparing food and doing the house work generally, 96 per cent do the heavy, dirty laundry for the farm workers, while only 43 per cent have washing machines, many of which are hand, and 26 per cent have electric irons to lighten the work, 92 per cent do the family sewing, 95 per cent having sewing machines.

Aside from all of the above, 81 per cent care for the farm poultry, the flock averaging 90 chickens; 36 per cent do or assist in the milking; More than 50 per cent do gardening, and 25 per cent help with the farm work part of the year. Of the 81 per cent who care for poultry, only 22 per cent are allowed to keep the money, and only 16 per cent of the egg money; and though 60 per cent make the butter and 36 per cent assist with the milking, only 11 per cent have the butter money for their own.

Too many women are yet forced to draw water, and to carry it from

the well or spring to the kitchen. Let us take this item alone and make a sample calculation. Suppose the woman of a certain house-hold lives at a certain place for thirty years; the well is forty feet from the house, and the well is twenty-five feet deep. That woman will average ten trips per day to that well. Count the effort. She walks 800 feet every day and in a year she walks for water alone 292,000 feet, or in the thirty years a grand total of 8,760,000 feet or more than 1,600 miles. From three to five hundred dollars would install a splendid water system, whereby running water could be had by the simple turning of a spigot for stock, wash-day, the kitchen, bath and toilet. The saving of well rope, buckets and shoe-leather would pay for the outlay, to say nothing of the wear and tear on the poor woman, who cooks for the family, nurses and dresses the babies, milks the cow and, in many instances, furnishes the enthusiasm that keep alive all farming operations. The exhibit is too horrible to carry any further.

Talk about strikes, revolts, insurrections---when we contemplate what the average farm woman runs up against, we wonder why she does not

STRIKE AGAINST THE INDIFFERENCE AND BLINDNESS OF HER HUSBAND.

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NOTHING SMARTER THAN A WOMAN.

Now and then, looking over a number of our weekly exchanges that have not outgrown their clothes and yet keep an eye out for the doings on the farms and in the gardens---laboring close by nature---we are carried back to the good old days when we used to sick one progressive gardner and farmer against another, and incidentally receive choice vegetables, free, and wood on subscription. How we do lament that those glorious days and their privileges and blessings have forever passed out of our lives.

In those palmy days it was a trial to write a marriage that would satisfy the beauty and make-up of the bride and the rig of the bridegroom, or to describe a funeral and do no violence to truth and accuracy, but when it come to telling about the big pumpkin, the whopper potatoes, the enormous cabbage, or the delicious peaches &c---and incidentally get up a race between admiring subscribers, for which their names were sure to figure largely in the printed paper---why, that was so easy and delightful. There were returns in sight.

Here comes sister Cobb, the talented woman that makes the Morganton News-Herald obey her every request, and to bring into her coffers and her pantry that which makes life possible, satisfying, delightful and down-

right remunerative. Hear her:

Mr. R. T. Claywell brought to The News-Herald office yesterday some new potatoes from his garden. They were each about the size of a hen egg. The writer made an effort to locate Mr. John McDowell, the champion early gardener, to see if he meant to let Mr. Claywell carry off first potato honors this year without formal objection, but at the time of going to press he had not been seen. He may be "laying low" on the potato honors so as to catch Mr. I. T. Avery unawares when time comes to be speaking of "roasting ears."

Sister Cobb deserves every good thing that could head her way, and while we are too correct to envy her choice strategic position and power over her constituency, we wonder how we would feel if a line of vegetables and stuff would happen to turn towards our shop.

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POWERFULLY OVERWORKED.

It sounds big, and for this reason perhaps the word "Baccalaureate" is being overworked. Nowhere in the authorities can its use, except in the case of Universities, be justified. We find all kinds of schools in this rapid age, in the formation of the closing programme, putting down what is designated as the "Baccalaureate sermon." It adds to the dignity and sound of the occasion.

It is reasonably certain that very few of those, in whose interest this stage is set, care enough about it to know just exactly what the word means. This is not far-fetched when we recall that a graduate of a certain High School actually boasted that she did not "know the multiplication table in a dependable manner."

There is great need for something at this point in the programmes of school closings, and, after all, the "Commencement Sermon" would sound and be much better than "baccalaureate." And, again, some of these performances scarcely get into the class of sermons at all. Recently we sat for near an hour, set apart for an occasion of this kind, listening to a threat to "say some harsh things about startling situations and conditions," including social habits, styles of dressing and dances. It was a candidate for a Chatauqua lecture, but it was not remotely a sermon after the announcement of the text.

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THE UPLIFT has nothing whatever to do with partisan politics, but the injustice that is being meted out, or threatened, to Hon. Frank A. Linney is offensive to every right-thinking man in the state. Mr. Linney has done

nothing to merit such treatment. On the contrary, he is a man of high character and attainments, would make an ideal, upright and honest officer, giving full justice even to the negroes, who---just five of them---are the chief wolves howling at his heels.

o o o o

They hardly made a dent in him---it is now Hon. D. H. Blair, United State Commissioner of Internal Revenue. But we wonder if, in this case, there is not "More pleasure in pursuit than in possession." Some one, speaking of the trying duties of the office and recalling what happened to the late Col. Osborne, remarked: "It is an office of great honor and certain death."

o o o o

Dr. J. E. Brooks, the man that conceived the Sanitorium and started it on its kindly mission for the care of the tubercular of the state, died recently at his home in Blowing Rock. Prof. Dougherty, of the Appalachian Training School, has contributed a very just story in memory of the worthy man who had such a vision and followed it.

o o o o

They turned out in throngs to do honor to the distinguished Californian last Summer, when he made his flying trip through the state. We all agree that appearances are deceptive---such animus domiciled for four years in the highest office within the gift of the American people would have been a calamity, worse even than the wild geranium now presiding at St. James.

THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW.

An Eagle was soaring through the air when suddenly it heard the whizz of an arrow, and felt itself wounded to death. slowly it fluttered down to the earth, with its life-blood pouring out of it. Looking down upon the arrow with which it had been pierced, it found that the haft of the Arrow had been feathered with one of its own plumes. "Alas!" it cried, as it died."

"WE OFTEN GIVE OUR ENEMIES THE MEANS FOR OUR OWN DESTRUCTION."

The Shifting In Position That Goes On.

By Jim Riddick

If any one thing, resulting from the War Between the States, is more outstanding than another, it is that of the rise and fall of family names. The rise and fall, here considered, is not one of wealth but one of position in society and in the affairs of state. When I speak of society, I do not mean that butterfly, reckless dissipation of time and opportunities in things light and frivolous, but I mean orderly observance of the recognized rules and laws of human conduct

The thing that shaped the destiny of a person before the War of 1861-65, is all but impotent to-day. Democracy, as it is recognized and practiced in this period, has broken down the social barriers that once prevailed. The public school system, with the Bible left out and nowhere in the curriculum a provision made for religious training, and even morality unstressed, has obliterated "classes," swept away family distinctions, and made one conglomerated mass, out of which the finest fibre of brain and spirit has a chance to and will assert themselves to the point of note and distinction. Away goes the legacy of former family position and class!

The day-laborer's child meets the financier's child at the soda fountain, in the dance-hall, at the skating rink apparently a social equal, and the offspring of the ignorant and that of the refined and cultured meet on terms that make the different positions of the parentage but a dream. It is entirely a new deal, and a new game!

There is however, no fixed rule to accurately predict just what the outcome may be. There are many forces and condition, that enter in the equation, that the sum remains in doubt

until the final end. It is a difficult matter to locate any great number of distinguished or outstanding characters to-day, whose ancestors before the war were leaders. That thing you call leadership is a fickle thing.

Carrying the observation a degree further, who is it that can not name men and women to-day, prominent, conspicuous and useful, whose ancestry vied with others of their class in seeing how far they could violate the law and get away with it? There are men and women to-day, occupying high position, themselves substantial leaders in church and society, whose fathers made their money and procured a livelihood in businesses which to day the same government declares a crime.

And still further may the observation be carried to the end of seeing the effects of some still voice or potent influence coming into the lives of the wicked to rescue them from lawlessness, commonness and sorrieness. I know a man, who in his latter days stood high, enjoyed the confidences of all, of strict integrity, and a devout supporter of religious activities, who for years peddled throughout this section blockade tobacco and whiskey, against the law of his gov-

erment and society. I know others, and so do you who did the same. There came into their lives an irresistible power that rescued them and saved them.

The possibilities of our democracy today, and the latitude given to opportunities and endeavors, may cause the plutocrat of to-day to be the pauper of to-morrow; the sinner to-day the correct man to-morrow; the out-cast may become the select; and "the

bottom rail get on top." The shifting is constantly going on.

These things are occurring right before your eyes---they will continue to do so. More and more is the principle of personal endeavor and personal responsibility being recognized; and so long as there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much of the bad in the best of us, it is cowardly to draw the line too severely.

An Agitation At a Summer School.

"I sat down on a box to set a determined sitting hen, which had sat until I could do nothing else but set her; and, therefore, she became a sitting hen."

History Of a Song

Mr. Bennet, a music-writer, and Mr. Webster were intimate friends. The latter was subject to melancholy. He came into where his friend Webster was at business one day, while in a fit of depression of spirits.

"What is the matter now?" said Bennett, noticing his sad countenance.

"No matter," said Webster; "it will be all right by and by."

"Yes; that sweet by and by," said Bennett. "Would that sentiment not make a good hymn, Webster?"

"Maybe it would," replied Webster, indifferently.

Turning to his desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn, and handed them to Webster. When he read them his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk he began to write the notes.

Having finished them he requested his violin, and played the melody. In a few minutes more he had the

four parts of the chorus jotted down. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends and two others who had come in in the meantime were singing all the parts together.

A bystander, who had been attracted by the music, and had listened in silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal."

It is now sung in every land under the sun. No collection of Sunday-school or religious hymns is considered complete without it, and tears have been known to flow freely when it is skillfully rendered.

Is Your Ancestry An Asset, Liability Or A Joke?

By R. R. Clark.

"There are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners," is the unqualified declaration of Shakespeare.

"The gardener, Adam, and his wife

Smile at the claims of long descent," the poet Tennyson tell us.

The heritage of a "Good Family," an honored family name, is something of which to be proud—within reasonable bounds. Observe the qualification, please, for on that depends whether the boast of family is a matter of

pride or a joke. It becomes a joke, a ridiculous and absurd thing, when ancestry is magnified beyond reason; exalted to a pinnacle which the knowing know was never attained: And the claims to family distinction give one that "tired feeling," even when well founded, if the claimants do not live up to the reputation made by the forebears; when their only claim to notice, to toleration, is the distinction of an ancestor. And there the joke is oftenest found; for usually those who boast most of membership in "Old Families," or "First Families," are themselves the strongest evidence of the decay of the family name; that whatever there was of good in their ancestry did not come far down the line; that it soon played out and the descendants are a distinct discredit to what has gone before. But it is a rule that the more trifling the descendant the more the disposition to boast of ancestry—because they have nothing of their own of which to boast.

To be able to say that one comes of "a good family" is a matter of pride, but the real worthwhile individual does not bragging about family. He is willing to rest his claim to distinction on his own merit and let it go at that. A "good fami-

ly "is one whose members have lived uprightly and done justly by their fellows; who feared God and eshewed evil. It does not necessarily mean wealth, brilliant intellect or qualities that bring great distinction, notwithstanding sorry descendants sometimes clothe very plain and ordinary forebears in raiment that would make them unrecognizable to those of their time. It is a satisfaction to know that none of one's ancestors were hanged or imprisoned for serious crime, although we may never be sure that some of them did not deserve something of that kind. But even when the line is clear, without a shadow, and there is something of which to be reasonably proud, the descendants whose only claim to distinction is the reflected glory, discredit their ancestry and themselves by boasting of the family name. Unless they are a credit to the name it will be to their credit not to talk about the accomplishments of forebears.

"You are a plebian," said the proud patrician to Cicero. "I am a plebian," answered the eloquent Roman; "the nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours ends with you." Which is the greater distinction? To have made a name

for yourself of which your descendants will be proud or to have lived only in the reflected glory of ancestry and leave nothing for those who come after you? The answer should be easy. The lesson here impressed is that a family name of which one can really be proud is a liability rather than an asset to one who does not live up to it. Being "well born" in the sense that term is most generally interpreted, carried an obligation as an honor; and even he who lives up to the worthy name does not achieve the distinction of him who makes a name for himself. The former is well placed at the outset of the race and has all advantage; the latter labors under the handicap of carving out his own career without reflected success to light his path.

In this democratic country it is but a little way from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves. The originators of the honored family names established the family. The nobility of the family, if there be a nobility of worth and achievement, began with them. The name, as one of distinction, usually passes out in the second or third generation, while unknowns come on the stage with honored names which they have founded and pass on. Look back on the history of our own State, your section or community. Where are the families of former generations? Where are the descendants of those who attained distinction, rose above mediocrity in any field of endeavor? The fewest number of them are living up to the standards set by honored forebears. Some at least are boring everybody who will listen by telling what their daddies or granddaddies did and something they didn't do, thus emphasizing how far they

have fallen below the standard set by those who preceded them and made a way for them. The leaders of men, the people who are doing something worth while, are in the main descendants of families unknown, or not considered worth knowing, in former days. They are reflecting honor on unknown or inconspicuous ancestry by making the name honored and respected; by showing that they have in them the stuff of which real men are made.

Get the idea fixed that there is not, nor can there be, an aristocracy of brains or character; that success in life depends on individual effort and merit; that no matter how unfavorable the environment, how great the handicap that must be overcome, it can be done. The real man is he who shows himself one. The evidence to sustain this view is overwhelming. In all history the far greater number of those who achieved fame or distinction, or who do something worth while in any relation of life, have come from obscurity or apparent obscurity and some of them have labored under handicap of birth as well as environment and humble origin. Instances too numerous to mention can be cited. How many Presidents of the United States, for instance, or Governors of North Carolina, or other statesmen, captains of industry or leaders of men in State, nation or community, left sons who carried on and even maintained the standards set by the fathers? A very few, comparatively; so as to make the exception rather than the rule. The men of America who achieve leadership, who do something worth while in high place or low, are usually men of modest beginning, if not of hum-

ble origin. And it is the glory of democratic America---this opportunity that is open to all, the humblest as well as those of more favored circumstances. We may not all achieve fame, or wealth or any great distinction. But we can all so live, even in the most modest circle, to deserve the respect and the confidence of our neighbors; and he who has that, even if he is unknown

outside his neighborhood, has something to treasure. We may not be able to boast, in truth, of family distinction, but we can attain what is better, what is of more real worth than houses or lands. "A Good Name."

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold."

History.

There is no such thing as human history. Nothing can be more profoundly, sadly true. The annals of mankind have never been written, never can be written; nor would be within human capacity to read them if they were written. We have a leaf or two torn from the great book of human fate as it flutters in the storm-winds ever sweeping across the earth. We decipher them as we best can with purblind eyes, and endeavor to learn their mystery as we float along the abyss; but it is all confused bable—hieroglyphics of which the key is lost.—Motley.

"Some People Are Born With Sense, Others Aint."

Connor L. Smith is a public accountant. He travels about considerably in answer to calls and in pursuit of a living. He comes home whenever his several jobs are completed, then he turns loose a story that he picks up in his association with bankers, sheriffs, policemen, hotel folks, lawyers and others. Mr. Smith arrived home on the 27th, and, before the poky street-

car of his town reached the square, he had turned loose the salient particulars in an experience that the late Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, figured.

Chief Justice White had never become entirely reconciled to the automobile as the best means of riding, either for an outing, rest or for safely getting somewhere. The great jurist, as a means of genuine recre-

ation, preferred a horse and buggy. He loved nature. He was fond of horses; he enjoyed the rattle of the buggy; and travel by this means was such that he was enabled to view the scenery, and the relaxation proved genuinely beneficial.

An accident happened to the judge's turn-out on one of these driving occasions, and, as these things usually come into the lives of people,

it was at a critical time. He was far out from Washington, down in "Old Virginny" and a storm was approaching. The judge coaxed his horse to put on speed through the muddy, heavy roads, when all at once, to quote Accountant Smith, "the single-tree to the shafts broke." (We cannot at this juncture resist noting Mr. Smith's perverseness, or indifference, in speaking of one of the most important items in the equipment of a farm or vehicle. Mr. Smith, himself is a product of the farm; and here at this advanced age in his own life and that of civilization, he joins Charley Ritchie, Dr. Marsh (a new hardware dealer) and the great majority of other folks in calling the thing to which the traces are attached the miserably common name of "single tree.")

But we are told that Chief Justice White, sitting there in a down-pour of rain, unable to move because of the accident to his "single-

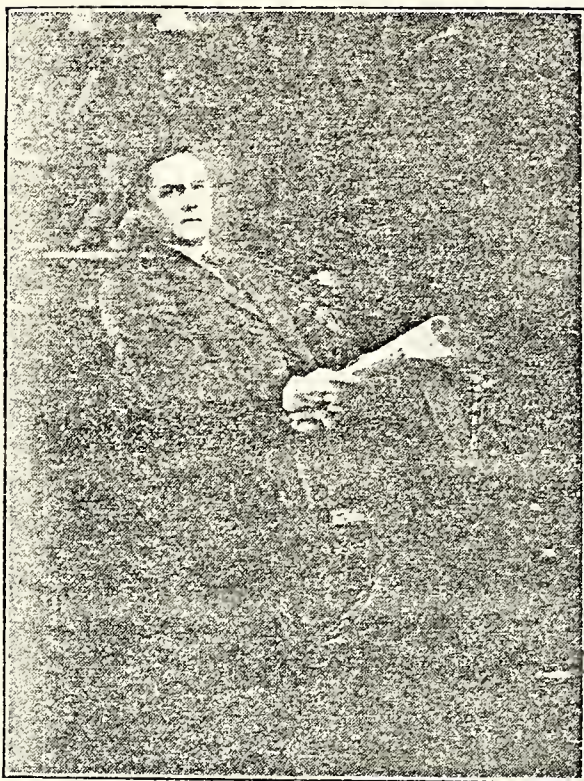
tree," spied a farm-boy snugly lounging under a near-by shed, enjoying his own security. The judge appealed to him for assistance. Like all fine, country boys and men, he promptly responded. The boy quickly took in the situation, drew his barlow knife, stepped to the side of a hickory sapling, and removed from it a long stran of bark. With this bark and a splint he bound the broken "single-tree" and assured the great judge, to him unknown, that he could now make his way home safely, by careful driving.

The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, looking at the boy in amazement and admiration, inquired, "how in the world did you think about doing this thing that way, I would have never thought of that?" The young fellow, entirely frank and innocent-like, replied, "some people are born with sense, others aint."

Sorry Spectacle.

And yet, in these recent days, we have had the sorry spectacle, the disgraceful spectacle of a man honored by the nation, but without character and principle, who stood in the open and sneered at and traduced the uniform of every man who served in the United States Army or Navy, telling the world that the Americans entered the war not for humanity nor for democracy, but to save their own skins. It is the greatest calumny ever offered and I agreed with the Old Codger from Rhakkatte that if the five million American soldiers and sailors could have heard that statement in London, they would have tarred and feathered that Ambassador for his insult.---Josephus Daniels at Wake Forest.

JOHN ALLEN SHARPE.



Mr. John Allen Sharpe is the editor of *The Robesonian*, published at Lumberton, N. C., by the Robesonian Company, of which Mr. Sharpe is president. This is not an obituary --- it is just a simple, little story about one of the most attractive men engaged in the newspaper business in North Carolina. His paper, now a semi-weekly, was established in 1870, and for years has wielded a wide and and forceful influence in the affairs of the great county of Robeson, some-

times referred to as "the State of Robeson." It is among the higher class of weeklies in the state, carefully and ably edited, and has never, in all its life, learned the art of straddling. While always holding up the cause of the people, it has under the present management been particularly strong in the advocacy of those measures that are distinctively progressive. It believes in education, the safe-guarding of the public health, and it never fails to hold up the ideals

that preach high moral living and public integrity---these editor Sharpe stand for. Having read it for years, this writer sees in it always a fixed purpose to Be Just.

"Jack" Sharpe, as his youthful and school-friends affectionately addressed him, joining scores of others, has exploded the theory that "preachers' sons oftentimes fall down." The subject of this sketch was born December 15th, 1873, at Lincolton, N. C., and reared all over North Carolina, being the son of Rev. V. A. Sharpe, for many years one of the leading ministers of the North Carolina Methodist Conference. He was educated in the public schools of the state, finishing his education at Trinity where he graduated in the class of 1898. THE UPLIFT is proud to repeat what it has often heard that Mr. Sharpe's record at Trinity was among the highest, and his career in the affairs of the world is looked upon with no little pride by the leaders of Trinity.

When a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was organized at Trinity College in the Spring of 1920, editor Sharpe was one of the thirty-seven alumni who were elected to membership. The principle governing the selection of the members in this national scholarship fraternity is based on a distinction achieved since leaving college in science, letters or education. This recognition given to Mr. Sharpe was most worthily done, and his friends throughout the state rejoiced over the honor going to this most substantial and talented gentleman.

The fact that this newspaper man did go beyond the bounds of his native state when the business of selecting a wife confronted him, does not reflect at all on his reputation

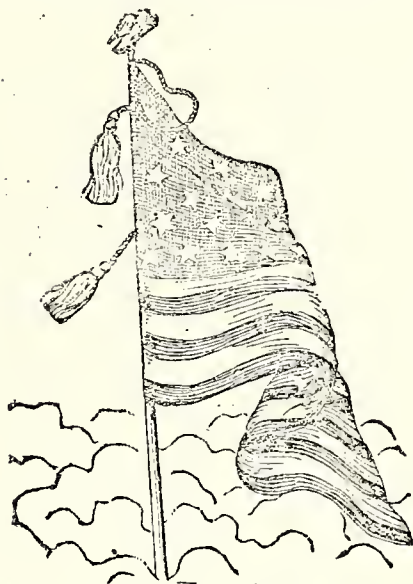
with home folks and make it necessary, but it shows the tenacity of the man's determination and devotion to what he believes the right and wise thing to do---a spirit that seems to have governed him throughout his life. He was very happily married to Miss Daisy Courtney, of Baltimore, Md., and coming into their lives are two children, a girl and a boy, both of whom are, a former pastor declares, "the living image of their mother."

Mr. Sharpe started his newspaper experience with Mr. R. R. Clark, then of the Statesville Landmark. He was with that gentleman for fourteen months, and to Mr. Clark the subject of this sketch gives much of the credit for the training which has fitted him to work out a successful career as the editor of a paper that stands for something and is looked up to. On July 1st, 1907, Mr. Sharp took charge of The Robesonian, and for fourteen years he has enjoyed the unstinted support of the fine folks that make up the average citizenship of that grand old county; and with all this activity and responsibility he finds time, and is good enough, to serve as steward in his church.

Editor Sharpe very ably served the North Carolina Press Association as its president during the term of 1919-20, and in this association he is greatly esteemed not because he is one of the "mutual admiration society" but for his genuineness, manliness and good heart. I once asked him what his ambition, outside of getting out a most creditable paper, is and he replied: "Service." And John Allen Sharpe is attaining the goal of his ambition.

June 14---National Flag Day.

We are arranging to unfurl to the breeze on the campus of the Jackson Training School flags of the United States and the flag of North Carolina. The King's Daughters more than a year ago presented the institution with a most handsome, silk U. S. flag, which will probably be placed in the chapel. But the boys want a flag on a pole, where it can be seen not only by themselves but by the passers-by.



Though intensely loyal to the United States these young Americans want to unfurl on another pole the North Carolina Flag--you can't, in this day of grace, be loyal to one and unfaithful to another. One of our boys, who by the way is a fine observer, thinks that the state flag should more often be displayed so the average man might know it when he sees it. Mr. Jesse Fisher, the director of the Printing Department, has the matter in charge. Mr. E. B. Grady, of Concord, do-

nates the iron poles, to be fifty feet high. Mr. Fisher drills the holes for planting the poles in the big rock near the Memorial Bridge, and the boys of the institution provide for the flags.

So about the 14th of June, the one hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the adoption by the Continental Congress of a form of flag, the population of the Jackson Training School will turn out in a body to see "old Glory" and the State flag hoisted for the first time on the grounds of the Jackson Training School. Speaking of flags, we are led to make a further investigation into the origin and development of the United States Flag. It is related that the flag which was raised at Cambridge, January 2, 1776, by Washington, was composed of thirteen red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned on the blue canton in place of the stars.

This flag was also carried by the fleet under command of Commander Esek Hopkins, when it sailed from the Delaware Capes, Feb 17, 1776. In the following year, June 14, 1777, the continental Congress passed a resolution "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new con-

stellation." How or by whom the idea of the star was first suggested is uncertain, although there are some who ascribe it to John Adams, while others claim that the entire flag was borrowed from the coat of arms of the Washington family. In this flag the stars were arranged in a circle, although no form was officially prescribed. It is supposed that the first display of the National flag at a military post was at Fort Schuyler, on the site of the village of Rome, Oneida county N. Y. The fort was besieged early in the month of August, 1777, and the garrison were without a flag. So they made one according to the prescription of Congress, by cutting sheets to form the white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth for the red stripes, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of portions of a cloth cloak belonging to Capt. Abraham Swarthout, and the flag was unfurled August 3, 1777.

Paul Jones, as commander of the "Ranger," to which he was appointed, June 14th, 1777, it is claimed, was the first to display the stars and stripes on a naval vessel. It is probable that the flag was first unfurled in battle on the banks of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, the first battle after its adoption. It first appeared over a foreign stronghold, June 28th, 1778, when Captain Rathbone, of the American sloop of war "Providence", captured Fort Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands. John Singleton Copley, the American painter, claim-

ed to be the first to display the flag in Great Britain.

On the day when George III acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies (December 5th, 1782), he painted the flag in the back-ground of a portrait of Elk-anah Watson. To Capt. Moores, of the whaling ship "Bedford," is doubtless due the honor of first displaying the stars and stripes in a port of Great Britain. He arrived in the Downs with it flying at the fore, Feb. 3, 1783.

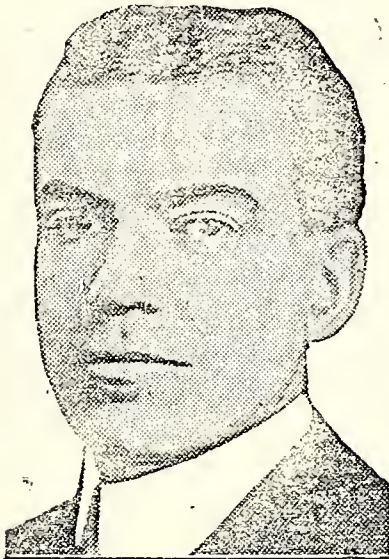
When Vermont and Kentucky were added to the Union of States, the flag was altered, the number of stars and stripes being increased from thirteen to fifteen. In a 1818 a new flag, having thirteen stripes and a star for every state, twenty at that time, was devised by Captain Samuel C. Reed, and this has remained the form of the United States flag.

Immediately after the adoption of the flag on June 14, the design was carried to the upholstering shop of Mrs. Betty Ross, Arch Street, Philadelphia, where the first national flag was made. It is said that the original design called for a six-pointed star, but Mrs. Ross prevailed on the committee to change it to a five-pointed star, claiming that it would be more symmetrical. Mrs. Ross was afterwards given the position of manufacturer of government flags, which position she held until her death, being succeeded at that time by her children.

The human race is divided into two classes--those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"--Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ELIOT WADSWORTH,

Boston, Mass.



New Assistant Secretary of the U. S.
Treasury.

A Boy's Need.

Over a hundred years ago a boy, whose name was Eliphalet Remington, felt the need of and a desire for a gun. His father was poor and he was unable to get one, particularly as guns were scarce and very expensive. This boy was an inventive boy and began to puzzle over the problem of how he could make his own gun. His father was a blacksmith, and, as the boy worked in the shop, he conceived the idea of taking some scraps of iron and fitting this material around a wooden rod of the correct size. He finally in this way succeeded in making a gun barrel. This barrel he

took to a friend to have him drill rifles on the inside for him. The gunsmith was very much surprised at what the boy had made. He then made the gun stock from a piece of wood. Thus he succeeded in making the first Remington rifle. His name is still carried with one of the most improved modern guns in existence. An inventive mind and a determined spirit and a felt need moved the boy to accomplish that which has made him famous.--Selected.

Easy to Live With.

Since other people have to live with us their happiness depends on us a good deal. Some of us can add to the sweetness of everybody who lives near us. We are good neighbors. Some of us are too selfish or too sour to escape being a hindrance to the people about us. We are as we are either by nature or practice, or both. Our dispositions are bound to affect others. When we are cranky pleasantness has no chance. When we are intolerant in our demands even the children are glad when we leave. Too many homes are less than they might be because some of us are misfits, and are not willing to bend or be bent, to allow the other people in the home to have their way and get their wishes fulfilled to some degree. The difficulty is that we are not eager to change our ways; if we really want to help others on the way to happiness we will find plenty of ways of doing so.--Selected

Federal employes have been forbidden to have anything to do with politics. It is like putting a fish in water and telling it not to swim.

Patriotism

By George William Curtis.

Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the customhouse, both of them chuckling, "My fortune however acquired."

Thus, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land,—of mountains, rivers, and woods,—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So

Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free.

So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that the army must still march and fight and fall,—recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

The Trained Nurse.

To my mind, and to those of most of us, no fairer picture is presented to our field of vision than that of a trained nurse in her active work. She is the embodiment of purity, of strength, of courage, of fidelity, of charity, patience, of long suffering; an angel of mercy to the afflicted, and a source of help to the weak; an example of all that is highest and best in life for one who seeks to personify the noblest in our ideals.—Admiral Braisted at Rex Hospital.

A Boy's Come-Backiveness---A Story of Life.

The declamation and recitation contests of certain members of the Concord High School took place in Central School on the night of the 27th. It was throughout a very creditable entertainment, for which a large and appreciative audience attested its distinct liking. Mrs. Tom Ross, the principal of the High School, within the deepest interest, followed the young ladies and young gentlemen as they approached the pleasant task assigned them.

They all did well, as is expected at every commencement exercise---nothing else ever happened in a news' account of a school performance. The fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and just folks go, expecting the very finest entertainment and they go away perfectly satisfied.

But something happened at that entertainment that is out of the usual order. It was painful at first; then it reversed itself because it took on heroism, that clearly demonstrated that there is one member of the public schools who has in his make-up a "come back" spirit, that fully meets the requirements of the modern-day discussion of the high-sounding word, "resiliency." The young American, whose home is in Concord, that demonstrated that resiliency, is Charlie Griffin, son of a long-time barber who has put towels around the necks of all kinds of white people so long that they "all look alike" to him.

Charlie was contesting for the disclaimer's medal. Charlie started off at a promising gait, when he spied his father and mother, sitting right up in the middle isle in front of him. Charlie's memory crawled up into a kink, then balked. That survey of the eye, following up the unruly conduct of his memory---all precipitated by instantly side-track-

ing for a moment to the teasing, paternal promise of a Waterbury watch that was to be his under certain conditions---suddenly threw Charlie off the programme in short order. He had forgotten his piece, and took his seat.

The average boy would have quit the scene; but Charlie stood his ground; and after settling his nerves for awhile and putting behind him any notion of possessing or even desiring a paternal Waterbury watch, gave his teacher to understand that he had the nerve, the disposition and the determination to see the thing out, so he and his subject were again announced and the young orator walked up, looked the audience, including his daddy and the vision of the Waterbury, square in the face and went through his declamation most creditably, winning the admiration and confidence of the whole audience.

Charlie Griffin did not get the medal, but he received a badge by a discriminative audience that will stay by him, if he perseveres. He manifested a grit that few boys ever associated with---in him there is a "come-back" that will mean for him throughout life an asset of incalculable value.

Charlie himself blames the Waterbury for his first fall, but the fact that he rose again and so soon is en-

tirely due to the good stuff in him. something higher---say, for instance
 THE UPLIFT congratulates the young a watch that is a watch, with jewels.
 fellow and urges him to strive for

Mosquito Under the Microscope

Where did the mosquito come from? It would be heresy to intimate that either Noah did not preserve the thing, or else he had no consideration for folks that were to follow him; but after all, it is philosophical to take for granted that there was a purpose in perpetuating this pestiferous enemy.

There are those among us, who have not yet lived out the biblical allotment of time, that can recall the period in this country when a mosquito would have been a curiosity. The "June bugs" have practically disappear-

ed but the mosquito, introducing itself into our civilization, has increased until its number and spreading have become serious. Besides the punishment the mosquito immediately inflicts through the bite and the horror of its music, the spread of sickness attributed to the bite of the mosquito, according to modern medical science, is something all but appalling.

A gentleman, full of curiosity and bent on a minute investigation, has examined Mr. Mosquito under a microscope, and his description, to say the least, is startling. It appears that in the "bill" of the little beast alone there are no fewer than five distinct surgical instruments. These are described as a lance, two meat-saws, a suction pump, and a small Corliss engine. It appears that when a "skeeter" settles down to his work upon a nice, tender portion of the human frame, the lance is first push-

ed into the flesh, then the two saws, placed back to back, begin to work up and down to enlarge the hole, then the pump is inserted, and the victim's blood is siphoned up to the reservoir, carried behind, and finally, to complete the cruelty of the performance, the wretch drops a quantity of poison into the wound to keep it irritated. Then the diminutive fiend takes a fly around just to digest your gore, and makes tracks for a fresh victim, or if the first one has been of unusually good quality he returns to the same happy hunting ground.

The mosquito's marvelous energy, combined with his portable operating chest, make him at once a terror and a pest.

A complete screening of the home and the sleeping quarters is urged, to escape the punishment and injury of this almost universal scoundrel.

The person who is in earnest is sometimes laughed at. But all the mockery in the world cannot change values, and without earnestness life is worthless.---Young People..

“Lead Kindly Light Sect’y Lane’s Gospel

To some of former Secretary Franklin K. Lane’s most intimate friends in Washington there had come before his death a remarkable message dictated by him in the hospital at Rochester, Minn., after the operation which preceded his death by only a few days. The message showed that the former Secretary had undergone the operation with full consciousness and acceptance of the fact that he might not survive. It told in detail of the

sensation before, during and after the operation, of which he was fully conscious as the condition of his heart would not permit the use of a general anæsthetic.

The message, which concludes with the statement that “Lead, Kindly Light” was the gospel of the former Secretary, was in part, as follows:

“It is Wednesday afternoon and I am now sitting up in bed talking to my good friend; Cotter. Until yesterday I did not clearly visualize any one thing in this room and did not know that it had a window except that there was a place that noise came through, but I did know that it had a yellow oak door that stared at me with its great big square eye all day and all night. Last Friday, you see, about 10 in the morning, I took the step that I should have taken months, yes, years ago.

* * * Today, most tentatively, I crawled on to a chair and ate my first mouthful of solid food. But four days ago I managed to shave myself and I am regarded as pretty spry.

“I have seen death come to men in various ways, some rather novel and western. I once saw a man hanged. And I have seen several men shot, and came very near going out that way myself two or three

times, but always the other fellow aimed poorly. I was being shot at because I was a news paper man, and I should have been shot at. There must be public concern in what is printed, as well as its truth, to justify it. That is something that newspapers should get to know in this country. After the earthquake in San Francisco I saw walls topple out upon a man. And I have had more intimate glimpses still of the picturesque and of the prosaic ways by which men come to their taking off.

“But never before have I been called upon to deliberately walk into the Valley of the shadow, and say what you will, it is a great act. I have said during the past months of endless examination, that a man with little curiosity and little humor and a little money, who was not in too great pain, could enjoy himself studying the ways of doctors and nurses as he journeyed the invalid’s path. It was indeed made a flowery path for me, as much as any pain could be in which a man suffered more humiliation and distress and thwarting and frustration, on the whole, than he did pain.

“But here was a path the end of which I could not see. I was not compelled to take it. My very latest doctor advised me against taking it. I could live some time without tak-

ing it. It was a bet on the high card with a chance to win, and I took it."

At this point occur details regarding the preparations for the operation. The statement continues:

"For two days I had knowledge that this operation was to take place at this time and my nerves had not been just as good as they should have been. Those men who sleep twelve hours perfectly before being electrocuted have evidently led more tranquil lives than I have, or have less concern as to the future. Ah, now I was to know the Great Secret! For forty years I had been wondering, wondering. Often I had said to myself that I should summon to my mind when this moment came some words that would be somewhat a synthesis of my philosophy. Socrates said to

those who stood by after he had drunk the hemlock, 'No evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead.' I don't know how far from that we have gone in these 2,400 years.

"The apothegm, however, was not appropriate to me, because it involved a declaration that I was a good man, and I don't know any one who has the right to so appreciate himself. And I had come to the conclusion that perhaps the best statement of my creed could be fitted into the words, 'I accept,' which to me meant that if in the law of nature my individual spirit was to go back into the Great Ocean of Spirits my one duty was to conform. 'Lead Kindly Light,' was all the gospel I had. I accepted."

An Unappreciated Patriot.

By James Baldwin.

Upon George Washington of Virginia devolved the task of organizing, equipping, and conducting the army. Upon Robert Morris of Pennsylvania devolved the task of supplying the funds for the carrying on of the war. Without the patriotic labors of both these men, it is not unreasonable to believe that the colonies would have failed to achieve their liberty and the war would have ended in disaster.

Robert Morris was at the head of the largest commercial house in Philadelphia; he was the leading man of business in America. In the Congress

of 1775 he was active in pushing forward and sustaining the war, and the people soon perceived that the country must very largely depend upon him for financial aid.

When the Declaration of Independence was proposed, Robert Morris voted against it. He was in favor of independence, but he did not believe the time was ripe for it.

When the day came for adopting the declaration, however, he signed it, and thus pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of liberty.

The months that followed were months of trial and great perplexity. How should the money be obtained for feeding and clothing and arming the patriot forces under Washington? It required all the skill and



experience of Robert Morris to provide for the necessities of the new government. It required, also, an amount of self-sacrifice which few other men would have been willing to make. Often he was obliged to borrow large sums of money, for which he became personally responsible. Through his exertions, three million rations of provisions were forwarded to the army just at the moment when such aid was most needed.

In the following year he was appointed superintendent of finance, or, as we should now say, secretary, of the treasury for the United States. But the treasury was empty; the Congress was in debt two and a half million dollars; the army was destitute; there was no one who would lend to the government; without some immediate aid the war could not go on. Nevertheless, people had confidence in Robert Morris, and it was that confidence which saved the day.

He began by furnishing the army with several thousand barrels of flour, pledging his own means to pay for it.

When Washington decided to make a bold campaign in Virginia against Lord Cornwallis, it was to Robert Morris that he looked for support.

"We are in want of food, of clothing, of arms," said the general. "We have not even the means of transporting the army from place to place or subsisting it in the field."

"I myself," said Robert Morris, "will see that you are provided."

He hastened to borrow of his friends all the money they were willing to spare for the cause of liberty.

He pledged his own means to the last shilling. He directed the commissary to send forward all necessary supplies for the army in Virginia. He procured boats for transporting troops and provisions. He left nothing undone; he spared no pains to make the campaign in Virginia a successful one. Washington's victory at Yorktown was to a large degree the result no less of his own skill and courage than of the energy and self-sacrifice of Robert Morris.

At the close of the war there was no money to pay off the soldiers and there was great dissatisfaction on every side. Robert Morris came forward, and by indorsing certificates to the amount of three quarters of a million dollars, relieved the public distress and made it possible to disband the army. While doing this, he again pledged himself personally to see that all the obligations that he had made in behalf of the government were properly satisfied.

It is pleasant to remember that the money which he had so generously advanced in aid of the cause of liberty was finally paid back to him, and that his faith in the honesty of the government was not misplaced.

On the other hand, it is sad to relate that the last years of this doer of golden deeds were clouded with misfortune. He had invested largely in lands, believing that he would be able to sell at a great profit. He was disappointed, however. There was no demands for the lands, and Robert Morris was unable to pay his debts. He was sent to prison, and for four years shut up in a debtor's cell.

While all patriotic Americans join in honoring General Washington for

s victories in the war, how few
ere are who remember the services
f the man who made these victories
ossible!

GREW UP WITH US.

The Jackson Training School open-
d its doors for pupils January 12th,
1909. Soon thereafter we began
ooking for some one to organize
a print-shop. Editor Jim Hurley
was appealed to for naming the boy
for the man. Right off the reel he
named Jesse Caldwell Fisher.

We located him at Kannapolis,
winding up for a party the business
of a meat market. An agreement
was reached; and here is how he
looked:



On June 1st, 1909, the day he as-
sumed his position with the school.
This cut is not as fat as the subject

now is, for twelve years' use of the
fine air, sparkling water and regu-
larity that prevail here have made
him fatter and handsomer. Except-
ing a few weeks, Mr. Fisher has
been in continuous service at the
school for twelve years.

This young man has a heart of
pure gold, an ideal devotion to duty,
unprecedented capacity, and is so
versatile that there is nothing in the
conduct of the school that he does
not understand and cannot manage.
He is our right-hand, for he nei-
ther watches the clock, or the end of
the month, or ever says "I can't."

