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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 7, 1939

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NEW YEAR

"A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed—
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates."

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

7

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM

The Orientals represent our oldest civilization, and adhere to many beautiful traditions and customs today. We find the spirit of reverence for parents and ancestors a cardinal virtue among them. They recognize the aged as having more experience and wisdom and consequently their advice is sought and followed.

The Chinese New Year is a day of honor and celebration among them. On this day they have their feasts and festivities, but most significant of all is the fact that the Chinese undertake to pay off all indebtedness and obligations. Friendships which have been strained and broken are restored so far as humanly possible. They then bow before Confucius or Buddha, stating their debts have been paid and friendships restored, and ask his blessings for the coming winter.

Would we not do well ourselves to emulate the orientals in these two virtues, and should we not carry on with the Great Master, who admonished us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and judge not, lest we be judged.

If we could successfully do this we might happily join with one of our fraternal organizations whose cardinal virtues are fidelity, justice, brotherly love and charity, and whose motto is "The faults of our brothers we write on the sands; their virtues on the tablets of memory."

May the coming months cause us to reflect upon these great principles, and may we try to put a little more of their significance into our daily lives, thereby entitling us to the full benefit of such virtues.—Selected.

THE NEW YEAR

Superintendent C. E. Boger and the official personnel of the Jackson Training School, with heart felt thanks to their hosts of friends who so generously filled the Yuletide season with merriment and happiness, extend sincere wishes that the New Year, 1939, may come to all like treasure-laden ships of old,—laden with all the precious things of life that make for happiness, prosperity and peace.

The year 1938 has become only history, and the trials and tribulations of that year should be forgotten as nearly as possibly, and new

thoughts, new resolutions, and new ambitions be foremost in our hearts for the coming year.

From the experiences of the past we should take the lessons that should assist us in eliminating the faults and failures experienced, and continue to reach the goal of this institution,—the building of ideal citizenship. And resolve to throughout the year 1939, to practice such virtues that will tend to make life brighter and happier for all.

Hope is a saving virtue, therefore, the aims of life depend upon hope. At this time our sentiments are expressed in the following lines:

Out of the silent places
 The young year comes to light,
 Bringing new pain, new sadness,
 New care and new delight.
 Go forth to meet him bravely,
 The New Year all untried,
 The things the Old Year left with us—
 Faith, Hope, and Love—abide.

* * * * *

TOO MANY WHITE COLLAR ASPIRANTS

White collar aspirants are far too many, and too few are preparing for the real essentials—a trade—and all of this comes about by parents moulding in the minds of the youth the ambition to be an executive. Executives are born, not made by all of the schooling that is possible to get. Some of the biggest fizzles in the world are the over educated without the least practical, or common sense.

We do not decry education, but have a strong leaning for “manual training.” Culture of mind and manual training, the two combined give an appreciation of skilled labor, and add dignity to any vocation. A research of statistics by a Cleveland newspaperman found that 90.3 per cent of the city’s high school pupils are preparing themselves to enter the white-collar or professional field, while that field engages only 9.3 per cent of the city’s working population. Only 9.3 per cent of the high school pupils are training themselves to do the type of work which occupies 90.7 per cent of the working population.

Furthermore to clinch the argument in favor of teaching trades, we give the verdict of present conditions, and the hope of the Imperial Magazine:

Right now we have the situation everywhere in this country of great numbers of unemployed youths, and severe shortage of skilled labor.

One of these days we hope the valedictorian of his high school class will startle us by announcing that he intends to become a carpenter. That might make the front page of the newspapers and turn the minds of the boys and girls to realities.

* * * * *

BLINDNESS

We pass through life with little concern for those deprived of good vision until a similar misfortune befalls us. Then it is we have a feeling of kindred sympathy, and begin at once to find the avenue that leads to the best eye specialist.

When once a patient in a hospital for this specific treatment, eye infections of all kinds, one is overwhelmed to see the young, middle-aged, and old, as they pass to and fro through the corridors of the institution of mercy, seeking light at the hands of the skilled specialists. Then we begin to realize with an understanding and appreciative spirit all that these skilled surgeons mean to humanity, through their practical demonstrations to restore the vision if possible. In this manner they broadcast the gospel of caring for the eyes—one of the most essentials of the five senses.

Few realize there are 114,000 blind individuals in this country, and three-fourths of them are unable to read by touch, or Braille system, for the reason they become sightless too late in life to learn.

Louis Braille, blinded at the age of three, devised the system of raised dots which enables blind persons to read.

Contrary to popular belief, the blind are not compensated by an increased sense of hearing and touch. They simply make use of their better senses of touch and hearing than normal persons. Without diversions brought about by seeing, they emphasize attention. They are good listeners.

RADIOS AND AUTOS

After population comes radios. We, the 130,000,000 people of the United States, own 3,666,666 receiving sets. Whether this makes us a more perfect union, insures domestic tranquility and promotes the general welfare may occasionally be questioned after 11 p. m., but not too seriously. On the whole, the verdict is favorable. Washington credits us with 290 for every 1,000 persons, which is more than a radio for every family.

We have more radios than the aggregate for Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan and probably as many as all the other nations put together. But we do much better with automobiles. We have one out of every two radios in the world, but we have three out of every four cars. We have four times as many radios as Germany, and twenty times as many automobiles. Below the American standard of living, Edison with the electric light and Marconi with wireless have done more for the masses than has the gasoline engine.—Selected.

* * * * *

OUR BOYS ENJOY HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON

For more than nineteen centuries the cheer of the Christmas holidays has illuminated the world with the spirit of love and brotherhood. It is the time in all the year that is sacred above all others; it is rich in the opportunities it gives to put into some other lives and homes, somewhat of the radiance and beauty of the season, in kindly sympathy and in generous giving. Because of this spirit in the hearts of friends in all sections of the State, the boys of the Jackson Training School were enabled to enjoy the Christmas season, and to all who contributed in any way to this worthy cause, we take this opportunity to tender most sincere thanks.

The names of those making donations to this fund are as follows:

8-7-8	\$25.00
A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
A Friend, Charlotte	1.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
E. C. Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Davidson County.....	5.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro	5.00

Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Williard Newton, Pasadena, Calif.	2.50
A Friend,	5.00
Durham City-County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.	9.00
Anson County, Miss Mary Robinson, Supt. Public Welfare, Wadesboro....	6.00
Bernard Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
L. T. Hartsell, Concord,	10.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury,	5.00
Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro,	3.00
Guilford County Welfare Dept., Mrs Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt. Greensboro,	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger,	5.00
City of High Point, by Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, Girls' Commissioner	5.00
The Silver Cross Circle of King's Daughters, Rockingham.....	5.00
City of High Point, Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, Girl's Commissioner.....	5.00
Earl M. Smith, Probation Officer, Raleigh	10.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove,	25.00
City of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, by Judge F. M. Redd	100.00
and 35 bags oranges, 35 baskets apples, 5 boxes apples, 5 boxes grapes, 3 baskets nuts, 2 bags nuts.	
Mrs. W. L. Steele, Jr., Concord, 150 Christmas Cookie Packages Greenville Women's Club, Greenville, N. C., 1 year Subscription to American Boy	
A. C. Sheldon, Charlotte, 6 crates apples, 4 crates oranges, 500 packages candy.	
King's Daughters, Kannapolis, assortment of games—one to each cottage.	



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

HOW TO BE HAPPY THIS YEAR

"To dare to go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work, and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Glad New Year."

Down in Miami the city has hired a man to sit up all night and count the automobiles entering the town. Night work if you can get it, eh?

This thing of "arming to the teeth" may be all right for the country, but the great trouble is the country can't keep its mouth shut.

Of course women are well fitted to be judges. They are already expert in laying down the law. And they can give you the gospel, too, if you need it.

They are now reducing the relief rolls. It won't be long before we will be referring to the good dole days. Anyhow, it will give us relief from relief, and that will be some relief.

It is a singular fact that a great many people go through life pulling at doors that plainly say, "Push." There is a time to pull and a time to push. You are sensible when you know these times.

If the national Congress and State legislatures are planning to pass a lot of new laws this year, suppose they enact one against poverty. The poor is always with us, and there are many things the legislators hatch up that are not.

One disease for which medical science has never been able to perfect a cure is the common cold. It is no respecter of persons; has all classes for its victims. And there is one other problem Congress has never been able to solve and that is the farm question.

The Year Ahead

Sunday last a New Year dawned. With it new hopes arose—hopes that 1939 will be a happier year for all the world and its people.

Looking back at the year that has left the calendar to take its place in history's niche, man sees much that he regrets. Looking ahead at the new horizon of hope, he wonders what lies beyond that horizon.

In reality there is only a void beyond, save the hope of eternal life awaiting man's arrival in the great unknown. What will be created or transpire beyond that horizon will be achieved by man. Whatever is written in the new chapter of history will be written by him. In other words, 1939 will be just what man makes it.

There can be no better New Year's resolution than to cross this horizon with a determined spirit of good will towards fellow men. If too many people don't break that simple resolution, 1939 will indeed be a happier year for all the world and its peoples.

That Seersucker Suit

I saw a seersucker suit the other day. Some forty years ago these suits were very popular. A seersucker suit is a thin fabric, with alternating, slightly draped, puckered stripes, that made a fellow look like a frizzling

chicken, with the feathers curved over growing forward, instead backward. This reminded me of an incident, when I was not as old as I am now. It was at an old-fashioned camp meeting in Davie county. The big tent was crowded, and seats made of fresh pine slabs had been placed outside, in the sunshine, to accommodate the overflow. It was a warm day in July. The sun had drawn out a bountiful supply of rosin to bask in its beams. A young fellow, with his best girl, all aglow with enthusiasm over being her escort, spread a paper for her seat, and then

flopped himself down in a batch of rosin. When the meeting was over he seemed reluctant to arise with the agility of his girl. After some frantic squirming and twisting, there sounded a pop and a swish like tearing a sheet. He arose but the seat of his seersucker trousers remained on the slab bench. He gracefully backed out of his dilemma much to the chagrin of his girl. Now a hole in a fellow's trusers lets in a great amount of uneasiness, and if it is in the aft section, it certainly does love a long-tailed coat.

THY NEIGHBOR

"Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Has power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim.
Oh, enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope
Go forth and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him."

THE UPLIFT

HOW NEW YEAR GETS HERE

By J. B. Densmore

December 31, at exactly 11:55 p. m., a signal is sent by wire transmission to two radio stations near Washington, D. C. Both of them broadcast it. The signal is on the air for exactly five minutes, or 300 seconds—then stops. The second of silence that follows is the first in the life of Young New Year—1939.

Actually, Father Time isn't the tottering Old Man with a King Cole beard that we see pictured in the newspapers toward the end of every year. He is really symbolized by a group of studious men who move here and there among many strange-looking instruments that are housed in a big white building surrounded by beautiful grounds at Washington. This is the Naval Observatory. It is here that these men, aided by telescopes and chronometers, time the passage of stars across the imaginary arc in the sky called "the meridian." They know when it is exactly 11:55 p. m., December 31, or precisely which one of those thirty-two and one-half million odd seconds it happens to be at any given time throughout the year. The Naval Observatory sends out a radio time signal several times every day in the year, and timekeepers all over the country listen, and regulate big clocks. From these clocks, the public sets its watches. The annual midnight broadcast at New Year's, from both Annapolis and Arlington, is of course the only one to which most of us, even indirectly, pay much formal heed.

The people of olden times did not need those delicate machines in the Naval Observatory to realize that

time was divided into days, months, seasons, and years. It was when they were faced with the problem of dividing the days into hours that they made errors, resulting in strange effects upon the calendar—and upon New Year.

The Roman Emperor, Julius Caesar, made the biggest mistake, as far as we are concerned, 1939 years ago. He proclaimed the year to be 674 seconds longer than modern instruments have shown it to be. But in those days there was nobody to contradict Caesar. He had all the available information on the subject at his command, and even had someone known better, he would probably have been afraid to gainsay the Emperor. It was not until 1582 that it was publicly acknowledged that something was wrong, that New Year's Day was then being celebrated two weeks behind time—time as measured by the sun's returning swing to more northerly latitudes. The people of 1582 had no telescopes and so they could not measure time by the sun and stars as we moderns can, but they realize that ever since Caesar had decreed the length of the year, January 1 had lagged further and further behind the actual commencement of the winter season.

So in that year, New Year's Day was set forward in the calendar, and thus arbitrarily made to conform more closely with the exact number of times the sun had risen and set since Caesar made his mistake—but not closely enough. The calendar was corrected only as far back as the Council of Nicaea, which was held in 325 A. D., at which time New Year's was already

four days behind the actual 86,400-second (1,440-minute) day.

Within thirty years after this change, however, telescopes came into use, and man began to learn how to gauge time very accurately by watching the stars as the earth turned beneath the heavens. In the eighteenth century the calendar, quite tardy again by this time, was corrected once more. This time Caesar's year was definitely discarded and the year was determined to be 525, 600 minutes long—rather than 525,611 minutes and fourteen seconds, as Caesar thought. The eighteenth century calendar is not perfect, and we still have to match suntime and calendar days by using an odd year called leap year every four years. But nowadays New Year's Day does manage to keep up with the seasons, and doesn't get further and further behind them in the actual passage of days as it used to.

Star time is more accurate than sun time because our own star—the sun—being so much closer and hence appearing much larger than the other stars, takes longer to cross the meridian. So when time is taken by the sun, at meridian, the timetellers at the Naval Observatory qualify their finding by calling it "apparent solar noon." It is by the stars much further out in space than our own sun, which happen to be crossing the meridian arc, that they set the five-minute signal which ushers out the Old Year. To these very accurate clock-setters, "sidereal" or star time is the only kind worth having.

We celebrate the New Year ten days (some authorities say eleven) after the day of the winter solstice, when our planet, moving along its annual orbit, begins to tilt so that the sun shines a little less every day on

the region of the equator and a little more upon our own hemisphere, with promise of spring and summer (even though December 21-22 literally marks the first day of the winter season) to the northern countries of the world. The ancient Greeks also began their year at the winter solstice. Other peoples have used the beginnings of the three other seasons to mark the New Year. The Egyptians divided the years at September 21. They missed the real beginning of autumn by only two days showing that they were fair mathematicians for a people who had no telescopes or the advanced arithmetic of later centuries. September 23 has been proved to be the actual start of fall. On that day the sun's rays shine most directly above a section of the earth that is the half-way region of its journeys north and south—a region roughly midway between the North Pole and the Equator.

The Roman year began on March 25, this people missing the real commencement of spring by five days, for the spring equinox—one of two days in the year which is exactly equal to the night has been determined actually to fall on March 20. The Persians seem to have meant for their New Year's Day to be the same as the beginning of summer, but if so they made the greatest seasonal error, for they celebrated on August 11, some fifty-one days after the longest day of the year and the shortest night, June 21, when summer is declared to begin.

But anyway, December 31, 1938, there was a five-minute, 300-second signal, originating in the Naval Observatory, and relayed by broadcast from the government stations at Arlington and Annapolis. The instant it stopped, throughout that easternmost sector of the nation governed by

Eastern Stanard Time, we heard swept across the country, we all had a bells, chimes, town clocks and sundry share in welcoming the New Year. other signals ring out. As time

GREATNESS IS MODEST

The city of Philadelphia awards a medal and a gift of money, at stated periods, to the man, that in the judgment of competent judges, has done the most for the city in a given time. Several years ago when a medal and ten thousand dollars were awarded to a prominent surgeon, and his name was called in the Academy of Music, he declined to go forward until his friends insisted upon it.

After he had received the medal the doctor, who had invented an instrument which enables him to take safety pins and other foreign objects from the lungs and stomach, remarked that the award should have gone elsewhere. Then he told how he had been able to do the things that had brought him fame. He did not claim any of the honor for himself, but said that his thoroughness had been learned from his grandmother. He had inherited his mechanical skill from his grandfather. Also from his grandfather he had heard a story which led him to despise the drinking of alcoholic liquors, and an account of his total abstinence he had gained a clear eye and a steady hand.

His ambition to learn medicine had been inspired by his mother. His father had urged him to train his eye and hand, and to practice so that he could use his left hand and right hand equally well. Then, after plodding for twenty-two years, he learned at last how to master the problem of the inhaled safety pin.

We may get some idea of how hard he worked when we read that for two months he studied the case of a child who had swallowed four safety pins, all open and fastened together with a woolen string. He was successful in relieving the child of all four pins.

Patients have traveled from all parts of the world to see him and physicians and surgeons from everywhere have come to learn from him. He has written books on the subject which have been used by medical men in all lands.

But great as the man is, he is modest and ready to accord to others the credit for his success. And when the ten-thousand-dollar check was given to him, he endorsed it and gave it to his wife. The next day he went about his duties as a teacher in two medical schools, training others so that they too, may be of service to people who suffer.—Selected.

YOUTH BEARING BRUNT OF CRISIS

(Charlotte Observer)

Although young people of today are better educated than their parents, their education stands as of little value when it comes to getting work.

Such is the verdict presented by a study completed in this field by Maxwell S. Stewart, in co-operation with the American Youth Commission, a study which shows that nearly one-half of the young people between the ages of 16 and 24 in the larger cities, who are out of school, are unable to find jobs. Among the 16-year-olds unemployment runs up to 75 per cent.

A slightly higher proportion of youths with vocational training are employed than those without, but other types of education seem to be of little help. The young people who have never had jobs have almost exactly the same range of training as those fully employed.

Finding work will not end Young America's troubles.

Most of the jobs available are of a deadend variety. It is estimated that half of the employed youth will have to quit their present jobs if they are to have any hope for advancement. Wages in the cities average around \$15 a week. In the villages and country they are much lower, averaging from \$5 to \$9 a week in some sections.

Recreation also presents far more serious problems for today's young men and women than it did for their parents.

Many of the simple outdoor amusements of earlier years are no

longer possible. "Youth is thus faced with the necessity of learning to enjoy itself in a day of commercial amusements without spending money."

The study reveals that comparatively few young people belong to organizations.

"The shortage of clubs is most acute," the pamphlet states, "for young people from 18 on. High school youths are well organized. But when they leave school they also leave their clubs. Since they are not ready for adult organizations, and cannot afford their own, the majority stay outside of organizations altogether. That there is a special need for co-ed groups is shown by the experience of the Y's and the recent spontaneous development of 'cellar clubs' in some of our large cities."

In summarizing youth's problems the pamphlet points out that "an . . . improvement in our educational guidance system will not solve all of the problems of today's young people. Many of these, such as unemployment and low cultural standards, are not really youth problems at all . . . If they are to be overcome, they must be dealt with co-operatively . . . It is the duty of the adult generation to provide youth with decent living conditions, with adequate training for life, with leadership, and with an opportunity to occupy its rightful place in the workaday world . . ."

"But youth . . . must help plan and fashion its own future . . . Many of these problems are too difficult for young people to handle

alone. Others they may have to tackle by themselves, even against opposition from their elders . . . They must attempt to work out a practical program for overcoming the difficulties which face them. And

they must learn the art of working together, where possible with adults. Only by joint effort of all age groups can youth hope to come into its rightful heritage."

AS AN AMERICAN'S CREED

More and more, those who have the attention of millions are keenly realizing their responsibility to the society which has made this opportunity possible. A good citizen anxious to do her part in these troubled days, Kate Smith had this to say on one of her noonday broadcasts:

"Briefly, my creed as an American is this: I am proud to be an American . . . I believe in the Constitution of the United States . . . I believe in our Democratic form of Government . . .

"I never cease thanking God that I was born and brought up . . . in the finest country in the world—where we enjoy freedom from tyranny, freedom to thought, and freedom to follow whatever from of religious worship means most to us individuals. I believe that the scrap of paper guarded so carefully down in the Library of Congress at Washington is more precious to the men, women, and children of the United States than anything else on earth. To rich and poor; high and low; Protestant, Jew, and Catholic—to the people of all creeds and races who are citizens of this country—it means everything. It is the only document of its kind in the world—The Constitution of the United States.

"Ever since those lines were written, the American people have been enjoying the benefits planned by the founders of our Nation.

"Much has happened since those early days. There have been problems . . . wars . . . depressions. There are those who have criticized our Constitution, those who believe it can not be made to apply to our changed methods of living . . . But its precepts and its guidance have preserved our unity, our democracy, our country, and our flag for the past century and a half.

"Much has been said about the dangers of various agitators working in our midst. But it may be—unknowingly—their propagandists are doing the American people a favor. Perhaps their activities will make all good Americans wake up to the fact that we've been paying too much attention to foreign affairs—and too little to the preservation of American traditions, policies and ideals."—Selected.

UP

By Leona Bays Gater

In the recent calendar month I have moved—not merely changed position and made motion to and fro, but moved, in a higher, larger sense; that is, I have changed my domicile. And when I say in a larger sense—I mean literally that; for from a safe and sane lot on a level with the curbing, except for a few negligible steps at the porch, I have changed to a home on a double terrace, flanked by a stone wall, and mastered by means of two flights of steps—thirty-seven separate, little, six-inch elevations, to be exact—and a mail box down on the wall two terraces away.

That double terrace has at once its advantages and disadvantages. Being accustomed to mail delivered within arm's reach of the door, the twice-a-day excursion to the lowest step and the corner stone in the retaining wall is still somewhat of a feat; and those thirty-seven steps seem to have elongated and multiplied themselves, when I, laden with parcels, am at the foot of the flight.

But, once at the top, what a marvelous view! The gold and crimson sea of sunset, the purple magic of twilights that gleam at night from the city below, a glory of red and amber and russet leaves, two slender golden trees across the opposite slope, and away on the farthest ridge the regularly recurring sweep and flash of the beacon light, guiding the aircraft in. Beauty and glory and light—and the thirty-seven steps forgotten.

And so I fell to musing: If in homes, why not in lives? Here and there, interspersed more frequently with the level lanes of living than

would come to our own choosing, are steps. As we stand at the foot of the incline, and see that the only way through the wall is up, the steps relentlessly one above the other, seem scant foothold to mount to the top. Weary with continued travel, and laden with parcels of care, the rising road seems too rough to take, the effort too great for our strength. But, as we climb, sustained by unseen and hitherto untested power, our spirits lift with our steps. One terrace—and, looking back, we are cheered by the clearer air and the farther view; and as we take the last upward rise, and reach the level plateau above, our minds are refreshed and our hearts are thrilled by the grandeur of the scene. The hardship of the rugged climb is forgotten; the parcels of care drop away, and our souls are steeped in the glory and light that sweep across the heights. Below may be a dusty street, or a gray fog across the valley; the intervening path was rough and rugged; but the clear, quiet glory of the heights is worth the climb.

And up there under a blue canopy of faith, tapestried with the rich glory of service and the gleaming light of hope, the soul grows close to God. And ever and anon, across the high plateau, comes the steady sweep of the great Light from the farther Divide, to guide the traveler on.

Labor must, perforce, be done in the valley, but living may be on the heights. Shall we not, then, climb the steps and possess the heights?

THE MAGIC RAY

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Of all comparatively recent scientific discoveries the phenomenon of X-rays has perhaps the furthest reaching effects for it has made visible the invisible. No longer can things be hidden from view in the body. The X-ray has proved the open sesame for the surgeon as with its aid he can actually see bone structure, can determine the extent of a fracture. He can see obstructions in the intestines, spots on the lungs. To the dentist or oral surgeon, the X-ray has been an invaluable aid as abscesses, abnormal structures and mal-formations may be clearly shown on X-ray photographs.

The use of this mystic ray is not confined to the medical profession. It has become a very important asset in the industrial world. X-ray inspection of castings, of welded seams in pressure vessels, tanks and the like makes it possible to see defects in the metal. It is being extensively employed in the inspection of both raw and finished products, even packaged foods come under its invisible eye, so that imperfections or foreign substances may be easily located with its assistance. The physicist, metallurgist and chemist have found its penetrative qualities of inestimable aid in the development of better methods and materials.

Just what is X-ray? "X," as we all know, is the letter used in algebra to denote an unknown quantity. Prof. Konrad Rontgen is really credited with the discovery of X-ray, but as a matter of fact it was while he was investigating the phenomena which accompanied the passage of an electric

current in a vacuum tube. Much earlier, in fact in 1705, a Mr. Wawksbee who was a Fellow of the Royal Society (England) was probably the first to observe the bright flashes which were produced when mercury was agitated in a vacuum, but neither he nor other investigators until Prof. Rontgen, associated those flashes with any unique significance. Thus what was really the beginning of radiological research went unrecognized for some time.

In February, 1785, William Morgan, also a Fellow of the Royal Society, read a paper before that learned body of scientists, which showed that he had already developed at that time a vacuum in a tube which was practically a non-conductor of electricity. With the introduction of a minute quantity of air he could produce the phenomena of an X-ray tube.

Other experiments followed the path indicated by these earlier researches, and Sir William Crooks, after whom the Crooks tube was named discovered many things about the rays which were destined to be so helpful to mankind. His discovery of cathode rays led ultimately to the discovery of Rontgen's X-ray, the use of which is being more widely applied in both science and industry daily.

Using a Crooks tube, Prof. Rontgen in 1895, in trying to find invisible rays had some barium platinocyanide crystals on a piece of cardboard in the vicinity of the tube. These crystals are highly fluorescent and, therefore, would respond to any invisible rays, he felt. Covering the tube with black paper to exclude all visible light, Prof.

Rontgen applied the electric current to the tube, and immediately the nearby crystals became phosphorescent and X-ray was discovered.

The penetrative quality of the new ray was soon put to good use by Prof. Rontgen. He observed that when these crystals of barium platinocyanide were excited by X-rays, they gave off a remarkable brilliance. Accidentally, it must be supposed, he happened to hold his hand over them, and he must have been amazed to see quite clearly the bone structure of his hand exposed to full view. He immediately saw the significance and importance of the discovery he had made. When it was found that the rays would not only pass through flesh but would make an impression on a photographic plate of the bone structure encountered, then there was immediately opened up a new field of medical research. What before had only been indeterminate and somewhat sketchy diagnosis by the sense of touch or by exploratory operation could now be actually photographed, and thus a true picture could be made of the real state of affairs with all guess work eliminated.

In like manner it was found that the ray will pass through other objects, being arrested in its path only by dense substances so that it is these denser substances which are indicated on an X-ray photograph. X-rays are invisible and their presence is only indicated by means either of phosphorescent crystals such as the barium platinocyanide ones already mentioned, or by the shadow record made on a photographic film of substances more or less opaque to X-rays. It is now not only possible to have "still" X-ray photographs, but moving pic-

tures can be taken by X-rays which show the motion of the heart, lungs, etc.

For many years after Konrad Rontgen had discovered X-rays, the application of this mysterious phenomenon was limited by the dangers and uncertainties of its production. Early trial-and-error method, had learned tubes were unstable, unreliable, and even inconsistently useful only in the hands of a few experts, who, by the the eccentricities of the few tubes with which they worked. And even with that knowledge, the operator, more often than not, obtained a satisfactory radiograph, as the X-ray photos are termed, only by another series of trials and errors.

In those days, comparatively few tubes were in existence — barely enough units to fulfill the present-day requirements of a few metropolitan centers. Then, with the introduction of the Coolidge tube which for the first time made possible the accurate prediction of tube operation, the science of Rontgenology was revolutionized almost overnight. Doctors, scientists, and laymen alike became X-ray conscious; all began to realize its importance and value until, today, every person recognizes the term "X-rays," and practically every hospital in the world is supplied with X-ray equipment. Because of such developments as these, medical X-ray facilities are available to probably a billion people in all parts of the world for both diagnostic and therapeutic purposes.

The applications of X-rays today are too numerous to cover in the limited space of this article, but a few of the more important applications, besides the medical significance, include the examination of metals for

flaws; the detection of adulterated food products such as flour, sugar, etc.; in Ceylon, the invisible ray is used to locate pearls in the commercial oyster beds; it is used to distinguish between real and artificial gems as, for instance, a real diamond appears white on a radiograph whereas an

artificial one would photograph black; the X-ray is used in the Post Office Department to discover the contents of parcels or letters which are suspected of infringing against the postal laws and regulations; and daily the application of Rontgen's discovery is increasing.

CHAPEL HILL

President Roosevelt's tribute to the University of North Carolina, on the occasion of his acceptance of an honorary degree, was well deserved. North Carolina's historic seat of learning among the pine hills of once frontier Orange County does, to use the President's words, typify "American liberal thought through American action." The oldest of the State universities, operating under a charter which antedates the Federal Constitution by two years, it has come through the early hardships that beset public education, the Civil War, Reconstruction and the stresses and strains of the New South to rank with universities with larger enrollments and greater material resources.

North Carolina's strength lies in its devotion to untrammelled scholarship. Teachers may be hobbled elsewhere. Not so at Chapel Hill. There they are free to light their lamps and follow where illumination leads. So cherished is this freedom that every year members of its faculty decline invitations to wealthier institutions. Fortunately, the people of the State have come to appreciate what this great cultural and social asset means to them. For this thanks in substantial measure are due to a succession of wise and courageous presidents, men like Frank P. Graham and his predecessor, Harry Woodburn Chase, who have stood firm in their sound conviction that a free education is the greatest bulwark of democracy.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

DON'T THINK—KNOW

(Selected)

The new girl answered the manager's bell in a flurry of trepidation, which was not lessened when he demanded in imperative haste: "Has Kisslinger's order been filled yet? Did they fill it out of that last lot that came in?"

"I—I think it was filled," stammered the new girl. "I'm sure I heard Mr. Sloan reading it off. And I think they filled it out from the last lot."

"Don't think; know!" snapped the manager. "Go back and find out!"

The new girl went, trembling in every muscle. She found that the order had been filled out from a lot previously received, a mistake that would have caused considerable loss had the manager accepted her "I think" as final.

The reproof, coming at a time when the girl was susceptible to new impressions and suggestions, burned itself into her brain and became the guiding principle of her business life. Often when she was tempted to take a fact for granted she was driven to look it up by that persis-

tent echo within her mind that said, "Don't think; know!" She resolutely kept her eyes and ears open to what was going on about her, and within her own sphere she relentlessly pursued every detail to its last hiding place. The manager soon learned to place implicit confidence in her simple statement of fact, and she soon found herself answering the call of his bell with pleasure instead of dread.

How far this principle had affected her work she did not realize until she received a promotion to the headship of the office, above several workers who had been with the firm longer than she. She happened to overhear a conversation in which one of the girls was protesting against the injustice of it.

"Oh," the other answered, "it is all right; she deserves it. No matter what you ask her, she always knows. No guesswork about her. I guess if we did the same we'd be promoted, too." The principle had been worked out so plainly that it could be read without words, "Don't think; know!"

NOW IS THE TIME

Pluck sweet flowers while you may,
At eventide or dewy'morn,
Surely there will come a day
When you must pluck the thorn.

Do kindly acts at time of need,
Ere the chance be gone;
Thus you will plant the seed
Of deeds now unknown."

—Selected.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

Once again the peal of Christmas bells and the music of Christmas carols have resounded through the air, bringing joy and gladness to the people of the world, especially to children. Christmas is the festival of childhood, the decorated tree, the Yuletide feast and all the pageantry of the day come to us from the earliest times, and always the child was the center of festivities. At this particular time of the year the Christian world in thought and spirit kneels in adoration at the manger of the Christ-child. To pass through the Christmas season without making some effort to gladden the hearts of children would be only half a celebration.

With this thought uppermost in mind, the officials of the Training School together with many interested friends from all sections of the State, saw to it that the boys entrusted to the care of the institution were enabled to enjoy the Christmas season of 1938 to the fullest extent.

The week preceding Christmas Day was one of intense activity, both the boys and the officials of the School entering into the spirit of the occasion. In some sections of the campus one could see groups of boys busily engaged in stringing colored lights on trees; another group could be heard going through rehearsals for the Christmas Eve program; down at the bakery were youngsters busily baking and decorating huge cakes; mail boys delivering Christmas cards and packages by the score, in fact there was not a sign of idleness in any of the departments. Everyone was doing his

or her best to make this Christmas the best ever.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 21st, when the cottage lines assembled at the regular place near the Cannon Memorial Building, Superintendent Boger called out 150 of the smallest boys, and each of them received a package containing a delicious home-made cookie and a candy cane. These were gifts of Mrs. W. L. Steele, Jr., of Concord. If this good lady could have seen those little fellows, faces wreathed in smiles, as they received the packages, we feel quite sure she would have felt amply repaid for the time and trouble taken to prepare them.

On Wednesday night, Mr. Cyrus E. Smith, of Hulmeville, Pa., entertained the boys of Cottage No. 2 and a few guests, by showing several reels of motion pictures taken on a hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies early last Fall. These pictures were in colors and beautifully portrayed scenes along the Yukon Trail, made famous by the Klondike gold rush about forty years ago. Other views showed camp scenes, taken as Mr. Smith and his party went out in search of big game. "Dad" Smith added further to the enjoyment of the evening by handing out several pounds of candy as the reels were being re-wound. He was accompanied on this visit to the School by Mrs. Eva Dodge, of Rockland, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Longhurst, of Concord.

At seven o'clock on Christmas Eve we assembled in the auditorium for the annual exercises. After singing the opening number the entire student

body, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, recited the Christmas story as found in the second chapter of Luke.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, then addressed the boys. He said his visit to the School on this occasion reminded him of his college days, when he was a member of a group of students who walked across snow-covered fields to an orphanage nearby, where lived about 1400 boys and girls. As they made their way through snow-drifts, stars overhead shining like diamonds, they heard strains of beautiful Christmas music. At first it came to their ears faintly, but as they drew nearer the institution, the music became clearer. These boys and girls, at a given signal, started from their respective cottages, singing as they marched along. They were led by a cornet player. Still singing, they approached the auditorium, where the 1400 voices joined in one mighty chorus, singing praises to the new-born King.

The speaker then said the reason these children came together on that occasion, and we, today, do likewise, is because there is something in our hearts at this season of the year which makes us glad.

He then spoke briefly on "The Glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ," telling the story of a young artist who, upon hearing these words, got the idea for a wonderful picture. These words started him to thinking and as he thought he painted a beautiful picture. He painted Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, cattle and other familiar figures, but in this picture the thing that stood out was that light that shone around the face of the Baby

Jesus, and one could see its reflection on people and things nearby.

That light, continued the speaker, should reflect in our lives today. Jesus came to show men the true God and lead them in the way He would have them live. That little Babe in whose face shone the glory of God, has grown and touched the hearts of men all over the world and especially at Christmas time people are thinking about helping those in need because of the great gift from God on that first Christmas night.

A group of about one hundred boys, under the direction of Mrs. G. L. Barrier, then presented a Christmas pageant entitled "Why the Chimes Rang." The setting for this beautiful story showed the interior of a great cathedral, a vested choir in the chancel, with huge huge snow-drifts along the path leading to the entrance of the church.

The story, which was read by Sam Williams, of Cottage No. 4, told of a magnificent cathedral in a country far away, standing on a high hill in the midst of a great city. At the top of an immense tower was a chime of Christmas bells. The church had been built hundreds of years before. The chimes were up out of sight, and none, at the time of the story, had ever heard them ring. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all people to bring gifts to the Christ-child, and when the greatest and best gift was laid on the altar these folks had been told the chimes would ring. Some said the wind rang them, and because of their great height, others were of the opinion the angels set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said the reason for this was because the peo-

ple had gradually been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child. Following a custom of many years' standing, the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than the other, thinking the wonderful bells would ring again.

In a nearby village lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They had heard of this service in the church and planned to go to see the beautiful celebration. Pedro and his brother, walking through snow all day, reached the church-yard at night-fall. They saw something dark on the snow near their path. Drawing nearer, they saw it was a poor woman, too ill and tired to get in where she might have shelter. Badly as he wanted to attend the service, Pedro decided to stay and help her, telling his brother to go on and see the Christmas festival alone. Said Pedro, "Both of us need not miss the service, and it had better be I than you. I am sure the Christ-child must know how I should love to come, and if you get a chance, little brother, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it on the altar."

In the great church that night, various types of people laid their gifts upon the altar. Among them were a rich man, an explorer, an artist, a noted writer, a soldier, and three men from the common walks of life. As each made his contribution, he stood in silence, hoping to hear the chimes, but they were silent. Finally the king, arrayed in all his splendor, approached the altar, and laid thereon his royal crown, studded with diamonds and other precious jewels. "Surely," said the people, "we shall now hear the bells, for nothing like this has ever

happened before." But still only the cold, cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads sadly, some saying they never really believed the story of the chimes.

Suddenly the great organ became still. The old minister, standing by the altar, held up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church. As all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly through the air the sound of the chimes in the tower. Then all looked toward the altar to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells. All that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Pedro's little brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's tiny piece of silver on the altar. This small offering had become the greatest gift of all.

During the reading of this lovely story, a group of 65 boys, with Mrs. L. S. Presson taking the solo parts, rendered musical interludes. In the number entitled "The Cradle of Bethlehem," she sang the verses, the choir joining in the chorus. The other musical number was "The Angels' Chorus." These numbers were beautifully rendered, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the story.

After the singing of "Silent Night" by the entire assemblage, Superintendent Boger, addressed the boys briefly, telling them that it was his wish and those of all others connected with the School there should be no forgotten boys at the institution, and that upon returning to their respective cottages each boy would find a well-filled bag, donated through the kindness of interested friends. Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then pronounced the benediction.

The greater part of Christmas morning was spent in opening boxes at the cottages, the majority of the lads having been remembered by folks at home. At 10 o'clock we assembled for the usual Sunday School hour. Returning to the cottages the boys found the dining room tables heavily laden with all sorts of good things to eat. Notwithstanding the fact that they had been partaking most liberally of the contents of the bags received the night before, also of the boxes coming from home, the youngsters did full justice to the delicacies provided for dinner, consisting of

Chicken and Noodles
Cranberry Sauce
Rice with Giblet Gravy
Cole Slaw Pickles
Candied Yams English Peas
Chocolate and Coconut Cake
Peaches
Milk

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte made his regular monthly visit to the School. He was accompanied by Gene Davis, who assumed charge of the program; Rev. Nate Taylor, pastor of the Clarkson Street Tabernacle, Charlotte; and Mr. Kluttz, of the Y. M. C. A., also of that city.

After the boys sang the opening hymn, Gene rendered a solo number, "Oh, Jesus, I Have Promised," and, as usual, delighted the boys with his singing.

Rev. Mr. Taylor then read a few verses from the second chapter of Matthew and the second chapter of Luke, which gives an account of the birth of Jesus. At the beginning of

his remarks to the boys, he told of a sign he had seen in front of a large church up in New Jersey. This sign read: "The Wise Men of Old Sought Jesus—Wise Men Still Seek Him." The first, of course, referred to the wise men of the East, who came to worship Christ. A bright star had led them. The shepherds sought Him because angels appeared unto them and told them of His coming that first Christmas night.

The speaker further stated that we hear much of one word at this time of the year—J-O-Y, and gave this interesting meaning: The J stands for Jesus; the Y for you; and the O for zero; and said the real meaning was, "Let nothing come between you and Jesus."

Rev. Mr. Taylor then told how Herod, the king, sought Jesus for the purpose of destroying Him. The Jews had prayed for a king to deliver them from Roman rule. Herod knew about this, and thinking if Jesus were exalted to this high position, he would no longer be king. He was jealous and wanted to kill Him. Many people in the world today are trying to do the same thing King Herod wanted to do. They are seeking to destroy Christ's influence among men; trying to stamp out Christian life, which is the only life worth living in the world today.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Taylor said that in appreciation of God's great gift to mankind, we should give Him the only gift He wants from us—to give out hearts and lives to Him.

At the close of the service Mr. Sheldon gave a large apple, an orange and a bag of candy to each of our family of nearly five hundred boys, and to the members of the staff present. This is a fine gesture on Mr. Sheldon's

part, one that he has repeated for many years, and we are most grateful for his kindly interest in our boys.

During the following week all activities at the School ceased, except those of attending to chores that could not be neglected, and the boys certainly made good use of those holidays. The mornings were given over to the playing of various games, both indoors and out, and in the afternoons they were permitted to see motion picture shows in the auditorium. These shows were as follows: Monday—"Thoroughbreds Don't Cry"; Tuesday—"Sitting on the Moon"; Thursday—"Adventure's End"; Friday—"Marry the Girl." Along with these feature pictures, short comedies or educational reels were shown. These films, to-

gether with those shown at the School every Thursday night, are sent to us through the kindness of the various film distribution agencies in Charlotte, and too much cannot be said in praise of their generosity in thus providing amusement for the lads at the School.

The holiday season at the Training School was one which brought delight to the hearts of the boys, and we wish to take this opportunity to express their gratitude together with that of the officials in charge, to all who in any way had a part in making this a most wonderful Christmas season for them. With memories of all the happiness of the occasion, we are entering into another year, determined that the work we are trying to carry on shall be more successful in every way.

ESTIMATION

When you think of a man you seldom think
 Of the knowledge he has of books;
 You seldom think of the clothes he wears,
 His habits; or faults; or looks;
 You seldom think of the car he drives,
 Or the bonds his gold has bought;
 When you think of a man you mostly think
 Of some kindness he has brought.
 You judge him not by the block of stocks,
 Nor his power of name and pen;
 You judge a man by the place he's made
 In the hearts of his fellow men.
 You judge a man by the place he's made,
 By the way he has faced the strife,
 And not the amount of his bank account
 He's managed to get in life.
 You think of the friend he's been to man,
 And the good he has done;
 You judge the sort of a man he is
 By friends that he has won.

—From the Atlantian.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Since we always give our young printers a week's vacation at Christmas time this is the first issue of the year 1939. While somewhat late, the message is as good as ever, so to the editors and publishers of the various exchanges which come to our desk from institutions all over this great land of ours, we tender our very best wishes for a most prosperous and successful year. If you have derived half as much pleasure from reading the columns of The Uplift as your magazines and papers have afforded us, we are quite sure the exchanges have been quite helpful.

Mark Witty, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, was a visitor at the School on Christmas Eve. He reported that he was still living in Greensboro, and holding forth at the same place of employment, in the meter record room of the Duke Power Company, where he has worked for several years.

Shortly before Christmas, Superintendent Boger and Mr. Alf Carriker received announcements of the marriage of Carl Henry, one of our old boys, who used to be a member of the carpenter shop force. "Pat," as he was best known here, has been employed by the Standard Oil Company, in the city of Detroit, Mich., for a little more than ten years. He has made an excellent record since leaving us.

Allen Wilson, of Burlington and Carl D. Shoffner, of Graham, former members of our printing class, who returned to their homes several months ago, called on friends at the School on Christmas Day. Allen is employed in a five-and-ten store in Burlington and Carl is attending the Graham High School. Both boys stated that they had been getting along well since leaving us. They attended the afternoon service while here and seemed delighted to be back among their old friends.

Clyde and George Bristow, both former members of our printing class, called at The Uplift office one day last week. Clyde is still employed as truck driver for the Roadway Express Company, of Newark, N. J., and George stated that he is holding down his same job in a steel mill in Winston-Salem. Clyde told us he had been married for about two months. Both boys seem to be getting along well. Although they have been away from the School several years, they never fail to stop in and see their old friends here when in this vicinity.

According to a report recently received here, the School's herd of Holstein cows still has a fine rating in the dairy association, composed of Cabarrus, Cleveland and Mecklenburg counties.

On a test of ten months or more, this report shows the following results: Four cows with an average

milk production of 13,731 lbs. of milk, and a butter fat average of 529 lbs.; six cows averaged 13,086 lbs. milk and 474 lbs. fat; ten cows averaged 11,597 lbs. milk and 421 lbs. fat; sixteen cows averaged 10,380 lbs. milk and 372 lbs. fat; thirteen cows averaged 8,925 lbs. milk and 320 lbs. fat; eight cows averaged 7,958 lbs. milk and 276 lbs. fat; four cows averaged 6,316 lbs. milk and 230 lbs. fat; one cow averaged 4,295 lbs. milk and 156 lbs. fat.

The average milk production of the entire herd of 62 cows was 10,073 lbs.; the average butter fat production was 359 lbs.; and the average feed cost was \$122.00

Among the paroled boys sending Christmas greetings to their friends employed at the School were:

Dermont Burkhead, Blachly, Ore.;

Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem; William Bell, Roper; Ian French, Charlotte; Milton Hunt, Muskegon, Mich.; John Holmes, New York City; Keith Hunt, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; James (Stepp) Maxwell, Hendersonville; Edgar L. Rochester, Charlotte; Fred Seibert, Hendersonville; Albert Silas, Lexington, Ky.; Homer Smith, Los Angeles, Calif.; Harvard Winn, Altamahaw; William R. Williams, Concord; J Lee McBride, Alexandria, Va.; Rick Dalton, Asheville; Willard Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Arthur Boyette, Newton Grove; Britt Gatlin, Burlington; Carl Henry, Detroit, Mich.; Wilson McLean, Lenoir; Milford Hodgins, High Point; Fred Clark, Byron, Ga.; Sidi Threatt, Monroe; Troy Thompson, Rockingham; William Glenn Miller, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Emerson Frazier, Greensboro; Rufus Wrenn, Drexel Hill, Pa.

THE OTHER FELLOW

Through our eyes the other fellow
 Oft appears as someone strange
 Someone that we cannot fathom,
 Someone we would like to change.
 Something of ourselves we vision
 When we look at other men,
 Oft their faults are ours for mending,
 By our quite superior ken.
 Know then when we judge adversely
 When our thoughts condemning roam,
 That reform had best be started,
 In ourselves and right at home.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — DECEMBER

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Richard Freeman 6
Winley Jones
Tillman Lyles 3
Henry McGraw 3
Loy Stines 2
Junior Woody

—B—

J. C. Allen 2
George Green 3
Earl Hildreth 4
Fred McGlammery 5
Carl Ward 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Edward Batten 4
Clyde Barnwell 9
Donald Britt 5
Robert Bryson 8
Kenneth Conklin 8
William Jerrell 6
Alexander King 4
Thomas King 6
Carl Moose 2
Randall D. Peeler 3
Ray Pitman 3
W. J. Wilson 8

—B—

Cleasper Beasley 3
Paul Briggs 10
Ernest Davis 3
Mark Jones 6
Horace Journigan 7
McCree Mabe
Harley Matthews 2
Garland McPhail 3
William Pitts 5
Richard Patton 4
Ray Reynolds
Henry Smith
Melvin Stines 2
William Tester 3
Walker Warr 4
Horace Williams 2

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Martin Crump 3
Lewis Donaldson 10
Merritt Gibson 6
Jack Mathis 5
Brown Stanley 4
Cleveland Suggs 7
Dewey Ware 9
Ross Young 6

—B—

Henry Coward 4
Max Eaker 2
William Goins 8
Edward Johnson 4
Hubert Short 8
William T. Smith 9

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Herman Cherry 6
B. C. Elliott 3
Gilbert Hogan 3
Donald Holland 5
James Lane 3
John Tolbert 4

—B—

James Butler 3
Floyd Combs 6
Matthew Duffy 4
Jack Foster 3
J. W. McRorrie
Theodore Rector 2
Charles Smith 5
Elmer Talbert 5
Hubert Walker 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Atwell 6
J. B. Delvin 2
Paul Ruff 10
Dewey Sisk 4

—B—

James Coleman 11

Vernon Johnson
Howard Todd 6
Joseph Tucker 7

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Clifton Butler
Clyde Hillard 4
Edmund Moore 2
James Reavis 2

—B—

Jewell Barker 2
James V Harvel 3
Robert Kinley 5
John Kirkman 5
Vernon Lamb 4
Latha Warren 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 5
William Brothers 3
Arthur Craft
Caleb Hill 8
Harvey Walters 9
Robert Watts 3

—B—

Rex Allred 2
Robert Coleman
James C. Cox
Postell Clark 2
Charles Davis 9
James H. Davis 5
Hugh Johnson 4
Harry Leagon 2
Paul Shipes 3
Graham Sykes 3

 CORN SHUCKIN'

At the old time shuckings the main feature, first, was to divide the corn pile by running a fence rail through the middle and two captains chose the shuckers for a race. One captain got his first choice of the shuckers. Then they fell to and shucked like all possessed to see which could finish the task first.

A part of the inspiration of the race was a jug with a corn cob stopper in the fence corner. At a well managed shucking the jug was passed discreetly and nobody got too much—just enough to add to the good feeling and the zest of the occasion. If ladies were present the young man who found a red ear was entitled to a kiss.

In the shucking race the corn was not always shucked clean, but that was expected. The work done, the chicken pie and pumpkin and potato custards, boiled ham and other good things were served on a long table in the yard, and if the night was cool, as it usually was, there were bon fires for comfort. Then there was wrestling, dancing, "pulling Tigers tail or Todd's from tail," and the other forms of amusement. There was no ticket to show as a prize and piano and violin music was unknown. The idea of playing a piano at an old time corn shucking! But there was fiddle music in abundance—fiddle music of the old-time variety. The man who called a fiddle a violin on such occasions would have been looked on with suspicion.—Davie Record.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending January 1, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) Clyde Gray 6
- (3) Robert Hines 3
- (6) Gilbert Hogan 6
- (6) Leon Hollifield 6
- (6) Edward Johnson 6
- (6) James Kissiah 6
- (6) Edward Lucas 6
- (5) Robert Maples 5
- (5) C. L. Snuggs 5

COTTAGE No. 1

- (6) Rex Allred 6
- (5) Henry Cowan 5
- Eugene Edwards 2
- Porter Holder 3
- Horace Journigan 3
- (3) H. C. Pope 4
- Reece Reynolds 3
- Howard Roberts 4
- Lee Watkins 2
- R. L. Young 4

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 3
- James Boone 2
- (6) James C. Cox 6
- (2) Coolidge Green 3
- (4) Douglas Matthews 5
- (6) William McRary 6
- Kenneth Raby 5
- (5) Earl Weeks 5
- Jerome Wiggins 4

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 3
- (2) Paul Boone 3
- (2) James Land 2
- (2) Van Martin 3
- Edward McGee
- J. W. McRorrie 3
- George Newman 5
- (6) Lloyd Pettus 6
- (3) Henry Raby 3
- (3) Leo Ward 5

- (5) R. V. Wells 5
- (6) James Wilhite 6

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) William Brothers 4
- (2) J. C. Branton 2
- James Cooper
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 5
- Monroe Flinchum
- Joseph Mobley 2
- Edward Thomasson
- Hubert Walker 3
- (5) Ned Waldrop 5
- (3) Dewey Ware 5
- (3) Ralph Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 6

- Columbus Hamilton 2
- Thomas Hamilton 2
- William Wilson 2
- Woodrow Wilson 2
- Eugene Watts
- James C. Wiggins
- George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) William Beach 5
- (6) Carl Breece 6
- (3) Archie Castlebury 5
- (6) William Estes 6
- George Green 3
- (6) Blaine Griffin 6
- (2) Hugh Johnson 5
- (3) Marshall Pace 4
- (2) Dewey Sisk 4
- (6) Earthy Strickland 6
- (5) William Tester 5
- Ed Woody 4
- (3) Edward Young 3
- (3) William Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

- (6) J. B. Devlin 6
- Clyde Hillard 2
- (6) Edward McCain 6
- (6) John Pennington 6
- Norman Parker
- (2) Charles Taylor 2

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) J. T. Branch 2
- (2) James Bunnell 3
- (5) Edgar Burnette 5
- (2) Roy Butner 3
- Carrol Clark 3
- (3) James Coleman 4
- (5) George Duncan 5
- Mark Jones
- Harold O'Dear 3
- Lonnie Roberts 2
- Thomas Sands 3
- (5) Thomas Wilson 5
- (2) Luther Wilson 2
- (5) Horace Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 10

- (3) Elbert Head 3
- J. D. Hildreth 3
- Vernon Lamb 3
- James Nicholson 2
- (4) William Pitts 4
- (2) Clerge Robinette 3
- (3) Oscar Smith 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- (6) Charles Bryant 6
- (2) Julius Fagg 3
- (6) Baxter Foster 6
- (6) Earl Hildreth 6
- (6) Clyde Hoppes 6
- Edward Murray 5
- Julius Stevens 5
- (5) Thomas Shaw 5

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Everett Hackler 2
- (6) Thomas Knight 6
- (2) Carl Singletary 5
- (2) Avery Smith 4
- (3) Ross Young 4

COTTAGE No. 13

- (6) Jack Foster 6
- (3) William Griffin 5
- James V. Harvel 5
- (5) Isaac Hendren 5
- (2) Paul McGlammery 4
- (6) Thomas R. Pitman 6
- (6) Alexander Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 14

- (4) Claude Ashe 4
- (4) Clyde Barnwell 5
- Harry Connell 3
- (4) Delphus Dennis 5
- (4) Audie Farthing 5
- (4) Marvin King 4
- (6) James Kirk 6
- (2) John Kirkman 3
- (2) Fred McGlammery 4
- (2) Troy Powell 4
- John Robbins 3
- (3) Paul Shipes 3
- (2) Howard Todd 2
- (3) Junior Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 15

- (5) Leonard Buntin 5
- (3) Howard Bobbitt 3
- (3) Sidney Delbridge 3
- (3) Aldine Duggins 4
- (4) Clifton Davis 4
- (2) N. A. Efind 2
- (2) Clarence Gates 4
- Dallas Holder
- William Hawkins
- Hoyt Hollifield 2
- (3) Albert Hayes 4
- (3) L. M. Hardison 4
- (6) Joseph Hyde 6
- (6) Beamon Heath 6
- (6) Cleo King 6
- (6) Robert Kinley 6
- (5) Clarence Lingerfelt 5
- (5) John McGinnis 5
- Claude Moose
- Harold Oldham
- (6) Paul Ruff 6
- (6) Rowland Rufty 6
- (3) Eulice Rogers 3
- (4) Ira Settle 5
- (2) Brown Stanley 2
- (4) Richard Thomas 5
- (3) James Watson 4
- Arvel Ward 2
- William Wood
- (2) George Worley 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Filmore Oliver 4
- (2) Early Oxendine 3
- (2) Hubert Short 2

He who talks much, listens little; and he who listens little, knows little.—Selected.

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JAN 16 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 14, 1939

No. 2

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U. N. C. Library

NEW YEAR

"A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed—
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates."

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE VALUE OF ORDER

If the characters of great men were analyzed more clearly than they generally are before judgment was passed upon them, "He was a systematic man" would be substituted often, I dare say, for the vague words, "He was a genius." Napoleon astonished the sovereigns of Europe at the Congress of Erfurt by the minuteness of his knowledge of historic data; and when he was asked the secret he answered: "My knowledge is deposited in drawers. I have only to open a particular drawer, orderly marked, and all that I have learned on a particular subject is at hand." Commissioners of insolvency say that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten are found to be in a muddle. If we desire success to attend our efforts, let us adopt a carefully conceived system in all of our work.—H. Allen Turner.

A SOLDIER OF WAR AND PEACE

Robert E Lee was born January 19, 1807, at Stratford, a stately mansion, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. The ancestors of this distinguished American were the Carters and the Lees, two of the most illustrious and proudest families in the northern neck of Virginia. His father was "Light-Horse Harry" Lee—General Henry Lee, of Revolutionary War fame, friend and neighbor of George Washington.

Light-Horse Harry Lee was twice married, his first wife was also a Lee of the older line. Stratford belonged to General Harry Lee's first wife, so the estate went to Henry Lee, Jr., according to the bequest of his mother. As a natural consequence Light-Horse Harry sought another place to live. He moved to Alexandria, therefore, for the next decade and a half, Robert E. Lee lived very modestly in the home town of George Washington, the man who served as an ideal example for him in future years.

After the passing of Robert E. Lee's father, the support and training of the five Lee children devolved upon the frail mother. However, in spite of ill health and depleted funds, there was instilled in Robert Lee a deep religious consciousness, and such fundamentals as honor, self-control, self-denial, the strictest economy, courtesy to all classes and a deference to womanhood—the code of training for all Virginia gentlemen.

With this training by example and precept, it is not surprising that the glamour of position and wealth were ignored, so in the time of rebellion he showed a loyalty to his native state—Virginia. Aside from many honors he realized as a young man, during the bitter controversies prior to the War Between the States, he was offered by President Lincoln, on his return home to Arlington, from his Texas post, the command of the new United States Army, soon to be put in the field. Bewildered by chaotic conditions, his loyalty led him to assume the duties relative to his own state, and he became commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia.

We all know the story of the four long years, from Bull Run to Appamattox, filled with heart-breaking scenes, pictures of sorrow and discouragement, and the manner in which he labored against insurmountable obstacles to bring victory to the South. The life of Robert E. Lee in full should be emphasized in the educational career of the youth, so that each may form an ideal that will chart the way to service for one's country.

* * * * *

A CHAPEL—LEE'S FIRST BUILDING

After becoming president of Washington College, situated in Lexington, Virginia, the first building erected on the campus was a chapel. Being of a deeply religious nature with a simplicity of faith, his life was an inspiration to the young men of that institution. His statement, oft-repeated, was that the foundation of manly character comes from reverence for the church, dedicated for worship and study of the Scriptures, and obedience to law.

Robert E. Lee died October 12, 1870, murmuring "Strike the tent," a most fitting farewell for a soldier of war and peace.

Later Lee's name was appropriately linked with Washington's when Washington College became Washington and Lee University.

In the chapel of this institution is one of the world's most beautiful statues—Valentine's "The Soldier at Rest."

* * * * *

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, including Chairman L. T. Hartsell, Messrs. Paul C. Whitlock, A. R. Howard, L. D. Coltrane, Herman Cone; Mesdames W. C. Hammer, Cameron Morrison, George E. Marshall, and Miss Easdale Shaw, were present January 5, 1939 to review all work of the School during last quarter of the year 1938.

After hearing the financial report, and looking over the new buildings at the School, there were expressions of approval of all activities. This institution begins the new year with a gymnasium, infirmary and other valuable additions, all of which will aid in the building of citizenship—the goal of the Jackson Training School.

* * * * *

A CURTSY DISTURBS THE ROYALTY

We are not a bit surprised that the saucy little opera singer, Grace Moore, of the mountains of North Carolina-Tennessee, halted long enough before the private box, in opera house, occupied by Duke and Duchess of Windsor to pay her respects to the American born Duchess, Wallie Simpson of Baltimore. The Countess of Pembroke, authority on court etiquette, feels that Grace Moore committed a faux-pas, but we wager this American born girl, who made her own way in the "school-of-hard-knocks," does not give a whip as to the opinion of her far removed English kin.

* * * * *

ENCOURAGING REPORT

From reports one learns increased interest is shown in the drive against one of the greatest scourages of mankind, syphilis. There was a time when the word itself was uttered in a suppressed tone, but now, the entire state is fighting with an understanding of the danger of the disease, and good results are being realized in North Carolina, North Carolina takes the lead, including all states, to number of

cases reported and in the number cases taking treatment. This shows the far reaching work of the State Board of Health, making people health-conscious.

There is a hope that there will be an awakening as to another scourge, cancer, that is taking a large toll of humanity. This is an insidious disease, and unless the people at large know the danger signals, taking the disease in due time there is no suffering that can be compared to it. Besides the "quacks" who peddle their dope as a cure for cancer prey upon the ignorant, who like a fellow drowning will grasp at a straw with the hope of being saved. But instead of being cured the agony is prolonged. The day is fast coming when the public will better understand the danger signals of this disease and consult their physician.

* * * * *

A GOOD GIFT

The gift of three million bushels of wheat to the American Red Cross for distribution among starving civilians in war torn Spain shows a magnanimous spirit upon the part of the government of our country. The yield of this amount of wheat is said to be sufficient to fill 100,000 barrels of flour monthly for six months. This contribution shows a good-will spirit, or suggestive of the Golden Rule—to do, as you would wish others to do.

- * * * *

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The question was once asked where is the best place to begin when a fellow wants to do something really worthwhile. The reply was, "Right where you are". That question and answer fits in nicely as to the beginning of the library of this institution. We have told the story previously, but all good stories bear repeating.

The Jackson Training School library, now the show place of the institution, had its beginning with some discarded books of the Concord library. The books were solicited and sent to the school. The boys took to them like a duck does to water. A comment to this effect was made in the Uplift.

Mrs. E. E. Peele, Charlotte, read the comment. Having boys, she thoroughly understood the boy's problems. Instantly she begun

to solicit books, and as a consequence this school has one of the best libraries in the state.

Friends from all over the state have sent books of fiction, history, poetry and the best of reference books. The equipment needed now are tables, chairs and lamps so the boys can spend leisure moments there reading if they so desire. This whole story shows the majesty of little things.

* * * * *

DR. CARL V. REYNOLDS WRITES CLEARLY

It is with interest that in this issue of the Uplift we reprint from a late edition of the Charlotte Observer an informative article, by Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, of the State Board of Health, emphasizing the many valuable and permanent contributions to the cause of public health during the year of 1938.

Happy are we to understand that there is a co-operative spirit existing between the press, the various county health units and the State Board of Education to keep the North Carolina Board of Health up to its high rating,—the very best that can be found in any state of the country.

This whole story of activities, and the hopes the official staff of the State Board of Health, entertain for the future, show that these men of vision are continuing to broadcast the gospel of good health, and to build wisely upon the foundation laid by their predecessors.

If there is the least desire to know something of the work and plans of staff of the State Board of Health we commend this article to all who are interested in the health of the people of our good old State. We feel the plans of the State Board of Health cover a broad field of service to humanity, and that the aid rendered in this way cannot be measured by dollars. It is a duty that rests upon every intelligent person to make the general public health-conscious.

STATE HEALTH UNIT MADE STRIDES DURING 1938

By Carl V. Reynolds, M. D.

The year of 1938 has been marked by many valuable and permanent contributions to the cause of public health in North Carolina. A responsive public mind, encouraged by a co-operative press, has played a large part in maintaining a splendid morale among health workers, building up among them an incentive which undoubtedly will be reflected in the 1939 program.

Collectively and individually, the various State divisions, county and city organizations that carry on North Carolina's health program have worked with unanimity of purpose to accomplish definite objectives. In performing this great responsibility, they have had the active support, advice, and encouragement of the members of the State board of health, who shape the health policies of North Carolina.

The physical development of the State Health department has been one of the outstanding accomplishments of the year. Work is well under way toward the equipment of a farm to be used as a part of the State laboratory of hygiene, six miles west of Raleigh, where a laboratory and barn are being erected at a cost of \$40,737. This will be a unit for the \$290,000 central laboratory, on Caswell square in Raleigh.

These improvements will more than double the present facilities of the State laboratory of hygiene and will make available, on a basis of self-sustenance, vaccines and serums, at an annual saving to the people of

North Carolina considerably in excess of the present \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. New biological products will be added, including serums for protection against measles, whooping cough, possibly scarlet fever.

In addition to this, it is hoped to be able to produce anti-pneumonia serum for use by the indigent, considerably below present costs. When this is accomplished, it will mean the saving of 1,500 lives annually from an untimely death in North Carolina.

One of the 1938 accomplishments which is expected to have a far-reaching effect during the coming year is the arrangement for an extensive co-operative program, to be carried on by the State Board of Education and the State Board of Health. The international health division of the Rockefeller foundation and the general education board have approved and made appropriations for a health education and school service program, looking toward the integration of the facilities of the educational and health departments to reach North Carolina's approximately 900,000 public school students, through the 24,000 teachers and the State's health personnel, in an effort to get these students during the habit-forming period of their lives, to develop health habits.

This unified health service will include health education, physical education, mental hygiene, nutrition public health supervision, and related subjects, the money from the Rockefeller foundation and the general education board to be supplemented by State

funds.

This unity of effort will be under the jurisdiction of the State superintendent of public instruction and the State health officer. The co-ordination committee, which has held its initial meeting, is composed of Dr. G. M. Cooper, assistant State health officer, and director of the division of preventive medicine, State Board of Health; Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, director of instructional service, State Department of Public Instruction; Dr. Oliver K. Cornwell, director of physical education, University of North Carolina; Dr. R. J. Slay, professor of science, East Carolina Teachers' College, Greenville, and Dr. C. F. Strosnider of Goldsboro.

In this connection, it might be stated that during the spring of 1938, thirty-four health institutes were held throughout North Carolina, by the State Department of Public Instruction, the State College Extension Service, and the State Board of Health, in a co-operative program that reached 7,880 public school teachers.

One of North Carolina's most outstanding accomplishments during 1938 has been its successful fight on syphilis, which disease, formerly mentioned only in a whisper, when at all, has been brought out into the open, where it is being attacked systematically and intelligently. The syphilis control work of the State Board of Health is carried on as an activity of the division of epidemiology. So widespread has been the publicity and so thorough the co-operation between the press and health authorities, and between doctors and clinicians in making reports, that in September of this year, North Carolina reported 5,749 cases, leading every other state in the union

in this respect, New York, with a population of around 13,000,000, trailing, with only 5,283 cases reported.

By means of the Reynolds fund, 21 counties, with full-time health service, which matched funds on a 50-50 basis, are demonstrating what could be done in all of North Carolina's 100 counties with an adequate anti-syphilis program. Federal funds coming into North Carolina as a result of the passage of the La Follette-Bulwinkle bill, are used in counties on an inadequate basis.

Since the launching of the anti-syphilis drive in North Carolina the number of Wasserman tests run through the state laboratory of hygiene has increased from 120,000 a year to 250,000, with new cases being reported at a rapidly increasing rate.

There have been many other activities in the State Board of Health which have helped to make 1938 outstanding. It is interesting to note, for example, that during this year, 12 full-time local health units have been established. North Carolina now has 76 counties with such service, affecting more than 85 per cent of the state's approximately 3,500,000 people. The benefits of this service are far-reaching, insuring those who enjoy it protection which can come through no other channel. One of the chief objectives of the State Board of Health is to bring every one of the 100 counties within the scope of this protection.

During the year the division of industrial hygiene, conducted co-operatively by the North Carolina industrial commission and the State Board of Health, has made approximately 2,000 examinations for occupational diseases which result from exposure to siliceous dusts. Workers found to have con-

tracted tuberculosis, silicosis, or asbestosis are referred to physicians, in order that they may be cured or placed in less hazardous occupations. This is a reclamatory service. In many instances, were it not for these examinations, workers would not know of their condition until it was too late to remedy it.

Much has been accomplished in 1938 in the field of preventive medicine, which forms an integral part of public health work. Through its division of preventive medicine, directed by the assistant state health officer, the board of health has established pre-natal centers in 43 counties for indigent women. Free well-baby centers also have been set up.

During the current year, 238 different physicians have aided in the examination of these people. Not less than 15,000 babies and more than 13,000 women have been given attention.

This work was organized by the maternal and child health service of the North Carolina State Board of Health, which has been aided financially through funds provided by both the State and Federal governments.

The division of preventive medicine also supervises the state's service for crippled children, of whom there have been 5,322 clinic examinations during 1938, while the total number receiving hospital care during the year was 941. Eighteen monthly clinics are held, the services of 11 qualified orthopedic surgeons are available and children are sent to 20 general hospitals throughout the state.

Through this service to its crippled children, North Carolina removes their handicaps and places them in a position to become useful citizens.

The year has seen a material expansion of the malaria control campaign, carried on by a corps of trained workers. "Spot maps" are being made and blood surveys taken in various counties where the campaign has been intensified. More than 10,000 blood slides were made in a single county. The campaign has been marked by the construction of 704 miles of ditches and canals, while 391 miles of those already constructed were cleaned out, through co-operation with the Works Progress administration. This drained 13,000 acres of mosquito-breeding ponds and swamps.

This activity is materially reducing the morbidity and mortality rates from malaria.

During 1938, the state board of health, in co-operation with the WPA and the United States public health service, has brought about the construction of 35,423 modern, sanitary privies for rural families in North Carolina, thus providing them with protection against typhoid fever, dysentery, diarrhea, hookworm, and other intestinal diseases which result from unsanitary conditions.

Through its division of oral hygiene, the board of health has, during the current year, extended its services to thousands of North Carolina school children, providing them with examinations and referring them to their family dentists, at the same time providing corrective measures for the indigent. The sanitary engineering division has extended its inspectional and other services designed to promote better sanitation among eating places, dairies, etc., and to guarantee the people pure drinking water and clean food.

BUILDING GREAT HISTORICAL COLLECTION AT CHAPEL HILL

(Charlotte Observer)

The President's speeches, the publication of thousands of countless investigators, books and plays have labelled the South a "depressed area," assailed by the apocalyptic horsemen of tenancy, industrial serfdom, and political self-complacency.

A scholar reasoned that before the remedies for the ills which beset the South could be discovered, the soil from which those ills sprang must be analyzed. So came into being the Southern Historical Collection, to make possible, for the first time, research into the problems of a region in the midst of economic and social revolution.

With the aid of a Model A Ford capable of "making" the steepest red clay hill in Dixie, and the patience-lending habit of "rolling one's own," the scholar set about to remove what he considered the chief handicap of those seeking to interpret the South and to guide its growth. That handicap was ignorance, enforced ignorance due to absence of available facts.

Three generations ago the South lost her place in the sun. The efforts of its leaders to restore it in the old fields of politics and agriculture, to create a place for it in the new fields of industry, finance and education, demanded a reliable source of information about the Southern background of those and related subjects. No such source existed until the founding of the Southern Collection.

The predicament of those who sought to grasp the background of the South so dominated the thoughts

of Dr. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton of the University of North Carolina that he conceived the idea for a collection that would be to the South what the Bancroft Collection is to California, the Burton Library to the Middle West, and the library of the Wisconsin Historical society to the Northwest. But its scope was to be greater than these.

This was Dr. Hamilton's plan: to gather anything, everything, every piece of writing of any kind written in the South or by a Southerner which would throw light upon the problems of the whole region from Maryland to Texas and from Missouri to Florida.

Nowhere else in the United States has there been projected anything of the kind so inclusive for so large an area and population, bound together and differentiated from other sections by unifying economic and political interests and institutions.

The cost of the collection Dr. Hamilton estimated at a million and a half dollars. There was no such sum available. But Dr. Hamilton's grandfather, James Hamilton, nullification Governor of South Carolina, coined a phrase to which his descendant heartily subscribed—"He who dallies is a dastard, he who hesitates is damned." So the historian disregarded lack of funds and plunged into the work with all the energy of a zealot.

"I started on faith and a shoe-string," he admits. And the Southern Collection has been built on that.

Although without money, he was not without encouragement. Since the

days of Henry W. Grady, that eloquent man of vision who interpreted the broken South to the North after the Civil war, there have always been Southerners working to make the dream of a New South reality.

The University of North Carolina released Dr. Hamilton from class-work, contributed his traveling expenses and granted him part of its new fireproof library to house the collection. Several interested people made contributions, none of them large, but all helpful. From scholars the country over come letters of approval and offers to help. Southern newspapers commented favorably, as did the national press. In 1928 the work began.

Chapel Hill, seat of the University of North Carolina, was a fortunate choice as center for assembling this material. It is conceded to be the cultural center of the South. The career of its university has been long and distinguished, its work impressive. For many years it had acted as a clearing house of information to North Carolina and the South concerning many important questions. Geographically and scholastically, it was the logical home for the Southern Collection.

At the university was already the nucleus for such a collection: a great body of Carolina touching in part upon the development of other Southern states; the results of investigations by the department of rural social science dealing with the economic and social aspects of the South; an extensive collection of bound periodicals; the Kenan Collection of Civil war material, and the collection of the North Carolina Historical society.

Today the Southern Collection in-

cludes over two million items, with three times that number promised. In protecting vaults are rare documents that extend back to the beginning of Southern history, unclassified letters and papers packed in wicker baskets which contained magnums of champagne in old days, factory records, plantation account books, personal cash books and family records in iron-clad trunks and old valises.

Where the material has been classified, row upon row of files contain the records of the South's families, records of the masses of the people as well as of the statesmen, soldiers and sailors.

In those files is the data which lends flesh and blood to history, which reveals the life and thought of a people. There are diaries, unpublished reminiscences and other autobiographical writings, letters of every description, stud books, and the ledgers and records of industrial undertakings.

Behind this manuscript material are divers state publications, general historical works, biographies, local histories, genealogical works, essays, poetry, fiction, sermons, maps, broadsides, statistics, the reports, proceedings and minutes of educational bodies and institutions, fraternal orders, professional religious, social, patriotic and scientific organizations, and the files of newspapers.

In index files are listed thousands of published works with prices current at the time printed, a great Southern bibliography in the making. Rows of heavy leather-backed volumes line the walls of the collection quarters, and under glass for public inspection are specimens of particularly famous letters and books. On

film are photostatic reproductions of unavailable material.

Many important proposed studies in Southern history are now possible; many abandoned projects will be resumed. The South has been inadequately portrayed in the nation's history, the background of her political, social and economic life dimly drawn, the life and thought of the masses of the people scarcely known at all.

Research for any one institution or person entailed too great an expense of effort, time and money. Collections of southern material before the work of Dr. Hamilton were widely scattered, relatively inaccessible and fragmentary.

Properly extended and maintained, the Southern Historical collection will make it possible for an investigator to study any phase of southern life. Already it contains a wealth of information as to politics, economics, war, industry, agriculture, commerce, religion, education, family life, slavery and the freedman. In all fields are gathered hitherto unknown facts making possible new and more accurate conclusions in relation to the past.

It is possible to foresee important changes in the concept of southern history, the clearance of misunderstanding which resulted from the unawareness of the south to its written history. Unlike posterity-minded New England, the South never saw the importance of saving its records, letters, and diaries. Family-conscious and sectional-minded, it yet depended on word of mouth to preserve its story. Historians, confronted with an astonishing dearth of material, naturally misunderstood and slighted. Now Dr. Hamilton believes the collection will

make her a more just, saner, less sectional interpretation of American life.

The huge collections of personal letters, some of them extending back for four generations, will make it possible to recreate the atmosphere of the past and will reflect the manners and morals, the civilization of the South.

"Famous men were always conscious that their letters might see print; they wrote guardedly," says Dr. Hamilton. "In the letter of a son to his father there is no concealment. Lack of other means of communication necessarily made the letters more detailed. Thus these ordinary family letters are the most important single item throwing light upon the way of living, the thoughts and actions of southerners."

Plantation records upon slavery and agriculture, coupled with the revelations of business and industrial records will furnish a more genuine economic history of the South.

"In this period when the South is so rapidly shifting its emphasis from agriculture to industry," wrote Dr. Hamilton in preparing his plan, "and is attracting to itself for investment so much of the nation's capital, it is of supreme importance for it to remember and study the past, and to save the records of today, in order that the South of the immediate future may wisely chart its course. . . ."

The myth of moonlight and magnolias has long been discredited. There remain many other fallacious ideas about the South which this collection will thoroughly explode, among them the conception of the masses of southern people as being politically inactive, and that picture of an unrelenting and impenetrable caste system which has figured so largely in most

writing about the South. The collection will doubtless rectify other misconceptions, but many years will be required before such an assemblage can be catalogued, much less digested.

Little money has been available for the purchase of materials. Yet from New York, Falls River, Chicago, St. Martinsville, San Francisco, Wetumpka, Philadelphia and Micoosukee matter has poured in—and from hundreds of towns scattered through Southern states. From Charlotte came 12 valuable plantation record books contributed by E. L. Baxter Davidson. Listed according to years, and extending from 1838 to 1890 they include both day books and ledgers for Rural Hill, Ingleside and Rural Retreat. Also coming from Charlotte were some of the papers of Col. E. L. Baxter.

During the last decade, Dr. Hamilton has traveled 275,000 miles in the South and has worn out six cars. The diaries of his trips are the saga of a scholar turned adventurer.

Courteous, persuasive, eloquent, he has lured tons of documents from the garrets, closets, trunks and outhouses of the South. Many of his most important items have been discovered in the junk room of some courthouse or plantation home.

There have been disappointments, of course. Famous letters have been destroyed by families which considered them worthless. Flood has ruined priceless items, fire has taken more. Invading armies played their part in the havoc. Deadlier than these have been energetic housewives and rats.

In spite of the holocaust of records, Dr. Hamilton has secured a mountain-range of documentation. He has succeeded where mere money might have failed. Some purchases have been

necessary. Sometimes individual collections have been given under seal, to be broken only after the donor's death or at his instructions. By far the larger part of the southern collection, however, has been given outright.

Once secured, this material must be put in condition for use. Books in bad condition must be mended and rebound; manuscripts must be repaired, and all materials receive the most modern treatment for their preservation. Every item must be classified, catalogued and made available to researchers. A good deal of it ultimately will be edited and published.

Far from wilting under the difficult task he has set for himself, Dr. Hamilton seems to have subtracted rather than added 10 years to the 50 at which he began work on the collection.

Nationally known as an historian, editor and author, Dr. Hamilton is a graduate of the University of the South, received his doctor's degree from Columbia and has been on the staff of the University of North Carolina for 32 years. His friends know the director of the collection as a good companion with dogs and guns or around the fireplace, boast that he knows more genuine people in the South than any other man.

He is the moving spirit of the Southern Historical Collection and has done most of its work single-handed. Now it has so expanded that he would like to see a collector in every state, and an addition to the university's beautiful and imposing library. If need be though, he will make out with his "faith and a shoe-string."

The Southern Historical Collection is sectional but Dr. Hamilton considers it national in purpose, character and

scope. The collection is open to all investigators. It is his belief that from it will be drawn greater and more accurate knowledge of an important

section of the United States; that it will make possible a fresh interpretation of the nation's history, a better and easier building of the New South.

THOUGHT SELECTION

Beautiful thoughts do not arise
In the mind of their own volition;
You must choose your thoughts just as carefully
As you choose a friend, or physician.

It is only by thinking and living each day
On planes that are lofty and true,
That beautiful thoughts and a noble soul
Will come and abide with you.

Good thoughts are like flowers that grew from the seeds
Which you planted one day in the spring;
And since you selected the seeds which you sowed,
You knew just what flowers they'd bring.

And so are thoughts which will live in your mind,
If you will permit their admission;
The good ones will lead you to heaven and God,
While the others pave roads to perdition.

So choose well the thoughts which shall guide you each day,
Since you know what results they will bring;
Then yours will be truly a beautiful life
Which will cause you to smile and to sing.

—Scottish Rite Magazine.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

This letter sent to Mr. F. Elberhart, Youngstown Probation Officer and a friend of the School is rather interesting as the writer seems to have been doing quite a lot of thinking and realizes how vague the education given in our present-day academic schools really is.

527 N. Walnut St.,
Youngstown, Ohio,
November 3, 1938.

Mr. Eberhart:

I was at the Regent Theatre last night and saw a picture, March of Time, describing the industrial school system. It showed how the old prison was eradicated and a new one was set up. In this new prison, instead of keeping the inmates idle and locked up, they attended classes and were taught a trade. Upon release they had some definite type of work to apply for and stood a chance of getting a job as they knew their work. This certainly is a sound way of liquidating potential criminals, provided work can be found after their release.

On the other hand I have been looking at my own situation. I have a regular high school education. A regular high school education is a very vague education. Very few students in high school know what they will want to do when they graduate. Another thing is that the constant hammering of the teachers boosting certain subjects, which may turn out to be valueless upon graduation, also tends to mislead the students. So we find ourselves in a plight at graduation that is really bad. We

want to take our place in the world, but can't for the simple reason that we lack the specialized training. And in a time of depression like this the situation really becomes desperate.

I myself trying to further my education have gone to night schools and have found that the training in the night school is so vague and the progress so slow that I was forced to give it up. Definitely it isn't worth the five dollars per semester. I also took my case to the State Rehabilitation Department. For me they picked out Comptometer, and sent me to a school. After a few weeks in the school I found that I was not interested in this work. Furthermore the eye strain was enormous. So I quit. After this they have refused to have anything to do with me. The trouble with the Rehabilitation Department is that they don't realize that a fellow has to try something before he can say he is interested enough to make it his life work. So here I stand no further than I was on the day I graduated from high school.

Now, Mr. Eberhart, the industrial school system seems sound to me. Properly applied it can do what the high schools have failed to do. If it can give a specialized training in any field with a few tries at the various different types of work, it certainly fills the bill. At present the industrial school is only for those who have committed a crime. But isn't there a possibility that it could be extended in such a way as to take care of those who cannot afford to go to special schools of training? For instance a fellow

like myself who wants to learn a special trade, but had trouble finding out exactly what it is, and furthermore can't afford any further schooling would be more than glad to attend such a class or school.

I have been thinking that as long as our high school shops and class rooms stand idle every evening, couldn't they be used by our department to put such a program to work? I am sure the Board of Education would permit it. It would only be a question of hiring teachers. The students would of course have to supply their own books and materials. Of course it must be understood that the training offered should be more intensive than that offered in our high schools. That is if a student selects machine shop, he can be certain that upon finishing the course he will know enough to take his place in a machine shop. The same applies to all other subjects.

Well what do you think? It sounds

sensible. Not only will it train those that need training, but it will keep those who are unemployed and lack of money off the streets and away from the gangs and out of mischief. I understand that there has recently been an excessive amount of crimes committed by young fellows. The reason for committing crimes can usually be laid to the want of money and the lack of honest means of getting it. In some cases crimes are committed just for the sake of a thrill to take up some idle time, especially when some fellows lack money to pay for their recreation. So a school like this operated every evening would give some of the fellows a place to spend their idle evenings at a profit.

I am interested in furthering such a program. I will be glad to help out in any way I can. How about seeing if anything can be done about it.

Sincerely yours,
William Bernstein.

PERSEVERANCE

It's the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.
There is little life but labor,
And the morning may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.
The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought in the home-stretch,
And won twixt the flag and the wire.

—Selected.

CAN PRINT BIBLE IN JUST ONE DAY

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

The world's largest printing plant is operated in Washington by the United States government on a 24-hour schedule to print the vast amount of material for publication required by the centralization of government in Washington.

More than 70 daily, weekly, and monthly publications with a total circulation running into the millions are regularly printed in this huge government plant and distributed over the nation.

It has been estimated that a book the size of the Bible could be printed in the government printing office in 24 hours.

This printing and publishing division put out a total of 5,000,000,000 copies of various "job" publications during the last year.

This number is vastly in excess of quantities printed before the administration of President Roosevelt. This number does not include issues of regular monthly and weekly publications such as weather bulletins and copies of the Congressional Record.

At the head of this tremendous printing organization is a practical printer, Augustus E. Giegengack, whose title is public printer.

Giegengack gets every bit of printing desired by any department, bureau or division of the government as divisions are required by law to hand over all of their printing to Giegengack and his printing office.

There is only one exception to this—the Supreme court—which for many

generations has had its printing work done at a small printing shop in the down-town section of Washington. The decisions of the court are secretly and carefully set up in type and printed in such a way that no single typesetter or printer ever knows the contents of the decisions.

Employees of the government printing office likewise are bound to silence and secrecy, but details of confidential publications occasionally leak out through "sources" in the government printing office.

This printing establishment employs 5,500 printers, typesetters, photo-engravers, mechanics, clerks, and other workers. Its annual pay roll amounts to \$12,000,000. It occupies 960,030 square feet of space which is the equivalent of 22 acres.

The government printing office was established in 1861 and it has expanded rapidly ever since. It is by far the largest printing establishment in the world, with 406 typesetting and casting machines setting approximately 2,500,000,000 ems. (units) of type annually. There are approximately 200 complete printing press units.

Among other things this printing office prints postal cards for the post-office, 2,000,000,000 in a single year.

The printing office is geared to do high speed work as well as regulation printing. During the sessions of congress the daily record of what happens is printed over night and is mailed and distributed in time for use the next morning.

SELMA'S MISTAKE

By Janet Allen Bryan

"Just my luck!" groaned Selma Redfern, catching sight of the big advertisement on the back of the morning paper, as she hurried into breakfast. "McGowan's have put on that hat sale they've been promising—and it's my turn at the Day Nursery!"

Her father smiled mischievously—"Didn't I hear you say that McGowan's had a million hats' to sell, daughter? Looks like some of them would be there in the afternoon!"

"Ah—but Selma wants the first choice of the very first lot"—guyed Bob, whose idea of "a lid" was a baseball cap with his school monogram on it. Mrs. Redfern had been doing a little busy thinking, meantime. Selma, in her senior year at high school, had decided that she was too busy studying to take part in regular Sunday school work, but she had proposed, instead, doing a bit of social service in the shape of helping at the Day Nursery recently established in the Second ward, a needy district, truly, where many of the sordid little cottages housed by-the-day workers, scrub women, laundresses and the like. The problem of the child in this sort of home needs no stressing. The Commission of Investigation from the churches of the town found appalling conditions: children locked all day in one room for safe keeping—or, worse still, "farmed out" to unreliable, caretakers, with piteous results to health and morals. But like most reforms, this one of the Day Nursery met with misunderstanding and op-

position among the very people it was designed to help. The mothers, ignorant and suspicious, held back from the offer of free care for their little ones, and whispered among themselves over the single requirement of the managers—that each child's daily pint of milk, for which the mother paid—might be delivered to the Nursery and kept in their own ice chest.

The Nursery occupied one of the better cottages, on Cedar Street, cleaned and made attractive with the simplest cretonnes and muslins, and here the corps of young assistants took turns in aiding the resident matron, Mrs. Macklin, who did all the work of the little house, and was not, therefore, able to look after the youngest charges.

Selma's turn came round Saturday morning of one week and Wednesday afternoon of the next—and she was honestly anxious to carry her share of the load. But as her mother watched her snatching glimpses of that alluring "ad" of McGowan's, between mouthfuls of toast, she was recalling how many Saturdays and Wednesdays there had been imperative calls on Selma's time, interfering with her service at the Nursery.

One Saturday, her chum of last summer's camp, Molly Whitcomb, had wired that she would be in Lowville for a few hours between trains, and Mrs. Redfern had substituted for Selma that the girls might be together.

Saturdays and Wednesdays were favorite dates for parties and ex-

peditions of all kinds, it seemed, and only the week before Selma had asked her cousin, Sue Wright, to take her place.

Mrs. Redfern closed the lips she had opened, on a similar offer—after all, Mr. Redfern's jest was not wide of the mark: many of the advertised hats would be on hand after Selma's turn at her job was over.

The girl was quick enough to sense the opinion at the breakfast table, and pride kept her from asking help again.

"I'd like to have the car, Mother, if you don't need it," she said, rising. "I might be able to run up to McGowan's before lunch, if Polly Griffeth comes to relieve me promptly."

"If you stop at the grocer's with this list, you may have the car all morning," Mrs. Redfern agreed.

Through the delightful crisp morning, then, Selma drove a little later, fuming over the fact that the sale did not begin until ten o'clock while she was due at Cedar Street at nine-thirty. Indeed Mrs. Macklin was waiting broom in hand, to turn the "infants" to her when she arrived.

In the back yard a neat fence inclosed a clean playground, where acting bars, a safe swing, and a sand pile offered a morning's entertainment to the three and four-year-olds, of whom there were about six present. These, Mrs. Macklin would "give an eye to," but Selma's charge consisted of two babies of eighteen months and two years, whose toddling steps required constant watching.

"Only these two today?" she asked, "where are the rest Mrs. Macklin?"

Mrs. Macklin looked bothered. "I believe Mrs. Maloney is making trouble again," she said, mentioning the chief

gossipier of the ward, "she told Mrs. Sommers we didn't divide the milk out evenly, but took what some paid for and gave it to others who didn't pay, and all that sort of thing. So Mrs. Sommers hasn't sent the twins this week. And little Denny Turner's mother got mad because we sprayed Denny's throat that day he coughed—says if there's things to be poked down her children, she'll do it herself—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Selma impatiently, "Doesn't it make you furious? I just feel like giving up the whole thing, Mrs. Macklin, when the very ones we're sacrificing ourselves for are so ungrateful."

The plain face before her fell into gentler lines—"I guess our dear Lord must have felt that way many a time," she said soberly. "No, Miss Selma, we're here to help, and if we can just get over these rough places in the beginning of the work, it'll win its own way, never fear. Now—" she picked up her broom and pail briskly, "here's Mrs. Patton's little Ben—she was cranky last week, but you see, she's come around again. And here's Della Smith—you'll have to watch her closely, she's such a smart little old thing—into everything with those quick fingers!" Selma took her charges out on the little side porch, but soon found it a laborious job, keeping both from falling down the steps or off the unguarded ends. Usually their antics and attempted words amused her, but this morning she was irritated and restless.

"Why shouldn't I put 'em in my car and run about a bit?" she suddenly thought "no sense in sitting here all day."

No sooner said than done: she did

not pause to consult Mrs. Macklin, under the impetus of an impulse which she did not put into words as yet.

Della and Ben were lifted into the rear of the closed car, and off they glided. If Selma had vaguely intended to head for the country, a turn through the park satisfied this demand and then she wheeled into Main Street and frankly surrendered to the inner urge!

Before McGowan's crowded a throng of women, surging into the big shop to join the crowds already within. Selma caught sight of a car edging out of the line before the door, and deftly parked her machine in the vacated space.

"I may see some the girls—I'd like to ask about the bargains," she assured herself.

Della and Ben objected to the cessation of motion, however, Della beating on the closed window, and Ben whining fretfully. A lengthy stay, was impossible.

"Look here!" she said, jumping out, and putting a firm hand on the two wriggling little figures, "If you'll be good children, I'll go in that store and buy you some animal crackers—understand, Benny? Stay right—here, Della—I won't be long." Slamming the door shut, she joined the wave of shoppers just entering the big door.

"Animal crackers." she murmured, holding fast to this excellent "alibi"—but McGowan's grocery department was in the basement, and Selma caught the first elevator possible—which certainly was not going down!

"Second—" droned the operator, hats—ladies' hats and wraps."

Literally pushed out, Selma cast an eager eye about her—a fascinating scene, truly, and as she gazed, a saleswoman said smoothly—"Anything for you, Miss?"

"Oh—just a moment," begged Selma, slipping off her hat.

Minutes passed: it was time for Benney's noon milk; Della in climbing up to the driver's seat, had a fall and wept copiously. Then she began to finger the door handle, while Benny wailed in his turn.

It could not have been by any strength of the tiny finger, but by reason of Selma's haste in slamming the door—but the catch on the right side suddenly yielded, nearly throwing the little explorer to the sidewalk, and with a squeal of joy Della found her prison open!

"Tum on, Benny," she lisped, "we do home"—and she turned cautiously to let herself down, backward, to the running board.

Disaster, swift and sure, would have followed the other baby's attempt to descend, but a catastrophe of another type was at hand.

A startled, angry exclamation sounded, as the unseeing crowd hurried past, and a shabby, harassed-looking woman with a pale of coarse linen on her arm, came to a halt beside the car.

"Benny!" she cried, "an' hawiver do you an' the Smith kid be here, an' no one to mind ye, at all—"

Mrs. Patton, who worked in a cheap restaurant off Main Street, was hurrying back from a trip to the laundry after clean linen, and when the baby saw his mother, his fretful wail changed into a roar. The excited woman took in the situation at a glance.

"So this is ther' great nurser'y business!" she flared, talking to herself, as she grabbed a child under each arm, "pertendin' to be carin' f'r 'em f'r us, an leavin' 'em like this, the poor childer' while they shops—it's a mercy they weren't kilt!"

Off she marched, deposited her linen, and took the children straight back—not to the Nursery, alas! but to her own dirty little room, where a neighbor's child of the ripe age of seven, was induced to "mind" them, promising to give them some of the canned corn on the stove and a banana.

And Selma? The fifteen minutes spent in McGowan's passed in a flash—but the honking of a car horn below arrested her in the midst of her absorption.

"I must go!" she cried—"save that green hat—I'm afraid that's the traffic officer honking for me—" and catching up her own hat' she ran.

The sidewalk reached, her suspicions were verified. A little group had gathered about the machine, the officer was blowing steadily and the car was empty!

One step took her to the door." "W—what is it. Yes, it's my car—but where are the children?"

"That's just it, Miss," Captain Green said grimly, "somebody just notified me that a woman came by, two minutes ago, and swiped the turned so white that the woman who had reported to Captain Green caught at her arm.

"It all happened so quickly," she said, "I had just noticed a child climbing out of the door, and the next second I saw a woman stop: I supposed she owned the car, as she

grabbed the children and went on. Then I saw she'd left the door swinging wide open—and I began to think it strange—"

Selma's shaking knees almost failed her: a few breathless sentences she got out ending with the urgent question—

"Which way did she go?"

The officer took charge, summoning a subordinate to accompany the distracted girl as they scoured the street in the indicated direction—but with no success.

"I'll try the Nursery next," she gasped, trying to hope the children had been returned. But Mrs. Macklin's face was the hardest thing she had to meet: anxiety and reproach mingled in her words.

"You left 'em alone in the car, and went shopping? No—I haven't heard a word! Oh, what shall we do, if harm has come to them. Poor little Benny!"

Visions of kidnapping horrors flashed on the two and so unnerved them that Officer Helms put in his oar:

"Next thing, ladies, is to go to the homes of these kids and see what's to be found out there."

Selma sprang to the wheel: "Yes, yes—we'll let you know at once, Mrs. Macklin."

"It means the ruin of our work," mourned the matron, thinking of Mrs. Patton's recently conquered hostility.

But all such considerations were lost sight of, to Selma, in the overwhelming relief of finding the children safe, when No. 2 Dennis Street was reached.

Mrs. Patton had gone back to her work, but Janie Moore, aged seven,

was just about to feed the two, as arranged.

Selma's tears ran down her face as she hugged the babies—"Oh, Della! Oh! Benny!" she cried, "did you think I had desserted you?"

"W'ere's our an'mal c'rackers?" askd Della hungrily.

"Come right back to the Nursery with me," Selma said eagarly, "and you shall have ice cream from the drug store."

But the officer interposed. "I don't think you'd best take 'em, Miss. You see—"he hesitated, "the mother of one of 'em found 'em, as you may say, deserted, and she put 'em here—you'd better not upset her plan, Miss."

Selma's face burned. "All right," she agreed humbly, "will you go by the Nursery and explain to Mrs. Macklin—tell her I'm staying here to see Mrs. Patton when she gets back."

The young policeman cast a look of renewed respect at the girl—he knew the courage it took to face an irate woman.

"Janie," Selma went on rapidly, "I'll get milk and soup from the corner in two minutes—don't give 'em corn and bananas!"

Selma never forgot that day: she managed a decent meal for the children and herself, sent Janie home, put Ben to sleep, cleaned the neglected place as well as she could, and

finally sat down beside the sleeping youngsters.

She never heard the door open; she never saw the fierce look on Mrs. Patton's face soften, as she took in the sleeping children, and the exhausted girl, asleep beside them. The mother surveyed the room, then she bent over Benny. At her movement, Selma roused—sprang up, bewildered, an dthen, on seeing Mrs. Patton, sank back, dry lipped.

"Hev you bin here all day?" asked the older woman.

Selma nodded. "I couldn't go till I'd seen you," she said, "and told you how bitterly soory I am for what happened. It was all my own selfishness and thoughtlessness—I was unfaithful to my trust, and all because I wanted to get one of those trashy hats at McGowan's—I'd go bareheaded all year to show how ashamed I am—and Mrs. Patton, all I want to say to you is, don't blame the Nursery for my mistake!"

The tears were overflowing by this time, and the rather hard-faced woman beside her was moved by them; she put an awkward hand on the girl's shoulder. "There! there! thin—niver mind so much!" she said, "the childer is safe, an' you an' me understands one anither. No I won't hold it agin the Nursery—and Benny can go back tomorrow, Miss."

A peg that's round won't fit, I'm bound,
 In any hole that's square;
 But if a boy that's square is round,
 He'll fit in anywhere.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The rainy weather during the past few days has greatly handicapped the work on the natatorium being built at the School.

Our farm manger reports that several tons of alfalfa meal has been made from hay grown on the School farm last year. This meal is said to be of a much finer quality than any we have ever been able to purchase.

Our farm and barn forces have been busy for quite some time past, constructing roads and bridges in several sections of the farm. This will make easy access to all fields, and at the same time eliminate the danger of having wagons and other vehicles travel the regular highway.

This week we received a notice of the action of the State Budget Commission concerning recommendations for appropriations for the needs of the School during the next biennium. The office force will be busy for several days, studying this report and making preparations to meet with the Legislative Finance Committee at an early date.

Clarence Mayton, of Cottage No. 12, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Sun-

day, suffering from pneumonia. He was given the new serum treatment now being used for this disease, and responded immediately, his temperature dropping from 105 to 99 degrees in one day. The latest report coming from the hospital was to the effect that Clarence will be ready to return to the School in a very few days.

Dr. Niswonger, State Extension Horticulturist, accompanied by R. O. Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Demonstrator; W. H. Williams, Assistant County Agent, and quite a few citizens of this community, were present at an orchard demonstration held at the School last Tuesday. The chief demonstration on this program was that of trimming the fruit trees in our young orchards. Dr. Niswonger carried out similar programs in various sections of Cabarrus County that same day.

Our School principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1938, as follows: First Grade—Fred McGlammery, most improvement in work; Second Grade—Robert Gaines and James McGinnis, greatest improvement in writing; Third Grade—Lewis Donaldson nad Ross Young, best in penmanship; Fourth Grade—Felix Littlejohn, best in penmanship; Fifth Grade—Dewey Sisk, best in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—Joseph Wheeler, best in geography; Seventh Grade—Claude

Ashe and Hugh Johnson, most improvement in writing.

Instead of the usual committee, the entire Cabarrus County Grand Jury, recently drawn for the year 1939, visited the School last Thursday morning. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they made a thorough inspection of all the departments at the institution. After completing this tour, they were unanimous in their expressions of appreciation of conditions as they found them, and were delighted with the manner in which we are trying to carry on the work of making worthwhile citizens of the boys under our supervision. Following are the members making this visit: W. J. Holding, foreman, J. C. Holt, L. C. Barringer, Clyde D. Cook, A. W. Cline, R. A. Dry, O. R. Gardner, E. W. Christenbury, B. E. Dry, W. W. Black, R. C. Osborne, Brack Smith, John D. Suther.

Following is a summary of the monthly School Honor Roll for the year ending December 31, 1938, with the names of boys appearing on same grouped according to the total number of times they were listed on this roll during the year:

11—James Coleman.

10—Paul Briggs, Lewis Donaldson, Paul Ruff.

9—Clyde Barnwell, Charles Davis, Theodore Bowles, Delphus Dennis, William Estes, William T. Smith, Harvey Walters, Dewey Ware.

8—Howard Baheeler, Robert Bryson, Kenneth Conklin, William Goins,

Blaine Griffin, Caleb Hill, Thomas R. Pitman, Hubert Short, W. J. Wilson.

7—James Bartlett, Virgil Baugess, Junius Brewer, Frank Crawford, Horace Journigan, Van Martin, Edward Murray, Fannie Oliver, Cleveland Suggs, Joseph Tucker.

6—Lewis Andrews, Harold Bryson, Fletcher Castlebury, Herman Cherry, Floyd Combs, George Duncan, Ivey Eller, Baxter Foster, Richard Freeman, Clarence Gates, Merritt Gibson, Beamon Heath, Hoyt Hollifield, Clyde Hoppes, William Jerrell, Mark Jones, Thomas King, Felix Littlejohn, Edward Lucas, Rowland Rufty, Thomas Shaw, Canipe Shoe, Carl Singletary, Oscar Smith, Julius Stevens, Howard Todd, Charles Webb, Marvin Wilkins, William Wilson, Ross Young.

5—Norton Barnes, Burris Bozeman, Carl Breece, Donald Britt, Archie Castlebury, James H. Davis, Lawrence Guffey, Vincent Hawes, Donald Holland, Hubert Holloway, Robert Kinley, Thomas Knight, Jack Mathis, William McRary, Fred McGlammery, William Pitts, Ray Reynolds, John Robbins, Albert Silas, Charles Smith, Raymond Sprinkle, Thomas Sullivan, William Surratt, Hildren Sweeney, Elmer Talbert, Charles Taylor, Harold Walsh, Thomas Wilson, Woodrow Wilson, George Worley.

4—Clinton Adams, Edward Batten, J. T. Branch, Leonard Buntin, Henry Coward, Floyd Crabtree, Matthew Duffy, Samuel Ennis, Leo Hamilton, Earl Hildreth, Clyde Hillard, Leon Hollifield, Edward Johnson, Hugh Johnson, James Jordan, Hugh Kennedy, Alexander King, Vernon Lamb, Winfred Land, Bruce Link, Clarence Mayton, Benjamin McCracken, James McCune, Richard Patton, Mack Setzer, Dewey Sisk, Eugene Smith, Brown

Stanley, John Tolbert, Leo Ward, Walker Warr, Ronald Washam, Samuel J. Watkins, James Watson, James West, Alexander Woody.

3—Harold Almond, Cleasper Beasley, Wilson Bowman, William Brothers, James Butler, Edward Chapman, Howard Cox, Martin Crump, Clifton Davis, Ernest Davis, B. C. Elliott, Noah Ennis, Audie Farthing, Jack Foster, George Green, Lacy Green, Hobart Gross, James Hancock, Wilbur Hardin, James V. Harvel, Gilbert Hogan, Bruce Kersey, Elbert Kersey, William Kirksey, James Lane, William Howe, Tillman Lyles, Ballard Martin, Paul Mullis, James McGinnis, Henry McGraw, Garland McPhail, Randall D. Peeler, Ray Pitman, H. C. Pope, Oscar Roland, Paul Shipes, Landreth Sims, Jack Springer, Earthy Strickland, Graham Sykes, William Tester, Richard Thomas, Carl Ward, Leonard Watson, Robert Watts, Fred Williamson, William Young.

2—J. C. Allen, Raymond Andrews, Claude Ashe, Jewell Barker, Homer Bass, Wesley Beaver, James Blocker, J. C. Branton, Odell Bray, Marvin Bridgeman, William Burnette, William Cherry, Postell Clark, Wayne Collins, Ben Cooper, Henry Cowan, Heller Davis, Robert Dellinger, J. B. Devlin, Frank Dickens, Max Eaker, Albert Goodman, William Hawkins, Odie Hicks, Milford Hodgins, Burman Holland, James Howard, Caleb Jolly, Peter Jones, Robert Keith, Burman Keller, Frank King, James Kirk, William Knight, Harry Leagon, Harley Matthews, Irvin Medlin, F. E. Mickle, Joseph Mobley, Blanchard Moore, Edmund Moore, Carl Moose, George Newman, Robert Orrell, Forrest Plott, James Reavis, Theodore Rector, Howard Roberts, John C. Robertson, Nick

Rochester, Winfred Rollins, Carl Spear, Loy Stines, Melvin Stines, Fred Tolbert, Hubert Walker, Latha Warren, Earl Weeks, Joseph, Wheeler, Jerome Wiggins, George Wilhite, Horace Williams, Allen Wilson, Cecil Wilson, Ed Woody, Berchell Young.

1—Felix Adams, Grady Allen, Arthur Ashley, John H. Averitte, William Barden, Charles Batten, Monte Beck, Garrett Bishop, William Brackett, Thomas Braddock, Allard Brantley, William G. Bryant, Clifton Butler, Joseph Christine, Carrol Clark, Robert Coffer, Robert Coleman, Walter Cooper, James C. Cox, Arthur Craft, Duke Davis, John Davis, Hurley Davis, Robert Deyton, Aldine Duggins, Donald Earnhardt, N. A. Efird, J. C. Ennis, Roy Frazier, Frank Glover, John T. Godwin, John Ham, Thomas Hamilton, Elbert Head, Roy Helms, Isaac Hendren, Dallas Holder, Junius Holleman, Allen Honeycutt, William Howard, James C. Hoyle, Vernon Johnson, Winley Jones, Clinton Keen, Carl Kepley, Andrew Landeth, James Land, Robert Lawrence, Conley Lunsford, Franklin Lyles, McCree Mabe, Douglas Mabry, Thomas Maness, James Mast, Douglas Matthews, George May, Fernie Medlin, Connie Michael, Ernest Mobley, Wayland Morgan, Hubert McCoy, Edward McCain, Charles McCoyle, Thomas McRary, Jordan McIver, J. W. McRorrie, William New, James Nicholson, Ewin Odom, Filmore Oliver, James Page, Richard Palmer, Norman Parker, Weaver Penland, Grady Pennington, Lloyd Pettus, Jack Pyatt, Grover Revels, Reece Reynolds, Wilson Rich, Clerge Robinette, George Shaver, Henry Smith, Wallace Smith, Kenneth Spillman, Jack Sutherland, Claude Terrell, Harold Thomas, George Tol-

son, Fred Vereen, Garfield Walker, Melvin Walters, William Warf, N. C. Webb, Joseph White, Marshall White, J. R. Whitman, James Wilhite, Samuel Williams, Leonard Wood, Joseph Woody, Junior Woody, Richard Wrenn, Thomas Yates, Brooks Young, R. L. Young.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of wise men, journeying many miles, to worship the Christ-Child, as found in the second chapter of Matthew.

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Huges stated that there are two stories which never grow old to any of us. The first is that of the night of Jesus' birth, the greatest event in all history. He told how the humble shepherds, watching their flocks, were suddenly startled by the appearance of angels, singing "Glory to God," giving them a glimpse of what heaven really looked like. The heavens opened and angels sang to human beings. They went to Bethlemen and saw the Baby Jesus. God was showing His Blessed Son to the humble folks first of all.

The other story in connection with this great event, said the speaker, is the story of the three wise men, following that brilliant star, which led them to the cradle of the Savior of mankind. These wise men knew all about wealth and the things money could buy, yet they had not found happiness, so, when this great light showed in the heavens, they started

on their long journey seeking the things which make life worthwhile.

On the 12th day after Christmas the wise men, arrived at Bethlehem and knelt down at the feet of the Infant Christ, said Mr. Hughes. They brought gifts. The first offered a gold crown because he thought gold was a proper gift for a great king. These wise men wanted someone to be king of their hearts, and they now realized they were in the presence of one who was to be a living God, a man who was to be God on earth, one who could bring them true happiness.

The second wise man made an offering of frankincense, a sort of gum. A container holding this gum was placed over a fire, reducing it to a powder, which made a very fragrant smoke. In some parts of the Far East, this incense was burned by people who thought the smoke took their prayers right up to God. By this gift the wise men meant they were going to worship Jesus when he grew up into manhood.

The third wise man gave a gift of myrrh, a gum used in those days to put into the clothing of people being buried. This act showed that they thought any man who could come upon the earth and live the life of God, would have a hard time. It was a symbol of the bitterness of the cross which Jesus was to endure later in life.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then stated that from the time Jesus was taken by his parents down into Egypt, where they stayed until King Herod died, we know but very little about the young child, except the Bible tells us that he increased in stature, and in favor with God and man.

The speaker then told the boys that

as they were entering into a new year, they should firmly resolve to improve themselves. He quoted the poet, Longfellow, as he said he longed to be like an apple tree—to grow a little each year. And as we are now going into a new year, it would be foolish for us to enter unless we have a desire to grow in it.

Of course we want our bodies to grow, said the speaker, and should do all we can to develop our muscles. The same goes for our work in the school-room, for we also want our minds to grow. But most of all we want to be careful about our spiritual life. He then urged the boys to decide right now to try to be more decent, more honest in every way than in the year before.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hughes used this illustration. During the holidays he saw three toys. The first was the old-fashioned train of wooden cars, which the youngster owning it had to pull along by a string; the next was the little train which had to be wound up, after which it would run a little while; the third was the modern electric train, which, after one puts a plug in a wall-switch, would

run on and on as long as the power came from the huge power plant.

In comparison the speaker said people are divided into three classes, very much like the toys mentioned. First, we have that class of folks who have no initiative. They must be led along, which is fine, as long as they are led in the right direction, but too often they follow the wrong kind of leaders, ruining their whole careers. The second type is the fellow who is very much like the toy which must be wound up. At first he has good intentions. He is very enthusiastic, says he is going to do great things in life, but, alas, he runs down, and his power being gone, drifts along into a useless life. The third class of people consists of those who connect their lives with the power of God by prayer. Being moved by this great force, they never stop. Such lives reflect power on others and they are of great value to the world. Theirs is the only truly successful life.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to start the new year by linking their lives with God's great power, and thus develop into worthwhile Christian men.

WATER DIVINER "WITCHES" FARMER FOR \$500 LOSS

John Williamson, a retired farmer who spent \$500 sinking wells at places where water "witches" indicated there should be plenty of water, has lost faith in this accuracy.

One well was drilled down 260 feet, another 200 feet and a third 150 feet, but all that Williamson got for his money was the holes and dust.

Finally, he discarded the "witches," and selected a spot in a slough across the road from his farm. Workmen dug 25 feet, struck water, and walled up the hole. Now the well has 16 feet of water in it, gives no indication of going dry and cost to Williamson was \$35.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending January 8, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (7) Clyde Gray 7
- (4) Robert Hines 4
- (7) Gilbert Hogan 7
- (7) Leon Hollifield 7
- (7) Edward Johnson 7
- (7) James Kissiah 7
- (7) Edward Lucas 7
- (6) Robert Maples 6
- (6) C. L. Snuggs 6

COTTAGE No. 1

- (6) Henry Cowan 6
- Howard Cox
- Vernon Johnson 4
- Blanchard Moore 2
- (4) H. C. Pope 5
- (2) Reece Reynolds 4
- (2) Howard Roberts 5
- Frank Walker 2
- Latha Warren 3

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 2
- John Capps 2
- Oscar Roland 4

COTTAGE No. 3

- (4) Lewis Andrews 4
- (7) William McRary 7
- Harrison Stilwell 2
- John Robertson 4
- (2) Kenneth Raby 6
- (2) Jerome W. Wiggins 5
- (6) Earl Weeks 6

COTTAGE No. 4

- Homer Bass 2
- Ernest Davis 3
- James Hancock 4
- John King 6
- (3) James Land 3
- (3) Van Martin 4
- Ivan Morrozoff 5
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 4
- (7) Lloyd Pettus 7
- (4) Henry Raby 4

- Hyress Taylor 5
- Melvin Walters 6
- (4) Leo Ward 6
- (6) R. V. Wells 6
- (7) James Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) William Brothers 5
- (2) James Cooper 2
- William Kirksey 4
- (2) Joseph Mobley 3
- Eugene Smith
- Richard Starnes
- Elmer Talbert 3
- (2) Hubert Walker 4
- (6) Ned Waldrop 6
- (4) Dewey Ware 6
- Marvin Wilkins 3

COTTAGE No. 6

- Robert Bryson 5
- Robert Dunning 3
- Robert Deyton
- Noah Ennis 2
- (2) Columbus Hamilton 3
- Leo Hamilton 2
- (2) Thomas Hamilton 3
- Joseph Tucker 5

COTTAGE No. 7

- (7) Carl Breece 7
- (4) Archie Castlebury 6
- John Deaton 5
- James H. Davis 3
- (7) William Estes 7
- (2) George Green 4
- (7) Blaine Griffin 7
- Caleb Hill 6
- Robert Hampton 5
- Robert Lawrence 4
- Elmer Maples 3
- Edmund Moore 4
- Jack Pyatt 4
- (7) Earthy Strickland 7
- Loy Stines 2
- (6) William Tester 6
- Joseph Wheeler 2

(2) Ed Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) J. B. Devlin 7
 (7) Edward McCain 7
 Cicero Outlaw 3
 (7) John Penninger 7
 (3) Charles Taylor 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) James Bunnell 4
 (6) Edgar Burnette 6
 James Butler 2
 (2) Carrol Clark 4
 (4) James Coleman 5
 Frank Glover 3
 Wilbur Hardin 4
 Osper Howell 2
 Alfred Lamb
 Eugene Presnell 5
 (2) Thomas Sands 4
 Preston Winbourne 3
 (6) Thomas Wilson 6
 (6) Horace Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(7) Charles Bryant 7
 (3) Julius Fagg 4
 (7) Baxter Foster 7
 (7) Earl Hildreth 7
 (7) Clyde Hoppes 7
 (2) Edward Murray 6
 (2) Julius Stevens 6
 (6) Thomas Shaw 6

COTTAGE No. 12

Charlton Henry 4
 Hubert Holoway 4
 Alexander King 6
 (7) Thomas Knight 7
 Clarence Mayton 5
 (3) Carl Singletary 6
 (3) Avery Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley
 Wilson Bailiff
 Merrit Gibson
 (4) William Griffin 6
 (2) James V. Harvel 6

(6) Isaac Hendren 6
 George Hedrick 3
 James Lane
 Douglas Mabry 4
 Garland McPhail 2
 Jesse Owens
 (7) Thomas R. Pitman 7
 (7) Alexander Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(5) Claude Ashe 5
 John Baker
 Raymond Andrews 4
 (5) Clyde Barnwell 6
 (2) Harry Connell 4
 (5) Delphus Dennis 6
 (5) Audie Farthing 6
 John Ham 4
 (5) Marvin King 5
 (7) James Kirk 7
 (3) John Kirkman 4
 (3) Fred McGlammery 5
 (3) Howard Todd 3
 Thomas Tranham 2
 Jones Watson 4
 (4) Junior Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Leonard Buntin 6
 (4) Sidney Delbridge 4
 (4) Aldine Duggins 5
 (5) Clifton Davis 5
 (7) Joseph Hyde 7
 (7) Beamon Heath 7
 (4) L. M. Hardison 5
 Edwin Jackson
 (7) Cleo King 7
 (7) Robert Kinley 7
 (6) Clarence Lingerfelt 6
 (2) Claude Moose 2
 James McGinnis 6
 (2) Harold Oldham 2
 (7) Paul Ruff 7
 (7) Rowland Rufty 7
 (5) Ira Settle 6
 (2) William Wood 2
 (4) James Watson 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Filmore Oliver 5
 Curley Smith 5
 (3) Hubert Short 3

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

JAN 21 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 21, 1939

No. 3

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VIEW

Peace loves the unobstructed view.

 If there be blank walls,

 Break them down today

And set in windows to the North

And to the South and East and West;

Low windows open for shy visitings,

And higher windows for the clearer air

And for a searching of the new horizon.

 If there be blank walls,

 Break them down today.

Peace loves the unobstructed view.

—Jessie Humes.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHAT IS THE AIM OF EDUCATION

The Student says Books.
The Scholar says Knowledge.
The Preacher says Character.
The Minister says Service.
The Philosopher says Truth.
The Artist says Beauty.
The Epicurean says Happiness.
The Stoic says Self-control.
The Christian says Self-denial.
The Statesman says Co-operation.
The Ruler says Loyalty.
The Patriot says Patriotism.
The Sage says Wisdom.
The Youth says Achievement.
The Soldier says Courage.
The Editor says Success.
The Manufacturer says Efficiency.
The Banker says Wealth.
The Dreamer says Vision.
The Friend says Friendship.
The Pedagogue says Personality.
The Physician says Health.
The Biologist says Growth.
The Psychologist says Unfoldment.
The Sociologist says Adjustment.
But the true educator says all of these, and more, must be utilized.—Unknown.

FRANKLIN GAVE THE BROOM TO THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

Practically every farmer who places a lightning rod on his barn knows that Benjamin Franklin is the inventor to whom he is indebted for this protection. The housewife who wields the broom,

however, seldom realizes that it was Franklin who brought the broom to America.

More than fifty years ago The American Agriculturist states: "Franklin, happening to see an imported broom (some say whisk of corn) in the hands of a Philadelphia lady, had the curiosity to examine it, and finding a single seed, he picked it off and planted it; this was the beginning of the broom-corn industry in this country."

Brooms, no doubt, were used by the cave women when they decided to tidy up, but the first ones were really not brooms at all—merely bundles of brush and twigs.

The origin of broom corn is not known, but it is recorded that a sort of sweet sorghum with loose, open heads was used for clothes brushes in Italy more than 350 years ago.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, the raising of broom corn and the making of brooms was largely confined to New England, especially the Connecticut Valley. Until well past the middle of that century, New York and Virginia continued to be the broom country. Then production started moving westward.

Broom corn has been cultivated to some extent in Italy, France and Germany, but according to our Department of Agriculture, it is now grown almost exclusively in American—Selected.

* * * * *

DE SOTO CELEBRATION

Florida will stage the Hernando De Soto Eposition and pageant January 31-February 18, celebrating the landing of De Soto with nine vessels manned by nine hundred officers and privates, May 12, 1539 at Tampa. The rank and file of men landing at this time included many notable cavaliers.

De Soto himself was a Spanish soldier. His parents were poor, but his heritage was that of true nobility. It is pertinent to state that it is not the child of fortune who blazes the way for future generations, but the man of vision with the courage to dare "to do", despite handicaps, who reaches his goal.

Doubtless the vision, courage and initiative of this Spanish soldier carried him safely through many dangerous exploits. The most outstanding one was the service rendered Pizarro in con-

quering Peru. This act brought him fortune and fame after which he returned to Spain.

He was made governor of Cuba and Florida by Charles V with orders to explore and settle the latter country. The task was a most dangerous one. The dangers of the country at that time were low lands, or everglades, inhabited by Indians skilled in the use of the bow and arrow. De Soto inherited the elements of courageous manhood, and the desire to reveal the veiled mysteries. He was equal to every emergency.

From this point De Soto made a northern circuit, exploring the interior of other states. He discovered the Mississippi River in the Spring of 1541. It was at the junction of the Red and Mississippi Rivers that he died, at the age of 42, of malarial fever.

This De Soto Exposition receives aid from the Federal government and twenty-one Latin American countries. In the rotunda of one of the Exposition buildings will be shown the interesting historical murals, life size, depicting the arrival of the Spaniards. This Exposition is to be the greatest event of its kind ever presented in the South.

* * * * *

LIBRARIES

Catherine Carr, who is now at the head of the Hull House, a settlement house founded in Chicago by Jane Addams, thinks that the hope of America lies in adult education. The world can't wait to educate a new generation. Reading is one of the main sources of adult education. From books adults can increase their knowledge of economic conditions, of international questions, of any situation that exists or that has been preserved in history.

But the dearth of books in North Carolina makes the situation as suggested by Catherine Carr somewhat hopeless. North Carolina has only 78 public libraries, which gives the state the rating of 40th in the United States in the way of library service. Moreover, the comment read is that no North Carolina library meets minimum standards for library service as set up by American Library Association. That statement is food for thought. If money is spent why not get results? There is a loose connection some place.

Perhaps it is due to the lack of information that our libraries have not good rating.

* * * * *

DIGNITY OF HAND WORK

This time the endorsement for a more extensive study of the needs of vocational training, instead of emphasizing the "education of youths to follow professions", comes from Aubrey Williams, National Youth Administrator. This official who makes a study of the needs and prevailing conditions in the country spoke to a joint session of the General Assembly.

He briefly stated that unless "we return to the fundamental dignity of working with our hands we face a social upheaval in America." This is food for thought, good seed broadcasted, therefore we conjecture that in due time the entire state will be aroused to the needs of vocational training without discrimination.

At least we hope the results will be that every child of school age, regardless of class, creed or color, will be given the privilege of vocational training, supervised by the best instructors, according to rules and requirements in placing teachers in the public school system.

When we realize that it takes draftsmen, architects, carpenters, masons and other skilled craftsmen to make our cities beautiful, and build floating palaces that plough the high seas, there will be no trouble in choosing a calling other than something that merely fits one for a white collar or office job. Neither will there be any trouble in placing the young people of the country in gainful occupations if "hand-culture", if such a hyphenated word is permissible, receives the same attention in the schools, as that of mind culture.

* * * * *

LOCAL AND ELSEWHERE

The Budget Commission of the state that keeps in touch, as near as possible, with receipts and disbursements of state funds, has recommended an increase in tuition charges at state institutions. Such legislation may work a hardship upon few ambitious young people, but, at the same time it will eliminate many who clutter the halls

of learning who have no other ambition than to say—"I've bee . . ." We all know by experience that when any desire of life is worked for finer results are realized.

* * * * *

Bills were presented to both divisions of the legislature to exempt from the three percent sales tax foods used for home consumption, including articles pertinent to maintaining stock, also fuel, and agricultural instruments selling for less than \$25. We know the old saying, dating to the Scriptures, "the poor will be with us always," or words to that effect, and they are ours to look after. It matters not whether it is by exemption or sales tax or through personal contributions.

* * * * *

"We have one-story men, two-story men and three-story men with sky-lights,"—so states an educator.

"One-story men have no desire for achievement and no curiosity for enlightments, and whose instincts are more or less animalistic. I am sorry to say that the one-story man makes up the greater part of our population today."

"There are the two-story men who have intellectual curiosity, who are forever dissatisfied with themselves and endeavoring to attain higher goals. There are quite a few of the two-story men today and they are the ones who are ahead in the world.

"There are three-story men with skylights who have deep spiritual feeling and seek to learn the real values of life. They are truly great and lift up those with whom they come in contact. We need more such men as these."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

REFLECTIONS

"Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you lo;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while,
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

If you want to test the temper of a woman, take a wet dog into her parlor.

Some people are so busy looking into the future that they miss a great many blessings that are all around them.

They talk a great deal about "hidden taxes." They are not as secret as they are supposed to be. A fellow finds them out when he pays them.

The St. Louis welfare director wants to know "How much water does a fish drink?" Just off hand, I'd say two gills at the same time.

We are told that this country spends about eight billion dollars a year in sin. That's a great waste of money, for sin is not worth what you pay for it.

It is somewhat amazing to contemplate the apathetic attitude of the people of civilized countries to the bombing now going on in the world. Non-combatant men, helpless women and innocent children are being literally blasted to pieces in Spain and

China and no wave of horrified anger surges over the nations that want peace at any price. It may be proper for the governments of democratic countries to put themselves on record in condemnation of such brutality but diplomatic denunciation has little effect upon those who perpetrate the slaughter. Whether England, France and the United States can take action strong enough to prevent these aerial assassinations depends upon whether they are ready to risk war. Of course it is to be doubted that war will result, but there is a chance that it might.

By this time, most of your New Year resolutions have probably been broken. That's only human. But there's one resolution every one of us should make and keep for the twelve months ahead. Here it is: "I resolve to do my part, as a motorist and pedestrian, to help reduce America's ghastly death and accident toll." During a large part of 1938, the accident rate declined. But we haven't yet earned the right to compliment ourselves and sit back on our laurels. Tens of thousands of people died unnecessarily last year—the victims of recklessness and ignorance. Tens of thousands more will die unnecessarily this year—unless all of us do something about it.

Facts about women! They always make interesting reading, probably because no two people are impressed in the same manner by the same set of facts, or by the same woman. Therefore, a new book called, "The Woman's

Almanac," edited by women and published by the Oquaga Press, Inc., New York, strikes a new note. The old World Almanac had facts on everything from soup to nuts, including something on women, but the Woman's Almanac confines itself to women. So if anybody is interested in knowing something about women; their tastes, why they do this and why they do that, this new book will satisfy a lot of curiosity, even if it doesn't answer the particular question you would like to ask about one particular woman.

We have seen coal oil and gas displaced by electric lights, and horses yielding to automobiles. The telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the airplane are developments of the last half century. Science has given us a

thousand new products and ten thousand new ways to use them. But what of the railroads? They seem to be about the same as a generation or two ago. Larger engines, bigger cars—but that is about all. Private automobiles, motor trucks, and far-flung bus lines have taken away 70 per cent of the railroads' passenger revenues and about 15 per cent of their freight traffic. The world is running away from the railroads on rubber tires and gasoline engines. And what are the railroads going to do about it? That's up to the roads themselves. But do something they must in these modern times. Steam transportation must fit itself into this era of change or go the way of the pony express rider and the stage coach. The world doesn't stand still, even if the railroads do.

VISITING ROYALTY

The fact that King George VI has told his Parliament that he would be happy to accept, as an expression of good feeling, President Roosevelt's invitation to visit the United States during the royal Canadian tour this next spring, means the strengthening of ties which bind these two countries. It will be the first time in her history that an English ruler has visited this land during his reign. It is an act of friendliness and a move for a continuance of peaceful relations between this nation and her mother country. Mrs. Roosevelt when asked if she would kneel and bow to the crowned heads, says she will not, but will extend to them the American style of greeting, the hand-shake. This is America and the hand-shake is the American custom in greeting, be it King and Queen, Lord and Lady or plain Mr. and Mrs. We folks in Mooresville figure that perhaps King George would prefer his American reception to be purely natural and unaffected—honestly American.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

THE AMAZING BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

By Hon. Augustus E. Giegengack

January 17th is the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, and it is fitting at this time that we pay tribute to his memory. I am most happy, as Public Printer of the United States and head of the largest printing establishment in the world, to honor a fellow printer. He was not only a printer but a statesman who helped shape the destinies of his country.

Of all the delegates who attended the Constitutional Convention in 1787, no one enjoyed a fame so illustrious, or which went back to so early a time, as that of Benjamin Franklin. His name was well known to every learned society in Europe at a time when half the delegates to the Constitutional Convention were in their nurseries and before the oldest among them had attained renown. Franklin was in truth the greatest American diplomat then living. His mind had been trained in a school more severe than usually falls to the lot of man. He passed through every change of fortune and saw every phase of human nature. He knew both poverty and wealth, and knew life as few men have known it.

Born into a household where family affection was almost the only luxury, the Franklin children had an early and strenuous training in "doing without," but the whole brood inherited both mental and bodily vigor from both parents.

Benjamin, at the age of ten, after little more than a year in grammar school, was set to work cutting wicks and filling molds in his father's candle shop. His restless nature found no

outlet in this tiresome work, and he sought employment in the printing office of his brother James, in his home town of Boston.

The Franklins had been blacksmiths for 200 years—and we of today know how easily a natural-born blacksmith can become a printer.

During this apprenticeship Benjamin indulged his taste for reading, and apparently it was at this time that he discovered the great truth that he later put into a proverb: "There is no royal road to learning." To supplement his scanty wages as a printer, he wrote little ballads and songs of the scrap-book sort and sold them on the streets of Boston when his working hours were over. Having faith in himself as a writer, he smuggled articles bearing on the affairs of the time into his brother's paper. These created much favorable comment and conjecture as to their authorship. Only sixteen years before Franklin's birth, the first American newspaper had appeared in his home town of Boston. It was a four-page sheet, each 7 by 11 inches, or about the size of an ordinary letterhead. There were two columns to a page, the last page being blank. The publisher promised an issue each month, or oftener "if any glut of occurrences happen." Rash, promise! The publisher criticized the use of Indians in white warfare, and unfortunately hinted of disagreement between two colonial governors. Four days later his paper was suppressed; not for false or injurious statements, but because he, a mere printer, had con-

cerned himself with the doings of governors and generals. This was the journalistic atmosphere into which Franklin was graduated.

The story has come down to us that, when Franklin's brother James was serving a sentence in the Boston jail for a political editorial that appeared in his paper, Benjamin took charge of the office, after being roundly abused and threatened by the authorities. So it seems that the Franklin family furnished one of the first American martyrs to the doctrine of a free press. Smaller wonder, then, that after a time Benjamin, having become a passable workman, decided to try his fortunes elsewhere.

We know how he landed from a row-boat in Philadelphia on a Sunday morning in 1723, cold, bedraggled, and friendless, with one Dutch dollar in his pocket. Largely by chance he came in contact with men of considerable rank and power, which led to his employment and advancement in the office where he worked.

At that time Philadelphia printers were in ill-repute, and the Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, Sir William Keith, offered to set up young Franklin in business for himself and give him the government printing, such as it was. The governor encouraged Franklin to journey to London to select material for his printing office, promising to give him a letter of credit on a London firm. He put off giving this letter, and at the last moment Franklin went aboard the ship after being assured that the letter of credit was in the ship's mailbags. On reaching England, Franklin found that the governor had deceived him, for the letter had never been sent. A fine predicament for the ambitious young

printer! As he had neither money nor credit he found employment as a journeyman printer with a London firm. Here he remained for eighteen months, when he returned to Philadelphia. There is no record that he upbraided the governor, or retaliated in any manner for this scurvy trick. The injunction "Put not your faith in princes" seems to have impressed him for the remainder of his days.

Resuming his trade of printer, he purchased the Pennsylvania Gazette, on which he had formerly been employed. The full name of this paper was "The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences: and Pennsylvania Gazette." He also published an almanac for the diffusion of useful information among the people. It must be remembered that books, or indeed literature of any kind, were scarce and expensive and few sources of information were available to the common citizen. Such a condition is a paradise for the printer and publisher. Franklin's almanac bore the pen name of "Richard Saunders" and became known as "Poor Richard's Almanac." This booklet contained timely advice to the housewife on churning and preserving and counseled the farmer on crop raising and marketing. It may be regarded as a distant cousin to the countless bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture which are now printed in the Government Printing Office.

Poor Richard's Almanac was the comic paper of its day. It contained many serious maxims, but the comic element was the prevailing one. Many of its proverbs have become American classics, but many other excellent ones are now seldom heard, namely:

"The devil tempts idle men, but idle

men also tempt the devil."

"Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."

"Necessity never made a good bargain."

With few exceptions, printing had been declining in quality for the preceding 200 years, and, though fundamental methods had been long become established, improvement in machinery and type was slow and difficult in Franklin's time. He frequently refers to his press, so it is inferred that his shop contained but one, and of the kind known long afterward as the Washington hand press. This was a clumsy adaption of the ancient wine press, operated by means of a lever.

However, his inventive mind was busy, and he became eager to incorporate several of his improvements in a new press. He also became interested in a newly devised plan to cast short, frequently used words in one piece of metal—such words as "and," "the," and "for"—and thus save motions of the hand in setting type. Under the name of "logotypes" these short words were used until recent times.

While he was American Minister to France, Franklin had a private press in his house near Paris, on which he printed small miscellany of a personal nature which he called "bagatelles."

As a newspaper man he appears to have been a forerunner of the present day "live wire" publisher. The hoax, or journalistic practical joke, was often used by Franklin. Balzac, the great French author of that time, said of him that "he invented the lightning rod, the newspaper hoax, and the Republic."

Franklin became a printer chiefly because he had a bent toward

mechanics and had a fondness for reading. He manufactured more of his own supplies than any other American commercial printer before or since. He cast type, made paper molds, mixed inks, aided in press building, made engravings, and experimented in stereotyping and logotypes.

"Benjamin Franklin, Printer," was Franklin's own favorite description of himself. He was an excellent compositor and pressman, and his workmanship, clear impressions, black ink, and comparative freedom from errors did much to get him the public printing of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the paper money and other public work in Delaware. The first novel printed in America was a reprint issued from Franklin's shop.

While he was a good all-around printer, he can hardly be considered as the best of his time. This is always a matter of opinion. Several of his contemporaries appear to have been at least his equal. Most newspapers then were dreary reprints of stale European news. Furthermore, there was the constant dread of government censorship, so strongly exercised on Franklin's brother James, who was jailed for printing a sarcastic editorial that trod on official toes.

In 1775, mutterings against English severity grew into an open clamor. With a Quaker hatred for war, Franklin was sincere in his desire for conciliation, but the Crown's inflexible attitude made war inevitable. The Declaration of Independence made it necessary to seek foreign alliances, and the ability of Franklin was never more needed than now. He had acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish, and thus was splendidly qualified for the task assigned him.

If Washington was the brain of the American Revolution, Franklin was its heart and soul. The War of Independence would have been a failure but for foreign loans, and these were made mostly by France and through the extraordinary shrewdness and tact of Benjamin Franklin. It is doubtful if any other American at that time could have succeeded in obtaining such huge loans as did Franklin.

The reports Franklin received of the treatment of American Revolutionary prisoners in England filled him with wrath. A fellow American who collected money for their relief but who kept five-sixths of it for himself infuriated him beyond all measure. He stormed: "If such a fellow is not damned, it is not worthwhile to keep a devil!"

Late in life Franklin agreed that in all history there had rarely been a good war or a bad peace, though there is no doubt that he had been largely instrumental in bringing on the War of the American Revolution; and some claim that he had his part in starting the French Revolution as well.

The abilities of Benjamin Franklin were so vast and so various, he touched human life at so many points, that it would require many hours to portray his talents. He was a philosopher, statesman, diplomat, scientific discoverer, inventor, moralist, and wit, and—need I repeat—a printer. History presents few examples of a career starting from such humble beginnings and reaching such great and enduring splendor. We have seen him as a homeless youth munching at a loaf of bread as he trudged through the streets of a strange city; and when his courage and worth had brought their reward, we see him in a royal

palace dining with a king.

The Benjamin Franklin Museum in Philadelphia has assembled much of the printing equipment used by Franklin in his early days; however, the press used by him during his disappointing stay in London is now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

To compare the printing output of today with that of Franklin's time is indeed interesting. Recently the Government Printing Office completed an order for eighty-five million Unemployment Census Blanks, printed on both sides and folded. This job consumed fifty-one carloads of paper and was finished in the equivalent of sixty-three working days. With extra working shifts the time was actually twenty-one days. From what we know of Benjamin Franklin's printing office, he could have printed a complete blank at one impression of the press. By working every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays, his presswork would have been finished in about 930 years, and he could them have started his folding. However, it is doubtless but that his ingenuity would have eventually conquered this problem as it did many others.

We know that method and order dominated all of Franklin's actions and that his existence was spent in improvement and advancement. He made a plan for the regulation of his own life. When working as a journeyman he put his employer's printing office into better order and taught his fellow workers to become skillful. In his own office he made type molds and cast lead type; he made printing ink, and contrived a copperplate press to print paper money, ornamented with cuts made by himself. He met

competition by reprinting his rival's clumsy job and sending the two examples to the customer.

These traits of order, observation, and progress would have placed him in the first rank with skilled printers of our times, and doubtless he would recognize today many of his own baffling problems.

Calmness and philosophy characterized his life. Speaking of a close friend who had just died, Franklin said: "Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow and know where to find him."

His own end came when he reached the age of eighty-four. In April of 1790 he was laid to rest in Christ

Churchyard in Philadelphia.

The President of the National Assembly of France addressed a letter to President Washington, telling of their heartfelt regret at the passing of Benjamin Franklin. The National Assembly was not stopped in their tribute by the thought that Franklin was an alien to their country. They felt that great men are the fathers of humanity; their loss is felt, as a common misfortune, by all the tribes of the great human family. The name of Benjamin Franklin will be immortal in the records of human freedom and shipped and loved; time will also philosophy.

Time has crumbled away all that is mortal of one whom thousands would crumble into dust the stately trees and the simple stone that guard his tomb; but as long as the American Nation endures, the name of Benjamin Franklin will continue to live.

IT WILL SHOW IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day,
 You don't have to say if you work or you play;
 A tried, true barometer serves in the place,
 However you live, it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit that you bear in your heart,
 Will not stay inside where it first got a start;
 For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace,
 What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live,
 For not what you get, but how much you can give;
 If you live close to God in His infinite grace,
 You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.

—Author Unknown.

FRANKLIN'S "FINE CRAB-TREE WALKING-STICK"

By H. M. Hobson, in Lutheran Young Folks

This country's most priceless relics of two of its mightiest men are in a plain case, in the United States National Museum, in the city of Washington. Valuable articles that were used by Washington are in the case, and with them is a slender, gold-crested cane that has grown almost black from age and satin-smooth from use. This is the famous "crab-tree walking stick," whose slim strength supported Franklin during his later years, when he was busy making United States history.

The beautiful stick was once a lovely crab apple tree, which grew straight and tall, as a "natural" cane must grow. It was cut just below the earth's surface, with a small piece of the root left on, to give a secure "grip." Crab-tree wood is very beautiful, pliant and strong, and this little tree was given an unusually fine finish. Its gold crown is a rarely lovely liberty cap, with a tiny William Tell apple serving as a button upon its crest. A few inches below the gold cap is a gold-lined opening through the cane for a silk cord, that was looped to go over the arm.

The beautiful cane came to Franklin while he was in France, a gift from his cherished friend, Madame de Frobach, the dowager Duchess of Deux-Ponts. During Franklin's busiest and most useful years, this slender gold-capped crab apple walking stick kept step with him. He carried it when he did not need

its support, because it was the gift of a valued friend. Later, when illness robbed him of his gallant strength and made him falter in his sturdy stride, the cane supported him, going with him through his years as President of Pennsylvania, and lending its support when he stood to greet the world's noblest and greatest men and women who crowded about him, trying to do him honor.

The beautiful walking stick links Franklin and Washington in a way that will hold fast through all the ages yet to come. The two men loved and trusted each other during this country's formative years, and in a codicil to his will Franklin wrote:

"My fine crab-tree walking-stick; with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of the Cap of Liberty, I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a Scepter, he has merited it, and would become it. It was a present to me from that excellent woman, Madame de Forbach, the Dowager Duchess Deux-Ponts, connected with some verses which should go with it."

For a few years Washington cherished the cane. Then once more it took up its march through the ages, being directed upon its course by Washington's own hand. In his turn, Washington wrote a will, and in it is this: "Item—To my brother, Charles Washington, I give and be-

queath the Gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin in his will."

In time the famous walking stick passed to the only surviving son of Charles Washington, Captain Samuel T. Washington. He in his turn, bequeathed the cane, starting it toward its final abiding place, in this brief letter:

"Coal's Mouth, Kanawha County, Va. Jan. 9, 1843.

My dear Sir: With this you will receive the war sword of my grand-uncle General George Washington, and the gold-headed cane bequeathed to him by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. These interesting relics I wish to be presented, through you, my dear sir, to the Congress of the United States on behalf of the nation.

Congress can dispose of them in such manner as shall seem most appropriate and best calculated to keep in memory the character and service of those two illustrious founders of our Republic. I am, with esteem, yours,

Samuel T. Washington

To Hon. George W. Summers.
House of Representatives."

The whole nation realized the value of the relics placed in charge of Congress, and when the day came for the formal acceptance of Captain Washington's gifts, the Hall of Representatives was crowded with people from every walk of life. Senators and cabinet members, and justices from the Supreme Court were there. Side by side with them were men and women from the humblest walks of life. Franklin and Washington were enshrined in every heart, and the poorest and humblest came to do them honor even as did the powerful and famous.

In a brilliant and heart-touching speech, Mr. Summers, Representative from Virginia, gave the sword and the cane to Congress for the nation. While hundreds stood in silence, the sergeant-at-arms came forward, and took charge of the relics to bear them to the Senate Chamber. In the Senate John Quincy Adams, in his formal speech of acceptance, made one of the greatest orations of his life. In closing he said:

"May these relics be deposited among the archives of our Government, and may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has hitherto been preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of the turbulent world, and by Prayer for a continuance of those blessings by the dispensations of providence to our beloved country form age to age till time shall be no more. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following Joint Resolution—

"Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States Congress assembled. That the thanks of this Congress be presented to Samuel T. Washington of Kanawha County, Virginia, for the present of the sword used by his illustrious relative, George Washington, in the military career of his early youth in the seven years' war and throughout the war of our national independence, and of the staff bequeathed him by the patriot, statesman and sage, Benjamin Franklin, to the same leader of the armies of freedom in the revolutionary war—George Washington. That these precious relics are hereby

accepted in the name of the nation; that they be placed for safe keeping in the Department of State of the United States; that a copy of this resolution, signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives be transmitted to the said Samuel T. Washington."

The resolution was passed and then both Houses of Congress united in paying Washington and Franklin the "tribute of veneration" by adjourning for the day.

Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking-

stick" hangs close to the old sword, in their big case at the National Museum. The stick is worn and cracked; but to the artist it is still a thing of charm, so rarely is it made. To the historian it is so much a part of our national history that it seems to be vocal, speaking to those who can hear of Washington and Franklin—the soldier and the sage—two of America's mightiest men, who by their courage, integrity and wisdom called our nation into being.

ON TAKING THE WORLD SERIOUSLY

As a rule too many people take themselves and their position in the world too seriously. Of course, there is such a thing as under-valuation of one's self, but such an individual is the exception rather than the rule. The reading of the following paragraphs from "Shining Lines," the Mergenthaler Linotype's interesting little trade publication, might be calculated to take a surplus of "ego" out of almost any one who gives the idea therein presented any thought:

"It is only a foolish egotism that makes us think we are more important in the universe than the bird, the ant, the tree, the tiger, the snipe, the rattlesnake, the mosquito, the buzzard, the eagle or the star. We like to think that the universe was created for us, that the sun is our special servant, that all things are our slaves.

"The truth, is, we are only parts of the whole and each part is equal in importance to every other part. We share with plants the distinction of being combinations of chemicals. Wherever we are and whatever we do, we are servants in the house, never masters. We are obeying the orders of our commander even when we think we are disobeying. Tis world we call Earth is but a speck in space.

"Why, then, should any human being waste life by taking himself or his problems too seriously?"—Selected.

DEDICATION MARKS ADVANCE IN T. B. CONTROL

(The Sanatorium Sun)

With the prediction by prominent State leaders that a similar institution would be established in the near future in Eastern North Carolina, the Clark Gravely wing of the Western North Carolina Sanatorium was dedicated with appropriate exercises at noon on Saturday, December 17. "Unless I am badly mistaken in the sentiments of the people of the State, North Carolina's next big step in the valiant fight against tuberculosis will be the establishment of an institution like this where it will be readily accessible to the people of the East," Senator Lee Gravely of Rocky Mount, told the audience in a brief address early in the program. Mr. Gravely is chairman of the Board of Directors of the two State sanatoria.

Mr. Thad Eure, Secretary of State and personal representative of Governor Clyde R. Hoey at the exercises, in the main dedicatory address also agreed in the prediction that a new sanatorium would soon become a reality in the Coastal Plain Section. This region, he stated, is not readily accessible to the two fine institutions, located in the Sandhills and the mountains.

Approximately 100 persons, including State officials, board members, physicians and nurses of the Sanatorium and interested citizens of the community, gathered in the auditorium on the second floor for the ceremonies. The program was carried to patients in the rooms and porches by the hospital broadcasting system. Before and after the exercises visitors were conducted through the buildings.

Mr. Hiden Ramsey, general manager of the Asheville Citizen-Times, presided as master of ceremonies. He pointed out that the dedication was a celebration, not of the power of the commonwealth, but of its gentle kindness. "The people of Western North Carolina," he said, "when the time comes, will show their appreciation for the establishment of this institution in the mountains with full support of the movement to establish a similar one in the eastern section of the State."

Mr. Ramsey introduced Senator Gravely and praised his consistent effort in obtaining Federal funds for building the Sanatorium. Referring to the pride of the whole State in the new institution Senator Gravely added, "I believe that the people of North Carolina will not be satisfied so long as there is a single death in the State from tuberculosis. I conceive for our people some day complete freedom from the disease."

Representative E. A. Rasberry, of Snow Hill, vice chairman of the Board of Directors, who introduced the bill in the General Assembly that led to the establishment of the Sanatorium then spoke briefly. He told his hearers that the dedication represented a happy moment of his life and the culmination of a long-cherished hope.

In the main dedicatory address Secretary of State Eure complimented North Carolina on her fine citizens. The health of these citizens, he said, is a question of prime importance in her government, pointing out that

"your government and mine has always been ready to meet the demands and needs of an increasing population. This great institution that we are dedicating today is proof of that fact."

Secretary Eure cited the public-spirited interest of Senator Gravely and Representative Rasberry, deeming it especially fitting that they should be honored in the naming of the buildings of the Sanatorium. The new wing will be known as the Clark Gravely wing, in honor of the wife of Senator Gravely. The first wing, dedicated on November 10, 1937, has been named for Mr. Rasberry.

"May we on this day dedicate this institution to the health of both the North Carolina of today and tomorrow," Mr. Eure said at the close of his address. "May we dedicate ourselves to making the future of North Carolina the healthiest and finest place in the world in which to live," he urged.

The invocation was by the Reverend H. W. Baucom, associate chaplain of the Good Samaritan Mission, of Asheville. In his prayer he expressed the thanks of "those who have been interested in work of this kind throughout the years."

Members of the Board of Directors introduced during the program were the following: Senator Gravely, Chairman; Representative Rasberry, Vice-Chairman; Mrs. Max T. Payne, Greensboro; Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, Raleigh, State Health Officer; Dr. M. L. Stevens, Asheville; Dr. Lester P. Martin, Mocksville; and Dr. T. W. M. Long, Roanoke Rapids. Dr. P. P. McCain, Superintendent; Dr. S. M. Bittinger, Associate Superintendent and Medical Director; Dr. A. L. Ormond, Resident Physician, and Dr. W. T. Spence, Assistant Physician, were

the Sanatorium officials present.

The completion of the Western North Carolina Sanatorium fills a much felt need for additional beds for tuberculosis patients in North Carolina. At the North Carolina Sanatorium, for many years the only State institution for the care of the tuberculous, there was a waiting list of eight to ten months and all of the county sanatoria were full to overflowing. "It was advocated by a large number that additional beds be provided at North Carolina Sanatorium," stated Dr. P. P. McCain in the December issue of *The Health Bulletin*. Since this institution was already larger than it should be for the most efficient service, and since beds for the tuberculous need to be within easy reach of the people it serves, the Sanatorium authorities urged the establishment of another sanatorium in the western part of the State. In 1933-34 the movement was given considerable impetus by the hearty endorsement of the county, district, and State medical societies."

In his article in *The Bulletin* Dr. McCain continued:

"During the session of 1935, Representative E. A. Rasberry, of Snow Hill, introduced a bill in the House of Representatives calling for an appropriation of \$500,000 for the establishment of a Western North Carolina sanatorium. Representative W. R. Clegg, of Carthage, was also joint author of the bill. Mr. L. L. Gravely, Chairman of the Appropriation Committee in the Senate, championed the bill, and together they secured its passage with an appropriation of \$250,000. It was expected that approximately the same amount would likely be obtained from the Federal

Emergency Public Works Administration. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Gravely, the PWA grant was secured for 45 per cent of the total cost.

"The plans for the new institution called for a central administration building, with a wing on either side, connected by a sixty-foot corridor, to care for one hundred and sixty-five patients each, a powerhouse and laundry building, a nurses' home, and a home for the superintendent. The plan for the central administrative building called for offices, dining room, kitchen, storeroom, a laboratory, completely equipped operating room, an X-ray department, an out-patient clinic department, dental offices, a recreation room for patients, an auditorium, and rooms for members of the staff. It was found that the available funds were sufficient only for an administration building, powerhouse and laundry, and for one wing for patients.

"During the 1937 session of the General Assembly, Senator Gravely secured the passage of an amendment to the Social Security bill providing \$137,500 for the other wing for patients on condition that a PWA grant be secured to supplement this amount. At the same session permanent improvement appropriations were made in the amount of \$29,000 for a nurses' home and for roads and walks. Again Senator Gravely was successful in securing the PWA grant.

"The General Assembly of 1935 also provided for the appointment by the Governor of a committee to select a site for the new sanatorium. Governor Ehringhaus appointed on this committee Mr. Kemp D. Battle, of Rocky Mount, Chairman; Senator E. V. Webb, of Kinston, and Dr. W. W. Sawyer, of

Elizabeth City. The committee requested Senator L. L. Gravely, Dr. P. P. McCain, and Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, Engineer of the Budget Bureau, to accompany them on their tour of investigation. The committee was very much gratified that practically every county in Western North Carolina was anxious to have the new sanatorium. Some fifty or sixty sites were offered, and most of them were visited by the committee. They finally selected a most beautiful site on U. S. Highway No. 70, near the State Test Farm, two and a half miles from Black Mountain, and twelve and a half miles from Asheville. The building site is eighty feet above and about eight hundred feet distance from the highway, and is surrounded on all sides by some of the most beautiful mountains in America.

"The General Assembly of 1935 placed both the new and old institutions under one Board of Directors and enlarged the board from nine to thirteen members, including the State Health Officer as a member *ex officio*. The personnel of the new Board of Directors appointed by Governor Ehringhaus was as follows:

"Mr. L. L. Gravely, Chairman; Mr. E. A. Rasberry, Vice-Chairman; Dr. R. L. Harris, Secretary; Mr. Robert M. Hanes, Mr. Laurie McEachern, Mr. U. L. Spence, Dr. M. L. Stevens, Mr. R. E. Finch, Mrs. Max T. Payne, Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin, Dr. J. W. McGehee, Dr. J. R. Terry, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State Health Officer. When Dr. J. R. Terry's term expired, the Governor appointed Dr. L. P. Martin, of Mocksville, to take his place.

"The Board elected the Superintendent of the North Carolina Sanatorium, Dr. P. P. McCain, as Superin-

tendent of both institutions, and elected Dr. S. M. Bittinger, Assistant Superintendent at North Carolina Sanatorium, as Associate Superintendent and Medical Director of the Western North Carolina Sanatorium. Miss Creolya Snodgrass, of the North Carolina Sanatorium, was also appointed as Superintendent of Nurses at the new institution.

"The central administration building, the first wing for one hundred and thirty-five patients, and the powerhouse and laundry building were completed in the fall of 1937, and the institution received its first patient on November 7th, when fifty patients from the western counties were transferred from the North Carolina Sanatorium. Within a short while the other beds were filled. Because there was no nurses' home, the nurses and some of the employes had to be quartered in a section of the patients' wing.

"On November 10th, about three hundred officials and other friends from various parts of the State assembled for the dedication of the completed buildings. In appropriate ceremonies the cornerstone was laid by Governor Clyde R. Hoey and inspiring addresses were made by Governor Hoey and by Senator L. L. Gravely, Chairman of the Board.

"Such splendid progress has been made on the new wing for patients and the nurses' home that these buildings will be ready for use by next January 1st. This will enable us to take two hundred of those on our waiting list.

"Even with these additional beds, however, North Carolina will still have less than one bed per annual death from tuberculosis. Both the United States Public Health Service and the National Tuberculosis Association insist that an effective control program for tuberculosis in any given state or community should provide at least two beds per death from tuberculosis. We trust that in the near future additional beds can be provided, and we feel that they should be provided by the establishment of an Eastern North Carolina Sanatorium. If we had sanatoria in the western, the central, and the eastern sections of the State, so that they would be easily accessible for treatment and for early diagnosis, and if the counties should provide more beds for the segregation and treatment of those not suitable for treatment in the State institutions, we could really begin to look forward to the time when tuberculosis would be brought under control."

THREE STEPS

There are only three steps leading to the place where perfect harmony lies, yet they are hard to climb. The first is to think kindly of one's neighbor. The second is to speak kindly to him. The third is to act kindly toward him. The reason they are hard to climb is that we are to busily engaged in thinking well of ourselves, speaking well of ourselves, and acting in a manner which we think will do ourselves the most good.—Selected.

PETE'S THREE FOUNDATION STONES

By Lester J. Schloerb

eyes. He had been going to school regularly where he was doing fairly good work but trying to dodge doing required work whenever possible. He played ball, rode his bicycle, tinkered with the car, ran errands, went to church meetings on Sunday, and hung around with Rog and Chuck whenever he had a chance. But this particular Saturday he drove to the office with his dad. They stopped to get gas, and the attendant asked his dad this question, "Are you getting Pete ready to go into the lumber business with you?" And his dad answered, "I wish I knew." It left Peter thinking that maybe he had some responsibility in this business of discovering what he should do later.

On their way to the office Pete asked his dad, "Why did you say, 'I wish I knew'?" His dad was quiet for a few seconds and then replied, "Because that's the truth, but if you want we'll tackle the right answer." Pete remembers saying, "O. K.!"—nothing more.

In a few days Pete was greeted by his dad with, "Well, Pete, I think I have one truth which will help both you and your sister. I have been doing some inquiring at the office, library, and school, and this is a first result." Pete responded with, "I think I discovered two important things to remember. Mr. Forbes at church, and several people at school helped me to discover them."

Here are the results of Pete's and his dad's discoveries and they are anxious to share them.

First, we are capable of doing more

than only one kind of work. For a long time there has been a general opinion that each person can do only one kind of work well and it was his task to discover that one thing. The old idea of calling people square pegs and jobs square holes, and trying to fit the one into the other is found to be basically wrong. We find that both jobs and people change. A job, or peg, which was square changes its shape continually. Some machines may change it. Government regulations, new inventions, a new field of work—all of these cause jobs to change. They do not stand still. The bookkeeper cannot settle down, feeling that he has found the job where he can be happy if he is not willing to chance as the job changes. Consequently people also change. The boy in junior high school may be very sincere in his desire to be an aviator, but he changes. School changes him. His friends, parents, pastor, and teacher all play a part in changing him.

Now try to put the changing job and the changing boy together and what happens? The boy becomes able to adjust himself to a variety of situations. He can do more than one thing well because his growth takes him outside of a narrow groove. He has a large general field of work open to him in which he can make a successful landing. A discovery of this general field is important for the high school boy. Small pastures within the field are not so important.

Pete and his sister Jane were glad to get this foundation stone. They

discovered why they were being allowed some choice of subjects at school. These subjects aimed to help them to discover fields of work in which they could make a successful landing. This was quite encouraging.

Second the choice of a field of work is not sudden. It does not happen over night. We are in a continual process of choosing. Pete wanted to be an aviator in the eighth grade. Jane wanted to be a nurse. Now both have changed. Why? School subjects, working, playing, church, teachers and parents—all these came in to make it quite impossible to choose suddenly. The important thing then seems to be that we make choices gradually. There is something wrong when a boy suddenly says, "I am going to be a lawyer!" if he has done nothing more than talk to a lawyer who slapped him on the back and seemed to be a fine fellow. It takes more than this. A wise choice comes only after trying the work, starting to prepare for it, reading, studying, analyzing, and inquiring; all these necessary steps make it quite impossible to choose suddenly. This means that the home, church, school, library, and community must be considered and used in helping one to grow toward a choice. The boy or girl who does not use these agencies at all or does not use them intelligently is taking steps toward an unwise choice of a line of work. They make it impossible to choose suddenly but are very helpful in the process of a gradual choice.

Third, others may be of help but should not make the choice for us. The job of choosing is an individual one. Pete discovered this when he was talking to his Sunday school teacher, who seemed to understand young people very well. Always after talking to him, Pete was left with some helpful suggestion. This teacher helped him to see the road ahead, to see different ways in which he might go; advantage and disadvantages were pointed out, but at no time was he told to follow a specific line. Peter finally asked, "Can't you tell me what my work should be?" The teacher's immediate reply was, "No! That's your job. I can point out ways in which you can help yourself, but nothing more.

Pete and Jane both seemed more serious after looking at these three foundation stones. School work appeared different, home influence seemed to mean more, the church found a new place in their lives, and values of good friends took on new meaning. They had discovered that they would be able to earn a living and be happy in more than one kind of work. They learned, furthermore, that an intelligent choice is not a sudden matter, and that others can be a decided help, but actual choosing must be a personal matter.

Dad also found himself more interested than ever. They did things differently when he was a boy and he was sure that there was much more to learn in order to be able to be further help.

NOTES TO CORNWALLIS OWNED BY TAR HEEL

By John W. Harden, in Charlotte Observer

Now, the story of what happened to two notes that were dispatched to Lord Cornwallis when he was leading an army in this vicinity in the winter of 1781 can be—and is—told.

Cornwallis didn't get the communications, containing information about the movements of Greene and Morgan, of the American forces, but they came instead into the hands of R. G. McSwain, a salesman for a wholesale grocery establishment in Salisbury.

He has had them since Labor Day, 1910, and has just agreed to a newspaper story about them.

The historical importance and the intrinsic collector's value of the dispatches were not at first apparent to Mr. McSwain.

On that fall day in 1910 McSwain, a young man, was living with his father in the Hardison's Chapel community, two miles west of Mocksville. On Labor Day, he was riding a horse along a dirt road that cut through the James McGuire farm, near Bear Creek, when he spied a small, oddly-shaped, ancient looking bottle sticking out of the bank alongside the road. The eroding bank had brought it to view. At that point the road was in a cut that had ben sunk in the hill.

Dismounting and picking up the bottle, the young man noticed that it was sealed tightly with what looked like wax, and contained papers. He threw it against a rock to see what its contents were. Picking up the pa-

pers, he took them to his home just across the creek.

There, he examined them more closely and found that the papers were folded, sealed, and addressed. The outside carried the legend:

"To Lieut R. St John

"Of

"His Majestys

"10th Dragoons"

Opening this, he found a sealed dispatch dated "Jan. 13, 1781" and addressed:

"To Cornwallis—Important."

The outside letter was merely a direction that the inner message be delivered to the commander-in-chief of the English forces in America.

The outside message read:

"Jan. 13, 1781.

Honored Sir:

"I enclose herewith An Important Dispatch for Lord Cornwallis. Send it to Him by Courier at Once.

"I am yours

"W.R. de V."

The sealed message that was inside this outer message read:

"Jan. 13, 1781

"Great and

"Honored Sir.

"I am informed Bye a Spy that Greene and Morgan Are about to move toward Cowpens.

"I am Your Most Obedient Servant

"W.R. de V."

But the message was never delivered. Maybe the courier who bore it was killed. Maybe, in a tight spot, he

hid it by burying it in the ground. Maybe almost anything.

At any rate 129 years later, it came to light on the side of a road bank, a foot above the road level and at a point that would have been five feet under the original surface of the earth there.

The dispatches were on a note size, heavy grade of paper. Today they are yellow with age but, like papers manufactured in that day are still in good condition and pretty tough. The peculiar swing and loop of the handwriting also belonged to another age. There is some sugges-

tion that it may have also carried hidden code messages.

The British army passed through, or near, the present site of Mocksville some time during February, 1781, marching to Salem, by the way of Shallow Ford, on the Yadkin.

Just what good it might have done for the Red Coats if the message had been delivered is a matter of conjecture. At any rate the messages fell short of their destination, Cornwallis was finally defeated, America gained freedom, and those dispatches are today in the guarded safe-keeping of a Salisbury bulk grocery salesman.

TOWARD THE LIGHT

My son, the world looks dark to you, the wrong outvies the right;

Turn round and raise your troubled gaze and look toward the light!

Men always see in darkness when they fear to turn their eyes
Toward the sunshine of their dreams, the light of lovelier skies.

My son, the job you wanted fails, the land has fooled you—eh?
Turn round and click your teeth and smile, and look toward the day!

The pessimist sees only gloom in everything—but you
Are not afraid to trust and wait, to strive and think and do!

My son, the world seems upside down and wrong side out and all;

Turn round toward the lofty hope and hark the bugle call!
Men must be weak, indeed, who fail, when in this land so swings
The morning faith, the burning joy, the lifting hope that sings!

—Folger M. Kinsey.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clarence Mayton, of Cottage No. 12, who had spent some time at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where he was treated for pneumonia, returned to the School last Wednesday.

Mr. W. M. Crooks, a member of our teaching staff, was suddenly taken ill last Sunday and on Tuesday was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for treatment. We hope he will soon be able to return to the School.

Mr. Query and his group of helpers are busily engaged giving the boys at the School a hair-cut. Since the new barber shop equipment has been installed in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, much less time is required in performing this task.

Mr. J. M. Neese, an official of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Division of Institutions and Correction, was a visitor at the School last Wednesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, he looked over the various departments, and seemed well pleased with conditions here.

Mr. A. L. Carriker and his group of young carpenters have been quite busy

during the past week, rebuilding cabinets and making other repairs in the kitchens of Cottages Nos. 2 and 4. They also removed the partitions between two flues in the chimney at the textile building, in order to give sufficient draft to the steam-heating plant being installed there. This project is being sponsored by the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association.

Three carloads of coal were shifted to our railroad siding last Tuesday and immediately the trucks and wagons started moving, hauling this fuel to the various buildings on the campus. A shortage of coal at the cottages, and the weather suddenly becoming colder, caused a great many requests for replenishing the supply at these places. All were glad to see this shipment arrive. It had been delayed considerably during the transfer from one railroad to another.