Mr. Fisher's services have been
so efficient, so loyal and literally
making himself a part of the insti-
tution—having grown up with it
and loving the cause—that the Trus-
tees without his asking or knowledge
made him officially "Assistant to the
Superintendent."

The only thing this writer has
positive knowledge that Mr. Fisher
cannot do is—make good biscuits.
He can do all other useful things.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. John Deal, of Taylorsville,
spent Tuesday at this place.

Mr. R. W. Teague, of Taylors-
ville, has accepted work at the
school in the printing department.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson, of
Charlotte, were the guest Sunday of
Mr. W. W. Johnson at First Cottage.

Cotton chopping is the order of
the day, and it is an order that does
not cause the boys to shout for joy.

Rev. Mr. Stirewalt, of the Luther-



an church of Concord, preached a most excellent sermon at the Chapel Sunday afternoon.

We are glad to report that the condition of Mark Jolly, who has been in the hospital for several weeks, is improving.

Miss Lala Teague, of Pageland S. C. has accepted the position of Matron at Second Cottage, and has begun her work there.

Boys to receive visits from relatives Wednesday were: Murray Evans, John Wright, James Watts and Edward Cleaver.

The furniture for the Guilford Cottage has been ordered and it is expected that, within a few weeks the Cottage will be ready for the reception of thirty new boys.

The boys are getting a lot of pleasure and information from the box of books generously given to them recently by Mrs. Archie Cannon, of Concord. No gift elicits more appreciation from the boys than a gift of books, and they wish to extend to Mrs. Cannon their sincere thanks.

The thanks of the school are expressed through THE UPLIFT to Mrs. Dolpha Lentz of Concord, for the valuable gift of the two beautiful pictures, which adorn the walls of the school room. Those pictures, last meeting of Lee and Jackson, and Jefferson Davis and cabinet were of the collection of the late Frank L. Smith, and Mrs. Lentz thought that no disposition of them more in keeping with the wishes of Mr. Smith could be made than to present them to this school.

We thank you, Mrs. Lentz.

Concord Public Schools Closes.

On Sunday morning, May 29th, the Annual Sermon to the graduating class of the Concord High School was delivered by Rev. J. M. Grier, D. D., taking for his text:

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.

"For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

"And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power."

The Annual Address was delivered on the evening of the 30th by Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, of Greensboro, taking for his subject: "You Can't Be There Until You Get There."

Mr. Barnhardt is a native of Cabarrus, has gone out into the world and by his native ability, great energy and accomplishments has become one of the foremost and most successful ministers of the state. He is intensely popular in Greensboro, where he is serving one of the largest Methodist congregations of the Conference.

A Delightful Reception.

From 4 to 5:30 on the afternoon of the 27th, a most delightful At Home was given at the residence of Mr. E. H. Brown, by Mesdames Earl Brown, E. C. Barnhardt, Jr. and Miss Alice Brown, complimentary to Mrs. Ralph Long, of Winston-Salem. It was largely attended, greatly enjoyed and makes a pleasant memory.

The Man Who Fails.

Charles R. Barret

The man who fails is the sort of chap
Who is always looking around for a snap;
Who neglects his work to regard the clock;
Who never misses a chance to knock.

He is grouchy and slow when work begins;
When it's time to quit he jokes and grins;
He's always as busy as busy can be
When he thinks the boss is around to see.

He believes that a "pull" is the only way
By which he can ever draw bigger pay;
And he sulks and growls when he sees his plan
Upset by the "push" of another man.

He's on the job when he draws his pay;
That done, he soldiers his time away
While the men who tackle their jobs with vim
Keep pushing and climbing ahead of him.

For the man who fails has himself to blame
If he wastes his chances and misses his aim;
He'd win if he used his hands and wits;
The man who fails is the man who quits.

Daniel Boone---The Artist of The Woods.

Daniel Boon was born in Pennsylvania in 1735, and died in Missouri in 1820. Between these dates, however, he was part and of North Carolina, making his home on the Yadkin River. History tells us of no more unique character. We have little Boones to-day---men, who love to get outside of the world, do daring things, nose around in unexplored regions, go a-fishing, hunt and make pets of dangerous situations. On my fingers I can very rapidly count abbreviated editions of Boones here in Concord.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monnay, and William Cool.

We proceeded successfully, and after a long and tiresome journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly gone trading with the Indians; and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky.

We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing.

As we ascended the brow of a small hill, near Kentucky River, a

number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. They plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we showed no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us. But in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently woke him.

We improved this favorable opportunity, and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course toward our old camp, but found it plundered, and the company dispersed and gone home.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stewart, was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death among savages and wild beast, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met

with in this charming season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first.

I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes to avoid the savages, who, I believe, often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man! Tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings.

In 1772 I returned safe to my old home, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us; and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled part of Kentucky.

This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action.

Tho' we defended ourselves, and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty,

and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated forty miles to the settlement on Clinch River.

Within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two and wounded two of our number; yet altho' surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775.

Three days after we were fired upon again, and had two men killed and three wounded. Afterwards we proceeded on to Kentucky River without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the river, on the South side. On the fourth day the Indians killed one man.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clinch to this garrison, where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River. On the twenty-fourth day of December following we had one man killed and one wounded by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1779, two of Colonel Calaway's daughters and one of mine were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made the Indians divided themselves into different parties and attacked several forts, which were shortly before this time erected, do-

ing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down while busy in cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours; during which time seven of them were killed, and finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month Colonel Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two and wounded one.

This campaign in some measure dampened the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practice mischief secretly upon the inhabitants, in the exposed

parts of the country.

In October following a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them, who was advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered a house of a poor defenseless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman and her children, terrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage, perceiving their defenseless situation, without offering violence to the family, attempted to captivate the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him on the ground, and, in the struggle, the mother of the children drew an ax from a corner of the cottage and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old rusty gun-barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages, perceiving it, fled. In the mean time the alarm spread through the neighborhood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the ravagers into the wilderness. Thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of the poor family from destruction. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain the Indians did us no mischief.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof, Brother, says he, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it. My footsteps have often been marked with blood,

and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons, and a brother, have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless night have I been a com-

panion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, and instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

Beyond Our Reach.

O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!—George Eliot.

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The Privilege of Work

Most of us have to work. And most of us think we do not like it. As a matter of fact, we do. We should be vastly more miserable without than with work.

Those who have work they must do—must, not may—ought to appreciate the privilege. And those who are not compelled to work for a living are missing that which is the deepest and richest communion with humanity. It is the sacrament of labor that is the true “communion of the saints.” And those who are unfortunate enough not to have to labor are outsiders. They are strangers within the gates. They do not belong. They go down to their graves never having really lived. For without struggle, danger, adventure, hope, fear, failure, and triumph, life is empty, and usually is a tremendous bore.

It is vastly better to give your child a training in some work for which the world is willing to pay and by which he can earn his salt, than it is to give him any advantage of wealth or accomplishment of culture or social privilege.—Dr. Frank Crane, in the American Magazine.

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Concord, N. C.

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Arrival and departure of Passenger trains, Concord, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - -	137	9:06 a
10:09 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:09 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - -	138	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - -	43	10:30 p

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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"IT IS THE PEOPLE'S LAW."

The Federal Court in North Carolina has never enjoyed the distinguished service of a higher type, abler man than Judge Henry G. Connor of Wilson, N. C. Judge Connor is of the type of "the old school gentleman," superb judicial temperament, strictest integrity, and he is slow in losing faith in his fellow-man.

Addressing the grand-jury at a recent Federal Court at Raleigh, where over four hundred whiskey cases were on the docket, he is quoted in a news item as follows:

"There is no necessity for becoming hysterical about the enforcement of the prohibition laws, and there is no reason for becoming discouraged," declared Judge Henry G. Connor in his charge to the grand jury at the opening of the spring term of federal court. We cannot hope to eliminate, by by statute in a year's time appetites that have been bred in us for a score of generations."

Justice, conscientious courage, and above all patience, will bring the law into enforcement," he continued, "but before them all, we must approach the problem of law enforcement with every resource at our command. Parental, educational, social and religious forces must be brought to bear first, and after that, and as a last resort, the law, to be invoked after all other agencies have failed. It is the people's law, and all the people must help to enforce it."

Judge Conner has given utterance to a fundamental law. Seed time and harvest are associated together, but there needs be between the two a time for development; so in the affairs of men, in the growth and development

of a sentiment, time is required. With the doctrine of personal liberty steeped in our people, with a most radical law foisted upon the people, there need be much time in bringing about a satisfactory enforcement of the prohibition law.

It is certain that there is much less real liquor being consumed---and as the old toper and uncontrollables pass away, the amount of consumed whiskey will be further reduced. The spurious poison, of which you hear so much, will soon put out of commission all that are fools enough to imbibe it. With proper parental care, education, example and precept, let us hope that the number of "fools" will grow beautifully and inspiringly less.

♦♦♦♦

AMOUNTED TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Gerald Johnson, of The Greensboro News, and a son of the "Blockade Preacher" Archibald Johnson, wrote a very entertaining review of "Well's Outline of History." Upon the heels of this J. William Bailey, so bright that he can argue on either side of a question and get away with it (sometimes), took a rather pointed issue with the estimate of Well's work.

Mr. Bailey regards the work dangerous, and the author a theorist and propagandist and certainly not a historian. His piece in the News was so scary, that it amounted, as the impression then created, to a most splendid advertisement. Everybody would want to read what Mr. Bailey commented and thought dangerous. The impression was a correct one. Mr. W. H. Swift, the Anti-Child-Labor propagandist of the South, has already mailed his check for \$10.80 for Well's Outline of History and the New Republic for one year, saying in communication: "Two things are evident: first, he (Mr. Bailey) has very little confidence in the ability of the North Carolina reader to form his own judgment; and second, he has very little faith in the progress of civilization and fears the spread of socialism. This last gives joy to the heart of one who believes in some of its principles and hopes for their realization."

Now, there you are.

♦♦♦♦

BUNCH OF UNIVERSITY SOPHOMORES GET GAY.

They have had a fresh taste of some animal play at the University. Little by little the brutal and cowardly practice of hazing has been disappearing from the state colleges; but enough yet crops out to keep alive a disgusting exhibiton of animalism, where the process of culture and refinement

is being emphasized.

One would think that two years in the atmosphere of the University might be able to eradicate the horse-plays from a student---a very wise Sophomore---even though he came out of savagery and the jungles. What has happened to his fellows heretofore, trying this stunt of hazing, at the hands of the authorities and the student council, ought to be to the average wild man a warning.

Eight students, members of the Sophomore class at the University, have been suspended by the student council for conduct covered in a news report as follows:

"The freshman class had assembled in Swain hall for a smoker, given in its honor by the University and the Y. M. C. A. jointly, and it was during this smoker that the rough-housing took place. The beds in virtually all the freshmen's rooms in the Carr building were "dumped," chairs and trunks were thrown out into the halls, bookcases were overturned and books scattered about, clothing was tossed around, and water was thrown over the beds and bed clothes."

The courts of the state might make this lawlessness more impressive to the University students that undertook to regulate affairs and succeeded so splendidly in destroying property, purchased at the expense of the taxpayers of North Carolina. When public sentiment, despising this hazing business rather than laughing at what is sometimes dismissed as "pranks," asserts itself strongly and publicly against hazing in any matter, it will cease.

o o o o

SO REFRESHING

It does one's heart a genuine good to hear one bright charming woman speak frankly about another bright charming woman. Hear what School Commissioner (Mrs.) Gordon Finger says about President (Mrs.) W. Tom Bost, the writingest woman in the state:

"But the very best wishes of every body in the federation go with Mrs. Bost into her new work, she is fine and true, full of ideality and of broad practical vision and a game little worker to her tiny finger tips, she is never on speaking terms with obstacles unless she be giving them orders and we shall not be surprised but delighted to chronicle the increasing glories of "Raleigh" under her administration."

Oh, well! the newspaper men can't always enjoy the monopoly of a "mutual admiration society." They might have known that women would sooner or later divide the honors with them. Just wait and see how sister Bost gets even with sister Finger.

o o o o

Were Teddy Roosevelt alive, he would doubtless have a very poor opin-

ion of President Harding's cabinet. In the families of the ten secretaries there are just two dozen children--12 boys and 12 girls. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, is the only one coming in sight of what Roosevelt would regard the line stopping "race suicide." Mr. Wallace has three boys and three girls, just one-fourth of the whole bunch. Hurrah, for the farmer!--he usually saves the day, when a pinch comes on.

o o o o

OBSERVATION BY AN EXCHANGE:

We often think what a finished bandit Jesse James would have been if he had had the advantage of a movie education in his youth.

o o o o

The Chapel Hill correspondent of the Greensboro News, in a very readable manner, tells how the people got rid of a very offensive horse and cow barn, maintained by the Professor of Ethics at the University. Ordinances, petitions, protests and one thing after another were resorted to but without avail. The professor of ethics was wedded to his horses, cows and seemed satisfied with the barn's condition, which caused great offense and worry to the citizenship. The women came along, and it is said that they suggested a plan, which worked most beautifully. A purse of fifty dollars was raised and tendered the professor of ethics for the privilege of tearing down the barn and removing it and the consequent filth. The trade was made and all Chapel Hill is rejoicing. That's financiering!

THE LION IN LOVE.

A Lion once fell in love with a beautiful maiden and proposed marriage to her parents. The old people did not know what to say. They did not like to give their daughter to the Lion, yet they did not wish to enrage the King of Beasts. At last the father said: "We feel highly honored by your Majesty's proposal, but you see that our daughter is a tender young thing, and we fear that in the vehemence of your affection you might possibly do her some injury. Might I venture to suggest that your Majesty should have your claws removed, and your teeth extracted, then we would gladly consider your proposal again." The Lion was so much in love that he had his claws trimmed and his big teeth taken out. But when he came again to the parents of the young girl they simply laughed in his face, and bade him do his worst.

"LOVE CAN TAME THE WILDEST."

Surnames, or How People Are Designated

Mr. Turnipseed, who is a Methodist preacher in South Carolina, laughed in my face when speaking of several friends by the names of Blackwelder, Ridenhour and Harlocker, which are as thick as hops in this part of the moral vineyard. Every man, as a usual thing, is satisfied with his name, and majority of them really think they have extraordinary good ones, if not pretty ones--it's only the women that manifest a dislike for their names, for they do not hesitate to make a change.

That Methodist preacher regards his a musical name, but he thinks Ridenhour, Blackwelder, Harlocker are horrible. There is no accounting for taste.

There is nothing more interesting than to run over the telephone book in one town then go to another town not more than forty miles distant and there peruse the telephone book. The various names, belonging to different towns, is most wonderful. About the only names in common are the Smiths, Browns, Johnsons and Alexanders.

People now-a-days have but little trouble in naming their babies. All kinds of abbreviations, concoctions, variations of novel names are at hand to take care of the babies for thousands of years without trespassing on the name of another.

The people in olden days, however, suffered much inconvenience in properly designating the folks. Much of this arose in the absence of surnames. This finally come about. Surnames, as our readers well know, are so called from the early practice of writing them ever the Christian names. In modern times they were first used in France, particularly in Normandy, where they can be traced to the latter part of the tenth century. They were introduced into England by the Normans after the conquest.

The ancient Hebrews, Egyptians,

Syrians, Persians and others had but a single name which was generally significant of some feature connected with their birth. Thus, Raechel, dying, had called her child Benoni, "the son of my sorrow;" but Jacob gave him the name of Benjamin, "the son of my strength." These simple names, however, soon became so common to many owners, that they failed to convey individuality; and this led to the addition of other designations, now known to us as surnames.

Only about a thousand surnames were taken up by the most noble families in France and in England about that time of Edward the Confessor. The lower nobility did not follow this example before the twelfth century and the citizens and husbandmen had no family names before the fourteenth century. English names have recruits among them from almost every race.

The pendulum has to swing to the other extreme. There are people, who have few given names. Many have three, and in many instances gentlemen, growing tired of alphabetical names, have cut some of the handle off and the public rejoice; while others, growing dissatisfied

with just a single name, adopt another, merely to designate the owner from some other fellow who bears the same name.

Education

The information of the people at large can alone make them safe, as they are the sole depository of our religious and political freedom...
Thomas Jefferson.

Cremation---Reducing Human Bodies To Ashes.

The belief is widespread that cremation, the reduction of the human body to ashes by fire, is of comparative recent origin. This is erroneous, for it was an early and general usage of antiquity. Again, it is thought by some that certain religious faiths or the believers of no faith at all are the only ones that follow cremation as the disposition of bodies after death.

This, too, is erroneous. There are people, who have just individual notions as to the best and most pleasing way of having their bodies put away at death.

The fact that Hon. Franklin Lane, late member of President Wilson's cabinet, and who recently died, left a request that his body be cremated caused some to believe, without a real reason, that the distinguished man was a skeptic. The beautiful sentiments that he left in the space after his serious operation and just before his death---not even knowing that death was near---make it clear that Lane was full of strong faith in the eternal verities.

Upon investigation we find that the early Aryans, as opposed to the non-Aryan aborigines of India, Greeks, Romans, Slavs, Celts and Germans, burned their dead therefore cremation may be regarded as the universal custom of the Indo-European races.

The graves of North Europe throughout the "bronze age" contain only jars of ashes. The advocates of disposing of the dead by cremation are at the present time numerous, their principal argument in favor of it, being of a sanitary nature. According to the method which is most favored by modern cremationists, the body is placed in an oblong brick or iron-cased chamber underneath which is a furnace.

The air of the chamber is raised to a very high temperature before the body is put in, and a stream of heated hydro-carbon from a gasometer is then admitted, which on contact with intensely-heated air with-in immediately bursts into flame. The chamber is, of course, so constructed as neither to admit draughts of air from without nor to permit the escape of gas from within. The noxious gases which are evolved in the beginning of the combustion process are passed through a flue

into a second furnace, where they are entirely consumed. By this process a body weighing 144 pounds can be reduced in about fifty min-

utes to not more than four pounds of lime-dust. In the cremation of each body about 200 pounds of fuel is used.

Faulty.

An educational system isn't worth a great deal if it teaches boys to get a living and doesn't teach them how to live.—Passaic News.

The Governor Makes Known A Policy.

(Sheriff Cochran of Mecklenburg county, being confronted with a proposition out of the usual order of occurrences in the South, and desiring to proceed orderly, live within the law, and to do his full duty wisely and promptly, made inquiry of the Governor relative to handling any disturbance, if any should occur, growing out of the unfortunate labor-strike situation in Mecklenburg county. Governor Morrison replies with a letter that clearly set forth his attitude and the policy of his administration regarding the preservation of peace.)

TEXT OF LETTER.

"Your favor of June second relative to conditions in your county growing out of the strike of the textile workers received this morning.

"It is the duty of the police authorities, sheriffs in the counties, and the police officers in the towns and cities, to preserve peace and the statute law of our state clothes them with extraordinary power in doing so. Your attorney will advise you with particularity in regard to your authority under the law.

"I will not hesitate to use the adjutant's military forces to aid in preserving the peace, and protecting the legal rights of the citizens of any county, but it has too often occurred in the state in the past that the local authorities in vacillation and weakness failed to perform their clear duty, and thereby made use of state troops necessary.

"We ought not to send troops in-

to any community except where the local authorities are unable to preserve the peace, and protect the rights of all. When this liability grows out of mere weakness and refusal to perform duty by local officers, it always aggravates the situation, and adds large and unnecessary expense to the state. There is no earthly reason why you and the forces which you have authority under the law to summon to your aid, together with the police forces of the city of Charlotte, when the disturbance is within their territory and jurisdiction, cannot preserve order in Mecklenburg county. I cannot conceive of any possible condition that can arise there which would make it necessary to send state troops to your aid.

"I am not informed as to the exact territory of the police officers of the city of Charlotte. Your attorney and the city authorities of Charlotte

will know about this. I suggest that you and the police officers of Charlotte stay within your respective legal limitations, but that within these you exercise promptly and fearlessly all the power given you to see to it that no property of human right in Mecklenburg county is imperiled by violence or lawlessness. In front of great menace and danger, you should act vigorously and promptly, and your authority is ample. Your official duty relates to and includes the city of Charlotte as well as the other parts of the county, and it will be your duty to act with the police in the city of Charlotte.

"It will be a disgrace to Mecklenburg county, and to you and the other officers of the county, if you permit condition to arise which necessitate my ordering state troops into action in the great peace-responding county of Mecklenburg. It is not my duty to advise you with particularity to your duty, but it is within the scope of my duty to urge that you inform yourself of your duty, and then discharge it.

"Sending troops into any peaceful county in North Carolina or ordering them out when they are there, is to be avoided if the local officers can give protection, not only on account of the heavy expenses involv-

ed, but because it always causes irritation, and arouses prejudice which frequently aggravates instead of helping the situation in which the peace of the county is threatened.

"The textile workers have a perfect legal right to strike, and to use all moral suasion they can command in their cause, but they have no right to resort to lawlessness, or the threat of it and on the other hand, their employers and representatives have no right to use lawlessness or the threat of it to prevent the strikers from using peaceful moral suasion to such an extent as they desire to. But all menace and threat of violence, intimidations, etc., on their side, should be put down by you and the other local authorities promptly, and I urge you as governor of the state to discharge that duty with the independence and fearlessness of character which I know you possess.

"In the event of conditions arising in which you are not able by the exercise of all your authority and power to preserve the peace and protect every man and his property and human rights, notify me, and I will send all the power of the state to your support, and with the utmost possible dispatch.

"With assurances of my high personal esteem, and cordial friendship I am, etc.

Courage.

I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.—A. H. Stephens, 1885.

HERIOT CLARKSON.



For months and months I have wanted to put on paper just what I think of one of the State's most interesting and valuable citizens. It's much harder than a child's experience in learning the Multiplication Table, or the beginner's trouble with the Greek alphabet. There is nothing short of an intimate acquaintance with his personality, a knowledge of his vigorous mental activities, his dogged determination and his lack of the sense of fear, that

would make possible an approximately accurate pen picture of Hon. Heriot Clarkson, of Charlotte, one of the leaders of the Mecklenburg bar and a conspicuous figure in the affairs of the State.

The least interesting thing connected with this story is that Mr. Clarkson is a product of Richland county, South Carolina. Of this he has long since gotten well, and consciously or unconsciously he has, by his intense tarheelism, cut out all

signs of attachment or kinship to the state just south of us. He was born August 21, 1863, the son of Major William and Margaret (Simons) Clarkson, prominent people and direct descendants of distinguished Revolutionary characters. Easily traced, Mr. Clarkson's forebears go back to England, on one side, and to Scotland on the other. "Heriot" is a family name running back centuries, and it is said that what is known as "The Heriot Foundation" probably made the provision for the first public school system in the world.

Just about the time young Clarkson was making his presence more or less known in 1863 on the old plantation, the scene of his birth, his father, Maj. Clarkson, was in command of the Sharpshooters at Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, when it was under fire by the Federal boats. It is very well understood, at this far-removed day, that had the youngster Clarkson been consulted he would have been perfectly comfortable in the midst of the exciting experience through which his father was traveling--for undoubtedly, young Clarkson had the fighting spirit, the heroic, born in his blood.

The subject of our sketch attended the Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte; and while yet a mere youth he entered the law office of Jones & Johnson, distinguished lawyers of their day. Through their influence, Mr. Clarkson entered upon the serious study of law; and taking the full law course at the University of North Carolina, graduated in 1884 with the first honors of his class. During that year he returned to Charlotte, opened an

office and ever since has been one of the most successful practitioners at the bar.

Those of us who recall the brilliant remarks of the late Joseph P. Caldwell, relative to the two classes into which the Observer readers were about equally divided, in that day, when these classes were designated "the pure in heart" and the "morally stunted," can fix pretty definitely upon the time when Mr. Clarkson became prominent and caused people to sit up and take notice. A more "rantankerous-prohibitorist" never lived in Charlotte or the State. I have often wondered if Clarkson really could tell by taste whiskey from kerosene--for up to this good day not a drop of either ever dampened his tongue. Though affable and judicious, he just simply hates liquor in all forms, and I venture to assert that while he does not hate them, he only tolerates, living out his religious training, those who do like whiskey. He was president of the Anti-Saloon-League, when the State went dry in 1908. He was one of the two aldermen, who had the courage to vote to make Charlotte dry as far back as in the 80s. When Charlotte did go dry, even before the State took the jump, it was largely the victory of the campaign which Mr. Clarkson planned and executed as chairman of the cause.

Our subject was a legislator when "White Supremacy" act was passed; he has had a part in the organization of a number of successful business propositions, among them being "Little Switzerland," a beautiful estate on the very top of the North Carolina mountains.

Among the most efficient services

rendered the public by Mr. Clarkson was his administration of the office of Solicitor for seven years, having been elected to that position in 1903. The spirit of persecution did not enter into his career as solicitor--though receiving his remuneration by the means of fees, he confined himself strictly to a just and vigorous prosecution of cases of merit. He never manifested, as has been done, a thirst for blood or the downfall of any man. His whole life, if we may judge by his great interest in welfare work, his contribution of time, money and wisdom to remedial measures in the affairs of the state, is dedicated to the cause of making the world better and life more pleasant. I recall his promptness and eagerness to do the right thing, without request or coercion. It was discovered certain fees were to go into the treasury of the school fund, and not to the solicitors as had been supposed by all solicitors in the state. When the question was raised in the state, and a musty law had been so construed directing certain funds into a different channel, not waiting for any notification, this man sought from the authorities a statement of all such fees in the counties of his district, and forthwith made restoration. He entertained no protest or hesitation.

Mr Clarkson's wife was Miss Mary Osborne, daughter of Col. E. A. Osborne, of Charlotte. By this union there are five children, four sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Mr. F. O. Clarkson, is a graduate of the academic and the law departments of the University, and is now associated with his father in the practice of law. He is a young man of pleasing manners and very marked ability.

Though Mr. Clarkson was widely known and esteemed throughout the State by virtue of his known ability and his activity in behalf of certain state-wide measures, he added to that high estimate the people already had for him by the brilliant and masterful campaign which he conducted unselfishly for the gubernatorial nomination of his distinguished fellow-townsmen, Hon. Cameron Morrison. From every angle and every respect it can be truly regarded as unmatched by another campaign in the political history of North Carolina.

Mr. Clarkson is senior warden of St. Peter's Episcopal church, and chairman of the finance committee of St. Peter's Hospital. He is truly one of the leading citizens of the Queen City, enjoys the confidence of his fellows, is loyal to friends and just to foes, has a broad vision, of tireless energy, and is of unquestioned courage and integrity.

He is in disposition very serious minded and in dead earnest. I have never talked with him fifteen minutes--and no one else ever has--that in making himself clear, (unmistaken understanding of his true position on the question under discussion) that he does not pointedly, in an exclamatory and parenthetic way, remark "you understand me?" or "you see what I mean?" or "you catch my meaning?" or "you observe what I am driving at?" All this is the man's earnestness in driving home a mutual understanding, and making a finished product of everything he undertakes.

Mr. Clarkson is wicked enough to smoke a pipe almost continuously--and democratic enough to use a cob pipe, at that.

Patrons of Husbandry, or Grangers.

Throughout North Carolina, as well in the South generally and the Northwest, the organization known as "The Grange" was flourishing about 1880. The leaders and the organizers, in their public speeches, dwelt with emphasis and great unction on the official name of the organization when they desired to make a deep impression by calling the organization "Patrons of Husbandry." That sounded big, and was big.

Speaking locally, there was much rivalry in the two Granges--the leaders in Cabarrus county--the one at Popular Tent, and the other at St. John's. This rivalry had its birth, years before, in the annual race by the late John H. Morrison and the late Martin Ludwig. These two men--big farmers, regular sports at the business, if such a thing as a sporting farmer can be imagined--each did his level best to get to the market the first bale of new cotton in the early Fall. First one won; then the other. There were some others in each section, that tried to steal a march on these two agricultural sports by marketing the first bale but they failed, then they wanted to believe that Messrs Morrison and Ludwig kept back some old cotton and mixed just enough new to give it the right smell, the feel and appearance.

It was an honest race, and these two representatives of the two sections had affidavits by responsible, substantial citizens, who made a thorough investigation of the premises and all was right. These two men kept up the race until death. The public was deeply interested in the race, and the old Concord Register, by Captain Woodhouse, had a choice item in annually announcing the winner. So, Squire Ludwig was the wheel-horse in the St. John's Grange.

The late Esquire George Ritchie was the official initiator. Nearly everybody in that whole section joined the Grange, except the best three farmers in the neighborhood--they sat off and made fun of the brothers and sisters of the Grange. Yes, the women belonged to it--the first organization in this section that ever had the nerve to entrust a woman with a secret. Secrets! Why the Grange, as Squire Ritchie managed it, was full of the most terrible secrets that have remained secrets unto this day. If he happened to overlook a short sentence in the initiation, he would go back over the whole thing including the obstacles in the pathway and such things like that. There was no getting around Squire Ritchie, for when he put one through the ordeal of Grange initiation he could always feel that he was a full-blooded, unquestionably regular Granger.

The meetings were always very entertaining when the late Prof. Tom Ludwig and Capt. Chas. McDonald were present and on the programme. They would forget themselves sometimes and address each other as "Charlie" and "Tom." That was an awful breach, for in these secret organizations you have to use "brother," "High" this and "High" that, and some of the rankest hypocrisy in the world is concealed in these enforced fraternal and endearing

terms, for it is known that men belonging to secret organizations are expected to be real brotherly, helpful and loyal, but some have been known to go out of their meeting quarters and immediately "fly-blow" a brother. But these two bachelors loved each other, argued vehemently and made fun for themselves and the others---probably they knew as little about real farming as the several preachers who belonged to the famous organization.

The St. John's Grange was the biggest and the strongest, and made the most noise; but the Popular Tent Grange---Esq. Pitts, Davie Holdbrooks, Watt Barringer and others were the leaders---always got up the biggest fair, and this gave it a state-wide reputation. In fact, the fair was celebrated in song and poetry. The chief exhibitor, who exhibited that animal that behaved so badly and finally got into a poem a yard long, was Lee Martin.

But death approached---the thing was doing a good, in bringing about social gatherings, and community interest---they got to meddling with political questions and the Granges of Cabarrus county soon gave up the ghost.

In some Western states the Grange still remains an organization. And it is well that it does. It was a much

less sinner, politically speaking, than the Alliance, but politics gave each an incurable disease. That the Grange was the oldest, and retained life longer, gives to it more than a passing interest. It was organized December 4th, 1867, by O. H. Kelley and William M. Sanders, both of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Mr. Kelley was commissioned by President Johnson, in 1866, to travel through the Southern States, and report upon their agricultural and mineral resources. He discovered agriculture in a state of great depression, consequent upon the changes caused by the war. There was at the time great dissatisfaction among the farmers of the West and Northwest in regard to the alleged heavy rate and unjust discriminations made by railroad companies in their transportation of farmers' products.

It was also claimed that middle men exacted exorbitant prices for agricultural implements. Mr. Kelley concluded that an association made of those who were dissatisfied might be organized on same such plan as the Order of Odd Fellows or Masons. He and Mr. Saunders devised a plan for an organization to be known as the "Patrons of Husbandry," and its branches to be called "Granges."

Friendship

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation---George Washington.

The Famous Connecticut Blue Laws.

Since local option and prohibition elections have ceased to furnish excitement and organization, our old friend "Personal liberty" is scarcely seen or heard of. Now and then, however, when a town under pressure or for some other reasons moves to tie up things, or to regulate some abuses, you can hear our old friend "Personal Liberty" make some remarks. But no town or city or state would tolerate, without multiplying the police force by one hundred, the blue laws that once prevailed in the Nutmeg State.

These laws enacted by the people of "Dominion of New Haven," became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper.

They were as follows:

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of the independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only king.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting day.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors and the selectmen shall tax the estate 300 Pounds.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of 5 Pounds.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them, as he may do with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined 10 Pounds.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; 5 Pounds for the first offense; 10 Pounds for the second; and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Seven musical publishing houses in New York have been charged by the United States with violation of the Sherman Anti Trust Law, because of too much harmony in the prices of the jazz market.

Fundamentals of Prosperity.

Ay Hon. A. H. Eller in The Solicitor.

(Mr. Eller is a successful lawyer of Winston-Salem; managed the campaign of the late R. B. Glenn in his gubernatorial aspiration; was chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee for some years; is now a Vice-President and Trust Officer of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and strongest financial institutions of North Carolina)

Roger W. Babson, a recognized authority on economics and statistics, has lately written a little book entitled "Fundamentals of Prosperity." He reverses the order usually followed by writers on business and economics. It is the human element rather than the material, on which he lays the greatest stress. He says to the business man, "Quit looking for the experienced salesman and trying to make a man out of him; get a man and then make a salesman of him." Most of us, he says, today are frantically trying to invent a machine which will solve our problem, when in fact we have a machine within us if we will only set it going. The old idea of a successful salesman was a smart fellow who was able to out-argue his customer and put the deal over; the new idea is to create a demand for the product offered, so that the customer will want it. The successful salesman today is the man who does not boost himself, but boost the other fellow. The successful employer of labor is the man who lets his employers feel that he is working for them quite as much as they are working for him. Credit is based on confidence. Confidence is, therefore, the very foundation of prosperity. How can confidence exist without an intimate acquaintance with our fellowmen with whom we deal? A manufacturer would hardly buy a machine without

knowing a great deal about it, and yet with how many of his employers has the average business man a speaking acquaintance? There has been an utter neglect on the part of many men of affairs to take an ordinary human interest in their associates, and more especially to develop their faculties and spirit in a manner to insure their own highest prosperity.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT.

It is estimated that the cost of useful commodities produced from raw material by the skill and labor of man is represented by 80 per cent paid for labor and 20 per cent for the raw materials, and yet it is further estimated that not more than 2 per cent of men engaged in production have minds of a constructive character trained to increase the output of the particular commodity in which they are engaged. Suppose 6 per cent of men engaged in industry had received a proper training, it follows that production would be increased three-fold and that the comfort and happiness of mankind would be immensely greater than it is today. Hence the necessity for studying the human element and developing the mind and spirit of the workers. The processes of education are slow and painful. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the education of a child was commenced

one hundred years before the child was born. Education is a problem which the family, the church and the state with all of their varied resources have not yet been able to solve. Our industries and prosperity languish for lack of the proper development of men and women far more than from the lack of facilities to exploit our material resources. Hence this problem of education in its true sense is a challenge to our business men, and it is the most direct way to the accomplishment of their most difficult tasks. We have the race problem forever with us; the labor problem has assumed momentous proportions. Extension of the right of franchise will not solve the one, nor will higher wages and shorter hours solve the other. There is lacking a better understanding of the human element involved. It is essentially a question of feeling. Feelings--not things--control the conduct of man. Collective bargaining and profit sharing arrangements have been disappointing. Men act according to their feelings, and good feeling is synonymous with the spirit of co-operation. One cannot exist without the other, and prosperity cannot continue without both.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CO-OPERATION

It is the nature of man to produce. The first gesture of the child is to make something like the toy he has seen, or to create something which his own young mind has conceived. It is unnatural that the grown-up child should desire to slack and lose his natural bent for production. It is for want of proper encouragement or lack of training and assistance to overcome difficulties; it is lack of ap-

preciation for what he has done or may be trying to do. His feelings have been hurt and allowed to turn to works of destruction rather than to works of construction. It profits little to say we do not understand the workings of the human mind, to say that business has nothing to do with psychological processes. Man has been untiring in quests of new discoveries, inventions and a mastery of natural law. His outlook and his uplook have well nigh visualized the external universe. He is now better prepared than ever before to turn his faculties to the examination of those laws and forces which make or mar the human spirit and revive those kindly feelings of co-operation, without which nothing worth while can be attained.

The business world is passing through a period of contraction. Production has slowed down and there are many idle hands. Neither employed nor employee is satisfied with an idle and unprofitable life; all alike want business to speed up. If temporary losses must be sustained they should be shared equitably between capital and labor, between employer and employe, and it is believed that if an honest, earnest effort be made on the part of each to understand and appreciate the position of the other, they would vie with each other in making the temporary sacrifice necessary to insure their mutual and permanent prosperity. While those who control and manage business enterprises are taking advantage of this lull in trade to introduce economies, make repairs and improve their physical properties, let them give a thought to the men who are waiting to help turn the wheels. Let their under-

standing of one another and their appreciation of each other's situation be so much improved that when the word is given to turn on the steam, co-operation will be so perfect that the clamor or selfish interests will be lost in the splendid harmony of the newer and better day.

I close this imperfect effort to call attention of business men to the human element in business with these lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"I gave a beggar from my little
store of wealth some gold;
He spent the shining ore, and came
again and yet again,
Still cold and hungry, as before.
I gave a thought--and through
that thought of mine,
He found himself, the man su-
preme, divine,
Fed, clothed and crowned with
blessing manifold;
And now he begs no more."

Why Nations Do Not Act Like Individuals.

By R. R. Clark.

It is a characteristic of humankind that the group, the mass, will do what the separate individuals composing it would not do in their individual capacity. Of course united effort, co-operation, is necessary to do many things that the individual can't swing single-handed. But the reference here is to the mass being led to do things, or assenting to their being done under group influence, that the individuals composing the group would not approve individually.

This train of thought is suggested by the President's remarks to the naval graduates at Annapolis. The Associated Press says Mr. Harding presented the diplomas "with a prayer that the newly commissioned officers would never be called into battle, but with the admonition that willingness to fight and to die for one's country must remain one of the most potent safeguards of our civilization." There will be, or there should be, general sympathy with the President's prayer, and at the same time the necessity of the admonition will be recognized. Most of us are patriotic, or think we are, after a fashion. But it may be doubted if love of country is as strong as it should be, or as we pre-

tend to believe it is. Patriotic devotion to our country should be a part of our education, so inculcated that it will become part of us; we should have that love of country which would move us, should the necessity arise, to go as cheerfully to death for our country as one would sacrifice life to defend and protect the home and loved ones. A nation of pacifists, folks who would not fight, no matter what the provocation, is unthinkable. That nation would be in the same class as the individual who allows himself to be made a football by any who choose to kick him around; who cringes and fawns from sheer cowardice; who has the respect of none, not even his own respect.

But it is a fact that fighting be-

tween individuals is uncommon in any well-ordered, well-regulated community; and the more highly-civilized, the more cultured, the more respectable the community, the fewer the personal collisions. In brief, the more sensible the individuals the more he realizes the foolishness of trying to settle anything by brute force. This condition does not of itself mean lack of either physical or moral courage or manliness; for there may come a time in the life of even the mildest-mannered, if he have red blood in his veins, when nothing but a scrap will do; it may be necessary as a matter of principle, to maintain self-respect and the respect of others. But more and more it has become the custom to cut out the rough-stuff, until it is no longer considered good form, as a rule, to try to settle personal difficulties that way; and in the ordinarily well regulated community personal collisions are the exception rather than the rule; the average man passing through life without having one of consequence. He so conducts himself, so respects the rights of others, that he compels respect for his own rights without resort to force to maintain them. That sort doesn't carry a gun, either, and isn't all the time looking for an insult.

It will be generally admitted, even by the more belligerently inclined in their calmer moments, that the way of peace is the best way; in all respects the most decent and desirable way to live. Nations being made up of individuals, why can't individuals in the mass conduct themselves as they would, as they do, in their individual capacity? Why do nations, for instance, keep armed and equipped, ready to go to

war on as short notice as possible? Why are not national differences settled in the same way as individual differences usually are? The answer, it would seem, is that the mass lacks the feeling of individual responsibility, of conscience, that is found in the well-ordained individual. There is a sort of mass psychology that moves the group to do, or assent to, that which in their individual capacity they neither do nor consent to. That is found in the action of mobs. A few of the more reckless, or more excitable and more irresponsible, play on the group and the mass follows like sheep, not only because there is a feeling of safety in numbers but because the mass loses the sense of individual responsibility and the capacity to think conservatively, if they think at all. This mass psychology does not seriously ponder right and wrong---not as the sane and sober individual considers in deciding individual action. The mass moves because its parts move and each goes on, often blindly and unthinking, simply because the other goes on; and once under way the mass refuses to listen to, or to consider, the calm reasoning that would ordinarily appeal to individual sense. Group action, mass action, becomes national action. War between nations has been a custom since the dawn of time, and solely because it has been custom we think it is fixed and must continue. Moved by greed for gain, or the feeling that they have been insulted, or are being imposed upon, nations, being armed, draw their weapons, and the war is on.

Individuals who go armed and all

(Continued on Page 31)

The Indian Princess

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

Pocahontas was a very beautiful child, and was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled. Her home was in Virginia, and a very happy life she led in the sunny woods, with the birds and squirrels for her companions. In after years, when she went to live far across the sea, the memory of her childhood home seemed the sweetest thing in the world to her. It brought to her mind the songs of the birds, the beautiful flowers, the waving trees, the bright rivers, and the fair skies that were so dear to her when she was a happy child.

Pocahontas grew up in her pleasant home, and learned to embroider her dresses and moccasins with shells and beads, and to weave mats and to cook, and to do all the things that Indian maidens were accustomed to do.

One day when she was about twelve years old, an Indian came into the village and told the people a story about a wonderful white man that had been captured some time before. He could talk to his friends many miles away by putting down words on a piece of paper and sending it to them. He had a queer little instrument by which he talked with the stars, and he told the Indians that the earth was round, and that the sun chased the nights around it continually.

They had never heard of such curious things before, and they decided that this strange being was something more than a mere man, and that perhaps it was in his power to bring evil upon them. So all the Indian priests and magicians met together and decided to take the prisoner to the great chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas. This man was Captain John Smith, who had already won much fame as a

soldier.

With a company of men he sailed from England to Virginia, and had there founded the colony Jamestown. While exploring the country he had been captured by the Indians. His companions were put to death, but he saved his life by his presence of mind. When the Indians captured him, he did not show any signs of fear, but began talking to them about his friends in Jamestown, and wrote a letter which he asked them to send there. Then he took out a pocket compass and showed them how to use it, and also talked to them about the shape of the earth, and its motions around the sun.

All this surprised the Indians very much. They had never seen a written letter before, and they thought that if Smith was guided through the forest by means of the compass, it was because he could talk to the stars and the sun. And then, had they not always been taught that the sun came up from the east in the morning, and then went down in the west at night, never to return? They believed that a new sun came each day to light the world. So they listened to these wonderful things with great awe, and Powha-

tan and his council decided that it was not safe to let such a man live.

When Pocahontas heard that Captain Smith was to be put to death, she felt very sad indeed. During the time that he had been a prisoner in the village, she had grown very fond of him, and it seemed a dreadful thing that such a brave and good man should die.

Many a story had he told her of the land beyond the sea, where lived the little English boys and girls whom he had left behind him. Pocahontas was never tired of listening to the tales of that fair England which Captain Smith loved so well. How different it was from her home, and how she would like to see those blue-eyed, fair-haired children whose lives were so unlike her own.

At length the time came when Smith was to die. After his hands and feet were bound, he was stretched on the ground with his head resting upon a great stone. Beside him stood an Indian with a huge club in his hand. The weapon was lifted in the air, and in another moment it would have fallen upon Smith's head, had not Pocahontas rushed up to them. Claspings the captive's head in her arms, she begged her father with tears in her eyes to spare his life. Powhatan was touched by his daughter's sorrow and listened to her pleading. He ordered Smith's bonds taken off and said that he would spare his life. So Smith rose from the ground a free man, and was sent back to Jamestown.

You can well imagine that Captain Smith would never forget this brave Indian maid who had saved his life. And many times after that he had reason to be grateful to Pocahontas.

The Jamestown settlement was in constant fear of attacks from the Indians, and more than once Pocahontas came through the forest at night to warn the English of danger. Captain Smith said that had it not been for her help, the colony would have died of starvation.

Jamestown soon became as familiar to Pocahontas as her own father's home. She often went there to offer help and counsel to the colonists, and always showed the same fondness for Captain Smith that she had shown in early childhood. Smith was obliged to go back to England, and after he went away Pocahontas did not visit the colony any more. The English told her that he was dead, and she could not bear to go there without seeing him. But he was not dead, and the two friends were to meet once more—not in Jamestown, it is true, but in England, where Pocahontas went as the bride of the young Englishman, John Rolfe.

Pocahontas was taken by her husband to England, where she was received with great delight by the English Court. The king and queen grew very fond of her and showed her every kindness; and all the great English lords and ladies wished to see the Indian girl who had been so helpful to their countrymen in Jamestown. Every one was surprised that a girl who had been brought up among savages should have such gentle manners.

Pocahontas did not stay long in England, although she grew to love that country dearly. She and her husband decided to return to Jamestown, but just as they were about to sail Pocahontas was taken ill and died. And so Rolfe and his little

on went back to America alone, and England, far from her own land.
 he beautiful princess was buried in

William Tell And Arnold von Winkelried.

Far up among the Alps, in the very heart of Switzerland, are three districts, or cantons, as they are called, which are known as the Forest Cantons and are famous in the world's history. About two thousand years ago the Romans found in these cantons a hardy race of mountaineers, who, although poor, were free men and proud of their independence. They became the friends and allies of Rome, and the cantons were for many years a part of the Rome Empire; but the people always had the right to elect their own officers and to govern themselves.

When Goths and the Vandals and the Huns from beyond the Rhine and the Danube overran the Rome Empire, these three cantons were not disturbed. The land was too poor and rocky to attract men who were fighting for possessions of the rich plains and valleys of Europe, and so it happened that for century after century, the mountaineers of these cantons lived on in their old, simple way, undisturbed by the rest of the world.

In a canton in the valley of the Rhine lived the Hapsburg family, whose leaders in time grew to be very rich and powerful. They became dukes of Austria and some of them were elected emperors. One of the Hapsburgs, Albert I, claimed that the land of the Forest Cantons belonged to him. He sent a governor and a band of soldiers to those cantons and made the people submit to his authority.

In one of the Forest Cantons at this time lived a famous mountaineer named William Tell. He was tall and strong. In all Switzerland no

man had a foot so sure as his on the mountains or a hand so skilled in the use of a bow. He was determined to resist the Austrians.

Secret meetings of the mountaineers were held and all took a solemn oath to stand by each other and fight for their freedom; but they had no arms and were simple shepherds who had never been trained as soldiers. The first thing to be done was to get arms without attracting the attention of the Austrians. It took nearly a year to secure spears, swords, and battle-axes and distribute them among the mountaineers. Finally this was done, and everything was ready. All were waiting for a signal to rise.

The story tells us that just at this time Gessler, the Austrian Governor, who was a cruel tyrant, hung a cap on a high pole in the market-place in the village of Altorf, and forced everyone who passed to bow before it. Tell accompanied by his little son, happened to pass through the market-place. He refused to bow before the cap and was arrested. Gessler offered to release him if he would shoot an apple from the head of his son. The governor hated Tell and made this offer hoping that the

mountaineer's hand would tremble and that he would kill his own son. It is said that Tell shot the apple from his son's head but that Gessler still refused to release him. That night as Tell was being carried across the lake to prison a storm came up. In the midst of the storm he sprang from the boat to an overhanging rock and made his escape. It is said that he killed the tyrant. Some people do not believe this story, but the Swiss do, and if you go to Lake Lucerne some day they will show you the very rock upon which Tell stepped when he sprang from the boat.

That night the signal fires were lighted on every mountain and by the dawn of day the village of Altorf was filled with hardy mountaineers, armed and ready to fight for their liberty. A battle followed and the Austrians were defeated and driven from Altorf. This victory was followed by others.

A few years later, the duke himself came with a large army, determined to conquer the mountaineers. He had to march through a narrow pass with mountains rising abruptly on either side. The Swiss were expecting him and hid along the heights above the pass. As soon as the Austrians appeared in the pass, rocks and trunks of trees were hurled down upon them. Many were killed and wounded. Their army was defeated, and the duke was forced to recognize the independence of the Forest Cantons.

This was the beginning of the Republic of Switzerland. In time five other cantons joined them in a compact for liberty.

About seventy years later the Austrians made another attempt to con-

quer the patriots. They collected a splendid army and marched into the mountains. The Swiss at once armed themselves and met the Austrians at a place called Sempach. In those times powder had not been invented, and men fought with spears, swords, and battle-axes. The Austrian soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder, each grasping a long spear whose point projected far in front of him. The Swiss were armed with short swords and spears and it was impossible for them to get to the Austrians. For a while their cause looked hopeless, but among the ranks of the Swiss was a brave man from one of the Forest Cantons. His name was Arnold von Winkelried. As he looked upon the bristling points of the Austrians spears, he saw that his comrades had no chance to win unless an opening could be made in that line. He determined to make such an opening even at the cost of his life. Extending his arms as far as he could, he rushed toward the Austrian line and gathered within his arms as many spears as he could grasp.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried--
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried--
Their keen points met from side to
side.

He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Pierced through and through
Winkelried fell dead, but he had
made a gap in the Austrian line,
and into this gap rushed the Swiss
patriots. Victory was theirs and the
Cantons were free.

What The Lady Would Prefer.

By C. M. Bivins in Stanly News-Herald.

Do men need liquor to help them get to heaven? Learning meanness yields no profits. Liquor begets meanness, that is, it helps the mean, low things to thrive. It puts the fool in the man on the top, and the real man on the bottom. Can you boost the spirit-life with whiskey? Is not liquor contrary to all the laws of God and man? Even the saloon-keeper wants a sober bartender, to say nothing of the fact that the man who does the thinking in business, other professions, is the sober man. A prominent educator said that the evil of liquor, thoroughly taught in the class room alone, would make a country dry in fifty years. Now, as a teacher, the writer will here make a confession. Physiology has never more than touched the question in a most superficial way.

The trouble began with the author who wrote the book, for he wanted it to sell. The teacher went into a community where the influential persons like their liquor. What was one against so many? The question was still unsettled. Liquor was easy to get. But now the nation is dry by law. Many men who loved liquor voted against it because of their children. They did not want to raise a crop of drunkards.

Since conditions are changed, the subject should be handled in the class room, by using books and charts that are most thorough, and leave nothing to be desired.

If the stock-law ran the hogs out from under the churches, corralled the hog-lice, stopped the hog-wallows and caused the cows, sheep and hogs to make room for pedestrians on the streets, why not have a law that keeps drunken sots from damning the ditches or reeling on the streets cursing and swearing vile oaths. If

a lady took choice between the hog and the drunkard on the streets, she would prefer the hog. Show the child that there is a vast difference between man made in the image of God and man the brute. And a brute he will remain through eternity if some how he does not regain control of the reins, God is not mocked.

We can but admire Solomon for recommending the rod. At the right time there is great wisdom in it. Do not spare! If you catch your boy drinking, whip until the blood comes. But spare his life. In after years he will rise up and call you blessed, for he will realize then that you loved his soul. The boy is young. He does not know, but his father does.

Right here the writer wishes to refer to a boy raised in the country near Albermarle. He walked three miles to the academy every morning, especially while free school was in progress. Some people thought the father was a "hard man" with his children. He had them up early every morning in all kinds of weather doing the chores of helping in the fields. This continued until after school and past dark. That boy, after he grew older, continued his education, and made an excellent



and successful teacher and a useful man.

We believe that father loved his children, and at times he showed that side of his nature in many little ways, but one thing he did not like --shirking. He loved them too well

to allow temporary indulgence to impair their lives. He loved their souls. This boy had excellent health, and so far as we know he was encouraged in getting up his lessons between his chores.

Looking Ahead.

By W. D. Clark.

What an interesting thing it would be if boys and girls would collect as many different kind of tree seeds as they can in the fall when they are ripe and then the following spring plant them in a corner of the garden and watch them grow. I knew an old man once who planted some tree seed in his fathers garden when he was a little boy. When they were six feet high his father told him he would have to move them because they

were taking up too much room in the garden. So the next spring he transplanted them to a near by field, and he continued to watch them grow until he was a very old man, when he had them cut and sawed up into boards with which he built a house for his children to live in.

Some day, and probably before you girls and boys are old, most of the trees which are now big enough to make good lumber will either have died or will have been cut for lumber. But if you will protect the trees that are now small

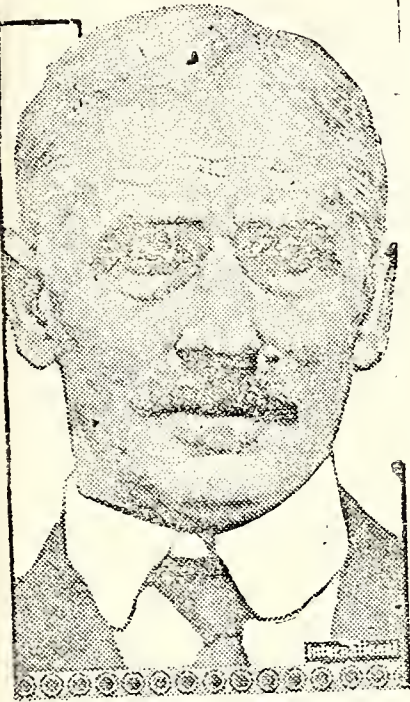
from destruction by fire they will produce plenty of big trees to make lumber and splended forests for later generations of children. So surely you will want your children and your children's children to be well supplied with lumber and trees as you are. Plenty of lumber helps to make a prosperous country, and beautiful forests will keep America the kind of a country you sing about when you sing the song, "America:"

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song."

Experience.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no other way of judging of the future but by the past.--Patrick Henry.

WILL STRAUSS



Will Strauss has the distinction of being the oldest employee, in point of service, at the White House. Mr. Strauss, whose official classification is fireman, has been employee at the executive mansion for 33 years.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Mr. M. L. Dorton, a former officer here, spent Sunday at the second Cottage.

Mr. T. V. Talbert left Tuesday for Danville Va. where he will visit his sister and mother.

Tom Hart of Fourth Cottage, was the only boy to have a visit from home folks Wednesday.

Mr. Stanley, Supt. of Public Welfare of Durham County, spent a while at the school Wednesday.

Saturday afternoon our boys lost a game of base ball to the team from Flowe's Store, the score being 5 to 3.

Mrs. C. P. Rogers, of Sanford, and her sister, Mrs. Walker of Concord, made a short visit to the school Thursday.

The hot summer sun, the green plums, the bare foot boy make increased calls upon the "medical fraternity" of the school to cure headaches, stomachaches, dress the stumped toes and the pitchfork wounds caused from the careless handling of this implement of farm work.

The Mecklenburg Cottage is now completed and ready for occupancy so far as the school's work is concerned. The water, sewer and lights have all been connected. When the furnishings are forwarded from the County, the Cottage will be opened. The matron and officers are ready to take charge.

The boys are in receipt of a box of base ball goods presented to them by Dr. Hubert Royster of Raleigh. By this generous gift Dr. Royster has certainly touched the hearts of the boys. Their appreciation is evidence by the enthusiasm with which they use the goods. They are happy to have a friend like Dr. Royster.

The hot summer day, the scarcity of water and the distance of the riv-

er from the school caused the boys to look around for a place for a swimming hole. Forth to the cow-pasture branch they hied with arms full of sacks. The sacks were filled with sand and the course of the water was dammed with those and now there is a swimming hole to the depth of 6ft and lessening to the regular flow of the branch.

A visitor at the School will find a new director at the printing office and a new matron at Second Cottage. A strange fact about these new comers is that though widely separated as to territory and relationship, they are both named Teague. It matters not as to their name we believe they will fit in the life of the school, well Mr. Fisher has not left the printing office altogether, but he does not hang around so closely any more.

The chairs, the piano, the lights, the drugget, and the shades for the Auditorium have been placed and the first session of our Sunday School with this paraphernalia was held last Sunday. The piano fills the hall with its tones and keeps the boys right in the swing with their singing. Our lights, too, are beauties. They can't quite compete with daylight, but when night is on and the lights too, you are amazed at the exceeding brightness of the room. The boys are delighted to have Sunday School there. The chairs are comfortable and the boys look better, sing better and feel better.

Monday June the 6th witnessed big carrying on at the School. Wash day occupied the time of about forty boys, the click of the reaper in the field called a score more to follow and care for its work. The

tractor, the printing office, and the band, of course, called for their usual quota and the rest could be found in a large Clover field gathering seed for another year. The boys were all happy in their work. School was suspended and this was the first holiday as it were. The bright rays of the June sun will soon overcome the joy of "School let out" and the boys will soon be glad to resume their places in the shade of the School room. Nevertheless this first day is a big day.

Dr. C. A. Greening, veterinary inspector from the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has just made the second tubercular inspection of our herd of milk cows. We are glad to say both for the sake of the boys who drink milk and the cows that make up our herd that not the slightest trace of tuberculosis was found. Mr. Boger tells the Dr. the school runs a cow-tubercular sanatorium. All cows need, as well as people, to fight shy of the disease, is fresh air, good water plenty of sunshine and good food,---all these things are met here at the school and one would be surprised to find one of the cows infected. 'Tis not always true of the cows are housed during the winter in almost air tight barns.

When a boy or a girl in China falls ill of a fever the natives consider it an invasion of devils, so they proceed to drive out the devils. They explode fire-crackers at the head and drive hot needles into the body and shout and yell, until perhaps the patient dies.—Exchange.

Daniel Boone---The Artist of the Woods.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania in 1735, and died in Missouri in 1820. Between these dates, however, he was part and of North Carolina, making his home on the Yadkin River. History tells us of no more unique character. We have little Boones today---men, who love to get outside of the world, do daring things, nose around in unexplored regions, go-a-fishing, hunt and make pets of dangerous situations. On my fingers I can very rapidly count abbreviated.editions of Boone-here in Concord.

Such men are necessary to keep up a varied interest in life. The hair-standing stories that come back with the daring folks that spend a season at Beaver Dam, or the lake at Badin, or the camp in Anson county, are products of the little second cousins of the 'very same spirit that obsessed Daniel Boone---these modern Boones have not encountered Indians and bears, but in vivid imaginations there are many narrower escapes that any Indian or bear could produce.

But Boone was after all a charming character, and in the eyes of the children he was a hero of the first rank, and around his adventure from North Carolina to Kentucky there is gathered and preserved by the D. A. R.'s many an engaging story. They have perpetuated forever in history his trail by markers. Let's follow him for awhile:

BOONE IN KENTUCKY

As you have heard, the land south of the Ohio suffered much from Indian raids. This part of the country has already been the scene of so many Indian battles that it well deserved the name of Kentucky, or the "dark and bloody ground." Six years before the Revolutionary War began, Daniel Boone, a hardy pioneer, first crossed the Alleghany

Mountains and came into this beautiful region. Seeing the tall forest trees and plentiful game, he thought it would be a good place to live in.

After wandering about it for months, and escaping from the hands of some Indians who had taken him captive, Boone made up his mind to settle there. He therefore went back to North Carolina for his wife and daughter, and, with his brother and several other pioneers, returned to Kentucky where he formed a settlement called Boonesboro (1775). Like all pioneer villiages, this was merely a collection of a few log huts, surrounded by a tall palisade to serve as a rampart against Indian attacks.

Boone's daughter and two younger girls, little suspecting danger, once went out in a canoe to pick flowers along the banks of a stream. Suddenly several Indians sprang out of a thicket, seized them, and bore them off into the woods. While the younger girls cried helplessly, Boone's daughter, seeing it was no use to struggle, quietly followed her captor. But she took care to leave the print of her shoe here and there where the soil was damp, to break twigs of bushes, and to fasten shreds of her dress to the briars along the way, so that her tracks could be fol-

lowed.

As soon as the girls' capture was discovered, Boone and six other men set out in pursuit. Thanks to the girl's clever way of marking her passage, they soon came to where the savages were camping in the woods. Creeping up stealthily, the white men noiselessly got between the children and the Indians, for they knew the latter would kill and scalp their captives at the first alarm. The Indians, suddenly finding themselves in danger, hastily fled, leaving captives and weapons behind them.

In the third year of the Revolutionary War, some Indians, hired by the British to make war along the frontier, came to attack Boonesboro. But the place was so gallantly defended by the settlers that they could not get in. They vainly directed a steady fire against the palisade for some time, and then withdrew to a short distance to rest.

The settlers, who had very little powder within the palisade, were anxious to secure a keg full of powder that was standing in a hut near by. Still, they knew that if a man ventured out, the Indians would probably kill him, and they did not feel that they could spare a single one. A brave girl, Elizabeth Zane, therefore insisted upon going, for she said they could easily get along without her, although they needed all the men.

At her request, the gate was opened, and she sped like an arrow to the house where the powder had been left. The Indians, astonished at the sight of a woman running out of the fort, stood perfectly still. In a few seconds they saw her rush back, her apron full of powder. Now they

understood what it all meant; but it was too late to stop the brave girl, who had reached the fort in safety. The powder thus secured saved the settlement; for the Indians, after losing many men, gave up the siege and went home.

In 1778, while out hunting, Boone was captured by Indians, who carried him to Detroit. They were about to kill him when an old squaw claimed him to take the place of her son who had been slain. The Indians consented, and Boone was adopted by the squaw, who pulled out all his hair, except a scalp lock, which she dressed with feathers in fine Indian style.

Boone now made believe to be quite satisfied to stay with the Indians; so they took him out hunting every day, giving him only a certain amount of powder and bullets. Boone was such a good marksman that he soon found he could kill his game with half a bullet and less powder. He therefore secretly cut his bullets in two, and although he brought back a bird, rabbit, or deer for every charge the savages gave him, he really saved half his ammunition without their suspecting it.

When he had thus collected enough powder and bullets, Boone stole a piece of dried meat and some parched corn, and went out hunting, as usual. But as soon as he got out of sight he began running as hard as he could. As he ran he hid his traces, so the Indians could not follow him. Thus he darted along fallen trees, jumped from stone to stone, ran up and down shallow streams, and once, at least, grasped a trailing grapevine, and, swinging hard, landed on his feet a long dis-

tance ahead.

The Indians, finding out his escape, soon started to follow him; but while they were hunting around for his broken tracks, he ran on, pausing to rest only when his strength gave out. Boone thus reached the Ohio, where he had the good luck to find a leaky canoe, in which he paddled across the stream.

Then, for the first time, he used one of the bullets he had saved to kill a turkey, which he roasted over the first fire he had dared to light since his escape. Tramping thus all the way from the Indian camp to Boonesboro, Boone found his home deserted. At first he thought all his family had been killed; but he soon heard they had merely gone back to their old home, thinking he was dead.

As he knew the Indians would soon come to attack Boonesboro, Boone collected about fifty-five men, who helped him repair the palisade. They were scarcely through their work when more than four hundred Indians appeared, led by a French officer serving in the British army. When they bade Boone surrender, he answered: "We are determined to defend our fort while a man of us lives."

Although the Indians tried to break into the fort; they were driven back, and their bullets had no effect on the heavy logs of the palisade. Next they made an attempt to set fire to the fort, but the flames were quickly quenched; and when they began to tunnel a way into the place, they were forced to give it up.

Weary of vain attempts, the Indians finally withdrew; and when they had gone, Boone and his companions picked up a hundred and

twenty-five pounds of bullets, which had fallen harmlessly along the palisade. Later on, Boone brought his family back to Kentucky; but the Indians continued to make trouble during the next ten years. Still, when those dark days were all over, so many settlers came into Kentucky that Boone declared the place was too crowded for him, and said he needed more elbow-room.

He therefore removed first to a place near the Great Kanawha, and then to Missouri, which at that time belonged to Spain. Here he lived long enough to see many settlers cross the Mississippi. He was again saying that he felt crowded, and talking of moving still farther west, when he died, at the age of eighty-five, still hale and hearty, and a famous hunter and pioneer.

Why Nations do not Act Like Individuals

(Concluded from Page 20)

the time seem to be looking for a difficulty; or who by superior strength impose on the weak, are looked upon as undesirable and in well ordered communities they are soon made to feel that they are undesirable. Why is it different with nations? It is not expected that the time will ever come when wars will entirely cease—not until human nature is changed. But if the individual would take his good sense, his reasoning powers and the feelings of individual responsibility into the mass, isn't it possible to bring about a condition in which nations would treat each other as individuals treat each other in well ordered communities? and which condition would reduce the possibility of war

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Don't Be A Contented Indian

If you are contented with yourself there is something the matter. Something is wrong somewhere. Content means the stopping of all endeavor. Self content is the signboard of laziness. The chief characteristic of the North American Indian was a smug self content. His limit of effort was exactly proportionate to the curvature of his stomach. And the future was as indefinite as his religion. Give this original American a full stomach and a hot fire in a stifling wigwam—the fire rustled up by a beast-of-burden squaw—and he was happy. Tomorrow was too far away to be considered.

While you are content and basking your figure in the warmth of your employe's toleration, some one else with tomahawk in hand may be swooping down on your job with the idea of taking a scalp. Give to the man you work for something besides routine. Your employer's business is the reflection of his organization—the organization of which you are a part. If the business does not produce the salary, it is a dead cinch that you are not earning it. Prove to your employer that he needs you.

Don't be a contented Indian.

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2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte -Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
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The Uplift

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE INJUSTICE SHOULD BE RIGHTED.

We have not a shadow of doubt as to the honest purpose and intention of the State Educational authorities in promulgating the recent certification of teachers. We can not keep back the fear that, in the appropriation of some Yankee frills and ruffles to the administration of school matters in North Carolina, the adaption has suffered some carelessness or indifference to the hurt of the reputation and standing of a large number of teachers, who deserve more consideration at the hands of the leaders.

Where schools have been headed by alert superintendents, who recognize a sacred duty to their teachers---not one or two pets---but to all of their teachers, much of the sting has been taken out of the new propaganda. Much of this new ruling has but recently come into the possession of a number of teachers. The instruction coming down from the central control has been, in several instances, a closed incident in the pockets of the local superintendents since last November, thus working a severe humiliation to some of the most capable teachers in the state. In some places, where the superintendent looks up and into the face of the world and defends all his teachers, he has gone to the authorities and secured the righting of a wrong. A teacher of the Charlotte schools with an experience of more than 35 years, with an established reputation of being a genuine leader in her particular department of school work, was put down in the "C" class. A wise superintendent had that wrong corrected very promptly; then, IF IT CAN BE DONE IN ONE CASE, WHY NOT IN ALL THE CASES WHERE AN

INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE?

Since the school system has been centralized---made a kingdom of almost unlimited power with temptations to autocracy---there is a necessity of a system of graduation in salaries. But putting into operation such a radical measure, the authorities should have commenced with the present and not gone back, dealing out hardship on those who have established satisfactory reputations with their constituency but lacking the superficial red-tape in the certification scheme. When the law became effective whereby doctors had to be licensed, it very wisely began with the present and certified those of the past without question. The same course was followed when lawyers had to secure license from the Supreme Court---the law dealt with the present and the future, but passed up those who had been practicing with its respects and blessings. It is claimed that the Educational Department has full power to treat the teachers' case in the same manner, and in justice and the name of righteousness it should do so.

In the literal execution of the new scheme, promulgated by the educational authorities, here are a few samples of injustice---like of which can be found in every county of the state---having been done, and there seems to be no one with courage, interest or disposition to seek a righting of the wrong:

1. Miss _____, graduated at a splendid institution in Pennsylvania; has been employed in the same department of the same school for near unto twenty years; stands high; has a successful record behind her; has been paid \$125 00 per month. She has been put into "C" class with a salary limited to \$105.00.

No. 2. Miss _____, graduated at Salem College in 1919, taught one year, has been drawing \$95.00; has the promise of making a good teacher, but lacking in experience and seriousness such as age brings; under the new law she is put down in class "A" with a salary at \$133.00. Just compare Nos. 1 and Nos. 2 without prejudice, and see if you can discover any justice in the thing?

No. 3 Miss _____ had one year at Converse, been teaching for fourteen years, now getting \$125.00. She was originally put in class "C" but a little writing was done and she was promoted to class "B", drawing a salary of \$110.00.

No. 4. Mrs. _____ graduated years ago at Salem College, enjoyed the distinction of having made one hundred on every branch throughout her college days; has taught twenty years; is a high class

teacher and woman; the literal execution of the new propaganda put her in class "C", but some manipulation of matters, by virtue of being somewhat of an assistant principal, she has been put into class "B" with hope of reaching "A". To see the rankest inconsistency and injustice compare this case with No. 2.

No. 5. Miss _____, graduated at Salem College in 1913; has taught seven years in the same school; has made a fine reputation; of fine personality; has been drawing \$125.00; she has been put in class "C" with a salary of \$105. Compare this with No. 2, (graduates of the very same school) one's taught one year and gets \$133.00, and the other has taught seven years and gets \$105, all because a foolish little requirement, impractical and beyond the present remedy of the victim, is invoked.

No. 6. Miss _____, graduated at Mt. Amoena Seminary, took some post graduate work, taught in Elizabeth College, sensible, serious-minded, with 14 years successful experience in the same school, now drawing a salary of \$150.00, but the new regulation puts her in class "C." This teacher is a graduate of the very same school, of which one of the brightest members of the State Educational department, and certainly the very best and most capable teacher among them, is a graduate. Teacher No. 6 by this tyranny of the new rule is put in class "C," limited to a \$105.00 salary, yet the authorities who put her there have offered her \$40.00 per week to do institute work this Summer right at her home. A system or ruling that will cork itself in this manner does not sound like North Carolina justice.

No. 7. Mrs. _____, graduate of Queen's College; has 10 years successful teaching; matured, sensible woman; giving high satisfaction where she is employed, put down in class "C" and with a salary less than she is now drawing.

No. 8. Miss _____, completed the Junior year at Converse, was so bright and industrious she completed 3 years' studies in 2, has 18 years experience in the same system of schools, progressive and one of the most popular and capable primary teachers in the whole State, directed the governmental gardening operations, spent herself freely in the influenza epidemic, patriotic to a fault, is humiliated by being put in Class "C" - a rank injustice and indefensible treatment. Reduced from \$125.00 to \$105.00, when a giggling girl without experience under this new scheme will draw \$133.00.

We are aware that much stress is placed on attendance of summer schools --heretofore that was problematic, so far as any real benefit was derived.

Several teachers, one in the case above, was even advised by her superintendent to waste no money in attending Columbia University for "it will do you no good."

These are just a few of the akward mix-ups, among others in the very same school; and we are told that it is practically the same case all over the state where the local superintendent has no pull with the authorities, or, through indifference or procrastination, did not move vigorously and earnestly to stop an injustice—injustice, it is.

BETTER START THIS NEW THING THAT AFFECTS SO MANY SACRIFICING, ELEGANT WOMEN LIKE THE LAW GOVERNING THE LICENSING OF DOCTORS AND LAWYERS WAS STARTED.

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A POWER RECOGNIZED.

In the course of a very just estimate, under the caption of "The Force Behind the Schools," Editor Harris, of the Charlotte Sunday Observer, very properly places much of the credit for the progress of educational matters in North Carolina with the country or county weeklies. Too long have these "laborers of love" been denied the honor of the important and useful parts they are playing in the affairs of the State.

We have contended all the while, and we know it to be a sound position, that many folks who broke the ice, laid the foundation, started the educational uprising, made the sacrifices, have been forgotten. Though he filled the position at a trying time and had to suffer some of the sins, real and imaginary, of the company he happened to find himself in, politically, but the fact remains that Mr. C. H. Mebane accomplished educationally, when State Superintendent, a work unsurpassed by any administration. There be few to-day who even remember him taking the advanced steps that gave class to his administration; and he did all that magnificent work on a salary of \$1,500, had one clerk at \$900 and a negro that served as janitor.

This writer knows beyond the shadow of doubt that his successor, General Toon, inaugurated the idea and started actual work in the consolidation of school districts, leading the way for two, three, four and five room school houses; yet folks, jumping on the Yankee educational band-wagon that was thriving on rich feedings in those days, monopolized the credit and the honor and to-day, by the inhumanity and the jealousies that go rampant in current history, General Toon is not even a dream. His was a practical knowledge gained down in the trenches of the rural districts; and the fine-spun theories that make for a season heroes of faddists and

frillers were subjects that never confused Mebane or Toon and seduced them from an intimate knowledge of conditions that must be met out in the sticks.

Very pointedly-- so pointedly the names are revealed between the lines-- Editor Harris concludes his sensible observation in these words:

"There are some men in the State who think they are big fellows and who are inclined to sit back and pat themselves as the chaps who have done it all, but it is the man who sometimes feels he would be glad to sign a year's subscription blank for a peck of potatoes who is the real factor in the establishment of the State's advancement in the cause of education. The influence that the country editor has exerted in making North Carolina known as one of the greatest educational States in the Union will scarcely ever become of even approximate appreciation."

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"DEACONS AGAINST PREACHERS."

The papers are airing a church difficulty that occurred in the city of Richmond. Editorial in the Sunday Observer sums up the facts and the testimony in the case as follows:

"Some of the ministers of Richmond have been conducting from their pulpits a crusade against dancing. It happened that at the reception given by the students of the John Marshall High School to Governor Davis, an informal dance figured in the program. Miss Julia Priddy, described as "a pretty 18-year-old choir singer" of the Woodland Heights Baptist church, participated in the dance, and was asked to resign from the choir and church. The suggestion was made by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Gunton. The board of deacons hearing of the action of the pastor, "called a meeting," and the chairman of the board, who was disposed to champion the cause of the young woman, was himself brought under the ban. Mr. Gunton asked him to "relegate himself to the scrap heap of religious inactivity." That the chairman flatly declined to do--and the end of the war thus precipitated is not yet in sight. The letter of censure the pastor would have sent the young lady was opposed by the chairman and his fellow-deacons upheld him, six to two. Instead of the letter of censure the offending choir singer will receive a visit from the board of deacons and the board "will express its regrets for the action of those responsible for her withdrawal from the choir and invite her to resume her place in the church." This Richmond case develops an unusual example of division between preacher and church officers."

Too great respect can not be accorded to the sincere, godly preacher, who out of love and devotion in season and out of season delivers the message of the Master to a sinful generation. But when a preacher puts on

"a holier than thou" air, sitting in judgment over his fellow-man, he is getting outside of the duties of his high calling. The simple fact of an ordination to the gospel ministry does not eradicate the "human" in a preacher. He's tempted as well as other men; and it is so much easier to tear down, destroy, than to build up, that small men, vicious men, men who have followed a losing and failing trail, and can point to nothing constructive and nothing worthwhile in their lives, become Everette Trues and try to convince the world that they are yet alive by attempting the regulation and the censorship of all mankind and its affairs.

Miss Priddy, "the pretty 18-year old choir singer," has evidently met up with a Virginia Everette True—they are everywhere. It "takes all kinds of folks to make up the world."

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CARRYING US BACK.

Elsewhere in this issue is a very interesting story of the past contributed by Captain Charles McDonald. While his story has its setting in Concord, the like of which has practically occurred in all of the older counties of the state.

The young reader and those who are not so young will shudder at the account of the practical programme observed in operating the old-fashioned whipping-post. Captain McDonald's memory is so fine that he even recalls the kind of dress the woman wore when she paid a personal visit to the whipping post. In those days, a person was fashionably and distinguishedly attired if she could afford a dress made of printed calico.

But we put a question to Captain McDonald that he could not answer. "Why did they lay on 39 lashes, and not 38, or 40, or some other number? Why was "39" adopted as the official number in meeting out punishment to the offender? It has been said that thirty-nine, being three unlucky "13s", was adopted in order to make the bad luck thrribly impressive. Others claim that it was a recognition of the dignity of the thirteen original colonies three times over.

But why was the punishment fixed at 39?

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Secretary Denby has recalled Admiral Sims, cutting short his leave of absence. Whose business is it to recall Harvey, who is, as has been just discovered, a kind of a Yarborough-House-made "Colonel"? This country has to suffer enough, and why should it be afflicted with such a miserable

misfit at the greatest court in the world?

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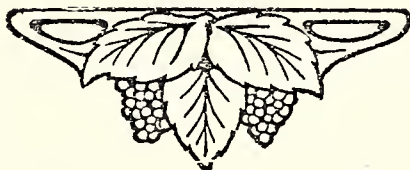
It is said that when one teacher meets another in these times, the question is not "where are you going to spend the vacation; where will you teach next year?" but "are you A, B, or C?"

THE TWO CRABS.

One fine day two Crabs came out from their home to take a stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking very ungracefully. You should accustom yourself to walking straight forward without twisting from side to side."

"Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you."

"EXAMPLE IS THE BEST PRECEPT."



“Ambushing The Department.”

(Editorial In Charlotte Observer.)

The Raleigh Times, in making comment on the editorials of THE UPLIFT and The Observer in discussion of what they called “the unjust classification of teachers,” was rather inclined to sneer at the claims of the “experienced” teachers. It maintained by implication that some of these teachers were inclined to rate themselves higher than the local school authorities were disposed to rate them. Its defense of Superintendent Brooks and his office was of the kind that manifestly fitted into the ideas the school teachers, themselves. The feelings of some

of these teachers are voiced in a letter The Observer has received from Maxton teacher, who was among others before the mighty throne a few days ago. She does not give her name, and we would not divulge it if she had signed the letter. Anybody could easily see what might happen to her in case she were standing in the open. Her name would have been safe with us in any event. She was writing in commendation of The Observer's comments in incorporating The Uplift's article. She had to let us know what she thought. “If you had visited the State Department on Monday, June 6th, as we did,” she takes occasion to observe, “you would have begun your editorial with a larger capital M in that word ‘Maybe.’” She continues: “Their attitude in the State Department's office is that we teachers are trying to get things that we do not deserve, when we're only asking help and advice. And they appear to be too busy to give it to us, each one handing over his job to some one else. Mr. Brower, with his all-powering air, passing you down to the secretary, Mrs. Delemar, and she seeming to think you want credits you do not deserve, when we only ask for instruction and help.”

Maybe there are other teachers who think as this Maxton teacher is thinking. “We are teachers with numbers of years experience,” she says, “and

have to be pushed down by the little silly, giggling graduate that sits at her piano in school room desk with the air, ‘I am the graduate of an A-1 College and have attended Summer School (only to learn how to make round pills) and know all the modern things that are here and are to come’.”

Then, by way of instance, our correspondent says she has a sister who is a piano teacher of 10 years' experience and who has made a success at every place she has taught. She has had three and a half years' college work, “and now she gets nothing because she cannot possibly get her 36 hours' work which entitles her to a music certificate.” “I will admit,” says our critic, “that the laws of the new regulations are rigid, but we would not mind the rigidness so badly if the members of the State Board Department of Education would be a little bit more courteous, a little more willing to answer any question the poor school teachers see fit to ask them. They are paid by the State to do that, but they are falling down on the job. By writing, you get nothing, and if you go in person their heads in the office seem to have the air, ‘What did you come here for?’”

We might as well go a little further with this school teacher, for she seems to be giving narration of personal experiences at educational headquarters. “I've spent a few hours in the office

and found everybody having the appearance of being heels over head in work, but not so. Mrs. Hattle Parrott, the teacher's friend who was once on the State Board, is the only one that condescended to lend a helping hand. After this I shall go to Mrs. Parrott and not to the all-assuming State Board." It is at this point our correspondent insists that she must stop, "lest I lose my dig-

nity."

Maybe the writer of these criticisms is nothing more than a teacher with a grievance---they write that way sometimes---but her representation dovetails in so well with the general line of talk going on over the state as to suggest the existence of some fire behind the smoke.

When Lincoln Refused To Rise.

A capital story of Lincoln's early political life is told in John Wesley Hill's new book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God" (Putman.) It seems that in 1846, during a canvas for Congress, Lincoln attended a preaching service of Peter Cartwright's. Cartwright called on all desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All arose but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not want to go to hell. Lincoln remained still seated. "I am surprised," said Cartwright, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go. "Lincoln slowly arose and replied. "I am going to Congress"

Preacher Broke Up A Dance And Became President.

By Jim Riddick

If time did not fly by so fast I could tell the exact year. It may have been 1911, or 1912, or before or after these dates, but it certainly did happen in Hendersonville that Rev. J. O. Atkinson, D. D., presiding at a meeting of the North Carolina Press Association in the absence of the president, broke up a dance without intending to do so---it was spontaneous under the influence of the programme of the evening.

I was there for a few days hanging around Hendersonville, watching how some rich folks act, some make-believe rich folks and just folks act when they get away from home. It's a sight! Daughters of liverymen and sons of blacksmiths mix and mingle with the daughters and sons of millionaires until it be-

comes a conglomerated mass, and one is led to believe that everybody is rich and has no poor kin---you feel like the only Lazarus on earth.

But to my story, which was brought back to memory by a recent meeting with that genial fellow, whom everybody likes or ought to, Dr. Atkinson, a strong, able minis-

ter of the Christain denomination, whose roosting place is at Elon College--I say roosting advisedly, because the Doctor is seldom at home. He is here and there throughout the state and in part of Virginia looking after the missionary cause of his church. Fine man, this Dr. Atkinson. Let him walk into the train door anywhere passing through central North Carolina and once a dozen or more people look up, feel better at once and ready for his kindly word. Some years ago, from overwork and a severe nervous strain, his friends were caused much alarm over the health of the Doctor. He knocked off for six months, settled himself in and about Asheville, and did nothing but eat, sleep and resign himself to the care and mercy of his Lord. He is himself again. And this be glad news to a wide and ever widening circle of admirers and friends.

One of the few times (during the little less than a half-century term of office of Secretary of the Press Association, John B. Sherrill, who had the fight of his life to get the Association to take the burden off his shoulders) when things seemed to go awry, Mr. Sherrill found the president called away, and the announced speakers failed to show up. Mr. Sherrill pressed Rev. Dr. Durham into service and asked Mr. Cook, of the Jackson Training School, to tell the boys about the institution. Dr. Durham had just finished a short experience as a special writer on the Charlotte Observer but being annoyed by the call for copy when he wanted to read or simply rejoice in an undisturbed line of thinking, quit the "special writing" job in disgust. Just at that time there were some

marked differences among the factions that have always existed in the dominant party of the state. In one of the most splendid oratorical efforts ever pulled off in a Press Association was the speaking of Dr. Durham that night.