Robert Edward Futch, who was a member of the Cottage No. 8, group for five years, and was allowed to leave the School in 1930, called on us last Saturday. He is married and is living in Fayetteville, and has been employed as truck driver for the State Highway Department for two years. Ed stated that he liked his work very much and is getting along fine. This was his first visit to the School since returning to his home, and he seemed very glad to see old friends here. He said

that he felt the few years spent at the institution had been a great help to him.

We recently received a most favorable report from Mrs. Blanche Carr Stearne, Superintendent of Public Welfare in Guilford County, concerning William New, formerly of Cottage No. 3 and a member of the tractor force, who was allowed to leave the School February 12, 1938. Although William came to us from Pender County, he was placed with his brother, J. D. New, at the Boy Scout Camp, near Greensboro.

Mrs. Stearne writes: "I am so glad to report that this boy has done exceedingly well. In September, he and his brother came to my office asking that we try to help William to enter some school. We worked out a plan whereby he could go to school not far from his home. Mr. Deskins, the principal of the school, became interested in the boy and placed him on NYA.

"William was in my office a few days ago. He was very anxious to secure work as soon as school is out, but if he cannot find employment, he

has it in mind to join the United States Marine Corps. I encouraged him in this because I think it would be a good thing for him.

"I am most anxious for William to receive his final discharge on February 1, 1939, and trust you will give it to him. He is a fine looking boy, and I like his spirit and attitude about everything."

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The theme of his most interesting and helpful talk to the boys was "The Love of God," and the text was I Peter 1:8—"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

There is nothing greater than God's love for man and man's love for God, said Rev. Baumgarner. We feel outward, material joys; but these are nothing as compared to the joy that comes to mankind through loving relation with our Heavenly Father.

BUSY

All that is great in man comes through work. Outside of man there is not an idle atom in the universe. Everything is working out its mission. Life has no other meaning. It is a law of nature that the moment activity ceases anywhere, there a retrograde process sets in. The moment we cease to use our faculties, that moment they begin to deteriorate. Nature will let us have what we use, and while we use it.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending January 15, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (8) Clyde Gray 8
- (8) Gilbert Hogan 8
- (8) Leon Hollifield 8
- (8) Edward Johnson 8
- (8) James Kissiah 8
- (8) Edward Lucas 8
- (7) Robert Maples 7
- (7) C. L. Snuggs 7

COTTAGE No. 1

- Rex Allred 7
- Virgil Bauggess 2
- Lacy Burleson
- Eugene Edwards 3
- Edgar Harrellson 5
- Porter Holder 4
- Horace Journigan 4
- (2) Blanchard Moore 3
- (5) H. C. Pope 6
- (3) Howard Roberts 6
- (2) Frank Walker 3

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker
- (2) John T. Capps 3
- Samuel Ennis 3
- Clifton Mabry 2
- Donald McFee
- Forrest McEntire
- Fernie Medlin 2
- Nick Rochester 5

COTTAGE No. 3

- Jewell Barker 2
- Coolidge Green 4
- Douglas Matthews 6
- (3) Kenneth Raby 7
- (8) William McRary 8
- Warner Peach 5
- (2) John C. Robertson 5
- (7) Earl Weeks 7
- (3) Jerome Wiggins 6

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 4
- Paul Briggs 4

- (2) James Hancock 5
- William C. Jordan 3
- Hugh Kennedy 2
- (2) John King 7
- (4) James Land 4
- (4) Van Martin 5
- Edward McGee 2
- George Newman 6
- Fred Pardon 5
- (8) Lloyd Pettus 8
- (5) Henry Raby 5
- (2) Hyress Taylor 6
- (2) Melvin Walters 7
- (5) Leo Ward 7
- (7) R. V. Wells 7
- (8) James Wilhite 8
- Samuel Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- Grady Allen 4
- J. C. Branton 3
- (3) James Cooper 3
- Robert Dellinger
- J. C. Ennis 2
- Richard Palmer 3
- (3) Hubert Walker 5
- (7) Ned Waldrop 7
- (5) Dewey Ware 7
- (2) Marvin Wilkins 4

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 3
- (2) Robert Bryson 6
- Fletcher Castlebury 4
- Martin Crump 2
- Winley Jones
- Clinton Keen 4
- Spencer Lane 4
- Joseph Sanford

COTTAGE No. 7

- William Beach 6
- (8) Carl Breece 8
- Donald Earnhardt 4
- (8) William Estes 8
- (3) George Green 5
- (2) Caleb Hill 7

- Hugh Johnson 6
 (2) Robert Lawrence 5
 (2) Edmund Moore 5
 (8) Earthy Strickland 8
 Graham Sykes 2
 (7) William Tester 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- Lewis H. Baker 3
 (8) J. B. Devlin 8
 (8) Edward McCain 8
 (2) Cicero Outlaw 4
 (8) John Penning 8
 (4) Charles Taylor 4
 Walker Warr 2

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) James Butler 3
 Roy Butner 4
 (7) Edgar Burnette 7
 J. T. Branch 3
 (3) Carrol Clark 5
 (5) James Coleman 6
 George Duncan 6
 (2) Frank Glover 4
 (2) Wilbur Hardin 5
 Mark Jones 2
 Harold O'Dear 4
 (2) Eugene Presnell 6
 Lonnie Roberts 3
 Earl Stamey 2
 (7) Thomas Wilson 7
 (2) Preston Winbourne 4
 (7) Horace Williams 7
 Luther Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Floyd Combs 2
 John Crowford
 Elbert Head 4
 Jack Norris 3

COTTAGE No. 11

- (8) Charles Bryant 8
 (4) Julius Fagg 5
 (8) Baxter Foster 8
 (8) Earl Hildreth 8
 (8) Clyde Hoppes 8
 Calvin McCoye
 (3) Edward Murray 7
 (3) Julius Stevens 7

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond
 Burl Allen 5
 Alphus Bowman 4
 Ben Cooper
 William C. Davis 3

- William Deaton
 James Elders 4
 Max Eaker 5
 Joseph Hall 3
 Everett Hackler 3
 (2) Charlton Henry 5
 Franklin Hensley 4
 Richard Honeycutt
 (2) Hubert Holloway 5
 (2) Alexander King 7
 (8) Thomas Knight 8
 Tillman Lyles 4
 (2) Clarence Mayton 6
 William Powell 3
 James Reavis 4
 Howard Sanders 4
 (4) Carl Singletary 7
 (4) Avery Smith 6
 William Trantham 4
 George Tolson 3
 Leonard Watson 5
 Leonard Wood 4
 J. R. Whitman 5
 Ross Young 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

- (6) Claude Ashe 6
 (6) Clyde Barnwell 7
 Monte Beck 4
 (6) Delphus Dennis 7
 (6) Audie Farthing 7
 (2) John Ham 5
 (6) Marvin King 6
 (8) James Kirk 8
 Feldman Lane 3
 (4) Fred McGlammery 6
 Troy Powell 5
 Paul Shipes 4
 (2) Thomas Trantham 3
 Harold Thomas 2
 Garfield Walker 2
 (2) Jones Watson 5
 J. C. Willis

COTTAGE No. 15

- (7) Leonard Buntin 7
 (5) Aldine Duggins 6
 (6) Clifton Davis 6
 N. A. Eford 3
 Clarence Gates 5
 (8) Beamon Heath 8
 Albert Hayes 5
 (5) L. M. Hardison 6
 (8) Robert Kinley 8
 (7) Clarence Lingerfelt 7

- (8) Paul Ruff 8
 (8) Rowland Ruffy 8
 (6) Ira Settle 7
 Brown Stanley 3
 Arvel Ward 3

- (3) William Wood 3

INDIAN COTTAGE
 Reefer Cummings 3

THE LITTLE TEACHER

When Henry White went to live in the crowded tenement district of New York City, he thought he was going to be the loneliest little boy in all the whole wide world, for he didn't know anybody, and though there were children around him—great numbers of them—Henry felt as if he could never, never get acquainted. But one morning he heard the sound of a bell coming through the traffic around the corner, and instantly he went running in search of his mother.

"Oh, Mother, Mother," he exclaimed when he found her in the tiny kitchen, "I hear a church bell somewhere. May I go and find it?"

Now, Henry had always gone to church in the little country town where he had lived with his parents, and when he lost his father and had to come to a big city in order that his mother might earn a living, he still expected to go to church and when he came asking his mother to take him, you may be sure that little mother, tired as she was, laid aside her household duties and went in search of the church bell that Henry had heard calling them to worship.

Fortunately, the bell came from a little mission very close to the tiny apartment that the Whites occupied, and somehow, after that Mother White never felt so badly about leaving her little boy in the morning; for, to her delight, she found it maintained a day nursery where mothers could leave their children while they went out to work.

Then the question arose among the children what they wanted next; but, before anybody could decide, Henry suddenly had a great inspiration himself.

"I know what I'll do," he said pleasantly; "I'll read the Bible stories to you."

And that's exactly what he did; day after day, with the children from every land and clime hovering about him, Henry read them the beautiful stories of Jesus and His great love, and eventually the Bible stories became the ones most often requested, and, through Henry's never-tiring manner of telling them, the words of Jesus went out into many homes.

—Exchange.

Back Again!

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for each mile traveled

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Cars on payment of proper
charges for space occupied.

PER MILE → FOR EACH MILE TRAVELED

One Way Tickets

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Cars on payment of proper
charges for space occupied.

PER MILE → FOR EACH MILE TRAVELED

Air-Conditioned Coaches on through Trains
ENJOY THE SAFETY OF TRAIN TRAVEL

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Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

JAN 30 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 28, 1939

No. 4

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TODAY

I know not what tomorrow may unfold,
Or where the roads, as yet untrod, may
lead;

While time and tide move onward, ever bold,
With no cessation in their daily speed.

The yesterdays I cannot readorn,
Or bygone years I never can relive,
And future happenings are yet unborn,
But Now is ever here with much to give.

I have Today—a gracious gift—ornate
With four and twenty golden hours that
shine,

Reflecting joyous moments that await
Beneath the skies divine. And this is mine
To use and cherish as I wend my way,
With thanks to God, for giving me Today.

—Ida Mingus Clay.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

TIME

Time slips by so easily, so noiselessly, that we think of it as passing moments, and nothing more. Franklin was right when he said, "time is the stuff of life is made of." No man can waste time without wasting life—his own life and perhaps that of others. Yesterday is gone, we cannot recover it—I wonder! Is not yesterday with us still? Yesterday is part of today, for it is a part of ourselves. The words of yesterday still live like undying echoes—the deeds of yesterday are embedded into today's life—the hopes of yesterday are today's experiences—the influences are the motive power of today. We cannot get away from yesterday. Time is but an empty thing until it has been lived—then it becomes life itself. Time lived is time endowed with eternity. Out of its silent hours we weave the fabric of our lives.—Selected.

WILLIAM M. CROOKS

Sadness enveloped this entire institution as well as the adjacent community when, on Saturday, January 21, the grim reaper picked for an everlasting peace and reward, W. M. Crooks, one of our oldest officers in point of service and a most faithful and conscientious employee. After a few days of sudden and extreme illness Mr. Crooks passed, following the second heart attack.

He was closely associated with the school as teacher, cottage officer and librarian for a period of twenty-two years. He was a man of few words, loyal to superior officers, faithful to every charge entrusted to him, having the combined elements of a superior mentality and the spirit of humility that characterize all Christian gentlemen.

As a teacher, he was a genius. He could hold in a smooth persuasive manner the attention of his boys when imparting to them

the fundamentals of an education, and by his exemplary life inspire the highest ideals of correct living. His work as a cottage officer was above reproach, carrying on perhaps his work when the insidious heart malady was sapping the physical reserve of this man of finest physique. As librarian, he was devoted to the cause and aspired to have the Jackson Training School library, a work for which he was so admirably qualified, the equal of any in the country.

The entire school, superintendent, officers and the five hundred boys bow in reverential sorrow at his passing, mingling their regret with sympathy for the bereaved wife and sons who will miss the sweet contact of a devoted husband and kind father. W. M. Crooks will not pass this way again, his life was not in vain, because as an officer in the Jackson Training School, he inspired hundreds of wayward boys to higher ideals of living by precept and example. His mission was to serve and he did it faithfully and constructively as a valued official of the Jackson Training School.



CHARLOTTE DAY NURSERY

The writer felt honored when a letter was received, extending an invitation to attend the tenth anniversary of the "Charlotte Day Nursery," honoring the founders of this humanitarian institution for the care of children—one to six years of age—of mothers who have to work. Having had an intimate contact with the women when trying to establish the "Day Nursery" most naturally there was a personal interest in the cause,—child welfare—that never fails to carry an appeal.

The location of the this home is ideal, a delightful environment, with an equipment similar to things found in all well regulated homes, an expression of ideal motherhood.

Fifty-one children are enrolled. These children pay a minimum sum if financially able, but no worthy child is debarred when not able to pay the fees charged. The expenses of the Day Nursery are paid by funds received from "Community Chest" of the city. To this amount is added several hundred dollars from a membership committee specially interested in the work, and the small amount realized for the care of the children.

The trustees of this institution have shown wisdom in employing workers trained in the care of children. They have a superintendent who is a trained kindergarten teacher for older children, another trained worker for the Nursery School, and a high school graduate who teaches the kindergarten music. Besides official personnel, a splendid cook has charge of the diet and two maids assist in the care of the children, seeing that every precaution is taken to keep the children well and happy.

One can well visualize that to keep any home with fifty-one children,—1 to 6—up to a standard of correct living that a system is required if results are realized. Upon entering the "Day Nursery" one is impressed with the orderliness and the program of activities required so as to train the little ones in the best practices of mind and body.

One good housewife who sees frequently the small tots as they make a circuit around the block in which she lives said, "I feel that the "Charlotte Day Nursery" is one of the most valuable assets that Charlotte has. For the reason, she continued, the Nursery is giving superb training to the child that otherwise would be left in the care of an irresponsible servant". That, too, is the estimate of others who think along lines of conserving childhood.

* * * * *

WILY MR. WOODCHUCK

Scampering over nearly all American fields, the brown woodchuck of February 2d fame, rears his family and continues to flourish. Despite the fact that he must constantly face danger and sudden death from larger foraging animals, as well as man, there are probably more woodchuck families living contentedly today than there were when the "Mayflower" hove into port.

Mr. Woodchuck relies upon his nerves, eyes, and ears. He cannot run speedily away from an enemy like a rabbit, or scamper into a tree like a squirrel, nor does he have any weapons of defense like the skunk or porcupine.

Have you ever watched this shy, brown creature from a distance? Did you notice that he never takes half a dozen steps, nor a bite of grass, without pausing? Every few moments he raises his head, stands erect on his haunches, and looks searchingly in all

directions. At any unusual sound or movement he vanishes into his burrow.

This burrow is his only protection besides his eyes, ears, and nerves. He has learned to dig a deep and ever widening passageway under ground for his home. This passageway has at least two openings for emergencies, and he never ventures far from one of the doorways of this tunnel.

Mr. Woodchuck has learned another important lesson through hundreds of years of ancestral experience. He has learned to "stop, look, and listen," something many of his superior humans have never learned.—Dumb Animals.

* * * * *

The age-old battle against tuberculosis is half won, medical authorities agree. Four men from four different countries have made valuable contributions toward eradicating this disease. Dr. Rene Laennec, young French physician, invented the stethoscope in 1819. In 1882, great impetus was given to efforts to combat tuberculosis when Dr. Robert Koch, a German, discovered that the disease was caused by the tubercle bacillus. In 1885, Dr. Edward L. Trudeau opened the first permanent sanatorium at Saranac Lake N. Y. Christmas Seals as a means of raising money to conduct programs in the diagnosis, prevention and cure of tuberculosis were first sold in Denmark in 1904 by Einar Holboli, Copenhagen postal clerk. The first Christmas Seal sold in the United States was in 1907, when 179 out of every 100,000 people were dying from tuberculosis. Today, 55.7 out of every 100,000 living die from this disease.

* * * * *

What is the Church going to say about divorce? Rather, what is it going to do? John Sanders says that the United States divorce rate is growing seven times faster than the population. Here are some of the statistics offered. In seven years—1930-1937—the United States has had one divorce for every six marriages; in the same time Chicago has had 33 divorces for every 100 marriages; in 1937 Detroit had 5,300 divorces for 22,000 marriages performed during the same year; for 1936 Denver reported that the number of

divorces exactly equaled the number of marriages. The Roman Catholics put the blame for this unsavory condition on the ethical lack and religious impotence of Protestantism, though they use the loop-hole of annulment and other devices to accomplish the same result discreetly. Rome also has a growing quota of adherents who openly seek divorce. Whatever the problems of the Vatican, this situation still remains an acute one for those of the Protestant faith. Who can furnish the remedy?

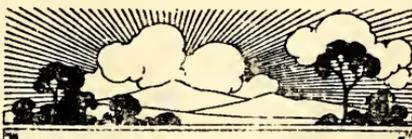
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CHINA TODAY

After sixteen months of war in China 350,000 square miles of territory has been touched, leaving a trail of death and destruction in its wake. The National Refuge Relief Commission estimates that there are 15,000,000 destitute war refugees and that the loss of property will never be known.

* * * * *

France feels that her possessions are in danger. For protection from Germany she has massed something like 2,000,000 men along the border line; and due to her apprehensions as to Italy's desires, France has dispatched to Djibouti one battalion of infantry and gunboats. Whew! How happy that we should be to know that 3,000 miles of water separates the United States from the warring nations.



WABASH—THE WORLD'S FIRST ELICTRICALLY LIGHTED CITY

By Kathryn Bradley

"The first city in the world to be lighted by electricity!" This is the title that is wreathed, laurel-like, about old Wabash, in Indiana. It was bestowed on March 31, 1880, when success attended the world's first test of city electric lights in Wabash. The event was of universal importance. It marked the beginning of the municipal electric lighting era.

Frail chance, wafted on an uncertain wind, chose this city for the planting of its light experiment. Wabash's opportune need for a new lighting system caused her to open her doors for this test. The terms of the contract included an electric dynamo generation machine and four lamps, which were each of a guaranteed capacity of over 4,000 candle power. The lights were placed at the top of the Wabash Courthouse tower, which was two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the city. They were suspended from the four ends of two cross bars. These were bolted upon a flag staff, which rose from the building's dome. Tower lighting, commonly termed "sunlight lighting," was the only method of city electric lighting that had been devised. It was argued that rays from high lights would, like sun rays, diffuse over a great area. The connection was made with wires which led from the lights to the basement. Here the generating machine was driven by an eight horse power engine.

Before the experiment, the people of Wabash County had vague ideas concerning the method to be used in lighting these new lamps. One old man ex-

pressed the public sentiment. He said, "It would be considerable of a task to climb that flag pole every night to light the lamps, and then again to put them out in the morning.

Consequently, when the electric dynamo machine arrived, each part was surveyed with wonder. The electric dynamo frightened the people. No man was bold enough to allow its placement on his property, so it had to be placed on the city's courthouse lawn. The lamps intrigued the people. How could that machine three hundred feet away from the lamps, cause a light, without a fire being applied to one end of the wire?

Added fuel to this bonfire of doubt were the clever but sarcastic quips that one of Wabash's papers thrust at the lamps. An especially brilliant one was:

"Why not contract for lights from the man in the moon? He would furnish you lights half the time, anyway."

Another quip was accompanied by a clever cartoon, based on a prevailing scientific theory. The picture showed Wabash's future forests of corn, grown under the powerful electric lights. Beside one mammoth stock a man had climbed a ladder and was cutting the corn with a cross-cut saw. The scientific theory was that electric lights would cause vegetation to grow at night (the time of its arrested growth), making it twice as large as that not grown within a radius illuminated by the lamps.

The interest-evoking test night found the city's population swollen to

over twice its size. People from bordering states arrived on special excursion trains. The country's leading papers, confident of big news from the light event, sent their men. Members of city councils, representing a score of cities, were present.

The bells rang at eight o'clock to signal the people "to look out for that which has never been seen before." The lights were turned on and a peculiar whitish glow enveloped the city. Momentarily stricken dumb with amazement and awe, the crowd stood as if in the presence of the supernatural. Then shouting burst from the throats of all. They quickly scattered over the city, making tests. Some frenzied with excitement swore that at a distance of one mile the lamp's glow allowed them to read court print. After half an hour of this efficient light service, everyone was convinced that the new lighting system was in the city to stay.

One man on the city's outskirts was not informed as to the experiment. He was in his barnyard when they turned on the lights. The poor fellow stumbled into his house with his eyes bulging. He cried to his wife, "Down on your knees, Mary, the end of the world's here." The lights from "on high" had so greatly startled him.

Western Union operators worked frantically until after midnight, flashing big headlines concerning the electric lights, around the world. The big dailies in New York and Chicago sent an order for at least one thousand words concerning this

affair to be telegraphed to them. Soon papers in foreign countries had accounts of this light "phenomenon" in their columns.

Eight days after the successful experiment, Wabash bought this "lightin machine." Its yearly operating expenses were three hundred and fifty dollars cheaper than the cost of lighting the same area by gas, so it wasn't very long until other cities began to adopt this electric lighting system. Wabash's sole city illumination for a period of nine years was given by these four lights. At the end of that time the modern system of placing the lights closer to the ground was adopted.

For several months after the test all trains stopped at Wabash to allow their passengers a five minute survey of the lamps.

From the humble beginning of city lighting has developed the efficient system of city illumination used today. These first lamps were the invention of Edison and Brush.

Wabash now has a suitable memorial to these first lights, near the test. The one remaining old light has been placed in a bronze cabinet, topped with plate glass. This is elevated on a stone base and die.

A recent memorial was the light cache picture used during 1938 Air Mail Week. The cache is now destroyed. Fifty years from now the old light will be a hundred years old. So this may double the value of any old letters marked with the inscription, "Wabash the world's first electrically lighted city."

CHOOSE YOUR CHEESE

By Roy L. Warren

Did you know that Egyptian ladies in the long, long ago nibbled upon cheese rather than upon bon-bons? They were sure that cheese had beautifying properties, and perhaps they were right. Beauty usually is associated with health, and cheese assuredly does possess healthgiving properties.

There are more than 400 varieties of cheese available to those who relish this food. Cheese is produced all over the world, but chiefly in Europe, where per capita consumption is large. There are cheeses for every palate, from mild, soft cheeses, to harder, odoriferous, tangy ones.

Of course you like cheese. Here is a half-dozen of the more popular brands. How about "Horse Cheese?" Don't shake your head until I tell you about it.

The name "Caccio Cavello" means literally "horse cheese," one explanation being that the imprint of a horse's head was originally stamped upon each cheese as a trademark. Caccio cavello is a hard Italian cheese made from whole or partly skimmed cow's milk and shaped like a beet root. It is manufactured to a small extent in this country, but the imported caccio cavello is more highly esteemed. The cheese usually is grated for use.

How about Brick cheese! Now, quite a few of you nod your heads. Do you know its origin? Brick is a semi-hard cheese with a rather elastic texture, a strong, sweetish

taste and many small round holes. It is a rennet cheese made from whole cow's milk. The origin was probably German, but this cheese is made extensively in America, especially in southern Wisconsin.

I see you all smile when I say Cheddar. Most of you have eaten this cheese. Cheddar is a hard cheese, sharp and fullflavored. The name was derived from the village of Cheddar in Somersetshire, England, where it was first made from cow's milk and rennet. This is one of the most popular cheeses made, and there are many types. Cheddar is manufactured extensively in the United States. It may be white or colored yellow to orange.

Now here is a cheese named by Napoleon. Camembert is a soft rennet cheese made from cow's milk. It is purchased most often wrapped in tinfoil and packed in small wooden boxes. Camembert is covered with a moldy rind, under which the cheese is soft and creamy in consistency. The flavor is pronounced. Napoleon is thought to have named this cheese, which is highly prized as a great delicacy. Good quality Camembert is made in this country, though the origin is French.

Here is an old cheese of the Cheddar type, I expect most of you have eaten it. Cheshire is one of the oldest and most popular of English cheeses. It is a hard cheese, with a sharp flavor, made nowadays in a huge cylinder fifteen inches in diameter and weighing

from fifty to seventy pounds. It is colored a deep yellow. The name was derived from Cheshire county, England, where it is largely produced.

And now we have Brie. This is a historical cheese. Brie is a soft ren-

net cheese made from cow's milk and has a pronounced flavor and odor. It resembles Camenbert somewhat. Brie has been made in Franch for centuries, and was mentioned in historical documents before the time of Columbus.

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year is dawning,
 Dear Master, let it be
 In working and in waiting
 Another year with Thee.
 Another year of leaning
 Upon Thy loving breast,
 Another year of trusting,
 Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
 Of faithfulness and grace;
 Another year of gladness
 In the shining of Thy face.
 Another year of progress,
 Another year of praise;
 Another year of proving
 Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
 Of witness for Thy love;
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.
 Another year is dawning,
 Dear Master, let it be
 On earth, or else in heaven,
 Another year for Thee.

—Frances R. Havegal.

A RAPID CONQUEST

By Dr. J. Arthur Myers

Back in 1916 tuberculosis in the cattle herds of the United States threatened the future of the dairy and the beef industries. The disease was spreading among cattle with such rapidity that experts in this field predicted that it would double within ten years if nothing was done to combat it.

During that year, under Federal inspection, the carcasses of enough cattle were condemned at slaughterhouses because of tuberculosis to make a solid cattle train 11.8 miles long. Many swine contracted tuberculosis from the cattle and enough swine carcasses were condemned at these same points to equal a trainload of live hogs 8.6 miles long. In addition, the carcasses of cattle and hogs contaminated by tuberculosis, so that the meat had to be sterilized and sold a half price, were equivalent to a trainload 14 miles long. Since by no means all the carcasses were inspected, the loss from tuberculosis was far greater than the preceding figures would indicate. The health hazard to man created by this situation was enormous, because the cattle type of germ was frequently transmitted to human beings.

Veterinarians since 1892 had used the tuberculin test in a sufficient number of herds so that it was proved highly specific in detecting the presence of tuberculosis, regardless of how healthy and sleek the animal appeared. The veterinarian had learned how to solve the problem for the nation and his opportunity came in 1917, when area testing was introduced on a nation-wide basis.

Twenty-three counties in the United States had reduced, by 1923, tuberculosis in their animal herds, so that only one-half of one percent or less reacted positively to the tuberculin test. This low incidence of tuberculosis among the cattle qualifield these twenty-three counties for accreditation.

Such a demonstration of what could actually be accomplished in tuberculosis eradication among the cattle herds was striking and stimulating. The goal of the veterinarians and their co-workers was to have the nation's fifty-five million cattle entirely free from tuberculosis. They were persistent and untiring in their efforts to attain this goal. They met with much opposition from those less well informed on the subject. There were even times when their opponents waged war against them with pitchforks and clubs. Their eyes were fixed on a definite goal, however, and nothing turned them back, or even diverted their course.

Today of all the counties in the nation there are only thirty which are not accredited. In some counties tuberculosis has been completely eradicated from cattle.

Although bovine tuberculosis is near nation-wide eradication, the veterinarian continues his tuberculin testing program. He knows that tuberculosis is a contagious disease and that one positive reactor to the tuberculin test may later contaminate large numbers of the other cattle. Because of this successful program of tuberculosis eradication, the farmer,

the dairyman, the rancher and all other participants in the cattle industry have very little interference and practically no loss from this disease.

Far more important than this accomplishment, great as it is, is the effect that the eradication of cattle-tuberculosis has had on tuberculosis among human beings. Girls and boys, and even adults, with discharging abscesses on the sides of their necks, hunchback deformities, locked hip and knee joints caused by the cattle type of tubercle bacillus, were numerous in 1916. Today such conditions are rare. In one state fifteen years ago, approximately seventy per cent of the patients in hospitals for crippled children had tuberculosis of the bones and joints. A recent survey among all

the cripples from birth to twenty-one years in that same state revealed the fact that less than three per cent had been crippled by tuberculosis.

There can be no doubt that the rapidly decreasing incidence of children and adults who react positively to the tuberculin test in the past few years has been due in no small part to the fact that they have not been contaminated with the cattle type of tubercle bacillus. What the veterinarian has done for the cattle of the nation we can do for ourselves. We find tuberculosis by the same tuberculin test as does the veterinarian; where he slaughters we isolate, treat, and teach, which over a period of time can be made equally effective.

Help by buying Christmas seals.

TERRACES

I climb unconcious that I'm rising,
Until I reach the top,
And, as of yore, I then do see
The Old Year curtain drop.

I looked ahead, dipped, curved, uncertain—
This journey in its prime,
But soon I find the New Year road
Another slope to climb.

Each terrace gained, the curtain drops
To hide the tedious miles I've trod;
The years are only terraces—
Each one a little nearer God.

—Ruby Dell Baugter.

OLD TAVERN'S HISTORY CITED

(Selected)

A record of historic Hargroves Tavern, situated midway between Portsmouth and Suffolk and a famous resort of travelers during the Revolutionary period, has been forwarded to Richmond by the Chamber of Commerce to be incorporated in a scrap book that is being prepared of such Americana for this locality.

A picture of the tavern and the bell used to announce mealtime and to summon the slaves from the fields, were forwarded also by J. M. Overton, secretary of the commerce body. The material was supplied by W. W. Hargroves a descendant of the original owners of the tavern.

Following is an historical sketch of the tavern supplied by Mr. Hargroves:

"Hargroves Tavern," one of Virginia's famous historical shrines dating back to pre-Revolutionary days, was situated halfway between Portsmouth and Suffolk on the old Portsmouth-Suffolk highway, near Driver. This road was very crooked in that day, winding around through what is now known as Gosport, Truxton and Bower's Hill. It required a full day for the stage coach to make the trip from Portsmouth to Suffolk for the horses could make but little speed on the poor roads even in the best weather and in bad weather they were almost impassable. Travelers would dine and change horses at the tavern, or "Halfway House," as it was gen-

erally known, and hope that, God willing, they would arrive in Suffolk by night.

Hargroves Tavern was built in 1754 by Robert Hargroves, and at least five generations of Hargroves were born there. The house was of the severely colonial type, with a brick basement, used as a store, and a two-story frame top used as a dwelling. From the plantation, which at one time consisted of more than a thousand acres, came the lumber for the building, which was poplar and all hand-sawed by slaves, two to a timber. The bricks were handmade as were the nails, and the timbers of the buildings were joined with pegs. One of the bricks bearing the date 1754 is still in the possession of the family, as is the old farm bell dated 1803, which was used not only to call in the hands from the fields, but which heralded the opening of the slave market on the first day of January of each year.

According to tradition the tavern was the social center of "Lower Parrish" and a public place of some note. All the business of the community was transacted there, it being store, post office, tavern, slave market and a favorite rendezvous for the gaming gentry of the county with their steel spurred gamecocks.

The slave market was the gala day of the year. Then Negroes and whites for miles around would gather on the lawn under the great oaks which shaded the old tavern for the

hiring out and selling of slaves, and there was much singing and dancing as well as drinking and fighting. The family have several old bills of sale for Negroes. The papers are frayed and yellowed by time and are barely legible. One of them reads as follows: "Received of Willis Hargroves the sum of \$200 in full for a little Negro girl, Sarah. The said girl I warrant to be sound and of good condition. The girl sold by William Miller for James Ballard." This bill is not entirely legible but it was made out on December 15, 1842, and was signed by William Miller with A. K. Harrell, teste. On the front of the paper the girl's age is given as "10 years in June, 1843."

In May, 1781, it being reported in Suffolk that the British were advancing on the town, a company of Virginia militia were sent out to scout around and find out if there was any truth in the rumor. Getting as far as the tavern without seeing a red-coat, Captain King and Captain Davis left their men to make camp and sauntered over to the inn for a little fun. They were surprised there by the enemy and Davis was killed but King managed to escape. The State has placed a marker on the spot. Michael and Bennett Hargroves were serving in the Virginia militia at the time but there is no record showing they were in this company.

A singular coincidence in the family history of that period is connected with Lafayette's second visit to America, at which time he passed through Portsmouth on his way to Suffolk. He was received in Portsmouth by 13 pretty girls, representing the 13 original colonies. One of the girls was Mary Ann Bruce, maternal grandmother of Willis Hargroves, of Portsmouth. On the way to Suffolk Lafayette stopped at the tavern to change horses and dine, and this was the home of Mr. Hargroves' paternal grandfather. The Suffolk delegation met him at the Poor farm and escorted him into town.

During the Civil War, while Willis Hargroves, father of Willis Hargroves, of Portsmouth, was serving in the Ninth Virginia Regiment, the tavern again became the scene of war. Yankee troops were quartered there for some time but little damage was done to the building. However, in 1871 parts of it were torn down but the old smokehouse which stood beside the tavern stood intact until 1934 when it too was demolished. Hargroves Tavern remained in the family until 1924 when it was sold in a division of the estate. A few years later, 1929, to be exact, it was destroyed by flames and only the marker placed there by the state of Virginia shows where it stood."

If a man goes through life with a chip on his shoulder, it is safe to assume that it isn't the only piece of wood up there.

—Selected.

INDIAN RELIC CLUB AT NORWOOD NOW HAS INTERESTING MUSEUM

By R. B. Young

In 1300 A. D., Roger Bacon cried out against the scholastic method of teaching, saying that to get knowledge the best way was to watch the wonders of nature about us. In other words he was saying, "Learn by Seeing."

We started in 1936, in our world history class at Norwood school, the collection of Indian relics in order to more fully understand the Indian and his mode of living. We heard of many Indian arrowheads being found in our school district. We began this by organizing an "Indian Relic club." We took field trips on Saturdays. We went to nearby Indian mounds, and in fact went any place where we were told about Indian relics being found. As a consequence of these trips we now have, after about two and one-half years of work, about three hundred arrowheads, spearpoints, celts, axes, bird points, one corn mill, one paint bowl, one Indian skull, drills, scrapers, polishing stones, etc. These relics of course cause the children to understand how they killed their food; ground their corn, cleaned the skins of the animals killed; how they drilled holes in stone, etc.

Besides collecting Indian relics, we have begun collecting antiques of useful value. We now have one spinning wheel, one flay, one boot last, one coffee grinder, two candle molds, one pair blacksmith-made spectacles, one shuttle for hand loom, two Civil war pistols (one loaned us by Mr.

Groves who said it was picked up in his mother's onion patch after she had chased out a northern soldier). Three guns of unknown age, antedating Civil War period, one hog catcher, one set of hand-wrought ladles, one pair hand-wrought hinges, one wooden plane, one spice maul, one winder (for winding thread on as it was spun by hand), one hand sewing machine (first one used in valley of Virginia), one clock which runs by weights, etc.

We also have a group of curios, Shells, odd shaped limbs, cocoanuts in shell, jar of water from Fountain of Youth.

Also we have a collection of many different rocks found in this county (Stanly) and surrounding counties. The most interesting is one found in Stokes county last summer by C. J. Scott (the principal of our school). This rock is flat and bends like a piece of rubber.

We have also a collection of many kinds of pictures of historical value, included among them are pictures of every Ford car from the first to the last one; pictures of the development of the plow by Deer; pictures of trains of yesterday; pictures of every man who signed the constitution; pictures of every president; pictures of every flag in several countries; pictures of every state flag in the United States

As a consequence of the beginning of this club two years ago with only students as members, we now have a club of 15 adults and 10 students

which meets once a month and whose aim it is to further the cause of building up the museum. The members write letters to people who they have reason to believe can aid them in getting new additions to the museum. We invite strangers who visit our museum to register in our registry. We give them a souvenir rock which is found only in, and is peculiar, to Stanly County. We ask them to send us anything they can of interest for our museum.

The whole thing has been a very interesting project, and has been made

the success it is by the efforts of Mr. Scott (the principal), the pupils, the adults in our community, and myself. I get much pleasure from it and feel that the students, the teachers, and the community as a whole appreciate it and will continue to see to its growth even long after I cease to be a part of Norwood school.

The people of Stanly county are invited to drop in on us at Norwood and see our museum. If you have something you would like to donate, or loan, to the museum, we would appreciate you sending it to us.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails
 And half a dozen other boys were starting with their pails
 To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said
 That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.
 "First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till
 You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will
 In search of better bushes, but it's picking tells, my son.
 To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told, and sure enough he found
 By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around
 In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said;
 For while the others looked he worked, and so came out ahead.
 And Johnny recollected this when he became a man,
 And first of all he laid out a well-determined plan.
 So while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and
 push,
 Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

—Nixon Waterman.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

(Hertford County Herald)

Few persons are acquainted with the Constitution of the United States, a great document of human liberty which stands forever, we trust, as a guarantee of our liberties. As the plan of our national government was gradually evolved, the fathers gave definite terms to their conception of Liberty and human rights, and on December 15, 1791, the ten original Amendments, known as "The Bill of rights," were made a part of the Constitution. Here they are:

ARTICLE I.—Religious Establishment Prohibited. Freedom of Speech, of the Press, and Right to Petition.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II.—Right to Keep and Bear Arms.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III.—No Soldier to Be Quartered in Any House, Unless, etc.

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV.—Right of Search

and Seizure Regulated.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V.—Provision Concerning Prosecution, Trial and Punishment—Private Property Not to Be Taken for Public Use without Compensation.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subjected for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI.—Right to Speedy Trial, Witnesses, etc.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained

by law, and to be informed of the nature and the cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have assistance of counsel for his defence.

ARTICLE VII.—Right of Trial by Jury

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII.—Excessive Bail

or Fines and Cruel Punishment Prohibited.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted.

ARTICLE IX.—Rule of Construction of Constitution.

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X.—Rights of States Under Constitution.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

TODAY

I'm tired but happy, now that day is done,
 I did my best.
 Through commonplace things and vexing problems, too,
 I stood the test.
 I didn't with knowledge hurt a living thing
 Or stoop to lie;
 My impulse to add to scandal made me blush,
 I passed it by.

I'm weary but happy, now that day is done,
 I lived it well.
 I'm glad that I spoke a cheering word, the wrong
 I didn't tell;
 I'm glad that I did a kindly act to him
 Who did me wrong:
 I wish I might always live each day like this
 And be as strong.

—Blanche Tromble Evans.

THE LARGER VISION

By A. Capwell Wyckoff

At the fork of Otter Creek Bart Crowell saw the rider ahead of him and instantly recognized Gail Meredith. There was a great warmth in his heart as she turned and then reined up, waiting for him to join her.

"Gail, I didn't expect to meet you here!" Bart exclaimed.

Splendid gray eyes laughed at him as the county home demonstration agent extended her hand. "It's nice to see you on Otter Creek, Bart. I'm on my way to Honeycomb, where I'm scheduled to hold a home demonstration meeting with the women of the community tomorrow."

"Then we'll ride together, because I am to speak in the schoolhouse there tonight, presenting the claims of Bethany Union College," Bart informed her.

"That's fine, Bart," Gail looked at him searching as their horses went forward side by side. "Liking your job any better now?"

Bart shook his head. "I'm fed up on riding these mountain counties," he answered. "It will be a big relief to me when things open up at the college, and I can get back to teaching literature again. My training wasn't for an extension rider."

"Just the same, you've done well," Gail defended, her glance one of loyalty and admiration. "Bethany Union College has benefitted since you began to ride the mountains and give addresses for the school. Boys and girls are coming from places where the college was never heard of before. Personally, I love this work of mine."

Bart knew that Gail liked her work

and he often wondered why she did. It wasn't an easy task and there were certain conditions to be faced that took a good deal of courage and tact. But the mountain people loved this agent who showed them how to cook and how to preserve and how to do a good many other things in a better way than they had been used to. Gail Meredith returned their love and was always ready to serve them in any way she could.

For a few moments they joggled along in silence, Bart staring somewhat moodily ahead, and Gail taking in the beauty of the late autumn day. Bart was thinking of the fate which had made it possible for him to be riding along Otter Creek in the company with Gail Meredith. He had come to Bethany Union College over a year ago, eager to be a part of the life of the institution in the southern mountains. There in town he had met Gail and she had come to mean more to him than he cared to talk about. Their busy lives did not give them much time together, because she was often away on trips around the county, but they did salvage a few precious hours in which to talk over things of mutual interest.

Bart's plans to teach during the summer were brought to an abrupt end one morning after a conference with Dr. Chandler. Evil days financially had fallen on the college and there had to be some doubling up. The president offered the post of extension worker to Bart, promising that if things picked up, the teacher would be restored to his class.

"We don't want to lose you to Bethany Union," Dr. Chandler said, noting Bart's look of disappointment. "Things won't always be as they are now, and I think you'll enjoy the experience of extension work. Your duties will be to speak in communities about our school, leaving literature with those people who feel might be interested in sending boys and girls to the college. In the bad weather of late fall and winter, you will have office work to do here at the school and won't have to be away so much."

Because there wasn't anything else to do about it, Bart accepted. He hunted up Gail and told her about it in tragic and disgusted tones; but she didn't see it just the way he did.

"It will be a great experience," she had said. "You'll visit the homes of some of the young people, and know all of this mountain country before many months are over. When you work in this county, you'll meet a lot of the folks I go to. I think it is a great opportunity, Bart."

As weeks of hard traveling merged into months, Bart couldn't see Gail's view of it all. He didn't enjoy the work, and his glance was always backward to the classroom, where he hoped some day to return. He felt at home there.

They were at Honeycomb now, with the general store before them. "Where are you putting up?" Bart asked.

"I always stay with Allita Hopkins, whose husband runs this store," Gail said, expertly swinging down from her horse. "Does anybody here know that you are coming?"

"Yes, I sent word to Millard Hopkins, postmaster and a trustee of the school."

"That's Allita's husband," Gail nod-

ded. "Come in and I'll introduce you."

Millard Hopkins was glad to meet Bart, the man said in his slow, even way. Yes, they were expecting him to speak in the schoolhouse that night, and Allita was looking for both of them for supper. After a few minutes had been spent in conversation, Gail led Bart over to the long, rambling board house beside the store and introduced him to the small, dark-eyed girl there. Then Gail and Allita went to the kitchen, leaving Bart alone by the fire until Millard came in to join him and talk of many things that interested both of them.

After the supper things had been put away they all walked to the schoolhouse, where Bart found a fine crowd waiting to hear his address on "The Value of Education." Bart stressed the Christian character of Bethany Union and told them of the short courses it was possible to take in the intensive education department. Much about practical agriculture could be learned in the winter months, when young men didn't have much to do, and they could be back in the fields by the time for spring plowing. There were domestic science courses and also nurses' training, if any of the girls in Honeycomb were interested. After the meeting he distributed literature and jotted down names of the families who seemed to be interested.

Millard Hopkins had told Bart that there was room for him to stay at their home over night, and so he and Gail returned to the house beside the general store. They talked awhile around the fire and then Millard took a lamp and led Bart to a spare bedroom. It was a room that hadn't been heated and it was cold and somewhat stuffy with a closed-up smell.

"This is no rose garden," Bart thought, when Millard had left him alone.

The walls in the house were thin and he could hear Allita and Gail talking in another room. "Don't go to any trouble," the home demonstration agent was saying. "I think it is lovely of you to keep me for the night."

"It's nothing to what you do for us," Allita responded.

Bart lay in bed, thinking about Gail's reactions. She could always see the bright side of everything. Maybe her room was just as damp and cold as his. It was nice to be that way, if you could do it.

Daylight saw them all up and Bart had some time to spend before making calls. Gail helped Allita before going up to the schoolhouse, where the women were to meet. Bart hung around the street and had a word with her just before she left.

"This is my last assignment," he told Gail, thankfully. "After this trip I'm to be in at the college for the winter. And no regrets."

"Next spring you'll be anxious to do it all over again," Gail smiled. "These hills and trails get in your blood."

"Not by a long shot!" Bart shook his head. "I'm hoping that by that time things will be different. You won't be leaving here before tomorrow, will you?"

"No, this is an all-day meeting. But don't you wait around for me. There may be something important for you to do at the School."

"We'll see about that," Bart said, and then she was off to her work, humming a song of contentment. Bart gathered up some literature he had and started on his rounds, visiting some families where there were boys

and girls of college age. He talked to mothers in the homes and to a father at the sawmill and to another down in the barn. It was noon time when he came back to the Hopkins home and Gail handed him a letter.

"Millard gave me this when I came in from my class," she explained.

Bart read the letter from the president of the college with a deepening frown. "It's from Dr. Chandler, and he wants me to ride to Moseby Creek to investigate an application from there," he exclaimed. "That's a long way from here, and by the look of things, the rain will pour down before long."

"I know it's quite a trip, but you'll have to go, Bart. After all, you are the extensive worker for the college."

"Sure, but I think it's crazy to ride all that distance to see one person, Gail. I wouldn't mind it so much if there was a whole schoolhouse full to address. I'll write a letter up there, or wait until my next trip in this section."

"And maybe lose a student to Bethany Union?" Gail asked, quietly.

Bart looked at her resentfully, but capitulated. She always got him when she spoke in that way, as though her eyes were saying, "I know you'll do the right thing, Bart." So he went to ask Millard the route to Moseby Creek and after dinner at Hopkins' set out, loathing the prospect of the long, lonely ride before him.

"I'll try to be back in time to go out with you in the morning," the extensive rider told Gail, as he was leaving. "But if anything delays me, don't wait. If you felt like I do about this country, you'd be mighty glad to see town again."

"Town's all right, but so is my moun-

tain field," Gail smiled. "Good luck to you."

Bart like to ride through the mountains on a sunny summer day, or in the early spring or fall, but on a rainy day it was anything but a pleasure to be on horse-back. There was something dreary about a slippery trail and sodden bushes and leafless trees. The beauty of the autumn was now a thing of the past, and with the exception of the pines and the waxy leaves of the holly trees, the gorgeous reds and browns had faded into drabness. A sad loneliness brooded over the hill country and seeped somehow into a man's soul.

Bart's thoughts turned back to the college classroom. Would his old life ever open up again for him, he wondered? If it didn't he would probably go to the city and teach once more in the schools there. He loved Bethany Union and all that it stood for, but if connection with the college forced him to detour into a task he was unfitted for, he best thing to do was to leave and hunt his own profession in another place.

Moseby Creek was on the edge of the next county and was unfamiliar territory. Bart had to ask frequent directions as he went along. Part of the way lay straight down the middle of Pole Creek, with the horse beating up spray at every step. The heavens dripped monotonously and for an uncomfortable few minutes sent down a hard shower, the rain cascading in a tiny waterfall from the brim of Bart's hat. The air was raw and cold, and he was glad that Gail didn't have to be out on such a day.

It was late in the dull afternoon when he got there and he was not impressed with what he found at Moseby

Creek. There was one little store, its rotted wood much the worse for never having been painted. At this sluggish place of barter and exchange Bart learned how to reach the Clarg cabin, and in a few more minutes he was knocking at the door of the log house, visioning the fire that must surely burn within.

A thin mountain woman answered the knock, a mother flanked with an impressive array of children of varying ages. Bart explained that he was the extension worker from Bethany Union College, and that he wanted to see Homer Clarg about his application for admission to the school at the edge of the hill country.

"Well, Home ain't here right now," was the discouraging answer. "He's got him a W. P. A. job and has give up the idea of goin' to school."

"But if I could see him, I might be able to show him the value of going to Bethany Union." Bart said. "I'll be glad to wait for him to come home."

"He only gets back here once a week," Mrs. Clarg stated. "And you couldn't hardly find him where he's working', because it's somewhere yon side of the river. I'll save you a deal of trouble by sayin' he an't interested now that he's found a money payin' job."

It was a very irate Bart Crowell who again mounted Cricket and started back toward Honeycomb. He had found it had to be polite to Mrs. Clarg, who had made no move to invite him in out of the rain. Little did she know what a jaunt he had had, and would still have, to make it to the place he had come from. A fine business this was, to make him ride nearly thirty miles round trip just to learn than an unstable boy had changed his mind,

giving up a chance like this for a temporary job!

He wasn't cheered any by the knowledge that he couldn't possibly reach the Hopkins home that night. Dusk had set in and there was only one thing to do. On Mocking Bird Creek he found a cabin home and stopped to speak to a young girl who was putting up the chickens.

"I reckon we can take care of you for the night," the girl nodded. "I'll ask my mother. You a drummer?"

"Sort of a salesman," Bart smiled. "Trying to sell the idea of Bethany Union College, as an extension worker."

The girl's face lighted up. "Oh, my brother is in Bethany Union. You know Clelland Asher?"

"Of course! He's one of our finest boys. And this is where he lives!" he said.

After that there was no trouble about a night's lodging. Mrs. Asher hurried out to welcome him and the three girls in the family did everything to make him comfortable. Nelda placed the best chair in front of the leaping fire, and Ellen and Julia took his horse to the barn. The smell of frying meat from the kitchen was most satisfying.

Nelda had hurried out into the drizzle, and through a window Bart could see her at the woodpile, ax in hand. Quickly he joined her, taking the ax and going to work on a piece of wood.

"Pretty hard for you girls to have to chop wood, isn't it?" he asked.

Nelda only smiled. "We're used to it," she said. "Pa died a few years back, and right now we're all working to keep Clell in school. After he's finished, Ellen and Julia will go. I

reckon I'll always have to help, so the younger ones can get the education."

The way she said it went to Bart's heart. In the next few hours he learned to know this purposeful mountain family, knit together by the vision of Clell and the two younger sisters some day getting an education. "And it's the Christian education you give at Bethany Union that I think about," Mrs. Asher said, as they sat around the fire later.

"Yes, that's the best part," Bart said, looking at those four faces, sharply etched against the dark background by the red embers from the glowing fire. He could never forget them, nor what they had done to him, and when Mrs. Asher finally handed him the family Bible and asked him if he would read a bit and have prayer, he said he would, although he had never done it before.

Gail noticed the change in his face the next day as they left Honeycomb together, bound out to the town at the edge of the mountains. Bart wasn't in his usual hurry.

"I'll be back this way as soon as spring comes again," he told Millard.

"What about your trip?" Gail asked, as they rode side by side. "Was it a failure? You said you didn't see the Clarg boy."

"It was a failure in that way, but spending the night with Clelland Asher's folks was a great experience. I've been doing a lot of thinking since I left there early this morning. You know, I haven't been at all contented in this work, and that has hurt you some, hasn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted. "There are such wonderful contacts and opportunities, and these people are so fine. You have only wanted to get each visit

over with and go home, where things are comfortable."

"That certainly paints the picture," Bart admitted, humbly. "I've been a professional rider for the college, willing to address a crowd or pass out literature, but really not concerned about the individual. That conviction came to me last night, when I sat around the fire with the Ashers. There they were, all working together to make the home go, so that one boy

could get his education and be a little better prepared to face life on an even footing. The whole thing got me, and just as you predicted, I'm already looking forward to the spring, when I can search for these boys and girls again"

"You've gotten the larger vision of your job," Gail smile, happily. "I'm so glad you had to go to Moseby Creek, Bart!"

AN EDUCATIONAL OBSERVATION

The recent address of Dr. H. M. Poteat, of Wake Forest, before the State Teachers Association of Texas, has provoked considerable comment in the newspapers of that State on the question of the place vocational instruction occupies in the curriculum scheme.

Expressing the opinion that most young people of college age today are not nearly so well educated as were those of twenty years ago, Dr. Poteat called for a return to "real education." "Freshmen come to college knowing nothing thoroughly," he declared. "Many cannot spell or punctuate, either cannot or will not speak their mother tongue correctly, and, worst of all, cannot think in a straight line to save their poor little mutilated souls."

"Judging from the courses in whistling," he said, "in aviation, and in the construction of movie scenarios, now masquerading in the robes of education, I presume the schools will soon offer courses in the theory and practice of the numbers racket, in applied mumble-the-peg, and in advanced stud poker."

Dr. Poteat's statements on this issue are of especial interest in North Carolina at this time when such a large sector of public sentiment has swung around to an emphasis upon vocational education.

His frank comments on the deficiencies of the present educational emphasis, also, have an application in his own State of North Carolina.—Charlotte Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. D. B. Kilcullen, field auditor for the PWA, spent some time at the School this week auditing the various records and documents concerning the PWA projects here.

The continued slow rains recently have made roads on the campus much muddier than they have been in a long time. Hard rains pack the gravel and the water runs off rapidly, but slow, continuous rains make traveling very disagreeable.

Information has come to The Uplift office of a change in the regular menu for next Sunday's dinner, which will consist of chicken and noodles. The usual dinner on this day is beef, and such changes are fine for the appetites and enjoyment of the boys.

The Woman's Missionary Society, of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, recently sent subscriptions to several papers and magazines to the library at the School. Such kindly interest in our boys' welfare as shown by these good ladies is greatly appreciated.

A large storage and work room, one of the PWA buildings being erected at the School, is now under roof, and several more are almost ready for roofing. Work on these buildings has

been delayed considerably by bad weather during the past two weeks.

For several days during the past two weeks the boys on the outside work forces were compelled to spend most of the time in the cottage basements. At such times in between showers as the weather permitted they were hauling coal from our railroad siding to the various buildings on the campus, and placing gravel on the roads on the school grounds and farm.

According to the current issue of the North Carolina Extension Dairy News, the Training School herd has made another high record. This herd of 66 Holsteins stands third in the state in average milk production per cow, with 916 pounds, and in the average production of butter fat, our herd was listed in twelfth place, producing 31.8 pounds. This record was made in competition with the state's ten dairy associations, with a total number of 5,202 cows, composed of all types.

Our seven school rooms are now enrolled in the Junior Red Cross and to each room comes a copy of the Junior Red Cross Magazine, a splendid monthly publication containing articles and stories which will be both interesting and helpful to the boys at the Training School. The member-

ship fee of fifty cents for each room was donated by the pupils of the six grades in the Clara Harris School, Concord. According to Mrs. Era Funderburk, chairman of the Junior Red Cross in Cabarrus County, and a member of the teaching staff of this school, the youngsters in each grade had long been anxious to do something for the boys at the Training School, and were glad of the opportunity to make it possible for them to become members of the Junior Red Cross. This is a fine gesture on the part of both teachers and pupils of the Clara Harris School, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for their kindness to our boys.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. After the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation, he turned the program over to our good friend, Gene Davis. Gene taught the boys several new choruses, and after leading them in singing same, he rendered a solo, "Tis Jesus," in his usual delightful manner. Gene

then introduced Rev. R. H. Black, pastor of the Friendly Gospel Tabernacle, Charlotte, who talked to the boys on how we should talk with God by prayer and learn the great lessons of life by reading His Holy Word.

The speaker first called attention to Jesus' words when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Now, if heaven is a prepared place, continued Rev. Mr. Black, it must have been prepared for people, and the only people who will ever go there, are those who follow Jesus. There is no other way we can gain admission.

Rev. Mr. Black then stated that we should follow the advice found in God's Word—"Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth," and always keep uppermost in our minds that Jesus wants us while we are young. He doesn't want us to give the best part of our lives over to things of evil, and then seek him only when we are old, and are afraid of approaching death.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to study the Bible, saying that it tells us how to live and what to live for. In its pages we may learn how to attain the best thing which can come to a Christian—eternal joy and happiness.

FEAR

Hate destroys, fear paralyzes. When the atrophy of terror falls upon a nation, that nation is doomed. It behooves us to cultivate a good courage, a determination to quit us like men, fortitude which gives men heart to face calamities and a stout will to accept the challenge of an enemy without flinching.

—Reynold E. Blight.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending January 22, 1938

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Collett Cantor
William Cantor
(9) Clyde Gray 9
(9) Gilbert Hogan 9
(9) Leon Hollifield 9
(9) Edward Johnson 9
(9) James Kissiah 9
(9) Edward Lucas 9
(8) Robert Maples 8
Robert Simpson
(8) C. L. Snuggs 8
J. P. Sutton
Edward Warnock
William Young

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Rex Allred 8
William G. Bryant 4
Henry Cowan 7
(3) Blanchard Moore 4
(6) H. C. Pope 7
Reece Reynolds 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 5
Robert Atwell 3
James Boone 3
(2) Coolidge Green 5
(9) William McRary 9
(2) Douglas Matthews 7
Harrison Stilwell 3
Claude Terrell 2
(3) John Robertson 6
(4) Kenneth Raby 8
(8) Earl Weeks 8
(4) Jerome Wiggins 7

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 5
Lewis Donaldson 6

- (3) James Hancock 6
(3) John King 8
(2) George Newman 7
(9) Lloyd Pettus 9
(6) Henry Raby 6
(3) Melvin Walters 8
(8) R. V. Wells 8
(9) James Wilhite 9
Cecil Wilson 4
Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Grady Allen 5
(2) Richard Palmer 4
Eugene Smith 2
Richard Singletary 3
Fred Tolbert
(4) Hubert Walker 6
(6) Dewey Ware 8
(8) Ned Waldrop 8
(3) Marvin Wilkins 5
George Wright 4

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 4
(3) Robert Bryson 7
(2) Martin Crump 3
Robert Dunning 4
Ttomas Hamilton 4
(2) Clinton Keen 5
(2) Spencer Lane 5
Charles McCoylye 2
Eugene Watts 2
James C. Wiggins 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

- (9) J. B. Devlin 9
Olin Langford
(9) Edward McCain 9

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) J. T. Branch 4

- (3) James Butler 4
- (8) Edgar Burnette 8
- (6) James Coleman 7
- (2) George Duncan 7
- (3) Frank Glover 5
- Osper Howell 3
- John Hendrix 4
- (2) Mark Jones 3
- (2) Harold O'Dear 5
- (3) Eugene Presnell 7
- (2) Earl Stamey 3
- (8) Horace Williams 8
- (8) Thomas Wilson 8
- (3) Preston Winbourne 5

COTTAGE No. 10

- Junius Brewer 2
- (2) Floyd Combs 3
- (2) John Crawford 2
- Matthew Duffy 2
- (2) Elbert Head 5
- J. B. Hildreth 4
- Vernon Lamb 4
- James Penland 4
- Weaver Penland
- Oscar Smith 5
- Floyd Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

- Harold Bryson 3
- (5) Julius Fagg 6
- (9) Baxter Foster 9
- (9) Earl Hildreth 9
- (9) Clyde Hoppes 9
- (4) Edward Murray 8
- Jesse Overby
- (4) Julius Stevens 8
- Thomas Shaw 7

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Odell Almond 2
- (2) Burl Allen 6
- Allard Brantley 5
- (2) Ben Cooper 2
- (2) William C. Davis 4
- (2) William Deaton 2
- (2) James Elders 5
- (2) Max Eaker 6
- (2) Joseph Hall 4
- (2) Everett Hackler 4
- (3) Charlton Henry 6
- (2) Franklin Hensley 5
- (2) Richard Honeycutt 2
- (3) Hubert Holloway 6
- S. E. Jones 2

- (3) Alexander King 8
- (9) Thomas Knight 9
- (2) Tillman Lyles 5
- (3) Clarence Mayton 7
- (2) James Reavis 5
- (2) Howard Sanders 5
- (5) Carl Singletary 8
- (5) Avery Smith 7
- (2) William Trantham 5
- (2) George Tolson 4
- (2) Leonard Wood 5
- (2) J. R. Whitman 6
- (2) Ross Young 6

COTTAGE No. 13

- Jack Foster 7
- James V. Harvel 7
- Isaac Hendren 7
- Bruce Kersey 4
- Douglas Mabry 5
- Irvin Medlin 4
- Paul McGlammery 5
- Thomas R. Pitman 8
- Alexander Woody ?
- Joseph Woody

COTTAGE No. 14

- (7) Claude Ashe 7
- (7) Clyde Barnwell 8
- (7) Delphus Dennis 8
- (7) Audie Farthing 8
- David Hensley 3
- (9) James Kirk 9
- John Kirkman 5
- (5) Fred McGlammery 7
- John Robbins 4
- (2) Paul Shipes 5
- (2) Harold Thomas 3
- Howard Todd 4
- Thomas Trantham 4
- (2) Garfield Walker 3
- (3) Jones Watson 3
- Junior Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 15

- Howard Bobbitt 4
- (8) Leonard Buntin 8
- Sidney Delbridge 5
- (7) Clifton Davis 7
- (9) Beamon Heath 9
- (9) Robert Kinley 9
- (8) Clarence Lingerfelt 8
- James McGinnis 7
- Claude Moose 3
- (9) Rowland Ruffy 9
- (7) Ira Settle 8

- (2) Brown Stanley 4
 Richard Thomas 6
 James Watson 6
 (2) Arvel Ward 4
 George Worley 4

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Reefer Cummings 4
 Early Oxendine 4
 Thomas Oxendine 4

FORWARD

Let me stand still upon the height of life;
 Much has been won, though much there is to win.
 I am a little weary of the strife;

Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin
 To cool my hot brow, ease the travel pain,
 And then address me to the road again.

Long was the way, and steep and hard the climb;

Sore are my limbs, and fain I am to rest.
 Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time;

Before me rises the steep mountain crest.
 Let me stand still: the journey is half done,
 And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still! Even as I pause,
 The steep path shifts and I slip back apace.

Movement was safety; by the journey-laws
 No help is given, no safe abiding-place,
 No idling in the pathway hard and slow;
 I must go forward, or must backward go!

I will go up then, though the limbs may tire,
 And though the path be doubtful and unseen;
 Better with the last effort to expire

Than lose the toil and struggle that have been,
 And have the morning strength, the upward strain,
 The distance conquered, in the end made vain.

Ah, blessed law! for rest is tempting sweet,
 And we would all lie down if so we might;
 And few would struggle on with bleeding feet

And few would ever gain the higher height,
 Except for the stern law which bids us know
 We must go forward or must backward go.

—Susan Coolidge.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 4, 1939

No. 5

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LET'S BE KIND

As we journey down the road,
Let us share each other's load,
Let's be kind.
We are comrades on the way,
Going whither none can say,
Long the night, but while it's day,
Let's be kind.

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SELFISHNESS

Think of yourself from first to last;
Guard yourself from wintry blast;
Feed your stomach and quench your thirst;
Feather your nest and feather it first;
Fly to your pleasures and dance them through—
There is nobody else in this world but you.

Think of yourself—and right or wrong,
Give no thought to the passing throng.
What if your conduct should bring to shame
Those who honor and share your name?
What if they're hurt by the things you do?
Why should their suffering trouble you?

Live for yourself, but don't complain
When you have come to the world's disdain.
Don't return when the night comes on
And wonder where all your friends have gone.
Carry no burden except your own,
But always be ready to weep alone.

But if you wish for the happy years
And the love of a friend who sees your tears,
And the world's respect and an honored name,
And all the joys which the gentle claim,
You must think of others in all you do—
You must think of them first, and last of you.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE MARCH OF DIMES

We await with anticipation the returns as to the amount the "March of Dimes" brought forth for the humanitarian cause—"to fight infantile paralysis." The slogan adopted for the "March of Dimes" campaign was "Give a dime and wear a button." That is a small stipend, but if the cause received unanimous support from the

many counties of the forty-eight states respective local communities will realize a nice sum and the National Foundation Fund will be enabled to put on a nation wide campaign to eliminate infantile paralysis in a much larger way.

This movement in purpose is similar to the Christmas Seal, sold to teach the signals of tuberculosis, and the \$1 membership to the American Red Cross, specifically for emergency calls.

A single dime is hardly accepted as pocket change, but if the dimes contributed in Cabarrus county are combined with those of the nation it will amount to a considerable sum and will go a long way toward the method of prevention and cure of those afflicted with infantile paralysis. The contribution of a dime again emphasizes the "majesty of little things."

* * * * *

PRISON ACTIVITIES

From every source, including all activities, if our lives are motivated by the spirit of love and kindly interest it is possible to glean something that will inspire to a finer service. Figuratively speaking, the scales that blind us, due to a closed mind, jealousy and prejudice, will fall from our eyes if conditions are accepted with charity.

We all know there is an aversion to the paroled inmates of penal institutions. We should accept institutions of this type as a blessing and a safe refuge for the class of evil tendencies with the hope of genuine reformation.

The objective of these prisons for the worst kind of incorrigibles is not to punish alone, but to introduce them to a new and better life by a constructive program of activities.

For instance Lewis E. Lawes, an internationally famed warden of Sing Sing, holds to the opinion that music plays a profound part in making criminals into useful citizens. As proof of the statement Sing Sing has a band of seventy-five, an orchestra of twenty, a Bugle Corps of twenty-two and a Glee Club of sixty. Two hundred of the inmates engage in musical activities, having an audience of two thousand.

The Bugle Corps plays as the inmates march into meals. The Glee Club gives most inspirational concerts and is used for every hour of worship.

Added to these refining and christianizing influences, Sing Sing has a standardized school, a well stocked library and religious teachers for the various denominations represented. In reading a short resume of Sing Sing the records show that 70 per cent of the inmates were news-boys early in life. This statement is food for thought. The question arises which is better,—to make a life or lose our boys in trying to make a living?

Sing Sing derives its name from the Indian word meaning a "stony place". Doubtless the incarcerated inmates feel that the way is rough and stony in measuring up to the strictest discipline. However, it is pleasing to know that along with the refining and religious training those who never had a speaking acquaintance with work are learning to use their hands in some gainful occupation.

* * * * *

CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is quoted as having said recently that the last desperate gang of bank robbers and bandits had been broken up. Under his courageous and highly efficient leadership much has been done to rid our land of organized crime.

But there is much left to do.

According to a recent report of the law enforcement committee of the American Bar Association, one out of every 37 persons in the United States is a criminal and 200,000 will commit murder before they die. According to this report the annual cost of crime in the United States is 15 billion dollars and increasing every year. Every twenty-two seconds a major crime is committed and the United States has the greatest prison population in proportion to total population in the entire world.

This is indeed a dark picture. It is one that should challenge Christian people to greater and greater effort. It is one that should lead them to realize the necessity and the urgency of mission work in our own land.

While efforts are being made to ameliorate poverty and distress, crime is on the increase. Law enforcement officials confess their inability to cope with the situation. The homes, the churches, the schools must aid in the fight against wrong.—Selected.

HIGHWAY FATALITIES

There is said to have been a drop in highway tragedies. There has been a saving of 7,400 lives during the year just closed.

The National Safety Council attributes the drop in highway fatalities to "better enforcement of traffic laws, better engineering, safer automobiles and highways, more and better drivers' license laws and better administration of those laws, more school safety work, and a better understanding by the public than ever before of the tragedy and economic cost of accidents." This is official report of traffic fatalities of 1938 in North Carolina: The traffic death rate in North Carolina decreased about 20 percent in 1938 as compared with 1937, James Burch, statistical engineer of the HPWC reported recently in a "semi-final report."

"On the basis of actual traffic death," said Burch. "semi-final figures indicate 203 fewer deaths on highways in 1938 than in 1937."

* * * * *

RECREATIONAL CENTER NEEDED

From the little periodical published by the student body of the Jefferson High School, Suffolk, Va., the information published is that a "skating rink under the WPA" is being constructed at the school grounds. This project is the culmination of the interest and efforts of students and citizens of the city who for years have been urging the building of this recreational facility.

Attention please! The city council of Suffolk has placed the rink under the supervision of the school with rules and regulations as to the manner of management. Why is it that some one does not take the initiative and have for the young people of Concord a recreational center? Since Christmas it really seems that Santa Claus brought every child in the city a pair of skates. The sidewalks have been filled with youngsters on skates. There is danger for the children skating as well as the pedestrian. Whether Concord is large enough or has sufficient funds for a recreational center the children are here, and badly in need of some kind of a place to throw off surplus energy.

WINTER BIRDS

In this number of The Uplift is a pleasing as well as an informative article captioned, "Glimpses of Winter Birds" taken from the Lutheran Young Folks. This contribution is timely due to the fact that people as a rule are not conscious that birds during the severe cold weather have difficulty in finding food. Consequently they starve.

We recall one mother, strikingly like the famed picture, "Whistler's Mother", who never failed to impress upon the minds of her children to throw peelings and cores of apples out doors during the winter months. "Remember the little birds," she softly repeated as her own flock enjoyed fruits and other good things when assembled around the winter fires. But the family around the roaring fire in the open fire-place is only a memory, but a sweet one to dwell upon. The point is—remember the birds during the cold weather,—feed them and build bird-houses, and the returns will be song birds in your midst next Spring.

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OUT-OF-STATE-STUDENTS

The Charlotte News gives in figures the following information as to the number of out-of-state students at the State University:

"Several hundred nothing! Not by our definition of several. Registrar Dr. Tommy Wilson reported only a few days ago that of a student body of 3,500 at Chapel Hill, 1,023, or nearly a third, were out-of-staters. And where do you suppose most of these students come from? From neighboring states like South Carolina and Virginia? Nope. Last year the South Carolinians at the University at Chapel Hill were 70. The largest number of out-of-state students was from New York, with 298. Next was New Jersey with 128."

Why quibble over the question? The only thing to do is to raise the tuition for all students, or leave the tuition as it stands for North Carolina and then make special charges for those from other states. Let due consideration be given to North Carolinians and then raise the tuition fees for outsiders to just what it costs.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

OUR TROUBLES

"They are the grime that comes from fear,
 From fretting and from worry,
 From what we do or do not hear—
 We'll lose them in a hurry.
 May happiness come as a soap
 To make the laughter—bubbles,
 And wash away with cheer and hope
 Each one of all our troubles."

Many a girl has thrown herself at a man. That is because she thought he was a good catch.

A girl in Kentucky shot a man by mistake for a deer, and then married him. Well, she got the dear.

When politicians meet politicians, then come the tug of political debate, and one politician can't tell what another politician means by what he says.

"A girl shouldn't sing unless she has pretty teeth, or play the piano unless her hands are beautiful," says a woman columnist. Well, Madame, should a girl dance?

A Cleveland, Ohio, woman asked a divorce because her husband scolded her for biting her finger nails. Guess he wanted her to paint them red as danger signals for scratching.

It looks as if governments are determined to tax everything under the sun—and above it, if they could do that far. The first thing you know they will be taxing you on having a five-dollar bill changed for five ones. They are already taxing our brains to keep up with the taxing methods.

"The present Congress will consider plans to save the farmer," declares an editor. They have been saving the farm ever since I first cold remember, and he is still unsaved, according to the politicians.

It looks as if Uncle Sam's Post-office department, of all other branches of the service, ought to keep out of the deficit column from the flood of letters that flow to an editor's desk, marked "News," and have a way of falling into the waste basket. The waste basket daily carries more propaganda than the average newspapers.

From the many men of many minds, and the jargon of diversified discussions going on in the world today, I am led to believe that men generally have not gotten into their long underwear, and are feeling the chill of winter. When a man is warm and comfortable, and satisfied with himself, he is not disposed to argue, and disturb the minds of others with loquacious forebodings and dire calamities. Men, get into your long underwear quick—the quicker the better.

They tell us that a radio without static has been perfected. That will be a boon in some instances. But you must give static some credit for work well done. For instance: When a bias-minded orator, an agitator, begins to lambast everybody and everything, because matters are not going to suit his way of thinking, static has a way of creeping in and jumbling up his remarks in such a manner you cannot tell what he is saying. You

must give static credit for some accomplishments.

So many people go about pumping up fears. They live in a realm of shadows, and are frightened by every ray of light that falls across their pathway, and will persist in looking around for the dark side of every endeavor. So many depend on luck instead of pluck. The P left off that word makes all the difference. The English say luck is all; "it is better

to be born lucky than wise." The Spanish, "The worst pig gets the best acorn." The French, "A good bone never falls to a good dog." The German, "Pitch the luck man into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth. Fortune, success, fame, position are never gained, but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything.

"BIRDS"

"God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest."—Holland.

"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield."—Popea.

"There are no birds this year in last year's nests."—Cervantes.

"The shell must break before the bird can fly."—Tennyson.

"As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also he will deliver it; and passing over he will preserve it."—Isaiah.

"Fixing your gaze on the realities supernal, you will rise to the spiritual consciousness of being, even as the bird which has burst from the egg and preens its wings for a skyward flight."—Mary Baker Eddy.

GLIMPSES OF WINTER BIRDS

By Alvin M. Peterson

Where do they roost? What do they find to eat? How do they manage to keep warm, those hardy winter bird-neighbors of ours? You will see many of them sitting in the snow beneath weeds when the thermometer registers twenty degrees below zero, or flitting about the hard, cold branches of leafless trees. You would think they would freeze their feet, or catch cold, or die from pneumonia. But they do not. Most of them will get through the winter all right, provided they have plenty to eat and are not molested by predatory birds and animals.

The birds you see on a cold winter day are fittingly called winter birds. These birds may be divided into two groups, those known as permanent residents that live in a given region winter and summer alike, and those called winter visitants that nest to the north but migrate southwards in autumn and spend the colder months with us. Examples of the former are the bob-white, blue jay, downy and hairy woodpeckers, English sparrow, goldfinch, chickadee, and white-breasted nuthatch, and of the latter the slate-colored junco, evening grosbeak, snowflake, and tree sparrow.

It should be remembered that no classification can be made that exactly fits all parts of the United States. If one were to make out three lists of winter birds, one for our northern tier of states, another for our Gulf States, and still another for the Middle States, it would be found that the one for the Middle States would contain the names of birds not found in winter in the most northern

states, while that for the Gulf States would contain birds not found in either of the others.

There are several interesting winter birds among the woodpeckers. The flicker is a winter bird in middle latitudes, though in some of our most northern states it is absent in December, January and February as well as much of November and March. This is the large brownish woodpecker which is so well known and widely distributed, that has a large, dark crescent on the breast, a white patch on the back near the base of the tail, and a golden-yellow lining to the wings. It is about a foot long, and is frequently to be seen on the ground searching for ants. Its most common note is a loud "cut-cut-cut-cut."

Then there is the red-headed woodpecker dressed in red, black, and white. It is to be found in our Northern States all winter long if food is plentiful. This bird is very fond of acorns and stores many of them in autumn for its winter needs, tucking them into holes, or hiding them in cracks, crevices, and beneath the bark of stumps, posts, branches, and tree trunks. Less frequently the red-bellied woodpecker is to be seen. It utters a loud "cha" note, sometimes in a long rolling series. This bird seems to live more largely upon insects in winter than the red-head, although, like the latter, it is fond of acorns.

Two of the most popular, common, and well known of the woodpeckers are the downy and hairy woodpeckers, both of which are dressed almost exactly alike in black and white. It is hard to know which is which unless you

remember that the hairy is nine inches long, or almost as large as the robin, while the downy is but six, or about the size of the English sparrow. The males of both species have red patches on the backs of their heads. Both are hardy and are to be found in our most northern states all winter long, feeding upon insects and other small creatures to be found about the trunks and branches of trees. Both may be attracted to the yard and given a helping hand with beef suet. Tie pieces as large as hens' eggs to sticks, posts, and branches, and they are likely to find and feast upon them.

Two other common winter birds are the chickadee and white-breasted nuthatch. Chickadee introduces itself to you whenever it utters its merry "chick-a-dee-dee," or "thick-a-dee-dee." It is a little over five inches long, has a long, slender tail, a black cap and a black bib, or bow neck-tie. The nuthatch is about an inch longer than the chickadee, has a short, square tail, gray upperparts, a black crown and nape, and a white breast. The female has a gray crown. Both the nuthatch and chickadee live largely upon insects they find about trees, although hunting grounds in no way overlap. Chickadee loves to forage about the leaves, twigs, and small outer branches. The topsy-turvy nuthatch, on the other hand, travels headfirst down the trunks and branches and eagerly secures its dinner from pests it finds hidden about the bark. It often utters a grunting "yank, yank" when thus engaged. Both the chickadee and nuthatch are fond of beef suet and may be attracted to the yard by means of it in winter.

Less frequently the brown creeper is to be seen in winter. This tiny bird has long, stiff, pointed tail

feathers that enable it to creep up the trunks and branches of trees. Up it goes, as quiet as a mouse, searching for pests hidden about the bark, until far up a tree, then drops to the base of another and travels up this in turn.

The chickadee and nuthatch are bird cousins. So, too, are the slate-colored junco and tree sparrow, two other common and interesting winter birds. These birds, as we have indicated, are winter visitors, nesting, as a rule, north of the United States, but migrating southwards in autumn and spending the winter with us. The tree sparrow has a long slender tail, a brownish crown, and light wing bars. However, the mark by means of which it may at once be identified is a round dark spot at the exact center of its plain breast. The general color of the junco is dark-slate, although it is white underneath, has a straw-colored bill, and white outer tail feathers. The tree sparrow has a sweet, tinkling "too-lay-it" note or song that someone has likened to "sparkling frost crystals turned to music." The junco is far from being as musical as the tree sparrow, though it does upon occasion twitter pleasantly. Sometimes, too, it utters soft "cheu, cheu" notes when feasting, or a sharp, clicking one when angry or alarmed. Both tree sparrows and juncos are to be found in flocks in fields, pastures, and waste places in winter, feasting upon the seeds of tall weeds. With them may be English sparrows, cardinals, and goldfinches. And both may be attracted to the yard by means of oatmeal, seeds, crumbs, and cracked grain. These foods may be placed on a simple food tray or scattered on a small piece of ground from which the snow has been shoveled.

Few suspect the crow and blue jay

of being bird cousins, though that is what they are, showing the relationship by their habits rather than their appearance. Both are permanent residents, both have many low conversational and other notes, both are shrewd, know how to keep the location of their nests secret, are clannish or gregarious, and have questionable reputations. Both are many-sided and worthy of long, careful study. The chances are neither is bad as some folks would have us think. Both at times no doubt do some harm, but, on the other hand, both do some good. There is no particular reason why a farmer should not shoot at a flock of crows and drive it from his cornfield, or why anyone should allow either jays or crows to molest the nests of other birds, but, at the same time, there is little to justify one in shooting every crow and jay to be seen, or persecuting them twelve months in the year. Both add life to our bleak winter landscapes, and the blue jay adds considerable color also. Crows are found in flocks in winter. In some places these flocks are to be seen, in others not.

The bob-white and ruffed grouse are interesting winter birds. The former is the more confining and brave, often wandering about farm houses and other buildings and gleaning many a meal of waste grain from the barnyard. It is fond of acorns and is a noted weed-seed eater. These chubby, hen-like birds are to be found in flocks in winter, and, as a rule, they travel from place to place on foot, either walking or running as the case may be. Towards spring one hears the clear "bob-white" songs of the males, and at this and other times of the year their "he-er, he-er" calls. Get too near a flock and the birds take to their wings with loud whirring sounds,

bursting from the ground about you like so many feathered bombshells. The ruffed grouse is to be found in woods, generally but one or so in a given place. Some times, in winter and autumn, they are to be found in trees, eating buds from the twigs. When frightened, they fly rapidly off with a roar that can be heard for some distance.

Wandering flocks of cedar waxwings are also to be seen in winter, often in the vicinity of berry-producing trees like the hackberry and mountain ash. Less often one sees Bohemian waxwings. The meadowlark and song sparrow also are to be found in many Eastern States at this season of the year, although they do not winter as far to the north as most of the preceding. Here are some others you may be able to see and study: several species of hawks and owls, red and white-winged crossbills, pine and evening grosbeaks, siskin, purple finch, white-throated sparrow, horned lark, northern shrike, winter wren, redpoll, red-breasted nuthatch, and golden-crowned kinglet.

Winter birds sometimes perish in winter for lack of food. This is especially true after severe storms, when snow and ice cover their natural supply. Consequently it is a good idea to feed them at this season of the year. Some birds live upon insects and other animal foods. Offer these birds, suet, meat scraps, bones filled with marrow, and other like things. Others live upon a vegetable diet. Offer these oatmeal, seeds, bread crumbs, cracked grains and the like. By feeding them you may save the lives of some, and, besides, you will get many chances to study and observe them at close range and thus to learn much about them.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH SKATES

By Eugene W. Nelson

Most American sports are of fairly recent origin. Baseball has just passed the century mark and basketball is even younger than that. But ice skating is such an ancient sport that in order to find its beginnings we must go way back into prehistoric times. Certain it is that the primitive Northmen—ancestors of the Vikings who became the terror of the seas in later centuries—skated across their frozen inlets and fjords with bone runners lashed to their feet. These bone skates could not have been very satisfactory or successful, considering how difficult it is to tie a section of bone securely to a boot or shoe, and no doubt many an ancient Northman had to take his meals standing up following an afternoon's skating.

But unsatisfactory as bones skates must have been, we have ample proof that they were still in use in England during the Middle Ages. Mention is made in an old chronicle, or history, written by Fitz-Stephen. In describing London Town he wrote, in his queer spelling, "When the great moore (which watereth the walls of the citie of London on the north side) is frozen, many young men play on the yce, some, striding as wide as they may doe, slide swiftly. Some tye bones to their feet and under their heeles and shoving themselves with a little staffe, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the aire, or an arrow out of a crossbow." But if you will take trouble to try out a pair of bone skates, you will undoubtedly come to the conclusion that the author of this chronicle must have been a little-

over-enthusiastic when he wrote of the bone-shod skaters as moving "swiftly as a bird flyeth in the aire."

So much, then, for what may be called the Bone Age in skating history. Next there came the time when skaters were content to use skates made of bone but with iron runners. These were soon followed by skates made entirely of wrought iron. What unsung Edison thought of this idea will never be known, but whoever he was, modern skaters have him to thank for removing skating from the ranks of a rather slow and perilous pastime and transforming it into a sport of flashing speed and bewildering grace. Iron skates were in use at about the time that Columbus discovered America, and there are in existence some old engravings showing the people of that time enjoying skating parties.

The progress of skating and improvements in the skates themselves undoubtedly owe much to the people of Holland, for this country was—and still is—a skater's paradise. Hollanders have certainly never lacked for water and in winter the many interlacing waterways of the country provide an ideal surface for the exercise of the skater's art. According to Dutch history, in the winter of 1572 when Holland was at war with Spain, the Dutch fleet was frozen up at Amsterdam and so could offer the people no protection against the Spanish aggressors. But undaunted by such a catastrophe, the Dutch musketeers bound their skates upon their feet and glided forth to meet the foe. They met the enemy successfully, too, and

routed the Spaniards once and for all. This story shows that in Holland skating was more of a business and means of transportation than it was a sport, although it has always been a source of much fun for the younger Hollanders.

There are other old time references to skates and skating. One such is to be found in the diary of the famous Englishman, Samuel Pepys, who appears to have seen everything and committed it to writing in shorthand in his private journal. One day in the winter of 1662 Samuel wrote, "Saw the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James' Park as they performed with sheets after the manner of the Hollanders." Evidently the "sheets" which he mentions were used in some of the first attempts at "sail skating" as we call it today—a sport coming more and more into popularity. In the same entry, Samuel Pepys also went on to marvel at the skaters' swiftness and ability to stop quickly when skating at top speed.

The type of skates used in Pepys' time—as well as those first brought over to America—were known as the "turnover skate." Their runners were of wrought iron and ended in a beautiful twist or coil of several loops in front of the skater's toe. The skate was fastened to the ankle by means of straps which had to be buckled so tightly that the circulation of the blood was often stopped and the early skaters frequently suffered from frozen feet as a direct result of this condition. Today we would consider such skates crude in the extreme, but the skaters of those times knew noth-

ing better and the sport was popular indeed.

There is one interesting story of those early frontier days in America which concerns a white hunter who was captured when Indians raided the settlement where he lived. The hunter, who was doomed to death, chanced to spy a pair of skates among the loot the red men had carried away into the forest with them. The Indians were ignorant as to the purpose for which the queer-looking contraptions were intended. It was winter and as there was a frozen lake near by, their prisoner offered to show them how to use the skates. So the hunter buckled on the skates, took a few practice strokes, then darted away from his captors so swiftly that they could only stare in bewilderment at his rapidly diminishing form!

With the improvement of the skates from the "turnover" type to the English skate with its runners cut off short, and with the dangerous straps replaced by clamps for heel and toe, skating costumes have also been simplified. How much is shown by the costume which fashion decreed a young-man-about-town should wear when skating in the 1860's. In those days, a fashionable skater wore a stiffly starched shirt with its high collar, a flowing tie, a close fitting morning coat, tightly fitting striped trousers, and a shiny top hat!

So the next time you go out skating don't forget to thank the unknown genius who first thought of substituting iron skates for bone ones—and also thank whoever it was who simplified skating costumes.

AMISH CHILDREN GO BACK TO SCHOOL; FIGHT IS WON

(The Smithfield Herald)

In wagons and horse-drawn sleds the children of Pennsylvania's Amish sect have gone back to little Horseshoe Pike School, a one-room country building, thus marking the end of the religious sect's two-years fight against sending their children to a large, modern, consolidated school built by PWA.

Some 30 Amish children took up their classes again in the reopened school, one of 10 abandoned by the East Lampeter Township School Board on completion of the new building at Smoketown, a cross-roads settlement.

A special act of the state legislature set up an independent school district for the Amish after the quaintly-garbed, simple folk fought bitterly in the court efforts to make them send their children to the new school. They hired a teacher sympathetic to the Amish religion, leased the old school and installed desks and other equipment.

Stubborn loyalty to the social and religious traditions of their sect kept the Amish community

leaders steadily after government officials and the courts to permit them to educate their children as they saw fit.

Devoted to the soil, the Amish depend on the children to help them with the farming, and the youngsters are withdrawn from school as soon as they reach the legal age for work. While the men cultivate the fields, the women raise chickens and tend gardens.

As soon as weather permits, shoes and stockings are discarded and many men work barefooted in the fields. Modern farm machinery is scorned, as are all other modern devices and luxuries. Opposed to automobiles, they travel in "Amish wagons."

Men wear drab gray garments and wide-brimmed, flat-crowned hats. Women's clothing is dull and dark, and large, black sun bonnets are the headdress.

Until their wedding day the men are clean shaven, then they let their whiskers grow, married men being distinguished by luxuriant beards.

It is almost a definition of a gentlemen to say he is one who never inflicts a pain. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward an enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.—Cardinal Newman.

A BIBLE FOR A SWORD

(New Chronicle)

During the war in South Africa between the British and the Dutch forty years ago, which we call the Boer war, one of the members of a Dutch command defending a draft, or ford, on the Modder River, saw an officer of the Lancers, a British regiment, fall. He took the sword from the dead man's hand and kept it as a prize of war.

Thirty years and more went by, and softer feelings came over Mr. Henry Horak, the Boer of the story. His people and the British had settled down together and were living in peace and friendship. As he looked at that sword he remembered that it belonged to a man who had never done him personally any injury. He remembered, too, that the dead British officer had probably had those in England whom he loved, and who loved him and mourned his early death on the field of battle. He did not like the thought of keeping as a trophy something that they might treasure in precious memory of the one they had lost. So the idea took root in his mind of returning it to the dead man's family, if he could trace them, or to the regiment to which he had belonged.

Accordingly he announced his desire, and by means of letters in an English newspaper it was discovered that the dead officer was Lieut. Hesketh. It happened most happily that a cousin of his was in South Africa at the time, and so it was arranged that he should go

to Mr. Horak's home and receive the sword.

But this is only the first part of a very interesting story. A lady in Salisbury read in the newspaper of what Mr. Horak had resolved to do, and thought how good and kind it was of him. She determined to follow his example, and at the same time show her appreciation by a personal reward to him. She also possessed something which came out of the war, and in this case something that had once belonged to a Boer family. It was an old Dutch Bible from a farmhouse in Cape Province that was burned by the British. This she sent back to Africa to be given to Mr. Horak in return for the sword.

It must have been a very impressive meeting at which the exchange took place. All the old feelings of hate were buried. There was sadness that the war had occurred and valuable lives had been lost, and joy in doing what these people could do, on one side and the other, to restore good will and brotherhood.

I should like to have been there and seen for myself exactly what happened. The Englishman, a stranger, a member of what had been an enemy race was received, not as a stranger, no longer as an enemy, but as a friend, with a warm handshake and a glad welcome. They said kind and gracious things to each other in honest, manly fashion. Then, reverently each brought his gift out and part-

ed with it, receiving the other in return. I think their eyes glistened as they looked each upon his new treasure.

What a good thing it would be if all the swords in the world could be exchanged for Bibles! They might be if men everywhere would believe the Bible and accept it.

And, indeed, it would be just an exchange of swords, as the exchange in South Africa really was; for the Bible itself is a sword—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," the weapon by which God's Spirit makes war on sin and wrong and unbelief and gains the victory over them.

CONCERNING GOOD MANNERS

Charles Lamb, Addison, Dean Swift and others, while writing of the "spectator" touched on the subject of good manners very frequently. The subject claimed the pen of many of the scientists also. We take it that way why so many have felt themselves constrained to deal with it because good manners is essentially a moral quality.

A man of good manners is unwilling to needlessly embarrass anyone. He has a high regard for the feelings of the most backward person in any company. He is willing to hear patiently the opinions of those from whom he differs very radically. And if in an argument with another, he must speak his own mind, he does it in terms of moderation and void of needless offense.

Of all the qualities that enter into good manners, such as education, association, personal contact with men and women, the most important is breeding. If good breeding is lacked, nothing else which one may have or acquire will take its place. No one has ever yet been able to instruct the monkey in the art of good manners.

And this leads to a story which runs as follows: A Jewish rabbi while riding on a street car, got up to give his seat to a lady but before she could sit down a dirty, half-grown urchin slipped into it and the old rabbi stood gazing arrows at the boy. "What's the matter, Mister? You look like you could eat me," the boy asked. The rabbi replied, "I could but I am a Jew."

The little urchin never saw the point and this leads to another story which runs as follows: A gentleman got up to give his seat to a lady on a crowded car and when he offered it to her she fainted. Finally when she came to she said to him, "I thank you," and then he fainted. We are not vouching for the truth of these stories but we are saying that men ought to exercise good manners.—The Alabama Baptist.

DANGER AT 19

(Selected)

If you think something shouldn't be done about the proper training of our young people, and that jobs shouldn't be secured for them, read the following from *The Rotarian Magazine*:

Seventeen . . . an age of cast perplexity and adolescent anarchy, but not a seriously dangerous age. Such is the burden of Booth Tarkington's much cherished novel *Seventeen*. But 19 is different. Nineteen is dangerous. And for that, the authority is not fiction—but statistics on crime. Nineteen-year-olds, says the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D. C., form the largest single age group of arrests each year.

The public knows that vaguely . . . but residents of Georgia recently turned their minds specifically upon a survey made for their Department of Public Welfare by the Works Progress Administration showed that the average age of admissions to the State penitentiary is 19. It revealed also that 58 per cent of the admissions were under 25 years of age, and of this group, half were under 21.

Why should youths barely old enough to start on their first jobs turn to crime? Perhaps that question answers itself. Most of them can't get that first job. Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam finds that the young person reacts in one of two ways to lack of opportunity to work. Either "he wants to fight

. . . simply rebels against the present setup," or he takes "an attitude of complete resignation." The fighter turns to crime, sabotage, violent actions of all sorts, alcohol, and dope. The resigner turns to the futile brooding. And the next result is a serious and usually permanent vitiation of youth's vital morale.

Now, the enlightened businessman can tell you quite a little—in nonacademic language, thank goodness—about crime and its causes and costs, and he usually concludes with that old chestnut about an ounce of prevention. He likes it, says that he finds it the best answer to date to the problem of crime. And so he makes a place in his shipping room for a poor lad the social worker told him about . . . campaigns for funds for the Boy Scout troop down in the slums, canvasses for Girl Scouts, and never denies an audience, at least, to a young person earnestly seeking a job. And he helps a dozen other agencies in the same way and in other ways.

Sometimes, like any other adult, he'd like to climb up on the roof and shout to all the young folks in the world, "For heaven's sake, be decent." But he knows what a ridiculous, what a pathetic figure he'd cut. And so, instead, he starts at home—to give young people there a respectable chance to be decent.

TOMMY SMELLED A RAT

By Miriam Vincel

That winter night Tommy and her dad, Dr. Thomas Grant, chief bacteriologist of the institute, were driving home after working late at the laboratory.

Tommy snuggled a bit closer to her dad, for a nippy wind was blowing off the snow-covered Sierras. She was really a pocket edition of her father, the same wavy brown hair and warm eyes, the same keen interest in "bugs;" and tonight, the same tired lines about the mouth.

Some day Thomasine meant to have her name printed on one of the doors of the institute; and as a start, after school hours, she'd go to the laboratory and wash test tubes and vials and clean rat cages for her dad and his assistant, Dr. John Brant.

Her dad was worried; out of their good companionship, he was telling his girl:

"You know, namesake, I'm sure that John and I are at last on the right track with our experiment. we've got something there! But it always happens, never seen it fail yet: we've used up our share of the appropriation. I've got to raise some money of my own to carry on because I'd hate to see our year's work wasted."

For long moments, Tommy watched the lights twinkling in the houses set against the hills. She was debating with herself, fiercely. When she'd won, her eyes were just as twinkly as the lights. She offered, "Dad, I've saved my wages. It's only fifty dollars and that won't help out much, but won't you use it? And in future

just give me your I. O. U's instead of cash."

Her dad patted her little gloved hand. He was grateful, but he refused. "I couldn't, Tommy. You've been saving for months to get fifty dollars. You want that microscope just as badly as I want to finish my experiment."

They drove along in silence, each with his own thoughts, till they turned into the fir-bordered avenue.

Tommy was a tomboy at heart for all her sixteen years. She confessed, "I can't think of anything right now except roast chicken and chocolate cake, but I'm sure we can work out a plan after our tummies are filled."

When they turned into their driveway, Tommy got out. She'd be warming their dinner while her dad put away the car.

Her mother heard the front door open and called, "Is that you, Thomasine? Is your father with you,"

"Hello, Mother," greeted Tommy, in her husky voice. "Save any cheese for your two starved rats? Where's Fern?"

"Sh-uu-uu!" her mother came hurrying into the hallway, a finger on her lips, fearful that Tommy would make a "break" "Fern has company. Cedric has waited to see your father on business. Come in, dear, and meet Mr. Cedric Ranskin."

Tommy didn't like him! Nor his patent leather hair parted in the middle, nor his plucked-eyebrow mustache, nor his fish-cold handshake. She liked him still less when she found out his business with her dad.

Cedric was a rising young real estate man. One of his wealthy clients wanted to buy the lodge and land that the Grants owned up at Big Bear Lake.

The two men talked for a time, then the doctor went to the door with Cedric. They shook hands cordially, and dad promised to think over the deal.

And after the company left, the Grants went into family conference in the kitchen.

Tommy knew the state of affairs: their property up at Big Bear was just an additional drain on the family purse. Her dad was too busy to take time off for fishing. Her mother had other interests. Fern had made her debut and was "doing" society. Only Tommy and her bunch week-ended up there. They'd spent glorious summer days on the lake; now it was a winter wonderland for skiing and skating.

Yet Tommy didn't want to be selfish. If her dad sold the place he'd have the money for his experiment. Thousands of little kiddies would have straight legs to run and to play because of the serum he could perfect.

Hardly tasting her dinner, Tommy was trying to see the real right way to act.

Fern filled their cups with hot chocolate. She was saying, "Mother is going up with about six of tomorrow. Cedric wants to see the place again. And I need to return some of my obligations."

"What time do we start?" Tommy wanted to know.

"We?" Fern echoed, not sure that she'd heard correctly. "We are not going! You haven't been invited,

Tommy. That's the most absurd idea I ever heard of."

"But if dad sells the place I won't get to go up again," Tommy pleaded her cause.

"I think it's a good idea, Fern," Dr. Grant entered the argument in his quiet way. "You must invite Tommy. That offer of Cedric's comes at a most opportune time. I'm meaning to take it. Don't be selfish, Fern. And, Mother, wouldn't Tommy be a help to you up there?"

Tommy gave her dad a big wink. "Have another piece of cake!" she insisted.

Before she was leaving for a party with Cedric, Fern came to Tommy's bedroom. Fern was lovely in her black velvet dress trimmed with white ermine at the neck and puffed sleeves, and a band of the soft fur as a halo to hold her golden curls in place.

She might have looked angelic, but her mood was earthly. "If you're bound to tag along tomorrow, you've got to act and look decent. You've got to get a new ski outfit, Tommy. Your old one is a fright, and your boots are so worn your toes stick out."

Tommy grinned up at her sister. "Don't you fret about me freezing my big toe, darling. I'll wear an extra pair of socks." She sobered, "Fern, you know I'm saving my money for a microscope."

"You make me so mad," Fern spoke between tight teeth. "I'll talk to mother. I'll have her tell you a thing or two about your manners. Tommy, you were positively catty to Cedric. I don't suppose you approve of him or any of my other friends."

"I promise not to scratch! I won't

worry you and your friends after we get to Big Bear. John and I'll have a good time—"

"John! Why, who said he was going! I didn't ask him." Fern tossed her curls defiantly. "He wouldn't care to come. He'd much rather be with his rats than with me."

"Why, Fern, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You and John are practically engaged. He's working hard, wants to be famous just for your sake. And you know it! John's one of the finest bacteriologist."

"All right, Johnny One Note!" Fern broke in sarcastically. "Don't harp on John, John! And you keep out of my affairs. Let John speak for himself!"

And she hurried away down the stairs for Cedric was ringing the front door bell.

A foot of new snow had fallen over Big Bear canyon. The boulders looked like igloos, the shrubs were roly-poly Eskimos. The lake was as smooth for skating, and the toboggan slide was as slick as though a dozen otters had been using it.

But Tommy wasn't out there; she was sitting droopy in the lodge, alone.

Some of the vacation spirit lingered in the room—a magazine off the rack, a gay scarf forgotten in a chair. The spruce log burning in the big fireplace gave the woodsy tang to the air. Thus was a livable room with its rustic furniture and thick Indian rugs.

Outwardly Tommy looked as cozy as a sleeping kitty before the fire. She was lying on the couch, pillow tucked under her head, sipping a cup of chocolate, a book beside her. But

a cat does have claws; and Tommy felt all "scratchy." The worst thing was there was nothing she could do to change things.

This last vacation here at Big Bear was a wash-out for her. She'd spent her microscope money for a new ski outfit—red flannel pants and jacket and a pair of boots. Those new boots had rubbed a blister on each heel as big as a silver dollar; they'd squeezed her feet till the circulation was cut off, and now Tommy really did have a frosted big toe!

Cedric liked the place and he was sure, after his report to his client, that Mr. Colman would be very satisfied. Mr. Colman was a busy mining engineer, and he was anxious for such a retreat. Tommy had gone through enough bad hours about giving up the place; she was having a headache about Cedric.

She'd read the signs; and it looked as though Cedric was going to be her brother-in-law. Last night after she and Fern had gone to bed, they'd talked long and sisterly. Cedric had worn his fraternity pin up to the lodge; and he'd lost it. Fern had hinted—she was awfully sorry afterwards—that maybe Tommy had something to do with that lost pin. She'd accused Tommy of not being sorry over the loss; and said that Tommy had not bothered to help search for it. And to be honest, Tommy hadn't! For, argued Tommy to herself, if that pin was lost how could Cedric give it to Fern?

"He had no business bringing it up here. The show-off! It would be all set with diamonds!" Tommy was thinking as she licked the marshmallow off the spoon.

To get her mind on more pleasant things, Tommy put the cup and saucer and spoon on the floor and picked up her book. She was re-reading for the 'steenth time her tumbled copy of *Microbe Hunters*. . .

Tommy saw him as he wiggled his whiskers in all directions and then came most cautiously across the floor. His black eyes stuck out so far they looked like pin heads in a cushion. He was the granddaddy of all the pack rats in Big Bear canyon.

Tommy didn't move lest she frighten him away.

He found a crumb of candy and he ate that; he hurried to the cup and saucer and helped himself to a drop of chocolate. Then he saw the bright spoon.

He balanced the spoon in his two front feet, caught it between his teeth, and then hopped like a kangaroo, he beat it to his escape hole, and out across the snow to his hidden treasure trove.

Tommy slipped her feet into her wooly house slippers and drew on a coat. She went as quickly as that rat, and she followed his tracks across the snow towards one of the sheds.

The tip of his tail gave away his retreat.

Tommy moaned to herself, "His nest would be under that stack of wood!"

But Tommy had a "hunch," and if a cord of wood had to be unstacked, she'd do it. The spruce logs were heavy, and as her fingers got cold it was hard to catch hold of them. Where the ax had halved the log, the splinters were sharp, and she got slivers in her hands. A dull ache set in between her shoulder blades be-

cause she wasn't used to this sort of work.

The worst part was her feet. The cold pricked her frosted toes and sent sharp pain up the calves of her legs.

"That rat's ears and whiskers!" vowed Tommy in exasperation. She'd heaved a whole rick of wood to one side. "He's got a real hiding place for his treasures! His nest in under the shed."

Tommy opened the shed door and hunted around among the tools till she found a crowbar to pry up a plank.

She tried to estimate just about where that nest would be. "I sure hope Fern doesn't come along about now. She'd find it awfully amusing to tell her friends that her kid sister was playing *Alice-Going-Down-the-Rabbit-Hole*."

That rat had made himself a snug and warm home for the winter out of horse hair and spider web and moss. He was crouching, all hunched in a ball, when Tommy lifted the board. And when she stooped, he shot out of that nest faster than a cannon ball.

Tommy hated to scare him out of a year's growth like that, but she knew he'd come back as soon as she left.

Aad her hunch was correct!

There was a litter of bright trinkets—a ball of silver wrapping paper from chewing gum, a red sweater button, a broken piece of pearl from a pocket knife handle, a yellow bone, the newly-acquired spoon, and Cedric's fraternity pin.

Tommy's eyes got bigger and stuck out farther than the pack rat's. She'd seen something else in that nest that took her breath.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" gasped Tommy, as she wrapped her own find

in her handkerchief and put it into her jacket pocket.

Then straightening the nest and nailing down the floor board, Tommy went back to the living room and piled up on the couch.

At their home in the city, Cedric was having dinner with the Grant family. He was all gracious affability. He'd seen Mr. Colman and his client was pleased to buy the lodge and grounds. Fern was smiling sweetly at Cedric. Mrs. Grant thanked him for being so kind as to push through the deal without worrying the doctor over the details.

Tommy took another helping of roast chicken. She didn't say anything!

After the maid served coffee in the living room, Dr. Grant excused himself for rushing away from such pleasant company. He had to go back to the laboratory, for he was at a delicate point in his experiment. If Cedric had brought the papers, he'd like to sign them now.

Cedric had brought them! He was taking them from his brief case.

"But those aren't the papers you want to sign, Dad," Tommy interrupted. She got out some papers of her own, and put them on the table beside Cedric's.

She smiled in return to Cedric's glare.

"You see, Dad," Tommy explained, "I found some gold nuggets in that rat nest. John and I had them assayed. The assayer is quite sure the vein will mine around thirty dollars a ton. When spring comes it will be quite simple for a trained geologist to locate the deposit. That rat could-

n't have carried the nuggets very far from the vein. Perhaps Cedric's client will buy—and pay for—the mineral rights."

While her dad and mother read the assay report, Tommy had a few words for that might-have-been brother-in-law of hers. "Now that you've tried the other, you'll realize that honesty is the better policy. Mr. Colman told John that he knew of that gold deposit. You knew it was there, also for he'd told you! You were sort of ratty to use Fern's friendship to help your own interest."

Later that night Fern was just returning from a date. She saw a light-beam under Tommy's door, and opened it. "May I come in a minute, sis?" she whispered.

On Tommy's table was the microscope. A present from her father! Tommy was having a glorious time looking at the set of slides.

"You know, Fern," Tommy chuckled, "I sort of upset a scientific truth. When you look through this glass things always get big. But when I turned my microscope eye on Cedric why he got smaller!"

Fern was standing back of Tommy's chair and she put her arms about Tommy's neck.

"Look—"

She was wearing a diamond ring on her third finger, and she confessed with a pertty blush, "John spoke for himself!"

Bending she kissed the top of Tommy's head. "Whenever you and your bunch want to go to the lodge, John and I'd like to be asked to chaperon."

INSTITUTION NOTES

The heating unit at our textile plant, consisting of boiler and seven blower type radiators, has been installed and is working nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scarboro, cottage officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 6, are enjoying a ten days' auto trip to Florida.

Frank Crawford, of Cottage No. 3, had the misfortune to fall and fracture his left arm while playing recently. The injured member was treated by Dr. King, the School's physician, and is getting along well.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" was the feature attraction at our weekly motion picture show last Thursday night. The boys were delighted with Ronald Coleman's acting in this picture. This is a United Artists picture and is one of the best shown at the School this winter. A Mickey Mouse comedy was another feature on this program.

Garrett Bishop, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School July, 6 1938, was a visitor here the other day. Upon leaving the institution, Garrett went to live with a brother in New York City, and is still located there. He is employed in a machine shop and reports that he is getting along very

nicely. His brother, who accompanied him on this visit, stated that in addition to working steadily, Garrett has been very active in athletics, taking part in various games in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium near his home.

Mr. Henry Keck, of Syracuse, N. Y., was a visitor at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. He is the proprietor of a stained glass studio and is making a trip through the Southern states in the interest of that business. His journey took him right past the School and, being very much interested in any kind of work that has to do with the welfare of boys, Mr. Keck said that he just had to stop in and look over the institution. After visiting several departments, our visitor stated that he believed it was the best school of its kind he had ever visited.

Sim Sanford, who came to us from Greensboro and was allowed to leave the School, March 21, 1931, called on friends here one day last week. He is now twenty-three years old and lives in Durham. Sim stated that he had been engaged in electrical work practically ever since leaving the School. He is now employed by the Bryant Electrical Company, High Point, and at present is in Concord, where he is doing some work at the Concord Knitting Mill and the new Paramount Theatre. Sim, who has the appearance of being a very substantial citizen, told us that he had not been in

any kind of trouble since leaving the institution. Reports coming to the School from time to time confirm that statement. This young man seemed to be very glad to meet old acquaintances here, and they were delighted to know that he has done so well since returning to his home.

Having made good records during their stay at the School, twenty-seven boys have been allowed to return to their homes or other placements made since January 1, 1939. They are as follows: William Pitts, Thomasville; Ralph Webb, Asheville; William Downes, Wilmington; Ralph Carver, High Point; Cleo King, Hemp; H. C. Oldham, Greensboro; Joseph Hyde, Swain County; Harry Connell, Concord; Gladston Carter, Charlotte; Robert Watts, Polkton; Joseph D. Corn and Leonard Watson, Catawba County; James West, Kings Mountain; Allen Honeycutt, Mooresville; Harry Leagon, Gastonia; Clerge Robinette, Mooresville; Archie Castlebury, R. L. Young and Ernest Davis, Wake County; James M. Hare; Raleigh; Paul Ruff and Van Martin, Rutherfordton; Vernon Johnson, Burlington; Leonard Buntin, Wilson; James Howard, Thomaston, Ga.; R. V. Wells, Brass-town; Ned Waldrop, Rutherfordton.

Bishop Penick Visits School

Rev. I Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and the reading of the Scripture

Lesson, the boys recited the 100th Psalm, after which a group of about thirty-five boys, under the direction of Mrs. George L. Barrier, sang "Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed."

Rev. Mr. Hughes then introduced the Rt. Rev. Edwin A. Penick, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, as the guest speaker of the afternoon, who addressed the boys on "Faith."

Before beginning his most inspiring address, Bishop Penick stated that just a few years ago he lived in Charlotte and often passed the School, and that he never failed to receive a cheerful wave of the hand from youngsters working or playing along the highway. He said he considered them the friendliest group of boys in North Carolina, and the thought came to him that he would like to speak to them some time, and was very happy on this occasion that his ambition had been realized. The Bishop also said he had often been told the Training School lads were fine singers, therefore he had expected to hear some fairly good singing, but nothing like the singing heard here last Sunday afternoon, and he heartily congratulated them on their ability along that line, saying he expected to remember their singing long after they had forgotten what he had to say to them.

Faith, said Bishop Penick, is the most important thing a man or woman can have, and told the following story: Last summer he visited a cousin in Virginia, who took him to his boyhood home. Near the ruins of the old house which had been destroyed by fire, this cousin showed him where he made his first invention, which was used by his grandmother, who was blind. An old spring was located be-

low the house, and this old lady loved to visit this cool spot. The path leading to the spring was very steep, and in order to assist his grandmother in making the trip safely, the lad tied a stout string to the back porch, fastening the other end to a tree near the spring. At various rough spots along the way the boy tied knots in the cord and when the grandmother, groping her way along, would feel the knots, she knew they marked dangerous places, and very carefully crossed over them. That string, said Bishop Penick, gave the old lady faith to make the trip, and by that faith in those little knots placed there by a loving grand-son, she was able to do so in safety.

There is nothing more important in life than faith, continued the speaker. It is something we must have an attitude toward. It is real, and we must have it or not have anything to do with it.

Bishop Penick then told the story of the Battle of the Alamo, in the War with Mexico. Col. Travis, officer in charge of the United States forces, together with just a few hundred men, were surrounded by several thousand Mexicans, under Santa Anna, who were expected to attack at any minute. Calling his men to him, the colonel drew a line across the yard with his sword. He told them they had no chance in the coming battle, and, if any of them thought it their duty to step across that line and leave the fort, they were at liberty to do so. One man stepped over, was given permission to leave, and was never heard of again. Santa Anna attacked. The 180 men fought against overwhelming odds and died; officers were captured and executed. They had faith in the cause for which they were fighting,

and gave their lives in an attempt to bring about its success. We cannot straddle the line of faith, said the speaker, but must place ourselves on one side or the other.

Suppose we have faith, what good does it do? asked the Bishop. It holds us right to the line of duty. There are times when we want to do something and try to pass our faith on to someone else, but that is impossible. It is something that cannot be transferred to another. He then cited an occasion where a group of men, adrift at sea in an open boat, tried this. It was dark. They had a lamp and just one match. Their only hope of being picked up was to light that lamp. One man started to strike the match, but lost his nerve or faith in his ability to do so, and passed it over to another; he, too, lost his nerve, as did the others, and the match was returned to the first man, who lighted the lamp and they were saved.

That is the way of responsibility in life, said the speaker. We may pass it up at first but it always comes back to us. If we are going to have faith we must take chances. The Christian life is full of courageous men and women. When we see a "safety-first" Christian, he is not worthy of the name. There is a lot of uncertainty about life, but the Christian lives his life unafraid. His faith keeps up his courage to face any obstacle. The future is unknown to him, but faith in God will give him power to face it bravely.

The Bishop then stated that faith will make us obey. About the hardest thing in life is to obey orders, but if we have faith, obedience just takes its natural place in our lives. He then told briefly the story of the great

ship "Titanic." In 1912 this huge ship was launched. It was so large the builders thought it could not be destroyed, but it struck an iceberg and was lost. If we should go along that same shipping lane today, we would see a great white ship, officered by men who have authority over all ships in the world, by international agreement. No vessel is allowed within sixty miles of the southernmost iceberg. They all obey the captain of that one white ship, and by reason of this obedience, not a single vessel has struck an iceberg since the Titanic disaster.

In conclusion, Bishop Penick told the boys if they wanted to avoid disaster in life, the finest thing for them was to have faith in God and learn to

obey His will. He urged them to have nerve enough to do things for God, saying if they followed this plan through life they could then feel they had not lived in vain. His parting word to them was that as they live and grow into manhood, his prayer was that they might never lose faith in God.

Both the officials and boys of the Training School feel that it was a rare privilege to have had Bishop Penick present on this occasion, and wish to take this opportunity to express their gratitude for the splendid message he brought to the boys, assuring him at the same time, a most cordial welcome whenever he may find it convenient to visit the School in the future.

A PARTY FOR BIRDS

Go to the butcher shop and buy pieces of suet. Then tie bits of string about the suet and hang them in a tree or bush in the back yard. Strew some shelled corn on the ground, or, better still, fasten a small bucket or basket in the tree or bush, in which scatter a quantity of the shelled corn.

It will seem that all the birds in the world (though, of course, there will not be half that many there) have come to the party. They will peck at the suet, which they like so well, and in no time will gobble up all of the corn.

Try giving such a party this year, and you will be delighted to see the birds' joy. And then continue this occasionally during the long, snowy, wintry days, when the birds are so dependent upon such kindness.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending January 29, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (10) Clyde Gray 10
- (10) Gilbert Hogan 10
- (10) Leon Hollifield 10
- (10) Edward Johnson 10
- (10) James Kissiah 10
- (10) Edward Lucas 10
- (9) Robert Maples 9
- (9) C. L. Snuggs 9

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Rex Allred 9
- (2) Henry Cowan 8
- William Freeman
- Edgar Harrellson 6
- Porter Holder 5
- Horace Journigan 5
- Howard Roberts 7
- Lee Watkins 3
- Frank Walker 4
- William Whittington

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 2
- Arthur Craft 2
- Samuel Ennis 4
- Floyd Lane 2
- Clifton Mabry 3
- Fernie Medlin 3
- Oscar Roland 5
- Landreth Sims 2
- Nick Rochester 6
- Brooks Young 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Robert Atwell 4
- James C. Cox 7
- Harold Dodd 3
- (3) Coolidge Green 6
- Arthur Lamar 4
- F. E. Mickle 4
- (3) Douglas Matthews 8
- (10) William McRary 10
- Warner Peach 6
- (4) John C. Robertson 7
- (5) Kenneth Raby 9
- (9) Earl Weeks 9

- (5) Jerome Wiggins 8

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Broome 4
- William Cherry 2
- (2) Lewis Donaldson 7
- (4) James Hancock 7
- James Land 5
- Ivan Morrozoff 6
- (3) George Newman 8
- Forrest Plott 2
- Leo Ward 8
- (4) Melvin Walters 9
- (10) James Wilhite 10
- Samuel Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Grady Allen 6
- Grover Gibby
- William Kirksey 5
- Richard Starnes 2
- (5) Hubert Walker 7
- (7) Dewey Ware 9
- (2) George Wright 5

COTTAGE No. 6

- (3) Edward Batten 5
- (4) Robert Bryson 8
- (2) Robert Dunning 5
- (2) Thomas Hamilton 5
- (3) Clinton Keen 6
- (3) Spencer Lane 6
- Randall D. Peeler 4
- Joseph Sanford 2
- Jack Sutherland
- Joseph Tucker 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 4
- William Beach 7
- John Deaton 6
- William Estes 9
- George Green 6
- Lacy Green 3
- Blaine Griffn 8
- Caleb Hill 8
- Hugh Johnson 7

Lyman Johnson
 Edward Moore 6
 Earthy Strickland 9
 Graham Sykes 3
 William Tester 8
 Joseph Wheeler 3
 Edward Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

- Lewis H. Baker 3
 Howard Baheeler 2
 Donald Britt 5
 (10) J. B. Devlin 10
 Clyde Hillard 3
 Edward McCain 10
 Cicero Outlaw 5
 John Penninger 9
 John Tolbert 4

COTTAGE No. 9

- James Bunnell 5
 (4) James Butler 5
 Clifton Butler
 Carol Clark 6
 (7) James Coleman 8
 Wilbur Hardin 6
 (3) Mark Jones 4
 (3) Harold O'Dear 6
 Lonnie Roberts 4
 (4) Eugene Presnell 8
 (4) Preston Winbourne 6
 (9) Thomas Wilson 9
 (9) Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Matthew Duffy 3
 (3) Elbert Head 6
 (2) J. D. Hildreth 5
 (2) Vernon Lamb 5
 Felix Littlejohn 3
 Jack Norris 4
 William Peeden 3
 (2) James Penland 5
 (2) Oscar Smith 6

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) Harold Bryson 4
 Joseph Christine
 (6) Julius Fagg 7
 (10) Baxter Foster 10
 Albert Goodman 3
 (10) Earl Hildreth 10
 (10) Clyde Hoppes 10
 Paul Mullis 2
 Calvin McCoyle 2
 (5) Edward Murray 9
 (5) Julius Stevens 9
 (2) Thomas Shaw 8

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Odell Almond 3
 (3) Burl Allen 7
 (3) Ben Cooper 3
 (3) William C. Davis 5
 (3) William Deaton 3
 (3) James Elders 6
 (3) Max Eaker 7
 (3) Joseph Hall 5
 (3) Everett Hackler 5
 (4) Charlton Henry 7
 (3) Frank Hensley 6
 (4) Hubert Holloway 7
 (10) Thomas Knight 10
 (3) Tillman Lyles 6
 William Powell 4
 (3) Howard Sanders 6
 (6) Carl Singletary 9
 (6) Avery Smith 8
 (3) William Trantham 6
 (3) George Tolson 5
 (3) Leonard Wood 6
 (3) J. R. Whitman 7
 (3) Ross Young 7

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Jack Foster 8
 William Griffin 7
 (2) Douglas Mabry 6
 (2) Thomas R. Pitman 9
 (2) Alexander Woody 9

COTTAGE No. 14

- (8) Claude Ashe 8
 Raymond Andrews 5
 (8) Clyde Barnwell 9
 Monte Beck 5
 (8) Delphus Dennis 9
 (8) Audie Farthing 9
 (2) David Hensley 4
 Marvin King 7
 (10) James Kirk 10
 Henry McGraw 6
 (6) Fred McGlammery 8
 Troy Powell 6
 (3) Paul Shipes 6
 (2) John Robbins 5
 (3) Harold Thomas 4
 (2) Harold Todd 5
 (3) Garfield Walker 4
 (4) Jones Watson 7

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Howard Bobbitt 5
 (8) Clifton Davis 4
 Clarence Gates 6
 Albert Hayes 6
 (10) Beamon Heath 10

- L. M. Hardison 7
 (2) James McGinnis 8
 (10) Rowland Ruffy 10
 (3) Brown Stanley 5
 (2) George Worley 5
 (3) Arvel Ward 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

- James Chavis 3
 (3) Reefer Cummings 5
 (2) Early Oxendine 5
 (2) Thomas Oxendine 5
 Filmore Oliver 6
 Curley Smith 6

 FEATHER BEDS

Blown from what dim past into modern ken were two "feather beds" sold in a New York auction room a few days ago? They came from storage, was all the auctioneer knew. Was their original habitat a New England or Long Island Farm house? For what tousled-haired children may they have been warm, downy nests in winter nights of yesteryear? Or did they spend most of their lives in the neat idleness of the "spare room," closed in winter—and most other seasons—and nearly as cold as Antartica from December till spring?

Of course, a "feather bed" wasn't really a feathered bed at all—or even a bed. It was a tick filled with feathers and was superimposed on another one stuffed with straw or corn husks in many a farm house that boys of earlier—and even the last—generation knew. Nothing softer or warmer can be recalled, especially on nights when the winds of winter whined around the house. It kept a boy snug and warm all night in his upstairs chamber even if the fire in the sitting room stove downstairs went out in spite of all the birch and maple chunks crammed into it at bedtime.

In the morning he was likely to be awakened by the clatter downstairs when father got up at daybreak to build the fire again. It wasn't long before the heat began to rise in the stove-pipe than ran through your room into the chimney, but until it did you burrowed deeper down into the feathers and pulled the patch-work quilts and comfortables up under your chin. It took courage even when mother rapped on the pipe downstairs and called, "Breakfast—your room must be warmed up by now," to throw off the comforting covers and bounce out on the cold floor. But the aroma of bacon or sage-seasoned sausage wafted from the kitchen expedited dressing and in a jiffy you were ready to thump down the stairs, carrying the kerosene lamp that had lighted you to bed.

Modern mattresses didn't come till later, but none will ever lull a tired boy or grown-up to sleep quicker.—Selected.

Back Again!

You can travel
anywhere..any
day... on the
SOUTHERN
in coaches at..

1 1/2¢
Per Mile
for each mile traveled

Round Trip Tickets

2 1/2¢

Good in Sleeping and Parlor
Cars on payment of proper
charges for space occupied.

PER MILE → FOR EACH MILE TRAVELED

One Way Tickets

3¢

Good in Sleeping and Parlor
Cars on payment of proper
charges for space occupied.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 11, 1939

No. 6

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AMBITION

No boy needs to be told of the hardships that Lincoln endured; that is common knowledge. But the great idea through all his life was the fact that he made the best of his opportunities and surmounted difficulties by honest and conscientious work. Any boy will profit by taking the great emancipator as an example.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

ABRAHAM LINCOLN STORIES

"That's like a lazy preacher," Lincoln drawled. "He used to write terrible long sermons, in fact, when he once got started to write he was too lazy to stop."

Regarding a family who were continually moving: "It was said that the chickens of the family got so used to moving that whenever they saw the wagon-sheets brought out they laid themselves on their backs and crossed their legs, ready to be tied."

When Lincoln ran first for the legislature, it was against a prosperous individual, who had recently equipped his home with lightning-rods, then new. This man, in a speech, said that he felt sure the voters would not throw him over for this unknown man, Lincoln. Lincoln answered, "You don't know much about me, but be sure there is nothing in my character that makes it necessary to put on my house a lightning-rod to save me from the just vengeance of Almighty God."

In the Illinois legislature, an obstreperous member made it a point to object to every measure on the grounds of its "constitutionality." He objected to a proposed bill of Lincoln's. In answering, Lincoln said that this objector reminded him of another old man, who went to his door to shoot at a squirrel. This old fellow was usually a good shot, but in this instance he kept continuously missing. Then he called to his grandson, and said, "What's the matter with this gun?" "Gun's alright," answered the boy, "It's your eyes, you've been firing at a gnat on your eyebrow."

Lincoln was once fined by a judge, as he made the clerk laugh out in court. Said the judge, "This must be stopped, Mr. Lincoln. You are constantly disturbing this court with your stories. I fine you \$5." The judge then called Lincoln to the bench and said, "I remit your fine, what was that story?"

DEATH OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL

At Morganton, N. C., in the early hours of the morning of the 27th, the Death Angel, with his finger, touched Mrs. T. G. Cobb, 72, and beckoned her to the eternal mansions, beyond the skies, to enter into the joys of her Lord whom she served so long and so faithfully, with calm resignation she answered the summons.

Mrs. Cobb was the widow of the late Theodore Gettys Cobb, newspaper publisher, and mother of Miss Beatrice Cobb, publisher of the Morganton News-Herald, secretary of the N. C. Press Association, and National Democratic committee woman from North Carolina, as well as five other praiseworthy daughters, who survive and mourn their irreparable loss, of "Mother!"

Mrs. Cobb's life was a life of service. She was a leader in the religious, social and civic activities of Morganton. Her heart was sweet with kindness, and filled with humane acts. She radiated cheer and sunshine, and like the blessed Saviour she so earnestly followed. "went about doing good." To those she left to weep, and who loiter along the shore of time, vainly peering over the wide expanse for some returning sail, she has left the example of a life well spent, the ennobling memory of one whose every deed was rounded out by justice and love, and infinite kindness for humanity.

May the departed spirit find a sweet repose in the haven of rest not made by man but which abideth forever in the eternal heavens, and may the influence of her Christian and simple faith live to permeate the lives of generations yet to follow.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

LINCOLN MEMORIAL GARDEN

There is neither a state nor community without some kind of a marker, or memorial to commemorate the outstanding accomplishments of the citizenship. There are times perhaps when the memorial carries small significance, but let that be as it may, there will continue to be memorials.

Usually the memorials are shafts of granite, buildings or something, but one of the most unique memorials has been worked out by the citizens of Springfield, Illinois. These patriotic citizens have memorialized the sixteenth president of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, by setting aside sixty acres of ground, skirting Lake Springfield to be a vision of perpetual beauty with flowering shrubs, trees and a variety of colorful flowers.

This is a unique idea, and in the words of Keats, the poet, it will be a "thing of beauty", and all people will enjoy the same. Planting began in the "Lincoln Memorial Garden" last year, and the dedicatory exercises took place early in last October. The reason

given for establishing this unique memorial is expressed as follows:

“Many of the fine classical monuments built to Lincoln in the past present him in a war-time spirit. Today, however, we think of Lincoln in terms of peacefulness, gentleness, humanity.” To others the memorial is suggestive of the capacity for growth which Lincoln himself so significantly possessed—that steady development from the crude backwoodsman to the heights of statesmanship and humanity. Somehow, the growing garden is a more suggestive memorial than arid structures of granite and marble.

* * * * *

A SPLENDID RECOGNITION

We were surprised when the certificate was received, showing that “The Uplift” was given “Honor Rating” at the National Press contest recently held at the University of Illinois, but none the less we are very appreciative. Timely, therefore, is it to state that the boys of the Jackson Training School, who operate the linotype, play a conspicuous part in putting out this neat little magazine, the official organ of the Jackson Training School.

The comments of the Durham Messenger are as follows:

The Publishers’ Auxiliary, of Chicago publishes the result of the National Press contest recently held at the University of Illinois, in which over 300 daily and weekly newspapers from all over the country were entered. We notice that North Carolina figured in this contest. While the Carolinas did not capture any of the prizes Honor Rating was given the News Herald of Morganton, N. C.; The Durham Messenger of Durham, N. C.; and The Uplift of the Jackson Training School of Concord, N. C. Glad to see our North Carolina Journals thus recognized in such a distinguished contest.

* * * * *

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is a love of country, and should be cultivated by every one as well as a religious patriotism to the Creator of the universe.

Nothing of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounters with difficulty, which we call effort, and it is

astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are made possible.

In January we turn in grateful memory to two Southern heroes, Lee and Jackson, and love to dwell upon their Christian characters, and they are an inspiration to the young men of today.

In February, in a like manner, we part the curtain of our memory on Washington, Lincoln, Susan B. Anthony, and many others. No formal celebration of the birthdays of these people, and others of history who have passed, can take the place of a sense of companionship with them which every child may acquire from wide and careful reading. A life story speaks directly to other lives. We gather strength from reading of the struggles and achievements of others.

The young Lincoln was profoundly influenced by a meager account of the life of Washington, which fell into his hands. What may not be expected from the children of today if they learn to enjoy the great wealth of material now available on our American patriots?

—J. A. R.

* * * * *

MR. CORRIGAN SMALL FRY

Considerable has been said and written in recent months about an aviator who started from New York for Los Angeles and landed in Ireland. We thought that quite an exploit until a few days ago, when we found a record that made Mr. Corrigan small fry. One of Carveth Wells' books is our authority for the statement that Sir Francis Drake, of gallant memory and of great service to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, put out to sea to land in Alexandria, Egypt, and came ashore finally on the coast of California. It was a profitable error; en route he "fell in" with Spanish vessels bearing Inca gold from Peru to Madrid and was able to give her Majesty Elizabeth on an investment of \$6,000 a profit of 5,000 per cent. The admiral's personal reward was "a quarter of a million dollars" and more opportunities.

Incidentally, the story of the landing of the English in Drake Bay, California, may provide a clue to the origin of long after dinner speeches. Mr. Wells writes: "The landing of Drake in California was very much like that of Columbus in San Salvador, for the Indians had never seen a white man before and regarded Drake as a mes-

senger from heaven. After prostrating themselves before him, the leader of the Indians proceeded to deliver a long lecture accompanied by vigorous gestures and, according to the ancient chronicler, "these people appear to be much addicted to long, tedious orations." Wells thinks this may have been the origin of the Chautaugua lecturer. Well, Chautaugua is an Indian name, is it not?—Selected.

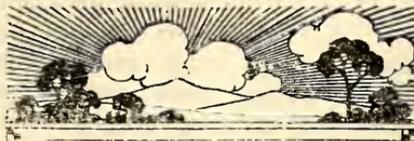
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LEARN TO SAY, "I DON'T KNOW"

To hear the expression, "I don't know," is indeed rare. It is truly astonishing, the large number of men who consider themselves thoroughly competent to enlighten another on any subject under the sun. It is possible to receive a positive answer on any question, ranging from economics to astronomy.

This habit of positiveness, which some of us have cultivated, has the true flavor of ignorance, for if one is always certain, he is usually wrong. Humbugs, imposters, frauds, and sciolists never hesitate; but when we talk to men of genuine learning, mature experience, and thorough culture, the thing that strikes us most in them is their child-like modesty.

When once we have learned that it is a sure sign of wisdom to say, "We do not know," as to say, "We do know;" when we have learned that it is pretense, and not ignorance, that is shameful; when we want to be esteemed for nothing except what we really are, and to hate nothing so much as to be praised for what we are not; then we can be at ease in any company; everybody will enjoy us.—Selected.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

WRITE YOUR OWN STORY

"Has anybody told you that every thought you think

Makes lines just like the little lines you write with pen and ink?

That thoughts of anger, fear, or hate will spoil the prettiest face

By making ugly little lines which nothing can erase?"

Many a man takes more delight in paying compliments than he does in paying debts.

Have you ever thought of it? Many a man's popularity is due to what he doesn't say.

In this life you will seldom have any trouble in finding trouble. But it is a thankless task hunting for it.

I have noticed that love oftentimes goes where it is sent; but sometimes it isn't sent where it goes.

When a man marries for money, nine times out of ten, he does not get it. But when a woman marries for spite, she gets it.

If you want to know how little some people know, put them on the witness stand. They seem to forget what they really do know.

If you have never tried it, learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep our own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills

and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bed-ridden invalid, there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself.

I have received from the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, one of the most interesting and inspiring pieces of literature ever sent out by the training school for wayward boys. It is entitled, "Record of Paroled Boys; The Story of Work Accomplished on the Modern 'Road to Jericho.'" The light shining on this rescue work is as bright as that light that halted Saul on his journey to Damascus, and just as effective. The booklet records the doings of five hundred and thirty-three boys, who have been paroled since the year 1921 down through the decades to the present year. If any one of those boys have brought shame upon themselves and the institution that started them in the way of correct living, they are not recorded. That is a sterling example of what this Training School is doing for the thoughtless, wayward youths of our State. Among these boys, now occupying high places and positions in the business world, are some mighty fine characters, saved from the worldly maelstrom of sin, vice and untimely deaths. More power and success to its right arm of pursuit well done!

Globe trotters tell me that America is going at high tension. There can be no doubt about that in spending.

The "I can" of youth is typical of the nation. We are on the way and we want to get there. In succession we have had many a mania. America has had a lot of manias that worked to her detriment, and now we see the folly of it all. In the past we plodded too slowly. Now we resort to radio and airplanes. We can't wait. We must get there almost before we start. If we can't increase speed, we juggle with daylight. Take off one hour at one end and put it on the other. Then we wonder why so many people die with heart failure.

We must undertake **big things** instantly, and accomplish them before we can see how they will turn out. The strain is getting too great for human endurance. If speed means civilization we must be near to the graduating point. And man tries to keep up with the speed any one else sets. The fit keep the pace. Those who have any sort of handicap are almost sure to be over-taxed in the rush for speed. Most people can keep up for a time. It's the everlasting beating your own record that kills.

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
 A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
 Give us all in th' struggle an' splutter
 Our daily bread an' a bit o' butter;
 Give us health, our keep to make
 An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
 Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
 An' a heart to feel for all that suffers;
 Give us, too, a bit of a song,
 An' a tale, an' a book to help us along,
 An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
 That we may prove how grief's a blessin'
 Give us, Lord, a chance to be
 Our goodly best, brave, wise an' free,
 Our goodly best for ourself, and others,
 'Till all men learn to live as brothers.

—Selected.

"THAT SPEECH WON'T SCOUR"

(Selected)

Alone in his office, his sad eyes gazing through the window across the historic Potomac, Abraham Lincoln looked up with a start as Joseph Holt, judge advocate general of the War Department, opened the door to the White House office one pleasant morning during the early days of November 1863. Lincoln had been in deep meditation.

"This is a brilliant morning, Mr. President," said General Holt. "We should enjoy the invigorating air of these balmy days."

It was the custom of Lincoln to greet officials by only the last name. "Ah, Holt," he said, "I trust many people find enjoyment in it, but it does not help me much in in this time of cruel war. God grant that this struggle may soon be over, and that our country will then enjoy lasting peace."

Lincoln seated himself in his desk chair, and picked up a letter he had just received from David Wills, secretary of the Gettysburg Battlefield Association, organized after the decisive battle fought on the first three days of July preceeding. The letter stated that Edward Everett of Massachusetts had been selected to deliver the oration at the consecration services to be observed November 19. "In behalf of the Association," Lincoln read aloud, "I am requested to invite you to be present and make a few remarks."

"Now, Holt," continued Lincoln, "it strikes me that I might be able to make a short speech on that occasion, but how can I make remarks?" draw-

ing out each syllable with his own peculiar tone of voice. A week later, when Judge Holt called again at the White House, Lincoln read to him some notes which he had made on the "remarks" he expected to deliver at Gettysburg.

Shortly before the trip to Gettysburg, Lincoln met Major Lamon, a former law partner in Springfield, Illinois, whom he had appointed marshal of the District of Columbia. Lincoln pulled a small roll of foolscap paper from his high silk hat and read his notes to Lamon.

On November 18th President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and a delegation left Washington for Gettysburg. When the train crossed the boundary of Maryland and Pennsylvania, Lincoln's attention was called to one of the milestones erected in 1767, to mark what became known to history as Mason and Dixon's Line. As this was the boundary between the slave and free states, Lincoln looked with intense interest at the landmark, but never spoke a word.

The President retired to his room at the residence of David Wills, Center Square and York Street, and spent an hour revising his speech. Suddenly he walked to the door. "Guard," he said, "I want to see Seward; he is stopping around the corner." Lincoln donned a coat and cap, and the two made their way to the street. The streets were crowded, and it was difficult to pass. "Corporal," exclaimed Lincoln, "I'll take hold of your wamumus (a term used in Illinois for a sack coat) and we will get through." Few

people knew that the guard was escorting the President.

The next day President Lincoln rode on horseback to the large platform erected in the cemetery for the ceremonies. Senator Everett was given a seat in the center, and President Lincoln sat at his right. Everett spoke for a solid hour. His reputation as an orator was known throughout the country, but the vast audience became restless before he finished.

When Lincoln began to speak the people pressed forward to hear him. This caused such confusion that only a few could understand the first half of his speech. He spoke slowly, nodding his head as he tried to give force to his expressions. After the people became quiet, his voice carried forcefully to the whole audience. The speech lasted only five minutes, but it affected the hearers like a sermon. Applause seemed to be out of harmony, and there was little of it.

President Lincoln was congratulated by Senator Everett. Then turning to Lamon, Lincoln said, "Lamon, that speech won't scour." He was so vexed that he did not furnish the newspapers with a copy of his speech, and the reports of it were very imperfect. Later, Lincoln wrote a transcript of the speech, in response to which Senator Everett wrote to Lincoln: "Your speech at Gettysburg will be remembered long after mine has been forgotten."

The following is a literal transcript of the speech as Lincoln himself wrote it:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It is much easier to be wise for others than to apply that wisdom to our own actions.—Selected.

LINCOLN BEYOND THE BORDER

By W. J. Banks

Certain men belong to all mankind. Though the nations which were the scene of their birth and career naturally call them their own and honor them in a special way, the whole world with equal justification feels akin to them. The genius of William Shakespeare has not inspired the English alone, nor has Louis Pasteur saved the lives of Frenchmen only. And high among the names of these figures who are too great to be confined within a nation's frontiers stands that of Abraham Lincoln.

At least, that is the way that the average Canadian feels about it. The citizen of the Dominion has a unique opportunity to judge American public men. The close economic relationship and similarity of life in the two countries give him a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the neighboring republic's internal affairs, as well as an understanding of the American viewpoint. Yet he is free to form judgments without partisan or sectional prejudice.

And the personality of Lincoln was enshrined in the Canadian hearts even before his death. It was, of course, in the role of emancipator of the slaves rather than that of savior of the Union that he most appealed to the imagination of the folk north of the border. But it would be difficult to find a finer tribute to Lincoln's character than the respect and even affection which Canada gave him during the 1860's. For during that entire period the country of which he was the head was involved in a series of incidents which frequently threatened to bring about

war with Great Britain. And Canada was haunted by the fear of invasion.

Some of the hostility felt by many in the northern states against Great Britain was directly inevitably against Canada as well. (For convenience the term "Canada" is used here as including Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, though the maritime provinces did not federate with Canada proper until 1867.) This hostility was intensified later in the war when Confederate raids against Northern states were organized in Canada, though there is no evidence that the provincial authorities knew of the preparations, and though they cooperated in suppressing the incursions.

In fact public opinion in Canada was overwhelmingly behind the North, or at least behind Lincoln and his emancipation policy. Upper Canada especially hated the institution of slavery, and had been the first civilized community other than Denmark to legislate against it. Many fugitive negroes had found freedom on Canadian soil, which they had reached via the the famous "underground" routes. Only a small minority of ultra-Tories in Canada favored the Confederates, more in the hope of seeing the Union disrupted than because of any preference for the southern states.

Nevertheless Canada was not slow to realize the dangers to herself involved in the war and its crises. Bellicose American newspapers and politicians openly advocated seizure of British North America. Their soldiers sang to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

"Cession first he would put
down

Wholly and forever,
And afterwards from Britain's
crown

He Canada would sever."

Indeed there was real danger that the great northern army, even without authority of its government, might attempt that seizure either in the flush of victory, or in the despair of defeat, as a compensation for the loss of the south. The provinces got a real scare at the time of the Trent affair; British troops were rushed to Canada and the provincial militia was reorganized.

But we repeat that through all this Canada did not lose her faith in Lincoln. Prominent Canadians who interviewed the President were convinced of his sincerity in deprecating any quarrel with England and denying hostile intentions against Canada. It was largely his good sense, coupled with the similarly restraining influence imposed upon Britain's more impulsive statesmen by Queen Victoria and her husband, which brought about the settlement of the Trent affair.

Following that settlement, and the emancipation proclamation, Canadians flocked to the Union colors in increasing numbers and it is estimated that forty thousand of them enlisted before the war ended. Many no doubt were attracted by the bounty offered to recruits or by the lure of adventure, but others believed deeply in Lincoln and his cause. By the time of the election of 1864 Canada's opinion of the President was truly portrayed by one of its leading newspapers which had paid tribute to his "honesty, patriotism and practical ability."

British North America received the

news of the assassination with almost universal sorrow. In the cities and towns memorial services were held, official messages of sympathy were sent across the border, and flags flew at half mast. This spontaneous tribute impressed even the Anglophobic press. A New York paper which had threatened Canada with dire "retribution" now declared that the expressions of sympathy would "go far to wipe out any cause for resentment that we may have had against the people of the provinces."

Following the close of the war Canada indeed faced invasion, not by the Union army as such but by the Fenian Brotherhood, largely recruited from among Irish-Americans now at a loose end after demobilization. In the American border cities the forces of the "Irish Republic," armed and uniformed, drilled openly with little or no interference from the authorities. It is scarcely conceivable that had Lincoln been alive he would have allowed, even in deference to public clamor, such flagrant violation of international law. He was not the man to curry favor anywhere or any time at the expense of principle.

American historians have all but forgotten the Fenian raids, but in Canada's story they loom large. Not, indeed, as military campaigns, for they were repulsed with little difficulty. But this new threat served to bring to a head the movement towards federation of the British American provinces which had been growing due to the earlier alarms of the Civil War period. The raids, designed to wrest Canada from Britain, had exactly the opposite effect. With the formation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 annexation to the United

States immediately became more unlikely, and has been growing increasingly improbable ever since.

But nothing in the way of national or international crises could impair the esteem in which Canada held the memory of Lincoln. As in his own land the realization of his worth continued to grow with the years. Canadian statesmen have chosen him as a model of probity and wisdom. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, great prime

minister and orator, said that his mind seemed filled with the utterances of Lincoln, so often did the apt quotations in his speeches come from that source.

Yet the Canadian people, like their American cousins, love to remember Lincoln not only as the gigantic figure in the story of statesmanship that he undoubtedly was, but as the plain, kindly "honest Abe."

WE ARE PESSIMISTS

Ralph Waldo Emerson said that if a man but preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbors, though that man live in a forest, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

Our favorite philosopher did not live in modern times. The modern version is if a man but have the proper publicity, though his sermon is a boisterous sacrilege, though his book is hypocrisy and his mousetrap a fake, the world will not only make a beaten path to his door, seeking his autograph but will call upon him for counsel as to what to think, what side of the bed he gets up from and why he uses a particular brand of matches.

As for the greatest artists, musicians and writers the world has often been content to make a beaten path to their tombstones (if they could be found). And though millions are spent by the gracious benefactors of people in buying art collections and letting us look at them, not very much is spent helping those live today whose works tomorrow will be collected.

Mr. Emerson, to the contrary, we have a sneaking suspicion that truth speaks in a still small voice.

For instance, we always did maintain that instead of picking All-American football teams they ought to pick All-American publicity agents.—Selected.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A GREAT FRIEND

By F. W. Boyer

Kingsley defines a friend: "A friend is one whom we can trust, who knows the best and the worst of us, who cares for us in spite of our faults." Friendship to be strong and enduring requires a certain moral likeness. To be friends, we must have the desire to know each other, to have things in common, and to have a certain moral affinity. Friendship is just as necessary an element of comfort in this world as fire or water, air or sunshine. These we must have for the sustenance of life. Friendship we must have for comfort and cheerfulness on life's journey. Hence the value of friendship lies in the fact that to be happy and to brighten our way we must have friends.

There was a man, who, when asked for the secret of his greatness, said, "I had a friend." To Lincoln, God was a friend. Lincoln was a man of God, "a friend of God." Like Enoch, he walked with God. Like Abraham, with faith for his compass and God for his companion, or friend, he set out on life's journey not knowing whither he went or what would befall him.

That Mr. Lincoln was a great friend was, in a sense, due to his simplicity of character. Never had Abraham Lincoln spoken of himself as president; but always referred to his office as "the place." Often he would say to his old friends, "Call me Lincoln, Mr. President is entirely too formal for us."

Harriet Beecher Stowe writes, "Our own politicians were somewhat shock-

ed with his (Lincoln's) state papers at first. 'Why not let us make them a little more conventional and file them to a classical pattern?' 'No,' was his reply, 'I shall write them myself, the people will understand them.'"

Abraham Lincoln will always be remembered as a man of the common people since he sprang from them and labored much with them. It was they who largely placed him in power and responded to the call of his heart at the time of a great national crisis. It was said that "he was one of the people. He was in sympathy with them. He would never plant a thorn unnecessarily in any man's breast. He laid his large heart alongside that of the people and every pulsation of the one found a responsive thrill in the other." As Mr. Lincoln's sympathy went forth to others, it attracted others to him. Those whom he called "the plain people", felt themselves drawn to him by the instinctive feeling that he understood, esteemed and appreciated them.

President Lincoln invariably trusted his friends, and never did he lose confidence in those who failed him, since he well understood their weakness and shortcomings. He always manifested a friendly spirit toward the Southern people. Even though cruel things were said about him by them, never did he evince a revengeful disposition. He always had spoken of the confederates as "those Southern gentlemen, our Southern Union friends."

Plutarch, one of the few great

writers read by Mr. Lincoln, said "Let us carefully observe those qualities wherein our enemies excel us and endeavor to excel them by avoiding what is faulty and imitating what is excellent in them." No doubt most school children know with what patience Lincoln endured criticism. His willingness to listen to his enemies and to learn from them was a part of his greatness.

Abraham Lincoln was, indeed, a great friend of children. A great writer once said that it were "better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children." This Lincoln truly and firmly believed. Whenever it chanced that he gave offence to a child unwittingly, he never rested until he had won back his favor and affection. As busy and active as Mr. Lincoln was, one wonders how he could condescend to give his precious time to play with children. Frequently he would stop his intense study to play marbles with little boys, of whom one remarked, "Lincoln was a great marble player and kept us boys running in all directions gathering up the marbles he would scatter." Once Lincoln discovered a barefooted boy chopping wood to earn money for shoes. Lincoln did the work for him and the boy secured the shoes.

President Lincoln can always be remembered as a friend of the sick and wounded soldiers during the dark days of the Civil War. Not a few times was he seen visiting their cots taking them by the hand, and speaking kind and cheerful words.

A private soldier of the 56th Pennsylvania regiment, a friend and neighbor of the writer, when asked, in conversation by the latter, if he ever saw Mr. Lincoln, said, "Yes, I saw

him in a hospital where he carried flowers to the sick and wounded and there spoke words of comfort and sympathy."

Another veteran of the Civil War writes, "I saw President Lincoln many times. I remember one of his visits to the City Point Hospital as though it happened yesterday. I was wounded. He spoke to us and told of the latest battles and hardships. He said, 'The war will soon be over and then we will all go home.'"

Mr. Lincoln was truly a friend of the negroes, whom he set free. On April 4, 1865, President Lincoln entered Richmond. There, many colored people gathered about him, eager to see and thank him for their liberty. He addressed them with these memorable words: "My poor friends you are free, free as the air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it, it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as He gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it and are able to maintain it by your good works. Do not let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them. Obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty; for to Him you owe all things. There now, let me pass on, I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capital and must return to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

Mr. Lincoln's third and last law partner, W. H. Herndon, was a very intimate friend of his. They met as lawyers in Springfield and their

acquaintance speedily developed into a friendship of enduring quality, and historic importance, and lasted until the close of Lincoln's life. Herndon describes his last meeting with Lincoln in their office just before he left Springfield for Washington in 1861. "He (Lincoln) ran over the books and arranged for the completion of all unsettled and unfinished matters . . . I never saw him in a more cheerful mood. He gathered a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him and started to go; but before leaving he made a strange request, that the sign board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain. 'Let it hang there undisturbed' he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Herndon and Lincoln. If I live I'm coming back sometime and we will go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened.'"

One indefinable trait of Lincoln was understood by few of his contemporaries, but all who had any relations

with him could always remember him. Lincoln saw greatness in every one. He saw that every man had a soul which God loved. In all men, Lincoln observed something in some way. He saw that no man was **too evil that he** could not play the part of a friend and neighbor. A friend of Lincoln said of him: "His heart was as great as the world but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Lincoln himself said, "I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

Lincoln still lives. Although his spacious heart, his rational mind, his impressive face and figure no longer function, yet the memory of the things he achieved will continue virile and inspiring to the people of this generation, to those just ahead and to those still to follow. His friends have written his biography, his friends have inscribed his name and epitaph upon monuments. It was his friends who erected his statues along the trail that encircles the globe, and his memory is enshrined in the grateful hearts of his many and loving friends.

A BOOMERANG

The boy left the farm and got a job in the city. Wanting to impress his brother with his new life he wrote:

"Thursday we motored out to the club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored out to the beach and week-ended."

But his brother on the farm failed to be impressed, and so, wrote back:

"Sunday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Yesterday we muled out to the cornfield and geehawed till sundown. Then we suppered and piped awhile. After that we staircased to our room and bedstead till the clock fived."

—Selected.

THE PRETTIEST VALENTINE

By Loie E. Brandom

"Oh, Mother! here's the prettiest one of all. Please get it for me!"

At the insistent pull of the little hand within her own, Mrs. Dean stopped in front of the counter of valentines.

"But, Dolly, we have so many already. More than you have people to send them to."

"Oh, this one is so lovely. I want to send it to the most unhappy person I know. Please Mother."

Mrs. Dean looked down at the pleading little face so dear to her, and then glancing hurriedly at her watch, paid the waiting clerk for the valentine and handed it to her small daughter. It was already past the time she should have been at the board of directors meeting at the Memorial Home for Aged Ladies.

While the committees were making their reports, Dolly sat very still looking at her prettiest valentine and wondering how she was going to find the "most unhappy person."

"I don't even know where to begin looking," she thought, "and St. Valentine's Day is almost here."

Slipping quietly from her chair, she wandered out into the hall. Before her was a broad stairway, and without stopping to think where she was going, she began climbing it.

At the head of the stairs she discovered a narrow, dark hall. There were many doors on both sides, but they were all closed. On and on she went until making a sudden turn, she found herself gazing into a room,

the door of which stood open.

Sitting very stiffly in a straight-backed chair by the small window was a little white-haired lady. So much did she make Dolly think of her own grandmother that before she knew it she had snuggled quite close to the little old lady, who could not have looked more surprised if an angel had suddenly dropped down beside her.

"Bless your dear little heart," she said softly as two big tears dropped on the golden curls. "Did God send you here to comfort and cheer a lonely old lady?"

"I don't know. I just walked and walked till I got here, but I guess maybe you're the one I was hunting. Are you lonely?"

"Oh, dearie, yes. That is, I was until you came. There isn't a soul who remembers or cares that I have been here years and haven't had even a piece of mail in all that time. But there! I didn't mean to show I was unhappy. I guess it's just seeing the postman pass by every day that made me say what I did."

"Oh, I'm so glad I found you!" Dolly exclaimed happily as she hugged the little old lady. "I've a beautiful secret which you shall know all about the day after tomorrow."

And on St. Valentine's Day the lonely little lady did learn all about the beautiful secret and the "prettiest valentine of all" still stands on her little table, and there will soon be another.

“HOUSE” CLEANING A PLANE

By Ada M. Morgan

Did you ever wonder how the huge transcontinental sleeper transport planes are kept so shining and clean? Spring cleaning is the answer. Only, this type of “spring” cleaning is done each time one of the big planes finishes a transcontinental trip. For, actually these modern sleeper planes are snug, compact flying houses, with rugs, upholstery, mirrors, silverware, etc., to be cleaned just as these things must be cleaned in a regular house if they are to be immaculate.

During the flight, of course, the stewardess does such tasks as swatting flies that may get into the plane at a stop, stowing away articles that might clutter up the cabin, and sweeping the aisles clear of dirt. But it is the ground crew that does the real cleaning at the end of the trip.

Then, at the hangar, while the mechanics care for the engines, the seat upholstery and rugs are removed from the cabin of the plane. A huge vacuum cleaner is then used on the interior. Dishes are removed and the galley tidied. All toilet fixtures and mirrors are polished, and used linens and bed-

ding removed. Solvent removes spots and rugs and upholstery are brushed and cleaned.

After that, fresh supplies are put back into the plane and the rugs laid down. Canvas is used to cover them so they will remain clean for the new passengers.

Now for the outside of the plane. It is ready for its bath. The ground crew uses a fire hose and long-handled brushes dipped in to buckets of soapy mixture to go over the exterior. The wings and fuselage are scrubbed religiously, and the windows polished until they gleam with cleanliness.

The job is finished. The plane is ready for inspection. New passengers step into the spotless cabin and the plane takes off on another flight. At a rate of two hundred miles an hour it wings through the atmosphere across the continent. For hours it flies over rivers, plains, mountains, and deserts.. Is it any wonder that a complete “house” cleaning is necessary to insure an immaculate plane for the next trip.

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it; to keep one's spirit always sweet, and to avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Selected.

THE RANGER LADY AND JUDY O'GRADY

By Miriam Vincel

That September morning the famous B's of the National Park—Bambi, the bunch of young hikers, and their burros—were gathering in front of the split-log cabin that served as ranger headquarters. School days were just around the corner and this would be their last hike together.

The thought saddened Bambi; and to push the mood from her, the ranger lady got busy tying packs of food on a little mouse gray burro. Judy O'Grady's limpid eyes blinked slowly, her long ears drooped, she seemed too over-worked even to brush away pesky gnats with her whisk broom tail.

Bambi wasn't fooled. "No runaways today," she ordered, tightening the bight of the pack-hitch. "And don't get notional. And don't look so abused. Come winter I'll be packing fodder to your stall every day, so you're going to carry our food for this last trip."

Another hiking party, mostly grown-ups, were to come up the trail later with the other nature guide. They'd all meet on the shores of Lake Allan for lunch, and then hike back together in the cool of the afternoon.

Chief Ranger Dickinson stepped out on the porch to read the psychrometer, the instrument for measuring the moisture in the air. It was now the end of a long dry summer, and he'd been keeping an eagle eye on the park to prevent forest fires.

"You'll be careful, Old Faithful," he cautioned Bambi.

"Of course, Dad," Bambi answered.

"If I hadn't promised the bunch a last hike I'd not go at all. The woods are dry and it's too hot for any pleasure. Sort of tired of playing Sir Oracle to the children anyway."

The chief ranger noticed the lines about the face of his junior nature guide. Something was bothering his girl. He didn't know what; but, wise dad, he didn't question and take a chance of being a bull in a china shop.

Stepping off the porch, he helped tie the saddle blankets on the burros. "It's been a great season, this first one."

Bambi asked, and tried to make her question most casual, "Has Ken signed up for next summer, Dad?"

"He's to let me know today," he told her. To himself he thought, "So that's what is bothering her—Ken. I'll have to keep an eye on my nature guides."

Raising a significant eyebrow, Bambi signaled her dad that Ken was in the doorway. He held something in his hand.

"Won't you be needing this, Bambi? You left it on top of your desk."

He gave her a small tripod, a three-legged magnifying glass.

"Thanks a lot, Ken," she smiled, slipping the glass into the canvas duffle bag over her shoulder. "My bunch are going bug-gy today. We're to find out how insects prepare for winter—"

She shook her head; she couldn't make herself heard above those "Wild Indians." Small wonder Bambi was

sort of tired and pale of face. On the trail a mild-eyed, golden-headed girl-child would become Calamity Jane; and the Boones and Sitting Bulls and Buffalo Bills, all came back to life. The burros, of course, were their wild mustangs.

Leaving her dad and Ken to lift the hikers on the burros, Bambi went over to the tent and trailer camp. One of her bunch was leaving, and she wanted to say good-by. The little tot was especially dear to Bambi, for it was the old story of a sturdy mind and spirit in a frail body. Their make-believe excursions, when they never walked a step, were deeply touching.

"It's the ranger lady," said the little tot, her face lighting up. She flung her arms about Bambi's neck and whispered in childish confidence: "I'll be going right along on the hike just like you and I play the game. And I'll write to you after I'm home. This summer you've given me so much to remember." . . .

Later, with slow steps, Bambi started back to the group waiting for her. She repeated the child's words, "This summer—so much to remember."

She'd have a lot to remember, too. She was thinking of Ken; of the beginning of their friendship, of their glorious work as nature guides, of her real liking for him. And how, just in one short month, everything they'd built up had been swept away when Sylvia had come.

"He—he dropped me like a hot potato!" Bambi commiserated herself. "He looks after her as though she was a princess and not a dishwasher. A substitute dishwasher, to boot! Oh, yes, she'll tag along on the hike in his group. And she'll be at the last roundup party tonight, never you fear.

She's here, there, and everywhere that Ken is. Always!"

Bambi had kindled her wrath this past month, each little incident just another stick to the fire; and now it was blazing like a bonfire. "What has Sylvia got that I haven't?" she took stock of herself. And she knew the answer: Sylvia had Ken's interest.

Under any other circumstance the two girls would have been the best of pals. But now—well it would take a Solomon to divide Ken.

"Who is Sylvia?" Bambi remembered her Shakespeare. She was afraid she'd never like the song again. "I don't know; and I don't care. But I certainly know what she is. She's the burr under my saddle blanket, and she's making a bucking bronco out of my temper."

The hoofs of the burros on the hard-packed trail went clickety-click-click. The dust they raised eddied and billowed lazily in the sun, each mote flashing as though with life; and then the trail would dip into the cool piney woods where jays and squirrels and other wilderness creatures peered at them from hiding. Already a touch of early autumn had crept into the depth of the woods.

At times like this, out on the trail, Bambi was all warm inside. Her hikers had absorbed so much. They'd learned first of all how to be civilized enough to live and work together; and they'd become wild enough to know every animal by its track, every bird by its call, and every tree by its leaf, and every flower by its blossom.

The ranger lady was walking up front with Judy O'Grady; and as she turned her head to see that all was well, Bambi thought, "Who knows, maybe I'm planting the seed that will

find fertile soil; and out of those little hikers will grow a future Beebe or a Ditmar or a Roy Chapman Andrews."

When they came to a mountain meadow Bambi called a halt. The children slid off to stretch their legs. The place was alive with crickets and grass-hoppers and flower flies. At first no one could see the castle of the painted lady butterfly among the thistles. But Bambi helped them open their eyes. And soon one little Hiawatha came running, with his puggy fist clasped tightly. "What's this?" he asked.

Like a good Nakomis, Bambi answered, "That's a woolly bear. "And she explained how the caterpillar was hustling to find a stone or log where he might weave a snug nest out of the hairs pulled from his body. Come the warm days of next spring, an orange and black moth would emerge and take wing.

She showed them how every insect has its special work. They watched a spider spin its egg sac; and they spied on a colony of ants busy milking their aphid-cows.

"And some are musicians. Those locusts over in the trees are louder than a swing orchestra," Bambi remarked.

They had a big game hunt catching a tiger beetle, a crickety fellow in green waistcoat trimmed with pearl buttons. After they got him, Bambi put him under the magnifying glass. The children squatted in a circle and took a look. The bug grew bigger and bigger, like an Alice in Wonderland the tots would squeal their delight at its getting "curiouser and couriouser."

Bambi heard it, Judy O'Grady's song, a raucous haw-hee-haw-hee, and

the clicking of hoofs on the trail in a run-away.

She moaned as she jumped to her feet and started after the burros, "There goes our dinner!"

One of the children had been sucking a "jaw breaker." He'd taken it out to ascertain just how many more sucks were left before he'd get to the crunchy sesame seed in the center. Then popping it back into his mouth, he'd picked up the reins with sticky fingers.

A bee, lured by the sweets, had buzz-zz-ed too close to the burro's ear. And Judy O'Grady, needing only half an excuse and no urging at all, had started a stampede.

Bambi fell in behind the burros and the bunch fell in behind Bambi and away they ran.

And then after the sprint in the hot sun of midday, Bambi caught the run-aways. Judy O'Grady was the picture of donkey docility. She blinked her big brown eyes slowly, her long ears drooped, she was too overburdened even to whisk her tail at pesky gnats.

The children straggled up, in two's and three's, hot and tired and thirsty.

Just then Bambi remembered the field books and magnifying glass and duffle bag in the meadow.

"Oh, well," she decided, "we'll go on, and if Ken doesn't bring them to the lake with his party, we can pick them up on our way back this afternoon."

While they were trudging on to Lake Allan, Bambi thought she heard a peculiar cracking of limbs, thought she smelled wood smoke.

She did!

When she turned her head and looked back over their trail, the blood

drained from her apple-red cheeks and the beads of perspiration on her upper lip felt like hail stones. She swallowed, she shook her head to clear her eyes so she might believe what she saw. Then in the next instant she became the calm, efficient nature guide.

The fire was behind them. Already the flames were running up shrubs and rippling a red wave across the dry grass. She couldn't stop the fire; she could only save the children.

"Now, listen, bunch," she spoke in her quiet way, "will you do just as I say?" She waited for every head to nod. "All right! Now hold tightly, and we're going to show these burros that they've merely been warming up for a real run. It's only a little way to the lake; and that's where we're going!"

The pack animals sensed danger, and again they followed Judy O'Grady's lead. Lesser creature were fleeing before the fire. Rabbits and squirrels and chipmunks darted across the trail. The air overhead was alive with bird calls, the high shrill excited danger signals.

Once beside the water, Bombi lifted off a child, united the saddle blanket, and slapped the flank of the burro to start it into the lake. Then making the children take hands, they waded out into the water. She wet a blanket for each child, drew it over a head and shoulders, and then showed them how to protect themselves. "See, hold it against your mouth and breath through it—like this—"

The air was gray with smoke, with leaves burning in midair, with a heat that made every breath an agony. Tears streamed down their faces. All kinds of feathered creatures flew

across the lake: jays and doves and brilliant humming birds. A deer ran into the water, and though it saw the huddled group of humans, it looked at them without taking fright. A chipmunk would have drowned if Bambi hadn't caught it and put in on a fold of her blanket.

"Ken will reach us," she bolstered her courage. "Dad will spot the fire. We'll get help. Oh, I hope it'll be soon."