Mr. Cook followed with a story of how boys were being reclaimed at the Jackson Training School, what the struggle had meant and the task yet confronting the institution. The Newspaper boys have always been deeply interested in the cause of the so-called bad boys, knowing full well it is more often a case of bad fathers or mothers or both, or none. He had the sympathetic following of the large audience; and concluding, the presiding officer, this man Atkinson, forgetting where he was and what he was presiding over and from the force of habit, jumped up, spread out his long arms, looked the great audience in the face and ordered: "Let us all join in singing the doxology---long metre." It was done. Dr. Durham accused Cook of slipping the switch on Dr. Atkinson; but not not so, for Atkinson was just following the bent of his mind and his soul.

Secretary Sherrill even went away feeling that he got away with a hard problem that night.

The prearranged dance by the editors' wives, sweethearts and visitors was called off in respect to a feeling in that neighborhood that that was no time for dancing or levity. But it is certain that that stunt that Dr. Atkinson pulled off, purposely, or accidentally, at the close of that meeting made him president of the North Carolina Press Association for the next year. And he made a good one, too.

Making The Most of Life.

A few days ago we were reading, says a certain writer, concerning a very successful business man, who has accumulated great riches. This man, while he was remarkably successful in business, did not allow his business to so absorb his mind and heart as to shut out the world and its various concerns from his thoughts. With too many the industrial and commercial interests in which they engage become a sort of armor to shield them from the social and benevolent interest of the world. It makes them forget that life is really something beyond getting rich. This great successful merchant, while he concentrated thought upon his business, did not isolate his mind from literary and social life. He acquired a large fortune, he built up a great business, but he remained sympathetic, sensitive and kind. He went into eternity leaving behind a memory of a life

useful and rich in good works. He loved books; he loved men, and even in the days when he was most strenuously active in the commercial world, he had much time for the manifestation of charity and love for his fellow-man. This man was an ideal American, for he exemplified the spirit of Christ in going about doing good. As opportunity offered, he served his fellow-man. The beauty and the richness of life are attained through cultivating a mind and heart for service, and not merely by acquiring a grasping hand for worldly gain.

Curiosities

There are curiosities in every realm of nature. One is to be found in the Scientific Institute, New York City. It is a diamond. We are told that this diamond was under a revolving grinding wheel for one hundred days. The wheel revolved so swiftly that in that time it had traversed a distance equal to three times the circumference of the globe, and that it worked under a weight of forty pounds instead of two pounds, as was usually the case. And yet with all this force no impression was made upon the diamond. The lapidary, having done his best without result, sent the diamond to the Scientific Institute as a curiosity. There are some people like that. God has been pouring His grace upon them, surrounding them with every blessing, visiting them with affliction, doing everything possible to change them into obedient children, and still they are unmoved, unchanged. They are in religious realm what that uncut diamond is in the material realm.

THE UPLIFT
EARLE GODBEY



Editor of the Greensboro News. This snap-shot was caught without his knowledge. The halo about his head is unaccountable, but by no means unfitting to the subject.

EDITOR EARLE GODBEY

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Mr. J. P. Cook came stealthily into the office the other night, and looked around furtively. "shh-h-h-h!" said he, or words to that effect. "is Mr. Godbey in?"

"No," said I, scenting a conspiracy and cheering up. "Did you want to see him?"

"Far from it," said he. "I want an article on Earle Godbey for THE UPLIFT, and I know better than to mention it to him. I like to present sketches now and then, for the benefit of the boys, of men who have had to make their own way, and have made it. So I would like for you to do one on the editor-in-chief of the Greensboro Daily News."

"Mr. Cook," said I, "would you have me butchered to make an UPLIFT holiday?"

So he said he would. Wherefore, having ascertained that my life-insurance policies are all in good shape, and made arrangements to spend the week that this issue of THE UPLIFT appears with relatives in Virginia, I take my typewriter in hand to write up a man who hates being written up. We shall inquire a little later into why he dislikes personal publicity so; but the first thing to do, if I understand Mr. Cook's requirements, is to tell you boys in THE UPLIFT shop why Earle Godbey, instead of pulling the bell-cord over a mule on an Iredell county farm, or standing at a case in some country newspaper office sticking type, is chief of the editorial staff of one of the biggest newspapers in the state.

Well, boys, it is one of the easiest things in the world to explain, and one of the hardest to understand. Some of you may remember that when Christy Mathewson was undisputed king of the game, it used to be said that you could go into the camp of almost any big-league base-

ball club and find a pitcher who had everything that Mathewson had, except the hop on his fast one. Apparently that wasn't much difference, but today nobody knows those men's names. There have always been plenty of good pitchers, but there was only one Matty. Earle Godbey in his boyhood probably was not noticeably different from a thousand other lads born and reared on the farms of Iredell county. But time has proved that there was a difference. Some time, somehow, somewhere, this particular boy learned how to do his work a trifle better, to pick up information a trifle faster, and to retain it a trifle longer than the nine hundred and ninety-nine. As the baseball writers would phrase it, he learned to put a hop on his fast one.

But the knowledge didn't come to him from any mysterious source unknown to ordinary folks. Perhaps he got part of it at Harmony, where he was born. Iredell county produces editors almost as other counties produce cotton and tobacco; Mills, of the New York Sun; Caldwell, whose Charlotte Observer was

THOUGHT POWER

NO THOUGHT is ever lost. The dye of it stains the universe.

A thought is even greater than the deed it begets, as a man is greater than any word he speaks.

Did you ever think of what an inestimable treasure your thoughts are to you?

Some silly people hate them. They are trying forever to run away from themselves. When left to their own resources they are bored, wretched and lonesome. They must be forever chattering or visiting or reading or listening to music. They have never come to the magnificent estate of being entertained by their own thoughts.

You have studied to strengthen your memory, to train your reason, to cultivate your imagination, but did you never address yourself to the simple question of how to enjoy your mind?

What a wonderful world is the thought world! The broad Empire of Great Britain upon which the sun never sets is a small spot compared to it. The earth on which we live and its companion planets and all the distant stars can be lost in it.

How quick and supple are your thoughts! They leap from ancient Babylon to future Utopia, they roam from Europe to Patagonia. They outdistance Puck in his flight around the earth. In one minute I can jump from Julius Caesar to Lord Kitchener and back again to Tubalcain, and I am not out of breath.

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

Thought knows no space. Everything is Here.

My distant beloved one dwells with me, the angels of God brush their wings past me.

Thoughts have no time. Past and present mean nothing to them. Everything is Now. In my thought NOW huge lizards of the days before man was created fly through the sky. Now Lucifer falls his nine long days from Heaven to the Pit, Now Alexander's legions roll through Mesopotamia, now Cromwell's Ironsides stand against the King. Is it not strange that a creature with such a faculty should become petulant, and sigh for something to amuse him, that we should dread to be left alone with this thought machine, which is at once magician, miracle-worker, cinematograph, phonograph and winged Mercury?

The whole art of life is how to use one's thoughts.

There lies our success, for it is our thoughts that get us what we want.

There lies our goodness, for it is our thoughts that make our holiness.

There lies our sin, for sin committed is bad enough, yet by its openness it is already half cured, while foul and wicked things that linger in the thought, are nursed in the mind and never are brought out into the clean air of action, rot and poison us through and through. The best thing I can do to help along the world is to think kindness, courage and beauty.

"Life" said Marcus Aurelius, "is what our thought makes it."

the first great liberal daily in the state; and Clark, whose Statesville Landmark set a new standard for country weeklies, came from the same county. In fact, Godbey certainly got part of his training in Iredell, for he worked under Clark; and no young fellow can hold a job under Rufe Clark for any considerable length of time without learning a vast respect for the king's English, and for clearness and accuracy in writing, at least.

His experience with city dailies, however, began at Ashville, when he went to work as a cub reporter for the Citizen; and in the course of four or five years he had so far mastered his craft as to rise to the managing editorship of the Gazette. In 1904, when W. A. Hildebrand combined that paper with his afternoon News, Godbey took the same position with this newspaper, the Gazette-News. In 1913 the death of Phillips left the Greensboro Daily News, another Hildebrand property, short of an editorial writer, and Godbey was chosen as associate editor of that paper. In 1918 Mr. Hildebrand sold his newspaper interest to his associates, including Godbey; and in the reorganization that followed he became editor-in-chief.

These are the successive steps in his career; but the bare sketch explains nothing. It is the "how" but not the "why." Mr. Godbey holds a big job in the newspaper world because newspaper proprietors have found that people like to read his writings; but why they like to read them is not so easily told. It is just on account of that elusive little something that other writers who may be able to write as clearly, as

accurately, and as easily, lack. A Godbey editorial has a hop on it. Through nine-tenths of its length it may be as plain as an old shoe--- never a word that is not familiar to any schoolboy, never a phrase that might not have been written by anybody accustomed to writing. But just at the right moment something happens---it may be a flash of whimsical humor, or the use of a homely phrase that illuminates the whole argument, suddenly and startlingly, as a flash of lightning does a landscape, or, more likely, a sentence or a paragraph that comes so pat upon what the reader himself was thinking as to make him jump. But whatever it is, it sends the message home with a crash; which is the whole object of the game.

And here, boys, is a bit of what the sporting writers would call real inside dope---Mr. Godbey himself probably couldn't tell you how he does it if he would, and he certainly couldn't consider it worth while to discuss it if you asked him. That is why Mr. Cook and I didn't ask him; for we have a pretty fair notion that the hop on his fast one and his disinclination to talk about it come from the same mental habit. Most men who have achieved anything in this world are not inclined to talk about themselves, and it isn't necessarily from modesty; it is rather on account of their genuine belief that their jobs are very much bigger than they are, and consequently that the very best that they can do will be none too much.

A man who would always like, and is always trying, to turn out a little better job than the best that he has ever done heretofore is very likely to consider that his past achievements

are not worth talking about. But he is certain, in the course of time, to become a good workman, and he is very likely to become an expert.

And such a course of training--giving it a little more speed every day, always adding a new twist,

forever experimenting with an eye to better result--is the one and only chance that any man has of waking up some fine day to the delightful realization that he is at last putting a hop on it.

Sculptors of Life.

"Our thoughts are tools, and the life substance is shaped with these tools. Every hour we can stand before our half-formed self and with tools a thousand times finer than those of the finest craftsman of the physical plane, we can cut, from our own thought atmosphere, forms of exquisite perfection, until body, environment, friends, even our whole life, is a world picture of peace, power, love joy, health, and wealth, limitless and free."

---Dr. Julia Seton.

A Glorious Meeting All By Themselves

The North Carolina Federation of Woman's Clubs held a largely attended meeting at Wrightsville Beach during the past week. The selfishness of the gathering---not a man appeared on the Beach during the gathering --- was only surpassed by the dignity of the women, their brilliancy and beauty that overrun the assembly and the gorgeous attire. Private information, and exclusive, comes to us that a more beautifully gowned assembly never before occurred in the history of the State. We believe it.

In attendance were some of the State's talented, determined souls. They possessed conviction, and the courage manifested in their support was an object lesson. Politics. Oh! yes that sphere of human endeavor played no little part. They---these precious women---have found out the power and influence of a "friend at court" and already they have passed down the word to the several counties that more women should aspire to the General

Assembly. Several nominations for several large and influential counties were suggested. That little woman, who soon changed her name after legislative experiences would probably have much company in the next assembly should she repent of her expressed sufficiency at making laws.

The State Federation meets next year in Greensboro---carrying the discussion of the questions that concern the women, the public and the state right out into the open, in the very heart of the state. And,

why not? It is pleasing to everybody, the men included, that the brilliantly conducted office of president, as administered in the recent past by Mrs. Hooks, has fallen into equally capable and dignified hands. The Convention, by unanimous vote, elected to the Presidency of the Federation, Mrs. Sidney Cooper, of Henderson, one of the state's hand-

somest and most brilliant women.

To pick out one woman, and become the head of an organization of ten thousand good and fine North Carolina women, is no small job. And the lady who merits the un-naimous selection has thrust upon her an honor little short of the biggest thing that can be bestowed.

How To Jump.

"It's always dangerous to jump at conclusions," said the careful man; "you're likely to make yourself ridiculous, to say the least."

"That's right," replied the other, "I jumped at the conclusion of a ferryboat once and missed it."

Tyranny Of Engagement---Death In The Rush.

After man gets over his baby ills and the death-toll among the children is a crime against our civilization---he either rusts out from inactivity or wears out from nervous energy and fretting. This thing you call "conservative" is found, but most generally in the dictionary, and very seldom among the sons of men.

When a self-made man sheds his habiliments of struggle and menial jobs, and his brain and capacity are discovered to such a degree that he is called higher in the affairs of a corporation, then you find the arrogance, generally, of inaccessibility. He is domiciled off behind glass partitions, has a call-bell, a stenographer and an attendant, who acts like he is serving a potentate of considerable dimension. Getting into the inner office and securing an interview with the boss, is an artist's job.

A certain North Carolinian was invited to New York, some years ago, for a conference that particularly affected the affairs and fortunes

of the New Yorker. A date was fixed. The "go-between" announced his boss engaged, and requested that the tarheel called at 2 P. M. Returning at that hour, the man in the glass show-case sent out word that an important interview could not be concluded for some hours and requested that the North Carolinian "come around in the morning at 10." That performance kept up for more than a week. The North Carolinian, becoming disgusted, mailed the New Yorker a polite note that "business called him back home, and when you consider that you actually have the time to conduct the interview, communicate me with me at Wil-

ington, N. C."

The New York sickened at an early age---great, big, handsome, robust fellow---wasted away and is in his grave just because of the tyranny of a slave's life. A certain writer, of wide observation, on this subject delivers himself rather interestingly as follows:

Many persons lay out too much to be done each day. We seem not to learn, even after long experience, that we have limitations, and that the body and mind can stand only so much. Everyone about us is hurrying. The pace set is almost killing. We catch the fever. Excitement is contagious. We are all under its spell, and yet we know the penalty of it. Still we keep on making engagements. We load up a schedule we know we cannot carry. In re-

ality we should not try to do too much any day. The overload program weakens us, brings us below par, causes us to be irritable, saps our energies and makes us satisfied with work not any too well done. If we have too many engagements we should cancel some of them. It were better to undertake only so much of any kind of service that we can perform with ease. There is no slavery quite so uncomfortable as the slavery to engagements. The tax we place upon ourselves in our several callings tends to break up the joy of our home life and to rob us of peace of mind. To many persons a lighter schedule of duties would hold back old age and infirmity and greatly increase the joy of living.

Nobility.

Man's acts proclaim nobility, and not the kingly crest;

For he's the noblest who performs life's trying duties best.--Adelia C.

Graves.

Mistress of Her Key---A Woman Full of Secrets.

The immortal 16 to 1 figures in this story; but the "Peerless" does not. Perhaps there is not a man, with reasonable intelligence, having reached the age of maturity---and, by the way, we include the women in this declaration---that does not actually smile when he hears mentioned "16 to 1."

It's a very delicate matter to make remarks about ages when you tackle a proposition involving the gentler sex. This story has nothing to do with the personal history of the talented woman, the sensible woman, the capable woman, the business woman, who absolutely refused to

make it possible for THE UPLIFT to introduce her likeness to further its purposes. Enough to say that she counts Ninety-six, South Carolina, her native place.

Finishing school, having an industrious temperament and an ambition to contribute to business affairs her

might and talent, 1 young girl 16 years ago applied to the Western Union Telegraph Company for a position to learn telegraphy. The only position, of the kind sought, open at the time was the office in Concord, then managed and directed by one of the most capable officers ever in the employ of the Western Union. What mattered the enforced necessity of leaving home, her state, she had made up her mind to demonstrate to mankind that there is a woman who could keep a secret--and, bless your soul, who in the world gets on the inside of as many secrets as a telegraph operator in a town that contains all kinds of folks, that get into a hurry and entrust telegrams that are far-reaching, sometimes terrible, involving death, business, scandal, quarrel, divorces, murder and what not! There is one woman in the United States that can keep secrets.

Sixteen years ago there reported for duty to Mr. R. L. McConnell, manager of the Western Union at Concord, Miss Virginia Foushee, of Ninety-six, S. C. "I am directed," said the young woman to Mr. McConnell, as she entered his office early one morning, "to report to you, to begin the service of learning the telegraphy business in all of its phases."

Miss Foushee proved a very apt student. She went at the work as if life were at stake. She never recited a "bad lesson." The key of the ticker responded readily and musically to her touch. Some people have trouble learning the English alphabet and some never learn the Multiplication Table, but Miss Foushee learned the alphabet as used in the telegraph offices in less than forty-eight hours. In a marvelously short time

she became the mistress of the little ticker that handles lightning and communicates to the uttermost part of the earth the struggles and purposes, the attempts and aspirations of mankind.

Handling a message over the wire, quickly and accurately, is by no means all that enters in the successful career of an operator. There are details that require a high class of ability, if an office is to run smoothly and the company is to avoid lawsuits upon law-suits. It is safe to say, since Miss Foushee became the manager of the Concord office of the Western Union, and that was early in her experience in telegraphy, (for the former manager became Judge of the Municipal Court, and this young South Carolina woman, now one of the finest Tarheels imaginable, possessed the qualifications.) There is no office in the entire system that is freer of errors, having less complaints, or more satisfactorily conducted from the standpoint of the public than is the office over which Miss Foushee is the mistress.

This young woman is so efficient and so courteous, and always looking for business, that no opposition telegraph company could survive in the city. It has been tried out. If every Western Union office were manned or womaned by the same type of efficient service as Miss Foushee maintains day in and day out, the other companies would be put out of commission and the Western Union would take the earth.

This practical and earnest little woman can surmount every difficult proposition that enters into the affairs of her delicate business. "Oh, yes I have some troubles, but I

guard against involving myself in the responsibility of errors for which I am not to blame," she said in answer to a question as to how easily she handles the proposition without any friction with the public. "Some-time ago," remarked the bright little woman, "a man, preparing to take the train, sent up a telegram by a Jitney-driver to be transmitted. He said in his message that he would meet the party at a certain hotel, but failed to write the name of the party for whom the telegram was intended. He merely addressed it Danville. The man was gone, and I had his money, so I just sent the message to Danville, and the operator at Danville reported the telegram undelivered because 'Danville' could not be located."

"That was easy money, Miss Foushee?" "Not very," she replied, "I had to conduct some correspondence over the matter with the man

who filed by proxy the message. When he reached Danville, and his party failed to meet him, he grew furious and satisfying himself that the desired party had never received the telegram, he came back and demanded of me the message toll and twenty-five dollars to cover his trip to Danville, or fight a law-suit. I showed him his original copy, and he walked out without saying 'peeturkey.' "

Miss Virginia Foushee has done practically all the telegraph business in Concord for sixteen years, and, so far as the patrons of the company at this office is concerned, she may have the office just as long as she wants it, with the blessings and the appreciation of the public. This is the record of a faithful, accurate, business-like little woman that controls a monopoly---a very highly respectable monopoly that no one desires to destroy or hobble.

A True Spook Story

By Harry and Herbert Reichard

Many years ago Lutherans, Moravians, Reformed, Friends and other religious people landed on the shores of the Delaware. Quite a number of these people located in what are known as Northampton and Lehigh Counties. These good people brought with them their Bibles, and in forming settlements used Bible names. As a result we have such places as Bethlehem, Nazareth, Egypt and the Jordan Creek in these counties of Pennsylvania. The Jordan Creek flows through the city of Allentown, where Muhlenberg College and the Good Shepherd Home are located. Bethlehem was first settled by Moravians. Here they have a college, church and cemetery. During the winter following the Civil War the town of Bethlehem was stricken with an epidemic. There were many deaths. The doctors, undertakers and grave-diggers were compelled to work early and late. Many of the unfortunate victims of the disease found their last resting place in the old Moravian cemetery, and John Schmidt, the grave-digger, found it necessary to have

his son John, assist him during the epidemic. Mr. Schmidt, Sr., wore a cotton suit of work clothes that had bleached white by its many washings. He also had a white beard and gray hair. The Moravian cemetery is located in the center of the town, adjoining the church. It was surrounded by a picket fence with swinging gates at convenient places. A well-worn path runs through the center, for hundreds of Bethlehem people find it convenient to pass that way. Late one October afternoon John Schmidt was directed to prepare a grave. He left his home, leaving word that his son John should come to help him. He had half completed the new grave when he heard the swinging gate; it was now quite dark, and, looking up,

saw a young man coming his way, and called, "Johann, kummst du endlichehal?" This in English would mean, "John, are you coming at last?"

Now it happened that the young man was not the son of the gravedigger, but his name was also John. He had started across the cemetery to visit his best girl, who lived on the other side of the town. The young man, entering the cemetery, was attracted by someone calling his name, and seeing the white form moving around in a grave became panicstricken, and ran back to town, telling everybody that he had seen a ghost in the cemetery. For months after many residents of Bethlehem related the above story to friends and visitors.

John Brown Didn't "Bless Negro Babies"

(THE UPLIFT containing the story of the arrest and execution of John Brown fell into the hands of Col. Harris M. King, Supervising Inspector of Naval Stores at Savannah, Georgia. Col. Harris writes a most interesting letter touching upon this character, which, in some sections, has been made famous and in others infamous. Letters have been received from parties in Kansas, Texas, Pennsylvania, New York and Oklahoma, expressing appreciation of the opportunity to see something about this notorious character from an eye witness. Along with this the thought will not down that THE UPLIFT though a six-month's old youngster is traveling safely far from home.)

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the copy of the THE UPLIFT, containing the article by Col. Gregory in reference to the hanging of John Brown. I was interested in this historical event on account of the fact that in my early childhood days, my mother took me on a visit to Charlestown, W. V., where this

event occurred, and it has been impressed on my mind ever since.

I wish to also call your attention to a painting in the Metropolitan Hall, Central Park, New York City, entitled the last moments of John Brown, or some other similar title, in which it was shown Brown marching to the gallows, surrounded by a

crowd of negroes, many of them women, holding their children out to him so that he could give them his blessing as he passed, giving the idea that he was a martyr, giving up his life for the cause he had undertaken. The facts in the case are that Brown was a criminal of the lowest type; advocating the abolition of slavery by inciting the slaves to murder their owners, and endeavor to get them to join him in an insurrection of lawlessness, which very few of them cared to do. From Dr. Mason, a physician living at Charlestown, my mother learned that on the day of Brown's execution, the negroes were simply almost scared to death, for fear that the authorities would think some of them had been favoring his ideas for starting a rebellion against the laws of the land, and so far as any of them being out to get his blessing, it was a physical impossibility to get one of them to leave the houses in which they lived. The painting, therefore, is historically incorrect in every respect, and is in fact, a downright lie; and when I saw it about twenty years ago, I had just returned from a little pleasure trip to Europe,

and was in company with a young Spaniard and a Hanovarian, who had been companions on the steamer over from Rotterdam. I stood in front of the painting, and in tones loud enough for many of the people in the room to hear, I expressed myself, denouncing it as a historical lie, referring at the same time to the character of Brown, and the insurrections he had undertaken, first in his native state of Kansas, and then his idea of starting the abolition of slavery by killing all the whites and putting the negroes in to take their property.

For myself, will say that I am the eldest son of Col. Barrington S. King, who lost his life at the head of his command on March 19th, 1865, at the Battle of Avarisboro, in your state, during the charge of Kilpatrick's camp. I think that such infamous paintings as I have referred to should be destroyed, for they are absolutely untrue, and give the coming generations wrong ideas as to history; to say nothing of the idea of making a martyr out of a criminal of the lowest description."

Yours very truly,
Harris M. King.

The Hard Knot.

The boy who, when he comes to a hard knot in the wood he is sawing, throws it back on the pile and looks for an easier piece, is forming the disastrous habit of surrendering to difficulty. If you come to a knot in your piece of cordwood, saw through it. If you come to a difficult problem in the midst of easy ones, let the latter alone and grind away at the hard one till you master it. In seeming trifles we form the habits that des life's success or its failure

Reminiscences.

By Capt. Chas. McDonald

I was two years and three months old when my parents came to Concord to live in September 1840, too young to remember the journey from Pennsylvania; but before I was three years old I began to notice and remember things. The population of Concord, I was told, was about 200. My parents boarded with Mrs. Mahan, whose residence occupied the grove where now stands the Morris building, when demolished for the erection of that building it was the oldest house in Concord. Mrs. Mahan owned several slaves, and among the number was "Jocky" who was brought to this country in a slave ship, and sold into slavery on arrival which was at Charleston, S. C. I think he came from Guinea on the west coast of Africa. He was small in stature and with decided monkey facial fea-

tures. He was an interesting character to us youngsters on account of his quaint ways and quaint speech. We were told that Jockey on one occasion was carrying a cross-cut saw on his shoulder and put the teeth next to his neck, which of course, made it very uncomfortable for him; he shifted it to the other shoulder and still put the teeth side to his neck, when he said "Damee de saw and damee de man dat made de saw widd teeth on both sides." On another occasion his mistress was scolding him for some negligence in his work when he said to her "You goee in de housee, you talkee too much out here," I will now venture the opinion that when the first slave was landed on the shores of our country, the great war between the States was conceived, in the fullness of time broke forth in a struggle lasting 4 years, and the result of the war nearly freed the white people of the South from the incumbrance of slavery and enabled them to start on the wonderful progress which has since followed

throughout our Southland, and where it is destined to continue for an indefinite period of time.

Just opposite the Mahan residence stood the jail. Its narrow iron-barred windows made a deep impression on my youthful mind, especially when told that the bad folks of the county were confined there. The jail was a one story brick structure and the front entrance was immediately from the pavement.

Dr. Kiah P. Harris, the grandfather of the present editor of the Charlotte Observer, kept the hotel in Concord for many years. He was an old time Southern gentleman and as a landlord knew how to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guests." I can remember when he wore his hair in a queue down his back, and always wore ruffled shirt fronts. I have a indistinct recollection of seeing him wearing knee breeches. On one occasion when, in the long ago, before the days of railroads and telegraph, when the week arrived for

holding a term of Superior Court, on Monday morning of that week no judge appeared, day after day of the week passed and still no judge. Late in the day on Saturday a gentleman drove up to the hotel in an old fashioned jig much used in those days and before the advent of buggies, the Doctor stepped forward to greet him. The gentleman said, "I am Judge Dick and have come to hold court here next week." He in reply said, "You are a d—d pretty Dick. Here we have been waiting all week for you to come, if you keep on maybe you can catch up with your next court." The judge protested that he was unable to travel any further that day. The doctor got him off early Sunday morning that he might catch up with his next court, which I think was to be held in Wadesboro.

We had a court in those days, and up to the adoption of the constitution in 1868, known as the "Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions." It was presided over by three magistrates, who were privileged to wear their hats on the bench. I can yet see the faded high silk hat of Esq. Lewis B. Krimminger, and the bright shiny silk hat of Esq. R. C. Cook, more familiarly known as Dick Cook, set jauntily on the left side of his head. As the three magistrates I have seen Col. John Shimpack of Mt. Pleasant, or Col. Tom Robeson, of Poplar Tent. This court had the prerogative of fixing prices of certain commodities. In looking over some old court records I noticed the price of whiskey was fixed at 12½ cents per quart. Nowadays, I am told, it sells for 10 to 12 dollars per quart.

In the year 1842 Dr. Harris bought

the jail property from the county and tore the building down and used the brick in the erection of the one story brick row now on the property, and which were used by our professional men as offices until some years after the war, before they began to be used for business purposes. The county then bought the lot on the corner of Union and West Depot Street. The Pearl Drug Store and the Concord Furniture building occupy the lot where was erected the jail. A two story brick building, the first floor of which was occupied by the sheriff and family. On the second floor were the prisoner's cells, and a debtors' room fairly comfortably furnished. In those days a person could be imprisoned for debt, and, if after remaining a certain length of time, could and would take an oath of insolvency were released. These debtors also had the privilege of what was known as "prison bounds," that is they could walk out and go the length of the designated bounds, which, as I recollect, extended from the jail to the square then at the intersection of Corbin and Union streets, where and in the immediate vicinity was collected the business houses of the town. It was told me that a citizen of the county was imprisoned for debt, read medicine and became on his release quite a prominent physician in the county, no State Medical Society or Examining Boards then, only a license fee to be paid the state.

On the South side of this new jail was located the whipping post, a three storied structure covered by a hip roof with a center post some 18 inches in diameter. On the first floor was the whipping post, in the second floor the "stocks" and on the

third floor the "pillory." In "stocks" were confined the legs and arms, the convicted one sitting on the floor. In the pillory the legs, arms and head were confined. The punishment in the pillory was said to be excruciating. I don't remember how long at a time the sentenced person or how many times, had to undergo this punishment. I have seen several men whipped on the bare back and given 39 lashes. Nearly every lick would bring the blood. I saw a woman whipped and strange to say she had been convicted of stealing burying clothes. She was whipped over her dress, which is still seen in my mind's eye a faded calico dress, with darkish colored fringes. I thought the sheriff laid the licks on very lightly, and that she was not severely hurt. The whipping post was open to view and crowds would gather to view the whipping.

Cabarrus county was taken from Mecklenburg county by legislative enactment in 1793. Then when it became necessary to locate a county seat the trouble began. One faction wanted it located two miles south of its present site, and the other faction wanted it located just

north one mile. Feeling ran high, and only a letter from Stephen Cabarrus, Speaker of the House of Commons, as it was then called, now called the House of Representatives, when the county was formed, together with a donation of 26 acres of land by Samuel Hoey for a site, brought the two factions together the town of Concord located, "Concord" because of harmonious agreement, and its principal street "Union Street" because its continuation connected both of the disputing locations. Col. Daniel Coleman and Godfrey Winecoff, both born in the last decade of the 18th century, pointed out to me the exact spot where the out building stood in which the early courts of the county was held, until a court-house could be built, in the selected site. The ground where this out building stood is now occupied by North Church Street and immediately opposite the old McDonald dwelling, a part of which was built by Michael Milnster in 1816, the then owner of the tract of land. It was on this tract of land the advocates of the upper location of the county desired the town located.

Institutional Notes.

(Prof. W. M. Crooks, Reporter.)

Miss Mary Gaither, of the office force, is spending several days in Asheville.

Miss May Penland of Morganton, is visiting her mother at fourth cottage this week.

Mr. G. H. Lawrence, of second

cottage, was in Durham the past week on business.

Rev. T. W. Smith delivered an excellent sermon at the Chapel Sunday. His text is to be found in Isaiah 59:1.

The new flag presented to the school by our thoughtful friends, The King's Daughters, now graces the pulpit in the Chapel, manifesting our true Americanism.

Our newly born Baseball Team staged a snappy exhibition at the Athletic field Saturday, when they crossed bats with the team from Rocky River. When the clouds cleared away we seemed to have the big end, by a score of 2-1.

Faces certainly did brighten around the printing office when the message came that the new chases had arrived. The old ones have long ago served their purpose. Now the anxiety when carrying forms, we hope, will be a thing of the past.

The new addition to the printing office, a room of considerable size, is taking form. The printing office has been very much hampered by the scarcity of space since the beginning of the publication of THE UPLIFT. Now that the Linotype has been purchased and shipped, something had to be done to solve this handicap of space, so the only solution was to build a room in which

to house this pleasing addition to the printing plant. Those longing eyes of the printers will soon be gratified by the Linotype's presence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Helms, of the Miss. Training School spent Friday at the school. Mr. Helms seemed favorably impressed with the school in every detail. Of course, as he is the Band Instructor of the Miss. School, he wanted to see and hear our talent. Upon seeing our fine assortment of instruments, he almost turned pale. But when the concert was finished, the inner man of him prompted congratulations; so they were bestowed abundantly and were received appreciatively, because we know that he knew. Those Miss. boys are said to have some band.

After being entertained by the various talent of the school, including singers, declaimers, orators and musicians, they departed in the evening.

Glimpses of John Burroughs's Youth

By Jane A. Stewart

It was granted to John Burroughs to count more than eight times ten in the multiples of life, whose happiness he so beautifully described.

Often in his letters, in his essays and in private conversation he referred to his joy in life. He delighted to dwell mainly on his youth. Small wonder! For blithely can he sing with Coleridge,

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature Hope and Poesy
When I was young."

A comfortable home on a fertile farm, a merry group of ten brothers and sisters, a good father, a devoted mother--all had their share in the

bright and joyous boyhood of John Burroughs.

There was no dullness, gloom and little pressure of poverty about the

Burroughs home. Happy lot for a boy poet and naturalist!

His farm home, too, was a fortunate birth place for a lover of nature and a poet. (His grandfather, Eden Burroughs, cleared the place and built a log house there in 1795.) The village of Roxbury (near where John Burroughs was born, April 3, 1837) is romantically located among the hills, on the watershed of the Pepacton River (the east branch of the Delaware River) in Delaware County, N. Y. The Pepacton gave its name to one of Burroughs's books.

"The land here is old geologically, dating back to the Devonian Age," said John Burroughs, speaking of his native farm. "It is a land which has never suffered violence at the hands of the inner-terrestrial forces. The strata are all horizontal, and the steepest mountain slopes are clothed with soil. In the Spring when the plow has turned the turf, I have seen the breasts of these broad hills glow like the breasts of robins."

He exclaimed with boyish enthusiasm and loving remembrance: "The old farm, bending over the hills and dipping down into the valleys, the woods, the streams, the springs, the mountains, and father and mother, under whose wings I was so protected, and all my brothers and sisters—how precious the thought of them all!"

The Burroughs young people were a jolly lot. They had little money and much work, but their life was a happy one. John was the seventh in the family (of six boys and four girls,) two of whom died in childhood and only one (his younger brother, Eden) is still living. His

beloved oldest brother, Hiram ten years older than himself, stood next to his father and mother in affections of John Burroughs. And his favorite young sister, Abigail, appreciated her brother's books and his ideals more than any other member of the family.

John was the "odd one" in the family. He took a different interest in the farm things, in the wild life about him—a sort of interest which they could not understand. Even his father, who had been a country school teacher in youth, had no sympathy with John's love for books. "What is an algebra?" he asked curly when John begged for money with which to buy one. He had never heard of algebra and couldn't see why it was needed. He had little faith in visionary John and doubted if he would ever amount to anything.

"He was a loving father all the same," says Mr. Burroughs in affectionate remembrance. "He couldn't understand my needs, but love outweighs understanding."

There was lots of good hard work for him to do, but John loved best to study the bees and birds, to go fishing and dream about the great world. He often went as a boy on fishing excursions with his octogenarian grandfather, Edmund Kelly, who was a Revolutionary War veteran and who had been at Valley Forge under Washington during that terrible winter the Continental Army spent there. He studied the bees and flowers and knew them all, and had a collection of bumble bees before he was in his teens, having names of his own for the different kinds.

One of the neighbors had a fine

breed of chickens with large top-knots, which greatly charmed John, who used to hang around for hours at a time admiring them. "The top-knot was the extra touch---the touch of poetry---that I have always looked for in things!" he exclaimed quaintly.

From the day when he heard a strange bird in the woods--his first warbler---his thought was turned to bird study. He used to capture song sparrows by clasping his hat over the nest in the side of the bank along the road.

John Burroughs studied and attended country school and helped on the farm until he was seventeen. Then he began to teach country schools, studying during vacations. He also began to write. He found that his mind was full of ideas and thoughts born of his boyhood's love

of rural things, his life on the farm, his accurate observation and his wonderful memory.

The thought had often occurred to him that he would know the birds better some day. The works of John James Audubon, which he first read in 1863, when he was twenty-seven years of age, gave him the impulse to go forward on this line. He wrote his first bird essay, "The Return of the Birds," that year. It was then, too, that he went to Washington as a government clerk, where he remained ten years.

Amid all his work in clerking and in bank examining, in which his accurate, keen eye made him an expert, John Burroughs kept his love of nature. During forty years he has won thousands of people to country life.

Leave Track In Good Shape.

It was not necessary to stop the train to fix it, nor to send back a signal to warn the train following. But both were done, so as to leave the track in good shape for others. The loaded train was hurrying to its journey's end, when there was some bumping, indicating trouble with the track. A rail had been broken, but the slow-moving freight train had passed safely over and could have gone on, leaving the next train of ten coaches loaded with people to get over, or be wrecked, and nobody would suppose that the crew of the freight train knew of the broken rail.

It is a noble trait to think of those following us, and to leave the track in good shape for them. Leaving stumblingblocks in a blind man's path is no meaner than allowing the mistakes we make and the accidents we have to hinder or hurt others. We praise the pioneers who went first and got everything ready for our use and comfort. Let us not forget that the next generation and even those coming immediately behind us, will praise us or curse us because of the shape in which we leave the track.

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Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
1:12 a	30	New York - Birmingham - -	30	1:12 a
2:56 a	29	Birmingham-New York - - -	29	2:56 a
5:00 a	44	Washington-Charlotte - - -	44	5:00 a
6:47 a	31	Augusta-New York - - - -	31	6:47 a
9:06 a	137	Atlanta-New York - - - -	137	9:06 a
10:00 a	11	Charlotte-Norfolk - Richmond	11	10:00 a
11:07 a	36	New York Bir'gham New Or	36	11:07 a
3:45 p	46	Danville-Westminister - - -	46	3:45 a
3:20 p	45	Westminister-Danville - - -	45	3:20 p
7:10 p	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta - -	12	7:10 p
8:20 p	35	Birmingham New Or New Y'k	35	8:20 p
8:00 p	32	New York-Augusta - - - -	32	8:00 p
9:30 p	138	New York-Atlanta - - - -	138	9:30 p
10:30 p	43	Atlanta-Danville - - - -	43	10:30 p

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A WONDERFUL TOWN.

The fact that the furniture manufacturers of High Point have joined in and recently completed a million dollar steel concrete Furniture Display Building, has brought forth no little notoriety for the hustling little city. In nearly a column editorial, with the text "High Point's Advertising Enterprise," the Greensboro News, among other things, brings out most forcibly the distinction between "publicity" and "advertising" in this admirable manner:

Common as it is for people to confuse the terms, there is the same difference between publicity and advertising that there is between notoriety and fame. Publicity is indiscriminate; advertising discriminates fastidiously. Publicity is as likely to play up a bad point as a good one; advertising is the art of stressing excellencies. The business world has long since learned that a lying advertisement invariably does more harm than good in the long run; but the advertiser is an advocate, not a witness, and while he is under compulsion to tell the truth, he has the privilege of selecting the truths he is to tell.

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THE AMOUNT IS STAGGERING.

Has any one figured out approximately what will come into the State treasury via the automobile license tax? Monkeying with just a little calculation, the amount runs so high that it staggers one. Just an old Buick

had to pay last year \$10.00 for the privilege of showing itself on the public roads. This year it is \$20.00. Suppose all the cars, including the Fords as cars, were averaged at the license cost of the Buick, and this is probably a fair average, and more than 150,000 licenses are issued, it brings into the treasury something like--just a little afraid to mention a number in that class--three millions of dollars annually; and this does not take into account the tax from the sale of gas. It does look like the fellow, who has money, would regard the bonds to be issued as having fine backing and a substantial foundation.

There is indication, however, that many a car that operated last year will remain in the shed or be dumped on the scrap heap, because of the increased license tax and the pressure of the times; but like a saloon keeper of Raleigh years ago when reminded of the many new-year's resolutions, so phiosophically and prophetically replied: "They will all come back; or others will take their place."

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NUMBER OF STRIPES BIBLICALLY FIXED.

In speaking editorially in our last of the interesting article by Capt. Charles McDonald, who was telling so splendidly of certain things that he saw when a boy, years ago in Concord, among them the whipping-post in action, we boldly announced the good captain could not answer the question why it was seen fit to adopt 39 lashes, and not 40, more or less, in meeting out punishment to offenders of the law.

Mrs. Jas. C. Gibson, one of the best informed women of the State, referring to this matter, could not conceal a surprise that Capt. McDonald had overlooked some scriptural explanation of the 39-lash punishment. She also invited the editor to read the 24th verse of the 11th chapter of II. Corinthians, which is: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one." St. Paul was enumerating the punishment and hardships that fell to his lot; but St. Paul, as we see it and accept it, was badly treated for doing his duty and standing for the right, while Captain McDonald's woman attired in a faded calico dress was being punished for doing a wrong, stealing burial clothes. The Jews did some awful things in those days, and all the Gentiles, in the various periods of mankind, have not been guiltless.

We are reminded by this incident, being satisfied with Mrs. Gibson's explanation, that the late Judge Montgomery, when at the times he had nothing special to do, spent much time with his friends in recalling past

events, and on one occasion he declared: "You can get pretty much all the worthwhile information you need in the course of life by consulting the Bible."

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UNTHINKABLE.

The Charlotte Observer quotes this from the Yorkeville Enquirer and places over it what comes from its very soul--"UNTHINKABLE:"

The North Carolina State Highway Commission has adopted a blueprint of proposed Asheville-Charlotte-Wilmington Highway that leaves Cleaveland Springs off the route when by a divergence of only a mile or two Cleaveland Springs can be included over a road as good as those to be traveled in leaving that place. The Charlotte Observer has called attention to the facts in a clear and comprehensive statement which seems to make it unthinkable that the North Carolina State Highway Commission would fail to revise its route sufficiently to bring in such an important point as Cleaveland Springs.