She lost count of time. She held her children in her strong, loving protection. They were so trusting of her, so secure in their trust, and though they'd whimper they did not get panicky.

When despair was engulfing her like the smoke clouds about them she heard a shout. It was Ken and half a dozen of his hikers; they loomed like shadow figures in front of her.

Ken put a steadying arm about her. "We've beat out the fire," he answered her first question. "Now we're going to build another, cook some lunch, and dry you folks out before we start back."

That night at headquarters Bambi was sitting at her desk. She could hear Ken and her dad talking earnestly, but she was too sick at heart to join them. A question kept repeating itself, demanding an answer: **How** did the fire start?

She knew deep down that the only way it could have started was through some unhappy accident. **Some** careless smoker, heedless of the safety signs, in Ken's party had dropped a match. But the point was, not that the fire was an accident, but that there had been a fire at all. It was a reflection on the leader of the party.

As snatches of words the menfolk

were saying came to her, she felt positively ill. They were talking: "You did some good, swift work to put out the fire before it spread. We might have been in for a real forest fire that would have spread to wipe out every building and endangered our lives. These late summer fires are the worst ones. It's white of you, Ken, to pay Turner's medical bill. You'll let me help make good his salary till his burned hand gets in condition to work again."

Bambi was thinking to herself: "Ken is accepting dad's thanks. But he's not taking his responsibility. He's been awfully close-lipped about the whole affair. Why doesn't he say someone in his party was to blame. He's a moral coward. It's—it's losing faith in him that hurts me."

Crumpling up the page on which she'd been trying to write a report of her hike, she aimed it at the wastepaper basket. It missed and fell on the floor. She got up from her chair to pick it up; and then she saw something in the basket.

Her hands shook; she was shaking like an aspen leaf.

She held the blackened and burned three-legged magnifying glass!

"So that's how the fire got started. A hot sun shining through the glass on dry leaves. Here I've been condemning Ken when all this time he's been protecting me!" Bambi breathed contritely.

Just then Ken started out of the room. Bambi had to talk to him, had to clear her own conscience. She pronounced sentence on herself as she stepped out of the door behind him. "I was quick to blame it on the other fellow. I criticized the other person, never remembering myself.

Wasn't I the beam-eyed sister busy at my mote-plucking!"

Later as they walked side by side, Ken laughed away her apology. "Oh, forget it, Bambi girl. Let's keep that burned tripod as a reminder to use it on ourselves before we turn it on the other fellow." He added, hoping to bring back her cheery grin, "I just signed up with your dad for another summer as nature guide."

Bambi's heart did a complete forward somersault; but just as it was getting right side up, Ken veered towards the lodge where Sylvia was working. Her heart went thump!

He was sort of airing his thoughts "Syl has certainly changed since she came up to the park. You know, Bambi, she's the only child of very wealthy parents. She's not used to doing any sort of work at all. When Lois had to go to the city for an operation, Sylvia came up here and substituted at dishwashing. That niece of mine is passing over the pay envelope every week so that she and Lois can be roommates at art school this fall."

Bambi's heart got back where it belonged. She didn't want to doubt her ears, but she wanted to be sure, real sure. "Your—niece? So that's who Sylvia is!"

They were passing the corral where Bambi kept the burros. Judy O'Grady serenaded them with a raucous hee-haw-hee-haw.

Bambi rubbed the burro's velvety nose. "What a donkey I've made of myself," she was thinking. "We two certainly are sisters under the skin."

She linked her arm through Ken's; and they went on to the lodge to help with the dishwashing so that Sylvia could get off for the round-up party.

A MESSAGE TO BOYS

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

During the Spanish American War, the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera took refuge in the harbor of Santiago in the island of Cuba. It was a well chosen harbor, surrounded by sheltering hills that concealed it from view, and with a narrow entrance from the sea.

The American fleet was outside the mouth of this harbor and it was decided that the entrance could be closed by sinking a ship so that like a cork this would bottle-up the Spanish fleet.

But who was to sink the ship? Who was to put the bell on the cat?

Volunteers were called for, and Richmond Pearson Hobson and a few brave companions answered the call and sank the Merrimac, a coaling vessel, in the entrance to the harbor.

The Spaniards mercifully spared the men who were taken prisoners instead of being shot down as so many have been in recent wars, not to gain a victory, but to be cruel.

After the war Hobson resigned from the navy and spent his time lecturing on moral questions. The writer was teaching in the Berry School near

Rome, Georgia, and the founder of the school, Miss Martha Berry met Hobson; and, with her heart full of interest in the school, she asked him what message she should take back to the boys. He said, tell them never complain.

Hobson's experience in the navy had taught him that where persons are together with a common lot they may have common grievances, which they like to talk over without any thought of changing their conditions.

It is like a poem by Wallace Irwin of the sailor who gave advice to the admiral about sailing the ship, and he found that the admiral was "very nice in taking advice", but finally admits that the admiral was up on deck at the time and the sailor was down in the hold.

Instead of talking to the one of whom we complain we are apt to talk about him. And instead of making our grievances less we add to our own discomfort and increase that of others. A motto in our courtroom says that: "Those who most complain are most to be complained of."

Speak for eternity. Above all things, cultivate your own spirit. A word spoken by you when your conscience is clear and your heart full of God's Spirit is worth ten thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin. Remember that God, and not man, must have the glory. If the veil of the world's machinery were lifted off, how much we would find is done in answer to the prayers of God's children.—Robert Murry McCheyne.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, left last Tuesday for Florida, where she will spend the next three weeks.

Dr. D. A. Finger, optometrist, who has offices in Kannapolis, stopped at the School last Tuesday and visited several of the departments here. He left about fifty magazines for the use of the boys, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for his kindly interest in them.

Dr. Hugo Freund, of Haifa, Palestine, was a visitor at the School one day last week. Dr. Freund is a psychiatrist, and is thinking of locating in the United States to practice his profession, and has been looking over various cities and towns in North Carolina as possible locations. At present he is staying in Chapel Hill.

John Keenan, of Charlotte, formerly of Cottage No. 1 and a member of the shoe shop force, who left the School in 1926, called on friends here last Saturday afternoon. He is now thirty-one years old and has been married more than eight years. John has been employed by the American Railway Express Agency in Charlotte for the past ten years. He started as truck driver, but is now a billing clerk,

having held this position for several years.

It was with sorrow the officials and boys of the Jackson Training School learned of the death of Mrs. Maude Lyerly Buie, of Lemon Springs, wife of Dr. L. E. Buie, of the department of oral hygiene, State Board of Health. She died at the Lee County Memorial Hospital, Sanford, last Monday morning, after an illness of one week, pneumonia being the cause of her passing. Besides her husband she is survived by two daughters, Betty Ruth and Janice; and a son Carl Dickerson Buie. While Mrs. Buie was known to but few people at the School, her husband has been a great favorite here for several years, and we wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

A group of members of the American Business Club, their wives and friends, of Charlotte visited the School last Sunday afternoon. The spokesman for the group stated that the purpose of this visit was to see if there might be an opportunity for them to be of service to the boys of the Training School. One of the projects of this club is to help the youth of the country to develop into worthwhile citizens.

Upon arriving at the School these men and women were met by Superintendent Boger, who first escorted

them in a drive over the farm. They next attended the regular afternoon service held in the auditorium, after which they visited some of the cottage homes and various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building. Following this brief tour of inspection, our visitors were most enthusiastic in their praise concerning the work we are trying to accomplish, and again stated they would be glad to render any assistance they could to make the work a still greater success.

Among those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Preston Kelly, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wolfe and children; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassady, George E. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clontz, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, Robert Brown, Hugh Houser, Miss Sarah Ross, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hall, Jr.

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 23rd Psalm, which was also the subject of his talk to the boys.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Tuttle told the boys he wanted to take them back hundreds of years before the coming of Jesus Christ, calling their attention to a little boy who had a job to do, and did it well. This lad, David, was a very good shepherd, and when he reached manhood was chosen to be King of Israel.

While out on the hills watching his sheep, continued the speaker, this boy thought about God and learned many things about Him that never occurred to other people. When he

later wrote this 23rd Psalm, he spoke of God has a Good Shepherd.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then stated that people who have traveled in Palestine tell us things do not grow as well in that country as they do here, and shepherds have a hard time to find grass for their sheep. A good shepherd must find grass and water for his flock, and when their hunger is satisfied they will lie down and rest. This was what David had in mind when he wrote, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

The good shepherd leads his sheep in good paths, continued the speaker. He goes in front of them, clearing away a good path. Over in Palestine there are places where the shepherd must lead his sheep between great rocky walls of canyons and through deep ravines. In some of these places are bands of robbers, and the rod carried by the shepherd was for protection against them. The staff used by shepherds was a stick with a hook at one end, which they used to rescue any of their flock which fell into the ravines or needed assistance over rocky ledges.

When the shepherd led his sheep to new feeding grounds, said Rev. Mr. Tuttle, he had to go before them and pull out poisonous weeds, look for snakes or any wild animal which might be injurious to his sheep. He would care for them in the pasture land during the day, and at night would lead them back to the fold. At the fold could always be found a pool of cool water, which would refresh the sheep after their journey back home. As each one entered the fold, the shepherd held a horn of oil in his hand, which he used to treat any cuts or

while taking his rest which would enable him to carry on the next day.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle concluded by saying this Psalm was a very fine picture of God, who is to us what a shepherd is to his sheep. He will supply all our needs and will care for us all through the journey of life, bringing us safely to the heavenly fold, if we will but trust Him and follow His will.

bruises any of them had suffered that day.

The speaker then stated that when all sheep were safely in the fold, the good shepherd would then lie down across the door, that no one could get in to harm or to steal the sheep without going over his body. In addition to guarding his flock at all times through his waking hours, the good shepherd even continued this care

EIGHT CAUSES GIVEN FOR FIRES IN HOMES

Use of defective equipment or carelessness causes most of the fires which destroy hundreds of farm homes in North Carolina every year, says David S. Weaver, agricultural engineer of the State College Extension Service.

He lists eight specific causes for the majority of fires in homes: (1) poorly constructed or defective flues and chimneys; (2) inflammable roofing material which ignites when sparks settle on it; (3) lightning; (4) spontaneous combustion; (5) careless use of smoking materials; (6) improper handling of kerosene and gasoline; (7) defective stoves and furnaces; and (8) lack of safe and adequate wiring for electricity, or the wrong use of electrical appliances.

Weaver suggests that the home-owner make an analysis of the fire hazard by going from room to room with a paper and pencil and check over the above mentioned items. The kitchen, the basement, storerooms, attics, closets and stairways offer the greatest problems, for it is there that most of the fires start.

A number of questions are asked by the agricultural engineer to stress fire prevention: "Do the members of your family have habits which are conducive to good fire control? Do they use kerosene or gasoline in starting fires? Are they careless about smoking conditions? Are the oily and greasy rags used about the garage put into metal containers or immediately burned, or are they allowed to accumulate as a possible hazard? Are the children allowed to play with matches? Is the electric iron disconnected immediately when the ironer leaves the ironing board?"

"Many simple habits conducive to correcting fire hazards may be instilled into the minds of members of the family by a general discussion of fire hazard problems."—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending February 5, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (11) Leon Hollifield 11
- (11) Edward Johnson 11

COTTAGE No. 1

- (4) Rex Allred 10
- William G. Bryant 5
- Howard Cox 2
- (2) Porter Holder 6
- Blanchard Moore 5
- H. C. Pope 8
- (2) Lee Walker 5
- (2) Frank Walker 5

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) Samuel Ennis 5
- (2) Clifton Mabry 4
- (2) Nick Rochester 7
- (2) Landreth Sims 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 6
- (3) Robert Atwell 5
- (4) Coolidge Green 7
- (11) William McRary 11
- (4) Douglas Matthews 9
- (6) Kenneth Raby 10
- (6) Jerome Wiggins 9
- (10) Earl Weeks 10

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Briggs 5
- (2) Paul Broome 5
- (3) Lewis Donaldson 8
- (2) James Land 6
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 7
- Edward McGee 3
- J. W. McRorrie 5
- (4) George Newman 9
- Lloyd Pettus 10
- (2) Leo Ward 9
- (5) Melvin Walters 10
- (11) James Wilhite 11
- Cecil Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) Grady Allen 7

William Brothers 6

- Collett Cantor 2
- Lindsey Dunn 6
- (2) Grover Gibby 2
- (2) William Kirksey 6
- Sam Montgomery
- Richard Singletary 4
- (2) Richard Starnes 3
- (6) Hubert Walker 8
- (8) Dewey Ware 10
- Marvin Wilkins 6

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Edward Batten 6
- Eugene Ballew
- Fletcher Castlebury 5
- Martin Crump 4
- Noah Ennis 3
- (3) Thomas Hamilton 6
- Leonard Jacobs 2
- Winley Jones 2
- Clinton Keen 7
- Charles McCoyle 3
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 5
- Melvin Stines
- Canipe Shoe 2
- William Wilson 3
- Woodrow Wilson 3
- Carl Ward
- Ronald Washam
- Eugene Watts 3
- James C. Wiggins 3
- George Wilhite 3
- Boyce Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Howard Baheeler 3
- (11) J. B. Devlin 11
- (11) Edward McCain 11
- (2) John Penninger 10
- Charles Presnell 3
- Charles Taylor 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

- Roy Barnett
 (4) Elbert Head 7
 (2) Felix Littlejohn 4
 (3) Oscar Smith 7

COTTAGE No. 11

- (3) Harold Bryson 5
 (7) Julius Fagg 8
 (2) Albert Goodman 4
 (11) Earl Hildreth 11
 William Hudgins 4
 (2) Paul Mullis 3
 (2) Calvin McCoy 3
 (6) Edward Murray 10
 Donald Newman 3
 Roy Pope
 Theodore Rector
 (6) Julius Stevens 10
 (3) Thomas Shaw 9

COTTAGE No. 12

- (4) Odell Almond 4
 (4) Burl Allen 8
 Alphus Bowman 5
 Allard Brantley 6
 (4) William C. Davis 6
 (4) James Elders 7
 (4) Max Eaker 8
 (4) Joseph Hall 6
 (4) Everett Hackler 6
 (5) Charlotte Henry 8
 (4) Franklin Hensley 7
 Richard Honeycutt 3
 Hubert Holloway 8
 S. E. Jones 3
 Alexander King 9
 (11) Thomas Knight 11
 Clarence Mayton 8
 (4) Howard Sanders 7
 (7) Carl Singletary 10
 (7) Avery Smith 9
 William Trantham 7
 (4) Leonard Wood 7
 (4) J. R. Whitman 8
 (4) Ross Young 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) Jack Foster 9
 (2) William Griffin 8
 James V. Harvel 8
 (3) Douglas Mabry 7
 Irvin Medlin 5

- Paul McGlammery 6
 (3) Thomas R. Pitman 10
 (3) Alexander Woody 10

COTTAGE No. 14

- (9) Claude Ashe 9
 (2) Raymond Andrews 6
 (9) Clyde Barnwell 10
 (2) Monte Beck 6
 (9) Delphus Dennis 10
 (9) Audie Farthing 10
 John Ham 6
 (11) James Kirk 11
 John Kirkman 6
 Feldman Lane 4
 (7) Fred McGlammery 9
 (3) John Robbins 6
 Desmond Truitt
 (4) Harold Thomas 5
 Thomas Trantham 5
 (5) Jones Watson 8

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) Howard Bobbitt 6
 (9) Clifton Davis 8
 Aldine Duggins 7
 N. A. Efird 4
 (2) Clarence Gates 7
 (11) Beamon Heath 11
 Hoyt Hollifield 3
 William Hawkins 2
 Robert Hines 5
 (2) Albert Hayes 7
 (2) L. M. Hardison 8
 Edwin Jackson 2
 Robert Kinley 10
 Claude Moose 10
 (3) James McGinnis 9
 Eulice Rogers 4
 Ira Settle 4
 (4) Brown Stanley 6
 (3) Arvel Ward 6
 William Wood 4
 (3) George Worley 6
 William Young

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) James Chavis 4
 (4) Reefer Cummings 6
 (2) Filmore Oliver 7
 (3) Early Oxendine 6
 (3) Thomas Oxendine 6
 (2) Curley Smith 7

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1939

No. 7

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WASHINGTON

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

—Abraham Lincoln.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

O son of Virginia, thy memory divine forever will halo this country of thine; not hero alone in the battle's wild strife, but hero in every detail of thy life. So noble, unselfish, heroic and true, a God-given gift to thy country were you; and lovingly, tenderly guarding thy shrine, Columbia points proudly and says, "He is mine." Thy courage upheld us, thy judgment sustained; thy spirit stood proof when discouragement reigned; thy justice unerring all bias withstood; thy thought never self but thy loved country's good. And thy country will never till time is no more, cease to cherish the sleeper on yon river's shore; and every fair daughter and every brave son she will tell of the greatness of her Washington. O hero immortal! O spirit divine! What glory eternal, what homage is thine! Forever unceasing will be thy renown, with the stars of Columbia that gleam in thy crown. The God who guards Liberty gave thee to earth; forever we'll halo thy heaven-sent birth. E'en heaven itself has one gladness the more that our hand shall clasp thine on eternity's shore. Then sleep, sweetly sleep, by the river's calm run; thy fame shall live on in the land thou hast won. To the Potomac's soft music then slumber serene, the spirit of freedom will keep the spot green.

—E. W. Durbin.

1732 — GEORGE WASHINGTON — 1939.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no veiled prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural and unaffected, his life lies before us—a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech—the consummate tact of direct attention.

Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes

to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service.

There was no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with a colored eulogy; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mold; and the difficulty if any there be, in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is dismissed by nothing but the perfection of its proportions.

O noble brow, so wise in thought!
 O heart, so true! O soul unbought!
 O eye, so keen to pierce the night
 And guide the "ship of state" aright!

O life, so simple, grand and free,
 The humblest still may turn to thee.
 O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!
 When shall we see thy like again?

* * * * *

VALENTINE'S DAY

Last Tuesday, the 14th, was a day originally set apart as a festival to good old lovable Bishop, St. Valentine, A great name in the rubric. It was a very odd notion, alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day birds begin to couple; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection.

At first love's darts were silver: when they turned to fire in the noble heart, they imparted a portion of that heavenly flame which is their element. The custom was free of perfidity. Like most of the good things in life the custom has been abused. Flirting has entered into it. The affections are too tender and sacred to be trifled with.

Then the idea has become prevalent for persons, with tainted minds, to thus shield themselves, and reek their spleen upon those they dislike, by sending them distorted and ridiculous exaggerations, that takes all the joy out of a pleasing custom. They are the happiness vultures.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

TEACHER-HEROINES

Heroes are born amid various emergencies. They rise out of all the pursuits of life. Some are recognized and chronicled. Some are not.

The South Dakota Educational Association Journal not long ago paid honors to Mrs. Max Van Orman, a substitute teacher of that State, for her courage in saving the lives of Laneau school children. Eleven boys and girls were trapped in a small frame school building, when nearby Snake creek over-flowed following a cloudburst. Mrs. Van Orman calmed her frantic brood and kept them inside the building while the water swirled all around and crept up to within four inches of the windows. Through these windows the children watched trees, posts, wreckage of buildings, and other debris float by. The pupils became panicky when the depot was washed away, but Mrs. Van Orman was successful in quieting their fears. The children stayed in the building until late that night.

The heroism of Mrs. Van Orman recalls that of two other teachers to whom tribute has already been paid. Virginia Sappington, of Kansas, whose courage and quick thinking during a tornado saved the lives of the children in her charge; and Annie Louise Keller, of Illinois, who saved sixteen children but sacrificed her own life when a tornado demolished her school in 1927. Such heroes light the very stars of heaven with a brighter luster!—J. A. R.

* * * * *

CONCERNING HEALTH

Health concerns all the people. Infection and contagion spread from one to another like a fire in a forest. The control of epidemics and plagues require a small army of trained scientists. The high cost of ill health in lost time, lessened efficiency, and premature death, is a large factor in every industry, business and profession.

The standard of living cannot rise if people are so poor in health that they cannot earn a living wage. The development of efficient public-health service for all the people at reasonable cost may well be one of the major achievements of the twentieth century. You can safeguard your own health only by doing your part as a citizen to see that the community as a whole maintain high standards.

Many bodily ills are aggravated by mental states of fear, worry, envy, jealousy, anger, and hatred. Bodily functions are helped by love, goodwill, friendliness, laughter and confidence. In full mental health we meet each day's demands easily and adequately and have a reserve of strength to meet the emergencies of life.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

APPRECIATED

That was a nice notice "Old Hurraygraph" gave our little booklet, "Record of Paroled Boys," published in last week's Uplift—and also in the papers for which he writes. We appreciate it. Any kind words spoken to, or about, our boys is like apples of gold on platters of silver. It encourages them and it encourages us.

It is the aim of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and The Uplift, to turn the steps of the wayward boys into the highways of noble aim and work. Make useful men of them. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.

We are proud of our boys who made their start on right living in this institution, and their successful careers reflect great credit upon their alma mater, and upon themselves as well. We hope all those now coming after those who have made such splendid records heretofore, will follow their examples and acquit themselves like men with moral stamina!

* * * * *

REPREHENSIBLE

In the cause of justice it is essential that we keep our courts—municipal, State and Federal—free for taint; even from the breath of suspicion.

The disclosures recently made concerning the borrowings of Martin T. Manton, senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, for the Second Circuit, reveals a shocking lack of taste and an impropriety that is to be condemned in a judge.

Without attempting to impute criminality to the Federal jurist, it should be apparent to every citizen that it is not conducive to justice for a judge on the circuit to borrow as much as \$250,000 through arrangements made by officers of a corporation which has a suit pending before the judge. This is only one of the instances brought to light by the letter of Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York, to Congressman Hatton W. Sumners, chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

The resignation of Judge Manton should not close this matter. Further investigation should be made, and, if possible, not only the judge but the parties lending him the money should be punished. They are as reprehensible as the judge.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

Statistics prepared by the Edison Institute show that by adding nearly five thousand to the number of farms served with electricity, North Carolina stood eleventh in the states in increase in rural electrification.

The total number of electrified farms in the United States at the close of 1938 was 1,410,000 an increase of 168,495 during the year. Of this number North Carolina has 37,100 electrified farms. Again we are privileged to join in the refrain "Ho, For Carolina!"

* * * * *

Prof. Albert Einstein, who declared at the time of his exile that he was surprised to find the Christian Church the only friend of his people, has enlarged his confession. Recently he announced: "I never had any special interest in church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly." Einstein not only has what it takes to stand by his convictions, but also that finer courage to acknowledge his mistakes. Christianity is highly honored by this testimony from a Jew.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

LIVING FRIENDLY

"Life without the friendly greetin'
Of the folks I know so well
Would be a lonely kind o' life,
Just an empty sort o' shell:
About all that I'm askin'
At the closin' of the day,
Is a chance to do my livin'
In a friendly sort o' way."

It is announced that the church membership in this country is increasing twice as fast as the population. It would be wonderful if we could say the same thing about business.

We are now informed that the earth "breathes" at regular geologic intervals. Those China, and California earthquakes must be an occasional sneeze. Couldn't we manage to give Old Mother Earth some cough medicine?

It does seem that the most of the men of vision of today have both eyes on the United States treasury, and that they be allowed to put their hands in for a grab, for every conceivable kind of thing. There is such a thing as draining the treasury dry.

A Negro worker moved timbers and ties all day until he was completely worn out. At the end of the day he approached his boss thusly:

"Boss, you suah you got my name right?"

The foreman looked over his list. "Yes," he said, "here you are Simpson—Roy Simpson—that's right, isn't it?"

"Yas, suh, boss," said the Negro, "das right, ah thought mebbe you had me down 'as Sampson."

Two men were waiting for a train and one said to the other: "I will ask you a question and if I cannot answer my own question, I will buy the tickets. Then you ask me a question and if you cannot answer your own question, you buy the tickets." The other agreed to this. "Well," said the first man, "You see those rabbit-holes? How do they dig them without leaving any dirt arond them?" The other confessed that he did not know. So the first man answered the question by saying they began at the bottom and dug up. "But," said the second man, "how do they get to the bottom to begin?" "That your question. "Answer it yourself." The second man bought the tickets.

Come on Spring! We are waiting for you along the countryside, dancing a Spring jubilee, scattering rosebuds sweet, and throwing us a kiss from the tips of your fingers. Soon the sunny weather will warm up the ground, and flowers will be shedding their perfume, and millions of blossoms will be upon the trees. Therer will be miles of daisy meadows, laughing gaily, like children at play. The old snakedoc-tors will be flitting zig-zag across the creeks where the small boys love to lave in "the old swimming hole" the whole afternoon, if not admonished to refrain from lengthy staying in water. The small boys' knuckles will be skinned from shooting "taw," and

broken kites will be dejectedly hanging from phone wires. All Springtime omens. Brighter, lovely, invigorating days are on the way. They are the good old Springtime of the year.

America, if I interpret the late national elections during the fall of 1938 correctly, wants to get back to work—and working in harmony. If government officials, business leaders and labor leaders heed the handwriting on the wall—and start working together to create new wealth instead of fighting over a division of the inadequate national income now available—the year 1939 will mark the beginning of

better times for the farmer and the farm hand, the city employer and the city worker—and all America. If they fail to do so, 1939 may be a repetition of 1938, only more so. The 1938 slump was a man-made slump—and mankind in 1939 can correct it, if the nation is still capable of profiting in the future from the mistakes of the past. My hope for the balance of 1939 is that it will mark a return to straight thinking reasonable action and a new measure of mutual trust and confidence. If that is accomplished, it will be the happiest year since the dawn of depression.

'VIRGINIA DARE' STONE IS ACQUIRED BY BRENAU

President H. J. Pearce of Brenau college announced today the college had acquired permanent possession of the "Virginia Dare" stone, found recently in North Carolina, which purports to tell the fate of the lost colony of Roanoke.

The slab was found on the east banks of the Chowan river and bore on one side an inscription saying that Virginia Dare, first white English child born in America, and her father Ananias Dare, "went hence into heaven in 1591." Also on this side was a request that the stone be borne to Governor John White of Virginia so he might send aid.

The other side had a message inscribed in Elizabethan characters and signed with the initials E. W. D., presumably Eleanor White Dare, mother of Virginia and daughter of Governor White. These characters told how the colonists went up Albemarle sound and into the Chowan river soon after White returned to England for supplies in 1587.

In four years the message said, they were reduced in number to 24 through Indian conflict and sickness. Then in 1591, Indians slew all but seven of the remaining. These were buried on small hills, the stone said, near the river.—Selected.

ENGLAND'S BEST GIFT TO AMERICA

By G. M. Gearhart

With what pride we look upon a portrait of George Washington and murmur, "He was an American!"

Truly he was born in America, tutored on American soil, taught life's lessons of bravery and fearlessness in the uncharted forests of America. Yet' his ancestors lived for generations in England. Truly those who had passed before were just as responsible for the character of the "Father of Our Country" as was the new country in which he was born and reared. For those traits such as honesty, dignity, bravery, manliness, to mention only a few which we so admire in George Washington were characteristics which had marked men of the Washington name who for centuries before him had lived and died in England.

Thus the British, as it were, cradled, and helped to shape the character of the man who later was to snatch from their grasp their holdings in the New World.

Perhaps the earliest of all records that appear in tracing this illustrious name is that of Willaim do Harlburn, who in 1183 is supposed to have brought the manor of "Wessyngton" and took for himself the name of the place. After that the curtain drops, to rise again about 1300 when the family name appears in the person of Robert Washington, Lord of Milbon. However, it is not until the fifteenth century that we trace the direct descent of the Washington name.

Among the first records to be found of that early date is the name

of a certain John Washington. Two more Johns followed him, son and grandson. In the fourth generation lived a Lawrence Washington, who in time was the owner of Sulgrave Manor. His son, Robert, seems to have enjoyed the father's simple fortune throughout his lifetime. However, Robert's son, another Lawrence, known as "Lawrence of Sulgrave and Brington," was forced to sell the Manor and retire to live in Little Brington, a near-by village.

Out of the latter's family of sixteen children two sons won knight-hood. There was, however, another son who is of most interest to Americans. He was the Reverend Lawrence Washington. The clergyman married Amphyllis Rhodes. It was their sons, John, Lawrence, and Martin, who carried the name of Washington to the new world.

John, after coming to America, married Ann Pope, daughter of the wealthy Lieutenant-Governor Nathaniel Pope. Aided by his wife's heritage, this Washington bought lands and flourished. Their son, still another Lawrence, married a Mildred Werner, whose father was a member of the King's Council. By this time the large estate of John Washington had been divided among his children and their children. Now Augustine, son of Lawrence, who first married Jane Butler, bought back much of the land granted to other members of his family and reconstructed his sire's estate. After the death of Jane, Augustine married Mary Ball, who, as we all

know, was the mother of the illustrious George as well as five other children.

Thus we find there were only two generations of American Washingtons before the birth of George. Therefore we are forced to go back to the mother country for lineage of name and characteristics.

Although the Washingtons were considered a nothern family, and lived for some time in Lancashire and also Durham, they were later found in Northamptonshire. The ancestral homes stand today within a few miles of Stratford. In an ancient church in Wormleighton are to be found records of the marriage of an early Robert Washington in 1595. As we have found, Christian names were very frequently handed down from one generation to another. Unto this Robert Washington was born a son, named George, thus antedating the famous namesake in America by more than a century.

Sulgrave, the real cradle of the Washingtons, in the vicinity of Northampton, is today a sleepy, straggling hamlet. The only color that enlivens the landscape is beds of bright flowers, or the walls of an ancient building covered with green ivy. It is now more than three hundred years since the second Lawrence Washington was Lord of Sulgrave Manor. Yet if one follows the grass-grown, stone-strewn street he will come to the small church, at the top of the hill, with its huge embattled tower, and the little-cared-for cemetery. Here is to be found the simple resting place of some of those instrumental in shaping character that was to be imbibed in their

greatest descendant.

At the time of the reigns of Kings Henry VII and Henry VIII, Sir Thomas Kitson, an uncle of the first Lawrence Washington before mentioned, was a merchant of considerable account, who helped the wool trade of the country. His nephew was a bannister by trade, but seems to have left that calling to superintend his uncle's transactions with sheep proprietors in the country. Lawrence soon became mayor of Northamptonshire. Thus for those times he was a gentleman of some consequence. About this time King Henry VIII offered among other confiscated church lands that of Sulgrave at a bargain price. He soon found a purchaser in Lawrence Washington, who paid for it three hundred pounds.

There was a superstitious tradition in that day that the purchase of those alienated church lands would bring evil fortune to the owner. Yet Lawrence Washington never seemed to have heeded this credulity. Neither his son, Robert. Not until the second Lawrence was owner of the Manor did the family suffer financial disaster enough to drive them from Sulgrave. This man was forced to move his family to Little Brington, some ten miles northeast of Sulgrave. Brington was at that time the seat of the Spencers. Lady Spencer was a Kitson by birth, daughter of Sir Thomas. Thus through this noble family the Washingtons received their new grant of land.

Yet from this depression they were soon to recover, when the eldest son married a half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which at

this time was not an alliance above the station of the Washingtons. Thus the family fortunes were again replenished; the Washingtons once more rose to prosperity.

At the Washington house in Little Brington there is to be found a pathetic inscription cut in a stone tablet above the door which reads:

"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

This reveals the patience that later was so fully manifested during the long winter at Valley Forge.

The Washingtons in England, like their descendants in America, were land owners. Although there is no record of any great wealth, yet they were a family of some account. Albeit they were the sort of people whose legacy consisted of account books and coat-of-arms. At all times they were seemingly in good favor with the king, and likewise associated with the gentry of the countryside.

When civil war broke out the Washingtons took the part of the king. Sir Henry Washington led a storming party at Bristol, and also defended Worcester. He was so known for his bravery that it became a sort of proverb in the army

when a difficulty arose to say "Away with it, quoth Washington."

How often during the dark days of the Revolution do we find in our own George Washington that same spark of bravery and determination which finally wrested freedom for the colonists.

In Brington church is a sepulchral stone dated 1616 over the grave of the father of the John Washington who emigrated to America. The chief Washington memorials in this little church that still honors that name are brasses with inscriptions, and coat-of-arms. In the chapel are some elaborate memorials of the wealthier Spencers. Yet how insignificant the dust of their riches to that illustrious name on the plain slab in the aisle—the name of Washington!

What noble characteristics were handed down to the man who led the colonists to victory! England's gift to America! Sulgrave Manor was purchased with funds raised in England by public subscription, and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies as a permanent memorial in honor of one hundred years of peace between the two countries. But England's greatest gift to us will ever be—Washington!

Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest.—Charles Dickens.

CANDIAN INDIANS MAKE GOOD RANCHERS

By James Montagnes

Blackfoot Indians living on the Peigan Reserve in the Pincher Creek region of Alberta have made good ranchers and farmers, are among the most prosperous and self-reliant of Canada's Indians, according to a report of the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa. The tribe has about 2,000 shorthorn and Hereford cattle, 2,000 horses and 5,000 acres of their 9,000 acre reserve under cultivation.

Ranching operations on the Peigan Reserve are carried out by the Indians themselves on a co-operative basis. The cattle herd belongs to sixty-five individuals who stage a grand round-up each summer, during which each owner's brand is tallied. As a precaution against mange the animals are put through dipping pens under supervision of a government inspector. The cattle are among the best range herds of beef cattle in southern Al-

berta. On the market the Indian cattle bring premium prices. From sales of about 400 head yearly the owners derive an annual revenue of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 at present prices. The reserve is in the short-grass country, containing an ideal winter grazing range.

The successful transformation of these Indian people from hunters to farmers and ranchers has been accomplished within two generations. Before the coming of the white man these Indians lived mainly on the great buffalo herds, but with the advance of settlements and depletion of game resources that followed in its wake, they were left practically destitute. With their land suitable for agriculture and stock-raising, the Canadian government supplied them with stock and equipment, establishing them as farmers and ranchers under competent instructors.

A FRIEND OR TWO

There is all of pleasure and all of peace,
In a friend or two.
And all your troubles may find release,
In a friend or two.
It's in the grip of a friendly hand
On native soil or in foreign land,
But the world is made—do you understand?—
Of a friend or two.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

WASHINGTON'S YOUNG COURIERS

By Allan Pritchard

Colonel Alexander Hamilton looked up quickly as a tall, bronzed, clear-eyed youth stepped through the door of the Isaac Potts house.

"Ah, you are on the minute, Meredith." While speaking he was reaching for a packet on the desk beside him. "His Excellency wishes this delivered to Hyams Saloman on Front Street, at the earliest possible moment. It is important and must be guarded with your life."

"I am ready, Colonel Hamilton, and shall not fail General Washington," the other replied simply.

As Frank Meredith passed around the building to where Ed Wilson held the horses he saw, through the window, the tall, commanding form of the Commander-in-chief of the patriot army leaning over a roll of maps. He was filled with wonder that this man, on whom rested the hopes of a whole people, could bear his accumulated burdens with a face so calm and majestic. For this was December, 1777, and the place was Valley Forge, where, after Brandywine and Germantown, General Washington had thrown the Continental forces between the British at Philadelphia and Congress at York.

In a short time the two youths were astride the horses and heading into the storm. For several hours they rode steadily, conversing, when conversing at all, in shrill monosyllables. Snow fell continuously, and icicles flung by the gale from swaying branches stung and cut.

The shorter of the two, Ed Wilson, at length pulled in his steed. "We

shall never make Philadelphia this night, Frank."

"To that I am fain 'to agree, Ed, but we should be about at the old Millikin place,—yes, there is the path." He turned his horse from the highway.

"But," the other objected, "the place has been deserted these four or five years; besides it's said to be haunted."

Frank chuckled. "So much the better, we shall not be disturbed."

Traversing the path for perhaps a mile, they drew up near a two-storied building, clearly deserted as Ed had stated and looking peculiarly cheerless in the gloomy half light of the stormy midday. The front entrance was securely fastened, and no amount of force moved it an inch; at the rear they were more successful, and after putting their steeds in the stables, the two comrades entered. A casual examination showed the house was empty, but in the front room on the first floor, they were surprised to find that others had visited the place, had eaten and drunk, as was clearly denoted by bottles and crusts on a table. Further investigation disclosed other unmistakable evidence of previous visitors, for cold as it was, ashes in the large fireplace were still slightly warm.

A smaller chamber, opening into this, demonstrated even more clearly that the place had been recently occupied. Fragments of paper littered the floor, and larger, charred remnants were in the fireplace. In addition, footprints frescoed liberally the dust on the floorboards.

"This is queer," Ed commented, "the

place has usually been avoided."

"Nothing surprises me in these dark days," the other replied. "We are in a kind of no man's land, where encounters between reconnoitering parties are frequent. Doubtless some of them have used the place for rendezvous. From the looks of things, chairs overturned, ink horn and quills on the floor, whoever was here last left in a hurry."

"Old Millikin, I bet you," exclaimed Ed. "You know 'tis said the old boy walks about the house at night. Hunters have heard doors slamming and feet sliding cross the floor."

Ed had barely concluded, when Frank rose to his feet and stood alert, listening. Surprised at the action, Ed assumed the same attitude.

A noise like a hastily shut door, then the shuffling of feet, a slow monotonous padding, somewhere within the building.

"It is he, sure as shooting," Ed ejaculated, as he looked about him in every direction.

"It's who?" Frank asked.

"Jonas Millikin. 'Tis just as reported."

Frank chuckled, albeit a bit shakily, "Nonsense, it is something more tangible. Besides, whoever heard of a ghost walking in daylight?"

"A dark day like this may fool them," Ed suggested with a grin. "Let's try the the house again; we must have missed a room."

Both, despite attempted levity, were puzzled. They had examined the entire building as a precaution, and Ed had rebolted the door at the back. It was inconceivable that anyone could have entered since their arrival.

A hasty search showed that the first floor was empty. They began mount-

ing the stairs, walking softly and using caution. The monotonous marching continued, and was seemingly keeping step with them as they ascended. An eerie sensation made Frank and Ed glance over their shoulders at intervals.

At last they stepped to the upper floor and began to search. Both rooms were empty, and the noise had ceased. Ed was running his hands over the plank wall hiding the stairway. He gave an excited whisper, at which Frank joined him.

"This hasp must close a door," said Ed, as he began pulling at the thin piece of iron.

After several endeavors, it fell back and a small door opened slowly and without noise. One glance into the black depths of the opening, and Ed, with a startled cry fell back against his companion.

Recovering his balance, Frank glanced in. A pair of eyes glowed redly luminous in the gloomy recess.

"Whoever is there—come out of it!" Frank commanded.

* * * *

The home of Mistress Lydia Darrah was, in 1777, a two-storied house on Arch Street. Ordinarily there were unused rooms to spare, since Mistress Darrah and her niece Dorothy, with a servant, were the sole occupants. But just now, these rooms were fully occupied by British officers. This taking over her domicile willy-nilly, while inconvenient and adding much to the housework, possessed good points. The presence of officers of varied rank protected the household from intrusion by pillagers, and by December occasioned no surprise.

Late in the afternoon on the same day that Frank Meredith and Ed Wil-

son left White Marsh, Dorothy Darrah entered the house, passed the dining room, where the British were at dinner, and joined her aunt in the drawing room. Her manner was impetuous as she threw her bonnet on a table and herself into a chair.

"I shall never go there again."

"Go where, my dear?" Mistress Darrah looked up from some needle-work.

"To Barbara Singleton's. She was quite haughty, and Mr. Singleton was ungentle—why he as good as accused me of sending Richard to Mr. Washington's army."

"And you did not, I suppose."

"How could I!" the girl answered flushing still pinker. "I only told him that I could not understand how any young man could remain idle when patriots were fighting for them."

Mistress Darrah bit a thread apart. "What answer had he to that?"

"That his father would die of shame, and other things equally foolish. Then I added 'twould serve him right for being a loyalist, and I couldn't respect a Tory anyway."

"Well, my dear," he aunt commented with a smile, "seems to me 'tis a naive confession of guilt, since immediately afterward Richard disappeared. Don't worry your pretty head, as doubtless all will end well, and—La me! we should be dressing."

When the two ladies returned to the drawing room, it was filled with their guests.

"Our little rebel!" cried Colonel Tarleton, a young man of handsome appearance. "We have news for you, Mistress Dorothy. We are going after this fellow Washington. He annoys us."

"And 'tis no new thing," Dorothy

retorted with a mischievous smile, "'Tis said that he annoyed Rahl at Trenton and Lord Cornwallis at Princeton."

"I' faith, Colonel, there go all your guns spiked," a young major cried gaily.

"Nothing so dangerously apropos as a lady's tongue, unless 'tis her eyes," another added, while Tarleton frowned at the girl's apt return.

"The Colonel is dangerous when he frowns, Mistress Dorothy, so come to this seat beside me," the first speaker laughingly invited.

"Perchance I had best, Major Andre." Dorothy crossed the floor.

"There is too much underrating General Washington, Tarleton," suddenly put in Sir John Graeme, a grey-haired general, turning from a window and facing the others. "I was with Braddock, and on my life, sir, but for this Washington, then a mere strippling, not a man of us would have escaped. We shall hear a deal more of him ere we take ship back to England." A surprised silence followed.

"Take ship to England! Do you mean before we crush these woodsmen?" Tarleton's voice was incredulous.

"Exactly," was the cool answer. "Unless I miss my guess, no European power will eventually hold a foot of ground on this side."

"Fortunately Sackville-Germain is not in hearing distance, Graeme."

"He hears far worse from Burke, Fox and Pitt. I shall do my duty, as part of the army, but why blind ourselves. England's heart is not in it, else why are we disgraced with a horde of Hessians?"

Dorothy was listening with flashing, sparkling eyes. "Sir John," she cried,

"almost I could kiss one of the country's enemies."

"Hold, Mistress Dorothy," laughed Andre. "Sir John is married. I offer as a proxy." Which sally eased the momentary tension.

Dorothy blushed under the combined gaze of the company, and glanced half angrily at the speaker. "The idea," she said, "you haven't defended Mr. Washington."

Andre lowered his voice. "Perhaps I have served you better."

"How—what mean you?"

"As I passed along Front Street on my way here, I saw that patriot cousin of yours. He entered a place under military suspicion, that of Hyams Salomon."

The girl gave a gasp and her face paled. "You let him go?"

"Surely, the penalty for a spy is revolting to me—besides, is he not your kinsman?"

The officers were now dispersing, and without saying more Andre joined them.

When she and her aunt were alone, Dorothy burst out with her surprising information, "Auntie, did you know Frank was in Philadelphia?"

Mistress Darrah looked her reply. "Surely not, he would have come here. What have you heard?"

Dorothy repeated Major Andre's words. "Suppose someone less friendly recognizes him," she concluded fearfully. To which of course there was no answer, although the subject was discussed in all its intricacies.

It had been rather a surprising evening to the two women, and the end was to prove even more so. Half an hour after the exit of the British officers, Barbara Singleton came in.

"Dorothy," she said hurriedly, "I

could not let the evening pass without apologizing for our rudeness, and what do you think—" the girl's eyes displayed suppressed excitement. "A little while ago the strangest thing happened. Father and I were in the drawing room, when without warning a perfect stranger appeared in the doorway, a young man in rough clothes, but so handsome and commanding. However he gained entrance I shall never tell you—he was just there when we looked up.

"Dada reached for the bell cord, but was stopped by a gesture. 'Do not ring, please; I am come at considerable personal danger to do you a service.'

"'Who are you,' dada asked angrily. 'What does this mean?'

"Without answering this stranger stepped to the window, and lowered the shade. 'That is better,' he said coolly. 'I am an officer in General Washington's army. Your son Richard is there and in good health. But mainly my mission is this: if the spy, Evan Howe, comes with an offer to deliver your son to you for gold, deny him. His promise will be false.'

"And then," Barbara continued, "he stepped through the door and pulled it shut. Dada rung the bell furiously and the servants came, but there was no sign of the young man. It was terribly exciting, Dorothy, and truly there was never a more prepossessing young man, and my hair in disarray." The sixteen-year-old miss patted her ebon tresses and glanced, she thought surreptitiously, at a small mirror on the table.

Dorothy and Mistress Darrah exchanged glances. "Was this stranger tall, with brown hair and blue eyes?" the latter asked.

"'Tis the image of him," said Barbara.

"My nephew without doubt," returned Mistress Darrah, 'and clearly he has become a remarkable young man, since he is seen in numerous places tonight. I hope his luck remains with him."

Barbara, after she and Dorothy had exhausted the subject of the odd appearance, with conjectures and excited exclamations, rose to take her leave. Looking over her friend's shoulder, she uttered a suppressed scream. The others turned quickly in the direction she was looking and scarcely were able to check like exclamations. Frank Meredith had slipped from his aunt's private chamber and stood smiling at the commotion he had caused. He raised his hand warningly. "I wish to see you a moment, Aunt Lydia," he said as he stepped back, out of sight.

"Any information for His Excellency?" he asked when she and he were alone.

"Lord Howe is said to be preparing to attack, hoping to surprise the patriots on the twelfth, with a large force."

"A night assault without doubt then; good for you, Aunt Lydia. The General has expected it, but was in the dark as to when. I suppose Dorothy knows that Richard is safe? I must be off instantly or would renew my recent acquaintance with Mistress Barbara."

"Surely Frank, you will come in for a moment. Dorothy will be hurt and inconsolable."

"I haven't a minute to lose. I have an appointment and the time is nearly up. Explain matters to her."

"If you must, 'tis useless to urge,

but boy, be careful. You were seen by one British officer tonight."

"Ha! John Andre I warrant, I rather feared it, but no matter, my luck will hold."

He was gone, while Mistress Darrah stood in the dark entry listening. Only the usual noises of the night made audible sound.

* * * *

Only silence greeted Frank's command to the mysterious occupant of the closet. Then there was a shuffling sound, and a grotesque form stood suddenly in the room with them.

With the movement of an arm the thing brushed the covering from its face and revealed a youth of about their own age. His body was swathed in the heavy folds of a patchwork quilt.

"Br-r-h! I am nearly frozen," he said.

"What in the name of wonder are you doing in there and in that condition?" Frank ejaculated. "And who are you?"

"Richard Singleton, entirely at your service, gentlemen," he answered as he threw off the quilt. "And you?"

"Of the patriot army on courier service," Frank informed him.

"Then I am relieved; that is my destination. My father," he continued, "is connected with Howe's Commissary, and a few days since secured me a billet with it, despite the fact I wished to join the forces of General Washington. Yesterday I took French leave to avoid being a deserter. Just before reaching this point on the highway I ran into a company of Tories who gave chase. Seeing a path I sought to elude them and found this deserted house. Shortly afterward, those pursuers rode up and all dis-

mounted. I hid up here and was peeking at them through a crack in the floor, when a sorry looking caitiff captured me and put me in that infernal closet."

"I don't understand that," Ed put in as the other paused. "Why didn't he turn you over to the Tories?"

"That I learned later. It appears my father offered twenty pounds for my return to Philadelphia. This fellow recognized me, no great wonder, by the way, since I have seen him hanging about the British Headquarters, a sort of lackey, name's Howe, I believe. Well anyway, he heard of the offer, and informed me he would take me back and claim the reward today. I must apologize for thinking you were he, when the door opened."

Just then the clatter of a horse's feet sounded and the three peered cautiously out the window.

"Friend Evan now," muttered Ed, "and I have somewhat to settle with him. Stand you out of sight and watch me."

The wait was short. A thin-visaged, falcon-nosed individual hurried in. As he started across the floor, Ed sprang on his back carrying him to the boards with a resounding crash. Frank and the late prisoner surged forward, and in a trice, Evan Howe, Tory, spy and in other ways thoroughly discreditable, was helpless.

"What will we do with him?" asked Ed. Frank considered. "We should take him to camp," he replied. "General Morgan would like to see him. However, there are other things to think of, and lack of horses."

"Put him in that closet," begged Richard Singleton, "maybe he will like it better than I did."

"It's better than hanging at all

events, and that is the general's threat," Frank agreed.

The limp body was pulled to its feet, and pushed through the opening.

The three youths lost no time in getting to saddle, Richard taking his own steed which Evan was using. Returning to the highway, Frank pulled up. "We part here, Richard. You will have no trouble reaching the patriot camp; Ed and I take the other direction. Report Howe's situation to General Morgan; he will send for him."

Reaching Philadelphia after dusk, the young couriers stopped at the Blue Goose Tavern just on the edge of the city, whose host, Watkins, was a patriot. Here Ed was left with the horses until Frank returned.

Fortunately Hyams Salomon had not left his office, and the business there was soon explained and concluded.

Salomon was, to Frank's surprise, quite young, with little of the leisurely caution of his race. He promised that his messenger would meet Frank at the Blue Goose at ten o'clock, and after some enquiries about General Washington and conditions at camp he dismissed the messenger.

Shortly after leaving the broker's office, Frank noticed a slouching figure a little distance ahead of him, but on the opposite side of a street, crossing Arch. It looked familiar so he quickened his stride. In the light that flared from a shop window, recognition was completed—it was Evan Howe!

Frank was startled as well as mystified. How had this miscreant escaped his prison and reached the city so quickly? He was living up to his reputation as the slipperiest human in Pennsylvania. Seeing the direction

Howe was moving, and his evident haste, Frank sensed that he was making for the Singleton home to arrange the matter of reward for Richard. "Good enough," thought Frank, "I'll checkmate the rascal."

As we have already seen, he was successful in this determination.

* * * *

Leaving Mistress Darrah looking after him, Frank Meredith started for the Blue Goose, taking the nearest route and using alley cutoffs where possible.

A little more than half the distance was covered, when in going from a dark alley to a street not much better illuminated, he ran into a street brawl. He started to draw back into the alley, when he saw that a single British soldier with drawn sword was defending himself against a dozen hoodlums. With a cry, "A rescue! a rescue!" he drew his pistol and began belaboring from the rear. The sudden assault from that direction soon cleared the field.

Left alone, Frank had leisure to notice his companion. The young Briton had lost his hat in the fray, and was evidently considerably winded, but was now coolly wiping his sword with a kerchief. Frank recognized him instantly—'twas Major Andre.

"Ha! Mistress Dorothy's kinsman again." The recognition had been mutual.

"Are you wounded?" Frank asked as the other grimaced and felt of his arm.

"A mere bruise or two, thanks to you my gallant friend, but hark!" he added hurriedly, "the night watch comes. Get you gone ere he marks your presence."

With a warning gesture, Andre

turned to head off the night watch whose flare was fast nearing the scene.

Frank lost no time in obeying the injunction. To be discovered meant peril to his mission, and should Andre attempt to free him, awkwardness for the British officer.

The knowledge that Evan Howe was in the city, and further that he knew that Frank and Ed were there, caused Frank to approach the Blue Goose with caution, which turned out to be fortunate. For while he was yet a distance from the tavern, Watkins, the host, stopped him. "Go not within," he warned, "a provost guard awaits you. Follow me."

Skirting the building, he led Frank to a secluded spot where Ed waited with the steeds, and with him was Salomon's messenger. "The gold and papers are already in the saddlebags," the latter whispered, "haste ye away, and God protect you."

Frank had intended remaining at the Blue Goose until morning, but 'twas evident that Evan Howe had lost no time in arranging to trap him. He and Ed would be safe nowhere in Philadelphia.

"Nothing for it, Ed, but a night at the Millikin place," he said as the city was left behind.

"To which I am little inclined," the other retorted, "though I am weary enough to sleep in the snowdrifts."

And in truth, the two young fellows were nodding in their saddles ere the old mansion was sighted, though they were soon well awake, when lights in the windows became visible. Ed gave a grunt of disgust at the thought their rest was preempted. Motioning his companion to silence, he crept forward and peered within, and then immediately called

Frank.

The occupants of the old place were a party sent to bring in Evan Howe. Finding he had flown they were remaining till daylight. A weight was lifted from Frank's shoulders; there would be an escort during the balance of the journey.

"Meredith is expected at any moment, General Washington," were words Frank overheard as he and Ed stepped through the door into the presence of the Commander-in-chief and his Aide, Colonel Hamilton.

"We are here to report," said Frank, saluting.

"You saw Salomon?"

"His reply is in the saddlebags, Your Excellency."

With a grave inclination of his head, General Washington indicated that the bags be carried to his apartment. Stopping Frank as he was retiring, he said, "I thank you, young men, for rendering a needed service to the Continental Army."

Colonel Hamilton was waiting with a quizzical smile on his face. He picked up two papers and gave one to each. "My congratulations, Captain Meredith and Lieutenant Wilson."

They were gazing dumbfounded at duly inscribed commissions.

OVER-EATING DULLS THINKING

Dr. Victor Heiser, author of "An American Doctor's Odyssey," says that if American men were willing to take a few notches in their belts after reaching 40, they could easily live to be 90.

Dr. Heiser is making a tour of the country for the National Association of Manufacturers and his business is to encourage medical service for employes by all manufacturing plants. For twenty years he was associated with the international health division of the Rockefeller Foundation and he has taken part in the fight against smallpox and other diseases in many parts of the world.

While in Atlanta recently Dr. Heiser said: "Americans are a people with over-expanded waist lines and if we do not begin watching our diet we'll soon be an insignificant race. I'm working now for a 40-hour week for the American stomach.

"Two meals a day are enough for anyone and these need not be large meals. What we need is to eat more green leafy vegetables. It is from these that the human system gets the needed mineral salts that are not found in meats and heavy vegetables. Americans eat so much that they have become a race of purgative takers. The human system was not planned with the thought that man must exercise to keep the waist line down. I am convinced overeating dulls a man's thinking processes."—Morganton News-Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Elsie Thomas, Miss Merlee Asbell and Mrs. Elsie Simpson, of Lemon Springs, members of the faculty of Greenwood Consolidated School, spent last week-end at the School, being the guests of Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Jay Lambert, one of our old boys, who has been employed as steward on a merchant steamship line for several years. This letter was from South Africa, where the ship on which he is employed will be in port for some time.

Mrs. W. W. Huss of Gastonia, supervisor of the W. P. A. Handicraft Project for Western North Carolina, was a visitor at the Training School last Thursday afternoon. After being shown through the various departments by Superintendent Boger, she stated that she had had no idea that the institution was as large as it is, and was most enthusiastic in expressing her pleasure at having an opportunity to see the work being carried on here.

Herbert Apple, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the shoe shop force, who left the School January 13, 1926, called on friends here last Wednesday. He is now twenty-eight years old; is employed as a shoe

machinery salesman, and seems to be getting along very nicely. Herbert has been married about four years. The same old smile that made him a favorite with both boys and officials of the School, was still very much in evidence, and he seemed delighted to renew old acquaintances among the workers here. This visit was very brief, but he stated that as he would be working in this territory for quite some time, he would stop in again real soon.

Thirty-eight boys and girls, pupils of the seventh grade of the Winecoff School, accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. Roberta Johnston, visited the Training School last Thursday morning. While here the youngsters visited the various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, the bakery, laundry, dairy, and other places on the campus. They seemed to be very much interested in the different phases of work being carried on here, and, from the number of questions asked, we are of the opinion one of the tasks to be assigned to them soon will be that of preparing a paper describing this visit to the School. We are always glad to have pupils from local schools visit us, as it gives them an opportunity to learn something of how this and other state institutions are operated.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, con-

ducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, calling special attention to part of the first verse, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Summers expressed his appreciation of having the privilege of making regular visits to the School. He stated that no matter how tired he might feel on these occasions, he always found the service at the institution most restful. Just to hear the boys sing and to note their attitude during the service, said the speaker, always made him feel that he received a far greater blessing than the boys might receive from anything he could say to them.

Rev. Mr. Summers then spoke to the boys on the life of Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday anniversary the entire nation was celebrating last Sunday. He said that one thing in the life of that great American was the fact that he listened to the advice of Solomon, who said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." One of the very few books at his disposal as a lad was the Holy Bible. As a boy he studied the wonderful truths found therein and by heeding its teaching, became one of our nation's greatest men.

The beginning of Lincoln's life, continued the speaker, was most humble. Born of very obscure and poor parents, he knew nothing of the luxuries enjoyed by the children of today. That there is nothing to the belief that a boy cannot succeed without the help of wealthy or influential parents, is proven by the life of this man. Reared amid hardships unknown to the

youth of these modern times, he surmounted all obstacles, finally gaining the highest office in the power of the people of this country to grant, that of President of the United States.

One of the first things we learn about Lincoln, said Rev. Mr. Summers, is that he was noted for his honesty. As a boy he was known among his neighbors for his trustworthiness. Many instances are well-known to all school children today concerning this trait, one which early in life gave him the title of "Honest Abe." What better reputation can a boy have than to have it said of him that he is honest? All through Lincoln's career his belief in the Bible ruled his every action. He never departed from the great lessons learned as a boy in that humble log cabin located in the wilds of the Middle West.

Rev. Mr. Summers then briefly mentioned instances in the life of Lincoln, from the time he started out as a country store-keeper, through his career as a lawyer and member of the Illinois State Legislature, until he became the head of the nation at a most trying time—the Civil War period. All through these stories he pointed out that one could not lose sight of the effect of lessons learned as a boy, under the greatest of handicaps.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to heed the advice of Solomon, that of remembering God while they are young; to pattern their lives after that of the great Lincoln; and by paying attention to the lessons taught by God in His Holy Word, they need have no fear as to the future. God has always cared for those who put their trust in Him, and will continue to do so down to the end of time.

Former Boys Making Good Records

Quite a number of reports concerning records being made by some of our former boys, were recently received at the School. Some of these reports, coming from various county welfare departments, were as follows:

Charles Pennell, now nearly eighteen years of age, who left the School March 29, 1937, is now residing with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Primm, near Charlotte. In this report we are told that Charlie attends church every Sunday; is well-liked in the community, and fits in nicely in the Primm home. In this communication it was recommended this young man be granted his final discharge from the institution.

Walter Hill, eighteen years old, who left the School August 17, 1937, is residing with his parents, on a farm near Rockwell. The report states his behavior is good; that he attends the Lutheran church regularly; and assists his father with the farm work. It was also recommended that he be given a discharge.

Ralph Rainey, who left the institution July 28, 1937, now lives at Rockwell. His age is seventeen years, and he is attending school, being in the tenth grade. His school principal reports his behavior as very satisfactory, and the welfare department case-worker suggests that "he be discharged from parole supervision, as each monthly report on his conduct is very good."

Francis Womble, of Greensboro. Left the School March 17, 1937, and is now about seventeen years old. He lives with his mother and is working on an N. Y. A. project after school hours. In his school work he is in the ninth grade and is getting along well

in all his subjects. The welfare worker states. "Since Francis returned from the Training School, his conduct and behavior have been very satisfactory. In view of his good record we recommend discharge."

William Cassell, eighteen years old, lives at Draper. He left the School April 10, 1937, and has been working in a cotton mill since that time. Resides with his father. There are eleven in the family. According to authorities at Draper, William has not been into any kind of trouble since returning to his home.

Samuel J. Watkins, who left the School June 1, 1938, lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Watkins, Chadbourne. He is nearly fifteen years old, attends school and is in the third grade. The comment from welfare worker about this lad was, "S. J. is doing remarkably well considering his home environment. Since returning from Jackson Training School, he has been conducting himself well."

Johnnie Drum, aged fifteen years, left us August 30, 1937. He is living with his father in Gastonia; goes to school regularly and is in the fifth grade. Remarks concerning his record were: "Will recommend that this boy be released from parole supervision as his behavior is very good and he is getting along nicely."

Nelson Daubenmeyer, aged fourteen, and his brother, John, aged fifteen and one-half years, who left the School July 6, 1937, live with their mother in Winston-Salem. These lads attend school and are in the sixth grade. Principal and teacher report both doing splendid work.

Erwin Martin, who left the School August 19, 1935, is an enrollee in a

CCC camp, where he is making a very good record.

Glenn Richardson, aged sixteen years, is living with his grandfather, R. W. Johnson, Thomasville. He was allowed to leave the School, August 20, 1937, and has been employed as delivery boy for the Southside Store Company, making \$6.00 per week. In view of fine record boy is making, discharge was recommended.

James Sewell, eighteen years old, returned to his home in Roanoke Rapids, May 21, 1938. He is now enrolled in a CCC camp in Death Valley, California, and writes his family weekly. His parents state that James is planning to enlist in the United States Marine Corps as soon as he obtains his release from the CCC.

William Goodson, who left the School February 15, 1937, is living with Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Lewis, Maiden. He is nearly eighteen years old and is a student in the Maiden High School, where he will complete the ninth grade this term. His school report card states: "Conduct—Excellent; Attendance—Perfect." William works on farm after school hours and on Saturdays. Mr. Lewis states that he is very much interested in doing his work first of all. The welfare official has this to say of the lad: "William is very well thought of around Maiden. The best class of people take a great interest in him, and several families have wanted him to live in their homes."

Richard Mills, of Stateville, left the School May 1, 1937, and is now living with his father. The information comes to us that his behavior has been good since leaving the institution; that he has a pleasing personality, and gives one the impression he has changed from former habits.

Norman Owens, who was allowed to return to his home in Statesville, August 5, 1935, is still living with his parents in that city. He is employed at a lunch stand and is getting along nicely. Reports on this lad, now sixteen and one-half years old, have been satisfactory, stating that he has a clean, neat appearance, and very nice manner and attitude. It was recommended that he be discharged from parole supervision.

Thomas Ed Maness, fifteen and one-half years old, who returned to his home in Troy, February 8, 1938, is another of our boys who is making a fine record. He attends school, being in the seventh grade, and is making good progress in his studies. Our informant tells us "the boy is adjusting nicely; has been fully accepted by family and neighbors; his attitude toward others is quite different since his return from the Training School."

Charles Batten, eighteen years old, who left the School, February 8, 1938, is living with his sister and brother-in-law near Ophir. The report states Charles has been doing farm work regularly and has given no trouble since coming home.

James Ervin Boyce, who was allowed to leave the School July 8, 1937, has been getting along very well. He lives with his mother and step-father near Farmville, and has been working on the farm. The boy's behavior has been good, there having been no complaint as to his conduct in the family or neighborhood. It is his desire to enroll in a CCC camp as soon as possible.

Edward E. Murray is living with his parents near Wallace, having been allowed to leave the School, January 27, 1938. He has been working on the farm with his father. The welfare

worker stated that he had heard nothing detrimental to his behavior since he returned home, and recommended that Ed be granted a final discharge in order that he might enroll in a CCC camp as soon as he is old enough.

William Keel, who left the School August 15, 1934, is now nineteen and one-half years old, and is in the United States Navy. He is located at San

Francisco, California. The welfare agent stated that Billy would be in the Navy for four years, and that he is well pleased at being in Uncle Sam's service. He also stated that he had made a good record prior to joining the Navy, and recommended that he be granted a final discharge from parole supervision.

FOR OTHERS

A dinner indescribable is held once a year behind locked doors in a private dining room of a certain New York hotel.

All the diners are ex-convicts. They are all past middle age. They are all attired in evening clothes and look the part. Brisk, intelligent and full of buoyancy of contented and successful lives, they look to be anything else than men once tried in court, found guilty and compelled to do time in penitentiaries. In general, they are busy executives who hold positions in business and social life of more than ordinary prominence. All have come back, back to life as it ought to be.

After the meal, chairs are pushed back and the guests talk of other days when their lives consisted of the drab monotony behind steel bars. The theme of their conversation is how to extend help to others who, like themselves, slipped and fell out of the true life.

Reports are given on what progress has been made during the year. The president served ten years for forgery in Joliet. He is now head of a business that employs 534 persons. Three of his board of directors and his private secretary have all served prison terms. Four of his guests have families, families who know nothing of the past.

The first meeting of this remarkable organization was held several years ago. Their work goes on and on, with helping hands held out to rescue and to salvage. It is manhood in majesty, service supreme, citizenship at the zenith, Christianity in the climax.

And what a call to other men who have slipped to also come back.—The Island Lantern.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette
Tillman Lyles
Henry McGraw

—B—

Clinton Call
Clifton Davis
Dillon Dean
George Green
Earl Hildreth
Burman Keller
Fred McGlammary
Landreth Sims
Fred Tolbert
J. R. Whitman
James C. Wiggins
Jerome W. Wiggins
Thomas Yates

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Carl Breece
Donald Britt
Robert Bryson
Delphus Dennis
Canipe Shoe
Ronald Washam

—B—

Homer Bass
Cleasper Beasley
Paul Briggs
Lacy Burleson
Clarence Gates
Horace Journigan
Mark Jones
Hugh Kennedy
McCree Mabe
Garland McPhail
Jesse Owens
Richard Patton
Ray Reynolds
Hubert Smith
Melvin Stines
William Tester
Walker Warr
Ed Woody
Horace Williams
Edwin Jackson

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Clinton Adams
Floyd Crabtree
Lewis Donaldson
Frank Glover
Blaine Griffin
Vincent Hawes
Jack Mathis
Ross Young

—B—

Ben Cooper
William Estes
James Page
George Shaver

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

William Cherry
B. C. Elliott
Wilbur Hardin
Jack Foster
J. W. McRorrie

—B—

Herman Cherry
Floyd Combs
James Hancock
John Hendrix
Gilbert Hogan
Dallas Holder
Donald Holland
James Lane
Edward Murray
Charles Smith
Jack Sutherland
Elmer Talbert
John Tolbert
Leo Ward
Lee Watkins

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Atwell
Lyman Johnson
Thomas Pitman
Earthy Strickland

—B—

Theodore Bowles
James Coleman

Baxter Foster
Thomas Wilson
William R. Young

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

William Barden
Edgar Burnette
William C. Davis
Grover Gibby
L. M. Hardison
Isaac Hendren
Thomas Knight
Edmund Moore
Filmore Oliver
Lloyd Pettus

—B—

Monte Beck
Bruce Link
Edward McCain
Fred Pardon
Charles Presnell
Rowland Ruffy
Joseph Sanford
Richard Singletary
Joseph Wheeler

Leonard Wood

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Charles Davis
Caleb Hill
Hugh Johnson
James Kirk
Norman Parker
Melvin Walters
Harvey Walters

—B—

William Brothers
Postell Clark
Henry Cowan
James C. Cox
James H. Davis
Clyde Hillard
Irvin Medlin
John Penninger
Grady Pennington
Oscar Roland
Thomas Shaw
Paul Shipes
Julius Stevens
Brooks Young

I would not exchange
My home on the range
For a duplex apartment or flat;
It's lonesome out there
But I do not care;
And here is my reason for that.

There's nobody near—
I don't have to hear
These cowboys who sing through their noses;
There's none of them there;
They're all on the air,
Or else on the screen striking poses.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending February 12, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

- (5) Rex Allred 11
- Henry Cowan 9
- (3) Porter Holder 7
- Burman Keller
- (2) H. C. Pope 9
- (3) Lee Watkins 5
- Latha Warren 4

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 3
- (3) Samuel Ennis 6
- (3) Clifton Mabry 5
- (3) Nick Rochester 8

COTTAGE No. 3

- (4) Robert Atwell 6
- (2) Lewis Andrews 7
- James C. Cox 8
- (5) Coolidge Green 8
- (12) William McRary 12
- (11) Earl Weeks 11
- (7) Jerome Wiggins 10

COTTAGE No. 4

- William Cherry 3
- (4) Lewis Donaldson 9
- James Hancock 8
- Hugh Kennedy 3
- (3) Ivan Morozoff 8
- (2) Edward McGee 4
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 6
- (5) George Newman 10
- (2) Lloyd Pettus 11
- Henry Raby 7
- Robert Simpson
- (3) Leo Ward 10
- (6) Melvin Walters 11
- (12) James Wilhite 12
- Samuel Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 5

- (5) Grady Allen 8
- (2) William Brothers 7
- (2) Collett Cantor 3

- (3) Grover Gibby 3
- (3) William Kirksey 7
- Samuel Montgomery 2
- (3) Richard Starnes 4
- Elmer Talbert 4
- (7) Hubert Walker 9
- (9) Dewey Ware 11
- (2) Marvin Wilkins 7
- George Wright 6

COTTAGE No. 6

- (5) Edward Batten 7
- Robert Bryson 9

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 5
- Cleasper Beasley 3
- Carl Breece 9
- James H. Davis 4
- William Estes 10
- George Green 7
- Blaine Griffin 9
- Caleb Hill 9
- Hugh Johnson 8
- Lyman Johnson 2
- Robert Lawrence 6
- Elmer Maples 4
- Jack Pyatt 5
- Earthy Strickland 10
- Graham Sykes 4
- William R. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cicero Outlaw 6
- (3) John Penninger 11
- John Tolbert 5
- (2) Charles Taylor 6

COTTAGE No. 9

- James Butler 6
- Roy Butner 5
- Edgar Burnette 9
- Carrol Clark 7
- Wilbur Hardin 7
- Osper Howell 4
- Mark Jones 5
- Harold O'Dear 7
- Lonnie Roberts 5

Thomas Sands 5
 Earl Stamey 4
 Preston Winbourne 7
 Thomas Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Roy Barnette 2
 Floyd Combs 4
 (5) Elbert Head 8
 J. D. Hildreth 6
 Vernon Lamb 6
 (3) Felix Littlejohn 5
 James Nicholson 3
 Jack Norris 5
 William Peeden 4
 (4) Oscar Smith 8
 Torrence Ware 2

COTTAGE No. 11

- (4) Harold Bryson 6
 (8) Julius Fagg 9
 (3) Albert Goodman 5
 (12) Earl Hildreth 12
 (3) Paul Mullis 4
 (3) Calvin McCoyle 4
 (7) Edward Murray 11
 Theodore Rector 2
 (7) Julius Stevens 11
 (4) Thomas Shaw 10

COTTAGE No. 12

- (5) Odell Almond 5
 (2) Allard Brantley 7
 Ben Cooper 4
 (5) William C. Davis 7
 (5) James Elders 8
 (5) Max Eaker 9
 (5) Joseph Hall 7
 (6) Charlton Henry 4
 (5) Franklin Hensley 8
 (2) Hubert Holloway 9
 (2) Alexander King 10
 (2) Clarence Mayton 9
 William Powell 5
 James Reavis 6
 (5) Howard Sanders 8
 (8) Avery Smith 10
 (2) William Trantham 8
 (5) Leonard Wood 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- (4) Jack Foster 10
 (3) William Griffin 9
 Isaac Hendren 8
 (2) Irvin Medlin 6
 (2) Paul McGlammery 7
 (4) Thomas R. Pitman 11
 (4) Alexander Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 14

- (10) Claude Ashe 10
 (3) Raymond Andrews 7
 (10) Clyde Barnwell 11
 (3) Monte Beck 7
 (10) Delphus Dennis 11
 David Hensley 5
 Marvin King 8
 (12) James Kirk 12
 (2) John Kirkman 7
 Henry McGraw 7
 (8) Fred McGlammery 10
 Troy Powell 7
 Howard Todd 6
 Junior Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 15

- (4) Howard Bobbitt 7
 (3) Clarence Gates 8
 (12) Beamon Heath 12
 Dallas Holder 2
 (2) William Hawkins 3
 (2) Robert Hines 6
 (3) L. M. Hardison 9
 (4) James McGinnis 10
 Claude Moose 4
 (2) Eulice Rogers 5
 (2) Ira Settle 10
 Brown Stanley 7
 James Watson 7
 (4) Arvel Ward 7
 (2) William Young 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Filmore Oliver 8
 (4) Thomas Oxendine 7
 (3) Curley Smith 8
 (5) Ross Young 9

The victory of success is more than half won when one gains the habit of work.—Selected.

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Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

FEB 28 1939

C. N.
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 25, 1939

No. 8

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WHO AM I?

I am a little thing with a big meaning. I help everybody. I unlock doors.....open hearts.....dispel prejudice. I create friendship and good-will. I inspire respect and admiration. Everybody loves me. I bore nobody. I violate no law. I cost nothing. Many have praised me.....no one has condemned me. I am pleasing to those of high and low degree. I am useful every moment of the day. I am Courtesy.—The Outlook.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OLD AGE—THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE

Some one has well said that of all the seasons of the year in our American climate there is none so tender, so beautiful, so weird and unearthly, so fascinating and perfect as the Indian Summer. After the buds, blossoms, heat and harvests of summer; after the autumn of fruits and frosts, when the forests are mantled in crimson, fire and gold, when chill winds and vagrant snow warn of the approach of ice-mantled winter, then some invisible hand seizes the galloping steeds of the seasons and reins them up suddenly for a few days while earth, air and sky weave around the weather-beaten brow of the year the golden crown of Indian Summer. The sun pours down a soft and dreamy golden light; the sky is robed with a delicate, purplish gauze that seems to float everywhere; the air is balmy and caressing. There is a bewitching charm in the unearthly spell that has been cast upon nature.

“November leads us through her dreary straits
To find the halcyon Indian Summer days,
Where sitting in a dreamy, solemn haze,
We catch the glimmer of the jasper gates,
And hear the echo of the Celestial praise.”

And so God designs old age to be the Indian Summer of life—the gentlest, the tenderest, the most beautiful of all of life's seasons, for He says, “And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs I will carry you; I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and deliver you.” God's special care and love for old age marks it as the Indian Summer of earth's pilgrimage.

—Baltimore Southern Methodist.

DISSERTATION ON READING

Good books are the best and most lasting friends the young can cultivate. One's reading is, usually, a fair index of one's character. Observe, in almost any house you visit, the books which lie customarily on the center table; or note what are taken by preference from the public or circulating library; and you judge in no

small degree, not only the intellectual taste and the general intelligence of the family, but also—and what is of far deeper moment—you may pronounce on the moral attainments and the spiritual advancement of most of the household. “A man is known,” it is said, “by the company he keeps.” It is equally true that a man’s character may be, to a great extent, ascertained by knowing what books he reads.

The temptation to corrupt reading is usually strongest at the period when the education of the schoolroom is about to close. The test of the final utility, however, is the time when the youth leaves the school. If the mind be now awakened to a manly independence, and start on a course of vigorous self-culture, all will be well. But if, on the other hand, it sinks into a state of inaction, indifferent to its own needs, and to all the highest ends and aims of life, then woe to the youth who has not been started right.

To read books which present false pictures of human life is decidedly dangerous, and we would say stand aloof from them. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depend upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a thing fitful and fantastic, an extravagant thing.

Then, boys, keep up your reading of good books. They are your best friends. The vast world moves along the lines of thought and sentiment and principle, and the press gives to these wings to fly and tongues to speak—J. A. R.

* * * * *

HAPPY HOMES

They are the greatest blessings to mortals given. In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness nor fretfulness; unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue.

O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength and time—of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words!

In a perfect home all selfishness will be removed, and the members will not seek first to please themselves, but will try to please

each other. Cheerfulness is another necessity in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, coming from a heart fraught with love and kindness, help to make a home happy! How attractive and soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How does the parent and child, the brother and sister dwell with delight on these cheerful looks, these confiding smiles that beam from the eyes, and come from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear? How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the care of the mother, renders it more easier for the youth to resist temptations, and draws them with the cords of affection to keep them secure under the paternal roof.

Kindness and cheerfulness! How easy it is to carry them through our lives. It is the little sunbeams of life that make up its brightness, and it is the little troubles that wear our hearts out!

—J. A. R.

* * * * *

GRACE SUFFICIENT

The real troubles of life come to us all. Life is a difficult business. All that we can do is to make the best of it. For the little outward discomforts of life; the annoyances and irritations of life, a man may find some comfort within his family and among his friends. But when the real sorrows and disasters come, which cut deep into a man's heart; when burdens come that a man carries deep in his soul, he can go to the pages of God's Word and seek for light and strength. It says "My Grace is sufficient for thee."

The Bible contains the deepest spiritual experiences of mankind. It deals with the eternal questions of man and God, life and death, duty and destiny. We do not find in it philosophies and speculations; not theories and abstractions, but great facts. There we are in touch with living personalities who have been face to face with old yet ever new problems of life. They, like ourselves, have been overtaken by great disasters; they have been in sore straits. The life stories in the Bible are not the idealized stories of people who have lived in ease and peace, but of people who were tried in all respects as we are; and who tell us how they found strength and peace of mind.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them are the issues of eternal life." And we must do it with an abiding and determined faith.—J. A. R.

THE UPLIFT

BE A LIFTER

There is a genius of living that gives a sweetness to our lives. Talent is a faculty that helps us to exercise our genius. Genius is of the soul, talent is passionless. The two combined make us "lifters" in life. If you are not uplifting in your career you are losing the joy of life. To help one another is one of the sublime missions of this life. Our little weekly, "The Uplift," is the keynote to helpfulness. A lifter is one who helps others, cheers them up, helps to carry their load of trouble and sorrow, by sympathetic words of encouragement, and helps others their burdens to bear. A lifter makes his associates feel at once that he is deeply interested in the solution of their problems. Some one has most convincingly said:

"There are two kinds of people on earth today,
 Just two kinds of people—no more I say,
 Not the good and the bad, for 'tis well understood
 The good are half bad and the bad half good,
 Nor the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
 You must know how the state of his conscience, and health,
 No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
 Are the people who lift, and the people who lean
 Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
 Are divided in just these two classes.
 And, oddly enough, you will find, I ween,
 There is only one lifter to twenty who lean."

—J. A. R.

* * * * *

CRIME CONTINUES

This subject, "crime" continues to be discussed as much as the theme, "weather" but so far little has been done towards curtailing the lurking tendencies of evil that have a fascination for the youth of the land. The press emphasizes highway safety due to the fact a terrible carnage has aroused our citizenship.

But there is another safety problem that needs to be publicized with the same seriousness, and that is crime prevention, because a large percentage of the crime is committed by youths under 21 years of age.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of Federal Bureau of Investigation,

United States Department of Justice, made bold to state in an address to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, "that from the doorstep of the American home must come the ultimate solution of the crime problem, which is one of the Nation's heaviest headaches as well as heart aches. That the youths of the homes are the living examples of neglected homes, and the failure of society to properly meet its obligations to the younger generations." He further stated,—“one of the strange anomalies of present day life is that the people are apparently perfectly willing to spend billions of dollars to run down crime, but not willing to give any time to see that money invested for corrective measures is properly applied.” The annual crime bill for each man, woman and child in the country is \$120.

The crime problem, thinks Mr. Hoover, of the United States Department of Justice, could be solved overnight if the women of the country resolved that it could and must be solved. Therefore, it has been truly said that “the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.” The background of that quotation of the yesteryears is entirely different from that of today—no cradles and many, many diversions for the mothers. What about it? Will the young mothers in their mad whirl of gayety stop long enough to give the question a serious thought?



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

YOU

"You are the fellow who has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside;
You are the fellow who makes up your
mind—

Whether you'll lead or will linger behind—
Whether you'll try for the good that's afar
Or be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. There's something to
do!

Just think it over. It's up to you."

Prayer is talking with God. It is
the telephone line to heaven.

Some wives will listen to a radio
when they will not listen to their hus-
bands.

Not every man can get a haircut
that will please every member of the
folks at home.

A wife is usually called "the better
half," and some of them are. But
many a man has found that she is his
bitter half.

It is folly for husbands to quarrel
with their wives. It upsets the house-
hold, and in the end the husband loses,
and then feels ashamed of himself.

There are two kind of human be-
ings in the world—those who try to
help others, and others who give
others all the trouble they possibly
can.

A squab with two heads was re-
cently hatched in Indiana. Guess that
must have come from the "dove of
peace" trying to look two ways at the
same time.

Production is the highest form of
service. This is the American idea—
and it is a good one for many of our
national ills. We learn a good deal by
doing.

A lot of people get hold of the
opinion that they can raise vege-
tables that look like the pictures in
the seed catalogues. Some come very
near it; and some do not.

He was very much inebriated. He
said to a cop: "Officer, I'm lookin'
for a parkin' plashe."