Our good friend, Col. Harris, can find a more "unthinkable" attempt nearer at home. It appears that he has been lending editorial encouragement to a change in a very important road, which now serves two intervening towns, five or six churches, four high schools, one state institution, innumerable citizens, rich agricultural lands, and through a territory having possibilities and probabilities of many industrial plants, for another route that can boast of nothing in a class with these. Those, who are familiar with the situation and have local development encouraged in the happiest and surest manner at heart, regard this case far more "UNTHINKABLE" than simply missing a mineral Spring.

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GREAT AFFLICTION.

Many friends and acquaintances throughout North Carolina will be pleased to know that Prof. D. Matt Thompson, of Statesville, who has been in a Richmond Hospital since last December under treatment for injuries received by being knocked down by an automobile, is able to be brought home. It has been a severe trial to the aged educator, but uncomplainingly he has borne his great injury and enforced absence from his passion, the school room.

The affliction overtaking this notable family was not confined to father Thompson alone; the wife of Hon. Dorman Thompson has been quite ill in a Richmond Hospital, and Prof. Walter Thompson, superintendent of the Methodist Children's Home at Winston-Salem has been in a critical condition

from a frightful illness. May these good people be long spared for the delight and pleasure of their numerous friends and for their great and unselfish service to the State. It is rare that so much sorrow enters one family at one and the same time. That substantial and high-minded young lawyer, Senator Thompson, has stood up under a strain that would break the average nerve and constitution. May the silver linings grow clearer and bigger.

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Perhaps no town in the State is stirring educationally more than the city of Salisbury. They have recently voted a big block of bonds for the enlargement of the school plant; and they have one of the best prepared and thorough school men, Prof. Andrews, in charge of the schools, and last but not least, the Board of Trustees has just re-elected Col. A. H. Boyden chairman. Enough said.

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The manufacture of extracts, for flavoring purposes, has gotten some folks into trouble. There are so many ways of "whipping the devil around the stump" that the courts are kept busy. Solicitor Breck has written a peice for the papers and if you contemplate baking a cake in his district, you had better be careful how you select your flavoring-concoction---in fact, better cut it out and just use salt and some prune juice.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog looking out for its afternoon nap jumped into the Manger of an Ox and lay there cosily upon the straw. But soon the Ox, returning from its afternoon work, came up to the Manger and wanted to eat some of the straw. The Dog in a rage, being awakened from its slumber, stood up and barked at the Ox, and whenever it came near attempted to bite it. At last the Ox had to give up the hope of getting at the straw and went away muttering:

"AH, PEOPLE OFTEN GRUDGE OTHERS WHAT THEY CANNOT ENJOY THEMSELVES."

“Not One Person Out of Ten Knows The Flag of State.”

During the past ten days this writer has had occasion to ask no less than fifty or more people, who were thought pretty well-versed in State history, the question “who designed the flag of North Carolina?”

Unable to answer to the very man and woman, the great majority, looking regretfully into the distance or down at the ground, remarked each in almost the identical dismissal: “Not one person out of ten knows the flag of his state.” That is a fact, a humiliating fact.

At the entrance of the grounds of the Jackson Training School and fronting the Memorial Bridge (which the King's Daughters donated out of respect and love for the North Carolina soldiers, who went across the seas, including the 28 of our own former pupils, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice, one of them the first North Carolina soldier to lose his life in the Great World War.) there are being erected two high steel flagpoles, the gift of Mr. E. B. Grady, a very faithful and helpful friend of this institution. From one, high in the air, will float “Old Glory” and from the other our own beautiful flag. The young fellows at the institution all know the story of the origin of the flag of the United States, but suspecting that the story of our state flag was not familiar to them, this writer sought the information. We are now convinced the ignorance of us all is an indictment that should make us ashamed.

It's all right to say and feel that you love your state, but the genuine article of love will drive you sooner or later to get on familiar speaking terms with the State flag, which is charmingly beautiful and inspiring. “Is it not strange,” remarked Mrs. M. Annette Harris, “that nowhere in any North Carolina history is there any reference whatever to the

State flag?” And it is this good lady who has made it possible for THE UPLIFT to throw some light on our flag, but the real designer of the flag is yet unknown to us. There must be somewhere in the state some person who can tell just where the design originated. Pass it along brethren, maybe the fact will out.

Culling some facts from the North Carolina Bulletin, we find that the Legislature of 1855 adopted a new State flag. The bill, which was introduced by General Johnston Jones on the 5th of February, 1855, passed its final reading one month later after little or no debate. The act reads as follows:

“AN ACT TO ESTABLISH A STATE FLAG.

“The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

“Section 1. That the flag of North Carolina shall be of a blue union, containing in the center thereof a white star with the letter N in gilt on the left and the letter C in gilt on the right of said star, the circle containing the same to be one-third the width of the union.

“Sec. 2. That the fly of the flag shall consist of two equally proportioned bars; the upper bar to be red, the lower bar to be white; that the length of the bars horizontally shall be equal to the perpendicular length

of the union, and the total length of the flag shall be one-third more than its width."

"Sec. 3. that above the star in the center of the union there shall be a gilt scroll in semi-circle form, containing in black letters this inscription: 'May 20th, 1775,' and that below the star there shall be a similar scroll containing in black letters the inscription: 'April 12th, 1776.'

"In the General Assembly read three times and ratified this 9th day of March, A. D. 1885."

It may be worth while to repeat what a recent issue of THE UPLIFT touched upon in reference to the significance of the dates found on the flag. "May the 20th, 1775" refers to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The second date appearing on the State flag of 1861 was "May 20th, 1861," commemorating the date of the secession of North Carolina. That cause having been defeated this date was out of place on the State flag, and on the new flag authorized by the act of 1885, this date was changed to "April 12th, 1776," commemorating the Halifax Convention which passed a resolution that ante-dated all others in declaring for a complete independence from the control of all foreign powers.

Though the Legislature of 1907, requiring the State Flag to be floated from all State institutions, public buildings and court-houses, it is

not religiously observed; and the design and character of the flag seems not to be impressed upon the young sufficiently for them off-handed to give a creditable description of it were they called upon to do so.

A more general use of the State flag, in our decorations, on public occasions, in our homes, in our offices, on our semi-public buildings and wherever a flag could be well used, would create a larger and deeper interest in that government, which it represents and to which we owe great allegiance and which in turn bestows so much blessings upon us.

SOMETIME IN THE LIFE OF THE SCHOOL BOYS AND SCHOOL GIRLS OF NORTH CAROLINA, A REQUIREMENT THAT EACH SHOULD MAKE A FLAG ACCORDING TO LEGAL DIMENSIONS WOULD INDELIBLY FIX INTO THEIR MIND A PICTURE OF NORTH CAROLINA'S FLAG, or at least, with colored pencils, require frequent drawings of it--this would prevent any hysterics on the part of those who fear that by the boys doing the little sewing required in the making of a flag would transform them into "sissy boys."

But it is an ever-lasting reflection until we all learn to know the North Carolina flag whenever and wherever we see it, and that should be often.

Human After All.

We have talking machines, air-planes, radium, electricity and auto-mobils in this age, but we are just human after all, and still controlled to a marked degree by curiosity and superstition.---Concord Tribune

Maiden Lane in Fayetteville at a school conducted by Mrs. Mabry (nee Cain). Nothing remarkable developed in that experience. At the age of seven, his father and nurse, with the assistance of a neighbor, carried him, feet foremost, down Old street to a school conducted by a Mrs. Bingham of New York, already three score and ten years of age. At this early age, our subject made distinctions and manifested a very strong leaning to the thoughts, practices and sentiments colored by a Southern standpoint. Catching up with his teacher, he was transferred at the age of ten to a Boy's School taught by T. J. Robinson and A. A. McFaydgen in the old Masonic Temple, which later was burned. Following this he attended a classical school, limited to twenty-five boys, with just one teacher, Mr. T. Jefferson Robinson.

When but sixteen years of age, young Graham, in 1860, was elected teacher of Bain Academy, a school of considerable consequence, located ten miles North of Fayetteville. In January 1861 he began a three year term in a school three miles West of his home. In his young life, just like the great majority in these days, he pulled 'round a center in the process of discovering himself and starting a life's drive. Not satisfied with his own educational preparation, Mr. Graham entered Donalson Academy, headed by Mr. Jesse R. McLean, a first honor graduate of Davidson College. This teacher's method emphasized a minimum of text and a maximum of construction and drill; while his former teacher, Mr. Robinson, a first honor man of the University of North Carolina, held to a maximum of text and a

minimum of construction and drill. It appears to be the prevailing practice at these institutions up to this good day. Again, in January, 1862, Mr. Graham returned to teaching: principal of Richmond Academy equi-distant between Fayetteville and Cheraw, S. C.; and in August, 1863, he was elected teacher at Hermit's Grove in Bladen county, and at Fair Dale in the same county.

Just at this juncture, we would have the reader to understand that a public school system had not been as completely developed as prevails today, and that dotted about over the State were a number of individual, distinct and academic school, that were they in existence to day, the State at large would marvel at their accomplishment in thoroughness and at the absence of a "lost motion" that sometimes to-day appears most tantalizing.

In the Spring of 1864, we find our subject entering the service of the Confederate Army, closing it a year later in the Battle of Bentonville.

Here comes the period that tried the souls of men and women, no less severe if not as dangerous, as did the few preceding years of conflict. From his father's farm, Mr. Graham engaged in hauling wood for a living, and his only rival in his business was Lieut-Gen. Theophilus Holmes, late Commandant of Trans-Mississippi department of the Southern Confederacy. Currency was scarce; and these two men often exchanged experiences in how they traded their wood for corn, peas or tobacco. Still floundering about, as a result of the abnormal condition of the times and the country, Mr. Graham tried his hand at selling dry goods in Marlborough county, Marion and Dar-

lington towns, S. C. Friends of "Alex" Graham will smile when they picture this man measuring big-pictured calico and jeans--two blessed articles that gave class to manhood and womanhood in the days that followed the War Between the States

In all the vicissitudes of his life, his ruling passion was the idea of education, so in July 17, 1866, he entered the Sophomore class at the University of North Carolina. He spent two years there, being under Swain, Philips, Fetter, Hepborn, Martin and Smith, as president and professors. In a round-a-bout way this writer has come into possession of certain information, and while Mr. Graham is yet alive he may have the privilege of attempting to prove an alibi, which shows in a measure his sporting tendencies. He held three offices while a student at the University: assistant marshal; captain of University base ball team and chairman of the Watermelon Committee. Though this harks back many years, his efficient record in filling these trying positions is yet pointed to with pride and held up to other students as examples in efficiency worthy of imitation.

After leaving the University Mr. Graham taught at Hickory Grove Academy, in Bladen county, until 1871, when he accepted a teacher's position in a Grammar School, at 252 Madison Ave. and 39th street, New York City. To adequately portray the preparation of this unique young man in making his exit from his native State and launching out in an atmosphere for which he was never predestined, would require pretty much of all our space. But just this: picture a man sleeping in a hole in the wall, pick-

ing up cheap lunches, going out on the steets in jimswinger coat, white, vest, silk hat and a walking cane--that describes the predicament in which Prof. Alex. Graham tried for a short time in working out a miserable bluff in the little old town of New York, and thousands and thousands to-day are doing just what the North Carolinian had to do in 1871 in his effort to keep body and soul together. This Cumberland product just had to do his do, because the classy, got-rich patrons demanded severe styles.

Still engaged in discovering himself, Mr. Graham entered the Columbia Law School, and on May 13, 1873 he was honored with the degree of LL. B. At the very same time a fellow student, standing at his side, was honored with the degree of LL. D. Though licensed to practice in all the courts of New York, upon the death of his father he returned to Fayetteville.

January 28th, 1875, he was married to Miss Katherine Bryan Sloan, daughter of Dr. David D. Sloan, a prominent physician of Sampson county. To them were born nine children, David Sloan, Archibald Wright, Neill Ray, Frank Porter, George and Misses Mary, Hattie, Katherine Bryan and Anne Alexander. David Sloan Graham was killed June 6, 1918 at Chateau Thierry, and Neill died October 23, 1914 with pneumonia. Dr. Archibald Wright Graham lives at Chesholm, Minn., and Frank P. Graham at Chapel Hill, the others are residents of Charlotte.

Practicing law in Fayetteville until 1878, when he was induced to take charge of the town schools, which position he held until elected, in 1888,

to the suprintendency of the Charlotte Public Schools. This position he held continuously until 1913, a quarter of a century. Since that time he has been assistant superintendent. In addition to his duties as assistant suprintendent he has taught history in the High School, which the authorities very properly and fittingly named in his honor.

The subject of our sketch does not claim the honor, but the fact is well established that the first Graded School begun in the State was at Fayetteville while Mr. Graham was superintendent; Goldsboro followed in 1881, also Wilson; Wilmington and Durham in 1882; Winston and New Bern in 1886. Then after an educational campaigning throughout the State, in which Prof. Graham took an active and conspicuous part, the number of Graded Schools grew rapidly, until but few towns of any size to-day may not boast of good graded schools.

Much of the real educational progress in North Carolins has taken place during the life and activity of this man, whose career has been wrought out from Wiley down to Brooks. To enumerate the increases in attendances, appropriations and school organizations since he became active down to the present time is a marvelous showing. He has lived in a great period, and no man may look back over the struggles and get from them more satisfaction and pleasure than Alexander Graham. Very modestly he attributes the honor of the revival of the School System to Z. B. Vance, followed by the support of Jarvis, but it is certain that Mr. Graham had the nerve to try out on the Fayetteville people the first Graded School system in

the State.

The records tell that Prof. Graham headed--

The first public school, free to all, with classical studies, with curriculum running from the Primary to the University Preparatory; first to furnish free text books to all pupils; first public school to send pupils to the University, who entered without examination; first public school to send girls to the University; first to introduce manual training in a North Carolina school, and probably the third in the South; with the assistance of Mr. C. C. Hook, then a teacher, he abolished cigarette smoking among the pupils.

It is impossible to estimate how far, how great, the influence of this wonderfully active educator may extend. Think of the thousands, whose lives he has touched and helped to shape, and all down through many years yet to come what he did for boys and girls will rise up to bless him, and still later in the years there will be that at times which will bob up to remind generations yet unborn of the important part he played in a long and useful life for the cause of humanity. His work can never die.

Prof. Graham's life has been a struggle--he struggled to fit himself for the greatest possible service; he struggled unselfishly for educational progress; he struggled faithfully wherever he found work to do--whether leader or follower. He never learned how to shirk. He has lived to a proud age, permitting him to look back on a picture that is inspiring. He has lived to attend the 50th anniversary of his class; he has lived to be honored by his alma-mater with the degree of L.

L. D., which could just as well have been conferred on him along with O'Connor, years ago.

Though approaching the age of 77, full of service, he is yet young; enjoys a fine joke; tells a good one; can shake hands before, behind and all around; spin around on one heel to make a twelve year old boy green with envy; whistle any tune in the world; take care of himself in any crowd, and not half try---the versatility of the man is such that he can do all these things at the same time. His hosts of friends and acquaintances rejoice that he is still on the firing line; still teaches the youth and they grant him the privilege, to avoid a strenuous argument, of believing Charlotte is the best city, in the best county, in the best state South of Aurora Borealis, and recognize him the official challenger of all doubters of the truth of May 20th, 1775, or of April 12th, 1776.

Here's to the continued health

and happiness of the companionable friend, interesting personality, tireless worker, the educational war-horse of North Carolina, Dr. Alexander Graham, of Charlotte.

A young man wished to measure the force that drives the sap upward in trees and shrubs, so he cut a vine and tied a bladder over its end. In two hours the bladder was greatly distended, and inside of three hours it burst with a pop, so great is the force that drives sap upward.

Rickshaw men of Tokio have entered a formal protest to the government against the spread of the automobile as a means of transportation in Japan.

Australians are by far the most prolific letter writers in the world. They average 15 letters per head each year, as against an average of 8 for the people of the United States and Canada.

A Life Work By Choice.

How many years he shall live no one knows. But this uncertainty need not prevent planning carefully for a life of usefulness. We speak of a life-work as some purposed activity which covers all our years. To live we must work. Self-respect and regard for others call us to make a living through a work that contributes to world welfare. Just-for self is not a worthy aim. A life-work of our own choosing appeals to us as fuller of

promise for contentment and returns, since what we want to do we will do gladly and better than what we are compelled to do. Every young person has the honorable right of selecting a life-work. The opportunities for variety are many and attractive. The farra has an open

field for better agriculturists. Transportation offers fascinating avenues for directing the finest talents to usefulness. The scope of engineering includes so many phases for being useful that ambition is not wild that plans in that direction. The term business suggests the whole

commercial world with its intricate methods of exchanging natural and manufactured products or their financial equivalent. To safe-guard human rights and preserve the path of progress the legal profession bids for the shrewdest and safest directors. Dealing with our bodies to give them comfort and keep them for service, the realm of medicine calls for highest skill. Teaching may be chosen as a life-work that opens

doors into all human lives, through which enter educative results contributory to the world's safety. And in almost every sense towering above any life-work that may be chosen is the ministry, where opportunities are many and needs are great, but where service has richest joys and most permanent returns. Think well. Know yourself. See the work to be done. Have a life-work by choice.

Observed At Peacock Trial.

We would commend the able attorneys for the dignified and courteous spirit they displayed throughout the stressful days of the trial, and for the high plane upon which the case was conducted. Ten cent lawyers bullrag and browbeat those helpless to defend themselves, but high grade attorneys are always gentlemen.—Archibald Johnson in *Charity and Children*.

"Scholarship Not All That Is Required."

By Morrison H. Caldwell.

THE UPLIFT is like John the Baptist, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But the common people (one-half the unfortunates who are not "Class A") will hear THE UPLIFT gladly. The thinking people read THE UPLIFT and you rang the bell or hit the bull's eye, when you gave those deadly parallels, illustrating, "The Injustice That Should be Righted," and your

argument is unanswerable when you say that doctors and lawyers were accorded far different treatment, when it was decided to raise the standard of efficiency. But I dispute the wisdom of the classification test, because it ignores the fundamental fact in all progressive education, that the way to learn to teach is by teaching. Scholarship is not all that should be required,

because a teacher may know a subject and yet fail to help her pupils to know. The teacher who has been tried or found to be a successful teacher should be rated higher and should be paid a higher salary, than any graduate of a Class A institution who has never proven her ability to impart her knowledge.

The cases cited by THE UPLIFT are familiar to me but I wish to add

two more teachers in same school and I desire you to label these, "The Contrast."

Miss _____ teaches elementary grades but her children love her as she has taught successfully for years in several graded schools. She knows the subjects which she teaches perfectly and gets Results. But this worthy teacher by this autocratic decree has been put out of business. The door is slammed in her face and she is humiliated and compelled to take up other work or take a private school. Now note the contrast. Miss _____, fresh from a "Class A school" and reported to have a scholarship, tho' lacking in experience, is placed in charge of a grade in the same school. This girl is more interested in securing a husband than imparting knowledge to her pupils. She is no more a teacher

than an interrogation point. She can ask questions, but for 9 months she has never answered one asked by her pupils. I have personal knowledge that she is the worst teacher who ever drew a salary in that school, because I have had 6 children trained in that school who have studied under scores of teachers.

Now this "Class A" teacher will be foisted upon the unsuspecting parents of other pupils and draw a big salary for doing what? Not for teaching, because she cannot teach, but she will be paid for her label "Class A."

I am not smashing an "idol of clay," but I am rebuking the prophet Aaron and the worshippers of this golden calf (Class A.)

Lay on McDuff. Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

Religion and Politics.

(From Speech At Chapel Hill.)

When you have determined your religion and your politics, I think you will have approached very nearly determining your character. If it was possible to ascertain what a man truly thought with reference to God and his country, we would very nearly know his character in all relations of life, because a true lover of a good God and a great, just and democratic country must be so exalted and glorified that the good will dominate over the bad in every conflict of life. I am satisfied that a man's life, or a woman's, when guided by proper religious principles and proper principles of patriotism, will naturally take to the virtue of private life, rather than to its vices. When the God and country of a human being is selected, then it follows, as the night the day, that he will seek such private virtues as will glorify his God and upbuild his country.—Gov. Morrison.

Blue Stockings.

The term "blue stockings" originated in England about a century ago. Its invention is traced to the days of Dr. Johnson and was applied then as now to ladies who cultivated learned conversation, and found enjoyment in the discussion of questions which has been monopolized by men.

It is said by Dr. John Doran, who, in his work "A Lady of the Last Century?" gave an account of Mrs. Montagu and the "blue stockings" of her time, that in 1757 it was quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies, when they might participate in talk with literary and ingenious men.

One of the best known and most popular members of one of these societies was said to have been a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings it was usually remarked that "we can do nothing without "blue stockings;" and by degrees the term "BLUE STOCKINGS" was applied to all clubs of the kind described, and eventually to the ladies who attended their meetings.

"Sometimes Has A Monument Built To Him."

By R. R. Clark.

I "see by the papers," as Mr. Dooley would say, that two of our distinguished fellow-citizen, flippantly designated as Jo. and Cam, by the irreverent, engaged in a sort of impromptu joint debate at Chapel Hill the other day--that is, they staged something that was not put down in the advance programme. It seems that Mr. Daniels was the star performer (or it was intended he should be) at the school closing at Chapel Hill, a village in the vicinity of Durham; and in the course of his talk he advised the young folks who had completed the school course to go out and "raise Cain" if

they felt like it. In other words he told them, in effect, that there is nothing in the idea that they should go along the same old way the fathers trod simply because the fathers had walked that way. In conventional language he urged them to be unconventional, non-conformists, if after looking over the premises they decided that there was room for im-

provement; that things could be done better some other way.

This line of talk seems to have sort of roiled Gov. Morrison, who had been invited to the school-breaking to play a minor part, and when he came to the bat, he wasn't calm. He up and said in a voice that was unquestionably heard, that the spiel Mr. Daniels had been passing out was

bunk, or words to that effect. Of course the Governor said it in more polite language, but he had the emphasis on the loud pedal. Instead of going around smashing precedents and other things, the Governor exhorted the young folks to do as those who had gone before had done; and that if anybody come around telling them to try out something new, they should be from Missouri.

They say that the University graduates who listened to the former Secretary of the Navy and the Governor are in doubt about whose advice they should follow. I am not giving advice, but in the exercise of personal liberty I am remarking that they don't have to follow either. In the matter of personal partisanship I have no "ruthers" as to the dispute between the Governor and the ex-cabinet officer, so that what I am saying about it is not tinged by either fear or favor. As I see it both were right in part. If Mr. Daniels intended to teach that we should smash precedent simply so start something, to create a sensation; that we should abandon the old and blaze new paths simply for change, for variety, then I think he was wrong. If the Governor meant to teach that we should go on the same old way simply because others have been going that way; that we should be suspicious of suggested change and accept nothing new until we are overwhelmed with the evidence; that we should make no experiments; should close our minds to any thought that maybe the father did not possess all wisdom, then I can't go along with the Governor.

But I have no idea that either Mr. Daniels or the Governor meant that. The whole incident grew out

of the fact, probably, that Mr. Daniels overstressed the suggestion of smashing precedents and seeking new paths; and the Governor ran to the other extreme and left the impression that change should come only as the last resort—when we couldn't do otherwise. In the excitement somebody should have broken precedent by telling the confused grads. Not to take either horn of the dilemma; to keep in the middle of the road; prove all things, hold fast to that which is good and let the other go.

If college education is to be really worth while it seems to me that it will naturally suggest new ideas and new methods; and that it is incumbent on those so equipped to seek out new inventions which may be helpful to uncultivated minds, to mankind generally. Of course I mean that is to be done with common sense. I am not talking about the impractical theorists, or the iconoclasts who seek to destroy but offer nothing better in place of the existing order. There is always room for improvement—in the individual, in methods, in things generally. Those who seek out and find a better way, who refuse to follow precedent when convinced that precedent is wrong, are the world's real benefactors. To them we are indebted for all progress. Those who are all the time objecting to change, who see unlimited possibilities of evil in almost every new thing offered, are apostles of stagnation. They would keep the world at a standstill. They either believe that the fathers had all wisdom (which is not only absurd but ignores the self-evident fact that new conditions are constantly coming up which require different treatment)

or they are afraid to take a step lest something happen to them. "Let well enough alone" is all right if there is serious doubt whether a change might not be for the worse. But we must be mighty sure that it is the best we can do before we decide to leave it alone. "Let well enough alone" is more than often the preachment of the apostles of selfishness, who fear that a change may interfere with their craft; or it is the doctrine of sloth, which abhors the mental or physical exercise necessary to change. Sometimes the demand for the overturn of the existing order comes from the selfish, who hope to profit thereby, sometimes change is opposed because of fear that some who profit under existing order may lose under the new.

Obviously it all comes to the exercise of common sense and sound discretion; to a study of conditions and making such changes as are necessary to progress. We must go on; if we stand still very long we go backward. But we should never turn loose old things for no better reason than they are old, nor refuse that which is new simply because it is new. Moreover we must remember that not all those regarded as agitators and extremists are bad and should be suppressed. Things that are regarded as radical and unsafe by one generation are accepted by the next as safe and sound; and he who is regarded as an impractical theorist, an idle dreamer, a turbulent agitator and radical revolutionist by one generation, sometimes has a monument built to him by the next in honor of great things that he promoted in some line of human endeavor. The agitator, an extremist is some times simply ahead of his

time. It takes the slow-moving mass a long time to fully comprehend and appreciate the advantages of any radical departure from custom--no matter how apparent the advantage to those who have made a study of it; and so conservative are we by nature that the mass would never move at all if the extremist didn't get out on the border line and cry out for a forward movement. Not always is the agitator on the right road; but he should not be condemned solely because he is an agitator, a radical advocate of precedent smashing, for often he points the road to progress and his ideas are utilized by a later generation.

A Strange Form of Snobbery.

"There is one form of snobbery in America", observes Forbes' magazine, "which astonishes persons who have traveled much and are familiar with life and customs in other lands, namely, the wide-spread weakness for boasting that this, that and the next thing purchased is 'imported.'"

That is exactly the same sort of bug that makes folk boast that this, that and the other article was purchased away from home, or was ordered.

It is a strange form of snobbery indeed.

If those who are obsessed with the idea that it lends a certain distinction to be able to say that such and such a thing was ordered or was purchased away from home would try trailing at home they would learn some pleasant and profitable lessons and would find that their standing in the community would not be hurt at all.

Knighthood.

Knighthood, originally a military distinction, came, in the sixteenth century, to be occasionally conferred on civilians, as a reward for valuable services rendered to the crown or community.

The first civil knight in England was Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who won that distinction by slaying the rebel, Wat Tyler, in the presence of the king.

The ceremonies practiced in conferring knighthood have varied at different periods. In general fasting and bathing were in early times necessary preparatives. In the eleventh century, the creation of a knight was preceded by solemn confession and a midnight vigil in the church and followed by the reception of the Eucharist. The new knight offered his sword on the altar, to signify his devotion to the Church and determination to lead a holy life. The sword was redeemed in a sum of money, had a benediction pronounced over it, and was girded on by the highest ecclesiastic present.

The title was conferred by binding the sword and spurs on the candidate, after which a blow was dealt

him on the cheek or shoulder, as the last affront which he was to receive unrequited. He then took an oath to protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a Knight or a Christian. Upon the infringement of any part of his oath a knight could be degraded, in which case his spurs were chopped off with a hatchet, his sword broken, his escutcheon reversed, and some religious observance were added during which each piece of armor was taken off in succession and cast from the recreant knight.

Knighthood is now generally bestowed by a verbal declaration of the sovereign, accompanied with a simple ceremony of imposition of the sword.

Most Anything.

A new instrument, called the otophone has been invented, which enables the blind after some practice to read type matters by means of sound.

William Bross Loyd, millionaire, with 19 others, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment at Chicago on a charge conspiracy to overthrow the government by force.

With the exception of the floor,

every piece of timber used in the construction of a church recently completed at Santa Rosa, Cal., was cut from one tree---a giant redwood, 18 feet in diameter. The tree produced 78,000 feet of timber, besides a large number of shingles.

When a Siberian bride enters her husband's house for the first time she must be prepared to show her skill in cooking. She is expected to give a dinner prepared with her own hands as a test of her education in culinary art.



JOSIAH BAILEY WOMBLE.

Mr. Hugh Womble, ex-merchant and president of the National Bank, at Goldston, Chatham county, N. C., has two sons and three daughters. He's a fine citizen, clear-cut in his sayings and square in his dealings with his fellowman. It is said that he never swore an oath-- that's a splendid show-

ing for a man that has spent his whole life in Chatham county, or any other county for that matter.

This is the man that furnished to Concord a very desirable citizen, in the person of his son, Josiah Bailey Womble (no kin, whatever, to the politician, orator, lawyer, religionist, and Revenue Collector at Raleigh), who came to Concord in 1903 to accept the position of book-keeper in the Southern Oil Company.

In entire frankness and very promptly, when confronted with several questions, the subjects of our sketch unhesitatingly admitted that he was born in Chatham county and added that that interesting event in his life is recorded in the family Bible as of date July 16, 1882. In his youthful days he attended the public schools, then a local high school, following this with a three years' experience at Oak Ridge, taking the literary course but laying particular stress on the commercial course during his last year. He finished there in the Spring of 1903, taught school just a little bit (this fact, however, had to be wormed out of him; for, though he never intends to attempt such a thing again, he is very shy about this certification business and he, too, would be humiliated to be put down in class "C"), and in the Fall of 1903 he took up his residence in Concord---this being his first effort out in the business affairs of the world.

Three years' after Mr. Womble took up his work as book-keeper with the Southern Cotton Oil Com-

pany, the manager, the late M. L. Buchanan, retired, and was succeeded by Mr. Womble. That this man has had a solid, uninterrupted association of eighteen years with his first and only employer---three as book-keeper and fifteen as manager ---speaks volumes for each party to the contract.

On January 16, 1911, he was happily married to Miss Gertrude Young Caldwell, one of Concord's most talented singers. It's not often that one woman, yet quite young, plays such a part in the affairs of a city, as to be a daughter of a Mayor and then become, at a later date, the wife of a Mayor. That's what happened, for just a few weeks ago her husband Josiah Bailey Womble became Mayor of the City of Concord by the handsome majority of 482. Being an upright fellow, quiet and conservative in speech, of unblemished reputation and sterling character, careful accountant and a successful business man, there is safety in prophecying that his administration will prove satisfactory to the city. He's intensely interested in the duties of the office, which came to him without a contest in his own party and no anxiety in the general election.

Mayor Womble is an Elk, once its Exalted Ruler, a member of the Knights of Pythias and a Presbyterian, being a member of the First Presbyterian church of Concord.

Music.

Music is Love in search of a word.---Sidney Lanier,

Grit.

George B. Thompson in The Waxhaw Enterprise.

My name is grit. I am the friend of any man who cares to know me. No man has ever sought me and lost the way. But no man afraid of work is worthy my friendship. I am the friend of the toiler, whether he be one who labors with his wealth, his brain, or his muscle. Those who feel that their sole mission in life is to prop up a pole or support a brick wall I will have nothing to do with. I have never wanted for companionship. I count my friends among the laboring class. The lawyer, doctor, scientist, soldier, is my friend. There is no profession or trade which does not call upon me for help. Then why should I waste time with an indolent fellow? Those who would succeed must know me; and none are too humble for me to associate with.

To have my friendship you must have faith in your cause; you must believe in your ability to attempt great things; you must toil on. No self-confident man ever lost my friendship; and if your cause is just let us work together.

I am also called by the name of Perseverance. The dictionary tells me that that means the "art, quality, or habit of persevering; steadfast pursuit or prosecution of a resolution, business, or course marked out; persistence in purpose or effort; assiduous endeavor." All this means that if you feel that you need something GO GET IT! Of course you may face failure; the odds may seem against you. Then Grit will enable you to fight on. I am sometimes called Pluck. Pluck will urge you to say, "I may be down but I am not out!"

Men only find success when they have me with them. And work is the thing I thrive upon. Therefore some think that I am too exacting, so wait

for Luck to help them. Luck is blundering, she is blind. Luck is without tact or talent; Luck stumbles at an obstacle, while I use it for stepping-stones. Luck is asked to make the way; but I make my own way. Luck is waited for that the whole burden may be shifted to her shoulders. I expect a fellow to carry his own load. Luck may come to you; but I will come-- if you will permit me-- and I will get into your heart, your will, and your backbone. And then who is there to hold us back? Luck is not hunting for YOU. But men NEED me, and I need MEN. See?

Grit is my name. Meet me! No task is too hard for me to undertake. I can take one talent and multiply it so that it will rival ten talents in value. My friend may suffer defeat but I always whisper "tomorrow" to such a one. I cannot be defeated for the reason that I take courage in the thought that I tried. And if I tried once why can I not try again?

All this sounds like copy book stuff, doesn't it? And because you think it is such kind of advice you let it pass by. But suppose we let a bigger man than the writer tell us a few things.

"Much rain wears the marble" said Shakespeare. Wellington at

Waterloo said, "Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we will see who can pound the longest." Johnson wrote, "Great works are preformed not by strength but by perseverance. And God's Book says, "He that shall en-

dure unto the end the same shall be saved."

You believe all that. Of course you do. Then believe Grit when he, she, or it speaks to you.

The Barber's Pole.

We do things because our daddies did them; we follow a practice because some one else started it. We do all these things without asking, or caring much for its origin or how it came about. The spiral redstripe on a pole, to the average barber just tells him that it stands for a barber shop, further than that he does not know and cares less. It is said to symbolize the winding of a ribbon or bandage around the arm of a patient upon whom the barber had operated in the capacity of a surgeon. In former times, when the operation of bleeding was extensively practiced, blood-letting formed a part of the duties of a barber. It sometimes happens now, but it is not a duty—it is an accident.

"Lord, I Care Not For Riches"

By Editor Ashcraft in Enquirer.

"Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold." The words in quotation compose the first line of one of our church hymns. The Enquirer man cannot sing but if he could sing equal to any of the noted singers he positively would not sing that line for if he knows himself he does not want to lie. He heard a congregation sing that hymn not long ago.

Joining in it were men of means, women of ambition to out shine the neighbors, owners of business, bent on making money, employees who the week before had demanded a raise in wage. And they all sing, "I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold." Did they tell the truth in the singing of that song? They did not. Every mother's son and daughter of them wanted more money and then some. Even the

preacher in the pulpit who joined with such zest in the singing had just a short time before that passed the word out to the officials that higher salaries was a necessity. Yes, we all love money, and he who says he cares not for it lies. Dr. William E. Barton, in a recent article, pointed out some things that money cannot buy, and they are the best things in life, too. All the money in the world cannot buy a breath of

fresh air. The poorest among us can enjoy and that without price these balmy June days. And yet, after all the things that money cannot buy are enumerated the poor devil who has them all and nothing else is in a slow way. Raiment to put on, shelter overhead, food to eat, books on the table, means of conveyance, these things money can buy and we need them. No man ever got to heaven, no, nor has he ever become a better citizen of this old world by singing "I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold." Smauel Johnson said that few men are so harmlessly employed as when they are making money. The old

bum, loafing in the shade, caring nothing for his personal appearance, too lazy to wash his face even when the weather is hot, not worrying about where his next meal is coming from and not having the price of a biscuit in his pocket is about the only one who can truthfully sing, "Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold." A congregation made up of specimens like him would be a sweet-smelling, eye-pleasing aggregation. No, for one we do not want to look upon a congregation who can truthfully sing "Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold."

Sunshine And Shadow.

As vacation time approaches and dwellers in the city begin to contemplate a temporary flight into the wild, it is well for them to remember that, when they escape from their accustomed annoyance, they fly to others no less active and incessant. Along with the delight and freedom of the country come spiders, flies, fleas, gnats and insects of every kind. Perfect ease is not obtainable anywhere on this earth.

It is best that it is so. David Harum, the homespun philosopher of upper New York, said: "A certain amount of fleas is good for a dog; it keeps him from brooding on being a dog." A still better reason is that it keeps him scratching. Life in the tropics would be one continual round of indolent amusement but for the fact that the same conditions that favor luxuriant growth of food-stuffs also cause the marshes to teem with insects that must be exterminated or fought off if life is to be endured.--
Methodist Christian Advocate.

On March 28, a tornado swept over Northern Ohio and destroyed a grain elevator. August 9 two bank checks and a photograph which were in the elevator when it was wrecked were found near Monroe, Michigan, more than 100 miles away.

During an evangelist meeting at Laporte, Indiana, the speaker asked: "If lightning should strike this tent tonight, how many would be ready for it?" A few minutes later a bolt struck the tent killing two ministers, and burning the speaker.

Institutional Notes.

(John A. Kern Jr. Reporter.)

Boys to receive visits from home folks Wednesday were: Henry Faucette, George Howard, Lockwood Pickett and Dick Brockwell.

Rev. Mr. Martin, of the First Baptist Church of Concord, spoke from the subject of the Prodigal Son at the Chapel Sunday.

Saturday was one time that every boy at the school smiled at the scarcity of water. For it meant that an enjoyable hike to the river and a good old swim was in store for all. When the whistle blew, it was with reluctance and frowning countenances that clothes were doned. After the news was circulated that we were to wallop those Rocky River boys in a game of ball upon arriving home, faces brightened somewhat.

The furnishings are arriving for the newly completed Cottages. The Mecklenburg Cottage has received most of the furnishings essential to opening. Soon it will be that 60 more boys will be plucked from their old habits and deeds and placed in a righteous path, a new and pure environment, that will, if there is a spark of manhood in them, make men, who will be exceedingly grateful to the people of these counties, who have by their generosity, provided the means of their salvation.

For the past three months, water has been getting scarcer and scarcer at the school. At times drinking water wasn't even available, sometimes the house-boys wore a smile,

because dish washing was postponed, water was a luxury it seemed. Something had to be done. With a ten-gallon-a-minute-pump running continuously, and no water? It seemed impossible that the 900 ft. well was dry. So a telegram was sent the installers of the pump, (the Sydnor Pump Co. of Richmond Va.) and within twenty-four hours a representative of the Co. was here, and in another eight hours, the defective plungers were repaired, and once more a ten-gallon-a-minute stream was flowing into the tank above.

The Training School Nine took another game from the team from Rocky River Saturday. After the first frame, Russell, the local twirling ace, was master of the situation, and pitched shut-out ball, yielding only six safeties, and whiffing 14 men. The three tallies gained by the visitors came as the result of four safeties in the first chapter. Two visiting moundsmen were hammered for 15 hits, which, by good base-running were converted into 9 tallies. Score by innings:

		R	H	E
R. River	300	600	000	3 6 4
J. T. S.	003	301	02x	9 15 1

The Memorial Bridge, another donation of the King's Daughters, commemorating those who fought and died that we and democracy might live, is now completed. Its beauty is assured by observing its graceful construction, but its strength and durability will soon be tested by 132 boys tramping across it in weekly attendance at services on Sunday. Arches are both beautiful and useful, but the price paid for the recently erected arches and monuments over

our country was high. We do not want many if they have to be purchased by bloody conflicts and young men's lives. Let us quote Pres. Harding—"It must not be again."

Sunday, June 12th, it was announced by a visiting preacher that the boys were invited, and the invitation had been accepted, to go over to Central Methodist Church in Concord to see some instructive Bible pictures. The time was set for Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Every boy worked with a light heart during the day, with the anticipation of seeing a moving picture. Supper was eaten at an early hour, and by 7:15 everybody was ready to go. The appointed time for leaving (7:30) arrived and no trucks were in sight. 8:00 arrived and still no trucks, 8:30 arrived and we went to bed. Consequently 132 boys were sorely disappointed. Why? Because some man

failed to do his duty, the appointed man didn't provide the necessary means of transportation. But the disappointment was only temporary, for on Thursday evening a phone message was received, stating that Mr. A. S. Webb and family, accompanied by an operator, would bring the machine and pictures and show them in the auditorium. Thus a pleasant hour was spent seeing pictures. Then it was our turn for entertaining Mr. Webb. Our part of the entertaining consisted of songs and declamations. These being delivered by Masters Sam Taylor, William Noble and Weldon Creasmon, in that their splendid reputations for speaking did not touch the earth. At the end of this pleasant hour, I feel safe in saying that there was no ill-feeling held toward that transportation provider.

Alice Louise Lytle Manages Tom Watson's Paper.

Editor Green of Marshville Home.

That little 6-column, 4-page paper called The Columbia Sentinel, which circulates out of Thompson, Ga., as second-class mail matter may seem just a little high-priced at \$2.00 a year, but it's well worth the price of admission. It is edited by Senator Tom Watson and its managing editor is just a plain woman without the usual frills and other artificial accompaniments. Several copies of this publication come to Marshville and if a subscriber misses a number he gives the signal of distress—and then tries to horrow a copy from one of the other subscribers. That managing editor modestly claims to be a full fledged member of the "Order of Old fashioned Women." She has been in Washington since the new Congress assembled and each week contributes an article called "A Woman's Unofficial

View of Washington." And here are a few sketches from her "unofficial" report:

Great big wads of false hair,

Awful dabs of paint,

Make a lot of women,

Think they're what they aint.

That's horrible doggerel, but it came "all to wunst" as I look at a lot of women, here in the Nation's

capital.

Just why a woman thinks Time can be obliterated, by the pinning on of a lot of hair that grew on the head of another woman; why she thinks the filling up of the lines in the face, and the smearing on of a lot of red stuff, will make her look anything but a caricature, is a mystery to more than one of us who see it.

The pity of it is: the women themselves know it isn't fooling anyone, but they do it "because,"—and every other woman is doing it. Maybe that should be modified to read: "Nearly every working woman is doing it," and it would be nearer the truth.

In addition to being a city of snobs, Washington is also the city of False Pretenses: so many people are living ghastly lives, trying to "keep up appearances"—which means trying to keep up the appearance that some one else makes.

* * * * *

And here are some after reflections from Managing Editor Alice Louise

Lytle:

If it is my bad luck to "lose my job" here I would sell all I had for a ticket back to Georgia--and I'd raise chickens and live in the same house with them, rather than try to make a living here.

I don't care a hoot whether I ever cast a vote, or not; and I'd die right now if I thought I was never going to put my own teakettle on my own stove, again, or "beat up a batch of biscuit" in the familiar kitchen back home; there isn't anything here--nor in any other city--that would induce me to choose to live away from where we are taken for what we are; where we know that illness dosen't mean the hospital; where lack of money dosen't mean the pawn shop for the thing we have treasured; where night time dosen't mean "where shall we go tonight?" and where we don't have to go to the "Beauty Parlor" to have our hair dyed and our faces filled with putty in an effort to "look what we aint."

How We Got a Flag Pole

By Edward T. Martin.

It was getting near the end of the month of May, Flag Day was close at hand, and for a celebration we were to have on the old plantation a flag pole was needed, because a wind storm of the month before had broken ours, one that had done duty since the Civil War. So I asked, father 'Dad, what do you say if I go to Cedar Island in the swamp'--the Pedee Swamp it was, some fifteen miles from which our plantation lay--"and cut down a young cedar for a flag pole?"

At first father did not take kindly to the idea because this Pedee country is as wild a spot as can be found anywhere in these United States. It

extends for a hundred miles and more, clear to Georgetown and the Atlantic Ocean along both banks of the Pedee River, where there is lit-

tle but low land, all flooded when the water is high, and full of cypress trees, the "knees" of which stick up a foot or two, making walking very dangerous; and mud, bog and honey holes are there a-plenty, ready to engulf any who may stumble and fall. Then there are snakes, and, worse than snakes, electric ells, able to give a fellow a shock which he will remember for many a day. Altogether a good place to keep away from and a bad place to visit, which is why dad did not take kindly to the idea of my making the trip, even though there was no other place where a suitable flag staff could be had.

This swamp had been the resort of Maron and his men during the Revolutionary War, and Ceder Island his headquarters. The aged Negroes, those who had found refuge there during the Civil War, knew the lay of the land and they told their sons and grandsons, so when I explained to dad, "But I am going to take Prince along," he consented and said, "All right," for Prince was one who was supposed to know the many and devious paths through the bogs and honey holes, his grandfather having found shelter in the swamp for many long months, and instructed both Prince and prince's father where it was safe to go and where it was not. So that, although the boy was no older than I, and one of our hired hands, father thought he could be depended on. Come to get started, Prince didn't know the path through the cypress knees to Ceder Island any to well, his constant alibi being, "Them cypress roots must have growed a heap since I was here with grandpap. I forget whether we turns this-a-way

or that-a-way. We will try it and see."

When we came to start the boy was not willing that Bull, his dog, should go, giving as an excuse, "He splash too much mud an' water, then maybe a snake'll bite him. No, I'll tie him up in the barn." Bull protested with many a whine, but it was of no use; tied up in the barn, he had to stay.

I, after considering the matter, dreaded the trip. The weather was hot, the air sultry--what sailors call a "weather breeder," the water low and the swamp alive with all kinds of insects and reptiles, from mosquitoes to alligators---but we had to have a flag pole. I said I would go after one and I was determined on going, no matter how much I wished to back out. So the next morning after dad had given his consent Prince harnessed Jim and Daisy to a light wagon, and, with Bull yelping his regets and trying to break his chain, we made an early start, I carrying a light rifle and the colored boy a sharp axe.

Prince didn't much like the job. After driving several miles in silence he said, "What will we-all do if that big black bear what chased Mose Rogers gits after us?" I replied with a laugh, "Don't believe Mose ever saw a bear. Reckon it was his shadow he was running away from. If a bear chases us I'll hold him by the tail while you cut his head off." "Huh!" the boy grunted, "Maybe you won't be so gay if that bear does come after us. 'Sides, I'd have you know, I did'nt hire out to your dad to go 'round cutting up bears like they was cordwood. If you wants a thing like that done you've--you've got to do the chopping yourself."

Of course I was only joking, but he didn't tumble to the fact, so I kept it up by asking, "Why, how can I hold onto a bear's tail with one hand while I'm chopping away at his head with an axe held in the other" Be reasonable and do your part." Prince replied, "I ain't goin' to be reasonable nor nothing else that means cutting off the head of a real live bear. Now, if he was dead--well, I don't know but I would be scared to then," and he drove on without saying anything more.

At ten o'clock we tied the horses in an old shed on some high land near the edge of the swamp, gave them some feed and started for the island on foot. The water was low, else we never would have found our way. Prince sulked all the time, until I told him, "Better look out, boy, if one of those electric eels happens to get hold of your toe don't ask me to make him let lose. I haven't lost any eel." Then he did better, but it was the middle of the afternoon before we reached a cabin that the older among the colored people say was the headquarters of General Marion. The place where he gave a British officer a feast of baked sweet potatoes and roasted acorns, telling him, "It isn't often the patriot soldiers have that good, for usually it is one without the other." And then the talkers would point to a crumpling log with the statement, "The berry spot whar they set, de gen'ral at yonder end, de Englishman right here with the 'taters on a tin plate between dem, aad dey didn't even have no salt."

Prince didn't wish to stop for anything, only wanted to cut the flag pole and get out of the swamp before dark. He told me, his teeth

chattering, "There isn't money enough in the bank to hire me to stay here after sunset. There's no telling what will catch a feller." As for me, I didn't care. I wasn't afraid—that is, not very much—but I sorry for the poor horses if they had to stand under that shed all night without any supper. Prince got a hustle on and soon found the very tree we needed. It was tall, straight and slender. He chopped it down and was trimming off the small branches when a thunder storm struck us; and rain—why it was a regular cloudburst. We ran to the cabin for shelter. Half the roof was good and one corner dry. Here we huddled and listened to the storm. How the rain did pour! How the thunder crashed! How the lightning flashed! And we knew without looking that the heavy downpour must raise the water in the swamp. It was nearly dark now, but it seemed as if I could feel—yes, actually feel—Prince turn pale; that is, if it was possible for a boy as black as he was to do such a thing. The chatter of his teeth could be heard above the noise of the storm. His bulging eyes reflected every flash of lightning. Then came another sound, the patter of feet through the water, and a large animal entered the doorway and sought shelter in the cabin.

Prince, hardly able to stand, he was so frightened, cried, "There he is, I told you so! He's come after us for sure! Go 'way, whatever you is; don't you hear? Go 'way. I say!" Then the animal gave a whinnying sort of a growl, which make me afraid. I was uncertain whether to shoot and take chances of hitting Prince or to divide our shelter with the intruder. However, suddenly

the animal made a rush at Prince, jumped on the boy, who, already tottering, fell to the cabin floor, then stood over him, giving barks of joy. It was Bull, the dog, so covered with mud we failed to recognize him. He had pulled his collar over his head, started out to find his master, and succeeded.

"Good old dog!" Prince cried, struggling to regain his feet. "An' I thought you was a bear!"

The dog was happy and so was the boy, for a moment at least.

It was now dark, but the lightning flashes showed what we already knew, that the water was rising rapidly. We went out into the rain and brought back a lot of cedar boughs. They were wet, of course; that made no matter, though, for we ourselves were like two drowned rats; but they would be softer to lie on than the bare earth in our corner where we piled them. There was no chance to light a fire. Wet wood won't burn. Besides, the chimney had fallen, the fire-place caved in, both dead of old age, so we lay down on the boughs shivering like we had the ague, for it was a cold rain; also we realized there was a long night before us. How it passed I don't know. A hundred years is a long time. It seemed a thousand before the first streak of dawn showed in the east, and then, although the rain had stopped, all we saw was water and mud. Bull had gone, left us during the night. I did not think that of him, but we were not alone on the island. The swamp had risen until its water was within a few rods of the shack, yet there was room for two tawny panthers in a tree, the branches of which all but overhung the cabins's door. Both

eyed us askance, evidently in doubt as to whether we would molest them or not. On the trunk of a half-fallen cypress a great black bear nodded and blinked, while twined among the limbs of a lot of brush in rear of the shack were many snakes. Moccasins, water rattler, at least one king snake and several black racers, all chilled by the cold, but none pleasant to look at. There were also rabbits, a wild cat, and high up in the trees a number of 'coons and 'possums, all seeking shelter from the flood, none disposed to harm the other, although the panthers looked lean and hungry, and as if in need of a square meal.

Even if the storm was over and the sun shining, the water kept slowly rising, caused probably by up-river rains, which made the water of the Pedee River back up and seek an outlet through the marshes of the swamp.

When Prince saw the panthers and the bear he was worse scared than ever; and he felt it the more keenly because Bull had deserted him. As for me--well, to say the least, I was much alarmed, but determined not to show the fear I felt, so I told the black boy, "I've heard you say there isn't a boy on the whole plantation who can climb a tree as well as you. Prove it now by climbing that tree and knotting that big panther's tail around a limb. Then he'll stay there until we can get help and take him away. We could get as much as fifty dollars for him from most any circus."

"What are you talking about, white boy?" the Negro replied. "Me climb that tree and tie a knot in that panther's tail; well, I reckon not. I may be black, but I ain't no fool."

There was nothing to do but wait for the water to go down or until sent help, with not a bite to eat or a drop to drink, because the swamp water was so foul that to allow any of it meant a case of swamp fever and a long illness.

About noon we heard a splashing in the brush--the snakes became restless.

One by one they dropped from the bushes and swam away. The old man left when the report of a gun rang through the woods. The panthers climbed higher and began to cry. In Bull, muddy and bleeding, came out of the water and lay down exhausted in front of the cabin, feebly wagging his tail when spoken to, as if to say, "You see I've come back, I am the bringer of good news."

Then, as if to confirm his statement, a gun sounded again, this time nearer. "Your dad is coming for Prince," said the first smile on the fat round face that I had seen for years. The panthers cried louder--a wailing cry of a child in distress.

The smaller animals tried to "hole up" wherever they could find a hollow tree, and I--well, I was in doubt as to do. To shoot and kill one of those panthers would be a feather in my cap, to say nothing of a thirty-dollar bounty for its scalp; but should I not respect the sanctity of the refuge? The wild animals had apparently done so. Was I to be worse than they? It did not seem right for me to shoot, but I did want that money for a boy who had never had so much he could call his own all his life. It took only a moment for me to make up my mind. I decided I would let them go, and fired shot into the air to quicken their pace. Run they did, jumping first

onto the log the bear had just vacated, from that to a nearby tree, and then to another, until they were lost to sight, still keeping up their wailing cries.

Presently a canoe, a dugout made from the trunk of a poplar tree, showed, coming from the opposite direction to that taken by the panthers. In it were dad and two of the plantation hands. It landed near where Bull was lying, and dad, patting the dog on the head said, "Come on, son, your mother is worried about you. Get aboard, Prince; jump in, Bull."

Father never liked dogs, and I was surprised at the attention he was paying Bull until he told us, "That dog made us come to the swamp after you. He reached home just before daylight this morning, and made so much noise barking and whining that I went out to see what the matter was; then he tried to pull me to the road leading to the swamp, and when I wouldn't go sat on his haunches and howled. That was enough. I knew then what he wanted, and as soon as it was light we started for Cedar Island. The dog, though, was impatient and went on ahead, I suppose to try and tell you, 'Everything is all right, help is coming.'" Then dad said for the second time, "Jump into the canoe; what are you waiting for?" I replied, "That flag pole; you haven't forgotten that, have you?" And to Prince, "Catch hold and give me a lift with it." Dad looked astonished and sputtered, "Do you think I've got time to bother with that thing?"

"Sure you have," I told him. "Flag Day would be nothing without a flag, and no pole no flag. Come on,

Prince."

We towed it behind the canoe to where our horses were, and they dragged it home, where it did good service when Flag Day came, and of all the Flag Day celebrations I have attended before and since none equalled the one on which we flew the Stars and Stripes from that cedar pole we

cut near Marion's old refuge in the Pedee Swamp and brought home in spite of many obstacles. It taught me to believe that the harder one works for a thing the more he appreciates it after success crowns his efforts, but I have often wondered if I did right in sparing the panthers.

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THE

UPLIFT

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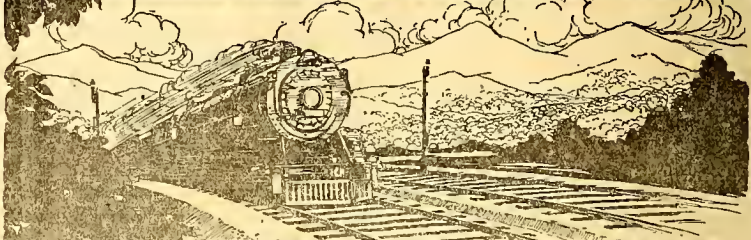
The Beautiful Grass.

Lying in the sunshine among buttercups and the dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, and torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Belegued by the sullen hosts of Winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges again upon the first solicitation of Spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose:

IT YIELDS NO FRUIT IN EARTH OR AIR, AND
YET, SHOULD ITS HARVEST FAIL FOR A SINGLE
YEAR FAMINE WOULD DEPOPULATE THE WORLD.

—J. J. Ingalls.



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921				Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30	(ATLANTA, GA.	ar	No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35	
12.00PM	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM	
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM	
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM	
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM	
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM	
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20A	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM	
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.29PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM	
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM	
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM	
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM	
2.58PM	12.05AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM	
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM		
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM	
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM	
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM	
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTIMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM	
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM	
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM	
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30AM	

EQUIPMENT

No. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.


No. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

No. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

No. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.


Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.



SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.



The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

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C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A PROUD RECORD.

The management of the Made-in-Carolinas Exposition, the highly educational and most creditable show which Charlotte put on in showing what can be done in North and South Carolina, invited our whole school to visit the superb exhibit. The invitation was gladly accepted.

On Tuesday, the 20th, the special Cabarrus train reached our siding at 12:30. One hundred and fifty-one boys, gathered from every quarter of North Carolina, and headed by our band, boarded the special. The Superintendent impressed on the boys the fact that this was out of the ordinary, that certain anxiety for the physical safety of them could not be eliminated and for this reason he appealed to them to be careful and he impressed them with the fact that the management relied on their honor in conducting themselves like young gentlemen and their safe return to the institution at 7 p. m.

(Occasionally some big, burly officer, in bringing a boy to the institution, volunteers to whisper "this boy isn't worth a d—n; you can't trust him and he'll never amount to anything.") This prophecy is all rot and bosh. The Creator has placed a divine spark in all boys, and that spark ninety-two times out of a hundred, under system and kindly treatment, asserts itself and the boy comes into his own.

These young fellows had a glorious day and they rejoice with the management that the day went off full of profit and pleasure to us all. THE UPLIFT especially desires to record the gentlemanly conduct of these young fellows while on their trip to the Queen City. Little brothers and big

brothers mingled so completely at the exposition that it made an inspiring picture.

We left with 151 boys on their honor, enjoying an enlarged degree of personal liberty---150 returned with a perfect record. One little fellow, a Charlotte boy, remained over to see more of the Queen City. He'll probably voluntarily return before this issue reaches its readers.

☞ Boys, you may see the first animal show that comes along.

* * * * *

PREACHERS' SONS.

Preachers' sons scored last Monday at the hands of Gov. Morrison. There are those who are ready to comment on the number of preachers' sons who, while they don't exactly go wrong, turn out pretty sorry. Occasionally a sorry man without piety and without religion---except a little of the intellectual kind---breaks into the ministry. It is this class who furnish the disappointing and sorry sons, which give the critics opportunity to make their ungenerous comments on preachers' children in general.

Judge W. J. Adams, of Moore County, whom the Governor elevated by appointment to an Associate Justice of the N. C. Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Allen, is the son of a preacher.

Hon. Walter E. Brock, of Wadesboro, for years a solicitor, whom the Governor made a judge to succeed Judge Adams on the Superior Court bench, is the son of a preacher, and with slight training could himself be made an A 1 preacher. This appointment is just as fitting and happy as that of Judge Adams.

Finally in the 3-base run the Governor made on one strike, State Senator M. W. Nash, of Hamlet, appointed solicitor to succeed Judge Brock, is also a preacher's son.

Preachers sons do accomplish things worth while. It is the Children of narrow, gossiping, selfish, cold blooded, ungrateful men who have unfittingly broken into the ministry that usually furnish the worldly critics an occasion to make unmerited observations about a class of God-fearing, sweet spirited men who preach faithfully and earnestly try to practice the gospel of the Savior, our Master.

Monday, Sept. 19th, was a red letter day in North Carolina for preachers' sons.

* * * * *

SOWING SEEDS.

The possession of an important agency for the development of a section

or a whole territory oftentimes is merely accepted with a passing notice, blind to the many struggles and the fine wisdom that brought it about. Few people along the line of the Southern Railway stop long enough to contemplate the most wonderful development of that system and realize what a factor it has been in the building of the industries which have made the section through which it runs the very finest in all the South.

Recently there was held in New York City the Seventh National Exposition of Chemical Industries, which was visited by over 100,000 people, the great majority of whom were chemical experts. The exhibit of mineral and chemical resources of the territory served by the Southern attracted marked attention. Doubtless through this exhibit, there will be additional enterprises, investments and new comers to follow in the South.

That was a wonderful-faith, too, that our old fathers, joining this state and others, had in the possibilities of our country when they made big risks and heroic struggles that started the several roads that were transformed into the Southern.

* * * * *

DON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE DICTIONARY.

You find them everywhere, in all walks of life, and on all occasions, but it is a fact their name, as discovered by the News & Observer, cannot be found in Webster, and the Raleigh paper comments as follows:

"It has been discovered that while the word "profiteer" is in neither Webster's nor the Century dictionary, it was used during the War Between the States. It is therefore a war word. This is because war gives the profit-takers an exceptional opportunity. And the hold they get in war they are most reluctant to loosen in peace."

You don't have to go to the dictionary to find some things, but the great authority on words certainly gives a full account of "graft" and "grafter," two close kinsfolks of the "profiteer."

* * * * *

ITS WISDOM IS NOW EVIDENT.

Among the resolutions passed at the recent meeting of the North Carolina Orphanage Association is one in these words:

"We would heartily endorse the suggestions of the President in his address recommending the building of smaller cottages at our institutions, and thus reducing the number of children in the various cottage units."

When the officials of the Jackson Training School came to deciding on certain policies and regulations, even before a single brick had been placed,

back in 1907, the matter of size of cottage was thoroughly discussed and while there were varying opinions, the adoption of 30 to the cottage finally and unanimously prevailed. This, by trying out most thoroughly, has been found most satisfactory and wise---it preserves the home feature and makes possible the personal touch and admits of a classification warranted by other considerations.

It will prove interesting to the friends of the institution and North Carolinians in general to know that the Jackson Training School scheme, as worked out at its beginning, is the pattern for another institution now building in another State. We wouldn't change our system, if we could.

* * * * *

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

THE UPLIFT, since it rallied from the effects of war conditions precipitated at the institution, is going into every county of North Carolina and doing some circulating outside of the State. All this has been accomplished without the services of a personal solicitor in the field, and experiment we did not care to encounter and which is a rather expensive proposition.

We have in mind a number of good friends in each county of the State, who are deeply interested in the particular work which engages the Jackson Training School and who never lose an opportunity to applaud any success that attends any individual or collective effort in behalf of the school.

It is our desire that every intelligent citizen of North Carolina comes to know in as intimate a way as is possible the great problem that confronts the conservation of childlife that has gotten into unfortunate environment. There is, we verily believe, no better way than to know what we have accomplished, are accomplishing and hope to do more efficiently as we gain the equipment along all lines, planned for even before a brick was placed on the ground.

To accomplish the foregoing there is no better way than a weekly following of THE UPLIFT, hence the desire to extend its circulation. We are presenting the problem of increasing our circulation in the several counties to a number of friends in the several counties. We have made a start ---this will be kept up until the proposition reaches every county in North Carolina.

Without any design whatever, commencing with the first name that bobbed up before the mind's eye, we dropped a line to Capt. Chas. M. Thompson, of Lexington, setting forth our purpose and hopes. Within three

days, this highly respected and substantial citizen and Confederate soldier, carrying an empty sleeve as the price of his brave and devoted service in the cause of the Confederacy, sent us with check sixteen subscribers to THE UPLIFT from the town of Lexington. This is an esteemed service, costing him no trouble but giving him much pleasure, for he and the fifteen others who joined him in this service are having a vital part in the great work that the Jackson Training School has undertaken to do.

We have not the slightest doubt that others, to whom the proposition is made from time to time, will do just what Capt. Thompson, of Lexington, has done.

And this is just one side. On the other side, we have a sneaking notion that THE UPLIFT during a year will furnish more than \$2.00 worth of entertainment and benefit. If any one doubts it, TRY IT.

* * * * *

That twenty-one persons were presented to Governor Morrison as fit subjects for Associate Justice, clearly shows that North Carolina is rich in judicial timber. From one angle there seemed a disposition to weave around the Governor an embarrassing net; but it got nowhere. The outcome of it all seems to meet general approval.

* * * * *

If we read aright the wise manner of keeping off pellagra, as promulgated by the State Board of Health, everybody should enlist under the slogan: "A cow for every family."

* * * * *

The courtesies shown our boys by the management, the several exhibitors and the lunch booths at the Made-in-Carolinas Exposition on Tuesday were fine. They linger with us.

* * * * *

THE HART, PROUD OF HIS ANTLERS.

A Hart, while drinking at a pool, began to admire his noble figure as mirrored in the clear water. "Ah," said he, "where could one find such noble horns as these, with such spreading antlers? I wish I had legs more worthy to bear such a noble crown; it is a pity that they are so slim and slight."

At that moment he heard the baying of the dogs. The hunter was

chasing him. He bounded away and soon was out of sight of the dogs, but not taking care where he was going, he sped under some trees with branches growing low. Here his antlers were caught and before he had time to get loose, the ruthless hunter was upon him.

“WE OFTEN DESPISE WHAT IS MOST USEFUL.”



A Fable

And in those days, behold there came through the gates of the city a Salesman from afar off. And it came to pass that as the days went by, he sold large scads of stuff. They that were grouches smiled on him and gave him the Glad Hand. The Tight Wads opened their purses to him.

And there were Buyers who could squeeze a penny until the blood flowed from Ceaser's nose. And behold, even they took the Stranger to the Great Inn and filled him with much Fine Eats.

And those of the City that were Order Takers and they that spent their days adding to the Swindle Sheet were astounded. They said one to other, "Watell? How does he get away with it? But they wont not.

It came to pass that many of them gathered together in the back room of the Inn. And a Soothsayer came among them. And he was a wise guy. And they spoke and said to him: "Tell us, Oh Soothsayer, how is it? this man hath come among us from afar off. He goeth about in a flivver from the early morn even until night gathering Large Bunches of Goodly Orders, while we who are of the city, behold our Order Books are blank and we fear to report to the Sales Manager, lest he Smite us hip and thigh."

The Soothsayer said: "He of whom you speak verily is one Hustler. He ariseth early in the morn and goeth forth full of pep. He bellyacheth not, neither doth he knock. He is arrayed in purple and fine linen, while you go forth with faces unshaven and holes in your sox.

"While you gather here and say one to another, Verily, it is a helluva day to work, he is already abroad. And when the eleventh hour cometh, he needeth no Alibi. The Poolroom attracteth him not and the Movies he

passeth by with a look of Cold Scorn on his Snoot.

"He smileth alike on the just and upon the unjust. He sayeth not to the Big Boss, 'Behold they that are in this town are a bunch of Boneheads, neither doth he say, 'Verily, everywhere I have called were they out,' nor doth he report that 'They are all stocked up' and then hie himself to a poker game.

"He knoweth his line and they that would stall him off. They give him orders. Men say unto him Nay, Nay, when he cometh in, yet when he goeth out he hath their name on the line that is dotted.

"He hath taken with him two angels, Aspiration and Perspiration. He knoweth whereof he speaketh and he worketh to beat the band.

Verily, I say you, Go thou and do likewise.' But they answered and said, "Old Stuff, Old Stuff, We have heard all that bunk."

And they would not. But called for a new Deck.

MORAL--If you can't see the moral there's no use mentioning it. ---George Ade.

If it wasn't for the rain there wouldn't be any hay to make when the sun shines.--Durham Herald.



PROF. WALTER THOMPSON,
Supt. of Children's Home of the Western North Carolina Conference,
at Winston-Salem, who Died Tuesday.

Prof. Walter Thompson Passes.

Prof. Walter Thompson, whose death occurred Tuesday night in a Winston hospital, after a long affliction, was the first superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, having connected himself with it on Jan. 1st., 1908. He rendered conspicuously valuable service in the early history of the Institution, with which he was associated until Dec. 1st, 1913 when he became superintendent of the Children's Home, the orphanage of the Western North Carolina Conference. Mr. Thompson was 46 years' old.

Born in Lenoir, N. C., educated at the University, followed teaching for years, and for several years was superintendent of the Concord Public Schools until his election to the Superintendency of the Jackson

Training School. Mr. Thompson possessed many strong qualities, and was deeply interested in child-life.

He is survived by an aged father and mother, two brothers, State Senator Dorman Thompson, Statesville, and Prof. Holland Thompson, of New York City, his widow, two sons and one daughter, the baby, Jack, being born while his father was superintendent.

THE UPLIFT, whose editor and the director of the Printing Department were associated with Mr. Thompson in the trying days of the institution's taking shape, expresses the deep sorrow that attends the passing of a near and devoted co-worker. To the bereaved ones our sympathy, joining the many friends who also grieve, is extended.

Civilization And Barbarity.

By Savoyard.

The better opinion is that the people who compose the nation we call Germany are become as peaceful since the end of the World War as, prior to the beginning of that war, they were truculent. All tidings from Germany are, to the effect that the German people are at work, intent on restoring prosperity to their land, and are succeeding admirably as they have neither army nor navy to support. Of course there are irreconcilables who preach revenge and hope for the restoration of the Hohenzollern; but they are comparatively few in number and negligible in influence. The Germans are a practical folk. At a frightful cost they have learned that no single nation can dominate the world. World empire is a frightful illusion from which Germany is thoroughly awakened. Her sword is in the scabbard. Her future victories will be gained in walks of beneficial industry, and I wish her a thousand triumphs in that field, for in peaceful walk Germany cannot prosper without it benefit all other nations. The victories of the sword are ruinous to those who prevail in battle. The victories won in industrial rivalry are beneficial even to the vanquished of that struggle. Would that all peoples were alive to the eternal truth of that philosophy.

Nat Turner---The Southhampton Insurrectionist.

By Mrs. M. N. C.

(Several weeks ago THE UPLIFT carried a delightful story of the loyal interest of a typical black mammy in her white friends; and further back we had much about the crazy and daring attempt of John Brown, who sought to induce an uprising among the slaves. In this issue we have an article, setting forth the brutal course of one of the smartest negroes produced in slavery times. The terror, destruction and death that Nat Turner wrought in Southhampton county, in Virginia, throws light on the other side of the negro character.)

One of the most horrible events recorded in the annals of Southern history is the insurrection of trusted slaves of Southhampton county, Virginia, in the year of 1831, led by Nat Turner, a wild and fanatical Baptist preacher. It is a known fact that the early part of 1800 witnessed three slave insurrections in Virginia: one, led by Prosser, who incited the slaves of Richmond and community to insurrection; another, by the notorious John Brown, of whom we recently had a story; and the third, by Nat Turner who was born October, 2, 1800, being the senior of John Brown by five months.

The mother of Nat Turner was a native African, and it is said of her that she was so wild at the time of the birth of her child that she had to be tied to keep her from murdering her own baby; but this product of the jungles of Africa became a docile and useful plantation darkey and harmless mother, through the kind treatment of "ole" and young misses. A part of the horrible career of this beastly negro, who led such a guerilla warfare, murdering unprotected women, innocent children, sleeping babes, also butchering old and young masters as they were caught unware and unarmed, may be due and doubtless was to pre-natal conditions and influences brought

over from the wilds of Africa.

"Old Foxy Nat," as he was called, was a precocious young negro, and, having an indulgent and kind master, was given privileges and more liberties than the other plantation slaves, and he in consequence learned to read and write without trouble, and never missed an opportunity to attend public gatherings and was always regarded a leader of his race.

It was a custom generally practiced by the intelligent slave owners of the South for maid and matron to give considerable attention to the training of the mind and morals of the black members of the household; and the negroes were permitted to attend divine worship with the whites, but they were assembled in the galleries or in a section set apart for them. In this connection, I am told that the records of missionary work in Africa show that the most successful workers are those of Southern birth and training.

In this insurrection is to be found a verification of the statement that "idleness is the devil's workshop." The month of August was the leisure time for landlords and slaves in that agricultural section of Virginia; in fact, it was the month of jubilees and camp-meetings and frolics, a custom in its highest de-

gree along in 1831. It was at this period of the year 1831 that the plot of insurrection against the whites was hatched out by negro preachers, who were permitted to roam around, day and night, in idleness under the guise of attending to religious matters and causes. It was at this time, too, that the San Domingo rebellion and revolt of slaves, wherein the negroes gained their supremacy, was fresh in the minds of the Southern people and no foreign event ever created a greater impression upon this section. Mr. Benton said in the United States Senate in 1835 that the effect of a society in Paris ---"Les Amis des Noris"---also was felt in this county and its propaganda was used by some of the French refugees, also the Domingo negroes, who settled in the South and who mingled with the cooks and other servants employed on the vessels used as transports at that time. The "idea of equality of man" also was spread through the influence of England in South American provinces, who felt compelled to make retribution for the sins of slavery which she inflicted upon her colonies by giving freedom to her slave colonies, therefore, by 1830, there was no slavery from Mexico to Cape Horn, except in Brazil.

No doubt, it appears, so many free negroes so near the borders of the United States, inspired Nat Turner in his unholy ambition and being led on by his followers and co-workers he felt ordained for some great purpose, claiming that he communed with God---that the Holy Spirit was visible to him at all times and he only waited for a sign in the heavens when to begin his work, assemble his forces and slay his white friends

with their own weapons.

That sign was to be the eclipse of the sun, or the moon, or some other phenomenon in the heavens, so on this hot August morning in 1831, the sign was in evidence when the sun's disk seemed to have changed from its golden color to a pale tone and in the afternoon to an immense circular plane of polished silver and upon its surface a black spot. That "green and blue" day is a memorable day and is yet referred to by the older citizens of that community.

The sign, for which he awaited, having appeared, the seal of secrecy was removed from the lips of the leader of the Southampton county slave insurrection and Nat Turner assembled his lieutenants, decorated them in ludicrous and most fantastic styles, with feathers in their hats and red sashes over their shoulders and around their waists and put them through many forms of military tactics before starting upon their march in the stillness of the night to slay all who bore white faces. The white people had no reason to entertain any suspicion or fear of a conspiracy among their slaves---in fact the women and the children felt safer by the fact that these trusted slaves were close by to keep guard during the absence of husbands and sons. But alas, there was one destined to betray this trust: the negro preacher Nat Turner, once a highly trusted slave, whose very name after the insurrection drove fear to every man, woman and child.

Nat Turner himself was never known to steal or even indulge in petty theft, but when any scheming was to be done, Nat was in the center of the council and his orders

were faithfully executed.

One who is familiar with the race can well see what a place Nat Turner occupied among his race, with all its ignorance and just slightly removed from the savagery of African jungles--Nat had no contest in his position of General or master of the situation of every phase of slave life. The time for the death march arrived; the first house visited by this band of murderers was that of Nat's own master and his heart came near failing him as he recalled the kindness and the mercies shown him by his master--but fired with an unholy ambition to hold his position of leadership and to impress his followers that his oath was no respecter of age or sex, Nat Turner deliberately proceeded to carry out his hellish plot. Mounting a ladder, he made an entrance through an upper window, securing all the fire arms, then opened the doors for his comrades to enter. Though the beast in this negro was rampant he lacked the nerve of dispatching his master and mistress--this he left to his comrades, who made quick work of the murderous deed. And the little babe, which Nat had fondled and nursed, looked up in its innocence at him, and, his heart failing, he put the babe back into its crib. After leaving the house, this "ordained" negro recalled his oath to spare neither age or sex, and reflecting he said, "nits make lice," so he ordered his lieutenants to return and dash the babe's brains out against the brick wall. The number in this household to die at the hands of the mob was five.

Having tasted the blood of his master and mistress, this fiend found no trouble in marching on in his

murderous campaign. They traveled a distance of thirty miles without the least resistance and committed sixty murders. At each home Nat added fresh recruits to his force, and all fire-arms and ammunition that could be found were taken. If a slave hesitated to join Nat's army he was murdered or hung up by his heels to die. This wholesale murder was possible, because of the sparse settlement, the lack of facilities of communication and leaving no one in their murderous campaign behind to give the alarm. When the awfulness of the situation dawned upon the remaining citizens, thrown into confusion, they were compelled to believe that the slaves, trusted and kindly treated, had been incited by a master-hand, and all evidence pointed to Nat Turner.

There were, however, among the negroes some faithful old slaves, who could not be drawn into this game of murder and refused to turn their backs upon their white friends. I note one case. There was a Dr. Simon Blunt, of Southampton county, a positive though indulgent master, who, when he realized the negroes had joined in a rebellion, assembled his slaves and stated to them the facts in the case. He coolly told them that if he had to be murdered by the negroes he preferred being killed by his own slaves and not by Nat Turner's band. He demanded that they take their choice, remain and defend his home or join the insurgents. His slaves, having great confidence in him, decided to die in his defense. There were only six guns, one more than enough to arm the whites, so the servants armed themselves with pitch-forks, hoes and other farm implements;

and when danger threatened, they all stationed themselves for the conflict. Such mutual confidence was not, prior to this period, uncommon for the average slave felt especially honored when permitted to protect the home of his master.

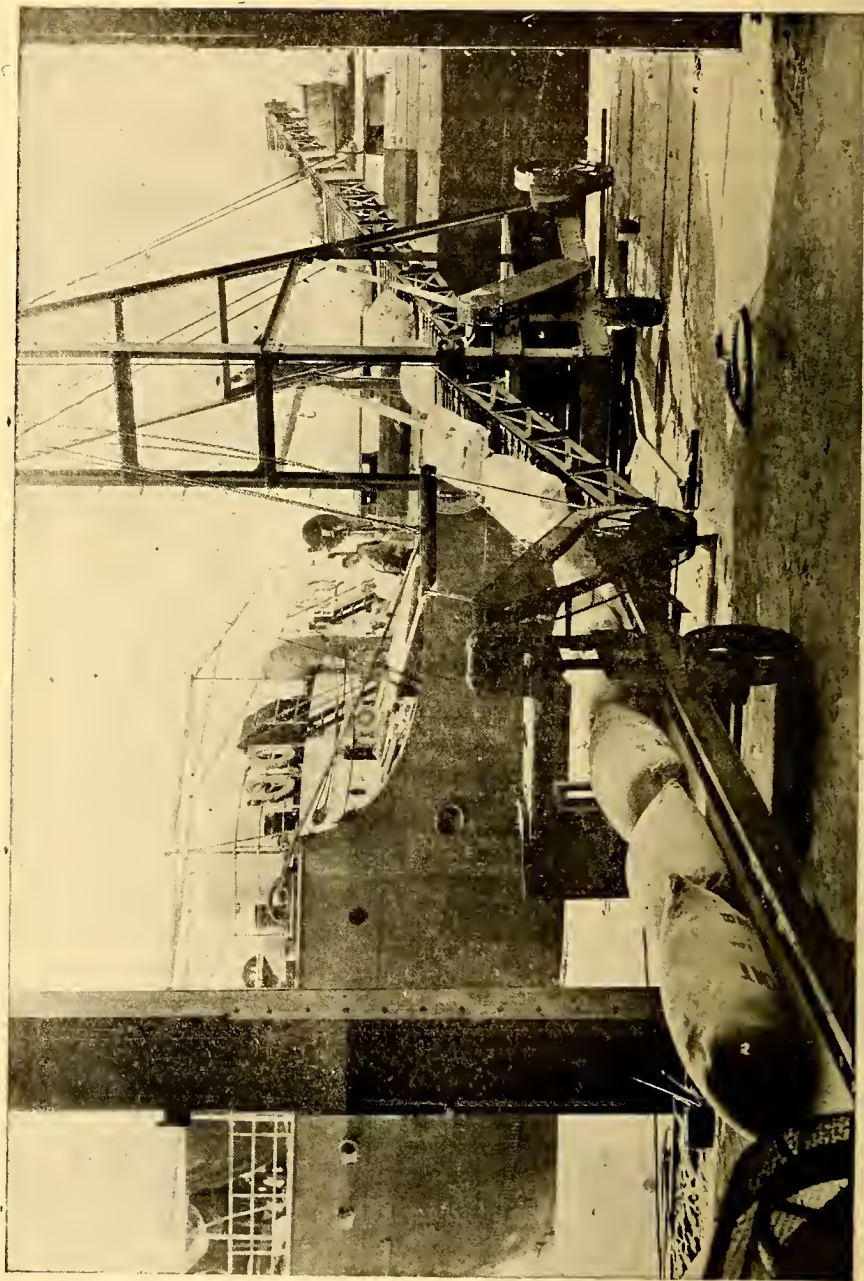
Nat Turner and his band found the yard gate locked as he approached. This was broken down. One of Nat's lieutenants fired a gun as he road through the yard to ascertain if any of the family were at home; whereupon the fire was immediately returned. They had formed a systematic method fo defense Those on the inside, assisted by the women, were to reload the guns and pass them out of the window to the men stationed in front, and after the insurgents were thrown into confusion the faithful slaves were to rush out and make an attack. Nat's chief lieutenant fell at the first fire, and another was killed and several wounded and captured---this caused a retreat and Dr. Blunt's slaves rushed out and assisted most effectively in the repulse of Nat Turner's murderous mob.

There was a baby in Dr. Blunt's house, but the fate of this child was not that of the baby that Nat nursed and afterwards ordered destroyed. This baby was saved by the forethought of its nurse; and the grand-children of this surviving babe are living to-day in Suffolk, Virginia, and recall vividly the story of the negro uprising as told to them by their forebears. And here is evidence of a genuine love the old-time negro nurse manifested for her charge. This babe, as the murderous band approached, was taken by her nurse and carried out and concealed under thick shrubbery in the rear

yard and remained there until after Nat's band had been successfully repulsed, and safety seemed secure. This baby---Frances Marion Blunt--makes a connecting link between North Carolina and Virginia, for she, as an old lady known as Mrs. Washington Lafayette Riddick, lived at one time in Charlottle, and her grand-daughter, Mrs. N. R. Withers, nee Rosa Etheredge, resides now in Suffolk, Virginia. Frances Marion Blunt, who when a babe was thrown into shrubby to save her from the blood-thirsty negroes, at the Blunt home in Southampton county, is to this day remembered by older people as a girl of unusal beauty and grace---in fact, recognized as a Southern beauty.

Nat Turner was finally captured and, along with many of his comrades, was tried, convicted and executed. His trial was one of the most notorious in the annals of Virginia history. Around it cropped out many of the designing influences exerted by propogandists from the North, England and France. The negro, really of remarkable mentality, was nevertheless the finest specimen of brute nature. He denied nothing on his trial; he accepted responsibility for what had been done in the reign of murder, but so fanatic and obsessed with his divine authority for his deeds, he maintained a justification for his bloody career. It is said that a signpost, just outside of Courtland (formerly Jerusalem) on which Nat Turner's scalp was nailed, still stands. Negroes to-day even avoid that locality. Wonder what an exchange of experiences daily pass between John Brown and Nat Turner.

(Continued on page 18.)



Flour-Handling Machinery at Norfolk.

The South, at different points, is coming into her own in the establishment of industrial and commercial facilities at a rapid rate, since we have discovered ourselves.

No section in any Country has made greater progress than marks the development in the South. As a modern method of loading ships, with least consumption of time and at reduced cost, special equipment has been installed at a number of Southern ports. The picture we give on opposite page is that at Norfolk (By the way, while this goodly city is geographically located in Virginia, Norfolk is in truth a product of North Carolinians in the main), showing the loading of flour from the valley of Virginia and various North Carolina sections.