"But you've got no car," replied
the officer.

"Oh, yesh I have. It's in the parkin'
plashe I'm lookin' for."

Some persons never know when to
be grateful. A Chicago postman has
been put on probation for a year for
having thrown away advertising cir-
culars instead of delivering them. Had
he been tried by a jury of the house-
holders living on his delivery route
he would not only have been tri-
umphantly exonerated but probably
voted a medal for meritorious service.

There is now much agitation for
taxation of salaries of State and
Federal officials and employes on the
same basis as the income of the private
citizens who earn the money to pay
their salaries. It's difficult to under-
stand how a member of Congress, or
a State legislator, or public employe
can ask for or justify such an ex-
emption. Treat all salaried people
alike seems to be the equity in the
matter.

With the federal debt nearing \$40,000,000,000 and with interest charges now amounting to more than the total annual budget of a few years ago, the man in public life who advocates progressive economy is indeed the realist—not the politician who spends because he thinks the country is going broke anyway. The man who fights to the last to halt runaway budgets is the true saver of our country from financial ruin.

Congress settles some things, and some things it doesn't. The fight in that body over the amount of WPA funds is mostly political bunk, for just so long as the present Federal relief plan is continued the amounts asked for by the Administration will have to be appropriated and "supplementary" sums will be necessary to meet inevitable deficits. The real

issue is strangely missing in Congress. Everybody knows that it is: Federal relief, or State and local relief.

We are embarking on the largest armament program in our peace-time history. And when a country builds a war machine, it involves far more than merely appropriating the money increasing the personnel of our fighting forces, and placing the orders with the arms and munition makers. It involves the gravest question of policy. It involves our entire attitude towards the relations with the other nations in the world. And it thus very directly involves every person in the country. America must keep out of all foreign entanglements that lead on to war; or the appearance of wanting to engage in a war. We have had our fill of war.

THE STRAIGHT TREE

Look about you and you will see that trees, as a rule, grow straight. The straight tree can throw its limbs out on all sides. This helps its leaves to get the sunshine, and it helps to balance the tree and keep it upright. If it grows straight, the roots are better able to keep it in position.

Boys and girls are like trees, too. God intended them to grow straight. When they grow according to His plan for them, they reach the best, for while they are growing straight and strong they are developing roots and throwing out branches that will help to keep them steady when the storms blow. It may be hard sometimes to stand against temptations that will tend to make them grow crooked, but throw out the balancing branches, and put the roots down deep, then you are in a position to work out God's plan for your life.—Selected.

THE BOY SCOUT COMPASS

By Rev. Maurice R. Gortner

The Boy Scout compass has four cardinal points similar to the mariner's compass. By this compass the scout finds his way over life's sea, as the mariner by the his compass pursues his course on the high seas. At the center of the compass, as the pivotal point, we have the scout pledge, "To do his best." The "scout's honor" is the needle, which always points to his "scout duty."

At the North Pole of the scout compass, we have "Duty to God"; at the point of the rising sun "Duty to country"; at the South Pole "Duty to others;" and at the point of the setting sun "Duty to self." The material out of which we build the scout compass is the scout oath: "On my honor I will do my best: To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." And other material used, plotted between the four cardinal points of the compass, is the scout law: "A scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent."

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God." The scout movement firmly insists that every man and every boy, in order to come into his largest self and largest usefulness, must have an active part in things religious and spiritual. How may the scout fulfill this? For one thing he can play the game of life according to the rules.

A college professor in England was

making an appeal to his students to go out and play manfully the game of life. One of the students spoke up, "Sir, how can we play the game of life when we don't know where the goal posts are?" Scouts, here is a Book in which are set up the goal posts, the high ideals for your life and mine, and rules for playing the game. The goals are love of God and of fellowman, and the rules are the Ten Commandments, which through thousands of years have never been altered or withdrawn. A scout is loyal to God, and in spite of temptations to quit, in spite of allurements to draw aside and to forget the goal, in spite of hardship and handicaps, the true scout will do his best to play the game.

I am reminded of three young men of Old Testament times who were loyal to God. It is a familiar Sunday school lesson. A certain king of a great nation of long ago won a notable victory over his enemies, and he celebrated by setting up a golden image ninety feet high and eighteen feet broad. He called upon the people of his realm to fall down and worship the image, and he added the threat that if any man refused thus to worship he would be cast into a furnace of fire. Now in the face of a situation like that, it would seem that the expedient thing to do would be to worship the image, or at least to go through the form and make the proper gestures. But in that nation there were three young men who knew all about the Ten Commandments. They had a conviction that there was one true God and that it was wrong to worship images of

any sort. So when the Babylonians did as the king commanded and bowed down before the thing that was ninety feet high, these three young men stood erect and in answer to the king's threat said "We are not anxious to answer thee in this matter, O king! Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace. We believe that He will, but if not, be it known unto thee, we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image." They were there to play the game and to take whatever risk might be involved in being true to what they knew was right. The outcome was a glorious victory, and here is the record of it. The king carried out his threat. "The furnace of fire was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." The young men were bound hand and foot and the slaves of the king carried them and cast them into the fire. The flames were so hot that the slaves who cast them in were themselves burned to death. But presently as the king looked on "he saw four men walking," loose and unhurt, "in the midst of the fire, and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God." Loyalty to the highest they knew brought to these three young men victory, and an exalted form of fellowship. So, if you scouts will line up for the right, you will always have Christ as your Helper and together with Him go on to win. There is no other such insurance.

Fulfilling one's duty to God includes reverence—reverence for God's Book, the Bible—reverence for God's house, the church. A scout is reverent, therefore a scout will not neglect the reading of the Bible; he will be faithful to the services of his church. Emerson said: "There is in my heart's garden

a little flower called reverence and I find that it needs to be watered at least once a week." If you would cultivate this beautiful flower, remember that it requires attention, especially on the Lord's Day.

The path of duty to God is a narrow road; it is sometimes rough and steep; it is much easier to travel the broad way of indifference and frivolity. But is it not true that the things that cost us he most are the things we prize the most, the games that were hardest to win are the ones we like to remember? The higher the mountain, the greater is the glory in climbing to its summit. The way is before you. The best hearts are the bravest. And a scout is brave. It was Emerson again who said, "So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man, when duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replied, 'I can.'"

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to my country." What is a Boy Scout's duty to his America? What does he owe to the land that gives him free education, things to enjoy and do, and the chance to be what he wants to be?

Does a scout owe respect to the country's flag? Yes! A scout fulfills this obligation. I am always thrilled when scouts on parade go marching by bearing the colors. They do it so proudly. Does a scout owe obedience to the nation's laws? Yes! One day Jesus' enemies sought to entrap Him with a political question. It was a disputed matter whether it was right for Jews, God's peculiar people, to pay taxes to Caesar, who ruled from his imperial court in Rome. Now, Jesus might have considered Himself above such governmental conditions and requirements, but His answer was de-

finite and determinative for all who in succeeding ages would call Him Lord: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." In other words, be obedient to the laws of the country. And a scout is obedient.

Above all, a scout's duty to his country is a willingness to live for her welfare. These times in our nation's life, as perhaps never before, call for hearts that are stout and brave and true. The world today is seething with unrest, governments are on the verge of "they don't know what," great causes are gathering their forces, grave questions are pressing for an answer, marvelous inventions make the future a thrilling anticipation—it is the greatest period of history since the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

Victory may come sooner than we expect, but I have an idea that some of you scouts will have to deal with the problems and struggles that are giving your elders much concern today. Therefore, you will get ready for the fray. Football men begin their training long before the opening game. I like the story of a boy in a boarding school who wrote home about a football game in which he played on the line. His team was defeated. He wrote: "The enemy found a hole in the line and it was 'me.' But just wait, it was my first game; wait until I get more training and discipline, and there won't be a hole where I am." If you scouts live up to your motto, when it becomes necessary for your generation to present a united front against any evil forces that may threaten your country's life and happiness, there won't be any holes in the line where you are.

I like your motto, "Be Prepared." Preparedness is one of the great Christian virtues. Jesus was always insisting upon it. One of His most thrilling words was "Watch!" sometimes, He dropped the word, "Watch," and used, "Be ready." It means the same thing. If He were speaking in America today, and especially to a group of boys, He would no doubt say, "Be prepared." He would exhort you to get ready for the years which lie ahead, to equip yourselves so that you may successfully grapple with the coming tasks and trials, to fit yourselves for whatever situations into which you may be cast. Do you know the firemaker's desire? Let his words be yours!

"As fuel is brought to the fire
So I purpose to bring
My strength,
My ambition,
My heart's desire,
My joy
And my sorrow
To the fire
Of humankind;
For I will tend
As my fathers have tended
And my father's fathers
Since time began,
The fire that is called—
The love of man for man—
The love of man for God."

"To help other people at all times." Here is the third of the scout's duties, his duty to others. The spirit of scouting is the spirit of service. "The scout is friendly." He believes that the best way to have a friend is to be one. "The scout is courteous and kind." Someone has said: "Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised, give greater charm to the character than

the display of great talents and accomplishments." Good scouts know that to be true and they practise it. "The scout is helpful," and not for pay or praise. The real test of a good scout is his doing of daily good turns; and because and whenever he lives up to this law, it naturally follows that he fulfills another, namely, "The scout is cheerful." The world would be a happier place in which to live if we were all good scouts after this fashion.

The stories of Abraham Lincoln releasing the pig from the soft clay and putting back into the nest the fledglings that had tried their wings too soon, are well known. Just the other day I came across another story which shows that Lincoln was a good scout long before scouting came to America. It is said that one morning when he was going down a street of the city in which he lived he saw a little girl crying at the door of one of the houses. He stopped and asked her what was the matter. She sobbed out her story. She was going to visit a friend in another town. It was to be her first ride on the train, and the expressman had not come for her trunk. Mr. Lincoln lifted the trunk onto his shoulders and started off, calling to the little girl to "Come along." They just caught the train. No wonder the little girl never forgot Mr. Lincoln. He was never too busy to be kind. And Lincoln and all of us get our supreme example and inspiration for the "good turn daily" from Jesus of Whom it was said: "He went about doing good." So,

"If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have
done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word

That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well
spent."

The scout's fourth great duty is the duty to self. The last words of the scout oath clearly point the way to fulfill this responsibility: "Keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." Before Herbert Hoover became President of the United States he was a highly successful engineer. Someone asked the secret of Hoover's splendid success, and one of his associates replied: "He kept his mind clear, his body and his soul clean, and everlastingly worked."

The best way for a scout to be true to others is to be true to his own highest self. The words of Shakespeare are familiar: "To thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man." A picture that is a universal favorite is Sir Galahad. We like to hang that picture where young people will see it and be inspired by the cleanness and beauty of character that it reveals. We are inspired, too, by the portrayal of the Boy-Scout in picture or in reality. And with striking appropriateness, we put upon the lips of the scout the words of Tennyson's hero:
"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "If you are going to do something permanent for the average man, you have to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy."

He also said: "The Boy Scout movement is distinctly an asset to our country for the development of efficiency, virility, and good citizenship."

THEIR PENS REVEAL MANY TYPES OF T. B. GENIUS

(The Sanatorium Sun)

One day in New York City in an early year of the nineteenth century, a sorrowing family bade farewell to their favorite son who was soon to board a vessel bound for Europe. Washington Irving, a young man barely twenty-one, was so sick and weak from tuberculosis that the sea voyage had been prescribed in the hope of making his last days as pleasant as possible. Neither his family nor the captain of the ship expected him to survive the voyage.

Fortunately, however, the young man with his naturally "lazy streak" and his fondness for travel had nothing to do on the slow-moving vessel but eat, sleep and enjoy the trip. Recovery followed a year of leisure spent in England and he returned to America well enough to complete a course in law; but a lack of clients, his preference for an indolent life, and his love of literature influenced him in taking up writing as a life work. He enjoyed a successful career as a literary and traveled "gentleman" until he was well past seventy and was the first American writer to achieve fame abroad.

The following excerpts from some of his sketches explain the delight which his wise humor and gentle philosophy afforded his many readers:

"An inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keep ing the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather."

"A kind heart is a fountain of glad-

ness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen with smiles."

"Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart."

"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it."

"He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts."

"A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener and sharper with constant use."

"After all, it is the divinity within that makes the divinity without; and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charm, than I have been by the most regular beauty."

"Every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we do not wonder even at miracles."

A personality sharply in contrast to that of the first American man of letters is associated with a great English preacher of several generations earlier. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, possessed a vigorous, energetic disposition and a positive aversion to leisure.

Wesley was also a sufferer from tuberculosis. His health failed so rapidly in his fifty-first year in spite of the asses' milk and the daily rides prescribed by his doctor that he wrote his own epitaph and made other preparations for an early death. But

the symptoms seem to have abated after a three months' stay at a Bristol resort and he lived to be nearly ninety.

It was Wesley's habit to rise at 4 a. m. daily. During his career as religious reformer he traveled 250,000 miles, often on horseback and preached over 40,000 sermons. His recovery from tuberculosis while leading such a strenuous existence seems incredible until we remember that he lived an outdoor life of extreme temperance and was noted for his self-discipline, economy of time and effort and freedom from worry.

In his writings the great Methodist wasted no words but came straight to the point. No one could fail to recognize the characteristics of the man in the following quotations:

"Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the souls you can, with all the zeal you can, as long as you ever can."

"Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake more work than I can do through with in perfect calmness of spirit."

"Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

"Ten thousand cares of various kinds were no more weight or burden to my mind than ten thousand hairs were to my head."

Napoleon Bonaparte was a man of action whose strong determination and love of power brought him fame at twenty-six and exile and suffering at fifty. When he was dying on the island of St. Helena of cancer of the liver, he ordered a post-mortem examination, thinking that some knowledge to spare his young son from the disease he thought hereditary might come to light.

The autopsy revealed that the form-

er emperor of the French also harbored the seeds of tuberculosis. The same disease was even then foreshadowing the life of the heir to his fortunes, who succumbed to it at an early age instead of the malady which his father feared.

An insight into Napoleon's character may be gained by comparing some of his utterances at the height of his glory with those dictated from his bed of illness:

"Circumstances!—I make circumstances!"

"Ask me for whatever you please except time; that is the only thing which is beyond my power."

"He who fears being conquered is sure of defeat."

"Imagination rules the world."

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

"Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."

"Occupation is the scythe of time."

"What a delightful thing rest is!—The bed has become a place of luxury to me—I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world."

"Do not counteract the living principle.—Leave it at liberty to defend itself, and it will do better than your drugs."

"When I was happy I thought I knew men, but it was fated that I should know them only in misfortune."

A giant of French literature was Honore de Balzac, born almost at the close of the eighteenth century. This many-sided genius worked with tremendous energy, producing seventy-nine novels in twelve years. His naturally strong physique could not stand the overwork along with the burdens of debt caused by indulging in some rather fantastic schemes to get rich and the last five years of his

life was a battle with tuberculosis and heart disease. He died at the age of fifty-one only a few months after his marriage.

His great variety of works cover a large range in a realistic manner. An unromantic figure, his greatest literary characteristic was realism. He wrote about common people and their everyday life. That he understood human beings, their emotions and their reactions is evident from the following quotations:

"Emulation admires and strives to imitate great actions; envy is only moved to malice."

"Love is to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth."

"After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation."

"We exaggerate misfortunes and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are."

"Misfortune makes of certain souls a vast desert through which rings the voice of God."

"In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls."

"All human power is a compound of time and patience."

Second only to the immortal Goethe, whose friend he was and considered by some to be superior to him, Johann von Schiller stands as a leader of German thought. Born in 1759, he was destined to be an exponent of the turbulent ideas of Europe before the French Revolution—an eminent dramatist, poet, historian, and philosopher. His dramas are among the great classics.

Rebellious dreams of a literary career came while he was studying medicine under strict military dis-

cipline. The spirit of discontent was expressed in his first tragedy, presented surreptitiously while he was employed as an army surgeon. Ensuing reprimands from his superiors resulted in his flight and for many years he lived and wrote in uncertain refuge. Fame, forgiveness, security—all came in his later years, but with them ill health and tuberculosis.

The following passages are quoted from his prose:

"Genuine morality is preserved only in the school of adversity; a state of continuous prosperity may easily prove a quicksand to virtue."

"We often tremble at an empty terror, yet the false fancy brings a real misery."

"There is no such thing as chance; and what seems to us the merest accident springs from the deepest source of destiny."

"The sin lessens in the guilty one's estimation only as the guilt increases."

"Sorrows must die with the joys they outnumber."

"Virtue, though clothed in a beggar's garb, commands respect."

Revelations of tuberculosis genius have also come down to us from ancient times—from the pen of the great orator and master of Roman prose, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Little is known about Cicero's personal struggle with tuberculosis except that he lived as much in the country and as quietly as his numerous responsibilities permitted.

An eloquent lawyer, his fiery nature came to the front in espousing the cause of democracy, but in his letters a peaceful, gentle disposition prevailed. He met an ignoble death at the hands of assassins hired by a political foe, Mark Anthony. The hands, which had consigned many a

word of wisdom to long rolls of parchment, and the head, which had poured forth thoughts and utterances in eloquent array, were cut off and nailed to the Rostra, the scene of many oratorical victories.

Consider these words of wisdom:
 "Reason should direct and appetite obey."

"No man is brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life; or temperate who regards pleasure the highest good."

"Cultivation is to the mind as necessary as food to the body."

"Brevity is a great charm of eloquence."

"The wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds by experience; the stupid by necessity; and brutes by instinct."

"Any man will make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it."

"The pursuit, even of the best things, ought to be calm and tranquil."

"To live long it is necessary to live slowly."

"It is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable."

Our cross-section of literary genius would be incomplete without a reference to the man who was purely poet—John Keats, the sad young figure whom criticism and tuberculosis caused "to leave the trodden paths of men too soon." The horrible scenes of medical school in the early nineteenth century proved too harrowing for his sensitive soul and the young student who loved beauty left the profession to write.

In the three years of remaining life he became one of England's greatest poets, scaling the heights of imagery in works of remarkable melody and lyric

beauty. At twenty-five he died in Rome, separated from the girl he loved—ceasing to be before his pen had gleaned his teeming brain.

His love of beauty for its own sake and much of his heartache are expressed in the following lines:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will
 keep

A bower quiet for us and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and
 quiet breathing."

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty'
 —that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
 to know."

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea
 of the mind

Till it is hushed and smooth . . ."

Perhaps the oddest genius of all was Henry David Thoreau, the New England naturalist and philosopher. He was eccentric, yet sincere, in his groping for a more satisfying life. An educated man, he had concourse with the great minds of Concord and was an intimate friend of Emerson, from whom he probably contracted his tuberculous infection.

Yet he chose to be an individualist, to live most of his life alone in simple, austere fashion, where he could be in daily contact with the wild life of the streams and forests. He worked only enough to supply absolute necessities and spent the rest of his time in the more important business of living. He "chose to be rich by making his wants few."

A chill caught one wintry day while he was counting age-rings in a tree stump weakened his body and he died

eighteen months later at the age of forty-four.

When you are in a lonely or restless mood, consider his philosophy of contentment:

"Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul."

"I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude."

"That man is richest whose pleasures are cheapest."

"I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion."

"As if you could kill time without injuring eternity!"

"There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspect."

"To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts; but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates."

In these sketches of varied tuberculous personalities there has been no attempt to portray the greatest genius or even a representative from every country and age. Yet since passing over the achievements of tuberculous women would be a gross injustice, we have selected one who made a great contribution in spite of particularly unhappy experiences with the disease.

Charlotte Bronte was the daughter of a poor country curate and a member of a talented literary family, but unfortunately one in which the seeds of tuberculosis had been sown. In the early nineteenth century medical science knew no way of stopping its ravages and she saw her four sisters pass away. The girls very likely contracted the infection in one of the boarding schools of that day, where the terrible conditions later described in Charlotte's *Jane Eyre* drained away their strength and happiness. Two of the sisters were writers and one, Emily, might have been as famous as Charlotte had she lived longer.

Some of the Bronte utterances are well worth deliberation:

"Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from a heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education; they grow there, firm as weeds among rocks."

"Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong."

"Indisputably a great, good, handsome man is the first of created things."

"A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment."

This is a fact,
 And not a foolish witticism:
 All men like lots of praise
 But not a word of criticism.

—Selected.

WHEREIN BIGNESS IS

(The Orphans Friend)

Sometimes men are seen who are so vastly infatuated with themselves that the innocent bystander is sorely tempted to use uncharitable language towards them. The man who must be dressed and groomed with meticulous care in order that everything be suitable to his great worth and prominence; or the man who goes about unshaved and unkempt on the grounds that he is so intrinsically valuable that mere clothing or personal appearance could not add a mite to his stature; the person who must needs find fault with every trifle as a foil against which to throw his excellence in bold relief—you have them. These gestures are made with the intent of establishing superiority whereas gentlemen who study psychology disagree with all who think that superiority can issue from such a source. Psychologists call it the inferiority complex and there are more reasons for believing them right than otherwise. Any person who bases claim to value, or right to recognition, on this slim reasoning, convinces no one—unusually, not even himself.

But, after all, there is something big in every one other than clothes, or social status; business acumen or success in expediency. Every person, great or small, can easily say of himself as said Charles F. Loomis:

“I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things—sorrow, misfortune and suffering—are outside my door. I am in the house and I have the key.”

In this sense a man cannot place too high a value on himself, for he speaks of the divine, without which mortal could not exist. In this there could be no deceit, no false pride, no pharisaism. Apprehension of this superlative truth leads every man to recognize, in every other, one like himself before whom flaunting materiality is ridiculous as well as false.

True greatness is in the use of the higher gifts. When they are employed for the purpose of making others not so well endowed appear mean by comparison, they are prostituted. The vainglorious person is pompous and insufferable because he mistakes the nature of greatness. Whoever knows what true greatness consists in, bows to it and rejoices to find it in any person.

Every good thing a man has that is essential is immortal. His clothes are not immortal. His stocks and bonds cannot go with him beyond the grave. He vacates all his earthly offices in due course of earth time. But the divine part of man himself and the soul qualities that he has built up in righteousness, are his forever. This is something apart from the things affected by the five organs of sense. So in truth every man is bigger than any mortal blow that he could receive or any unpleasant impact on him by the other senses.

This is not a new truth; not a profound truth. We are taught it regularly in lodge and in church; we see it daily in operation; we know that there would be nothing to life

if there were no such verity. The truth is so simple that every properly taught person knows it, but how many realize it to any great extent?

The world in general is obsessed with the immediate. People have been taught from infancy the greatness of money and the results of getting for what they buy in the open market. Paradoxically they know that per se the things are evanescent which make men and women cling to them; these things that moths corrupt and thieves break through and steal.

Mankind has developed the instinct to amass and hoard. There is also within him the instinct to see the values of which these are reflections.

Little time, however, has been given to deepening and broadening this true instinct.

Smartness is not going to save mankind; the biggest guns and the fleetest transportation will not do it; laws with teeth are helpless in the premises. What can save mankind and what is saving it even now as grave things happen, is this potency within that makes a man bigger than what can happen to him.

Each one should get this fixed in his mind: "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me." Much drivel has been written about the deeper aspect of life and many curious isms have tended to befog it. But it is eternal verity.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Gifted with pleasing speech, in thee we trace
 No likeness to thy sire's inventive race
 But from thy gentle mother's milder clan
 The gifts that made thee such a gift to man.
 Artificer in words, and not in steel,
 Beauties of books, not engines, to reveal.
 Thrice, happily, thy fate by women spun,
 A mother, who with genius dowered her son,
 A friend who cared for thee by day and night
 And made the fire of genius still more bright,
 As she with voice of charm more charming made
 The beauties that thy Mother Tongue displayed
 And last of all, to thee a loving wife
 To share thy daily toil and illness and strife,
 And then all else a spirit to thine own
 As if two souls into one soul had grown.

—S. S. G.

AN EXCITING TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA

By M. Louise Hastings

"I love old apple trees!" Dolly looked up at the old gnarled tree above her head. "This one is only good to climb, though. Its apples aren't even worth paring!"

"Father says he is going to chop it down soon. It's pretty dead in parts but it will burn in the fireplace." Paul looked up at it longingly. "Father said I might begin chopping off the dead branches any time I wanted to."

"Why don't you start now?" his sister asked. "I'll pare this pan of apples for father's birthday pie while you work on the tree. Maybe if you keep busy all the afternoon you'll get it half done. That would be a fine birthday present for father to find when he and mother get home tonight from Aunt Martha's."

"Hurrah! I'll get my saw and begin!" And almost before Dolly had her first apple pared, Paul was up in the tree sawing off the small branches.

"I'm going to saw off all the dead branches first," he called down. "You'd better sit over in the doorway to pare your apples. A branch might knock you on the head if you stay where you are."

"All right. I don't want a bump on my head." Dolly moved her pail of apples and her pan to the doorstep. "This is better anyhow. I can see you beter and I can see down the road."

Paul and Dolly lived in the Virginia wilderness. They were used to working hard at every task they undertook. So on and on Paul sawed, every once

in a while stopping to say something to his sister, and Dolly made the pie and had it baking in the old brick oven in no time at all.

Dolly spread the new red table cloth on the kitchen table and set the table for supper, so that when father and mother came home all tired out everything would be ready. The porridge was cooking in the deep iron pot which hung over the fire in the wide hearth. Porridge and apple pie! "That's a good birthday supper," she thought, "but I wish I could do something different for father."

"Paul, I'm going over to the woods to pick some berries for father's birthday supper. I'll cook them and he can serve them on his porridge. Everything is all right in the house." Swinging her pail, Dolly waved to her brother as she passed the old apple tree.

"Well, don't go out of sight of the house." Down came a big branch almost on his sister's head. She laughed and ran along toward the woods. "You've got a pile of wood cut already," she called back. "It would make a splendid bonfire."

For a while Dolly picked and ate the delicious berries, but mostly picked. Her pail was about full when she sensed a sudden quiet all around her. She looked into the shadows. She looked up into the trees. It had grown darker than she realized. Her heart began to pound wildly. She must get home quickly. She had no idea it had grown so late.

She didn't know just why she did it, but instead of turning around and

You looked scared to death!" Paul ran over to her.

"It's a wild cat! It's outside. It followed me home, almost caught me!"

"A wild cat? Why, we haven't had one around here for a long time. I'll get father's gun."

"Hurry up! There's not a second to spare. It's gotten dark early and father and mother will be coming home soon. If we don't kill it they will be in danger!"

Dolly looked out of the windows, going from one room to another. "I don't see it anywhere. I wonder if I scared it away."

Paul returned. "Here's the gun, but there's nothing in it to shoot with!"

"That's so. Father is getting some powder today. Oh, what shall we do? Where do you suppose the cat is? I've looked out of the windows. Anyway we don't need to worry about ourselves, but there's father and mother. Oh, why didn't father take his gun with him!"

"Listen, sister. Out there in the apple tree, the one I've been cutting, is where the cat is. Hear it snarling?"

Dolly went to the window but it was too dark to see anything outside. Then she walked over to the fireplace and stirred the coals. The porridge was done. She gave it a stir with the long wooden spoon. She took out the pie. Even with wild cats outside Dolly did the things that had to be done. Suddenly there was a heavy thud on the roof and a growl as the smoke poured up the chimney. "Paul, it's on the roof!"

"Stir up the fire!" He ran to the woodhouse for more wood. "We'll make a big fire and drive it away from the roof."

Heading for home, she began to back

off, keeping her eyes on the trees and the undergrowth.

Dolly was a brave girl—all boys and girls who lived in the wilderness of Old Virginia were brave—but she felt that something was watching her. It was not dark enough to see eyes—but she almost knew that the eyes were there!

"Paul!" If he were in the tree he would hear her. If he were in the house it was useless to call. "Paul! Are you there? Get father's gun!"

It is fun to walk backward when you are playing a game, but to move backward over uneven ground when danger is facing you is different.

Suddenly Dolly heard a soft thud on the ground. "A wild cat!" she said aloud. "I must run now or it will get me."

Turning quickly she began to run. She heard another soft thud behind her. It was chasing her! Could she get to the door of their house? Where was Paul? The cat was getting closer and closer!

Suddenly she thought of her berries. If she could hit the wild cat with her pail it would delay it a second or two and give her more chance to get into the house. She turned. The cat was nearer than she thought. She could see it crouching, ready to spring. Quickly she sent the pail flying through the air, berries and all, and without stopping to see if she hit it she was inside the door!

"Paul! Paul, where are you?"

"I'm here on the sofa. Thought I'd take a nap before I brought the branches in. I've got all the brush into a good pile." Paul stretched and yawned as he looked up.

"Why, Dolly, what's the matter? I want you to help me. You'll have to be mighty brave, but it's the only thing

to do. I'm getting some of these heavy pieces of wood to burning."

"But what are you going to do with so many of them?"

"I'm going to throw them into that pile of twigs and branches that I sawed off this afternoon."

"To burn the pile?"

"Yes, to make a great light. It will scare the cat. Wild cats hate fire."

"Oh, Paul, do you suppose the brushwood will catch fire?"

"That's why I'm getting so many pieces of wood red hot. If one does not burn another may. It's the only thing I can think of to get rid of the animal."

Soon they heard another noise. "It's jumped off the roof, Paul. The smoke did it. Now we must keep it going so it won't come back. Paul, what are you doing?"

"I'll tell you what I am doing, and

"But how under the sun will you be able to throw the wood into the pile of twigs? The cat may catch you!"

"Dolly, we're going up in the loft and I'll throw them from the upper window. You can pass them to me, one after the other. But you've got to be mighty careful not to get burned."

"Listen, Paul! I hear a horse galloping. It's not father, because they would come together, and there would be two horses. Who do you suppose it is? Why should he be coming here? Oh, Paul, the wild cat will get him, whoever he is!"

Paul grabbed a burning stick and ran up the ladder to the loft, Dolly right on his heels with another piece of burning wood. "Hurry, Paul!"

"The window won't open; it's stuck!" In the tree they could hear the cat snarling and spitting. Off

in the distance they could hear the horse coming nearer and nearer.

Smash! Pauls fist went through a window pane, and quick as a flash went his hand with its burning wood, and then another piece and then another. Over and over the children brought the wood up the ladder that led to the loft and threw it out of the broken pane of glass as near to the pile of brush as possible, without seeing it in the darkness. Finally they saw it had caught fire. "If the wind doesn't blow it out we ought to have a good fire, and that ought to scare the old cat away."

Once again Paul threw a lighted stick, this time higher. He hoped to reach the cat in the tree. There was a snarl of fear and a crash in the brushwood. The cat had jumped into the fire!

Such a screeching and spitting and scattering of lighted twigs as the big cat scrambled out of the heap! As the light flared up, Paul and Dolly caught a glimpse of a reddish-brown body, much larger than a wild cat, bounding off into the woods.

"A panther!" Dolly clung to her brother. "I didn't know it was a panther that was following me!"

"Anyhow it's gone now, so stuff the hole with something and come on downstairs," and Paul turned to go down the ladder.

"There's nothing to stuff it with," Dolly looked around.

"Well, you can't leave the hole empty. Something might come in." He looked around. "Take off your red petticoat!"

Dolly hesitated only a minute. Off came the red petticoat which was the pride of her heart, and into the hole in the window it went.

Downstairs the children went about

their regular duties. Paul began to fill the woodbox which was much depleted. Dolly poked the fire, stirred the porridge, and went down to the cool room for some wild cherry preserve that father loved, to take the place of the stewed berries. She set the table and printed a paper with "For Father's Birthday" which she fastened up in front of it. "I lost all my berries, Paul. I threw them at the panther!"

She turned to the window. "Oh look! Look! Look at the apple tree!"

The apple tree was all on fire! The underbrush that was around the tree was still aflame and the dry grass was a creeping fire coming toward the house!

"Get the rake!" Paul ran for the iron shovel. Out of the house the children ran and began beating out the fire as it crept nearer and nearer the house.

"Do you think we'll burn to death?"

"Not if we can help it. Don't stop working a second!"

They pounded the grass as if their lives depended upon their results—as they did!

"Do you hear that horse? It's galloping faster! Who can it be?" Dolly was puffing in her efforts, for the fire kept springing up in new places as the wind blew down burning twigs.

Hardly had she asked the question when a young man on horseback came up the path like a whirlwind. "What's happen'd? Don't you know any better than to build such a big bonfire? You are liable to burn up the whole woods around here! How did the tree catch?"

Without waiting for any answer, off came his hat and coat. "Where is your well?"

"Behind the house."

"All right. Keep working, you two,

and I'll be back in a second. Any pails handy?"

"In the back shed."

The unknown man ran to the rear of the house and began drawing water from the well. Rushing back and forth, he first poured it on the ground in front of the house. Then he began throwing on the tree.

"I can help now. I'll draw the water." Dolly did not wait for a reply but stationed herself by the well.

"I'll help you bring the pails to the fire." Paul also started for the well.

It was hard work, but in time the grave danger was over. The apple tree stood smoking but it was nothing but burned stumps shooting out from a blackened trunk.

Just as the last flicker died out father and mother came running their horses up the hill. "Are you safe, children? What happened? We saw the fire miles away and what agony we suffered trying to get here in time!" They looked all around. "How did it happen that nothing else caught fire?"

"This man helped us," was the way Paul introduced the unknown rescuer. "If it hadn't been for him the whole wilderness would have gone up in smoke."

"'Twould have been more than smoke, my lad," laughed the stranger, putting on his coat and hat and looking around for his horse.

"How did you happen to be here at the right time?" Father was looking keenly at him. "Aren't you Augustine Washington's son, the one who has just had the estate called Mount Vernon left to him?"

"Yes, I am the man. I was going over a part of the estate when I saw the blaze up here. I knew the danger.

I, too, thought I should never get here in time to save your property. Those two children of yours did great work."

"But how did it happen, children?" asked their father.

"Well, you see, Father, when the panther was up in the tree . . ." Dolly began to tremble now that all the danger was over and there was no further need to be brave.

"Let's all come into the house and have some supper," suggested her mother, putting her arm around her daughter. "No doubt Mr. Washington is as hungry as we are," she added as she turned toward him. "It is simple fare that we have to offer you." She looked at him to see how he would

respond. "And then the children can tell us everything that has happened. I am anxious to hear."

"I am so hungry, Madame, that I could almost eat that charred apple tree itself!" He laughed and bowed, as they started for the hot porridge and apple pie.

Many years later, when young George Washington became Commander-in-chief of the army, and after that the First President of the United States, Paul and Dolly used to tell their children of the terrible panther and the burning apple tree, and of the simple repast with which they entertained the great man in their log house.

"THE TOMMORROW-DAYS"

The "Tomorrow-Days" are a challenge to me;
 They summon both time and energy;
 They spread afar like a widening sea,
 And appeal to the best that one can be.
 The "Tomorrow-Days" are the days for me.

The "Yester-Days" have no charm for me;
 Their hours are a fleeting memory;
 They've drifted to Eternity;
 Their record is made—whate'er it be,
 The "Tomorrow-Days" are the days for me.

Through all the "Tomorrow-Days" to be,
 I pray as they pass so silently,
 That God may Himself be a Guide to me,
 'Til the day when His blessed face I see.
 The "Tomorrow-Days" are the days for me.

—Joseph Clark.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The poultry house, under construction, which was blown off its foundation during a recent wind storm, has been replaced and is nearing completion.

Jesse, Jr., young son of Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. J. C. Fisher, who has been quite ill for about three weeks, is very much improved and is expected to be able to be out soon.

Our entire family of nearly six hundred thoroughly enjoyed an oyster dinner last Sunday. The oysters were of a choice variety and made a most agreeable change in the regular Sunday menus.

Superintendent Boger, J. Lee White, farm manager; and C. B. Barber, bookkeeper, spent last Tuesday in Raleigh. While in the capital city they visited the State Legislature, now in session; the State Purchasing Department and the Budget Bureau.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been very ill at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for more than a week, suffering from an infection on his face, is reported as being somewhat improved. While the lad is still very sick, it appears that he has a very good chance for recovery.

Richard Wiggins, of Cottage No. 4, was called to his home in St. Pauls last Thursday on account of the death of his mother. This lad is very popular with both boys and officers, and the entire School population tenders deepest sympathy to him and to other members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

Robert Worthington, a former member of our printing class, who left the School, April 22, 1937, called on friends here last Sunday afternoon. Upon leaving the institution, Bob was employed for several months as linotype operator on the "Herald-Observer" and the "Daily Tribune" in Concord. He then went to Anderson, S. C., where he worked on "The Independent." Shortly before Christmas, 1938, Bob secured employment on the "News", at West Point, Georgia, and reports that he likes his present place of employment and is getting along nicely.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Willie Martin, formerly of Cottage No. 7 and a member of the barn force, who was allowed to leave the School, July 17, 1934. The letter was written in Pasadena, California, the young man having hitch-hiked to that city to see the Rose Bowl football game between Duke University and the University of Southern California, last New Year's Day. Following are excerpts from his letter, dated February 10th:

"As I have not written you in four

or five years, just wanted to let you know that I am getting along fine but am not making much money. So far I have kept the promise, made in my parole agreement, not to smoke or use alcoholic drinks.

"I have had my fun since leaving your school and think of it very often, and sometimes I think of where I might have been now had I not been sent to the Jackson Training School. It did me more good than all the schooling I ever had, before or since. I have not finished high school yet; have been out of school for two years, but am going to start back next term in the tenth grade, and hope to complete high school work before leaving school again.

"I came to California January 1, 1939, to see Duke play U. S. C. It certainly was a hard game to lose, but the boys played a good game. I decided to get a job and stay out here. Am now working as waiter in a tea room, and while not making much money, will make more later on, as everyone has to start at the bottom. Then, too, I am only working four or five hours a day, and will be able to attend school and still hold my job.

"Please give all of the boys and officers my best regards. When you see the welfare officer of Surry County, tell him that Willie Martin, of Mt. Airy, said 'hello' and would be glad to hear from him."

Our good friend, Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord, prominent textile executive and religious leader, who for many years has had charge of arrangements for the Sunday afternoon services at the Training School, was with us last Sunday. He was ac-

companied by Rev. Yosip Benyamin, of Columbia, S. C., who is engaged in missionary work throughout the South. Rev. Mr. Benyamin, a native of Persia, came to this country as a young man and graduated from the Columbia Theological Seminary, after which he returned to his native land as a missionary, remaining there until compelled to leave just a few years ago.

Prior to the beginning of the regular service, our visitor from the Far East sang an old hymn in the same language as that used by Jesus during his ministry on earth. He also told the boys of some of his experiences in school there as a lad in a most interesting manner.

Following the singing of the opening hymn Rev. Mr. Benyamin read for our Scripture Lesson the story of the Prodigal Son, as found in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and his talk on this familiar old Bible story was both helpful and interesting.

As a child in Persia, the speaker said he heard a certain woman sang a song entitled "The Prodigal Son." At that time, said he, the song made no impression on him, and he really grew to hate that particular portion of the Scripture. But, after becoming a Christian, having the love of God in his heart, he came to love both the song and the beautiful story.

In commenting on the story, the speaker stated that the first mistake made by this young man was when he asked his father to give him his share of the property before he was due to receive it. He was greedy, and took his newly gained possessions and went away from the care of his father. While the money, received from his father lasted, the young man thought he was really enjoying life. Then came hardships. That is the case with

people today who leave the care of a loving Heavenly Father. Many boys of these modern times are very much like the lad in this well-known parable. They stop thinking of God. Blinded by the false light of having a good time, they drift away into sin.

This boy in the story, continued the speaker, left the rules and regulations of his father's household, but found that the path of sin was nothing but misery. So it is with us today. When we leave God, no matter how much pleasure the devil promises us, we find all those promises to be false, and nothing but trouble is our lot.

Then came a turning point in the prodigal's life said Rev. Mr. Benjamin. In the midst of his misery he remembered his father and the home he had left. He realized that even the most humble servant in the household had fared far better than he had since breaking family ties, and made the decision to return to his loved ones.

The young man was bad, said the speaker, and had he not decided to return, was hopelessly lost. The finest thing he ever did was to make up his mind to arise and return to his father, make a complete confession and throw himself upon his mercy. What a fine

thing it is for a boy of today to say, "I will be a Christian." It is easy to go down to despair, as did the lad in the story, and it is doubly hard to climb back up, but the result is glorious.

Rev. Mr. Benjamin then stated that as soon as the lad's father saw him, he ran to meet him and greeted him joyously, and just as he made his father happy, the boy of today can please his parents by becoming a Christian and living a noble life. We may wander away from God, just as this lad drifted away from his father, but we may be assured of one thing: Just as this old man welcomed his son back home, our Heavenly Father will be far happier over our return from wandering along the paths of sin.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys never to run away from God, but to let Him guide them all through life. In falling into evil ways he told them to always keep in mind that the Heavenly Father is eager for their return to the fold, and will always forgive their shortcomings when they show that they are truly repentant and want to come back to Him.

BIBLE ANNIVERSARY

Four hundred years ago a proclamation was issued that a copy of the newly translated Bible should be placed in every church in England. In 1538 this was a revolutionary decision. The intervening years show how providentially wise it was. There is just cause for the English people to celebrate the event for it has produced and preserved a Bible Christianity wherever the British flag flies. Our own foundations were patterned after this form. And in spite of all attacks the Bible is still the inspired form of Christ's believing people.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending February 19, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Clyde Gray 11
 Gilbert Hogan 11
 Leon Hollifield 12
 Edward Johnson 12
 Robert Maples 10

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Henry Cowan 10
 William G. Bryant 6
 Howard Cox 3
 (4) Porter Holder 8
 (3) H. C. Pope 10
 Howard Roberts 8
 (4) Lee Watkins 6

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 4
 Postell Clark 3
 (4) Samuel Ennis 7
 Thurman Lynn 3
 Fernie Medlin 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Robert Atwell 7
 (3) Lewis Andrews 8
 Kenneth Conklin
 (2) James C. Cox 9
 F. E. Mickle 5
 Douglas Matthews 10
 Harley Matthews 3
 (13) William McRary 13
 Warner Peach 7

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) William Cherry 4
 (5) Lewis Donaldson 10
 James Land 7
 (4) Ivan Morrozoff 9
 (3) Edward McGee 5
 (3) J. W. McRorrie 7
 Fred Pardon 6
 (3) Lloyd Pettus 12
 (2) Henry Raby 8
 (4) Leo Ward 11
 (7) Melvin Walters 12
 John Whitaker

(13) James Wilhite 13
 (2) Samuel Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Grady Allen 9
 (3) William Brothers 8
 William Barden 2
 (3) Collett Cantor 4
 (4) William Kirksey 8
 Ivey Lunsford
 (2) Elmer Talbert 5
 (8) Hubert Walker 10
 (10) Dewey Ware 12
 (3) Marvin Wilkins 8
 (2) George Wright 7

COTTAGE No. 6

(6) Edward Eatten 8
 (2) Robert Bryson 10
 Fletcher Castlebury 6
 Columbus Hamilton 4
 Leo Hamilton 3
 Thomas Hamilton 7
 Winley Jones 3
 Clinton Keen 8
 Spencer Lane 7
 Joseph Tucker 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 6
 (2) Cleasper Beasley 4
 (2) Carl Breece 10
 John Deaton 7
 (2) James H. Davis 5
 (2) William Estes 11
 Lacy Green 4
 (2) George Green 8
 (2) Blaine Griffin 10
 Raymond Hughes
 (2) Caleb Hill 10
 (2) Lyman Johnson 3
 James Jordan
 (2) Elmer Maples 5
 (2) Jack Pyatt 6
 Dewey Sisk 5
 (2) Earthy Strickland 11
 Joseph Wheeler 4
 Edward Young 5

Edd Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 8

- Edward J. Lucas 2
 (2) Cicero Outlaw 7
 Charles Presnell 4
 (3) Charles Taylor 7
 (2) John Tolbert 6

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 2
 Clarence Baker 3
 J. T. Branch 5
 Clifton Butler 2
 (2) Edgar Burnette 10
 (2) Carrol Clark 8
 James Coleman 9
 C. D. Grooms
 Frank Glover 6
 (2) Wilbur Hardin 8
 (2) Osper Howell 5
 Eugene Presnell 9
 (2) Thomas Sands 6
 (2) Earl Stamey 5
 (2) Thomas Wilson 11
 Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

- (3) Roy Barnett 3
 (2) Floyd Combs 5
 (6) Elbert Head 9
 (2) J. D. Hildreth 7
 Jesse Kelly
 (2) Vernon Lamb 7
 (4) Felix Littlejohn 6
 (2) Jack Norris 6
 (2) William Peeden 5
 (5) Oscar Smith 9

COTTAGE No. 11

- (5) Harold Bryson 7
 (9) Julius Fagg 10
 (4) Albert Goodman 6
 (13) Carl Hildreth 13
 Andrew Lambeth
 Franklin Lyles
 (4) Calvin McCoyle 5
 (8) Edward Murray 13
 Jesse Overby 2
 (2) Theodore Rector 3
 (8) Julius Stevens 12
 (5) Thomas Shaw 11

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Allard Brantley 8
 (6) William C. Davis 8
 (6) James Elders 9

- (6) Max Eaker 10
 (3) Alexander King 11
 Tillman Lyles 7
 (2) James Reavis 7
 Carl Singletary 11
 (9) Avery Smith 11
 (3) William Trantham 9

COTTAGE No. 13

- Arthur Ashley 2
 (5) Jack Foster 11
 (4) William Griffin 10
 James V. Harvel 9
 (2) Isaac Hendren 9
 Douglas Mabry 8
 Jordan McIver 3
 (5) Thomas R. Pitman 12
 Joseph White
 (5) Alexander Woody 12

COTTAGE No. 14

- (4) Raymond Andrews 8
 (11) Clyde Barnwell 12
 (4) Monte Beck 8
 John Church 2
 John Ham 7
 (2) Marvin King 9
 (13) James Kirk 13
 (3) John Kirkman 8
 (2) Troy Powell 8
 John Robbins 7
 Desmond Truitt 2
 (2) Howard Todd 7
 Jones Watson 9
 (2) Junior Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 15

- Horace Branch
 Sidney Delbridge 6
 Clifton Davis 9
 Aldine Duggins 8
 Hoyt Hollifield 4
 (13) Beamon Heath 13
 (2) Dallas Holder 3
 (4) L. M. Hardison 10
 Robert Kinley 11
 Clarence Lingerfelt 9
 (3) Ira Settle 11
 J. P. Sutton
 (5) Arvel Ward 8
 (3) William Young 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

- James Chavis 5
 Reefer Cummings 7
 (4) Filmore Oliver 9
 (5) Ross Young 10

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 4

No. 9

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SERVE WHERE YOU ARE

That noble future you so fondly dreamed;
That service which on life's horizon gleamed;
That influence far-reaching in its scope;
That great success on which you set your
hope.

And now the door is closed, the gate is
barred?

What then? Repinings? bitterness? a heart
grown hard?

Nay! Nay! Serve where you are.

And as you share your best with others, lo,
Slowly above your leaden rim will glow
A nobler future than you dared to dream,
A service broader than youth's fondest gleam,
An influence heaven-reaching in its scope,
Success more brilliant than your dearest hope.
O heart! serve where you are.

—Frank Otis Erb.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHY I VALUE THE CHURCH

There are many reasons why I value the church. First and foremost, I value the church because it was established by my Redeemer, because it and through it I can praise His name and humbly worship the Father of us all.

I value the church for its influence in the world, in the community in which I live.

I value the church for the opportunity it affords me in the quiet hours of worship to hear the Gospel expounded, and for the satisfaction that comes with a fuller knowledge of the love and mercy of my Creator.

The church, wherever its activities are centered, or wherever those who constitute its membership may assemble, whether it be a modest frame building or a costly edifice, stands above all other institutions. Even those who do not know the church for its spiritual blessings and comfort know it as God's house, as a place dedicated to His service. And for this I value the church.

I value the church, love the church, as the one connection or avenue into which I can turn from the complexities and confusion of a hurrying, busy world for rest and strength.—John E. Wigginton, in Southern Christian Advocate.

THE HOME

It has been said that the door-sill of the dwelling house is indeed the foundation of church and state. Or as Calvin Coolidge stated, "The destiny and greatness of America lie around the hearth-stone.

The value of the home cannot be over emphasized as shown by excerpts taken from writings of other distinguished scholars who have made a study of social problems:

"Home is the last relic of Paradise, the seminary of all other institutions." "Home is the castle whose walls shield the child, whose fires warm the aged, and whose light guides all." "Home is the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, and the mother's world." "Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit." And yet in

spite of such eulogizing—not every home is a perfect home. A home, depending upon the life within it and the product coming out of it, can be an agency for good or for evil.

“One hears it asserted quite frequently today that the home is changing, that it is passing through a period of transition, and that much of our difficulty with respect to the family life is due to this fact. There is some truth in the assertion. The alarming increase in the number of divorces is unquestionably due, at least in part, to the growing individualism of the day; and the breaking down of family discipline to the failure on the part of parents to adjust themselves to the new spirit of youth which has developed under modern methods of education. But however sympathetically we may be inclined to regard the present situation, one thing is certain, should frequent divorce be more than a temporary phenomenon, or should family discipline break down completely the pressure of modern ideas of authority and subordination, irreparable harm would be done. The home as an institution belongs to the natural order and exists by divine appointment; and anything which would permanently undermine its stability, or render it unable to perform the functions for which it has been called into being would threaten the very foundation upon which the whole social structure is reared.”

The question arises. What type of home then should we desire to build? The home is the natural abode of the family. Communities are simply groups of families. Cities and countries are groups of communities, all resting upon the home as the common base. And from the home comes our representative citizenship as well the undersirables. The aim of every parent should be to avoid having the home as a mere lodging place, or a sort of irregular cafeteria, but an ideal home as of old.

* * * * *

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION

To the oncoming generations of youngsters we would say by gaining a good education you have your reward in the rich store of knowledge you have collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee,

the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unfailing as the constant flow of Niagara or the Mississippi river—a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished however frequent the drafts upon it; which, though the moth of neglect may impare, yet thieves cannot break through nor steal.

The biggest business in America today, and the most important, is the running of a home. The six aspects of the home include the economic, protective, recreational, educational, religious and affectional, and it is a deplorable fact that so much of the religious, moral and educational training of children, in the present day, is left entirely to factors outside the home, often with disastrous results.

It does seem that the American people are “over-organized” which keeps them so much out of the homes and their children are sadly neglected, and many of them go astray, and young men find themselves in penitentiaries who had come up from so-called “good homes,” which had given them food, clothing and shelter, but little inspiration to higher living.

The women are usually the controlling factors of the home, and since the preservation of American democracy lies in the maintenance and development of the American home, it is up to the women of this country to save America.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

SERVICE TO THE FARMER

The primary purpose of agricultural marketing co-operation is to sell on the most favorable possible terms, the produce of the member farmers.

But the leading co-operative marketing organizations likewise perform other important services to agriculture. Their officials, for example, have worked with representatives of government in the preparation of legislation dealing with foreign trade and domestic agricultural policy. Thus the farmer has had a telling voice in legislative halls.

Further, they do a great deal to help educate the farmer on any number of matters affecting his business—monetary policy, taxation, production, etc. Some of them publish excellent house organs

in which such matters are discussed. All in all, they have proven themselves to be a mighty influence in favor of agricultural progress.

—J. A. R.

* * * * *

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

There is an oft repeated saying that "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families." It is equally so with typographical errors. They are little imps, or termites, that will creep into printed matter despite the most precautionary measures. They are as hard to keep out of The Uplift as the Japanese are to be kept out of China.

With those that do occur in this publication we are sure they have not been as provoking as this incident, which is reported as the salient effect of newspaper errors.

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later a Mr. Blank, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading his local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read: "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red NOSE he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance . . ."

Of course a red rose was meant, but it gave Mr. Blank the jar of his life.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

CHART YOUR DAYS

To get the real enjoyment out of life, and that which satisfies the most, it is well for all of us, and especially the young, to chart our day each morning. We are all human ships upon the great sea of life—our argosy bound for some port where it touches, and possibly influences other lives. We should pray for God's grace, and strength to live the day, and not turn a coward before its difficulties. To be preserved from not losing faith in our fellow men. To keep the

heart sweet and sound in spite of ingratitude, treachery, or meanness in others. To be kept from minding little stings or giving them. To keep the heart clean, live honestly and fearlessly so that no outward failure can dishearten us, or take away the joy of conscientious integrity. Open wide the eyes of the soul so that we can see good in all things. We should pray for some new vision each day of God's truth, to inspire us with the spirit of joy and gladness, and that we may be the cup of strength to suffering souls.—J. A. R.

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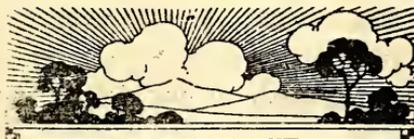
THE LENTEN SEASON

Last Wednesday, Feb. 22, began what is known and observed in several religious denominations, as Ash Wednesday, the season of Lent, commemorating our Lord's forty days fast in the wilderness.

Lent is not primarily a season for making good resolutions, nor for giving up this or that merely as a sign of repentance or self-discipline. It is a season of coming to Christ Jesus. To go with Him from the wilderness to the tomb. To learn of Him; to know His mind about life and what He meant by His Kingdom.

One cannot examine every detail in this Lenten pilgrimage from the Wilderness to Calvary; but if one is simple and receptive, the path will be clear and there will be fountains of living water all along the way.

Listen to His invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."—J. A. R.



AMERICA ON SKIS

By W. J. Banks

About eight years ago a few score rather self-conscious Bostonians, regarded as slightly mad by their fellow citizens, sneaked aboard New England's first special ski train and headed north for the hills.

This winter, fifty thousand or more skiing enthusiasts will take noisy possession of railway stations in the big eastern cities. There is no shamefaced secrecy now about their intention to tempt fate for a day or two on the snowclad slopes of the Berkshires and a number of other ranges in several states. Skiing has swept the country, and developed within the decade into a major winter sport, practically from scratch.

In addition to those patronizing the ski trains, thousands more will think nothing of several hours' motor rides over icy, frost-humped roads to reach their snowy paradise. Some New Yorkers of more plentiful means will avoid the uncertain weather conditions and overcrowding of near-by ski runs and hop the ski 'plane to Montreal, traveling thence by special train to the spacious Laurentians. There winter thaws are almost unknown, and the season lasts much longer.

And throughout the greater part of the continent an ever-growing legion of those who cannot travel to the comparatively secluded mountains, plan to take their sport close to home. They will seize the opportunity afforded by every snowfall that blankets the familiar hillocks of park and farmland near their own community—and have just as good a time as the millionaire sportsman on his costly trip.

Skiing outfits feature the fall dis-

plays of sporting goods and clothing stores. With the development of production of skis and equipment on this side of the Atlantic, the cost of the sport has been reduced materially since the time when the articles had to be imported from Europe. Every year tens of thousands of new addicts—for every skier is an incurable enthusiast—take up the sport and learn the thrill of regularly watching the sun rise for the first time in their city-bred lives.

With the unspoiled and reliable Laurentian snowfields at her back door, and generations-old French-Canadaian snowshoe clubs that easily lent themselves to adoption of the new sport; Montreal took the jump on other eastern cities as a skiing center. Similarly in the west, Canada took an early lead, and the Ski Runners of the Canadian Rockies, a club supported by Englishmen and others who had become experts in Europe, made Banff an outstanding center for all sorts of ski work.

Indeed the Rockies on both sides of the friendly border line have no superiors as skiing fields, even in the Alps. Their variety is boundless, offering at once such gentle slopes as attract the beginner, and the most difficult descents, to say nothing of crosscountry trails that disclose scenic wonders hidden from the casual tourist. The skiing season lasts well into the summer and at Banff, for instance, one may bathe in the valley springs and ski on hard, dry snow on the same June or July day.

Ski jumping, the most spectacular of the skier's skills, is as distinct

from ordinary skiing as is high diving from straight swimming. This is the from of the sport which first attracted the attention of the thrill-loving American public. Americans and Canadians too, make excellent ski jumpers, and some are beginning to rival the Scandinavian experts who coached them and hitherto have monopolized the championships.

Even in Norway and Sweden the jumping art is a mere infant, however, in comparison with crosscountry skiing, which dates back to ancient times and figured in pagan folklore. In the Middle Ages, Sweden's conquering armies moved swiftly on skis. Today the Norwegians especially are expert skiers from early childhood, and some fifty years ago it was they who introduced to the Alpine people what was only then beginning to win recognition as a sport. Hitherto the Scandinavians had never regarded as such this means of winter locomotion.

The average Scandinavian's idea of a perfect outing is a twenty-mile ski tramp around a mountain, without any thought for the easy way or rapid descents. He regards a downhill run simply as an opportunity for rest between more strenuous stretches. The ascent is fully as important and calls for more, perhaps, of the form and skill which he appreciates. Only in the past few years have races over steep ski runs, a phase of the sport developed elsewhere, won recognition at Norwegian meets.

But, of course, the average North

American has a burning desire, as soon as he buys or borrows a pair of skis, to negotiate a steep and thrilling descent just as soon as possible. The farther he can hurtle downhill in one day, the better he likes it; and if rail cars, tow ropes, or other facilities are available to haul him up again with a minimum of effort, so much the better. The new world's speed complex and lack of skiing tradition naturally favor the various forms of downhill skiing and racing. And we certainly get the thrills we look for.

The skiing novice will furnish many a laugh for his friends before he can negotiate the gentlest descent surely and skillfully, avoiding obstacles, maintaining perfect poise and balance, and above all stopping at will rather than at the whim of ungentle fate. But perseverance is rewarded richly with a glow of pleasure at one's comparatively modest accomplishments.

You may never negotiate a two-mile Rocky Mountain ski run, or see the cosy lodges that serve as base for the crosscountry trips such as that from Banff to Jasper, which takes weeks and is attempted only by the occasional party of hardy experts. But once you have heard the sharp hiss of your skis cutting through the snow crystals, felt the dry winter air beating against your face, and experienced the sensation of mounting speed as stationary objects fly past, you will be a confirmed skier for the rest of your active days.

The chains of habit are seldom strong enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—Selected.

ON THE SIDELINES AS AN ONLOOKER

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Modern youth that stands on the sidelines as onlooker deceives itself in the present struggle between Christianity and irreligion, between democracy and dictatorship, said Dr. Albert W. Beaven of the Colgate-Rochester divinity school recently, speaking on the topic, "The Christian Cause and This Student Generation."

As the preacher stood in the pulpit from which so many noted ministers address the students of Duke, he calmly reasoned of righteousness and justice and truth, speaking with the authority of a prophet of God. It was a challenge to the youth of the present generation to take to heart the demands that come to every generation of youth to cease being onlookers and to become active participants in the heroic.

Dr. Beaven insisted that this is a good time for pioneering rather than to rely on our present day slogans such as social security. These are false and misleading. In these we have little promise of security for the next thirty or fifty years. There is no use in fooling ourselves into thinking it is so.

The scriptural lesson told of the story of Esther's rescue of her people after Haman's decree that all Jews be killed, recorded in the third and fourth chapters of the book of Esther, ending with Mordecai's question to the queen: "Who knoweth thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther saved her people through changing her attitude, said Dr. Beaven, suggesting that Christianity and democracy can fight a winning fight if sympathizers who regard

themselves as onlookers will change their attitudes and become participants.

A few of Dr. Beaven's stirring paragraphs follow:

"All that you and I hold dear is to be involved in the struggle that is ahead of us," Dr. Beaven told his young listeners. "If force is to take the place of co-operation, if hate is to be the motive instead of good will, if war is to be the technical method as over against that of consultation—then it won't be long till the man summoning you to the hot spots of the world's encounter will be at your door.

"Plans already introduced into Congress point to this. You can read it. You don't have to have somebody in a pulpit tell you about it. * * * On the sidelines? No. You are on the hot spot. Either this thing is solved rightly or you pay the last full measure of devotion. You may not think so; a lot of people did not think so 30 years ago, but they found out that they thought wrongly.

"We may look upon this as a bad situation, out of which we would like to get," he continued. "We may say, 'It's pretty bad for those preachers in Germany, and for those Christian Chinese and Japanese leaders who are today threatened with their lives; pretty bad for them, but maybe it won't touch us.'

"Mordecai said to Esther, 'Maybe you could take that attitude, but who knows but what you could take another attitude? How did you happen to be where you are just now? Is life a series of chances to dodge the things that count? Are we made men and

women in order that we can get away from the hot spot?"

"Modcai said, '* * * Maybe you come to the kingdom just at this time because a great cause needed somebody in your place at this time.' And Esther said, 'If that is my challenge I will go. And if I perish, I perish.'"

The visitor commented on currently popular slogans and ideas for security. "There is no time that we are less likely to get security than in the next 30 to 50 years," he said. "If social security and security of every kind is what we think is the biggest thing in the world, it is going to be a long series of disappointments, I think."

"If we look at the situation as something out of which we can pluck our secure little seat on the sideline and say, 'Well, I have mine'—it just won't work.

"It won't be a great time for security; but it will be a great time for pioneering. If somebody doesn't do some big things, the next few years will write a tragic story. * * *

"There is no course that is more fundamental, that is more with its back against the wall and needs the rallying of the youth and brains that

we have than does the Christian enterprise at this moment. If you want a big place, a hot spot where your strength will be useful, then get into this place. We need the best men we have, men who will build the foundations beneath democracy. * * *

"We need men not sparring for political preferment, not watching for what they can pick out when the thing goes to pieces, but men who will be ready when the opportunity comes to build it up and strengthen it.

"If the great concept that men could live decently with each other, if the idea of good will and decency is to persist in the world, somebody is going to pay to keep it there. * * * Who knows but what you happen to be young and strong and now happen to be getting an education because of a great moment you will face?

"Somewhere in the youth that tramp the streets and corridors and campuses of American life are the men who are to answer things rightly or wrongly. It is going to be a great time; there will be great chances for marvelous thinking and marvelous living. 'Who knows but what you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'"

THE HAVOC OF GODLESSNESS

Judge Hill, presiding justice of the New York Juvenile Delinquency Court, Manhattan's foremost juvenile crime jurist, says that seventy per cent of the 6,000 delinquency cases which annually come before the court are the result of dissolute and Godless home environment. He said: "As a jurist who judges thousands of crime-broken boys and girls each year I know that religious interests for young people are essential for their moral welfare and future as worthwhile American citizens. Religion is necessary to the happiness of American youth, but it is not enough merely to send children to church. Parents must attend church, for the child inevitably follows the examples set by its father and mother."—N. L. C. Bulletin.

FREDERICK A. MUHLENBERG

By Henry Manken, Jr.

The American people are still in the midst of their sesqui-centennial celebration of the adoption of their national Constitution. This celebration began September 17, 1937, and will close April 30, 1939. The latter date will mark the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of our first president under the new federal Constitution—George Washington. Among the family names of those who were prominent in the affairs of the state during the Revolutionary period, the name of Muhlenberg stands alongside that of Adams. The subject of this brief sketch is that of Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, the first Speaker of the First House of the United States Congress.

Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg was born of a native-born mother in the Lutheran parsonage at Trappe, Pa., January 1, 1750. He prepared at home and abroad for the Christian ministry and in 1773 accepted a call to Christ Lutheran Church of New York City. These were turbulent times, and the young, patriotic pastor took sides with the friends of freedom. When the British soldiers entered the city, young Muhlenberg fled for safety to his father's home in Pennsylvania at Trappe. In 1779 he left the ministry and entered the field of politics in behalf of national and political liberty.

His first step in the political field was to accept a candidacy as a member of the Continental Congress, and to this he was elected March 2, 1779. He was then elected to the Pennsylvania General Assembly and became its

presiding officer in 1780. His position of responsibility and trust evidenced the esteem and confidence of his colleagues.

The general character of the man and his reactions to the spirit of the times may be seen in several quotations culled from a letter written October 11, 1780. He writes of those "More noisy than inclined to do real service. . . . They care more for the emoluments than the welfare of the country. In general, it is sad to see that public spirit and virtue are more and more on the decline; while avarice, dissipation and luxury are gaing the upper hand." Concerning the public status he writes, "The coffers are empty, the taxes almost unendurable, the money discedited, the army magazines exhausted and the prospect to replenish them poor; the soldiers are badly clad, winter is coming, and the enemy by no means to be despised. However, let us once more take cheer and be steadfast, relying on God and our own strength, and endure courageously—then we shall after all be sure of reaching our goal." Referring to himself he confesses, "If I had not been induced by the urgent appeals of the Germans to accept membership in the Assembly, a resolution in which the large majority of votes I received further confirmed me, I might have been tempted to take again to the Apostolate. But I am here not my own master and must be satisfied to serve where my fellow-citizens want me." To certain criticisms he declares, "Sometimes my phlegmatic temper becomes a little ruffled, when I think of those

asses; but mindful of Solomon's proverb I let the fools alone. . . . I am now much wrapped up in politics, the more one is concerned with them the deeper he is drawn in. . . . Believe me, I have become faint in body and soul. Take my remark as you please, I assure you I aim at nothing but the welfare of my country."

It must have been to his political influence and confidence in his character and ability that as soon as Muhlenberg became a member of the Pennsylvania General Assembly, he was (on November 3, 1780) elected its Speaker, at the youthful age of thirty. To this position he was re-elected in 1782. When later he became a member of the Board of Censors, he was called to its presiding chair. The first court in Montgomery County was opened on September 28, 1784, and again he was elected to preside. Frederick Muhlenberg was also a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which ratified the new Federal Constitution. This convention met in Philadelphia September 21, 1787, and as an important item of its first business it elected Frederick Muhlenberg its presiding officer. Pennsylvania adopted the proposed Federal Constitution (yeas 46, nays 23), Wednesday, December 12, 1787. Saturday, December 15, 1787, it was unanimously resolved, "That the thanks of this convention be presented to the President, for his able and faithful discharge of the duties of the chair."

The first Congress under the new Constitution of the United States was scheduled to assemble March 4, 1789, at New York. Pennsylvania sent eight delegates to the new National House of Representatives, two of whom were the Muhlenberg brothers,

Frederick and Peter. They were both regarded as Federalists. Only eight senators and thirteen representatives were on hand March 4. The House finally assembled April 1. Having been sought so often as a judicious and safe councilor, and his character, abilities and temper being generally recognized, with the reputation of an experienced presiding officer, Frederick Muhlenberg became the first Speaker of the first House. He was only thirty-nine years old. What a contrast to the situation when he fled before the British out of this very city because of his public espousal of republican principles for human rights and popular liberties.

In 1799 Muhlenberg was appointed the Collector-General of the Pennsylvania Landoffice, and removed to Lancaster, the state capital. He died here June 4, 1801, and was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Lutheran Church.

There were those, 150 years ago, who contended that the new national Constitution was not specific enough in guaranteeing the people against a possible rise of despotic power which might jeopardize those very human rights and popular liberties for which they had fought and sacrificed. Outstanding among those who advised and urged such a definite "Bill of Rights" was Thomas Jefferson. In a letter to James Madison, dated December 20, 1787, Jefferson expressed his dislike of the provisions of the Constitution which had omitted "a bill of rights, providing clearly, and without the aid of sophism, for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, etc." The first ten amendments (originally twelve) to the Constitution, commonly known as "The Bill of Rights," were introduced in the Congress by James

Madison. "They simply set down in black and white, in terse, vigorous and expressive language, landmarks for the future to which both the courts and the people could turn with certainty and apprehend with clearness. So considered, their value cannot be overestimated."

This state document and constitutional landmark which has come again into prominence in the nation's thought, is signed by Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and by John Adams, Vice-president of the United States and President of the Senate. Thus the "Speaker authenticates by his signature, when necessary, all acts, orders, and proceedings of the House. He therefore stands responsible for the assurance that such acts and orders have been passed in a proper and constitutional manner." Their final ratification by three-fourths of the states was committed to Congress by the President, George Washington, December 30, 1791.

The Scottish seer, Thomas Carlyle, once wrote, "The eternal stars shine out again, so soon as it is dark enough." In a day when totalitarian governments and aggressive national dictators are again on the march, the above observation is pertinent to those political documents that set forth in clear, unmistakable language human rights and popular freedom. The American Constitution and its "Bill of Rights," like the eternal stars, shine all the more brightly and distinctly at this very moment when so many modern governments and people are groping in an encircling uncertainty and deepening darkness, and when human rights and liberties are denied or are in danger of being withdrawn.

While in the records that are available practically little is recorded of Muhlenberg's public utterances, yet he was a Christian statesman of a high moral and patriotic character and of a wide personal influence. His family background was one of Christian culture and on his mother's side American tradition. Conrad Weiser, his maternal grand-father, came to the regions of the Schoharie as a boy of fourteen in 1710. He induced the Indians to throw in their influence with the English and Protestant colonists. He signed every important treaty of the Colonies with the Indians from 1732 to 1760. When Congress resolved itself in 1794 into a Committee of the Whole to consider and decide the very vital matter of Jay's Treaty with Great Britain, it is claimed that Muhlenberg cast the deciding, favorable vote. It was a "courageous, statesman act," although it cost him much of his popularity in Pennsylvania. Concerning the political party of which Muhlenberg was a member, Briddle in his "Autobiography" writes: "At the head of the Republican party were Robert Morris, Fred A. Muhlenberg, etc. . . . The Republicans, since called the Federal party, have always been the most respectable of our inhabitants" (pp. 244-5). Such was the influence of Frederick Muhlenberg and his brother, General Peter Muhlenberg, that John Adams wrote of them: "The Muhlenbergs turned the whole body of Germans, great numbers of the Irish, and many of the English; and in this manner introduced the total change that followed in both Houses of the Legislature, and in all the executive departments of the national government."

A QUESTION OF HONESTY

(Selected)

A young man entered a hotel just another patron. He emerged four days later a distinguished figure. The cost of this distinction to him was 40 cents.

Stopping to pay his bill on departure, he found it didn't match his figures.

"See here, this statement isn't right," he said to the cashier.

"If it isn't we'll make it right sir. Have we overcharged you?"

"No. But you haven't entered all the items against me. I made some telephone calls not listed here."

The clerk checked back on the telephone records. Nothing could be found.

Undaunted, the guest insisted another search be made. The entry was finally discovered on the account of another man with the same last name. The guest paid it and thanked the clerk. It was a small sum but the hotel was doubly grateful, because it prevented a blow-up by the other man—one of the best customers but one with a hair-trigger disposition.

A year later the young man paid another visit to the hotel. The manager called on him and extended to him the hospitality of the place. Today his credit is unlimited there.

That was more than common honesty, it was honesty called scrupulousness. It was also immensely more clever than simply calling attention to the mistake and letting it go when the clerk couldn't find it. And it won the good will of an entire establishment.

There are innumerable ways to cheat—which means there are just

as many ways of being rigidly honest. I talked the other day with a dealer in roofing supplies. He told me some builders in his community put tile roof on with iron nails. They save a few dollars, but shorten the life of the roof. However, one man, who takes pride in his work, never uses anything but copper nails, whether the contract requires it or not. Word has passed around about this man being absolutely honest in little things and he is getting the big things—the choicest contracts.

It was the first J. Pierpont Morgan, I think, who used to say, "I know one man I wouldn't lend a cent if he offered me a million dollars in security, simply because he's a crook. But there's another one to whom I'd lend a million on his word alone, because he never cheats."

During the war a manufacturer with a government contract cheated on shoes, putting on paper soles instead of leather. One doughboy, whose feet were out and bleeding because of that crookedness, remembered. Years later he passed on a million-dollar contract. One bidder was unceremoniously ruled out—the paper-sole racketeer.

Have you noticed how seldom we hear the expression "He's a man of honor" and "His word is as good as his bond" nowadays? The "smart" thing may be to get by with a sharp deal, but the really clever thing in the long run is an untouchable integrity.

A broker told me not long ago of the involved procedure connected with the transfer of real estate. Then he

wistfully recalled the practice in his boyhood days in Sweden.

"When my father sold his farm, he and the buyer went arm in arm out to a corner of the field. The money was paid over; then my father reached down, picked up a handful of dirt and placed it in the hands of the other man. They shook hands. The deal was completed and the title was never questioned."

Could such a thing be done if absolute honesty didn't inhere in the persons involved—even in the very customs and character of the entire community?

Probably no man ever had a longer or more distinguished career in the world of sports than the veteran coach, A. A. Stagg, who though past 70, is still a driving force in athletics. For 42 years he was the idol of students and graduates of the University of Chicago. Yet he is more admired for his rugged character and uncompromising honesty, no matter what the cost.

An eminently successful business

man told recently how his whole life had been changed, 40 years ago, by a little incident on the baseball diamond. Stagg's champion baseball team was defending its college title. The batter had single and one of Stagg's men was racing home with the winning run.

Stagg came rushing up to meet him. "Get back to third base!" he shouted. "You cut it by a yard!"

"But the umpire didn't see it," the runner protested.

"That doesn't make any difference!" roared Stagg. "Get back!"

It cost a game but a character battle was won.

"When I saw that," said the business man, "I determined always to play square. I've done it to the best of my ability and my life has been immeasurably happier for it."

It can be made a game—this matter of abiding integrity. And the cleverest player is not the one with the greatest talent, but the one who gives his conscience the freest rein.

Lord, let me not be too content
 With life in trifling service spent—
 Make me aspire!
 When days with petty cares are filled,
 Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled,
 Of something higher.
 Help me to long for mental grace,
 To struggle with the commonplace
 I daily find;
 May little deeds not bring to fruit
 A crop of little thoughts to suit
 A shriveled mind.

—Helen Gilbert.

DAY NURSERY SOLVES MOTHERS' PROBLEMS

By Sam Justice, in Charlotte Observer

Has Juoior been getting in your hair with greying effects lately? Is little Susie continually getting out of hand? Do you often yearn to lock them in the garage so you can get a few minutes of peace and quiet?

Then the Charlotte Day Nursery is the solution to your predicament, Charlotte mother. The day nursery not only will take your enfant terrible off your hands for 12 hours a day, but also actually rear him for you if you are so fortunate as to get your Susie or Junior accepted. Frankly we'd say the odds stand about three to one against you.

The nursery now has some 50 future citizens romping daily within its confines, with 25 more would-be rompers on the waiting list.

You see, the nursery has taken over the painful task of rearing the Juniors and Susies of mothers who work during the day and who do not have the time nor money adequately to supervise their upbringing.

Founded 10 years ago, the nursery took for its objective the caring for pre-schoolage children of working parents who were not financially able to hire a maid to look after them while they were away from home. The project grew from a mere handful of children until the nursery, now situated at 321 West Tenth street, is running over with jubilant juveniles.

Parents pay a small fee to the nursery, if able, but almost half of the number are unable to pay any-

thing. The nursery charges parents according to their ability to pay, but where they are able to pay nothing, their child receives the same attention as other children. The nursery is a member of the Community Chest group and also is aided through memberships in the nursery, fees from parents, and from donations by friends.

The nursery not only looks after the children while their mothers are at work, but carries on a program aimed at teaching them proper health habits, self reliance, consideration of others, and various arts.

Miss Annie Ferguson, a registered nurse, is superintendent and she is aided by three teachers. The position of kindergarten teacher now is open, while Miss Sara Denny is assistant kindergarten teacher. Miss Barbara Goddard is nursery school teacher., Mrs Welma Jerman is the cook, J. D. Deese is the janitor, and Mrs. Helen Oliver, colored, is the maid.

This group has the busy task of keeping the group of 50 engaged, at peace, and out of harm's way during the 12-hour period that the nursery is open from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night. The children, with several hours of outdoor play daily, are unusually healthy and average a daily attendance of between 35 and 45.

The nursery is divided into two groups—the nursery group, for children between one and four years old, and the kindergarten group,

for children from four to six years.

The program for an average day runs something like this: The youngsters begin arriving at 6 o'clock and are inspected by the nurse. Breakfast is prepared between 7:30 and 8 o'clock, with several of the youngsters lending a hand in setting the tables. That is followed by bathroom routines, treatments, and dressing.

At 9 o'clock, the program really gets under way. The nursery group has handwork, consisting of painting, drawing, clay modeling, cutting, and pasting, while the kindergarten group has supervised play. At 10 o'clock, both groups get fruit juice, with stories, rest, and play taking up the rest of the morning.

Lunch is served between 12 and 1 o'clock, and from then until 3 o'clock it is quiet and naps for everybody. Although one would hardly think that an active group of 50 could be put to bed and to sleep in mass formation, routine has turned the trick, and they drop off to sleep without a whimper. The entire group turns out for play at 3 o'clock in the outdoor playground if the weather permits, and if not, recreation is carried on inside. The playground contains a slide, jungle bars, swings, see-saws, wagons, tricycle, and other toys. Between 5 and 6 p. m. the parents began arriving to take their zestful offsprings home, and by that time the day nursery crew is more than ready to plod its weary way homeward.

A variety of occupations is represented among parents of the chil-

dren. Many of the children, it was pointed out, come from broken homes. Eight of the mothers are employed in hosiery mills, six are stenographers, six are WPA, five are employed in manufacturing concerns, three are unemployed, three are salesladies, while others have similar work.

The Mother's club is one interesting part of the nursery. Once a month the mothers meet at the nursery to discuss their problems in child care and to listen to the educational programs which are offered them. An effort is made to follow up the development work of the nursery by co-operation in the home. There is a lending library maintained for mothers.

The nursery is aided in its work with the children by members of the Junior League and by Charlotte Day Nursery association members, who take turns in helping out in the playrooms.

The nursery would like to take in more children, but it is having a close time operating on its present budget because of the curtailment of Community Chest funds. The nursery does not solicit contributions, but if some sympathizer should have clothing, toys, games wall paper, furniture, or other articles that he is anxious to dispose of, it is a pretty sure bet that the nursery could find a use for them.

'Tis a fine job of raising young Americans that the Charlotte Day Nursery is donig, and it deserves the commendation, co-operation and patronization of Charlotteans.

LOYALTY

By Elbert Hubbard

Loyalty is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose, steadfastness. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success. Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, Nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody and grants your desire. Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employers, your "house." Loyalty is for the one who is loyal. It is a quality woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal yours. Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether any one knows of our disloyalty is really of little moment, either one way or the other. The real point is, how does it affect ourselves? Work is for the worker. Love is for the lover. Art is for the artist. The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work. All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for the task—loyalty—is fused with effort.

No man ever succeeded in business, or can, who "wears the dial off the clock." Such a one may not be disloyal, he may merely be unloyal; but he is always ripe for a lay-off and always imagines some one has it in for him. And he is right—everybody and everything, including Fate and Destiny, Clio and Nemesis, has it in for him. The only man who goes unscathed is the one who is loyal to himself by being loyal to others. Loyalty is the great lubricant of life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative. The man who is loyal to his work is not wrung nor perplexed by doubt—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders, he goes down a hero with colors flying at the masthead and the band playing.

The hospitals, jails and asylums and sanitariums are full of disloyal people, folks who have been disloyal to their friends, society, business, work, Stick! and if you quit, quit to tackle a harder job. God is on the side of the loyal.

We miss much of life's happiness when we center our affections on getting mere things. Possessions do not bring happiness; they often bring a heap of trouble. The things that abide are the things of the mind and spirit, and they are worth striving for—education, friendships, love, faith, service.—H. H.

OLD HIPPOCRATES' OATH

By Louisa A. Dyer

Dr. Jemima Bennett, who had come home to the hills the summer before and begun building a country practice instead of seizing the golden opportunities of the big city, looked from her office window at the snow. It was falling more slowly and the wind had begun to howl in full voice. It would be a night to stay home and read the medical magazines which her growing practice had crowded aside. Her regular calls had all been made before the three o'clock office hours and the last office patient had just left. Now if everybody was considerate enough to stay well until the blizzard blew itself out, she might even get her case notes transferred to her permanent file.

She hung her white office coat in the dispensary, washed her hands, opened the hall door which closed the south wing away from the rest of the old, white farmhouse and began to sort out the articles which seemed most important. An inquiring "Meow," from the doorway brought a little laugh to her lips.

"All clear, Snooks." Wondering how the kitten always knew when to appear, she snapped on the reading light beside the big chair near the fireplace.

Tapping her foot playfully as he skittered past, the small cat climbed to her lap and poked about for a place in which to ensconce himself. Hardly had he wormed himself in between her and the corner of the chair with his head emerging from under her arm when the telephone rang.

"Dr. Bennett speaking. Yes, Mrs. Wilday, what is wrong?"

Listening, Dr. Jem glanced through the window again. "This is not a pleasant night to go out."

"Do you mean you won't come, Doctor?" Old Solbein's granddaughter sounded incredulous.

"I mean that if I come the call has to be paid for whether I see him or not. Tell him that," decided Dr. Jem.

"He's awful sick, Doctor."

"That is what you said the last time," the young doctor reminded her. "But it didn't prevent his deciding, after I got there, that he was not sick enough to need a doctor after all. That was not the first time, either. Your grandfather has cried, 'Wolf, wolf!' too often. My fee will have to be ready."

She listened for an interval. "Tell him what I said," she directed firmly. "Good-by."

The doctor returned to her chair but she did not read immediately. Instead she listened to the gale and wondered uneasily about old Solbein. It was necessary to be firm with people like him who could well afford to **pay**. And it was too blustery to drive back on South Mountain just to find that he felt a little better and had decided to save two dollars by refusing to see her On the other hand if he really was in need of attention and she didn't go—Oh well, it was his own fault if he lacked care. She picked up her magazine with a determined hand.

Before long she laid it down with a sigh and listened again to the wind before she put the kitten on the floor and went to see what her mother's larder offered for an early supper.

Then she telephoned one of the neighbor boys.

"Ollie, I am going up to old Solbein's. Do you want to go along with your shovel? . . . I'll pick you up in ten minutes."

"What's the big idea, Doc?" demanded Oliver Wright when he slid into the seat beside her. "Is this the night to go up to old Solbein's?"

Dr. Jem laughed. "Well, you see, Ollie," she replied, "I was careless when I got my license to practice medicine and forgot to have it clearly understood that I should doctor only in nice, comfortable weather. So I shall have to pay for my mistake."

"Now, isn't that just too bad," chuckled the boy. "But honestly, Dr. Jem, do you think that old skinflint is going to see you when you get there?"

"I don't know but I have to see if he really needs help."

"I don't see why, especially on a night like this."

The young doctor turned her car carefully from the state highway into the deeper snow on the dirt road which crossed the south half of the valley and led up the mountain. "First there is my peace of mind. And then there is the Hippocratic oath."

"What kind of oath is that? I've heard of the oath of allegiance but I never heard of this one."

Forcing her car through the unmarred snow, Dr. Jem told him of Hippocrates the old Greek physician, and of the oath bearing his name. She explained how in ancient times men, beginning the practice of medicine, had taken it and mentioned its influence on medical ethics.

"Do you mean it says people like old Solbein must be treated free?" Ollie disapproved.

"No, but it does say that medical knowledge and skill shall always be used to help people. And it has been interpreted to mean that that knowledge and skill shall never be denied the sick. Not all medical colleges administer the Hippocratic oath but you will find that practically all physicians recognize the obligation and respond to all manner of demands for their skill."

The engine stalling in a deep drift interrupted while Ollie with shovel and treading feet opened the way.

"The oath was part of our graduation exercises," the doctor continued and described the ceremony.

Ollie sighed, "It must have been kind of impressive."

"It was."

Once more the snow smothered the motor. As Ollie opened the door to slide out there came to their ears, over the humming of the wind, the drone of a plane somewhere above them.

"Mail plane's late tonight," he reported, returning.

"I am not surprised. It is a wild night to fly."

Before long the doctor opened her window and leaned out to locate the end of Solbein's driveway. "Here we are. It would have been nice if Wilday had broken out the drift in the turn. Hang on."

She touched the accelerator and by skill and perseverance took the car through the drift and up the last little hill to a cleared space outside the kitchen door.

"Sure, Doc, you are a swell driver," was Ollie's tribute.

"I couldn't let you freeze your ears on Solbein's doorstep," she laughed, stepping into the snow. "It is much

colder. You better come inside and get warm."

Ollie shook his head. "No, it's pretty comfortable here with the heater on. And you won't be inside long, not more than a minute, probably, in spite of old Hippocrates and his oath."

"We shall see." Dr. Jem returned the boy's grin. "There is a deal of air traffic for a night like this. I hear another plane,—unless it is your mail plane traveling in circles."

Inside she found the kitchen warm and neat. On one end of the supper table she saw, as she passed, two clean one dollar bills anchored by a china salt cellar.

The old farmer's ailment was easily diagnosed and prescribed for and, after a few minutes of amiable, neighborly talk with him and his kin, the doctor accepted her fee and hastened out to the car which Ollie had turned, ready to start.

"You must have hypnotized him, Doc," Ollie greeted her.

"Of course, I always do," Dr. Jem laughed as she slid behind the wheel. "Don't tell me the wind is dying down!"

"A little, maybe, but it must be getting awful cold. I heard the trees cracking over in the woods."

Reaching to pull the door shut, the doctor stopped with hand outstretched. "Ollie!"

Her voice brought the boy close to her shoulder to peer out into the night. Off to the east he saw a lighter spot that seemed to be growing behind the sifting snow. The wind lulled suddenly and the glow began to localize.

"A fire!" gasped Ollie, "and in this storm!"

"Where is it?"

"Over north of the east fork some-

where," he guessed.

For a moment longer she watched, eyes narrowed against the wind. Then she stepped out. "Get Wilday out here. Tell him to hurry."

"Where is that?" she demanded as the man dashed out.

"Queer. Ain't nobody lives there as I know of. It might be beyond the swamp. But there's no buildings there."

"I should say the swamp, too. And it isn't buildings. Get your outdoor clothes on." The young doctor's voice had a compelling tone that neither of her listeners had ever heard before. Crackling with unconscious authority, it issued clear, brief orders.

"I will use your telephone," she finished. "Be ready when I finish. Ollie," to the white faced boy, "get Wilday's car out while he dresses and collects those things."

Swiftly she made her way inside to the telephone, giving a crisp order to Mrs. Wilday as she walked through the kitchen. In a moment she was speaking to Hilton Mills whose mother had been her first patient in the country.

"I am at Solbein's. Someone is in trouble over north of the east fork, in Cranberry swamp, I think. We heard a plane flying about as we came up the mountain. I think the light is a flare of some kind. Telephone the airport. Then call what help you think best and follow us in as soon as you can, Hilt."

With a word of thanks, she seized the roll of old muslin which Mrs. Wilday held and hurried out. "Ready, Ollie. We will go ahead. Wilday, keep as close to us as is safe."

"It's all foolishness," grumbled Wilday who had had time to recover from his instinctive reaction to authority.

"If you should get there what will you find? Nobody lives there, I tell you."

"Oh, do as you are told," shouted young Oliver who, also, had had time to think. "It's the mail plane, isn't it, Dr. Jem?"

"I think so." She motioned him to his place and got in. As the car hurtled down the driveway, she heard the farmer start and swing in behind her.

It was not easy going, but thanks to the doctor's determination and Ollie's efficiency with his shovel, they made the east fork without much delay. A short distance beyond it Dr. Jem turned sharply toward the ditch and paused. The headlights brought fence posts into view on either side ahead.

"Doesn't seem to be fenced off," she said. "But we better explore the ditch and see if it is too deep."

She was out as she spoke and treading a path fieldward through the dip before the boy had his shovel untangled. "We can make it, I think. The lane probably hasn't been used for years but we will drive in as far as we can. Shovel the ditch while I look ahead."

"How you goin' to find anything in that swamp a night like this?" Wilday protested again. "Even if there was anything there. That fire's gone already. Just fools' fire, that's all."

"Don't waste your breath," admonished the doctor.

Before the ditch was clear she was back, swinging her arms to keep warm. "All right. Let's go."

Carefully she nosed the car into the ditch and up the low bank beyond. More by instinct and prayer than by judgment she followed an abandoned road meant originally for farm carts. It seemed, in spite of the constant lurching, that they only crept but

she knew that it wasn't safe to take chances. It was too cold.

Without warning the headlights picked up an outcrop of rock almost under the front wheels. She managed to stop before they bumped. Swinging open the door she gestured for Wilday to join them.

"Get out, Ollie. From here we walk. But first I am going to blow the horn. Listen for an answer."

Like the hunting cry of some prehistoric monster the raucous sound struck the wind and the wind drove it back at them. Listen as they would they could hear no answer.

Sending Ollie to help Wilday carry the axes and horse blankets and leaving the lights of her car shining to guide Hilton Mills and his help, she bent her head against the wind and set off, her bag in one hand and the auto blanket draped about her shoulders. Once she stepped into a pocket of snow, hip-deep; once her toe caught against a covered rock with teeth-jarring suddenness. But at last she found herself leaning for breath against the wire fence, which she remembered encircled the swamp. From its support she peered through the flying snow. It was an awful night. Suppose she was mistaken about the location of that blaze! Suppose they didn't find the pilot! Suppose . . .

Firmly she straightened her shoulders. To suppose was weak and there was no time for weakness. Make the best decision possible and then check carefully. She sent a long, straight look westward toward the Solbein house, following on her clear, mental map every turn and dip of the mountain road to be certain she had not miscalculated. It was as if the look carried her back to the open space outside the kitchen door. As if she

were really there she forced her mind's eyes to retrace the line of direction they had followed from that elevated spot as she watched the glow spread

. . . Yes, well to the right and farther into the swamp. Now to connect the two sides of the angle. And there was not too much time in which to reach the pilot if he was injured. The cold was dangerous.

"Climb through," she hurried Ollie and Wilday as they joined her. "We go in this direction. Separate a bit but keep within sound of each other's voices."

Traveling was harder in the swamp. Under the snow, patches of ice between the stretches of cranberry vines made footing uncertain. Old, fallen trees and low bushes seemed to rise under their hurrying feet. There were great clumps of high huckleberry bushes around which they must detour. And the cold bit at them persistently.

Every few minutes Dr. Jem spoke to first one and then the other of her companions. Once Ollie's answer was delayed and her heart missed a beat. Then the reply came, slightly muffled.

"Ran into a stump," he explained.

"Hurt?"

"N-no."

"All right. Carry on."

Another five minutes that seemed like an hour! Weariness tugged at the doctor. She must stop somewhere out of the wind and ease the pressure in her chest. The lee of some high bushes offered shelter. She filled her lungs gratefully before she turned to peer ahead.

"Dr. Jem!"

"Yes." Even as she answered the wind faltered and, the snow settling temporarily, she saw beyond a rag-

ged row of trees and bushes the bulk of a tilted airplane.

They found the pilot among the rocks near a tree from which two expiring flares were discharging their last, slow sparks. Flashlight turned earthward, Dr. Jem bent to inspect him. Unconscious but alive, thanks be, with his spine intact or he couldn't have got where he was nor set those flares. Some frostbites as was to be expected and he had hit his head, judging by the blood. One leg was broken and that sickening angle in his arm meant a dislocated shoulder.

Answering Ollie's horrified gasp with reassuring words, she straightened and turned to Wilday. "We shall have to be quick. Got those big, horse blanket pins? Good . . . Now a blanket."

She showed him quickly how to pin one corner about the branch of a low tree and the opposite corner about the bottom of a sapling farther back. Then she carried the lower edge behind a stump and fastened the loose corners to two trees in line with the first two making a slanted, semi-circular screen about the injured man.

"Now three pieces of wood about this long. She measured with her hands. "Light saplings will go. Can you get them?"

"Yes, ma'am." Wilday hesitated, then spoke again. "I never thought we'd find anything, Doctor, in this blizzard. And I don't see, yet, how you did find him." Grudging admiration had replaced the grumpiness in his voice.

"We had luck," she replied, already busy with the muslin. "Ollie, turn your light this way."

Before she tore the third strip, however, she stopped, eyes on the distorted arm. Thrusting her hand in-

side the pilot's coat, she examined the shoulder socket with strong, wise fingers.

"We better fix this shoulder while he is unconscious. Can you help me, Ollie?"

"I—I'll try."

With incredible swiftness she got the second blanket under her patient, took off his heavy coat to free the injured arm and returned it to the sound side. Placing the boy in position, she told him what to do. "Now then!"

Ollie gulped as she pulled on the arm and the man began to moan. A bit more and a twist at the proper moment! The pilot gave a sharp yelp as the ball of the humerus slipped into place.

"Lie still, Airman. All right, Ollie, scram."

Drawing the coat about him to hold the arm close to his side she buttoned it, tucking the empty sleeve under the belt. Young Oliver hurried away and was sick.

Reclaiming her flashlight, she looked at the awakened pilot. "Sorry to hurt you but it would have been worse later and it was time you were roused. Anybody else in the plane?"

"No." His voice was husky with pain and cold.

"Good. Now I am going to splint your leg."

"I fell over that rock," he explained. "My balance wasn't good. My arm—"

"Just didn't function," she helped him out as Ollie rejoined them. "Ollie is going to rub the frost from your face and the blood into your good arm and leg. It will hurt, I am afraid."

Using her auto blanket for cushioning and wide strips of muslin for

bandages she bound the rude splints to his leg to protect it until it could be set.

"Stout fellow, Ollie," she spoke after a bit to the laboring boy. "You have what it takes."

A bright flush flooded Ollie's face. "Aw, Dr. Jem."

The pilot, grimly enduring his suffering, gave a faint but understanding grin. "Sure have."

Fastening the bandage, Dr. Jem got to her feet and began beating her hands to warm them. Suddenly she stopped. "Hark!"

There it was again. Certainly a call. Together she and Ollie sent back an answer as Wilday left his inspection of the plane to hurry over the trail they had broken, signaling wildly with his light.

Shortly help was there. With as much of a flourish as they could manage in the wind, Hilton Mills and Chet Miller put down and opened a stretcher from the local first aid station. The two state troopers who accompanied them looked at the tent-like windbreaker with amused approval.

"Neat job," commented one, helping unfasten the blanket before he went to inspect the wrecked plane.

As Dr. Jem bent to tuck the blanket about the weary-faced pilot on the stretcher, he spoke his thanks.

"You know," he added, "when I set off those flares I didn't really believe anyone would see them."

"Nobody would have," grinned Ollie, "if it hadn't been for old Hippocrates' oath."

The pilot looked bewildered but Dr. Jem laughed as she motioned the men to pick up their load and start.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Addie Barineau, supervisor of adult education, and Miss Jane C. Sullivan, superintendent of public welfare, both of Lincoln County, were visitors at the School last Wednesday afternoon.

John T. Capps, a member of our printing class, recently acted as pinch-hitter for one of the linotype operators on the staff of the Kannapolis Independent, who was ill. Reports from the proprietors of The Independent are that John got along nicely during his brief term of employment in the Towel City.

According to a report coming from Glenn Edney on a recent visit here, Herman Goodman, formerly an office boy, who came to us from Hendersonville and was permitted to leave the School August 7, 1927, has been working in a hosiery mill at High Point for the past four years, is married and getting along well.

Herbert Apple, one of our old boys, whose recent visit to the School was reported in these columns two weeks ago, stopped in for another chat with old friends here last Wednesday afternoon. This 28-year-old young man seems to be getting along very nicely. He has been married about four years and now lives in Greensboro. Since the first of the year Herbert has been traveling for the American Shoe Ma-

chinery & Tool Company, St. Louis, Mo., his territory consisting of North Carolina and parts of Virginia and South Carolina.

Herbert reported that he had recently seen Walter Cummings, aged 32 years, who left the School, February 14, 1925. He is now married and lives in Norfolk, Va., where he is engaged in the plumbing business, and is getting along very well.

Miss Isabella Cox, superintendent of public welfare in Bladen County, was a visitor at the School on Monday of last week. She was accompanied by Mrs. Larry Gates, a former North Carolinian, now living in Westbrook, Maine. On her return trip, Miss Cox took two boys back to their homes, they having made very good records while at the School.

In working among youngsters we hear of many humorous incidents. Here's one which was recently brought to our attention: A new teacher took charge of one of our school rooms. In going over the various lessons previously taught in that particular grade, he remarked, "I didn't know you had civics in this room." A small voice piped up in the back of the room, "We don't have him now. He's been moved up to the fourth grade."

Glenn Edney, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 2, who left the School

August 31, 1927, called on friends here last Sunday. Shortly after returning to his home in Hendersonville, he enlisted in the United States Navy, leaving the service two years later on a medical discharge on account of having sustained a broken ankle. In July, 1929, he went back to Hendersonville and was employed in a hosiery mill for about two and one-half years. Glenn then became a truck driver for a produce company, remaining in that position until a little more than six months ago, when he moved to High Point, going to work in a hosiery mill, where he is still employed as a knitter. He has been married six years and has a son aged four and one-half years. This young man stated that he had not been into any kind of trouble since leaving the School and that his stay here had been most beneficial.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Keenan, and two-year-old son, John Howard, of Knoxville, Tenn., visited The Uplift office on Friday of last week. Howard, a former member of our printing class, was allowed to leave the School November 13, 1932. While having developed into a very good linotype linotype operator during his stay with us, at the time of leaving there was not much chance for securing employment at that trade, due to poor business conditions, so he became an enrollee in one of the CCC camps up in the mountains of Western North Carolina. Early in 1934 he returned to the printing industry, becoming a linotype operator on the Anderson (S. C.) Independent, remaining there until September, 1938, at which time he moved to Knoxville, where he is still employed by The Journal. Howard stated that

he liked his present place of employment very much and was getting along well. He has had his union card for more than two years. We were all delighted to see this young man, who has developed a most pleasing personality, and one may readily see from his appearance and courteous manner that he is one who may be expected to make a success in life. He seemed very glad of the opportunity to renew old acquaintances among the members of the School staff, and expressed his gratitude for what the training received here had meant to him.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was in charge of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, he turned the meeting over to Gene Davis, also of Charlotte, who taught the boys some new choruses and led them in singing several they had learned on some of his previous visits here. Gene then presented Rev. T. E. Strickland, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church, Charlotte, who talked to the boys on "Preparedness," using as his text Ecclesiastes 11:9—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." This verse, said the speaker, suggests that God is speaking to youth on preparedness, preparing them for meeting the problems which are bound to confront them later in life.

Rev. Mr. Strickland then told the boys that men who had made a study of birds, found some astounding facts,

especially of eagles, in training their young. He first told how one had watched two great eagles carrying materials for their nest, high up on a rocky precipice. They would first gather large pieces of wood for the foundation, then gradually add smaller bits as the nest neared completion. Finally swooping down on a mountain goat, getting bits of fleece for the lining. Later three eggs appeared in the nest and in due time three young eaglets were hatched. The parent birds scoured the country for choice bits of food for them. Finally these eaglets grew until they almost filled the nest, at which time the mother bird tore away the nest. She next took one eaglet in her claws and soared to great height; let the eaglet fall, and then seeing that it made no attempt to fly, swooped down, caught it and repeated a third or fourth time, when the eaglet spread its wings and flew. In one instance, after trying repeatedly to get the young bird to attempt to fly, she finally gave up and let it crash to earth. It seemed the mother bird knew this one was not ambitious enough to learn to fly, so she let it go.

So it is with boys and girls, continued the speaker. While they are very young their parents care for them, selecting the choicest foods for the purpose of building strong bodies. Then comes a time when the child, like the eaglet, must spread his wings and fly, or in other words, care for himself. The manner in which we help ourselves, look after our own interests, is responsible for the degree of success we shall attain in this life.

Just as the parent bird cares for its young, just so God cares for us, in our preparation for the life which is to follow our earthly stay. We are put upon our own, the choice is ours to make, but if we put our trust in our Heavenly Father, we can reach the goal for which all Christians are striving—the eternal joys of heaven.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Strickland told the boys that if they were to be successful in life; if they wanted to overcome the obstacles that come before them, they must have faith in God. The only way to emerge victorious is to keep our eyes ever on the goal, looking to Christ at all times.

Freedom of speech, freedom of worship and a free press are denied by all dictators. No dictator can hold his position if these are allowed. No man knows this better than Stalin, Hitler or Mussolini. Bradlaugh enlarges upon just one of these, freedom of speech, in the following: "Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for men. Better a thousand-fold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people, and entombs the hope of the race."

—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

Week Ending February 26, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- William Cantor 2
- (2) Clyde Gray 12
- (2) Gilbert Hogan 12
- (2) Leon Hollifield 13
- (2) Edward Johnson 13
- James Kissiah 11
- Edward Lucas 11
- (2) Robert Maples 11

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 3
- Arthur Craft 3
- (5) Samuel Ennis 8
- Floyd Lane 3
- Clifton Mabry 6
- (2) Fernie Medlin 5
- Forrest McEntire 2
- Donald McFee 2
- Oscar Roland 6
- Nick Rochester 9
- Landreth Sims 4
- Brooks Young 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- (6) Robert Atwell 8
- (4) Lewis Andrews 9
- (3) James C. Cox 10
- (14) William McRary 14
- (2) Douglas Matthews 11
- (2) Warner Peach 8
- John C. Robertson 8
- Claude Terrell 3
- Jerome Wiggins 11
- Earl Weeks 12

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Briggs 6
- Paul Broom 6
- (6) Lewis Donaldson 11
- James Hancock 9
- (2) James Land 8
- (4) Edward McGee 6
- George Newman 11
- (4) Lloyd Pettus 13

- Hyress Taylor 7
- (5) Leo Ward 12
- (8) Melvin Walters 13
- (14) James Wilhite 14
- (3) Samuel Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 5

- Samuel Montgomery 3
- Eugene Smith 3
- (3) Elmer Talbert 6
- (9) Hubert Walker 11
- (11) Dewey Ware 13
- (4) Marvin Wilkins 9
- (3) George Wright 8

COTTAGE No. 6

- (7) Edward Batten 9
- (3) Robert Bryson 11
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 7
- Noah Ennis 4
- (2) Thomas Hamilton 8
- George Wilhite 4
- William Wilson 4
- Woodrow Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 7
- William Beach 8
- (3) Cleasper Beasley 5
- (3) Carl Breece 11
- (3) James H. Davis 6
- Donald Earnhardt 5
- (3) William Estes 12
- (3) George Green 9
- (3) Blaine Griffin 11
- (3) Caleb Hill 11
- (2) James Jordan 2
- Hugh Johnson 9
- (2) Joseph Wheeler 5
- (2) Ed Woody 7
- William R. Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- Donald Britt 6
- (3) Cicero Outlaw 8
- (3) John Tolbert 7
- (4) Charles Taylor 8
- Walker Warr 3

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Edgar Burnette 11
- Henry Coward 2
- (3) Carol Clark 9
- (2) C. D. Grooms 2
- Mark Jones 6
- Harold O'Dear 8
- (2) Eugene Presnell 10
- Lonnie Roberts 6
- Cleveland Suggs 5
- (3) Earl Stamey 6
- Preston Wilbourne 8
- Luther Wilson 4
- (3) Thomas Wilson 12
- (2) Horace Williams 11

COTTAGE No. 10

- (4) Roy Barnett 4
- (7) Elbert Head 10
- (3) J. D. Hildreth 8
- (2) Jesse Kelly 2
- (3) Vernon Lamb 8
- (5) Felix Littlejohn 7
- James Nicholson 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- (6) Harold Bryson 8
- (5) Albert Goodman 7
- (14) Earl Hildreth 14
- Paul Mullis 5
- (9) Edward Murray 13
- Donald Newman 4
- (2) Jesse Overby 3
- (3) Theodore Rector 4
- (9) Julius Stevens 13
- (6) Thomas Shaw 12

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 9
- (4) Allard Brantley 9
- (7) William C. Davis 9
- (7) James Elders 10
- (7) Max Eaker 11
- Joseph Hall 8
- Everett Hackler 7
- Charlton Henry 10
- Richard Honeycutt 4
- S. E. Jones 4
- (4) Alexander King 12
- (2) Tillman Lyles 8
- Clarence Mayton 10
- William Powell 6
- (3) James Reavis 8
- Howard Sanders 9

- (2) Carl Singletery 12
- (10) Avery Smith 12
- Ralph Sorrell
- (4) William Trantham 10
- Leonard Wood 9
- J. R. Whitman 9

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Arthur Ashley 3
- Wilson Bailiff 2
- Dillon Dean
- (6) Jack Foster 12
- (5) William Griffin 11
- (2) Douglas Mabry 9
- Irvin Medlin 7
- Paul McGlammery 8
- (6) Thomas R. Pitman 13
- (6) Alexander Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 14

- Claude Ashe 11
- (12) Clyde Barnwell 13
- (2) John Church 3
- Delphus Dennis 12
- (14) James Kirk 14
- (4) John Kirkman 9
- Feldman Lane 5
- Henry McGraw 8
- Fred McGlammery 11
- (2) John Robbins 8
- (2) Desmond Truitt 3
- Harold Thomas 6
- (3) Howard Todd 8
- Garfield Walker 5
- (3) Junior Woody 10

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Clifton Davis 10
- (2) Aldine Duggins 9
- (14) Beamon Heath 14
- (2) Hoyt Hollifield 5
- William Hawkins 4
- (3) Dallas Holder 4
- (5) L. M. Hardison 11
- (2) Robert Kinley 12
- Lunsford Oakley
- (2) J. R. Sutton 2
- (2) Arvel Ward 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Reefer Cummings 8
- Early Oxendine 7
- Thomas Oxendine 8
- Curley Smith 9

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 11, 1939

No. 10

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INTERESTING DATES IN MARCH

- 4th. The Constitution of the United States went into effect, 1789.
- 7th. Alexander Bell got patent for telephone, 1876.
- 9th. The monitor defeated the Merrimac, 1862.
- 10th. Mexican treaty was ratified, 1848.
- 11th. An Act was enacted to found a Navy, 1794.
- 12th. United State Post Office established, 1789.
- 13th. Standard Time adopted, 1884.
- 15th. The Russian Czar was dethroned, 1917.
- 16th. West Point Academy was founded, 1802.
- 23rd. Aguinaldo, Filipino insurrectionist, was captured, 1901.
- 27th. Florida was discovered by Ponce de Leon, 1513.
- 30th. Ether was first used, 1842.

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE DEADLY WEASEL

A man in the open country watched from a distance an American eagle mount into the sky upon its mighty wings. It was a magnificent sight; but it soon appeared that something was wrong. The king of the birds did not continue to rise in the sky with the same power and speed. His flight at first seemed hampered, then came to a stop, until at last the great bird fell down at the wanderer's feet.

Locking closely, the man saw that the eagle was dead. Searching still more closely, he observed that a small weasel had dug its claws into the abdomen of the splendid bird, had soared upward with it into the sky, and had drained the eagle of his life-blood, while the latter had escaped. Sin is like that.—Jan Kerel Van Baalen, in *The Journey of Man*.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

The Congress of the United States had a birthday on March 4th. That date marks the 150th anniversary of this greatest of all institutions—an institution of the people, by the people and for the people, as Lincoln so aptly described it.

No elaborate ceremonies marked the occasion, but Americans can well pause and reflect that it is a joyous occasion. Congress, they should remember, is the elected voice of the people in government. It is people's servant. In other lands, the citizen has no voice in government. Instead, the citizen is the servant of the government.

Born of the Constitution, the Congress is the world's best example of self-government. And under self-government America has progressed, in this century and a half, to first in rank as a Nation of freedom, equality and justice for all. It has made America the envy of all other peoples.

So, whose freedom is the envy of the world, should pay tribute to the institution that exemplifies self-government. Many happy returns of the 4th of March! May a free Congress never perish!

—J. A. R.

* * * * *

THE CLIMATE OF FLORIDA IDEAL

After a most delightful visit to Miami, Florida, the writer is again in North Carolina, with a higher appreciation of home and all things pertaining thereto. Bustle and hustle in Miami continues during the tourist season. In fact the residents say that life in Florida is "nine months worry and three months hurry." This remark is significant of the fact if financial conditions are not covered in the three months period when the "horse and dog races" are in the swing things are not considered so good.

There are tourists from every state of the union and every province in Canada and the masses are following up the races. These races have a fascination for both men and women. The statment is often heard that women are the best sports in the game of chosing the racers and betting.

The game is a gamble, and the results are more people lose than win. In fact we accept this program of activities as the "the other man's game" and dared not step in where angels fear to tred. A novice will occasionally win a small purse, but such seldom happens.

But Miami is a lovely spot, with a fine climate suitable for all kinds and conditions of mankind, beautiful homes of snow white Spanish architecture, surrounded with tropical flowers of brilliant coloring and the stately palm trees.

While in a reminiscent mood we looked back to the date March 27, 1513, when Ponce de Leon discovered Florida. Through the dense growth of the everglades he followed the trail of the Indians in hopes of finding the "perpetual fountain of youth." The people are continuing the same march in this age of wealth and splendor with a similar spirit, basking in the warmth of the sunshine and partaking of the tropical fruits with the hope of regaining health. History repeats itself, but we are not at all times conscious of the fact. The climate of Florida is ideal, not in the least disappointing. It holds all that is essential for a relaxation of body and mind if ac-

cepted in a manner conducive to the restoration of health. Rest in the balmy atmosphere of Florida will without doubt work miracles.

* * * * *

RELIGION—EXPONENT OF AMERICAN LIFE

It is timely that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave \$25,000 as the initial contribution toward the Temple of Religion at the New York World's Fair, to be held this Spring. The Americans do not at all times seem particularly religious, but when the test comes they hark back to the faith of the early settlers who were seeking religious freedom. Religion has been the basic influence of all activities and developments that rebound for the good of all people. Realizing the chaotic conditions in the countries of Europe that have banished religion, we are conscious of its sweet and leveling influence in the time of confusion and uncertainties. The Temple of Religion should hold a unique place, should be the very hub of the Exposition,—the symbol of the faith of the American people.

* * * * *

INTOLERANCE

Is it intolerant to suppress intolerance?

As debatable as that long-standing poser about whether the hen or the egg made its advent first, the issue of free speech—with and without mufflers—has again come to the fore.

Neville Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, declares radio stations should not carry programs which incite "racial and religious hatred."

Leaping to the attack, Senator Wheeler of Montana states Mr. Miller's view violates all rights of free speech, that Mr. Miller is himself guilty of intolerance in suppressing speakers who foment hatred and intolerance.

Then Senator Wheeler adds, "Intolerance is to be abhorred in this country!" He thereby leaves the issue as obscure as it was in the first place, for how is it possible to abhor intolerance without taking steps to counteract, challenge, or suppress it?

Whether we are to give free speech to the ether, or give the ether to certain objectionable types of free speech, points to the enormous

difference between the written and the spoken word, between the newspaper and the radio—and here may lie the answer to this controversy.

The newspaper comes into our homes because it is a bidden guest—and a quiet one! Its contents, its news, and its opinions move silently from the printed page to the eye. To each reader it is, in a sense, a private communication, an informative source chosen with discrimination.

But we do not want in our homes a guest who violates the canons of decency and good manners, and who rants heatedly and loudly at the entire family against ideals it holds sacred.

If we are so unfortunate as to have him there, are we being intolerant if we show him the door? That is the question at issue!

* * * * *

THE QUALITIES OF A LADY

The popular columnist, Robert Quillen elaborates as to the qualities of a real lady, and at the same time gives a pen-picture of those who copy society in manners and other requisites presumed by her lady-ship to be the essentials.

The elements of a real lady are not quickly acquired, but inborn, for a class of the gentry is not realized in one generation. A well bred person radiates from within due consideration for all regardless of class, race or creed. Nothing raises the ire of the well born quicker than imposition upon the defenceless. Such an act is termed cowardly.

Robert Quillen differentiates between the real and the outward evidences of a lady in the following:

“Much discussion of the niceties of behavior has encouraged the belief that a lady is one who uses the right fork, answers an invitation in the orthodox form, stands up and sits down gracefully, and is able to introduce four others without a nervous breakdown; but a natural-born hussy might be able to do all of these things, and one who can't do any of them may be a lady for a' that.

“Manners prove nothing at all unless, to borrow an ecclesiastical expression, they are the outward evidence of inner grace.

“You remember the old saying that Charleston people have no better manners than anybody else, merely more of them. Well,

a lady may have no better manners than a hussy, but hers are a sincere expression of the kindness and courtesy that are part of her nature.

"I think the outstanding characteristic of a lady like that of a great artist, is restraint.

"Her voice is low; she doesn't squall like a calliope.

"She may follow the style, but always with moderation. When skirts were short, and the landscape was full of knees, hers didn't show.

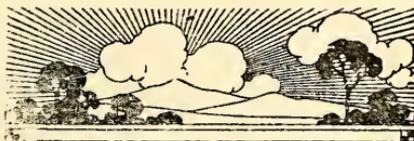
"She dreads being conspicuous, and will do anything to avoid a scene in public.

"She isn't the one who addles her brains with liquor and then talks too much.

"She can become angry, but she doesn't give way to her temper or talk like a mule-driver. Her eyes may snap and her voice may be cold and hard, but she doesn't shout.

"She doesn't say catty things or do catty things, for it isn't in her nature to be ungenerous or spiteful.

"I suppose one might write a volume to explain what she is and what she isn't, yet all of it can be summed up in one word. She is all that gentility means, and the gentry are gentle."



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

NOW IS THE TIME

"Pluck sweet flowers while you may,
At eventide or dewy morn,
Surely there will come a day
When you must pluck the thorn.

Do kindly acts at time of need,
Ere the chance be gone;
Thus will plant the seed
Of deeds now unknown."

Just a reminder that might save
your life, and that of another—drive
carefully.

Some women are loath to tell their
age, but crossed in some pet project
they show their rage.

If you have not faith in something,
or some one, you are in rather a bad
fix to meet the emergencies of life.

People who are trying to live with-
in their income are not certain of the
outcome. The outgo is their greatest
worry.

The difficult problems of life, pres-
ent and those to come, cannot be
solved by promises. Promises may
get friends, but 'tis performances that
keep them.

One trouble with America is that
it has too many people trying to live
on the government instead trying to
help themselves, and stop leaning on
somebody else.

It seems funny to a lot of people
that families that cannot buy the
necessities of life, manage to buy
automobiles, and supply them with

gasoline. That's one of the things
past finding out.

The psalmist once warned the people
that "Riches have wings." And look-
ing at it in the present day, riches
seem to have bills, and claws, from
the way people are pecking and
scratching to obtain them.

Many people criticize the news-
papers and berate the editors of the
country, but few of them run from
publicity, unless it be to their detri-
ment. Then they rage if caught up
with in some nefarious transaction.

People who are comfortably situated
in this life, with all their wants sup-
plied, find it hard to believe that there
are others who suffer for the neces-
sities of life. There are people who
look inward to self, and not outward
to the condition of others.

Consistency is said to be a jewel.
But there are some like the base imita-
tion of real jewels—nothing but paste,
I see that the Austrian Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
has expelled Jews from its member-
ship ranks. They need over there
one more society. A Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Human Be-
ings. It would be a good Society for
all countries.

The farming industry is confronted
with many problems which are typical
farm problems—and which must be
met and solved by the industry and the
individual farmers comprising it. But
overshadowing all such problems with-

in the industry is the problem of nation recovery. If business and industry, government and labor find better basis for mutual co-operation—if all America finally starts pulling in harness towards a common objective—then it can safely forecast that both city income and farm income will start climbing back towards normal levels. Rash, indeed, would be the prophet who would predict that 1939, however, will be free from turmoil and re-criminations. There is still dissension on many fronts. But it is this writer's

opinion that the last few months, national, have been marked by a swing of the pendulum away from extremism and towards a new era of "live and let live" policies. Public opinion, in the final analysis, is the greatest power in American life—and public opinion, wherever it has been tested recently, has indicated a growing demand for putting an end to the senseless struggle between government and industry, on the one hand, and business and labor on the other.

HE LIVED A LIFE

What was his creed?

I do not know his creed, I only know
That here below, he walked the common road
And lifted many a load, lightened the task,
Brightened the day for others toiling on a weary way:
This, his only need; I do not know his creed.

What was his creed? I never heard him speak
Of visions rapturous, of Alpine peak
Of doctrine, dogma, new or old;

But this I know, he was forever bold
To stand alone, to face the challenge of each day.

His creed? I care not what his creed;
Enough that never yielded he to greed,
But served a brother in his daily need;
Plucked many a thorn and planted many a flower;
Glorified the service of each hour;
Had faith in God, himself, and fellow men;
Perchance he never thought in terms of creed,
I only know he lived a life, in deed!

—H. N. Fifer.

LENT AND LIFE

By J. Howard Gold

With the recurrence of the Lenten season we have the usual number of those who place a false appreciation upon this blessed season of the church year. To them it is merely a respite from social stress, a restriction upon their pleasures and creature comforts. It means a limitation of the social pace to eight miles an hour when their highly geared desires are capable of—sixty. To them Lent is a bane, never a—blessing.

“Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?”

“No; ’tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

“It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

“To show a heart grief rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that’s to keep thy Lent.”

Lent is life. It is the feeding of the hungry soul with spiritual food. Lent is “taking stock” of our spiritual values, and replenishing our store where we have fallen short. And what better stock can we obtain for ourselves than the rich truths of the Gospel? The glory of such a Lent is that its influence does not terminate at Easter.

The fact of Christ, and especially His suffering and death, holds the center of our study at this time. By the world He is held up as a great teacher—a type of moral excellence. Our Lord and Master was that and infinitely more. He was not only the Son of Man but also the Son of God. The tendency of the day is to preach the “brotherhood of man” and use as a text the pattern-life of Christ. The only justification for the doctrine of the “brotherhood of man” is the basic principle of the sacrificial death of Christ. The vital emphasis is not on mere moral qualities but on the great redemptive fact. The atonement is the keystone in the arch of Christ’s great work. Without it the bridge of God collapses.

Remember that what you possess in the world will be found at the day of your death to belong to someone else, but what you are will be yours forever.—Henry Van Dyke.

PHOTOS VIA FEATHERS

By Wilfred Brown

Gray feathered forms fluttered into the air from the deck of the mighty liner, Queen Mary. They circled for a moment over the new mistress of the seas, ploughing westward on her first voyage across the Atlantic—as Noah's dove must have circled over the Ark. Then they headed out in a straight line, leaving the record-breaking Queen Mary far behind.

The pigeons had been taken to England by the Journal-American staff members covering the first voyage of the new liner. Three hours after the first pigeon circled in the air over the deck it fluttered into its cote on the roof of the Journal-American building, 161 miles away. Within a few minutes all of the dozen released had arrived. Each bird bore on its leg a small metal capsule, containing photographic film.

The pigeons arrived in New York City in half the time it took the majestic Queen Mary. When the new liner docked in the midst of one of the greatest celebrations the New York harbor ever knew, the Journal-American was on sale at the pier, complete with elaborate pictures of the start of her maiden voyage.

Carrier pigeons have long been used in warfare to carry important dispatches from battlefronts to headquarters behind the lines. The New York newspaper was one of the first organizations to put pigeons to a regular peacetime use. Acme Picture Service also now has a flock of birds.

The Journal-American purchased its first birds several years ago and now keeps 170 in the cotes on top of its Manhattan building. When reporters

and photographers go out on assignments, where getting film or dispatches back in a hurry is essential, they take with them from six to fifty or more pigeons in crates.

The pigeons prove particularly useful in covering sporting events, such as football games. When a photographer has obtained some good shots of spectacular plays early in the game, he puts his camera into a black bag with a sleeve arrangement on either side. This enables him to remove the film without exposing it to the light and to roll it up.

With "captions" for the pictures written on thin paper, the photographer puts the film into one of the small metal capsules. The capsule is fastened with adhesive tape to the leg of a pigeon and the bird tossed into the air. If the game is being played at New York's Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds, the pigeon arrives at its cote within ten minutes, a fraction of the time it would require a messenger to get the films to the office. By the end of the game newspapers with the pictures are on sale at the stadium.

A pigeon taken by reporters to a football game in Philadelphia flew home in the best time ever made by one of the Journal-American birds. It covered the 100 miles at an average speed of 73.8 miles an hour. A strong "tail wind" helped it set the record.

In addition to covering ship news and sporting events the pigeons help in a variety of ways. During the New England floods of 1936 all wires were down and nearly all roads were blocked by high water. But photographers and reporters managed to get through

with a crate of their trusty pigeons. One bird, bearing pictures and an account of the disaster, flew 100 miles from Hartford to New York in a little more than two hours.

Each pigeon makes an average of

three flights a week for its newspaper, and not one has ever failed to come home. The birds have proved themselves as faithful in works of peace as they ever were in time of war.

CHARITY SEEKETH NOT HER OWN

There are many men who are faithful honest, able who yet fail to secure the results which faithfulness, honesty, ability, ought to secure, for the simple reason that they are not gentlemen. They are not likable, and they are not liked. They are not gracious. Graciousness is the one condition out of which the individual graces grow and blossom. It is appreciation of the other man at his full worth, and even at more than his full worth. It is a favoring of him who is underserving or even ill-deserving. It is putting one's self in the place of another. It is not merely the Golden Rule, but it is even more; it is not simply loving your neighbor as you love yourself, but loving him a little better. It is actually treating with an honesty and a favoritism higher than you would demand of yourself for yourself. Its significance is well embodied in the phrase, "After you, sir."

Of course, graciousness is never to become fawning. Fawning is born of the desire to secure certain favors of a superior. It is essentially base and mean. Graciousness is founded upon the genuine belief that the person to whom one is gracious has a certain right to receive a favor, or rather that the one who is gracious has a certain right to bestow a favor upon the ill-deserving or the undeserving. Fawning is asking favors; graciousness is giving favors. Graciousness very well described in saying it "suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—Baptist Courier.

CITY SANCTUARIES FOR BIRDS

By Simons Lucas Roof

Even now the cardinal, blazing red in the late greyness of winter, is beginning to gurgle his spring song. And when the cardinal finds his first notes, spring is not distant, but just beneath the surface of the leaves, just inside the coolness of the breezes, just a little deeper in the earth than the chill top soil. Spring is close.

Spring is early from here, and when the last of the cardinal's notes are well formed and attaining their true warmth, then the homeward flight from southward will begin for the birds, and when the birds reach their old grounds and begin searching for new homes, then the bird student, the naturalist, the nature lover, and plain Mr. Unusual Man, want, to be ready to meet the long absent birds. And the birds ought not find homes lacking, even in the towns and cities where every inch ordinarily represents not land but a valuable potential building site. Even the towns and cities can offer, with a little effort, inviting homes for birds.

City sanctuaries for birds are not new by idea, for already a great many cities have conducted drives sponsored by interested groups; however, the movements already begun and working successfully, though promising, have not reached their greatest period of development. While in other cities and towns, though the populace would unquestionably be moved to action were someone enthusiastic enough to assume the lead, nothing has been done to secure bird sanctuaries.

To enumerate the advantages of having bird sanctuaries is as useless

as trying to persuade a sportsman that bridge is a better game: no case is needed, for city sanctuaries for birds are, if not absolutely essential to a community, highly desirable.

Like the man who built a house by hand over a period of five years, a person may obtain a balanced knowledge in time, but a quicker way than haphazard learning is concentration. To learn nature, rather than wait for a smattering to strike you at odd moments, it is more advantageous to bring nature to you, where it can be encouraged, developed, promoted to a stimulating living thing before the eyes. A bird sanctuary in a city does more in the way of education, by providing a real laboratory for observation, than dozens of hazy abstract words and pictures.

City children, in fifteen minutes at a sanctuary, can learn immensely more than they would in hours away from the birds.

To learn nature, children should be shown her ways: city children, lacking the opportunity of the farm child to see and learn birds actually in "the wild," are benefited to a great degree in their study of nature. And no education without a recognition of the value of nature is desirable, or even good. Another factor meaning much to many people is the expense involved: an automobile or truck or chartered bus trip to the country involves at least a recognizable sum of money. The sanctuary, however, costs nearly nothing or nothing at all to maintain, and while providing a close-to-home place for nature study, saves time.

For the city dweller then who lacks

the money, the time, or the opportunity to visit the country regularly during spring, summer, and autumn, to realize the spirit emanating from a nearness to nature, a city sanctuary for birds, while not a countryside, still provides a worthwhile and attainable substitute.

City nature lovers too often become discouraged at their lot: they tend to despair of ever doing anything to bring nature to the city itself. But the city is more than wooden shacks and tall buildings, more than dirty streets filled by snaking traffic.

The city is beyond its present condition: for the noise of the automobiles, the buses, the vendors, the small, yet unbelievably sweet, cry of the bird can be exchanged. That idea of a bird song for a harsh horn is not ridiculous at all, not even amazing if one even worries to consider the possibilities of the filthiest and most wretched modern machine-run cities. The city has quiet spots. And the city hustles terribly mad along its way and ignores its more hidden retreats. To the quiet places the birds are encourager. In the small plots, measured by precious inches to the land speculator, the shy cry of a bird, though unreal and seemingly out of station when heard with other sounds, is no more lacking in exuberance than in the wildest of wild woods.

The plots of land take different shapes and cover different inches in locality in the city. But it is true that the city has many places to offer for homes to birds. Three of the best places in the city are private gardens, city school yards, and city parks.

Private gardens are perhaps, of

all, the most desirable, for any whim of the garden owner, or any favoritism he feels for certain birds, can be recognized, and action taken to suit his wishes. The gardens of the city assume sizes. But the sloping rolling tracts of rich suburban dwellers, while drawing more birds than smaller and less pretentious yards, can be no more successful than some well conducted twenty foot square yards.

Another location often successful is the school yard. In this case, the location of the school often is a dominant factor. It must be admitted that in some instances the city school yard is hopelessly unwanted for a home by birds. But other schools, where the yard is bigger than the average, birds will visit. However, the birds must have an incentive, and industrious and nature-conscious schools find a way to surmount difficulties.

In some school yards a quiet corner is selected. Usually the corner farthest from the popular play spots of the pupils is chosen. Then the interesting group goes to work: as the case may be, Boy Scouts, or Girl Scouts, or Parent-Teacher association, or Nature club, perform the job. The task is setting out bushes and trees and vines and flowers so that they grow fast and surely, and provide a cool and quiet stop outside of the din of the city. In this corner-home, the more tangled the shubbery and flowers are, the better the birds will like the place. And if a small artificial stream is constructed in the heart of the confusion of plants, then the sanctuary is nearly complete. To provide a bird bath is necessary if the small stream is too difficult to manage. And among the important

features of the sanctuary is the problem of food. Bushes with berries, flowers with edible seeds, trees with nuts, grains, are nice permanent sources of nourishment.

The city park is the best known place for birds perhaps. Important here is the noise to be avoided, for birds are affected disagreeably by rackets, dislike too much motion, and avoid parks that are too much like playgrounds. In city parks birds usually choose the treetops for nests: low nests in parks are seldom lasting.

City sanctuaries for birds are only entering a period of development. What is vital is that an active civic group assume the responsibility of providing city homes for birds; civic groups, by name interested in the advancement of the city's possibilities, must, some time soon, begin working for the stimulation of nature study among the citizens. For those able to escape the city, the problem of no city sanctuaries is not of particular personal importance. But the mass of the people, the workers, the small businessmen, their families, lack time

and means to study seriously the miracles, the revelations, the vastnesses, embedded in things as simple as birds, grass, flowers. Educators today realize the value and necessity of spiritual education, the development of some feelings in mankind which are creased deeper in his being than abstracts in mathematics and dates in history. What is slowly being realized, and rightly, is that mental well being is as significant as physical well being.

A healthy step towards personal uplift, towards a tonic state of mind, is to make the average city dweller conscious of something more in the world than his cold pavements and continual noise. The only way to attain that objective is for an intelligent leadership by a civic organization. Until those capable of acting act, the noise of horns will be in the city and town. Nature students in the city should not despair for too long: with encouragement somethink besides a pigeon or sparrow can be persuaded into the city.

A GOOD BOOK IS ALSO BREAD

If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book. And the family must be poor indeed which once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!—John Ruskin.

UNVEILING THE GREAT ICE CONTINENT

By Adrian Anderson

In the harbor of Sydney, Australia, nearly a hundred years ago—on December 26, 1839, to be exact—four small ships unfurled their sails to the breeze and fared forth upon a strange and hazardous adventure. It was the United States squadron commanded by Captain Charles Wilkes, of the Navy commissioned by Congress to survey trade routes in the South Seas and to search for a great unknown continent believed to lie in the region of the South Pole.

The journey through southern seas had been accomplished and duly recorded, and now the expedition was setting forth upon its final commission—a venture through grinding, crushing seas of polar ice to regions never before seen by the eye of man. The search for the ice continent was on!

As the little fleet stood out to sea—the Vincennes, a 780-ton sloop-of-war, the Peacock, a 650-ton sloop-of-war, the Porpoise, a 230-ton brig, and the Flying Fish, a tender of ninety-six tons, the people of Australia noted their small, frail hulls, worn and dilapidated, and pierced with holes for guns, and envisioning the ruthless storm-tosser sea of ice into which they were venturing freely predicted that none of the ships would ever return. Captain Wilkes scarcely expected more. "The means of protecting ourselves were anything but sufficient," he wrote in his journal. However, he added that they had set forth "for the credit of the expedition and the country . . . We have been ordered to go, and that is enough. And we should go."

For several days after leaving Sydney the weather was mild and pleasant, and a favoring wind hurried the vessels along toward their rendezvous with the frozen seas. Then came the first blow! On the night of January 1st the tender Flying Fish became lost in the fog, and after wandering about for a while among various southern islands turned northward and abandoned the explorations.

Pressing southward, ever southward, the remainder of the squadron soon encountered the second peril of Antarctic waters—the pack ice! Here in a sea of wind-driven, ceaselessly-shifting ice-masses—grinding, crushing, destroying—surmounted by sinister, lurking icebergs—the largest on earth—every foot of journeying became an agony of uncertainty and suspense. How these tiny wooden vessels, pitifully frail from wear and dissolution, ever made passage through that white inferno and lived to return to civilization can never be fully explained. Only the hand of the Almighty could have guided them through. "The feeling is awful," wrote Captain Wilkes, "and the uncertainty most trying thus to enter within the icy barrier blindfolded as it were by an impenetrable fog."

At length on January 13th they began to discover sea-elephants in great numbers and to hear the hoarse cry of innumerable penguins above the roar of the sea; and the presence of these creatures, together with the discoloration of the water and the presence of earth-stained, rock-scarred

icebergs led them to believe that land was not far away. At last came the momentous day. On the morning of January 19, 1840, between the hours of eight and nine, the fog lifted from the ice-strewn sea, revealing the ramparts of the great ice continent! Across impassable stretches of shifting sea-ice, rising sheer above the water's edge, stood towering, granite-like cliffs of ice.

A few days later, misfortune, long deferred, befell the little squadron. In a deep-wind-swept bay, the Peacock, commanded by Captain Hudson, was driven against a great iceberg, her port stern davit carried away, stern boat smashed and rudder sheared off. The rudder was replaced after a fashion, and the Peacock began limping back to Australia.

The remaining ships, Vincennes and Porpoise, now turned westward. Storm followed storm among the icebergs, and the brave, resourceful, daring seamanship which steered these tiny leaking ships through this the earth's most perilous sea will forever remain one of the glories of maritime history. As the little ships labored through the icy waters, and the men from time to time glimpsed the ice cliffs and chasms of the new land, they endeavored again and again to effect a landing upon its forbidding shores; but in this design they met with constant defeat, either being stopped by impassable fields of ice or massive icebergs which threatened to crush their vessels and send them to the bottom of the sea.

After following the shore-line for a distance of nearly two thousand miles, the little squadron, its men ill from exposure and lack of proper nourishment, turned away and headed north; and Captain Wilkes wrote upon his charts, "The Antarctic Continent."

Ninety years were to pass before the United States—this time in the person of Admiral Richard E. Byrd—was again to take up the exploration of the Antarctic continent, so valiantly begun by the redoubtable Captain Wilkes. In the interval, however, other nations had pressed forward into south polar seas to carry on the work of outlining further shores of the great ice continent, of landing upon her forbidding surface, and of exploring the inland reaches of this awesome land.

Close upon the heels of Captain Wilkes came the celebrated British explorer, Sir James Ross, who, bearing east of the shores seen by the American, beheld from a distance of 100 miles peak after peak of Alpine grandeur rising out of the sea. Out of the mists appeared flat-topped mountains and conical peaks, great glaciers pouring through valleys, ice tongues pressing far out into the sea, sheer cliffs of bare rock towering thousands of feet into the air. To this region he gave the name of Victoria Land.

Driven eastward by the pack ice, Ross came upon a most strange and astounding sight—a mighty volcano in a stupendous setting of ice and snow spouting smoke and fire. Beyond, yet another great wonder broke upon his view. A vast towering ice shelf resting like a mighty fortress upon the bosom of the sea.

"As we approached the land," he wrote, "we perceived a low, white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and

level. A more solid-looking mass of ice was impossible to conceive." He had come upon the earth's largest sheet of sea ice, the size of which later explorations revealed to be over 400 miles long and 400 miles wide. Over 160,000 square miles of solid ice—larger than the entire country of France!

Overpowering in its vast, illimitable bulk, the great shelf stood, barring all further progress to the south. Greatly amazed and no little disappointed, Ross followed its seaward edge more than 299 miles, seeking to find its eastern limit, but in vain. Other expeditions followed, and if they did not discover further reaches of continental land, their explorations were not without value. Traversing hitherto untraveled areas near and within the Antarctic circle, they were able to report the absence of land, thereby reducing the possible range of the Antarctic continent.

To a whaler, H. J. Bull, fell the distinction of being the first human being ever to set foot upon the Antarctic continent. In 1895, while on a whaling expedition, he landed at Cape Adare, at the northeastern extremity of Victoria Land, discovered by Ross. Five years later an expedition led by C. E. Borchgrevinck wintered on Cape Adare, and man's exploration of the inland reaches of the ice continent was begun.

To the great ice continent geographers had given the name of "Antarctica," and for a more convenient method of treating its exploration had divided the territory into four sections, calling them the African, Australian, Pacific and American quadrants, after the names of the lands and sea to the north of them.

With the arrival of the twentieth

century began the real conquest of inland Antarctica, in the area best known to explorers—the Australian quadrant. The siege was begun in 1901 by Captain Robert Falcon Scott, British naval officer, who, following in the path of Ross, surveyed the entire seaward edge of Ross Ice Barrier, landed upon its surface and went aloft in a captive balloon to view the great plain. After wintering at Ross Island, at the western extremity of the Barrier, Scott and his party journeyed by dog sledges a distance of 350 miles inland over the Barrier, following the mountains on its western edge. Thus was inaugurated the use of dogs in the exploration of the Antarctic, sturdy, courageous helpers destined to play an invaluable part in the conquest of the vast ice continent.

In 1908, with the expedition of E. H. Shackleton, another Englishman, began the assault upon the South Pole. Using Manchurian ponies for transport, his party journeyed across the western edge of the Barrier, climbed through the mountains by way of Beardmore Glacier, the largest glacier ever discovered—a hundred miles long and twenty miles wide—attained to a lofty tabular plateau and fought their way to within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole. There hunger and exposure drove them back; but one thing they had learned—the South Pole lay in the midst of a vast, elevated plateau.

With the Pole yet to be attained, two men began a race to reach its icy fastness—Captain Scott, returned to the Antarctic, and Ronald Amundsen, celebrated Norwegian explorer. Based at the eastern extremity of Ross Ice Barrier, Amundsen, with four men, four sledges and fifty-two dogs, set forth to gain the prize. He traversed

the Barrier, climbed over Axel Heiberg Glacier to the great central plateau, and attained the South Pole on December 14, 1911. On January 18, 1912 Scott, after crossing the Barrier along its western edge and ascending through Beardmore Glacier, also reached the Pole. Bitterly disappointed at Amundsen's prior arrival, the brave explorer and his four companions turned back toward their distant base; but, alas, they died of thirst and exposure upon the blizzard-swept surface of the Barrier, heroic martyrs to the cause of polar exploration.

Fresh in world recollection are the two expeditions led by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, second American to lead an exploration into the frozen south and first explorer to make successful use of the airplane in Antarctic exploration. By the use of planes, assisted and supported by the ever-faithful, indispensable dog-teams, these two expeditions succeeded in viewing no less than 510,000 square miles of land and 160,000 square miles of water never before seen by the eye of man. By the use of the modern aerial camera a greater part of this and previously discovered territory was mapped. On the first Byrd Expedition the South Pole was attained by air, the round trip, a distance of 1,600 miles, being traveled in eighteen hours, fifty-nine minutes. (To travel over the same route by dog-sledges Amundsen required ninety-one days!) Even more important, the two Byrd expeditions made valuable researches in a total of no less than twenty leading branches of science.

What has been revealed by Antarctic exploration? Gradually the earth's last unexplored continent is taking shape upon the maps of the world, and some knowledge of its na-

ture and extent recorded in the books of the geographers. At the same time vast stores of scientific data, gathered at the southern end of the earth—much of it obtained by almost superhuman endeavor and in the face of great peril—is being painstakingly studied and classified by present-day scientists for future service in many fields of both pure and applied science. As time goes by these will be revealed in works in process of preparation. Yet, when we consider the vast extent of the ice continent—roughly 5,000,000 square miles (as large as the United States and Mexico combined)—and realize that the two latest and greatest expeditions have revealed scarcely more than half a million square miles, and most of that from great distances in the air, we can readily see that many more expeditions must penetrate its forbidding reaches before we can claim to have reasonably satisfactory knowledge of its geography.

It is near the center of this frozen land that the South Pole lies—in the midst of a great plateau over 10,000 feet above sea level, and sloping downward in all directions to the sea. Except in a few places where towering mountain ranges thrust themselves above the surrounding country and high cliffs jut out into the ocean beyond the icy covering, the actual land-surface of Antarctica is never seen. It lies buried beneath a solid sheet of ice ranging from 2,000 feet to several miles in thickness.

Here nature has worked upon her mightiest and most majestic scale, breath-taking grandeur manifesting itself upon every hand. Here may be found the largest ice cap and the greatest glaciers in all the world, providing enough ice, according to an esti-

mate by Edwin E. Slosson, to cover the entire earth to a thickness of thirty-one feet. Vast tabular icebergs—some many miles in length—float upon the bosom of surrounding seas. One scientist of the Byrd expeditions has estimated that he saw over 800 of these monster ice-masses within a single twenty-four hour period.

Most of these icebergs owe their creation to the breaking away of ice from tremendous ice-tongues projecting far out into the sea. Of these the greatest, by far, is the amazing Ross Ice Barrier, that vast ice sheet covering the entire inland area of the Ross Sea—more than 160,000 square miles!

This unique work of nature, the like of which cannot be found in any other region of the earth, had its beginning on the lofty plateau of the South Pole. There ice accumulated through countless centuries, and fed by the constant snows of the Antarctic, formed into mighty glaciers and pressed downward toward the sea. Four hundred miles from the Pole, near the edge of Ross Sea, they met the immovable ramparts of vast mountain ranges, but deep valleys between the mountains allowed the glaciers to empty their great river of ice into the sea. There the tremendous weight of the ice caused it to spread out over the entire inland reaches of Ross Sea, and fierce blizzards and unremitting snows leveled the whole to the semblance of a vast plain.

In the great ice continent men have found the earth's lowest temperatures and its highest winds. In winter fierce blizzards, frequently attaining a velocity of 100 miles an hour, sweep over the ice, bringing temperatures as low as ninety and 100 degrees below zero. It is the world's coldest climate.

In this ice kingdom, cold, the ruthless, all-powerful ruler of all things within its realm, exerts its power in countless strange and curious manifestations. Here in this dry, clear atmosphere men may freeze to death but never catch a cold. When the thermometer falls, ice forms within the chimneys of burning lanterns, presently the kerosene turns to ice, and the flames expire. The action of chemicals in flashlight batteries is stayed, and they are rendered useless. Frozen turkeys, chickens and other meats must be softened by the flame of blow torches before they can be cooked, the cold making them as brittle as frail, dry wood. Food freezes on metal forks and spoons enroute from plate to mouth.

Out of doors, when the temperature falls lower than sixty degrees below zero one's breath freezes as it is exhaled, making a sound like wind rustling over the snow. In the blizzard it is frequently necessary to blink one's eyes vigorously to keep the eyelids from freezing shut.

In this world of cold may be found the most amazing contrasts in temperature. In the mess hall of the Byrd Expeditions men sat with their feet in an atmosphere of ten degrees above zero while shoulder-level they enjoyed a temperature of forty degrees. In the developing room, where a general temperature of sixty degrees above zero had to be maintained (with a temperature outside which was frequently sixty-five below zero), the photographer often had to wear heavy fur mukluks on his feet to keep them from freezing while being forced to divest himself of all clothing above the waist to endure the temperature at the higher level. In no less than thirty minutes a bucketful of Antarctic

snow placed upon a red-hot stove is converted into water, and when placed on the floor beneath the stove returns to solid ice before the next mass of snow is reduced to water.

Nowhere upon the globe is the persistence of life and its adaptability to environment more wonderfully revealed than in the frozen reaches of Antarctica. It is difficult to imagine life existing on this ice-armored continent, where ice and snow are never absent, where land is seldom seen, and where no month records an average temperature above freezing; but life there is, particularly upon its glistening shores.

In summer, vast colonies of penguins, comic, curious and complaining carry on their simple but strange mode of living. There are no twigs or leaves to provide soft, snug nests, so they gather little piles of rocks upon the ice, form them into rude, bowl-shaped affairs, and there lay their eggs and rear their young. If a blizzard sweeps over their colony, covering their nests beneath a heavy blanket of snow, they do not care. Nature has given them rich impenetrable coats of feathers impervious to cold and moisture, and so each creature makes itself a tiny-air-hole in the snow and remains content beneath its downy folds.

Along the shore skua gulls, snow petrels, storm petrels and other seabirds fill the air with their varied cries. On the ice, protected from cold by layer upon layer of warming fat, lie countless seals, in peaceful slumber, doubtless among the laziest, sleepest and most indifferent creatures upon the face of the earth. In expanses of water open in the ice-sheets great killer whales rise at intervals to blow their jets of spray into the air.

In winter all these creatures, save

the giant Emperor penguin and a few seals, depart for the north. In the winter fastness the Emperor, first and foremost citizen of Antarctica and its only important permanent resident, remains. The huge creature, three feet or more in height and weighing as much as eighty pounds, broods in winter, laying a single egg upon the bare ice and holding it snug between foot and breast until it has hatched. In inland Antarctica life, in a more primitive form, also exists. Only a few hundred miles from the South Pole, where the climate permits it to grow only a week or two each year, no less than two dozen species of lichens and mosses, clinging to the wind-swept rocks of lofty peaks, wage a ceaseless battle for existence. Pieces of algae in the same region have been chipped from the ice of mountain-sides, thawed out, and placed beneath the microscope to reveal infinitesimal organisms full of whirling, gravitating life.

What can be the practical value of this vast, ice-clad continent? Men must press into the mysterious, unseen reaches of this strange land until all is revealed before this question can be fully answered. Already the researches of modern explorers, notably Admiral Richard E. Byrd, have discovered the presence of coal, oil and other mineral properties within this frozen continent. "There is plenty of coal down there to supply the entire world," Byrd has stated, "and I am sure there is oil under the ice."

Fossilized plant leaves and tree trunks measuring from a foot to eighteen inches, discovered barely 180 miles from the Pole, prove conclusively that the climate in Antarctica was once temperate or even subtropical. There is evidence that the ice is now

slowly melting and that after many centuries this will again be a land of warmth and abundant life.

Some day the ice may be banished, and instead of the lofty Polar plateau man may behold the earth's largest inland sea, great rivers of water instead of rivers of ice, flowing between

lofty mountains now happily free of their mantles of ice, and on through fertile, ice-free plains to the waiting sea.

Only then will man be able to solve, the last and greatest mysteries of this continent of ice.

A FRIEND

A friend is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse.

When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you.

With him you breathe freely. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful.

You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. It makes no difference. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands.

You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you.

It is all summed up with the repetition of the opening statement—a friend is one with whom you dare to be yourself.

—Selected.

ABOUT OUR HOMES

(Selected)

A home is a wonderful institution. God was not only wise but He was infinitely good when he established the home as a method of developing the human race. There have always been forces at work to destroy the home but there have been stronger forces defending it. We are thinking right now of North Carolina homes and as we think of them we rejoice. It is good to sit at home and think of the homes of our neighbors. Many of them are housed in small buildings, but the homes are not small for there is a great love and work and sacrifice and joy within the walls and a kindly feeling goes out from them to the house of every neighbor. It is good to ride the highway and look at the houses as you pass them, singly in the country, and in clusters in the towns and cities. The overwhelming majority of the men who live in those houses are honest to goodness men who are rather succeeding in their part of the task of making real homes within the house. The women you see or you pass are the salt of the earth. They are doing their full share. They are not gad-about even if they do find a little time occasionally

to spend an hour socially. They are home makers of the finest sort. The children that you see about these homes and going to and from school are just children and they are like children have always been. They are not going to and from school in the week and are going to, and taking part in, religious services on Sunday in greater numbers than ever before in the history of the world. It is easy to say, and has often been said, that the home is in a state of decadence, that husbands are unfaithful, and women have lost their ideals and that the young people of today are headed straight to ruin, but it is simply not true. There have always been some men who were unfaithful, some women without character and some young people who were fools, and there is such today, but they make the exceptions rather than the rule. If you find yourself believing all of this pessimistic stuff about loss of ideals and decaying homes quit generalizing and take the homes of your neighborhood, beginning with your own home, and you will be greatly enheartened and will say with us, "Thank God for our North Carolina homes."

Whoever admits that he is too busy to improve his methods, has acknowledged himself to be at the end of his rope. And that is always the saddest predicament which anyone can get into.—J. Ogden Armour.

AN UNFORTUNATE BOY

By Roy L. Smith

She was well-groomed, a little past forty years of age, and carried with her a certain air of refinement. Her car, which stood just outside the preacher's study, identified her as one who came out of rather comfortable circumstances. It was very evident from her manner that she was very intent upon the errand that had brought her to the church this morning.

"I have come to see you about my boy," she said, as the preacher mentioned her to a chair. "He is just seventeen, and has never given us any trouble until lately. He seems to have started running with the wrong crowd, and I am greatly worried about what may happen. I would like to see someone to get him into Sunday school, and I have come to see if you have some young men who would try to show an interest in him. It would not do, of course, to let him know that I have been in to see you about the matter, but there must be some bright boys who can get next to him some way."

"We will be glad to try," replied the pastor, reaching for a pad of paper upon which to write down the name and address. He was not entirely unaccustomed to such an appeal. In fact, there was scarcely a week in which he did not hear it in some form or another.

"Do you and your husband come here to church?" the preacher asked innocently enough, for the woman was a total stranger to him, and he knew his people pretty well.

"No," the mother answered, shift-

ing about in her chair a bit, "but we live here in the neighborhood, and the boy knows some of the boys in your Sunday school,"

"I just thought it might be easier to get him into the Sunday school where his parents belong," the preacher went on, with a guileless expression on his face.

"Well, you see, my husband is in business and away from town a good deal. When he gets in on Saturday, we like to have our Sundays together to ourselves. It is our only chance. Besides he belonged to one church and I belonged to another when we were married, and we just never went into any church. I know we ought to have done so, but then we did not know whether we were permanent in the city—his business is so uncertain, you know."

"I think I have a plan, then, that get your boy into a Sunday school class. We have a splendid men's class of business men that your husband will greatly enjoy. We also have a class of mothers, under the leadership of a very intelligent woman, that would mean a great deal to you. Now, why not, next Sunday morning, all of you come to Sunday school together? I will meet you here and introduce you to the leaders of the classes and take your son, myself, down to the young men's class."

"That is very kind of you, I am sure, and I appreciate the invitation, but I do not believe we could, this Sunday at least. My husband and I have made some other plans." And

there was just a trace of restlessness in her manner as she spoke.

As the preacher looked out the study window and watched her drive away, he said to himself, "Yes, I

would like to see someone get that boy into Sunday school, with the example in the home like that of those two parents."

MY MOTTOES

A little girl of eight years once asked me what a motto was. I told her it was a few helpful words, or a quotation from some great writer or poet, that we should renew every year, and when we are in sorrow or trouble, go to our motto, read it over, and we will be surprised at the help we receive from it.

I have a motto for the new year. I have it printed in large letters and have hung it on the wall. It is this: "True greatness consists of being great in little things."

The little duties that we have to meet every day, especially when it is the same thing over and over again, are sometimes very trying, and we think we are not doing anything very great or helpful, but it is these little things that are of the greatest help if done in the right way.

One year I had this motto: "Mistakes are lessons of wisdom." If I made a mistake in anything I used to worry over it terribly, and by worrying I made worse mistakes. But since I've had this motto I never worry over past mistakes, but as I grow older I profit by them and look forward.

Another motto I had and which is the last one I will mention was this "To cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life." If we always showed kindness to everyone we should always be happy. The best way to overcome evil is to do good and to be kind to all about us. If we try to do that everybody will love us.

Keep a motto for each year and see how helpful it will be. I am sure a motto has helped me greatly.—E. A. R. Shepherd.

THE ARMORED ANIMAL

By Charles Waranow

Undoubtedly, one of the oddest animals is the armadillo, the only animal provided by nature with a hard-shell coat of armor for body, head, tail and legs of bony plates developed in the skin. Over the shoulders and hind quarters, these plates are welded together to form solid shields. This interesting animal ranges from central South America to the border of Texas.

Varying in length from three feet to a mere five inches, including tail, the armadillo is a harmless creature that lies burrowed in the earth during the day, to emerge at night in search of food. As a rule the armadillo confines its to fruits and roots, but it also includes insects, worms and ground-nesting birds in its diet; in fact, it will eat practically anything. Frequently they devour ants, which has caused the term anteater to be applied to them. This is erroneous, for the anteater is an entirely different and un-armored animal. Some armadillos have even developed a liking for carrion.

Snakes are also not excluded by some species of armadillo, and the manner in which it kills its victims is indeed unique. It saws the snake apart! The armadillo contrives to get the snake under its shell, and then proceeds to move its sharp-edged shields methodically back and forth. During the process, the victim naturally does not remain in a state of rest.

It wriggles about and tries to wound the other, but the armadillo's body armor is too strong a defense against the serpent's tooth.

The armadillo has long ears, a long, pointed snout and a long tail; the latter is also armor-plated. The short and stout fore limbs are strong and, provided, as they are, with strong claws, they serve as very efficient shovels. These, together with the long snout, enable this animal to burrow itself into the ground with amazing speed.

Although so admirably protected by nature, the armadillo is not, on the whole, an aggressive animal. On the contrary, it is rather timid, and when pursued it usually prefers to bury itself quicker than the pursuer can follow.

The armor renders the armadillo safe from attacks of dogs. When attacked, it quickly rolls itself up almost like a ball, presenting a hard-shell exterior to the dog into which no teeth can gain a hold. While the dog tries and tries, unsuccessfully, to dig its teeth into the bone, the armored animal gradually slips away.

Four young are born at a time, all developed from the same egg. The flesh of the armadillo is considered palatable; and large numbers are killed principally for their armor, which is made up into baskets and ornaments.

It is better to avoid mistakes than to correct the consequences.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We recently received a copy of the "Booster", a mimeographed publication of the Drexel High School, and in a note on the cover page appeared these words: "Look over the staff and see if you recognize any of them." In compliance with this request we were delighted to see the name of William (Pete) Ballew, one of our old boys, listed as managing editor. This lad, who is now nearly seventeen years old, was a former member of the Cottage No. 5 group, and left the School August 2, 1935.

We are proud of Pete's journalistic achievement and the splendid adjustment he is making among his fellows.

In a recent letter to Superintendent Boger, Mrs. G. H. Giles, superintendent of public welfare in Hoke County, had some very nice things to say concerning the work of the Training School. She writes in part: "It might please you to know that the boys from this county who have been in training in your school are developing into fine citizens, and I think they can take their places along with any of the other boys in the community." Such expressions, reports coming from those who keep in touch with the boys after they leave the institution, are most heartening. They cause us to feel that our efforts in the reclamation of wayward boys really have not been in vain.

Lee Tucker, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group and a member

of the laundry force, who was allowed to return to his home in Statesville, November 7, 1931, visited the School the other day. Upon leaving the institution, Lee secured employment in a cotton mill and later went to work on a PWA project in that community. He then enlisted in the United States Army, and after serving an enlistment period of twenty-six months, during which time he was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, he was discharged December 10, 1938. Lee, who is now twenty-one years old, tells us that since leaving Uncle Sam's service, he has been engaged in construction work, being employed as a carpenter, and has been getting along very nicely.

Considerable excitement prevailed at the School during the past week. Three boys escaped during an excessive rainy period which lasted several days. Two were returned, but reports reached the School officials that one of them, Virgil Baugess, of Cottage No. 1, had gotten into a branch, several miles from the School.

This branch, filled to quite some depth by a backwater from a swollen creek nearby, was completely over its banks. Quite an extensive search was made, said branch being dragged at various times and points, but no traces of the lad were found. While the water at this point was deep, it was still, but as a precautionary measure, a wire screen was stretched across its mouth in order to prevent the boy's body being carried to the creek, if in there.

The water subsided and still no trace of the boy could be found, giving assurance to the fact that the report of his being in the water was entirely unfounded. Virgil, however, has not yet been apprehended, and we are very anxious to receive information as to his whereabouts.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Joseph Moore, one of our old boys, who has been away from the School for fifteen years, and for the past three years has been employed as terminal manager and dispatcher for the Richenbacker Motor Transfer Company, at the terminal in Boston, Mass. He writes in part, as follows:

"Have today received a copy of The Uplift, and, needless to say, same was greatly appreciated. Regardless of the fact that I am not acquainted with any of the boys now at the school, am always glad to hear from them, and am happy to know you still remember me well enough to send me a copy of your little magazine occasionally.

"All things with me are practically the same as at the last writing. Am still connected with the same concern and seem to be doing very well. The way I judge this is that none of my employers bother me to any great extent. Almost everything in my department is left to my judgment. I still get my check every Saturday night. When this custom ceases, I shall know that I have made a mistake and probably will not be in Boston long after that. Business here is not as good as in the Spring and Summer, but I am loading approximately eighteen or twenty trucks each week, going to New York City and cities in the

West.

"My family are all in good health and are very desirous of seeing you and your school in the Summer, so don't be surprised if we drop in on you some day, possibly in June of this year. I have two wonderful children, a boy and a girl. The girl is in school and the boy is always into something—bad, of course or he would not take after his old dad. We are having some pictures made, and will be glad to send you some in the event you would like to have them.

"Mr. Boger, I am trying to get some books together for the boys of the Jackson Training School and will try to send them to your library in the near future. Have not seen or heard from any of the boys who were there in my time in quite a while. I suppose they have scattered to all parts of the country by this time. Wherever they are, I hope they are doing well. Please drop me a line occasionally and it will be more than appreciated."

In the absence of Rev. R. S. Arrowood, who was regularly scheduled to come to the Training School last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at that time. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 8th Psalm, and in speaking to the boys on the subject, "What Is Man?" he called special attention to the fourth verse: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that some scientists tell us the physical value of the normal human body is very little. According to their findings, the average human

body contains enough materials to make a ten cent cake of soap; iron enough to make an eight-penny nail; lime enough to white-wash a small chicken coop; as much potash as would be required to explode a tiny cap pistol; a small amount of magnesia and sulphur. If all these materials were placed on the market, their entire value would be about ninety-eight cents. There is not much in these scientific findings for even the most egotistic individual to brag about.

While there is no actual money value in the human body, continued Rev. Mr. Tuttle, there certainly must be something besides the physical qualities to be considered. It must be of tremendous value because we would not take any sum for it. The secret of it all is that if the body is worth but the paltry sum of ninety-eight cents, the spirit must be worth a great deal.

Continuing, the speaker stated that God has planted seeds of strength, character, love and honor into these bodies of ours and expects us to nurture their growth, thereby causing us to develop into fine outstanding men. Just as most beautiful flowers spring from tiny seeds, the life of even the most humble person can be made one of real beauty, if that person cares for the growth of spiritual things planted therein by our heavenly Father.

Some people, said Rev. Mr. Tuttle, neglect the gifts of God which are placed in them. The finer things of life fail to grow, and the result is they are just not worth anything. If

we do not try to make those things come to the surface in our lives and express themselves, we are of little value to ourselves or to those with whom we are associated. We merely exist for a short space of a few years and are soon forgotten.

The speaker then told of a young baseball player who played in this section of the state a few years ago. This lad had the ability to make the grade in any league. When he tried, he was a fine player, but had the habit of "lying down" just when he was expected to lead his team on to victory. He was a source of great disappointment to many managers. So it is with some people in the great game of life. They simply refuse to be the best sort of persons possible. The good qualities are in them, but they greatly disappoint God by failing to let those qualities come to the surface.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Tuttle told the boys a story of Jenny, Lind, famous Swedish singer. Before going on the stage for one of her performances, she would lock herself in her dressing room and pray, "Master, let me ring true tonight." Thus strengthened by a great faith in God, she became one of the world's greatest singers of all time. The speaker then told the boys that he did not know of a better prayer for them to use every day than that of asking God to help them to ring true. By ever striving to do this, said he, they could not fail to reap all the finer things of life.