Modern facilities for handling flour, which have been installed recently at the Municipal Piers at Norfolk have attracted great attention from the millers of the country. Moving pictures of the apparatus were shown at a convention of millers of the United States, held recently in Chicago.

The photograph shows the machinery in process of delivering a cargo of flour to the steamer "West Caleron" for Glasgow, Scotland. Following the "West Caleron" the Holland-American Line steamer "Yseldyk" loaded at the Municipal Piers with flour for Rotterdam and a speed of 120 tons per hour was obtained, the device putting the flour aboard the steamer faster than the stevedores could stow it on the decks. It was necessary to slow the operation down to 95 tons per hour

and at this rate the flour was handled expeditiously and economically, resulting in cutting down the time and expense of loading about fifty percent.

In complimenting the Port of Norfolk upon the foresight shown in exporting flour economically, Foreign Freight Traffic Manager R. L. McKellar calls attention to the fact that during the period 1910-1914 wheat flour ranked fifth in quantity among the commodities exported from the United States.

The Norfolk Municipal Piers embrace the splendid facilities provided at the Norfolk Army Supply Base which have been leased from the U. S. Government for commercial use. The Southern Railway System has direct track connection to the Municipal Piers.

The Philadelphia mint has reached the greatest production in its history, it is stated, but its product does not seem any more plentiful where we live.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Nat Turner--The Insurrectionist.

(Concluded from page 15.)

ner, in their eternal home!

But in the long history of the institution of slavery in the South, it must be admitted, after all, that the race as a whole conducted itself in a most commendable manner. That there were not more insurrections and of even wider consequences, shows that the sinister influences exerted from outside of this territory by designing people and societies had but little weight with the negro. His devotion to his master and his household was far greater than any imaginary grievance frequently harped upon by designing meddlers from without.

Not as an apology for slavery, but for food for thought and consideration I am pleased to conclude this story of a frightful insurrection, in which distant connections suffered, with a quotation from Virginia History of African Colonization: Had the African been left like the Indian, in his native freedom, his

would have been the fate of the Indian. But in the mysterious providence of God the African was "bound to the care of the Anglo-American," who has borne him along with him in his upward career, protecting his weakness and providing for his wants. Accordingly he has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until he is numbered by millions instead of scores. In the meantime the black man has been trained in the habits, manners and acts of civilized life, been taught the Christian religion and been gradually rising in the intellectual and moral order, until he is far above his race in their native seats. In these facts we see traces of an all-wise Providence in permitting the black man to be brought here and subjected to the discipline of slavery, tempered by Christianity and regulated by law. Verily, if there had been no other end of such a precedure, the seeming sharp Providence of God would have been highly justified.

I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame.--Skobelev.

Catching Charlie.

By Henry W. Beecher.

This morning while the dew was yet on the grass, word came that Charlie was loose. Now Charlie is a most important member of the family, and as shrewd as a horse ever need be.

Lately he had found out the difference between being harnessed by a boy and a man. So it has happened several times, that as soon as the

halter dropped from his head, before the bridle could take its place, Charlie has backed boldly out of the stable, in spite of the stout boy pulling with all his might at his mane and ears.

On this particular morning we were to put a passenger friend on board the cars at ten minutes past eight o'clock; it was now thirty minutes past seven.

Out popped Charlie from his stall, like a cork from a bottle, and lo! some twenty acres there were in which to try his legs and ours, to say nothing of tempers.

First, the lady with a measure of oats attempted to do the thing by bribing him. Not he! He had no objection to the oats, and none to the hand until it came near his head; then off he sprang. After one or two trials we dropped the oats, and went at it in good earnest,--called all the boys, headed him off this way, drove him into the upper lot, and out of it again.

With great pains we got him into a corner, and he got himself out of it without the least trouble. He would dash through a line of six or eight whooping boys with as little effort as if they had been so many mosquitoes. Down he ran to the lower side of the lot, and down we all walked after him. Up he ran to the upper end of the lot; and up we all walked after him---too tired to run.

Oh, it was glorious fun---to him!

The sun was hot, the train was coming, and we had two miles to drive to the station. He did enjoy it, and we did not.

We tried a new plan. We opened wide the great gate of the barnyard, and attempted to drive him in; and we did it, too---almost. For he ran close up to it---and then sailed past it, with a laugh as plain on his face as ever horse had.

A man is away ahead of a horse in many respects; but running on a summer day, in a twenty-acre lot, is not one of them. We got him to the brook, and while he drank---oh, how slowly!---we started up and succeeded in just missing our grab at his mane.

Now comes another splendid run. His head is up, his eyes flashing, his tail streaming like a banner, Glancing his head this way and that, right and left, he allows us to come into the brush corner, from whence in a few moments he allows us to come out, and again follow him down to the barn.

But luck will not hold forever, even with horses. He dashed down a lane, and we had him. As soon as he saw the gate close, and understood the state of the case, how charmingly he behaved! He permitted us to come up and bridle him without any resistance. He also showed by his conduct that it was the merest sport in the world, this seming wrongdoing; and to him we have no doubt it was.

If you don't think co-operation is necessary, watch what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

Death Of Little Nell.

Charles Dickens.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a sport she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born---imaged---in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor school master on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, and at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look.

The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,---the hand that had led him on through all their wandering. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hunged it to his breast again, murmur-

ing that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the flowers she had loved, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dream, that were of her journeying with the old man: they were of no painful scene, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wanded in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It must have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a

very quiet sleep she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face ---such, as they said they had never seen, and never could forget,---and clung with both arms around his neck. They did not know she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river side. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit, and even she had never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and a manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became a more earnest and more grateful to them, she faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he asked them to lay upon her breast. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he sat alone by his younger brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near to him.

They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word; and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,---except to her,---or stirred from the bed side. But, when he saw her little favorite, he

was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer.

Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came when they must move her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

And now the bell---the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to it with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice---rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful; so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth---on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life ---to gather around her tomb.

Old men were there whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, were there, to see the closing of that early grave. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting.

Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to an old nook, where she

had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,--- a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust, dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard. Some---and they were not a few---knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when

all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls.

A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seem to them upon her quite grave---in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fear are humbled in the dust before them,---then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

A Dead Man At The Throttle.

Not long ago, bumping over a network of frogs and switches, the limited express on a great transcontinental railway sped into the terminal station at a large city with the engineer dead at his post. He sat in his accustomed place; his sightless eyes were riveted on the track ahead of him; nevertheless fingers still gripped the throttle. So life-like was his position that the fireman, who had become alarmed at the undiminished speed as they neared the station, shook the man was dead. He shut off him roughly before he realized that the steam and applied the brakes

just in time to avert a terrible catastrophe.

A dead man at the throttle. How many calamities in life can be traced to men in a like condition! God has given each of us the charge of a wonderful machine---the human body with its complex mechanism through which act our physical, mental and moral forces. We are each an engineer, and each of us must drive his machine along the destined path between the eternities.

Many meet with catastrophes. We cannot always explain them, but how many times the cause is ---a dead man at the throttle! He sits in his accustomed place with his eyes fixed on the track ahead, but he is dead nevertheless to all thought of moral or spiritual responsibility. There are helpless people on the track before him; there is a long

train of unborn generations coming after him; but he does not see or think or feel.

It is one of the mystifying truths of life that a man can be outwardly alive although inwardly dead. His mind may be keen and his senses alert, though he is dead in heart and soul. It would be better for the world if he were physically dead; for while he remains physically alive he is still an engineer in control of dangerous forces---forces that he cannot use with consideration for others or as He who intrusted him with them intended them to be used. The powers it was his duty to control are great; uncontrolled, they are a curse rather than a blessing. Ungoverned by principle and love of others, they are sure to bring tragedy and suffering to everyone in their path.---Ex.

The Reward of Kindness.

(A Japanese Folk Tale)

In the good old days, there lived, in Japan, a poor man and his wife, whose only pet was a little dog. Having no children, they loved it as though it were their own baby. The good woman made it a cushion of blue crape, and at mealtine Muko---for that was its name---would sit on it as demure as any cat.

The kind people fed the pet with tidbits of fish, and it was allowed to have all the boiled rice it wanted. Whenever the woman took the animal with her, she put a bright-red silk ribbon around its neck. Thus treated, the dumb creature loved its protectors very dearly.

Now the kind man, being a farmer, went daily with hoe or rake into the fields, working hard from the first croak of the raven until the sun had gone down behind the hills. Every day the dog followed him to

work and kept near by, never harming the birds that walked in the footsteps of the man to pick up worms.

One day Muko came running to his master as though greatly excited. He leaped against the man's knees, and seemed to be motioning to some spot behind. The kind man at first

thought that his pet was only playing, and did not mind it. But the dog kept on whining and running to and fro for some minutes.

At length the man followed the dog a short distance to a place where the animal began a lively scratching. Thinking it only a buried bone or a bit of fish, but wishing to humor his pet, the kind man stuck his hoe into the earth, when, lo! a pile of gold gleamed before him.

He rubbed his old eyes, stooped to look, and saw that there was at least a peck of shining coins. He gathered them up, and hurried homeward at once.

Thus, in an hour, the kind couple were made rich. The good souls bought a piece of land, made a great feast for their friends, and gave plentifully to their poor neighbors.

Now, in the same village their lived a wicked old man and his wife, who had always kicked and scolded all dogs that came near their house. When they heard of their kind neighbors' good luck, they began to wish that they, too, had a pet like Muko. So they coaxed him into their garden and set a plate of fish and other dainties before him, hoping he would find treasures for them. But the dog, being afraid of the cruel pair, would neither eat nor move.

Then they dragged him into a field, taking a spade and hoe with them. When the dog got near to a pine tree, he began to paw and scratch the ground, as if a mighty treasure lay beneath.

"Quick, wife, hand me the spade!" cried the greedy man, as he danced with joy.

Then the covetous fellow began to

dig with the spade, and his wife helped him with the hoe. But they found nothing but a poor kitten, which they themselves had killed several days before. This made them so angry that they attacked the dog and kicked and beat him to death. They then threw him into the hole, and covered him up with earth.

When the owner of the dog heard of the death of his pet, he mourned for him as for his own child. At night he went to the pine tree where Muko was buried, and set up some hollow pieces of bamboo into which he put fresh flowers. Then he put a tray of food on the grave, and burned several costly sticks of incense.

That night, the kind man thought that the dog came to him in a dream and said, "Cut down the pine tree which is over my grave, and make from it a mortar for your rice pastry and a mill for your bean sauce."

So the kind man chopped down the tree, and from the middle of the trunk he cut out a section about two feet long. With great labor he scraped out a hollow place in this piece of wood, making a mortar large enough to hold about a half bushel. Then he made a hammer of wood, such as was used for pounding rice.

When New Year's time drew nigh, the kind couple decided to make some rice pastry. So they got ready some white rice in a basket; they built a fire, and hung a pot over it to boil the rice dumplings; the man knotted his blue handkerchief over his head; the woman tucked up her sleeves; and all was ready for the pastry making.

The rice was soon boiled; the woman put it in the mortar; the man lifted his hammer to pound it into

dough; and the blows fell thick and fast till the pastry was all ready for baking. Then, suddenly the whole mass turned into a heap of shining gold coins.

Meanwhile, the kind woman had filled the hand mill with beans for bean porridge; and when she began to grind a stream of gold dropped out like rain.

And so the good couple were made rich a second time.

Now, it so happened that the covetous old neighbors were looking in at the window and saw all that was going on in the kind peoples' kitchen. "Goody me!" cried the old woman, "I'll borrow that mill, I will."

The next day, therefore, she went over and borrowed the mortar and the mill. The couple filled the mortar very full of rice, and poured a peck of beans into the mill. Then the old man began to pound and the old woman to grind.

At the first blow, however, and at the first turn of the mill, both beans and rice turned into a foul mass of stuff, full of wriggling worms. The covetous old couple were so angry that they chopped the mill into pieces and used the mortar for firewood.

Not long after that, the kind man dreamed again. He thought that the dog came to him and told him how the wicked people had broken the mill and burned the mortar that had been made from the pine tree:

"Take the ashes of the mill, and sprinkle them on the withered trees and they will bloom again," said the dog.

Early in the morning, the man went to his wicked neighbors' house to get some of the ashes. He found

the miserable old pair sitting by their square fireplace, smoking and spinning. He asked them for the ashes, and they scolded him as if he were a thief. At last, however, they allowed him to fill his basket with ashes.

When the man returned to his home, he went out with his wife into the garden. It was winter, and their favorite cherry tree was bare. They sprinkled a few of the ashes on it, and, lo! it put out blossoms until it became a cloud of pink blooms which perfumed the air. The news of this soon filled the village, and every one ran to see the wonder.

The covetous couple also heard the story, and they gattered up the remaining ashes, thinking that they, too, would make withered trees blossom.

About this time the daimio, or lord of that region, was journeying near the village; and the kind man, hearing this, set out to meet him, taking his basket of ashes. He climbed into an old withered cherry tree that stood by the road, and waited for the daimio and his train to pass by.

Now, it was the custom, when one of the great men drew near, for all the people to shut their second-story windows. They even pasted them fast with slips of paper, so as not to commit the impertinence of looking down upon their lord. All ranged themselves along the road, fell upon their knees, and remained there until the procession had passed by.

It was, therefore, very impolite for the kind man to climb the tree, and be higher than his master's head.

The procession drew near, with all its pomp of gayly colored banners, covered spears, and state umbrellas.

A tall officer marched ahead, crying out to the people, "Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees!" And every one kneeled down.

Suddenly, however, the officer caught sight of the kind man up in the tree. He was about to call out to him in an angry tone, but seeing that he appeared quite old and feeble, he pretended not to notice, and passed on.

When the daimio drew near, the kind man took a pinch of ashes from his basket and scattered them over the tree. In a moment it burst into blossom.

The daimio was delighted. He ordered his attendants to stop, and went up to the tree to see the wonder. He called to the kind man and thanked him. He ordered that he should be rewarded with silk robes and fans and ivory carvings, and other costly presents. He even invited him to visit him in his castle. And when the procession had passed on, the kind man went joyfully home to tell the good news to his wife.

When the covetous neighbor heard of what had taken place, he thought

that he, too, would win the favor of his master. So he took some of the magic ashes and went out on the highway. He waited till the daimio drew near, and then, instead of kneeling down, he climbed a withered cherry tree.

Then, when the daimio was almost directly under him, he threw a handful of ashes over the tree, which did not change in the least. The wind blew the fine dust into the noses and eyes of the daimio and his followers. How they sneezed and coughed! All the pomp and dignity of the procession was spoiled.

The officer whose business it was to cry, "Get down on your knees," seized the foolish old fellow by the hair, dragged him from the tree, and tumbled him and his ash basket into the ditch by the road. Others fell upon him and beat him, and left him for dead.

Thus while the cruel, covetous old man was deservedly punished, the kind friend of the dog dwelt in peace and plenty, and both he and his wife lived to a happy old age.

General Lee And Traveler.

By Robert E. Lee.

My father was generally accompanied by one of my sisters in his rides, whenever the weather and the condition of the roads admitted of their going. It took very severe weather to keep him in, though often he could not spare time, for during the winter months the days were very short. Whenever I was in Lexington I rode with him, and when he was prevented by any cause he would ask me to take Traveler out and give him a gallop, which I was delighted to do.

My Father's affection for his horses was very deep and strong. In a letter written from the Springs one summer, to his clerk in Lexington,

he says:--

"How is Traveler? Tell him I miss him dreadfully, and have repented of our separation but once--and that is the whole time since we parted."

I think that Traveler appreciated his love and sympathy and returned it as much as was in a horse's nature to do. As illustrative of this bond between them, a very pretty story was told me by Mrs. S. P. Lee.

"One afternoon in July, the General rode down to the canal-boat landing to put on board a young lady who had been visiting his daughters and was returning home. He dismounted, tied Traveler to a post, and was standing on the boat making his adieux, when some one called out that Traveler was loose. Sure enough, the gallant gray was making his way up the road, increasing his speed as a number of boys and men tried to stop him.

"The General immediately stepped ashore, called to the crowd to stand still, and advancing a few steps gave a peculiar low whistle. At the first sound Traveler stopped and pricked up his ears. The General whistled a second time, and the horse with a glad whinny turned and trotted quietly back to his master who patted and coaxed him before tying him up again.

"To a bystander who expressed surprise at the creature's docility the General observed that he did not see

how any man could ride a horse for any length of time without a perfect understanding being established between them."

My sister, Mildred, who rode with him constantly, tells me of his enjoyment of their long rides out into the beautiful, restful country. Nothing seemed to delight him so much. I have often known him to give rein to Traveler and ride at full speed to the top of some long hill, then turn and wait for me, joggling along on the mare Lucy, while he called out in a merry voice. "Come along, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Lucy Long!"

He would question the country people about the roads, where they came from, where they led to, and soon knew every farmer's name and every homestead in the country. He often said:--

"I wish I had a little farm of my own, where we could live in peace to the end of our days. You girls could attend to the dairy and the cows and the sheep and wait on your mother and me; for it is time now for us old people to rest and for the young people to work."

All the children in the country around were devoted to him, after they once knew him. He used to meet his favorites among the little ones on the street, and would sometimes lift them up in front of him to give them a ride on Traveler. That was the greatest treat he could provide.

Some time ago the Enquirer man played pedagogue long enough to tell correspondents not to write about an infant child, as every infant is a child, never to write "he said before he died" as it is hardly possible that he made any remarks after he died, and never to write about a widow woman, for every widow is a woman.--Monroe Enquirer

A Boy Who Became Famous.

By W. R. Turner.

A Boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbled ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadows and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathed-

ral. They stopped at night at a clistor, and the father took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen; and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father" said the boy "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had fixed the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre still of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for every joy at the caresses of this marvelous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened: some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed: but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made stone arches thrill with their powers. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, draw-

ing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothings besides: his eyes beamed: and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies steaming forth in swelling billows, till they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke: and then whispering ripples of daintiest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.

Incidentally.

By N. B. L. In News & Observer.

Wonder what has become of the blind negro beggar who used to sit out in front of the News and Obser-

ver building singing hymns at the top of his voice and clinking the coins in his tin cup while he implored the passersby to "please help the blind?" He seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Certainly the place thereof knows him no more, and hasn't for weeks.

Sometimes he moved his stand to the Capital Club, and on Saturdays when business was brisk on South Wilmington street he sat in front of the Commercial Bank. But he seems to consider Martin street his lawful hunting ground. He used to make me think of the beggar at "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple," only St. Peter never passed along Martin street with the healing word. But maybe the blind beggar will come back when the heat of summer subsides. He was becoming a local institution.

* * *

With his nervousness and his monotonous begging he was a very different type of mendicant from the sightless old negro man who stands on the corner by Christ Church without a word except one of deferential thanks when occasional coins fall into his cup. Mr. Roland Beasley said that this old fellow distributes his titles to folks according to the sound which their contributions make as they strike the tin.

* * *

Why are the blind usually so courageous? Maybe the spirit is allowed to see more clearly when the eyes are closed for life. Look at the blind musicians who play every night at the Raleigh Hotel. Four of them who "ask no odds of Fate," but go about their business with more

faithfulness than many of us for whom stars shine and flowers bloom.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson who loved each other, without ever seeing anything except what their hearts saw, are a better sermon than any I ever heard. They walk about the streets arm in arm, smiling often as they talk. A very real light must shine through the darkness for them. There is something in little Mrs. Johnson's sweet voice when she sings that no training could ever put there.

* * *

There was something new in newsboys in Raleigh yesterday. Most of that breed do not run to style, but this small individual did. The common variety of newsboys is clad usually in dirty shirt and nondescript trousers, and in summer is always bare-footed, as a matter of course.

This little one stood out like a spotless lily in a garden of weeds. He was dressed in a clean white suit and white cap and looked as if he had just come from a party. He couldn't have been over six. Maybe he had been reading articles on success which tell you how much a neat appearance counts on that rough road.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Rev. G. A. Martin, of the First Baptist church of Concord, preached an excellent sermon at the Chapel, Sunday.

The following boys were made happy by visits from home folks Wednesday: Parks Newton, John

Branch, Harry Lamb, Waldo Shinn.

Mr. G. H. Lawernee, accompanied by Walter Brockwell, went to Chapel Hill on business, last week.

Mr. Zebulon Teeter, who has been at Trinity College studying for the ministry, and who spent his vacation at the school, has returned to college where he will resume his studies.

Mr. Broadus Talbert, of Concord, who has been an officer at the school for the past six months, has resigned.

Saturday was one time that every boy at the school smiled at the scarcity of water. For it meant that an enjoyable hike to the river and a good old swim was in store for all.

Mr. Willie White, of Concord, has accepted work at the school. Mr. White is the brother of Mr. J. Lee White, of No. 3. If he is as good as his brother, all the boys will like him.

Frank Garrell, who has been a house-boy at the Administration Building, received an honorable parole, last week. He was liked by everybody at the school, and we all wish him good luck and much happiness in the days to come.

Invitations reading as follows have been issued:

Mr. and Mrs. Colenian Wallace Abernathy, request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Annie, to Williamson Wilson Johnson, on Wednesday evening, September, 28th, 1921, at six o'clock, Harrisburg, North Carolina. At home after October, 15th, Concord, North Carolina.

Tuesday, September, 20th, is another day that isn't easily forgotten by every body at the school. When news came that we were to go to the Made-In-Carolinas Exposition, at Charlotte, the boys worked with a light heart during the day, with the anticipation of seeing the exposition. Henderson Sarvis and Frank Garrell were called back to blow the Bass and Baritone, as the boys, who have just been assigned, haven't had time to catch on. When the time came, we marched to the railroad, where we were to board the train. When we arrived in Charlotte, we marched to the exposition grounds, with the band leading. Then, when we arrived at the grounds, a photographer took a snapshot of the boys; after which we went in to see the exposition. Master Samuel Taylor, our great orator, thrilled the hearts and souls of those present with "A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out." And Master Cavanaugh sang a song "I want to raise my boy to be a soldier." It was through the kindness of the citizens of Concord that we got to go. We had a real good time and we thank you all very much.

Of A Local Nature.

Mr. W. V. Krimminger, a prominent farmer and a good citizen of No. 11, died at the Concord Hospital on the 16th, having undergone an operation for appendicitis. * Sunderland Hall School, under the principalship of Miss Melissa Montgomery, began its 28th session on the 20th. * Miss Gertrude Griffin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Griffin, a very attractive young lady

of just seventeen years, after an operation for appendicitis at the Concord Hospital, died on the 16th. The funeral services were conducted from the home on South Spring street Sunday afternoon, attended by a large number of the friends of the deceased and her parents. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. * Excavation for a new 2-story brick building being built by Mr. J. A. Cannon on North Union street, opposite the St. Cloud, is about completed, ready for the brick work to begin. Mr. Ed Misenheimer has the brick contract. * It is announced that 11,375 books were drawn from the local library during the past three months. This is an average of over one book to every man, woman and child in the community. It makes a wonderful record, and shows what a taste Concord people have for reading. * Mr. A. Sam White, who has been superintendent of the Clayton Cotton Mills for over twenty years, has resigned and accepted a similar position with a cotton mill in High Point. Mr. White is a Cabarrus county boy, who has made entirely good. * The warehouse of the Poplar Tent Ginning Company was destroyed Sunday night. Thirty bales of cotton, with partial insurance, were destroyed. The fire is supposed to have started from lightning. * Copious local showers fell in the county during the week, re-

lieving slightly a terribly long and severe dry season. * Congressman R. L. Doughton spent a short while in Concord on Tuesday, visiting relatives. * It is begining to look like the oil mills have gotten hold of some money, inasmuch as there is a very marked demand for seed. * Mrs. Earnest Hicks has entered the hospital, being treated for appendicitis. * Miss Lou White, after several weeks confinement to her home on account of illness, is able to be out. * Miss Fannie Hill, of the office of the County Superintendent of Education, has been on a vacation of a week. * The Recorder's Court seems unusually busy. * Probably five or six hundred Cabarrus people attended the Made-in-Carolinas Exposition on Tuesday. The address of the occasion was made by John M. Oglesby, Esq., which was splendidly conceived and most attractively delivered. Mr. Ogelsby received a practical ovation from his numerous Cabarrus friends for the eloquent manner in which he gave Cabarus a greatly deserved good name. It was timely, for the advertising administered to this community for the past three months is decidedly more than was just. A stranger could not get a just opinion of our people from the stuff that has gone out. Mr. Oglesby made the Cabarrus people present real proud of the county.

THE

UPLIFT

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NO. 49

Getting The Right Vision.

It is an old saying that a penny held close to the eye will shut out the sunshine, and certainly it often happens that little losses blind us to great blessings. A merchant who failed in business a few years ago went home in agitation, a look of despair on his white face.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"I am ruined; I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead.

"All!" said his wife. "No, I am left."

"All! papa?" said the eldest boy. "Here am I!"

"And I, too," said the little girl, running up and putting her arms round his neck.

"I'm not lost," repeated Eddie.

"And you have your health left" said his wife.

"And your hands to work with," said the eldest, "and I can help you."

"And your two feet to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said the grandmother.

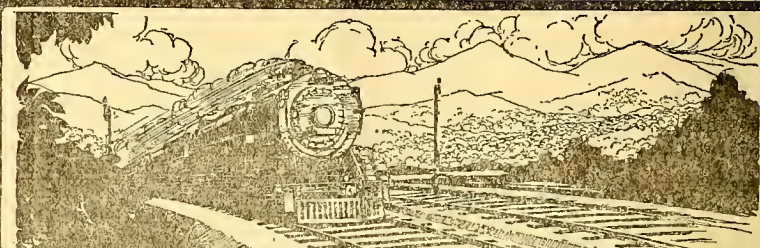
"And a good God," said his wife.

"God forgive me!" said the merchant, "I have not lost my all. What have I lost to what I have left!"

He took comfort and began the world afresh.

PUBLISHED BY

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



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921				Southbound					
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30	(ATLANTA, GA.		No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35				
12.00PM	11.20AM	12.30noon		lv Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		10.55AM	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM				
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar		7.00AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM				
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv		5.50AM	1.00PM	1.00PM	1.05AM				
7.35AM	5.35PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar SPARTANBURG, S. C.		3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM				
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar CHARLOTTE, N. C.		2.45AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM				
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar SALISBURY, N. C.		12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM				
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar High Point, N. C.		12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM				
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar GREENSBORO, N. C.		8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM				
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar Winston-Salem, N. C.		7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM				
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar Raleigh, N. C.		10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM				
2.50PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar DANVILLE, VA.		7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM					
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar Norfolk, Va.		3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM				
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar Richmond, Va.		9.50PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM				
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar LYNCHBURG, VA.		3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM				
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar WASHINGTON, D. C.		1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM				
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar BALTIMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.		11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM				
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar West PHILADELPHIA		11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM				
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar North PHILADELPHIA		9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night				
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar NEW YORK, Penna. System									

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

**The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.

JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY BUILDS A COTTAGE.

This writer, following up some preliminary work and an invitation, spent Monday at Wentworth, the capitol of Rockingham county, N. C. He was a guest of the officials of the County Board of Welfare, easily among the widest awake officials engaged in this worthwhile work in the State. A county that has the benefit of the enthusiastic and wise services of such people as Mrs. Dr. Mills and the Welfare worker, Prof. J. H. Allen, may consider itself blessed.

By invitation this writer appeared before the County Commissioners, in session on that Monday. From various quarters of the county there were present quite a number of leading and influential citizens of the county, among them ministers, farmers, bankers and high road officials. Reinforced by the presence of county officials, especially Judge Penn, of the Superior Court, these representative people were assembled in the great matter of solving the problem how to care for a large number of unfortunate and neglected boys. This writer presented a proposition to the County Commissioners, very practical and patriotic gentlemen, looking to making provision for the county's unfortunate youth at the Jackson Training School. A full presentation was made, and the officials manifested a deep interest. Others threw light on the knotty problem. Then, after the case was fully considered from all angles, a motion unanimously prevailed, making an appropriation of sufficient funds to erect a Cottage at the Jackson Training School; and the representative of the Jackson Training School was authorized to let the contract at once and hasten the erection of this dormitory building, which will accommodate thirty boys.

Degree by degree, and stage by stage, conservatively but surely, the

problem of "what to do for the North Carolina boy without a proper chance" is being satisfactorily answered. This announcement is pleasingly made by and for those, who have thrown into the cause their sincerest and fondest effort for more than twenty-five years. That the record and accomplishment of the institution justifies all this effort, is truly a solace to a heart ten thousand times in the past sorely bothered.

The contract for the Rockingham Cottage was let on the 5th and material is now assembling.

AN INSPIRATION.

In this number there is a short story, contributed by Mr. C. W. Hunt, of Mecklenburg county, telling of the youthful struggle, the rise and the wonderful leadership of Dr. Clarence Poe, editor of the Progressive Farmer. The story is cleverly and honestly told by Mr. Hunt and makes good and most inspiring reading matter.

It would be far-fetched---untrue---to entertain any belief that all boys, situated as was Mr. Poe, could overcome obstacles and hew out of conditions the wonderful record of accomplishments that this Chatham product has done. But what he did must be an inspiration to every boy, possessed of a normal and physical make-up, to burgeon out of his opportunities and life that result that would indicate he had the right vision and a commendable ambition.

THE UPLIFT has been trying, in an honorable manner, to induce Charles W. Hunt to do more writing for the pleasure and profit of his friends. This fellow conducted a paper at Burlington, N. C., years ago, when it took an artist and a smart man to conduct a paper and keep out of the hands of the sheriff. Somehow or other, probably by a call that dates back and back, Mr. Hunt took up his residence in the country a few miles out of Charlotte, where he conducts a small dairy, chicken yard and communes with nature most gloriously. He was pleased to baptize his country place "Swastika Farm," which translated probably means, "sink or swim." Just a few days ago this interesting and substantial man celebrated his 62nd anniversary, as an individual not as a farmer, by gathering around him a host of friends to feast on a barbecue that was a barbecue. It was a great day.

The teachers of North Carolina and the friends of education in general are to be congratulated because of the coming of President Edwin A. Al-

derman, of the University of Virginia, and one of the brightest men the Old North State has produced in all her history, to address the Teachers' Assembly at Raleigh during Thanksgiving week. This man Alderman makes every word he utters function like something that breathes with life. Pity he can't be kept in the state, which produced him and needs him.

It seems about time for some one to find out exactly where the rights of a state in handling its own affairs ends and where the Federal Government can decently step in and take charge. It is this frequent muddle in the affairs of the state in the conduct of its own affairs, that precipitate trouble and the expenditure of much time and money. Does no one after all these years know nothing about it---that doubt creeps into every movement of the state when she is engaged in finding revenue for its needs?

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

One fine day it occurred to the Members of the Body that they were doing all of the work and the Belly was having all of the food. So they held a meeting, and after a long discussion, decided to strike work till the Belly consented to take its proper share of the work. So after a day or two, the Hands refused to take the food, the Mouth refused to receive it, and the Teeth had no work to do. But after a day or two, the Members began to find that they themselves were not in a very active condition: the Hands could hardly move, and the Mouth was all parched and dry, while the legs were unable to support the rest. So thus they found that even the Belly in its dull quiet way was doing necessary work for the Body, and that all must work together or the Body will go to pieces:

“A COMMUNITY INTEREST---UNITED EFFORT GIVES STRENGTH.”

Clarence Poe---Architect and Builder.

By C. W. Hunt

North Carolinians have for many generations been going to other states to grow great. Still more North Carolinians stay home long enough for their worth to be discovered, then comes a call to other fields. Occasionally the good old North State develops a citizen who loves his own well enough to stay home and grow great; and such is what has happened in subject under discussion.



Clarence Poe, son of Wm. Baxter and Susan Dismukes Poe was born in Chatham county January 10th, 1881, the year of the fearful drouth, but he does not assign that as the cause of his lack of physical magnitude, but rather to the shortness of the "Chatham rabbit" crop, and for the first seventeen years of his life

toiled on the farm with his father, just as ordinary country boys have to do, doing anything and everything. Times were hard, and a mortgage debt for a time drove the father from the old home, but by toil and diligence Clarence saw and helped him win it again. As a boy he saw all the hardships and discouragements that beset the farmer in the times of five and six cents cotton. His education was only such as the "Old field" schools offered for three or four months in the year, but his mother was a most excellent teacher, and he no doubt owes much of what he possessed in ambition to the inspiration he got from her. He read all the books that could be had; and it is said that he picked cracked bolls of cotton from an uncle's field to get money to pay a subscription to the Progressive Farmer, and as a country boy wrote such excellent matter for that paper as to attract attention, and took a position on that paper when only 17 years old, going to Raleigh dressed in a suit that cost him \$2.75, the pants being cut for "high water." His work was anything about the office, but in two short years he was made editor and given entire control of the policy of the journal.

It can be truthfully said that the

strides of the Progressive Farmer are the strides of Clarence Poe. Without even high school education he stands today the peer of any man in literature of the periodical class, and his ability is recognized the country over. He has written a number of books, and the following is the title of his latest book: "How Farmers Co-operate and Double Profits:"

"This book is dedicated to the memory of my father and mother, plain, hardworking farmer folk, with whom I shared the poverty and hardships of the days before education brought the hope of better things, nor co-operation pointed out the way--the days when no equitable system of rural credits offered escape from the robbery of time prices; when outworn marketing methods left to others all the handling of our products and all voice in pricing what we bought of others or what others bought of us; and when the inevitable mortgage followed, menacing like a sword of Damocles, while we toiled. In the faith that through co-operation a fairer day now dawns for all who grow the fruits of the earth, this book is offered by the author."

In the face of discouragement and depression of the farming interest, Clarence Poe as head of the Progressive Farmer has used his pen and his business ability until the paper has grown from a small list of 5000 subscribers when he took it in hand to the incredible circulation of 240,000. And all this has been accomplished by real merit; he having gathered around him the very best talent in all the south, men who are specialist, in their lines, but all the while, week after week Clarence

Poe has let flow from his pen real brain matter, on the two editorial pages of his own; and and all this done and much of his time spent on the public platform.

In the opinion of this writer no man has ever edited a farm paper with the ability that Clarence Poe has shown on his great paper. Week after week these pages fairly shine with matter, not picked up and rehashed, but matter pertaining to that which is vital to agriculture, the home, the community and the state. Those of us who read and study farm periodicals know that many of such run to the "Cock and Bull Story" class, specializing in freak accomplishments, most of which when sifted down are found to be heavily padded to make them readable. The people want sound, practical matter, simply told, and here is where Poe excels, in that he reaches the "one galus man."

Just at this time the matter of co-operative marketing is occupying the center of the agricultural stage. Tobacco and cotton being the two great money crops of the south, and both being non perishable, in part, Poe has made a thorough study of this matter as his book will show, and all the power of his mind and body is centered on the organization of men to market these crops co-operatively; for in it he sees prosperity such as has never blessed the fair southland. And the work Poe is doing through his speeches and The Farmer are telling, for in most places where the matter is being worked and the quota assigned has been exceeded.

Human nature can't be altered by being haltered. --Columbia Record.

Paper One Hundred And Twenty-Two Years Old.

In this day of rapid travel of news, daily newspapers and many extras when something out of the ordinary occurs, the public is required to wait just a few minutes to hear of what has taken place. The mechanical measures at hand to make a quick issue is, if we but give a moment's thought, a little short of marvelous.

There came under our observation an old paper printed January 4th, 1800. It is in the possession of Mrs. J. M. Odell, who received it from her father, the late R. Washington Allison. It was one of the leading newspapers of New York state, being printed at Kingston, N. Y., by Samuel Free & Son, under the title of "Ulster County Gazette." The best and only way to describe the paper, while it is not intended to be comical, is to say that it is funny.

Four small pages, with all its "s's" "f's" and the general appearance indicating great trial and labor: There is a column, giving all the "latest news from Europe by mail" and this is several months old. The leading article and the one of real consequence is the announcement of the death of George Washington. Though this distinguished American died on the 14th of December, 1799, it was not announced to the readers of the Gazette until January 4th, 1800. Even at that date they had learned to turn the column rules upside down, to indicate an attitude of mourning.

The fourth page is practically devoted to small advertisements, selling lots, produce, saw-mills, negroes, legal notices, and locating lost cattle. Here are two samples of advertisements run in a New York Paper in 1800: "Tuesday, December 10.

Come to the subscriber, a young Heifer, about one year old last Spring, marked with a piece cut off the right ear, a star in her forehead, and white under the belly. The owner by paying charges is desired to take her away. Seth Mosier."

This sounds like frontier life; and there is no suggestion of demanding damages, or a neighborhood row over the heifer.

The other advertisement:

"FOR SALE.

The one half of a Saw Mill with a convenient place for building lying in the town of Rochester--By the mill is an inexhaustible quantity of pine-wood. And also, A Stout, Healthy, Active Negro Wench. Any person inclined to purchase, may know particulars by applying to John Schoonmaker, Jun., at Rochester. Nov. 23, 1799."

We are to gather from the foregoing that saw mills offered the basis for much trading; and, while not declared, this Northern gentleman, finding the possession of a "negro wench" unprofitable property, under the Constitution, in the conduct of his saw-mill or his home affairs, offered her for sale. He made no move whatever to indicate that he was willing to "set her free."

There is in this quaint, old newspaper of 1800 another advertisement that attracted attention. A merchant offered his wares in exchange

for farm produce, and adding below conspicuously, he announced that. "Ashes are taken, in exchange." This information to the present generation is a revelation. Commercial fertilizers in those days and way down into the nineteenth century were unknown, but ashes had a real, specific market value. This reminds us that once upon a time that Noah

Biggs and R. H. Ricks, two notable and wealthy gentlemen of Eastern North Carolina, recently dying, coming home after the Surrender, made their first money in buying up and selling ashes from the wholesale destruction of forests, which was the prevailing practice even as late as 1880.

A person who places his money in a business that he knows nothing about or buys stock from a person he does not know needs a guardian, for 99 times out of 100 it is the last he will ever see of his money. It is ridiculous for people to get the notion into their heads that a stranger goes about the country to make others rich. It is his game for getting money and he knows how to play it.--Morganton News-Herald.

Do The Ends Of Wisdom Demand It.

Two great, strong men met in the Governor's office in 1914--Governor Locke Craig was being beseeched by Hon. Cameron Morrison and associates to spare the life of a woman and her chum from electrocution for the crime of deliberately conspiring and effecting the death of the woman's husband. The great speech of Hon. Cameron Morrison saved the pair from the electric chair and they were commuted to life imprisonment.

The other day, about the middle of September, these two met again in the Governor's office. This time ex-Governor Locke Craig was beseeching Governor Morrison to commute to life imprisonment of one Harris, who had been sentenced to die in the electric chair. It is said that a more fervent appeal has never been made, but immediately thereafter Governor Morrison dictated a statement that the petition for clemency for Harris is denied.

To the mind of a laymen there seems just as much reason for a commutation in one case as in the other, with the advantage on Har-

ris's side; this, however, is very largely for the reason that more and more people are becoming doubtful about capital punishment. Though there seems to be more reason for clemency in Harris's case, there never was any criticism, or muttering or dissatisfaction with the humane act of Governor Craig in saving a woman from the death chair. Life imprisonment is a horrible punishment to the prisoner, if not so horrible in the sight of the public as electrocution.

The public mind is undergoing great changes in the matter of punishment. No further back than the

eighteenth century the English people executed people for forgery and such offenses. In the case of Dr. William Dodd, an English clergyman and author, is a shining example of the demands of the public at that time for capital punishment. Dr. Dodd studied at Cambridge, was ordained deacon 1751, and was appointed chaplain to the king in 1763. In 1777 he forged the name of Lord Chesterfield, his former pupil, to a bond for 4,200 pounds, and in spite of the fact that he was an eminent scholar, chaplain to the king, a noted author, and in spite of the great efforts of Dr. Johnson and other influential friends, the king could not resist the clamor of the people, so Dr. Dodd was executed at London for forgery.

With direct reference to this execution, Rev. C. C. Colton, an English minister, as late as 1832 wrote:

"As it is far more difficult to be just than to be generous, so also those will find it a much harder task to punish than to pardon, who have both in their power. There is no one quality of the mind that requires more resolution, and receives less reward, than that prospective but ultimately merciful severity, which strikes the individual for the good of the community. The popular voice---the tears of relatives---the influence of rank---the eloquence of talent---may all conspire to recommend an act of clemency, in itself most grateful to the sympathies

of one whose high situation has privileged him to exert it. What shall we put into the opposite scale? The public good; but it may happen that the public themselves have signified their willingness to waive this high consideration. Here, then, the supreme head of state is forced upon a trial almost too great for humanity; he is called upon to sink the feelings of the man in the firmness of the magistrate, to sacrifice the finest sensibilities of the heart to the sternest dictates of the head, and to exhibit an integrity more pure than the ice of Zembla, but as repulsive and as cold. Those who can envy a sovereign so painful a prerogative know little of others, and less of themselves. Had Doctor Dodd been pardoned, who shall say how many men of similar talents that cruel pardon might not have fatally ensnared? Eloquent as he was, and exemplary as perhaps he would have been, an enlarged view of his case authorizes this irrefragable inference: that the most undeviating rectitude, and the longest life of such a man, could not have conferred so great and so permanent a benefit on society as that single sacrifice, his death. On this memorable occasion Europe saw the greatest monarch she contained acknowledging a sovereign, with his own dominions greater than himself; a sovereign that triumphed not only over his power, but over his pity---the supremacy of the laws."

Albert Hammond Indian, who lives in Robeson county, had his right hand cut off some time ago, but that does not keep him from doing a man's work in the field. He picked 212 pounds of cotton last Friday with his left hand. That was some work for an unfortunate fellow with only his left hand to work with.---Monroe Enquirer.

To The Men Of North Carolina.

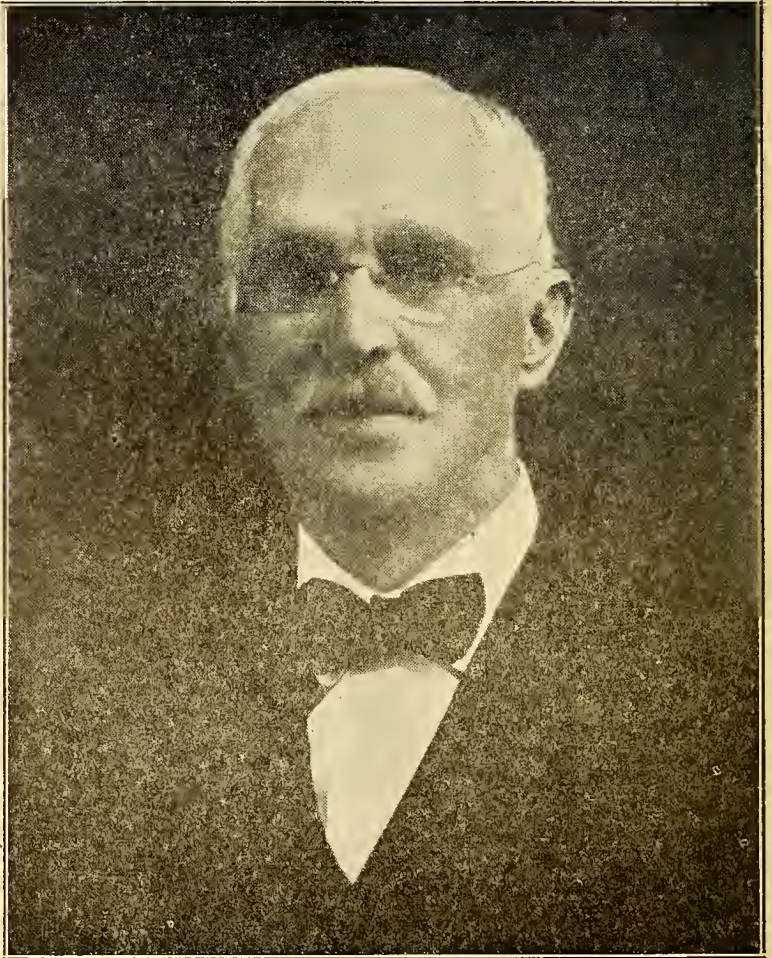
(Anonymous)

You talk of your breed of cattle,
And plan for a higher strain,
You double the food of the pasture;
You heap up the measure of grain:
You draw on the wits of the nation
To better the barn and the pen;
But what are you doing, my brothers,
To better the breed of men?

You boast of your Morgans and Herefords,
Of the worth of a calf or a colt,
And scoff at the scrub or the mongrel,
As worthy a fool or a dolt;
You mention the points of your roadster,
With many a "wherefore" or "when,"
But, ah, are you conning, my brothers,
The worth of the children of men?

You talk of your roan-colored filly,
Your heifer so shapely and sleek;
No place shall be filled in your stanchions
By stock that's unworthy or weak.
But what of the stock of your household?
Have they wandered beyond your pen?
Oh, what is revealed in the round-up
That brands the daughters of men?

And what of your boy? Have you measured
His needs for a growing year?
Does your mark as his sire, in his features,
Mean less than your brand on a steer?
Thoroughbred---that is your watchword
For stable and pasture and pen;
But what is your word for the homestead?
Answer, you breeders of men!



JOHN PHIFER ALLISON,
Concord, N. C.

John Phifer Allison

Born to affluence and to the inner circle of polite society, the subject of this short sketch, Mr. John Phifer Allison, of Concord, N. C., runs so true to his modest and high-minded nature that it is safe to say that he has not the remotest personal knowledge of what an arrogant spirit is like. Manly, dignified and considerate of the rights of person and public, he has lived his whole life unblemished before the eyes of the citizens of his native town as a model gentleman, upright citizen, full of good deeds and patriotic impulses.

We have time and again heard it said by those, who enjoyed an acquaintance of the two, that our subject is "a chip off the old block," the father, the late R. W. Allison, familiarly known in his day as "Squire Allison" and who for years was esteemed quite worthily "the first citizen of the county." His mother was Mrs. Sarah Ann (Phifer) Allison, a truly devout woman and lovingly regarded as a true "mother in Israel."

Mr Allison was born in Concord, August 22, 1848, being the third of nine children, of whom only five reached the age of maturity; and today he and his sister, Mrs. J. M. Odell, are the only living members of a distinguished family, in this section, that dates back to colonial times. In a record at hand we find among the worthy names of his maternal ancestry those of Hon. Matthew Locke, member of the Provincial Congress at Hillsboro in 1775 and also of the Congress at Halifax in 1776, member of the legislature for twelve years, and also member for six years of the United States Congress; and Martin Phifer, member of the legislature prior to and after the Revolution; and Martin Phifer, Jr., colonel in the war of the

Revolution.

In his childhood and youth our subject was deprived of the pleasures and privileges of many of the manly sports because of a delicate physique, but in an atmosphere where caution and wisdom prevailed he approached manhood decidedly a victor over the handicaps of his early youth. Finishing the Concord schools, he attended Bingham's Military School, and afterwards entered the Mercantile College, in Baltimore, Md., where he graduated in 1867. Returning to his home, he began merchandising in 1869, taking charge of the important and prosperous business, which his father had conducted for forty years with signal success. This business was under the direction of Mr. Allison, either as manager or proprietor for thirty years until it was merged into a corporation, which has continued ever since as a prosperous, going concern under different corporate names.

"Water seeks its level" in its truest sense in the case of our subject. When the time came that circumstances conspired the convenience, we find him deeply interested and giving practical direction to large farming interests, which seemed from early youth to have

appealed to his fancy. Sometimes, town farmers are dubbed "agriculturists." Mr. Allison, while a great reader and a student of farm literature, is more than an agriculturist--the successful direction of his farming interest and his reaping of bountiful crops, and the systematic improvement of his lands by practical and scientific methods, place him into a class much higher than what the public generally considers an "agriculturist."

Regarding the occupation of creating wealth out of the soil as of great moment and high dignity, his sympathetic interest in the betterment of the conditions of the farming folks has always been in evidence when an opportunity offered. This he manifests, by personal attention and by his resources. While largely identified by his farming possessions, and in the care of large property holdings in Concord and in the States of Louisiana and Texas, Mr. Allison takes a lively interest and has a deep concern in the promotion of those agencies that seek to better the conditions of struggling humanity generally. For eight years he was the efficient president of the Concord Perpetual B. & L. Association, the first organization of its kind in the county; director of same for four years; and a member of its finance committee for another four years. He was a director of the North Carolina Railroad for four years, during which time the lease of 99 years to the Southern Railway was made. One of the original stockholders of the Concord National Bank, he has served as a director since its beginning, being now its Vice-President.

His conservatism and mature judg-

ment have been subjects of draft by the people of his native county, time after time. He has served as chairman of the Board of County Commissioners and represented this district in the State Senate, in each position his record standing out conspicuous for valuable and devoted service. Time and again, his name has been suggested by friends for positions of even broader service to the state; but his modesty and his love for the beautiful environment in which he dwells asserting themselves, he has consistently refused to permit the music of the political bee disturbing him in the course he has outlined for himself.

Just forty-one years ago on October 5th, Mr. Allison was married to Miss Annie Erwin Craig, youngest daughter of the Hon. Burton Craige, of Salisbury. Mrs. Allison is one of Concord's most estimable ladies, deeply interested in all good causes, jealous of the good name of her city, and a conspicuous patron in a service to the needs of humanity. Though she enjoys a rightful membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy, member of the D. A. R.'s, and of the Society of Colonial Dames, she is the last person in the world to advertise these relations to organized society, finding her greatest pleasure in the possession of warm and genuine friendships among our people.

Notwithstanding his great modesty and his marked gentleness, there are none more positive in their convictions and none have a greater courage in the defense of what they believe right. But in the maintenance of his views on any question, there is always manifest a fine, splendid sense of courtesy to oth-

ers in a polite consideration and treatment of the views of those with whom he may differ. His benefactions are many, but in this high service of life his generous deeds are not heralded. Mr. Allison is a member of the Presbyterian Church, to which he renders a faithful and regular service, and upholds with his influence and his contributions unstintingly all of the church's activities. He is a trustee of Davidson College.

I have never seen Mr. Allison at a base-ball game; I have never heard him accused of studying the rules governing the game of golf; but no man enjoys a first-class movie better than he; and checkers (drafts he'd call the game)--- why, I know

the time when he was champion of the county. with the late Dr. Lilly a close second.

Judicious, dignified and companionable, the very soul of honor, generous and sympathetic with his fellow-men, a stranger to selfishness, guarded in speech and blameless in his conduct, John Phifer Allison, living true to the reputation and record of one of the county's noblest families, is himself one of the outstanding personalities of the State.

By his conduct, his sympathies, his services and his life, the community has been enriched; and honored is his name, as was that of his father, among men.

The Abbreviated Life.

A kitchenette is where we cook
Our meals from day to day;
In the bedroomette, a tiny nook,
We sleep the nights away.

A picturette adorns our wall;
A carpetette our floor;
A bathroomette is off our hall,
Exactly three by four.

Within, our bathtubette behold,
With showerette on high;
We've waterette, both hot and cold,
Our flesh to purify.

When winter makes it icy threat,
And round our window drums,
We seek our radiatorette,
And up the heatette comes.

Abbreviated lives we live;
But time is passing fast;
We have this promise positive---
A roomy tomb at last.

---Arthur H. Folwell, in Leslie's.

“Proud That The Boys Kept Their Promise.”

BY R. R. CLARK.

It was said by them of old time that “An honest man’s word is as good as his bond”; and a writer of a more recent period has observed that “Veracity is the heart of morality.” The fact that 151 boys of the Training School were allowed to visit the exposition in Charlotte on their promise of good conduct and prompt return, and that 150 kept the faith, the one failure having some excuse for his shortcoming, not only attracted my attention but it has given me much pleasure. That is a record of which to be proud, and along with Mr. Cook and the school officials I am mighty proud that the boys kept their promise.

Keeping one’s word, the conscientious observance of a promise, an obligation, is not so common that it does not deserve commendation; and it is especially to be commended in boys, in young people, for if the habit is formed in early life it will become a fixed part of the character. Keeping a promise, fulfilling a pledge, is simply telling the truth. Generally speaking folks are too careless about keeping promises. We make engagements, we obligate ourselves to perform some service, and then fail to live up to the obligation. Usually we excuse our negligence, to put it mildly on the ground that the matter was not important and it was not convenient for us to do as we had promised. That is not a valid excuse. A promise is a promise, no matter how unimportant the service we agree to render, and when a promise is made in good faith (and one should not be made otherwise) it should be lived up to, no matter if it involve sacrifice that we did not anticipate.

To fail to keep one’s word, no matter how unimportant the consequence involved, is the same as telling an untruth. Of course there are circumstances that render the failure excusable. Something might have happened

to some of the boys who went to Charlotte that would have rendered their return on time impossible, through no fault of their own. It was possible for them to have been unintentionally detained in rendering a service that was highly commendable. It is also permissible, and commendable, to break a promise when we find that we have been deceived in making it; that something was kept back from us. If we have been deceived into promising something that we do not conscientiously feel we should do, breaking the promise is justifiable. But we want to be very sure the excuse is valid and will stand the test. It is very common practice to break promises and then double the offense by offering a dishonest excuse for the failure.

I am constrained to submit these remarks, banal though they be, because of my interest in the boys in the Training School and my great desire that they cultivate habits that will enable them to grow into strong and upright men. There is no purpose to preach. This writer is too keenly aware of his own shortcomings to do that. But it seems to me that the boys have set a fine example to grown-ups who lightly regard their pledged word;

and if every grown-up who reads this will examine himself and recall how many times in the course of a week he has promised to do something that he didn't do, without any reasonable excuse, simply through sheer negligence, he will feel like applauding the boys and turning over a new leaf in his own conduct. The trouble with most of us is that we make promises too lightly. We don't seriously consider whether we can do what we say we will do. Usually we promise because we want to be agreeable, with an understanding with ourselves that we will keep the promise if it is convenient, otherwise we will not; and we think, or pretend to think, we have a perfectly valid excuse for failure to keep our word, for telling a lie (that's what a broken promise is in plain English,) because we changed our mind, or because we preferred to do something else at the time. And not a few people will break promises without any notice whatever to the other party, who is at least entitled to the information at the earliest possible moment. The great majority of promise-breakers excuse themselves on the ground that the matter is so unimportant that it makes no difference if the promise is disregarded. No harm may result to the other party in interest, but every time we break a promise without a valid excuse, one that will be acceptable to the other party, we have hurt ourselves. We are cultivating a habit that will ultimately, if persisted in, very much damage the moral character. Presently we become known as one who will not keep his word, who can't be relied on; and while we may be tolerated, may not be classed

as common liars and crooks, we are little above that class. For one who persistently breaks his promise in small matters will eventually get the habit so fixed that he will fail in large matters. It is because of that habit that one's word isn't so readily accepted as a bond.

If I were giving advice to boys and girls I would emphasize reliability, dependableness, as the first consideration in character building. That necessarily includes truthfulness and honesty. These are not all the virtues. I have met a few people in my time who prided themselves on keeping their word, who lived up to any obligation they incurred, whose characters in other respects were not praiseworthy. But it will be admitted that unless one is dependable, if he is notorious for failure to meet his obligations, all other virtues are discounted. Sometimes we meet folks who are very zealous in church affairs, who think they are very religious, who can't be depended on to meet an obligation—especially a financial one. Sometimes we even find that in the pulpit. And whenever and wherever we find it, we have no confidence whatever in the profession of piety. If they are not truthful in their dealings with their fellows we don't believe they are truthful with God. One may be ever so honest and truthful and yet lack much, but without these virtues he must lack all in the end, for if we remember aright there is a most undesirable place set apart for all liars.

If one can be impressed in early life with the vital importance of regarding the plighted word as sacred; that promises, obligations, no matter

how unimportant, are not to be lightly broken, and will cultivate the habit of making only such promises as he can keep and intends to keep, soon it will become a fixed part of the daily life and to do otherwise will become so repugnant that there will be little temptation to break one's word. With that will come the "good name" that is better than great riches

and the other virtues will naturally follow. This epistle of Pope to Addison is worth remembering:

"Statesmen, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend."

Cultivate friendship; they lighten the burdens of life with their sympathy and brighten its joys by their companionship.

What's Wrong with Mormonism?

The Lutheran.

We have been asked on more than one occasion to state what the essential teachings of Mormonism are, and wherein they differ from Christians of the Protestant fold. What puzzles them is the fact that Mormons profess to be guided by the same Scripture to which Protestants hold. For the benefit of our readers who are likewise puzzled, we give the following reasons why Christians can have nothing to do with Mormons, as found in a statement made by the Presbytery of Utah and endorsed by the Congregational and Baptist Associations of Utah:

First--The "Mormon Church unchurches all Christians. It recognizes itself alone as the Church. From its beginning to the present it has insisted, from the press and platform, that all Christian churches, of whatever name and nation or century, since apostolic times, are not only apostate from the truth, but propagators of error and false doctrine, without authority to teach, preach, or administer the sacrament; that salvation and exaltation are found alone in the church organized by Joseph Smith.

Second--The "Mormon" church places the "Book of Mormon" and

the "Book of Doctrine and Covenant" on a par with the Bible, and requires subscription to the inspiration and authority of those books as a condition of acceptance with God and of fellowship with his people. Their so-called revelations of the present are on the same level with the Bible.

Third--The "Mormon" Church makes belief in the person and mission of Joseph Smith as a prophet of God an essential article of faith, so essential that the person who rejects the claim of "the modern prophet" is a rank heretic.

Forth--The "Mormon" church

makes faith in the "Mormon" Priesthood, and submission to the same essential to man's future blessedness and unbelief in this priesthood a damning sin, it teaches that authority to officiate in the gospel is vested only in the said priesthood; that this priesthood is the infallible and the only medium between God and man; that it is vested with the very power of God himself; so that when it acts and speaks, all who refuse to submit to this priesthood are damned.

Fifth---The "Mormon" Church teaches a doctrine of God that is antagonistic to the Scriptures, dishonoring to the Divine Being and debasing to man. It teaches that God is an exalted man who was once as we are now, and who is forever changing, ever advancing, becoming more and more perfect, but never becoming absolute perfection.

Sixth---The "Mormon" Church teaches that Adam is God, the Supreme God, the Creator of this world, our God, and the only God with whom we have to do; and that Jesus Christ is His son by natural generation.

Seventh---The "Mormon" Church is polytheistic. It teaches a plurality of Gods. And that these became Gods, having been men. Being men, they become Gods by plural or celestial marriage and the other "Mormon" principles.

Eighth---The "Mormon" Church teaches an anti-Biblical doctrine of salvation. It requires faith in Joseph Smith, in the books he produced or

translated, in the priesthood, in continuous revelation, and in baptism by immersion at the hands of a "Mormon," together with faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (with the "Mormon" definition of the Trinitarian persons) as conditions of human salvation. It uses the atonement of Christ to cover the original sin, the sin of Adam, and teaches its adherents to depend on good works as the basis of pardon for personal sins. It also teaches a doctrine of baptism for the dead that is antagonistic to the Bible doctrine of retribution, and that encourages people to remain impenitent.

Ninth---The "Mormons" Church believes in polygamy. The doctrine is to them both sacred and fundamental. They believe and teach that Jesus Christ was a polygamist. The manifesto of September 24, 1890, was not a repudiation of the doctrine of plural or celestial marriage, and did not claim to be such. It was, as all honest "Mormons" freely confess, only a suspension of the practice for the time being. They hold the principle to be as eternal as God himself.

Tenth---The "Mormon" Church teaches that God is a polygamist; natural father of all intelligent beings in heaven, earth and hell, that angels, men and devils are His offsprings by procreation or natural generations; and that Adam is the father of Christ's human nature "as Brigham was father of his children."

Congress might compromise the thing and pass a law that beer for medicine must be taken in a capsule.---Colorado Springs Telegraph.

THE POET OF LATIN CATHOLICISM.

By Dr. Charles M. Jacobs.

Almost exactly 600 years ago, on the fourteenth of September, 1321, died in the city of Ravenna one of the men whose names are immortal in the world's literature. Dante Aligheri was a poet who achieved lasting greatness in that most difficult of all kinds of poetry, the poetry of religion. Aeschylus, the poet of Greek heathenism; Dante, the poet of Latin Catholicism; Milton, the poet of English Puritanism—beside these three all other poets of religion are as dwarfs compared with giants.

Dante was born in Florence in 1265. His family was one that was well known in that turbulent and tumultuous town. His distant ancestry was probably Teutonic. The Italy of Dante's day was inhabited by a mixture of races the like of which history scarcely knew before the settlement of America. Goth and Burgundian and Suevo and Lombard and Frank had mixed across the land and their blood had mingled with the parent Etruscan stock. All through the Middle Ages Saxon and Franconian knights had been following the imperial banners up and down the peninsula, and many of them had not returned to Germany. It was from a union of two families, both of which were probably descended from these German barons, that Dante came.

Of his education we know the little that he has told us and the much that we can gather from his writings. We know that it was varied, and, for its day profound. That he knew theology is apparent in every line of the "Divine Comedy." He knew it as thoroughly as he accepted it unreservedly. Such knowledge comes only of long and patient study. He knew, less well, indeed, the Latin poets—Virgil and Horace and Ovid. He studied, so he tells us, the mys-

tical philosophy of Boethius, the Roman of eight centuries before him, who linked the mind of the Latin Middle Ages with that of ancient Greece. He also studied the shallow but pretentious, philosophy of Cicero. In the "science" of his time, such as it was, he was thoroughly at home. We may think of him, in the days when he was acquiring his store of knowledge, as a youth of brilliant mind, seriously given to the pursuit of universal culture in an age when culture had not yet become too broad for a single mind to grasp it all. That he should have been given his youth to writing poetry is only natural, for already Florence was beginning to be known as a place where culture expressed itself in verse.

The Inspiration of Sorrow.

But Dante's life was destined to be a life of sorrow. The "Divine Comedy" was written by a man who had "passed through the deep waters." It could not have been written save by one who had sounded the depths of man's experience. It was in the school of sorrow that his preparation for his lifework was completed.

His earliest sorrow was that of disappointed love. He loved his Be-

atrice from afar. He saw her but a few times, spoke to her seldom. The first time was when she was barely nine years old and he was not yet ten, but he never forgot that on that memorable day she wore a gown "of a subdued and goodly crimson." Doubtless she never knew the flame she kindled in the poet-scholar's heart. It was a time when women married at a tender age, and she became another's wife. At the age of twenty-four she died, and to her memory he raised a shrine in his own heart before which the incense of his love was ever burning. In the "Divine Comedy" the Virgin sends Beatrice to Virgil asking the Roman to be Dante's guide into the nether-world, and when the summit of the mountain of Purgatory is reached, it is Beatrice who leads the poet in to view the glories of Paradise. It may well be doubted whether the Beatrice of Dante's Devotion was the real Beatrice Portinari, who married Simone de' Bardi. Rather she was an imagined Beatrice, living only in the poet's heart and clothed with the attributes of his own desire. At all events he married two years after the death of the real Beatrice, and had two sons and two daughters.

But Dante's sorrows were not all of the mind. Before he was thirty he was embroiled in the politics of Florence, and when he was thirty-seven he was driven out of his native city. Politically the Italy of Dante's day was chaos, and over that chaos brooded the spirit of discord and party strife. Was Pope or Emperor the rightful sovereign? That had been the burning question in

Italian politics for almost two hundred years. Nowhere had it burned more fiercely or worked more havoc than in Dante's own land of Tuscany. The upshot of it all had been that neither Pope nor Emperor was ruling. The magnates of Italy had taken sides with whichever party seemed to promise them the greater freedom to work their own desires. Thus had arisen the feud between papalist Guelph and imperialist Ghibelline.

Political Party and Battles.

The quarrel of the parties had not confined itself to the main issue. The division had run down into local politics. Everywhere in Italy Guelphs and Ghibellines were fighting fiercely over matters that had nothing to do with Pope or Emperor, but much to do with the spoils of local government. Imagine the Republicans and Democrats of an American municipality fighting each other without restraint of law or custom, the victorious party sending the leaders of the rival faction into exile or ordering them to be beheaded or burned alive that was the way that Guelphs and Ghibellines were contending, though ever in the background was the Guelph attachment to the Pope and the Ghibelline attachment to the Emperor.

In Tuscany the Guelphs were the stronger party and in Florence they were dominant. Within this party Dante had achieved some prominence, and for a little while had served as the chief magistrate of his city, but when the Guelphs themselves divided into "Blacks" and "Whites," and the "Blacks" gained the upper hand, the leaders of the

"Whites" were driven into exile. This was in 1302. Eight years later it was decreed that if Dante were ever to return to Florence, he should be burned alive. For nineteen years, then, he was a wanderer. Urbino, Padua, Verona and other towns, of smaller reputation, sheltered him from time to time, and the last years of his life were spent in Ravenna, where he died in 1321.

The Pen of the Wanderer.

These years of wandering from place to place were the time when he did the real work of his life. It was that of a man of letters. From his pen we have poems in Latin and Italian, a treatise on the literary use of the Italian language, another on the question whether water ever rises higher than the earth. Of his prose works the best known is a little book "On Monarchy." It is the work of one who in his wanderings has become an Italian patriot. He sees Italy torn asunder by selfish party strife. He sees that this strife has been fomented and kept alive by the pretensions of the Pope to a temporal power which he has not been able to make good. He sees that these pretensions have at last cost the Pope his place in Rome, for when the "Monarchy" was written the Pope was living in the south of France and was the servant of the French King's will. These things have changed the poet's mind about the Papacy. The leader of the Guelphs of Florence has become a Ghibelline. There is only one quarter from which help can come. That is the north. Beyond the Alps, in Germany, is a king who has the right to wear

the crown of that Constantine once wore, the crown of Imperial Rome. And Dante tries to prove, from history and Holy Writ, that God has willed that the Italians should be ruled by this German king, who receives his crown from the Pope; and that the Pope, who claims the right to rule in all things, should be made to limit his claims, and be content with rulership over those things that are spiritual only. It is the medieval man who speaks to us out of this little book—the man who believes that the Roman is the last of all the empires; that after it there cannot be another; that the maintenance of this empire is necessary to the continuance of the world. The whole book is a summary of what the Middle Ages thought about government, made in a time when the Middle Ages were almost gone. It is a plea for return to a past that was done, for the restoration of a state that was beyond recall.

The Voice of a Thousand Years.

But it is the "Divine Comedy" on which Dante's claim to literary immortality must always rest. That too, is a medieval work. In it "ten silent centuries found a voice." It throbs with the hope and the fear, the ineffable bliss and the shuddering horror that were the poles of medieval religion. It belongs to the Middle Ages as completely as does the "Summa Theologiae" of Thomas Aquinas, as do the great cathedrals of England and France. No century before the thirteenth could have produced it, for until that century the medieval world view was not complete; in no century since the

fourteenth could it have seen the light, for these later centuries have not believed its contents with that vividness and sincerity that are the condition of the highest forms of art. To the Roman Catholic, who believes that the century of Dante's birth is the greatest of all the centuries since Christ, and that the theology of Aquinas is the last word in Christian truth, the "Divine Comedy" must be the supreme religious poem of all time.

The scale of it is gigantic, as befits a theme so vast; but the detail does not suffer; it is wrought out with consummate skill, into passages that are, at times, of exquisite beauty. It is, once more, a great cathedral dome in verse instead of wood and stone. When Satan was cast down from heaven, the earth shrank back before him as he fell, and he came to rest at last at the bottom of a great conical pit, in the very center of the earth; that pit is hell. But the earth that was driven back formed a great mountain rising above the surface of the earth at a point directly opposite the hemisphere that is inhabited by men. That is the mountain of purgatory; upon its summit is the Earthly Paradise, and beyond that are the nine heavens. The outermost of these nine heavens—the Empyrean—is the home of God.

Depths and Heights of Destiny.

The poet travels down to hell, then up the mount of purgatory into heaven. He sees "unspeakable things, which is not lawful for a man to utter," and he sees horrors from which man's soul recoils in shuddering

fear. He communes with the spirits of "just men made perfect," and witnesses "weeping and gnashing of teeth." He penetrates to the depths where the vilest sinners are congealed in ice, so that their tears of sorrow freeze upon their cheeks, and looks upon the terrible three-faced Lucifer, weeping with his six eyes and crushing a sinner in each of his three mouths. And then he rises along the slope of purgatory, hard at first, but growing at least so easy that "the going up is as easy as going down current in a vessel." At last he rises into the presence of the saints, and in a single moment of poignant bliss is rapt in immediate, ecstatic contemplation of God Himself. The reader who follows with him is lost, at times, in the very vastness of it all. But the poet is never lost. With absolute sureness he follows his heaven-sent guides—first Virgil and then Beatrice—along the way.

To Dante, and the men of Dante's day, the pictures that he drew were not symbols but realities. The pit of hell and the nine heavens were "scientific facts," facts in geology and in astronomy that no one doubted. Equally real were the hell of physical torment and the purgatory which differed from it only in duration and in the presence of the light of hope which shone from heaven along the mountain side. These were "Christian verities," "Catholic truth;" to disbelieve them was to incur damnation. But Dante would have been no true man of the Middle Ages, still less would he have been a poet, if he had not discerned beneath these literal facts a "spiritual mean-

ing." Such a meaning was believed to underlie even the facts of revelation, and such a meaning the poet endeavored to put into his own pictures of the unseen world. In this large sense the "Divine Comedy" is an allegory, teaching the eternal contradiction of good and evil, the eternal penalty of sin, the steepness of the path by which men mount upward to the love of God, the completeness of the joy that comes of finding Him.

Dante's greatness was in his power to grasp both "truth" and allegory in all their vast consequences, and express them in forms of living art. It was in his power to lay hold upon the Christian thought that belonged to the age in which he lived, to pour into it his own emotion, and project it into the world not as a form of thought, but as a form of feeling. It has been said of Dante's book "On Monarchy" that it is "an epitaph and not a prophecy." The modern man, and especially the modern Protestant, has some of the same feeling when he reads the "Divine Comedy." Great as it is, it is a monument of a

bygone age. Its message to our own hearts is conveyed in the allegory, not in the story, and even the allegory falls short of the larger truth which we have, and which he had not.

Our "Larger Truth" Awaits Expression.

But that larger truth still awaits the coming of the great soul who will give it permanent artistic form. Dante could write the "Divine Comedy" because he saw all life and knowledge as a whole. Renaissance and Reformation and modern science have dashed that whole to fragments, and have given us in its place no world view that is accepted by the "common agreement of mankind." Therefore we have no great art, no great poetry, no great drama; no *Mi-Dante*. When, in the progress of the ages, men have come to grasp the wholeness of the larger truth, then we may have again cathedral builders like those who made the thirteenth century glorious, and another and a greater Dante.

The Monkey Argument

"From the monkey to the American state of their culture and their advancement correspond exactly to the state of their armament. The monkey that in the struggle of life had sense enough to pick up and use a stick as an arm develops into men. The others remained monkeys."

The above statement is credited to one of our leading military officers.

We have not attempted to verify the accuracy of the quotation, and we are going to give the official the benefit of the doubt; but because the remark is quoted in connection with armament as being fundamental to civilization we rise to make a few remarks upon the merits of the illustration.

This talk about monkeys and men true; but if we may believe the conclusion of our scientists who know is smart, and it would be fetching if

how to read the record on the rocks and in caves inhabited by primitive man it would be difficult indeed, if not impossible, to pack into the same space a large amount of bad anthropology and dangerous inference than is contained in these few words.

In the first place, there is no authority for assuming that any monkey ever used a club, a tool or a weapon of any kind.

In the second place, the monkey and the man parted company long before either was a monkey or a man so far back that the process is lost in antiquity.

In the third place, we have a fairly good record of primitive man running back approximately half a million years or so, and all the evidence is that the first tool was a hammer and not a club, and that the first weapons were of the chase and not of the war.

In the fourth place, there is abundant proof that in the successive tide of primitive man that swept over Europe from the East it was more than once true that superior race was exterminated by an inferior but warlike wave engaged principally in hunting man and destroying what others had accomplished.

And finally, the race that was superior to them all, the old Cro-Magnon, was never warlike, and he is the only one whose direct descendants are undoubtedly still with us.

This is another and a shinning example of the undue expansion of one only of our biological principles--namely, the survival of the fittest, whose abuse became an obsession before the great war and as a result nearly wrecked the world. There is nothing in the monkey argument.

---Sel.

Celebrates Hundredth Birthday.

With the allotted span of life set at three score years and ten, few there be, who, "by reason of their strength" exceed it to the length of thirty years. But such a one is Mrs. Mary Ann Newlin Coffin, formerly of Alamance County, N. C., but now of Whittier, Cal. This month Mrs. Coffin celebrated the anniversary of her birth, which added the hundredth year to her life.

Mrs Coffin is the paternal aunt of the late Mrs. I. C. Blair, of Raleigh, and J. R. Newlin and A. L. Newlin, of Alamance County, and Mrs Julia Newlin Smith, of Graham.

On her birthday her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Elihu Coffin, of Whittier, gave her a party. It was a unique occasion. The old lady, in full possession of her faculties, sat in the midst, with a full hundred years behind her, and looking forward cheerfully to her future.

A striking feature of the occasion was the center table, at which a number of the older friends of Mrs. Coffin were seated. The combined ages of the guests on one side of the table was 685 years, or an average age of 85 3-8 years. On the other side the total was 496, giving an av

erage of 83 2-3 per guest.

Mrs. Coffin was born in Orange, now Alamance County, N. C., and was married in early life to Dr. Samuel D. Coffin and moved with him to Indiana when she was about 40 years of age, and thence later to California, where she has lived with her children for a number of years.

Mrs. Coffin in reaching her one hundred years, has behind her a fine record of heredity. Her father lived more than 91 years. Her mother nearly as long. She is the only surviving member of a family of 10 children, eight of whom lived to a good old age. Her father, John Newlin, was a prominent and widely known citizen of Alamance County. He was a leader member of the Friend's or Quaker Church, a progressive and successful business man, and one of the pioneer Cotton manufacturers of the State.

At this unique birthday party a speech, which Mrs. Coffin had dictated to her son, was read by him. It is so interesting that it is reprinted in part from *The Whittier News*, in which it first appeared:

"One hundred years sounds like a long time. In many ways it seems to me short. The changes wrought since my birth have been many. As a child I heard the echoes of the war of 1812. I have heard the drum beat of four wars in which this country

was involved, and I hope that the disarmament conference so soon to meet will mark the end of war.

"I was born during the administration of James Monroe, the fourth president of the United States. I was 25 years old when I took my first ride on a railroad train. There was a postoffice on my father's place, and as a girl I frequently helped in making up the mails, which were carried mostly on horseback. Postage on letters at that time was 25 cents.

"The lightening of our houses was in the main by candles. Newspapers were not of general circulation. I was raised in the atmosphere of slavery--knew from personal knowledge of its blighting influence and am thankful that it was abolished. A bathtub, such as the name implies today, was an unknown luxury in my youth, I mention these few things that you might not think of, and you know of many more conveniences that we did not have, and of many inventions that I need not mention. But not knowing of these things, we did not miss them, and one thing should impress you, the greater your knowledge the greater your facilities, the greater are your responsibilities, and the greater is your need for studying God's laws and following them."

Already they are talking about probable candidates to contest with Judge Brock the nomination for the judgeship of the 13th district, at the coming convention of next year. At any rate, Judge Brock will have secured not a little from this promotion. The press has made the public wise as to the man's fine qualities, how he overcame obstacles, poverty and many trials in his youth, but the finest of the qualities, which his personal friends already knew, is that he has that which all men do not possess "genuine gratitude."

The Irregulars.

(We are reproducing below a piece of very sensible observation from editor Johnson, of Charity & Children. His subject is the Evangelist of the modern kind. By a simple mathematical calculation it most probably can be proved that the so-called, modern, denominationally untied evangelist in the end, does more harm than real good. At any rate, a short time after the excitement wears off and things get down to normal, the 2,000 and the 3,000 "perfectly converted ones" cannot be found, but the regulars are still on deck. But hear brother Archibald Johnson:)

Without saying a word in disparagement of the professional evangelist, it must be admitted by all that they are supported largely by the irregulars; that is, by the impulsive members of society and of the churches who cannot be depended on to do anything long at a time. Of course there are exceptions, but speaking in general terms, the most enthusiastic champions of the sensational evangelist are those who never do much steady work in their own churches. They pay a large part of the huge contribution that goes into the preacher's pocket, but they can afford it, as they pay precious little through the years to the pastor who toils through the whole twelve months. They are emotional men. They are flaming evangelists for about six weeks and then lap back into cold indifference until the next evangelist, with his singer and his tent, comes along. It is much better perhaps to be "filled with the spirit" six weeks out of the 52 than not to be filled at all, but if our churches had to depend upon these hilarious brethren, the light that is in them would be darkness most of the time. The preaching of the evangelist makes its strongest appeal to the emotions. It makes very slight impression on men of reason and sober

sense. We have heard many evangelists, but very few whose sermons would read well in print. They are for the most part illogical harangues, that hit the subject only once in awhile to keep the hearer remembering that a text was taken. There is no consistent and orderly unfolding of the Scriptures; no interpretation of the inner meaning of the Word, such for instance as Paul gave the learned Athenians in the Areopagus. They parade their own sins and puncture with terrific force and sometimes with brutal candor the sins of others, but as for any attempt to explain to their hearers the hidden treasures of the Word of God, they have no time for that. It must be very discouraging to a real preacher to see these clerical acrobats swing the multitude and win their confidence and their cash. But the solid, substantial, reliable, sturdy regulars, who are not swept off their feet by the tidal wave, after the passion of the hour has passed, fall back into their places and pull the load, while the shallow shouters, in too many cases, returned to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. The writer rejoices that we have in our denomination in the south no outstanding professional evangelist, reaping his reward in the shape of

a yearly income equal to that of the President of the Southern Railway. The very fact that a man makes \$50,000 preaching the gospel puts him out of the class with John the Baptist and John Wesley.

How Pennies Started a Fortune

In the heart of the city of Philadelphia there stands a group of buildings surrounded by a great stone wall. If you stand on the outside of this mighty wall you can hear the sounds of boy's voices and the shouts of boys at play and you will wonder what this might be. If you then walk to the iron barred gate and peer through it, you will see a classic building surrounded by splendid Corinthian columns. Any girl or boy who lives in Philadelphia will tell you that this place is Girard College-- "Not a really college" they will add, "but a home for orphaned boys between the ages of ten and eighteen." The money for this college was left by Stephen Girard and minute instruction for the building and running of the institution were set down in his will.

Girard was born in France, and from his early boyhood lived a life on the sea. One of the boats on which traveled anchored near Philadelphia and the Quaker City appealed to the poor French lad. He gave up the life of a sailor and settled in Philadelphia. At first he had a very hard struggle to get along and earn a living. The story is told that he was thrifty almost to stinginess. He loved pretty thing and wanted to buy for himself all the fine clothes and books and pictures that he saw. The only way he could overcome the temptations of these luxuries was for him to get a string, several yards long and wind this about his purse.

Then when he saw something that he wished to buy Stephon would

commence to unwind the yards of string in order to get at the money within the purse, and always before the string was half unwound he would realize that he was going to a great deal of trouble to spend the money that had been so hard for him to earn, and he would rewind the string about the purse and save his pennies. This method of making it hard for himself to spend money proved to be an effective one, for soon the pennies grew into dollars and when Stephon Girard was comparatively young he had already accumulated a large fortune.

Then he humored himself in his love of luxuries. It is said that he had a pair of shoes for every day in the week, and that all his under-clothing was of silk. But outside of his home and personal vanities he appeared the hard shrewd business man whose name became a by-word on the lips of all Philadelphia merchants.

The great tragedy of Girard's life was the death of his child and the lingering illness of his wife. His loneliness made him feel sympathetic and kindly toward the poor orphaned boys of the city and he determined that since his great wealth would never benefit any son of his own it should be used to benefit the sons of less fortunate men. So it was

that he provided for the establishment of Girard College. In his will Girard stipulated that the sum of five millions of dollars should be used in meeting the expenses of the large institution.---Ex.

Institutional Notes

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Miss Eva Greenlee, who left some time ago, has returned to resume her work at No. 1.

The following boys were made happy by visits from home folks Wednesday: Clyde Willard, Ernest Jordan, Edward Cleaver, Swift Davis, Marian Butler and Lewis Norris.

On account of the piece of machinery that was stolen from the machine, work has been suspended for the past week. Now that another piece has been purchased in lieu of the stolen one, work has begun again on the artesian well.

Messrs. Hayden Burke, Fuller Price and Swan Blankenship, of Taylorsville, were visitors at the school Sunday and Monday.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, our regular preacher every first Sunday, preached an excellent sermon at the auditorium Sunday and chose for his subject: "Peter and the Apostles answered and said we would obey God rather than man. The feature of the service was the singing of his daughter. The boys always appreciate their coming and we hope they will come again soon.

The boys have been picking cotton for the neighboring farmers for the past two weeks. They count this as their vacation because it affords them a rest in their school work. They have races among themselves and nearly every day one or two of them win prizes for picking a certain amount of cotton.

Mr. W. W. Johnson, who has been connected with the school work for some years, left Wednesday for Harisburg where he met his bride. After the ceremony was performed, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left for Western North Carolina, where they will spend the most of their "Honeymoon." Everybody at the school wishes them much happiness and prosperity in their future life. Mr. Johnson is liked by all the boys and we hope it won't be long before he can return.

HONOR ROLL.

'A'

C'auds Pite, Fred Parrish, William Wilson, Kelma Smith, Raymond Keenan, Jarvis Quinn, Frank Thomason, Swift Davis, Victor High, Murray Evans, Hoyle Faulkener, Robert Brooks, Allie Williams, Henry Faucette, Fitzhugh Miller, Ernest Allen, Avery Roberts, Bloyce Johnson, Eunice Byers, John Branch, Chester Sheppard, James Gray, Albert Keever, Jake Willard, Homer Singleton, Charlie Bishop, Howard Bullard, Ernest Jordan, Jos. Kennon, Frank Brockwell, Henry Reece, and Howard Gilbert.

"B"

Magnus Wheeler, Charlie Martin,