The past is nice to read about; the future is nice to dream about; but the present requires our action, and we should not let the past and future monopolize our attention and make us forget our present duties and responsibilities.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending March 5, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) William Cantor 3
- (3) Clyde Gray 13
- (3) Gilbert Hogan 13
- (3) Leon Hollifield 14
- (3) Edward Johnson 14
- (2) James Kissiah 12
- (2) Edward Lucas 12
- (3) Robert Maples 12
- C. L. Snuggs 10

COTTAGE No. 1

- Rex Allred 12
- Henry Cowan 11
- Horace Journigan 6

COTTAGE No. 2

- John T. Capps 5
- Postell Clark 4
- (6) Samuel Ennis 9
- (2) Clifton Mabry 7
- (3) Fernie Medlin 6
- (2) Nick Rochester 10

COTTAGE No. 3

- (7) Robert Atwell 9
- (4) James C. Cox 11
- Coolidge Green 9
- F. E. Mickle 6
- (3) Douglas Matthews 12
- (15) William McRary 15
- (3) Warner Peach 9
- (2) John C. Robertson 9
- (2) Claude Terrell 4
- (2) Earl Weeks 13

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 6
- (2) Paul Briggs 7
- (7) Lewis Donaldson 12
- (2) James Hancock 10
- (3) James Land 9
- (5) Lloyd Pettus 14
- (9) Melvin Walters 14
- (15) James Wilhite 15
- (4) Samuel Williams 8
- Cecil Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 5

- Grady Allen 10
- William Brothers 9
- Grover Gibby 4
- William Kirksey 9
- (2) Samuel Montgomery 4
- (4) Elmer Talbert 7
- (10) Hubert Walker 12
- (5) Marvin Wilkins 10

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Robert Bryson 12
- (3) Fletcher Castlebury 8
- Martin Crump 5
- Leo Hamilton 4
- (3) Thomas Hamilton 9
- Leonard Jacobs 3
- Randall D. Peeler 6
- Canipe Shoe 3

COTTAGE No. 7

- (4) John H. Averitte 8
- (2) William Beach 9
- (4) Carl Breece 12
- John Deaton 8
- (2) James H. Davis 7
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 6
- (4) William Estes 13
- Lacy Green 5
- (4) George Green 10
- (4) Blaine Griffin 12
- (4) Caleb Hill 12
- (2) Hugh Johnson 10
- Lyman Johnson 4
- Robert Lawrence 7
- Elmer Maples 6
- Ernest Mobley 4
- Jack Pyatt 7
- Dewey Sisk 6
- Earthy Strickland 12
- Graham Sykes 5
- Loy Stines 3
- (3) Joseph Wheeler 6
- (3) Ed Woody 8
- Ed Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Donald Britt 7

- J. B. Devlin 12
 John Penninger 12
 (4) John Tolbert 8
 (5) Charles Taylor 9

COTTAGE No. 9

- Clarence Baker 4
 J. T. Branch 6
 Clifton Butler 3
 James Butler 7
 James Coleman 10
 (2) Henry Coward 3
 Frank Glover 7
 (3) C. D. Grooms 3
 Wilbur Hardin 9
 John Hendrix 5
 Osper Howell 6
 Mark Jones 7
 Alfred Lamb 2
 (3) Eugene Presnell 11
 (2) Lonnie Roberts 7
 Thomas Sands 7
 Earl Stamey 7
 Preston Wilbourne 9
 Thomas Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

- (8) Elbert Head 11
 (4) J. D. Hildreth 9
 Thomas King
 (6) Felix Littlejohn 8
 (2) James Nicholson 5
 William Peeden 6

COTTAGE No. 11

- (7) Harold Bryson 9
 Julius Fagg 11
 (15) Earl Hildreth 15
 William Hudgins 5
 (2) Paul Mullis 6
 Calvin McCoyle 6
 (10) Edward Murray 14
 (2) Donald Newman 5
 (3) Jesse Overby 4
 (4) Theodore Rector 5
 (10) Julius Stevens 14
 (7) Thomas Shaw 13

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Burl Allen 10
 Odell Almond 6
 (5) Allard Brantley 10
 (2) Everett Hackler 8
 (2) Charlton Henry 11
 Hubert Holloway 10
 (4) James Reavis 9

- (11) Avery Smith 13
 (2) Leonard Wood 10

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) Arthur Ashley 4
 (6) William Griffin 12
 (3) Douglas Mabry 10
 (2) Irvin Medlin 8
 Jordan McIver 4
 (7) Thomas R. Pitman 14
 Joseph White 2
 (7) Alexander Woody 14

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Claude Ashe 12
 (13) Clyde Barnwell 14
 Monte Beck 9
 (3) John Church 4
 (2) Delphus Dennis 13
 Audie Farthing 11
 (15) James Kirk 15
 (2) Feldman Lane 6
 (2) Henry McGraw 9
 (2) Fred McGlammerly 12
 Troy Powell 9
 (3) John Robbins 9
 (2) Harold Thomas 7
 (4) Howard Todd 9
 (3) Desmond Truitt 4
 Thomas Trantham 6
 (2) Garfield Walker 6
 Alred Watts
 Jones Watson 10
 (4) Junior Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 15

- Howard Bobbitt 8
 (3) Aldine Duggins 10
 (3) Hoyt Hollifield 7
 William Hawkins 5
 (15) Beamon Heath 15
 (4) Dallas Holder 5
 Clarence Lingerfelt 10
 Ira Settle 12
 (3) J. P. Sutton 3
 Brown Stanley 8
 (7) Arvel Ward 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks
 James Chavis 6
 (3) Reefer Cummings 9
 Filmore Oliver 10
 (2) Early Oxendine 8
 (2) Thomas Oxendine 9
 (2) Curley Smith 10
 Ross Young 11

MAR 20 1939

U. N. C.
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 18, 1939

No. 11

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YOUR CHANCE

To each one is given a marble to carve for the
wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty
of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it
grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it
in place—
Yes, the task that is given to each one, no
other can do; -
So the errand is waiting; it has waited
through ages for you.
And now you appear: and the hushed ones are
turning their gaze,
To see what you do with your chance in the
chamber of days.

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE IRISHMAN

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
The isle which Nature formed so fair
What flood reflect's a shore so sweet
As Shannon great or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride
He may be duped, but won't be dared,
More fit to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e're you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids, he dares to do;
Try him with bribes, they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire you'll find him true
He seeks not safety—let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van:
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

—James Orr.

SAINT PATRICK

There is no historical data upon which to place a correct conclusion regarding the day upon which Patrick was born. One faction had it that he was born on the eighth of the month, another on the ninth, so, to settle all controversy, Father Mulcahy combined the two dates—thus giving us 17—so we honor Saint Patrick on the seventeenth of March.

We first see Patrick, as a lad of sixteen, taken captive and held as a slave on Mount Slemish, County Antrim, Ireland. Ever a dseamer, Patrick heard voices in his sleep telling him to be ready for a higher calling than that of feeding swine. One night, after six years of bondage, a voice said to him, "Behold thy ship is ready!" Patrick escaped, and after wandering for years, finally reached his home on the banks of the Clyde. Visited again by dreams, Patrick attended a monastic school and spent five years diligently in the study of his Bible and had imbibed its great fundamental truths, under the guidance of his great dream the voice of God, "Overthrow Irish idolatry! Free pagan Ireland!" Such visions, we believe, come in the line of a person's own aspirations, so we now see Saint Patrick giving answer to the Divine Call.

Ireland, at that time, was not the intellectual Ireland of today; rather she stagnated in the lethargy of worshipping false gods, and was sorely in need of a Saint to cry out from the wilderness, "Repent Ye—"

Patiently and persistently, with a fixity of purpose, through almost irreconcilable differences, Saint Patrick lifted up to a pagan gaze the banner of service, the all and all obedience to a living God. His was the tongue that could gain the Irish ear, his was the soul that could win the Irish heart; his the intense ardor that no difficulties or discouragment could cool. The length and breadth of Ireland knew him, and it was for Ireland he lived, prayed and labored.

The place where Saint Patrick was buried is not a vital question, but wherever that is, it contains the ashes of a saintly hero. Among missionary giants the career of Saint Patrick stands preeminent, and no country ever experienced such a change in its ecclesiastical history as did Ireland, due to this Apostle.

And what is the lesson?? Genuine compassion, tremulous sympathy, deep humility, the spirit of prayer—all make those who humbly walk as in-between, trying to live as Christs.—Selected.

WE LOSE A STERLING FRIEND

The announcement of the death of C. W. Hunt, a most valued citizen of Mecklenburg County, was a source of real sorrow to his many friends of this institution. His memory will be cherished as one deeply interested in the activities of the school for the reformation of the boy who never had a chance.

Ripe in years and full of the sweetness and joy of righteous living C. W. Hunt, neighbor, friend, churchman and citizen of the finest calibre, went to his eternal resting place, March 11, after a short but serious illness.

It was our privilege to know, therefore, appreciate this gentle, but courageous man, the type that never failed to speak his convictions and stand loyally for his friends. Wearing at all times the "shield of faith, wherewith he quenched the fiery darts of the wicked," he radiated hope to those weary of the hard way of life.

His unfailing courtesy and most generous sympathy were outstanding characteristics of C. W. Hunt. As one of his legion of friends, we are proud to claim that friendship, and pay this tribute to the memory of C. W. Hunt since passing into peaceful sleep.

* * * * *

WHERE PRAISE IS DESERVED

We are all well doers—or should be. "None of us liveth to himself." We die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man WAS that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges: and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations.

Thinkers and workers rise up like new stars. The multitude run after them, and, like Lazarus, eat the crumbs that fall from their tables. They follow them by instinct.

There is a man on the eastern shore of North Carolina that is doing a wonderful work, quietly and unobtrusively, for his section, and the State of North Carolina. He is making known the advantages of the coastal region of the State as none other has done before him. He cites the opportunities for greater things, as well as the pleasures to be derived from piscatorial pursuits. He tells

the stories most interestingly in his own paper, and in others, as well as magazines, throughout the country. It is a labor of love with him for his State and section.

That man is Aycock Brown, editor of the Beaufort News. His work is attracting wide and popular attention, and it is a work well done, and pictures the coastal section as it has never been pictured before. Like the enticing turkey on the Thanksgiving dinner table, he does it up Brown!

More success to him. He hails from Hillsboro, and there are no hills too steep which he does not overcome and press on to new scenes to portray. He's making the world acquainted with the long neglected coastal regions of a great and fast growing State with its wonderful possibilities.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

THE POPE OF ROME

Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, Pius XII, was named successor of Pope Pius XI, March 3, of this year, at the age of 63 years. His age 63 years according to public sentiment would have seemed sufficient to debar the highest tribunal of the Roman Catholic church from any responsible position, but instead the 262nd Pontiff becomes the spiritual ruler of 331,500,000 Roman Catholics, the largest religious order on the face of the earth.

Representatives of 40 countries made the pilgrimage to Rome to represent their government at the coronation of a sovereign who reigns over the world's smallest state—the 100 acres of Vatican City—but one of the greatest spiritual domains of the universe.

Prior to the Reformation there was one church—the Roman Catholic—many forms and practices crept into the church, these were protested, hence the name—Protestant Reformation. The fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church remained unchanged, and this great body of Christian workers is recognized for loyalty to the church—an agency of God—and loving care of suffering humanity.

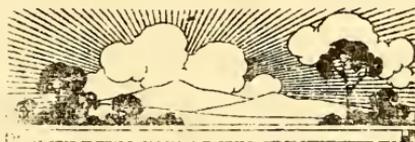
The Pope of Rome who commands the homage and religious allegiance of so vast an army of people is accepted as one of the most outstanding figures in the world.

TEMPEST IN THE TEA-POT

Marion Anderson, the Negro singer, would have no trouble in finding a place to give a concert if she had have been in the South, so to speak. The Southern people know how to meet such problems. There is a tacit understanding between the people of the South and the Negro race. They mingle together in a business way, in the fields, in the homes, in any commercial manner, and afterwards sit on the back-door steps, or in the office of the white man and discuss plans and there is never a suggestion of a social contact.

Frequently different clubs, or church organizations have a program of spirituals by the negroes—and there is never a misunderstanding as to what to do or where to sit. The entire affair works itself out smoothly. In fact the southern people like the negroes, and the black race knows where to turn if trouble arises. The negroes consider the white man their friend.

Why not give Marion Anderson a place in which to sing, if we go to see a Joe Lewis knock out a white man? The general impression is that Marion Anderson has a marvelous voice. Many homes of the aristocracy were privileged to hear Blind Tom, the marvel of his time, play the piano in their homes.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT

"Never mind the little setbacks,
 Never mind the crushing blow,
 Never mind about tomorrow,
 Keep on singing as you go;
 Though your heart may have misgivings,
 Securely push aside that doubt,
 For you'll surely cheer some other
 When you keep the bright side out."

The girl who is waiting to find a perfect man is destined to become a confirmed old maid.

If you have sunshine in your heart, it doesn't make any difference about having dimples on your cheeks.

There are people who go to church in a fine limousine, and they put a nickel in the collection plate, also.

Waiting for somebody who fails to show up at the expected time is one of the most tiresome experiences of life.

This may be a free country, but it seems all of the most desirable seats are taken. Many people have to stand it.

There are lots of people in this world who have good aims, but the great trouble with them is, they are poor shots.

A manufacturer tells us that "the automobile is in reach of everyone." It certainly is, if you do not keep out of the way of its reach.

It will soon be time for people to wonder if it is time to take them off. It is a time when things get

next to your skin and itches.

I would just as soon have a sound tooth pulled, as some of these wild-cat promoters to pull my leg. One is tooth out—the other is too thin.

It sometimes happens that the people send a man to our national and State legislatures to get rid of him. And sometimes it is a happy riddance.

If people would spend as much energy in keeping out of trouble as some do to keep their names out of the papers, this would be a much better world.

Drive carefully, even if you don't care much about yourself. Let other people live. You'll feel better for not having taken a life you cannot give back.

Some people deplore small beginnings, which are not lightly to be passed over. Take for instance the fish in our steams. They begin life on a small scale.

Graft, political and economic, is the plague of this nation. When individuals turn to honest dealings, there will be a glorious dawn of another righteous day. Ah! when?

Tolerance means permitting other people to decide, for themselves, what is right and what is wrong, with the provision that they must not injure others or interfere with their similar privileges.

The prognosticators are already trying to tell us who will be elected in 1840. Your guess is just as good as theirs. And guessing is just breath wasted. Nobody can see that far in the future.

One of the little incidents that help to make life pleasing, as well as amusing, is the pleasure some people get out of publicity. Your name in the paper is a well-spring of delight. It give one a self-conscious feeling of pleasure.

Disappointment often sinks the heart of us all, at times, and gives life a somber outlook. It tracks the steps of hope. It creates an unsatisfied hunger in the heart. Many have sent their ships to Ophir and brought back much gold. After a season they weary of its glitter and of the things that it may buy. Like Solomon, many men of wealth and power are ready to say with him, "I gathered me silver

and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and whatsoever my eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and behold, all was vanity and a striving after wind." Let us believe that many of the disappointments and failures which overtake us in life, and for which we cannot find any cause in ourselves, come because God has something better in store for us than the goal which we have set before us. Paul's ambition and aim was to be a great scholar and leader among his people. But one day he met Jesus, and his whole life was changed. Speaking about it later, he says: "Yea, verily, I count all my former gains as losses compared to the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things that I may gain Christ and be found in Him."

THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When trouble comes your soul to try,
 You like the friend who just stands by:
 But just to know you have a friend
 Who will stand by until the end,
 Whose warm hand clasp is always true,
 It helps someway to pull you through,
 Although there's nothing he can do;
 And so with fervent heart you cry,
 "God bless the friend who just stands by."

—I. B. H.

LAFAYETTE IN FAYETTEVILLE 114 YEARS AGO

By Mrs. E. R. MacKethan, in Charlotte Observer

March 4th and 5th, 1825, are dates which will ever be memorable ones in the history of Fayetteville, for on those days, one hundred and fourteen years ago, General LaFayette was the guest of the city. It had been nearly fifty years since he had returned to his native France, after aiding the American colonies in their fight for independence.

Accepting the invitation of Congress to be the "Guest of the Nation," he arrived in New York August 14th, 1824, accompanied by his son, George Washington LaFayette, and his secretary. Everywhere he went he was received with admiration and affection. Towns, cities and states vied with each other in the lavishness of welcome. As an expression of obligation Congress voted him a sum of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land.

When it was learned that he would visit Raleigh, the capital of the State, the Legislature authorized the Governor to use funds of the State to give a welcome and entertainment worthy of the distinguished Frenchman, and a soldier who had so aided General Washington that when a youth of nineteen he had been made a Major-General in the American Army.

In 1825 he was no longer a mere youth, but a matured man of sixty-seven, still vivacious and with courtly manners. Thus can we picture him when he came to Fayetteville. Naturally he was curious to see the first town in the United States to bear his name. In return our citizens paid

him every honor.

After being royally entertained in Raleigh, he left for Fayetteville accompanied by an escort of the Mecklenburg Cavalry, Governor Burton, Chief Justice Taylor, and other distinguished citizens. About ten miles from Fayetteville he was met by the Fayetteville troop of the Flying Artillery, commanded by Lt. Colonel James Townes. At the Clarendon bridge he was greeted by the magistrate of police and the commissioners of the town. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, under Major Robert Strange acted as his personal escort. In the parade were Capt. Samuel Hawley's Eagle Artillery and Capt. Jesse Birdswell's Light Artillery, all under the leadership of Colonel Henry W. Ayer, who commanded the artillery forces of North Carolina.

Amidst the discharge of artillery the procession marched to the Town Hall, (now the Old Market House) where a stage had been erected on the east side of the building. The troops formed lines on each side of the street and the carriages carrying the General and his party passed between them to the east door of the House. Here on behalf of the citizens, Judge John D. Toomer gave a welcome. He said:

"General LaFayette, the Congress of the United States, expressing the will of ten millions of people, invited you to our shores to be the 'Guest of the Nation'. Forty three years ago our fathers named this town to commemorate your achievements and to

express their gratitude. We receive you with joy and exultation at our family altars and request your participation, in our domestic comforts. We are plain Republicans and cannot greet you with the pomp common on such occasions. Instead of pageantry, we offer your cordiality. We have no splendid arches, gilded spires, or gorgeous palaces to present you, but we tender the hospitality of our homes and the grateful homage of devoted hearts."

The General's response was received by the multitude with enthusiasm. He said:

"At every step of my progress through the United States, I am called to enjoy the emotions arising from patriotic feelings and endearing recollections from the sight of the improvements I witness and from the affectionate welcomes I have the happiness to receive. Those sentiments, Sir, are particularly excited, when upon entering the enterprising and prosperous town which has done me the honor to adopt my name, I can at once admire its actual progress and anticipate its future destinies convinced as I am that the generous and enlightened people of North Carolina will continue all assistance to improve the natural advantages of Fayetteville and make it more and more useful to the State. I beg you therefore, my dear Sir, and the citizens of Fayetteville to accept the tribute of my deep and lively gratitude for your so very honorable and gratifying reception."

The General was then escorted to the home of Duncan McRae, Esq., a prominent banker, whose guest he was during his visit here. This residence was where the present courthouse stands, and in the building was the State Banking House.

"The distinguished guest appeared on the balcony and was saluted by the military, after which he dined in company with the Governor, the several committees, and some of the oldest citizens of the town." The host placed on a table his young son, Duncan K. McRae, who welcomed the General in a speech that has become one of the famous traditions of Fayetteville. The young orator afterwards became one of North Carolina's great jurists.

That evening a grand ball was given in honor of the General at the "new LaFayette Hotel," at which the beaux and belles danced until three a. m.

The next day the General reviewed the four military companies of the town and the Mecklenburg Troops, expressing high satisfaction with their appearance. He then paid a visit to the Masonic Lodge where he was addressed by Major Strange, "to which he responded and partook of refreshments."

At three o'clock about a hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down with him to a farewell dinner at the LaFayette Hotel. Many toasts were given and the General responded:

"Fayetteville, may it receive all the encouragement and attain all the prosperity which are anticipated by the fond and grateful wishes of its affectionate namesake."

At five o'clock the party left for Cheraw and Camden, S. C., accompanied by a number of Fayetteville citizens, and the Fayetteville Troop of cavalry.

A portrait of General LaFayette hangs in the Old Market House. Also a copy of a sketch of the State House, as it was called, (built about 1777 or 1778).

And here it is of historical value

to copy excerpts from an article by Dr. Archibald Henderson, telling of General LaFayette's journey through North Carolina, and particularly to the reference to the State House, as it is linked up in the life of the General and his subsequent visit to Fayetteville:

"Fortunately I am able to supply a true picture of the house where the Constitution of the United States was ratified. In his recollections of the *Private Life of General LaFayette* by M. Jules Cloquet, M. D., he reports seeing in LaFayette's apartment, near Paris, a view of Fayetteville, small town situated on the western bank of the river Capefear.

"In describing the circumstances of the sketching of Fayetteville Dr. Cloquet states: 'In 1814 my friend M. H. Say, on his way from Charleston to New York passed by the town which had been given the name of Fayetteville. It consisted of only two large streets in the form of a cross, at the intersection of which was the State House. The name of the town induced the young traveler to take a sketch of it. On his return to France,

thinking that such a mark of respect might not be indifferent to the General, he sent it to him. In thanking the artist LaFayette said:

"I have been deeply affected that you thought of me while you were in the United States. I have kept your drawing near me. I shall probably never see the place but you have at least given me an idea of it."

Dr. Henderson continued: "At that period LaFayette little thought that some years afterward he would make his triumphal entry into the very town. On the occasion of his last visit to America, on his approach to Fayetteville, although the rain fell in torrents, he immediately recognized the building from the sketch he had preserved, on the correctness of which he complimented the artist on his return to Paris."

Not only Fayetteville, but all North Carolina cherishes the memory of Monsieur Le Marquis LaFayette French Patrician, and American Patriot, who as the "Guest of the Nation," in 1825 again endeared himself to a grateful people.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY IS

In the home it is kindness.
 In business it is honesty.
 In society it is courtesy.
 In work it is fairness.
 Toward the unfortunate it is pity.
 Toward the weak it is help.
 Toward the wicked it is resistance.
 Toward the strong it is trust.
 Toward the penitent it is forgiveness.
 Toward the fortunate it is congratulation.
 Toward God it is reverence and love.

—Selected.

U. S. ANTHEM UNDER ATTACK

(Selected)

A new attack was made a few days ago upon "The Star-Spangled Banner," this time by two prominent figures in the musical world who disdainfully say the music was pirated from an English barroom ballad.

Frederick Jagel, Metropolitan Opera tenor, and Ferde Grofe, the composer and director, took issue, according to an Associated Press dispatch from New York, with the popular belief that the music was written as a hymn and that the composer was an Englishman named John Stafford Smith.

They also agree heartily with those critics of the past who have agitated for both new words and new music for the nation's anthem—contending the words are "not representative" and the music "unsingable."

In supprot of his claim that it was originally "just a drinking song," Jagel showed a photographic copy of the music as it was found in the British Museum in London. It was headed "The anacreontic ode, as sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, London, with general approval."

"It shows different parts for bass, tenor and soprano," pointed out Grofe.

"That's why it can't be sung by most people. It has a terrific range—B flat to F, an octave and one-fifth."

"Years after Francis Scott Key wrote the words to the anthem (in 1814) some men drinking in a Baltimore tavern put the words and music together," said Jagel. "Then Congress adopted it as the anthem (as late as 1931) almost under duress—it was after our boys had been to France and we decided we wouldn't continue singing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' to the tune of Britian's 'God Save the King.'"

Grofe, whose "Grand Canyon Suite" and "Mississippi Suite" are outstanding American compositions played by major symphonies throughout the country, suggested John Phillip Sousa's "Stars and Strips Forever" could be made into a good anthem if appropriate words were written.

"In these times we need an anthem that exalts democratic institutions with such a theme as 'All men are created equal,'" he said, "instead of one about an isolated incident when our fortunes were at their lowest ebb. And we ought to have just two verses—not five as in the present anthem."

Work is the finest opportunity for man. It is a refuge from boredom. There is no end to its possibilities or its consolation. And hope is a sort of sunshine which illumines the path.

—Exchange.

WHERE GOD DWELLS

By Stanley A. Gillet

One of the questions most frequently asked by little children is, "Where does God live?" Usually it is explained that God dwells in heaven, and in attempting to clarify that statement reference is made to a place above the clouds and even away beyond the stars.

However, not many people are satisfied with having God so far away. The Israelites liked to think of God as dwelling in their tabernacle. When the priests carrying the Ark of the Covenant marched at the head of the tribes, the people could travel through unknown stretches of wilderness and march bravely into battle with the confidence that they would be victorious. Much of the strength of Judaism lay in the conviction that Jehovah inhabited the temple on Mt. Moriah. But the Samaritans insisted that God lived on Mt. Gerizim, and at Jacob's Well Jesus was invited to settle that dispute. Imagine the astonishment of the Sychar woman when the Teacher explained that since God is spirit—not flesh—He could be in both places at once. It is exceedingly helpful to think of God as being in the very church where we worship, rather than far away in heaven. We are equally thankful that He can be in the midst of every group that is truly worshipping Him.

Now God can be even closer to us than that. Izaak Walton said: "God has two dwellings—one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart." Could anything bring us more hope and help than having our Lord with us day and night, wherever we go? When God can be so personal,

it is no wonder that He becomes so precious to many of His people.

When Moses was preparing to construct the tabernacle, God gave him minute directions as to how it should be built. Only certain kinds of material were to be used. The workmen understood that no slipshod work would be tolerated, for it was to be God's dwelling-place. It is the same with people. The Most High will not accept every kind of dwelling-place. We must meet His requirements.

First of all, the heart must be clean. The Holy Spirit can cleanse every life and make it fit for God's presence. Next, the life must be holy—that is, set apart for God's use. If certain things are allowed to enter it, God is sure to be crowded out. We must dedicate our hearts to Him and assure Him they will be kept for Him alone.

A heart may be clean and holy, yet so proud that God cannot dwell there. The Pharisee whose prayer was so different from that of the poor publican boasted of his personal goodness and religious activities. He felt no need of God, for he considered himself good enough, and believed he could take care of himself. Although he thought that he was giving thanks, he lacked the spirit of true gratitude. But when a person says with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," we know that God has found a home in his heart.

A meek man is teachable; unto him God can make known His way. He also will instruct others in a spirit of meekness, remembering whence his knowledge comes. He is attracted to Christ because the Saviour is "meek

and lowly in heart." Since meekness is one of the fruits of the Spirit, we may regard it as an indication of a Spirit-filled heart.

Thankfulness is an evidence of clear thinking. The thankful man admits that every good gift has come from God. This was true of Paul. He was

grateful that God had selected him to have a part in spreading the Gospel, especially since formerly he had been a "blasphemer and a persecutor."

Let us strive to maintain a spirit of meekness and thankfulness in order that God may be pleased to abide with us permanently.

FAMOUS ENGLISH FIREPLACES BEING SMUGGLED TO AMERICA

Famous old Adam fireplaces are being stolen from London houses and smuggled to America.

That is the theory of Arthur Bolton, curator of Sir John Soame's museum, London, and one of the greatest authorities on the work of the famous Adam brothers.

Bolton declared that it was impossible to estimate the number of genuine Adam fireplaces left in England, but owners of houses which did possess them should take the greatest care and never allow the house to stand empty.

"It is absolutely essential that a caretaker should be engaged," he declared.

"This so-called band of persons, the 'Adams Gang', who steal the valuable fireplaces, use all sorts of pretexts to enter a house while it still inhabited in order to spy out fireplaces which may be worth taking.

"They soon find out when the house is standing empty, and then the fireplaces are dismantled and smuggled into America in small pieces so that they are not likely to be recognized," Bolton said.

Robert Adams, the most famous of the four Adams, John, Robert, James and William, was born at Kirkaldy in 1728 and studied at Edinburgh University.

In 1768 he and his three brothers leased ground overlooking the river Thames for \$6,000 on a 99-year lease and built their famous terrace known as the Adelphi.

This terrace, only recently rebuilt, was considered one of their greatest achievements, and was the home of many people including Bernard Shaw and the late Sir James Barrie.

—Selected.

WHY THE SHAMROCK BECAME THE NATIONAL IRISH SYMBOL

By Dewitt MacKenzie

March 17th is a big day for the Emerald Isle—anniversary honoring the good and famed St. Patrick—and the echo of it runs around the world in the sound of parading Irish feet and the strains of "Wearing Of The Green."

The seventeenth is a national holiday for Ireland—a period first of worship as masses throughout the land and then of whole-hearted celebration. Every Catholic Irishman is proudly sporting a sprig of the lovely shamrock and looking the universe straight in the eye.

Do you know, by the way, how the Shamrock came to be the national Irish symbol? Well, it was because St. Patrick, "apostle of Ireland," used the three wee leaves as illustration of the Trinity.

Down in County Wexford there is what they call a red shamrock. They say it is the ordinary green shamrock dipped in the blood of the martyrs of Wexford's rebellions against the English.

The ancient Irish bards called their country the land of the young. And they were right.

Why, they'll even be telling true fairy tales tonight as they sit about the open fires of sweet-scented peat in their cottages. Of course they believe in them.

If you don't believe in fairies then the Irish blood runs thin in your veins, and the shamrock means no more to you than does a common clover leaf. Every colleen and gossoon from Bantry bay to Main Head knows there

are fairies. Indeed, I'll go further and assert that if you don't believe, then you lack that little spark of imagination which makes life worth living.

Listen to sweet Patricia Walsh, a lass of County Kildare, you who doubt that fairies exist. She wrote me all about them in her own childish hand.

Patricia has smiling Irish eyes and a saucy Irish nose, and the lips of her laughing Irish mouth are as red as the crimson roses that clamber up the sides of her daddy's house. She actually has seen fairies, and that settles any argument. It came about like this:

Patricia went on a picnic with her nurse in the fields. The lass was warned not to go into the woods "for there are ipseys in it," but she forgot when she saw a butterfly with "a lovely colored back," and gave chase. She followed it into the wood and fell asleep on the soft moss. Then says the small lady:

"It was getting late when I woke and to my surprise I saw some busy little folk preparing for a dance in a big oke (sic) tree. Some elves were gathering fruit and nuts of every description and sort. While others were catching fish in the stream near by and giving them to the cooks to cook. More were laying a table for supper.

"The table was composed of a toundstool with small mushrooms all around for seats. Some were gathering moss and spreading it down for a carpet in the dance room while others settled glow-worms all round the inside of the tree so as to form a room. The glow-

worms were holding lanterns which threw out light.

"The kitchen had a small fairy range with a little fire in it, a dresser with little cups and saucers on it and a press full of good things to eat. Over at another tree there was a little grasshopper sewing a pretty frock on his little machine and near by was another fairy cobbling away.

"When every thing and every one was ready the fairies came in thousands. The little fairies had long golden hair down their backs and their dresses were embroidered with beads and lace and the elves in their green suits, red jackets and pointed caps with white owls feathers at the side looked very smart indeed.

"Next they danced and after which

they had supper and after supper they danced for another while to the sweetest music ever heard played on the wind. Then a funny little elfe did thricks (sic) which made the fairies roar with laughter and when I saw him standing on his head I chuckled and all in a second every thing had vanished.

"I could hear nurse's voice calling in the distances. Of course I need not tell you I was smacked but I did not care as long as I had seen fairies. Yours Patricia Walsh."

Perhaps if Patricia had been older she would have added a post-script to say that more fairies, and less disregard of the rights of other people, would be a wonderful thing for the world.

A PRAYER

Not more light, I ask, O God
 But eyes to see what is;
 Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
 The present melodies.
 Not greater strength, but how to use
 The power that I possess;
 Not more of love, but skill to turn
 A frown to a caress.
 Not more of joy, but power to feel
 Its kindling presence near;
 To give to others all I have
 Of course and of cheer.
 Give me all fears to dominate
 All holy joys to know;
 To be the friend I wish to be;
 To speak the truth I know.

—Florence Holbrook.

EMERGENCY CALL

By Henry H. Graham

Richard Ullman, known as Doctor Dick to the good people of Fir Valley, removed his snowshoes, brushed the melting specks of white from his mackinaw and entered the office. He was tired, hungry and cold.

"Wow what a trip," he muttered, switching on the light. "But Dave Ramsey'll get along O. K. now."

Outside the frosty window winter was raging in all its fury. Whirling gusts of stinging snow rattled against the unpainted boards. Occasionally a loose strip pounded in the storm. Beyond the river slides were pitching off the bluff, one after another, blocking the progress of the stream.

Dick removed his outer clothing, combed his black hair and ran a rough hand over his lean, wind-reddened face. Then he slumped wearily into a chair. Suddenly he rose, calling, "Freda! You here, Freda!"

Only silence greeted the cry. Freda Swan, the young medico's office nurse, was out. Dick wondered how many telephone calls there had been in her absence and how long she had been gone.

Dick's tired eyes roved mechanically about the room, taking in the scene. The furniture that had been his father's was growing shabbier every day. The floor needed varnishing. The dingy ceiling, blackened by several winters of smoke and grime, required a fresh application of kalsomine. One of the windows had been stuffed with cloth until funds were available for repairing the break. When this would be he had no idea. People in Fir Valley were poor since the price of metal

crashed. They couldn't pay for medical service until prosperity came. And Dick was sharing their poverty.

The young man wandered into the little room adjacent to the office. He fondled the operating table lovingly and wondered how long the concern from which he had bought it would delay the next installment. Certainly they had been very good so far. But he could not expect them to favor him indefinitely. In time they must repossess the table if he could not meet his obligations.

Dick recalled the many operations he had performed in that tiny room and the lives he had saved with the help of Freda, who gave the anesthetic. He dreaded to think what might happen to his surgical patients if he were forced to surrender his equipment. "Yet how can I keep it if people are unable to pay me?" he asked himself.

Returning to his desk Dick again fell into the chair to sit, head in hands, thinking hard. His mind wandered back over the twelve months he had practiced medicine in the little hamlet of Melville after graduating from college and taking his interne work. He remembered, too, the dying words of his father, Doctor Dick Ullman, who had unselfishly given the best years of his life to serving the people of the valley.

"Promise me you will carry on the work I have started, son," his father had said as the end drew near.—Melville needs your skill as it needed mine and that of my father before me."

Dick had looked his father squarely in the eye and said, "Count on me, Dad.—You've been a great pal—a fine trouper. I want people to feel the same way about me."

But things had changed. During much of his father's career the people of Fir Valley were prosperous. And as they prospered the physician prospered, too. Now they were able to keep body and soul together only by the practice of rigid economy. There was little left for doctor bills.

As Dick sat meditating the front door opened. A snow-speckled figure, wearing an expensive fur coat, swung out of the raging blizzard.

Dick looked up at a blonde, rather short girl. "Hello, Freda," he remarked absently with a trace of censure. "Where have you been?"

"Over to the store," she answered. "Nothing doing here, and I got lonesome."

Dick frowned. "You shouldn't leave when I'm gone, Freda. I thought we had an understanding about that."

She smiled and patted him gently on the cheek. "Aw, don't be an old meanie. You're just tired and upset. Let me make you some coffee."

"No thanks," he refused, "I've been drinking too much coffee lately. Stimulants are bad when carried to excess."

Freda seated herself on the arm of his chair. He shrank back instinctively, knowing what was coming.

"Dick," she began pleadingly, "why don't you get away from it all?"

He glared at her a bit savagely. "Away from what?"

Freda applied a powder puff vigorously to her cheeks. "Oh away from this ghastly nightmare—this twenty-four hour shift without pay. It's killing you."

"It didn't kill my father," retorted Dick. "He lived to be seventy-six.—And I'm as strong as he ever was."

"But it shortened his life," she persisted. "Such hardships are bound to cut the span. —Dick, your youth will be gone before you know it. And you'll have no memories. Memories won't buy food at the stores or assure you a comfortable old age. We all must think of the future, you know.—I have plans for us—for you and me—together—plans that can't be carried out here."

Dick hesitated, thinking hard. "Things won't always be this bad in the valley, Freda. There's sure to be a change for the better."

"Humph! That's what we've been thinking for a long time.—And with your fine modern training and aptitude for surgery you could become rich and famous in the city. Don't you ever have visions, Dick—visions of the big fees from wealthy patients—of regular office hours with no night calls that sap strength and vitality?—Why, boy, you're just wasting your time in this one-horse burg. Can't you see—?"

He faced her. "Freda, if you'd seen what I did a few hours ago you wouldn't have made such a statement. Dave Ramsey had cut his foot with an axe. Bad wound, it was, too. But he'll pull through and be as good as ever. I got there just in time."

"Yes, and what'll you get out of it—nothing but thanks. Those Ramseys never have a dime—never will have a dime."

"Just the same they have feelings like you and me. Someone's got to care for them."

Freda stroked his black wavy hair. "But why does it have to be you, Dick? Lots of big city failures could make the grade up here where there's

no competition for a hundred miles in any direction."

Dick whirled around and confronted her. "Would you want a big city failure to treat you, Freda?"

"Why, of course not," she replied quickly. "Don't be silly. I'd want the best service that money could buy and my family could afford to pay for it."

"I thought so. But these people out here are just as useful as anybody else and just as deserving of expert attention. If I remember correctly your dad was once a poor youth living at Melville himself. He was one of the fellows who struck it rich. Suppose he hadn't. He'd still be your father and in all probability he'd still be living in Melville. Tell me, Freda, why did you take up nursing when family circumstances were such that you would never have had to work?"

Her eyes had a far-away look. "It was for the thrill of the thing, I guess. —Foolish, wasn't it?" she added.

"No, I don't think it was foolish. That is, if you'd put your heart and soul into the profession."

Freda recoiled at this remark. "Then you're hinting I'm not co-operating with you as I should," she declared, face crimsoning. She strode to the center of the room.

"I didn't say that," Dick denied. "Yet I don't think your heart is in the work as fully as it might be."

"If I wanted to be ugly," she stormed, "I might remind you that my salary is three months in arrears. —Oh, what a fool I've been! Here I am working my head off in the sticks when at home I would be surrounded with every luxury—giving parties and—"

"In other words living the shallow, selfish and useless life of the idle rich,"

he finished in interruption. "You're too fine a girl, Freda, to enjoy that sort of thing. Too talented also."

Freda walked over to him, a cynical expression on her satiny face. "Flattery, eh?" she barked. "Well, it won't get you anywhere. Once more, Dick I'm asking you as a friend to friend, to give up this horrible work in Melville and go to the city. —You've said you wanted a home of your own. —We could be happy together there—"

Dick did not reply immediately. "My promise to dad," he mumbled. "And besides, I'm not sure I would be happy anywhere except in Fir Valley. —Of course I'm not happy here just now, but—"

"If your dad were alive today he'd never blame you for leaving," asserted the girl. "He'd expect you to use your own judgment."

"Freda," said Dick, "Fir Valley was mighty good to dad in the long run. And it'll be mighty good to me if I hang' on.—Well, I'm going to bed. Good-night." He donned his coat preparatory to crossing the street to his rooming house. Freda accosted him, pulling on his mackinaw. "—Dick," she announced. "I must tell you something. —Tomorrow is my last day in Melville. —I'm getting out. —I've tried to convince you that you should come, too, and I've apparently failed. —So it's the last straw."

Freda was biting her lips to keep from crying. But throughout the display of emotion her jaw was firm, indicating a mind definitely made up.

"You're the one who's tired to-night—not me," said Dick. "Go on home to bed. You'll have a different outlook on life in the morning. —Hard day tomorrow, perhaps, with so much

sickness around."

Freda made so verbal answer. Instead, she flashed her brown eyes angrily into the depths of his, swung open the door, and vanished with a gusto. Dick snapped off the light and followed, a few paces behind.

The next morning Freda reached the office first as usual. Dick arrived about ten o'clock after making several house calls. They exchange greetings with stiff formality.

Dick went into the operating room for a pair of rubber gloves. Before emerging he heard Freda's voice. She was talking to someone over the telephone. "No," she was saying, "I'm sorry. Doctor Dick can't come now. —Two busy, and weather dangerous. —Perhaps later. —Yes, I'll tell him."

"Who was that calling, Freda?" Dick inquired civilly.

"Oh, just old Mrs. Randall, clear over at Coyote Creek," was the answer. "—You know, the woman with lung trouble. —No use going there again, Dick. Nothing can be done. —She's going down the last long trail, that's all."

Dick eyed the girl, his lip curling into a snarl. "What did you mean by telling them I wouldn't go?" he demanded fiercely. "—Of course I'll go. She was one of mother's dearest friends. —There are some cases, you know, that money has nothing whatever to do with. And this is one of them."

"But I was merely trying to save you an unnecessary trip," Freda defended. "Oh, Dick, don't you see—?"

"No, I can't!" he barked harshly. "I'm going out there at once even if I can't do anything more than cheer her up. That's part of a doctor's job anyway. —And while I'm gone I

don't want you to turn down any more calls."

As Dick prepared for the two mile trip into deep snow country Freda jumped up and also put on her wraps. "That settles it!" she cried. "No one can talk to me that way and retain my services! Go to it! —Slave yourself to death and see if I care. When you come back I'll be out of Fir Valley for good." She had worked herself into an almost hysterical frenzy.

Four hours later Dick returned to the office after a hard trip. Mrs. Randall wasn't any better physically. Mentally, she was greatly refreshed by the visit.

The drab office was cold and cheerless. Even the fire was out. Freda, apparently, had made good her threat to leave the country. Dick lighted a fire in the little wood stove and stood before it, rubbing his hands. "Perhaps I am a fool to stay here," he mused. "Yet somehow I can't pull myself away." He thought of Freda speeding down the valley toward the city where comfort and ease awaited her.

Although still miffed over their recent dispute, Dick was forced to admit secretly that he thought a great deal of Freda—the real Freda. Of late, however, the girl had been only a shell of her true self. He feared a complete reversion to type. Dick wondered how he would ever get along without her services, especially in the operating room.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling. It was the telephone. The young man took down the receiver. "Hello—yes, this is Doctor Dick. —Someone injured at Three Mile Creek—the Post cabin? —Oh, yes, I know where it is. —I'll be right out."

Once more Dick moved away from the cheerful fire to don his dripping

coat and pull on a pair of sheep-lined gloves. To fasten his webs was but the work of a few moments. Then he struck out in the storm that was in the midst of a three day attack.

"Too bad they can't keep the roads open," he muttered, plowing through the heavy drifts. "S'pose it would be impossible." The young man pictured Freda sitting comfortable in the warm train clacking its way to the lower country. Before him stretched a vast expanse of white though visibility was so poor that not even the foothills could be seen.

Hard flakes cut his cheeks as swirls of white twisted and eddied about him. It was hard work plodding through the deep masses, encumbered as he was by a well-filled satchel.

An hour later Dick half stumbled to the door of a log cabin near a greenpainted booth maintained by the government. The call undoubtedly had come from there.

Mrs. Post, a woman of middle age, admitted him.

"Oh, it's terrible, Doctor Dick," she said. "My son Sam brought her in from the foot of a cliff over which she had seemingly plunged. She just lies there and moans all the time. We've done what we could."

Dick removed his hat. "Then the patient is a woman?"

"Yes. I think I've seen her before though don't know where. Her features are vaguely familiar. You see I only get to town about once a year and a lot of the people are strange to me."

Dick walked over to a cot in one corner of the room. On it lay a girl, moaning. He took one look. Then his eyes widened and he knelt at the bedside.

"Freda!" he exclaimed. "Speak to

me, Freda." But the girl's eyes saw nothing. From her throat came a series of heart-rending cries.

Under his skilled treatment, however, she soon regained consciousness. "Freda," he said tenderly. "You know me, don't you? It's Dick—Doctor Dick."

Freda made a valiant attempt to smile. "Hello, Dick," she panted feebly. "—What—you—doing—here?"

"Looking after you," Dick replied. "Tell me, girl, what happened."

She shifted uneasily. "Well—after—we—after—we—quarreled—and I vowed—to—go—away—for good I got to thinking things over. —I've—always—been—hot-headed—and impulsive—you know. —I—decided—to—go—on—a hike—alone. I wanted—a chance—to—trash matters—out—by myself. —Then the—storm—grew—worse. —The—last—I—remember—was slipping—slipping—down—the mountainside. —When I—woke—up—I was here—and—so—were—you. Funny—isn't it? It—was—grand—of you—to—come, Dick."

"Come," he repeated softly yet firmly. "Of course, I'd come. Don't I always?"

She smiled upon him. "Dick," Freda said quietly, "I've seen—things—in—the last few minutes that I've never seen before. —I've seen things as they really are. —Suppose it was some other person who had been injured and I'd persuaded you not to come because the storm was too bad or you were too busy.—Why, Dick, do you realize what might have happened—if—?"

Freda could not finish the sentence. Instead she broke into sobs that stopped only when he quieted her. "Dick, I'm going to stay right in Melville and work shoulder to shoulder with you—that is, if you still want me."

"Want you!" he cried. "Of course I want you. And we'll be happy, too. —After all it doesn't matter much where one lives, you know. It's how he reacts to his environment that counts most. Peace and contentment are everywhere. The trouble is that

so few of us know where to look for them."

Freda's head relaxed, her eyelids drooped and she was soon fast asleep. Outside the wind howled and the snow flew. But inside the little cabin were warmth and understanding.

YESTERDAYS

Our yesterdays, all of them gone;
 What is left in their wake?
 Give to yourself an honest response,
 Just for your own sake.
 Each Yesterday's dawn had dreams
 Of accomplishments won.
 Is its memory a rebuke,
 Or praise for work well done?

All Tomorrows are Yesterdays
 Not yet arrived.
 Will Tomorrows' intentions
 Be fulfilled or deprived?
 There is only one method
 To assure success,
 Leave nothing to Fate
 Or foolish human's guess.

Each Today we must feel
 We have not another chance,
 Every thought, word and deed
 We must live to enhance;
 For by living each Today
 As though it were Tomorrow,
 All Yesterdays to come
 Will have naught to cause sorrow.

—Selected.

BOYS AND POSSIBILITIES

By Elbert Hubbard

I have a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—his life is big with many possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that mold characters, invent machines that will revolutionize the world.

Every man was once a boy. I trust that I shall not be contradicted; it is really so.

Wouldn't you like to have time to turn backward and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never wore a pair of boots? The lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twelve miles to borrow a book and spelling it out, crouched before the burning logs.

Then there was the Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old; who was thin and pale and perverse, and had tantrums and had to be sent supperless to bed, or locked in a dark closet because he wouldn't mind!

Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six, and when told that the exchequer of France was in dire confusion would say, "The finances? I will arrange them."

Very distinctly and vividly I re-

member a slim, freckled boy, who was born in the "patch," and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court, and that boy from the "patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out the top of his hat, his form was bony and awkward, one suspender held his trousers in place: his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and scarred. He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half bashful eyes, and modestly returned the salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and set a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit, or he may stand with pulse unfastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner.

Remember that he who violates the laws of the land tramples on the blood of the fathers, and tears in sunder the charter of his own and his children's liberties.—Abraham Lincoln.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Doris Wilkins and Miss Frances Massey, of Goldsboro, the former being a case-worker with the Wayne County Welfare Department, visited the School last Thursday, bringing with them a boy for admission.

We are most grateful to Mr. F. D. Alexander, of Charlotte, for quite a number of copies of the National Geographic Magazine, which he recently donated to the library at the School. This is one of the finest magazines being published, containing many educational features, and this contribution of Mr. Alexander's will add much to the supply of reading material available to our boys.

Judge Owen Gudger, of the Asheville Juvenile Court, and Mr. W. T. Wells, probation officer, were visitors at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. Upon inquiry, after noting how the judge seemed to "know his way around" the shop, we learned that he was a newspaper man of the old school, having been engaged in newspaper work for many years prior to accepting his present position.

Messrs. James L. McClintock and Earl E. Blakeslee, field auditors representing Public Works Administration, region No. 3, spent several days at the School last week, auditing P. W. A.

Docket NC-1387-F, natatorium and calf barn. Upon completion of their audit they reported all records, vouchers and the various papers and forms making up the file in connection with this docket as in good condition.

Mr. M. J. Lynam, of Robbinsville, superintendent of public welfare in Graham County, was a visitor at the School on Friday of last week, he having made the trip here for the purpose of taking Grover Gibby back to his home in Graham County. Mr. Lynam is a native of Ireland, a typical son of Old Erin, and upon meeting him one immediately realizes that his geniality is contagious. We feel sure that Grover will find in Mr. Lynam a true friend, one who will see that he has every opportunity to make good.

Mr. W. E. Sweatt, superintendent of the Alexander School, located at Union Mills, was a visitor at this institution last Monday afternoon. He was accompanied by Woodrow Fountain, aged twenty-three years, one of his former students, who is now employed as night-watchman at his alma mater. As Superintendent Boger showed them around the Swink-Benson Trades Building, they expressed their delight with the manner in which the work is being carried on here. Mr. Sweatt was highly complimentary in his remarks concerning The Uplift, saying that the little magazine was quite popular in the reading-room at his school.

Elm Camp No. 16, Woodmen of the World, of Concord, celebrated its 40th anniversary last Tuesday and Wednesday, with two national officers and about twenty high officials of the State organization in attendance. A group of local members conducted the visiting Woodmen on a tour of the city, a trip through the Cannon Towel Mill, Kannapolis, and visits to other points of interest in the county, including the Jackson Training School. Among those in the group visiting this institution were:

Henry E. Klugh, Harrisburg, Pa., national director; T. E. Newton, Kinston, state manager; J. Love Davis, Wilmington, head banker; W. L. Ross, Salisbury, head clerk; W. M. Ruth, Salisbury, past head consul; J. M. Todd, Charlotte, special representative; R. H. Davis, Wilmington; Major C. P. Coforth, Kings Mountain; C. I. Case, Dr. W. R. Fisher and Wade H. Cline, Concord.

The members of this group were escorted through the various departments at the School by Assistant Superintendent J. C. Fisher, and they were unanimous in expressing their delight with the manner in which the State of North Carolina is caring for its wayward boys.

The Training School recently received two certificates concerning the rating of its fine herd of Holstein cattle, of which we are all very proud.

The first certificate, dated February 21, 1939, comes from the United States Department of Agriculture, bureau of animal industry, the State of North Carolina co-operating, and contains the following information: "The herd,

consisting of 2 pure-bred and 90 grade Holstein cattle, owned by Stonewall Jackson Training School, is an accredited tuberculosis-free herd." This certificate is issued in accordance with the rules and regulations adopted by the United States Live Stock Sanitary Association, and is good for one year from date.

The second certificate, dated February 17, 1939, which came from the veterinary division of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, stated that "The entire herd of Jackson Training School, consisting of 92 pure-bred and grade Holstein cattle, has undergone inspection; passed the required number of blood tests, and has been found free from all evidence of Bangs Disease, and is approved by the Veterinary Division."

Such reports as those listed above are very gratifying as we endeavor to furnish the lads entrusted to our care, the best milk that can possibly be produced. This has been very important factor in the health record of the boys that have been with us during the past years, a record of which any institution might be proud.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord. His talk to the boys consisted of part of the life story of St. Paul, one of the greatest men of all time.

Rev. Mr. Hughes began his remarks concerning the life of Paul at the time he had just completed his third journey on land and sea through the vast realms of the Roman Empire, preaching the Gospel of Christ to people of

all races. He was contemplating starting back to Jerusalem but his friends advised him against going, because his enemies wanted to kill him. Paul replied that he must go, for he had been teaching people all along his various journeys not to run away from duty.

Back in Jerusalem, Paul was accused by the Jewish leaders of having taken Gentiles into the temple. His reply to this charge was that God did not want just the burnt offerings the Hebrew people had been making for many years, but wanted the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart. When this good man of God came from the temple and was found to have no Gentile with him, the leaders then accused him of stirring up the people against the rulers. He was mobbed, but was rescued by Roman soldiers.

As they led him up the steps into prison, Paul asked permission to speak to the people. His request being granted, he then told them he was a Jew and gave them an account of his conversion on the Damascus Road. That night a lad heard the people making threats against Paul, swearing that they would neither eat nor drink until he should be put to death. The boy reported this to the captain of the prison guard, who immediately asked for 100 infantrymen, 70 horsemen, and 200 spearmen to accompany Paul to Caesarea, 70 miles away, the home of

the Roman governor of that district, Paul having asserted his right, as a Roman citizen, to a hearing before that official.

He was first taken before the governor at Caesarea, who questioned him but found him guilty of no charge. Governors changed and a new one was installed. He, too, heard the charges against Paul, but declared him innocent. Finally Paul appeared before King Agrippa, who also heard his story. Agrippa was a hard man, but Paul's eloquent and sincere defence caused him to state that he was almost persuaded that his statements were true, and agreed to give him another hearing. After that, Paul was sent by ship to Rome, to appear before the emperor, Caesar.

Rev. Mr. Hughes concluded his address by telling the story of this journey. This trip was made under most severe circumstances. Paul, together with many other prisoners and their captors barely escaped death at sea, the ship having been wrecked. Paul advised the captain against leaving a certain island port, darkness having settled, remaining for several days, but his warning was unheeded. The captain finally listened to this great teacher and placed him in command of the vessel, with the result that all on board were saved, thus showing how God always cares for those who are faithful.

Any system of government that offers the same rewards to the man who loaf as to the man who works hard is going to kill the greatest force that has made the United States the country it has become in 150 years.—Exchange.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—FEBRUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette
H. C. Pope
Howard Sanders
Loy Stines
Floyd Williams
J. C. Willis

—B—

Clarence Baker
Clinton Call
Clifton Davis
Dillon Dean
Eugene Edwards
George Green
Earl Hildreth
Leo Hamilton
Burman Keller
Fred McGlammery
Landreth Sims
Jerome Wiggins
Thomas Yates

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Homer Bass
Fletcher Castlebury
Kenneth Conklin
Robert Dellinger
Noah Ennis
Audie Farthing
Clarence Gates
Hubert Holloway
Horace Journigan
William Jerrell
Mark Jones
Thomas King
A. C. Lamar
Wilfred Land
Charles McCoyle
Carl Moose
Randall D. Peeler
Ray Pitman
Canipe Shoe
Melvin Stines
James Watson
Earl Weeks
Ronald Washam
Woodrow Wilson
Ed Woody

—B—

Paul Briggs

Clifton Davis
Robert Deyton
Eugene Edwards
Menroe Flinchim
Robert Gaines
Hugh Kennedy
Douglas Mabry
Harley Matthews
Fred McGlammery
Garland McPhail
Henry Smith
Hubert Smith
Carl Ward
Walker Warr
Eugene Watts

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Jack Mathis
Ballard Martin
Joseph White

—B—

Alexander Woody

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

James Brewer
Herman Cherry
Wilbur Hardin
Gilbert Hogan
Felix Littlejohn
Jack Sutherland
Elmer Talbert
Hubert Walker
Charles Ziegler

—B—

John H. Averitte
Grover Beaver
William Cherry
Frank Crawford
B. C. Elliott
James Hancock
Dallas Holder
Donald Holland
James Lane
Edward Murray
Paul McGlammery
Theodore Rector
Charles Smith
John Tolbert
Leo Ward
Lee Watkins

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Atwell
James Coleman
Thomas R. Pitman
William R. Young

—B—

James Butler
Calvin McCoy
Eugene Smith
Joseph Tucker

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Grover Gibby
Filmore Oliver
Forrest Plott
Latha Warren
Samuel Williams

—B—

Clyde Hoppes
Floyd Lane
Thurman Lynn
Richard Palmer
Lloyd Pettus
Charles Presnell
Lonnie Roberts

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Rex Allred
Julius Fagg
Caleb Hill

—B—

Charles Davis
James Kirk
Paul Lewallan
Ivan Morrozoff
Thomas Shaw

BUILDING A CHARACTER

Have you ever asked yourself the question? Am I reliable, capable of handling any responsibility given me? If you can answer yes to the question truthfully, then you have something! Though on the other hand if you can't it is time you were doing something about it. It certainly isn't expected of you to do something high and mighty at first, work yourself up. Start with something small. To have success you have to start at the bottom.

When you find yourself capable of handling small situations and responsibilities, you will find higher positions given you. People will see that you can do bigger and better things. They will feel safe in trusting you more and more with their personal duties and even public responsibility.

Building up this trait in your character is entirely in your own hands. No person can prevent you from getting anything if you want it enough to work for it. Honest work has hurt no man, and building a character is worth while and has all of the commendable traits.

Though it is known that no person can be perfect, he should have enough good traits to over-balance the bad.

—Home Journal.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending March 12, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) William Cantor 4
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 14
- (4) Leon Hollifield 15
- (4) Edward Johnson 15
- (3) Edward Lucas 13
- (4) Robert Maples 13
- William Padrick

COTTAGE No. 1

- William G. Bryant 7
- (2) Henry Cown 12
- Clay Mize
- H. C. Pope 11
- Lee Watkins 7
- Everett Watts

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) John T. Capps 6
- Arthur Craft 4
- (7) Samuel Ennis 10
- J. W. Jones
- Floyd Lane 4
- Thurman Lynn 4
- (3) Clifton Mabry 8
- Donald McFee 3
- (3) Nick Rochester 11
- Landreth Sims 5
- Charles Smith
- Brooks Young 4

COTTAGE No. 3

- (5) James C. Cox 12
- (2) Coolidge Green 10
- (4) Douglas Matthews 13
- (2) F. E. Mickle 7
- (16) William McRary 16
- (4) Warner Peach 10
- Fred Vereen
- Jerome Wiggins 12
- (3) Earl Weeks 14

COTTAGE No. 4

- William Cherry 5
- (8) Lewis Donaldson 13
- (3) James Hancock 11
- Hugh Kennedy 4
- Ivan Morrozoff 10

- Fred Pardon 7
- (6) Lloyd Pettus 15
- Henry Raby 9
- Robert Simpson 2
- Leo Ward 13
- (10) Melvin Walters 15
- Richard Wiggins 2
- (16) James Wilhite 16
- (2) Cecil Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Grady Allen 11
- (2) William Brothers 10
- J. C. Branton 4
- William Bardon 3
- Collett Cantor 5
- Lindsey Dunn 7
- A. C. Elmore
- J. C. Ennis 3
- Donald Holland
- (2) William Kirksey 10
- (3) Samuel Montgomery 5
- Richard Singletary 5
- Richard Starnes 5
- (5) Elmer Talbert 8
- Fred Tolbert 2
- (11) Hubert Walker 13
- Dewey Ware 14
- (6) Marvin Wilkins 11
- George Wright 9

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 10
- (5) Robert Bryson 13
- (4) Thomas Hamilton 10
- Ray Pitman
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 7
- (2) Canipe Shoe 4
- William Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 7

- (5) John H. Averitte 9
- (5) Carl Breece 13
- (2) John Deaton 9
- (3) James H. Davis 8
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 7
- (5) William Estes 14
- (5) George Green 11

- Raymond Hughes 2
 (5) Caleb Hill 13
 (3) Hugh Johnson 11
 (2) Robert Lawrence 8
 (2) Ernest Mobley 5
 (2) Jack Pyatt 8
 (2) Dewey Sisk 7
 (2) Graham Sykes 6
 (4) Joseph Wheeler 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- Clyde Hillard 4
 Edward J. Lucas 3
 Edward McCain 12
 (2) John Penninger 13
 (5) John Tolbert 9

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) J. T. Branch 7
 (2) Clifton Butler 4
 (2) James Butler 8
 Roy Butner 6
 Edgar Burnette 12
 Carrol Clark 10
 (2) James Coleman 11
 George Duncan 8
 (4) C. D. Grooms 4
 (4) Eugene Presnell 12
 (3) Lonnie Roberts 8
 (2) Earl Stamey 8
 (2) Preston Wilbourne 10
 (2) Thomas Wilson 14
 Horace Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 10

- (9) Elbert Head 12
 (5) J. D. Hildreth 10
 (7) Felix Littlejohn 9

COTTAGE No. 11

- (8) Harold Bryson 10
 Albert Goodman 8
 (16) Earl Hildreth 16
 (2) William Hudgins 6
 (3) Paul Mullis 7
 (11) Edward Murray 15
 (3) Donald Newman 6
 (11) Julius Stevens 15
 (8) Thomas Shaw 14

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Burl Allen 11
 Ben Cooper 5
 James Elders 11

- Max Eaker 12
 Joseph Hall 9
 (3) Charlton Henry 12
 Richard Honeycutt 5
 (2) Hubert Holloway 11
 S. E. Jones 5
 Clarence Mayton 11
 (5) James Reavis 10
 Howard Sanders 10
 (12) Avery Smith 14
 William Trantham 11
 George Tolson 6
 (3) Leonard Wood 11

COTTAGE No. 13

- (4) Arthur Ashley 5
 James Lane 2
 Jack Mathis
 Paul McGlammery 9
 Garland McPhail 3
 (8) Alexander Woody 15

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 9
 (14) Clyde Barnwell 15
 (2) Monte Beck 10
 (3) Delphus Dennis 14
 (2) Audie Farthing 12
 John Kirkman 11
 (3) Fred McGlammery 13
 (2) Troy Powell 10
 (3) Harold Thomas 8
 (2) Thomas Trantham 7
 (2) Jones Watson 11
 (5) Junior Woody 12
 (2) Eldred Watts 2

COTTAGE No. 15

- Clifton Davis 11
 Clarence Gates 9
 (2) Clarence Lingerfelt 11
 Claude Moose 5
 R. J. Pace
 Eulice Rogers 6
 (4) J. P. Sutton 4
 James Watson 8
 William Wood 5
 William Young 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) James Chavis 7
 (2) Filmore Oliver 11
 (2) Ross Young 12

MARCH 25 1939

THE UPLIFT

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No. 12

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J. N. C. Library

HERITAGE

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird's wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silvery radiance tender;
There's never a cloud that murks the sky
But crowns the sunset splendor.
There's never a robin but thrills some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing—
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

KYRIE ELEISON

Along the curb of Broadway's crowded street,
Beneath the gaudy signs and buildings high,
A stream of gay humanity goes by
With cold, unseeing eyes and rapid beat
Of hardened hearts and swiftly moving feet;
And there a crippled beggar crouches nigh,
And there a sad-faced woman with a sigh
Offers gardenias where women meet
In furs and gems before the matinee;
A ragged blind man taps his leaded cane
Past windows piled with shawls and tapestries.
The pleasure-seekers wend their restless way
Between the theatres and shops; in vain
The poor beg alms or bread, for no one sees.

—John D. M. Brown, Litt. D.

READY TO SERVE

There is not any picture to be found that creates greater interest and sympathy than an evidence of vigor and enthusiasm of the youth. To be explicit, will briefly state that bubbling youth invigorates, and energizes to the extent that older people forget their infirmities and afflictions. Therefore, it is right and proper that the powers of young manhood and girlhood,—spiritual, physical and mental,—be carefully guarded and directed, because the future of the country depends upon character building. Impossible not to know we are marching daily upon the feet of the young people. They are the leaders of the future.

Last week upon entering the Swink-Benson Trades Building we witnessed a picture of action motivated by the desire to be of ser-

vice. Several of our boys, of the teen age, some girding their belts, and others putting on their coats in a haphazard, way hustled out of the building, and greeted Assistant-Superintendent Fisher in their haste saying, "Ready". Quick as a flash these young boys, radiantly happy, were rushed off in an automobile on some mission.

"What is the occasion for all of this haste," we asked? The manager of the printing department said there was a very ill Jackson Training School boy at the Cabarrus Hospital, who needed a transfusion, and the boys volunteered to give of their blood for one of their comrades. The conclusion of the story as told was there is no trouble to get volunteers from the boys of the J. T. S. for this humane purpose.

This was a noble gesture upon the part of the so-called bad boy, and preformed in the finest spirit.

We have to admit that for a moment we stood speechless, and there was that indescribable something that brought tears. Perhaps some will say such an emotion was effeminite. We neither protest the accusation nor are we ashamed to drop a tear when our boys measure up to be true and ready to serve.

Yes, this institution has many noble young boys and every one is worth saving. They are not bad, but have never had their course in life charted properly. Give them a chance, the same as you would your own, and they will prove to be a hundred per cent good.

* * * * *

BOY SCOUT WORK INCREASES

The Boy Scouts celebrated their 29th anniversary last month, in a week's special program, which was observed throughout the nation.

We are advised by Scout authorities that there are 39, 750 Boy Scout Troops, Cub Packs and Sea Scouts, with 1,233,950 boys and men and that since the beginning of scouting in America 8,400,000 boys and men have been identified with the movement.

The Uplift is glad to congratulate the Boy Scouts upon their progress and to express the hope that the movement will grow in numbers throughout the nation. Scouting depends upon the volunteer work of responsible adults who serve as scoutmasters and troop

officials and, in our commendation, they deserve special recognition. The Boy Scout movement can be no stronger than the leaders of the boys in any given community. Unless there are unselfish adults, ready to serve as leaders, the scout work will inevitably falter. Considering the great appeal that scouting has to the average young American it seems reasonable to believe that there will be men everywhere to help the boys of America to be trained in the ways of Scoutcraft.

* * * * *

FREEDOM TO WORSHIP

The annual observance of Brotherhood Week was held the latter part of February and was sponsored with special programs by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and fell in an especially appropriate period.

It was just 150 years ago that the American States were ratifying the Constitution known as the Bill of Rights—our Magna Charta of religious liberty.

It is fitting today that Protestants, Catholics and Jewish leaders should urge 'a new study of the Bill of Rights and its implications for a free America.' A free America has its roots imbedded in the Bill of Rights and can survive only so long as we cherish the rights with which it has endowed all free men. The very first clause of the ten amendments is a testament of liberty, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

We have long taken this as a matter of course, and until recently it was natural to do so. But today we find that natural right challenged. Liberty-hating dogmas would deny to Protestants, Catholics and Jews, the right to worship as they deem best. It is proper that these groups should jointly urge a new study of the Bill of Rights, for a threat to the religious liberty of one faith has inevitably proved itself a threat to all faiths.

An attack on the right of any man to worship as he sees fit and proper is born of the spirit of tyranny which knows no surcease till it has destroyed the rights of all men to worship as they see fit and proper. Religious liberty is indivisible.

The measures which constitute America's precious Bill of Rights

meant it to be so. To abandon them is to abandon a free America. To keep them is to keep America strong and united in the face of all dangers.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

INSTITUTIONS OF GREAT SERVICE

One of the reasons that leads us to retain faith in the ultimate salvation of what we call the human race is the interest shown in the churches and schools of the United States.

Go into almost any community of this great republic and you will find that the people who count are interested in their church and school life. They actively engage in the support of education and they participate in the worship of their churches. Moreover, they give financial support to both institutions.

With the schools leading us toward a greater intelligence and with the churches giving us a vision of greater goodness, there is hope for the people of the nation. It will be a sad day when this ceases to be the truth.

Now, among those who read this article, there will be some who have shown very little interest in educational and religious activities. These people seldom stop to realize that most of what they have and much of what they are represents the product of the two institutions that they carelessly desert.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

THE PENALTY OF SUCCESS

It is likely that almost everyone is addicted to occasional "day dreaming," and probably the most popular dream of idle dreamers is that some day they will be successful business men; that their worries will be minimized; that they can just sit back and take life easy while the business carries on.

There has come now, however, a rude awakening. The successful business man has many more problems than most people suspect; with success his worries have increased rather than decreased, and life for him is anything but a bed of roses. The awakening comes in the form of an official report to the President on the subject of statistics, questionnaires and, in general, red tape.

In one year, the Central Statistical Board reports to the Chief

Executive, individuals and business concerns in the United States had to answer 135,000,000 questionnaires for various Federal agencies. (One concern alone had to fill out 141,000 forms).

Some sets of questions are even duplicated as many as four times, the Board found in its study. "For example," the report states, "a very large proportion of all employers are called upon four separate times to report the individual earnings of a substantial number of their employees during a given time." And the fact that an employer has answered the same questionnaire two or three times doesn't relieve him of the responsibility of answering a fourth one if some government agent asks for it.

If successful business men, then, have any time for day dreaming, it is likely that they dream of the day when being a success won't be such a complicated state.

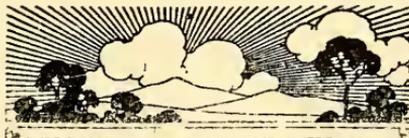
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FOR HIGHWAY SAFETY

The campaign for highway safety in the United States has produced encouraging results in the past few years but there is no reason for any one to suppose that the goal of safety has been attained.

The thousands who continue to die upon our highways attest the need of continued emphasis upon safety. The lesson should be presented continually and persistently in order that lives may be spared.

Once again we express the opinion that rigorous enforcement of traffic regulations, including careful issuance of drivers' licenses, will do much to remove the peril. No person should possess enough influence anywhere to escape prescribed punishment for traffic violations.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

RESOLVE

"If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

"If you were busy being good
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame the man
Who's doing just the best he can."

There is one place where good is said of a person, even after he is dead. Among the tombstones.

The prophet who says all Americans will be crazy in 1961, seems to have arrived ahead of his prediction.

Automobile drivers who "rush in where angels fear to tread," trying to save time, often lose time—and their lives as well.

People would understand the Bible better if they were better acquainted with it. Search the Scriptures, for in them are the issues of eternal life.

Don't you wish you were back in the good old days when the government was content to give away garden seeds instead of millions of dollars?

It is reported that a book is out saying that the real Hitler is dead. I know nothing about it, but have my doubts. If he is dead at all, he's dead wrong.

Secretary of the Interior Ickes says, "To go forward we must keep the wind in the sails." Guess that is the rea-

son there is so much talk by the politicians, and the near politicians.

Some people pride themselves on feeling older than they look. And others on looking older than they feel. Age is a matter of feeling. Let not the wrinkles on the face extend to the heart.

Most people like other persons because they know them, and many are disliked because they are not so well known. Trying to understand some folks is mighty like guessing at the direction of a snake-hole in the ground.

The courts reveal an amazing variety of idiosyncrasies of married couples seeking divorce. One story is of the woman who sued her husband for divorce, charging that he sold the kitchen stove to get money to buy drink. The man admitted the charge, but asked for leniency on the ground that his wife was such a poor house-keeper she didn't miss the stolen stove for two weeks.

Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, expects nine years of Relief. His city of New York puts a sales tax on her meal tickets, and purchases at the local stores. The Mayor "guesses" that the Government debt will reach more than 80 billion dollars. Isn't it a shame that New York City, the richest taxable spot in the nation, keeps its "hand out" for Government help? What an example!

If union labor doesn't agree about public policies and principles the chances are that one group is being favored, officially, at the expense of the other. That isn't in the country's interest. That's why there is so much public disapproval of CIO. It is perfectly obvious that all labor laws should be fair to all sides—equally so for workmen and employers. That is the reason existing laws, including labor laws, need constant and intelligent streaming.

The fresh young salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room to get his order, and he remarked:

"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl, and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there was I wouldn't go with you. I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs 300. Last week he pretty nearly ruined a \$25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

ASPIRATIONS

Not what we have, but what we long to hold
 Seems always fairest, always best;
 The sails unfurled at sea gleam whiter far
 Than those beside the shore at rest.

And morning mists that shroud the mountain side
 Are silver veils as we ascend—
 But drizzle of cold rain is what we find
 Ere we have reached our journey's end.

This restlessness, this spirit's discontent,
 This reaching out for something higher,
 This goad that will not leave us in the depths
 Is but the pulse of heart's desire.

For if so we were satisfied with gifts
 And fading dreams that each day gave
 With earth we'd be content, nor lift a hope
 To what God keeps beyond the grave.

—Sara Beaumont Kennedy.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES NORTH CAROLINA'S NEED

By Marion Brown, in Charlotte Observer

State aid for public libraries is more essential and vital to the progress of North Carolina than can be estimated in dollars and cents, and will prove to be a great advertisement to the state.

The public library has a motto "a book for every reader, and a reader for every book." But where there are libraries in North Carolina, there are not enough books to give adequate service within the borders.

When adequate state aid for the public libraries is granted by the North Carolina General Assembly, it will mean that everyone in North Carolina will have access to books and library service.

From the smallest child who borrows books from the public library to the eldest patron who anxiously scans the dusty road for the book-mobile, books and reading are a precious part of life.

From one library comes a story of two old ladies over seventy-five years of age, who have read over eighty books apiece from the county book station. They have a fair education, but because of lack of reading facilities they are both far behind in reading. They keep a record of the books they read, and they have read for the first time Jane Eyre, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, books by Dickens and many other classics. They are now having a contest to see which can read the most books, "before planting time."

In another section of the state is an old lady who all her life has want-

ed to travel, and reads every travel book in the library and tells the librarian often how much pleasure she gets out of this arm chair traveling. She often "brushes up on certain countries and has been able many times to help in locating certain subjects in travel books. She can't afford to go to the picture show, but often says she doesn't miss that kind of recreation as she has a 'ticket to most every country in the world!

"If the minds of the people of North Carolina are to go on the excursions that they want and need to go; if their minds are to receive the invigorating ideas that they want and need to receive, if they are really going to live in and enjoy the new world that is developing around about them, books, great books, and plenty of books must be made available to them and the public treasury—since the public will be the beneficiary—should foot the bill."

Reading is the most blessed relaxation afforded man. The reader may turn the pages of a book and follow the traveler from Boreno to Timbaku. He may visit hundreds of places and his imagination relive magic scenes. He may turn other pages and delve into history, art, science, medicine, music, and every known subject. He may follow man's thought from the first manuscript through pages 'hot' from the press.

This relaxation comes to the prosperous who has a private library; to the student at an accredited college; to the children through the school

library. But what of the average person who cannot afford a sufficient array of books, and yet has the will to read? The public library is his salvation!

There is a little old lady sitting with her crochet needle, day in and day out, who finds time to lay aside her livelihood long enough to read Anthony Adverse. This character could have stepped between the many pages of the books and been absorbed with equal interest by some other reader.

As this pert white haired custodian of a fancy work "shop" recalls the struggle of her many years, she never fails to bless the advent of the county bookmobile which regularly brings books to her shop.

Years ago she was left a widow with a brood of hungry mouths to feed. Her first forty years, she recalls, were spent over the black kitchen stove, tossing seed into rich moist ground back of the plowman, plucking tender beans from her garden before sun-up, and knarling her hands with the paring knife at fruit

harvest time, canning 'against' winter.

The years and her toil reared her family, who one by one drifted away from the old homestead. Erosion, decay and lack of funds crept into her scanty savings until acre by acre her land melted away, and the neighbors' fences encircled her once green fields. They encroached to a log tobacco barn, when she stood on tip toes and called a halt. She took her four poster bed, her hand loom spreads, her candlewick glass and walnut sugar chest and moved into the building which, strange to say, was warm and well built. Sympathetic friends came across corn rows and made the barn as comfortable as possible. They built her a small leanto porch, dug her a well, and 'turned' a small plot of ground for a flower garden. A few stones from her native soil were constructed into a fireplace, and iron andirons held her black steaming kettle.

Excuse the grammar, but what this country needs more than anything else is a re-establishedment of that place where charity begins at

UNSELFISHNESS

Unselfishness, even in its smallest acts and manifestations, costs some sacrifice. Work for others which costs us nothing is scarcely worth doing. It takes heart blood to heal hearts. It is those who sow in tears that shall reap in joy. Take easy work if you will, work that costs nothing; give only what you will not miss; spare yourself from self-denial and waste and sacrifice; but be not surprised if your hands are empty in the harvest time. We must give if we are to receive.

—J. R. Miller.

SOAP AND ITS MANUFACTURE

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

What a lot of romance there is in a small cake of soap! So many ingredients go into its composition and many branches of industry contribute to its manufacture. Animal fats, cocoanut oil, cotton seed oil, salt and perfume are among some of the important items. The animal fats come from the stockyards, the tropics contribute cocoanut oil, the cotton seed oil emanates from our own cotton fields in the south, and most of the perfumes are synthetic being the product of chemistry. Transportation facilities involved in these items include ox-drawn carts, rail, steamship and truck. Engineering, of course, contributes no mean part in the manufacture of machinery used in the production of soap.

The manufacture of soap is, of course, not a new industry, but the methods and machinery employed are naturally different from those which were in use in a soap factory some seventeen hundred years ago, the ruins of which were comparatively recently uncovered at Pompeii.

The earliest reference to soap, as distinctive from the word "sope" mentioned in the Bible, places its first manufacture with the Phoenicians. It is believed they taught the Gauls the art of soap production and they, in turn, passed the knowledge on to the Romans. They carried the manufacture of soap into Europe and it is claimed that in the fourteenth century Great Britain had at least one soap factory. Soap in those days, though, was something which only the rich could afford to purchase; it

was a luxury even among the fastidious.

The early pioneers in this country doubtless brought with them some knowledge of the processes involved in the making of soap. Homemade soap was made from a mechanical mixture of fat and alkali; the lye was extracted from wood ashes and was boiled up with fat remnants from the kitchen. In some farming communities today, in spite of the low cost of soap, much the same practice is indulged for the manufacture of laundry soap for home use.

Let us, though, go through a modern soap factory and we will be amazed at the processes involved and the care which is taken in the production of even the cheapest soaps.

First of all, let us, in imagination, proceed to the chemical laboratory for it is a very important part of the soap factory. There we will see that samples of all the raw materials are carefully analyzed before they are purchased, and there, too, the delivered products are again accurately checked to see that they compare favorably with the sample which was originally analyzed and which was the basis of the purchase. In another section of the laboratory we will see tests being made on the soap in the various stages of its manufacture to assure the production of a uniformly pure soap.

There are five methods of making soap in commercial factories. The one which is most generally employed consists of boiling the fats and alkalis together in large open boilers or kettles. These usually measure

about twenty-five feet in diameter and are forty feet deep and have a capacity of 325,000 pounds of finished soap. The kettles are charged or filled with the raw material, i.e., tallow, coconut oil usually combined with caustic soda. This is boiled by introduction of live steam introduced from steam pipes located in the bottom of the enormous kettles, and the boiling is not finished until the mixture is saponified or converted into soap. A reaction takes place between the acid (fat) in the solution and the alkali. The soap separates and ordinary salt is added which causes the spent lye and glycerine to sink to the bottom of the kettle, while curds of soap float on top. The spent lye and glycerine department where the latter is separated and the salt recovered for subsequent use in the kettles. The glycerine is distilled off in condensers under high pressure steam, and is delivered to the customer in tank cars, drums and tin cans.

The soap then contained in the kettles is next discharged into crutches for further mixing with water-softening ingredients. From there it is emptied into frames or containers having removable sides and a full capacity of about 1,400 pounds each when full. In cold weather the soap naturally sets more quickly than in summer, but when the mass is solid then the sides of the frames are removed and the soap is allowed to dry for three or four more days.

The next process involved in the manufacture of laundry and white floating soap consists of cutting the solidified soap with taut wires into slabs. These are then cut into longitudinal strips in one action and in another into traverse pieces the size

of the finished cake. The pieces are then stacked on racks and, as more surface is exposed, the soap is allowed to dry for a period in special driers in which steam coils create hot air which is circulated and blown between the stacked bars of soap until they are quite dry. They are then passed to a machine which stamps them with the brand name. From this operation the completed cakes are passed to automatic wrapping machines.

The preparation of all toilet soaps involves much the same procedure to the point where the soap solution is boiled, then the solution is pumped to driers, first passing over a cooling roll from which it come out in the form of ribbon. The ribbons of soap are then conveyed by belts, made of wire mesh, through a series of driers which reduce the moisture content from thirty per cent to between twelve per cent and fourteen per cent, depending on the particular grade of soap being manufactured. By the time this process is finished, though, the soap is usually broken up into chips. These are weighed off in chargers of 100 kilos in a semi-automatic weigh hopper. An overhead conveyer takes the chargers to mixers at which point perfume is introduced.

The development in the Dupont chemical laboratories of synthetic components for perfumes has been of major importance in the soap industry. Every soap on the market is perfumed, even the cheapest type of toilet soap. First and foremost of the long standing problems of soap perfumery has been the cost element. The use of a great number of natural perfume oils would make our modern soaps prohibitive from this view-

point. Until synthetic perfumes were developed, only such odors as lemon, lavender and bergamot, and a few orientals such as sandalwood, and honey, were used in soaps, and those were highly expensive. Now, however, the use of synthetic aromatics permits the inexpensive reproduction, in soap, of even the most expensive of the favorite new bouquet odors. And so it is that synthetic perfumes have found an important place in the manufacture of soap.

In the mixers, the soap chips and synthetic perfumes are mixed for about ten minutes when the well-perfumed chips are fed to a mill in which they are run over a series of six rolls. This action not only has a refining quality on the finished product but has a supplementary mixing value. From this point, the soap is gravity fed to pladders in each of which there is a large worm that compresses the soap and forces it out through nozzles. The finished product is then cut into bars, and from this into desired size of the finished cake. The cakes are then conveyed to the pressing or stamping machine which imprints or embosses the name of the product on each cake and when this operation is completed, the finished cakes are machine wrapped.

The familiar cakes of hotel soap are one half ounce bars and are about as small as could be made if a drying out and cracking of the soap is to be avoided.

Another form of soap, bead soap, is marketed. It is a finely divided form which goes into solution quickly and forms an easy rinsing medium. In the manufacture of bead soap, the melted soap is blown into porous beads and these are dried in large drying chambers, and are then automatically boxed and labelled.

And now that we are so accustomed to soap in our daily lives and activities, let us imagine having to be without it. We should feel lost. There would be nothing to "cut" grease and dirt on our hands and dishes; there would be no agent to cleanse the pores of our bodies and our skin would become clogged with dirt and grime; there would be no means of cleanly washing bed and table linens, curtains and all the countless things around the home. In fact there would soon be a hue and cry raised all over the land, wherever people were gathered together, for this product of the chemical laboratory about which we knew so little and yet use to much.

As Christmas is a time of giving, let us give ourselves to our King more and more. And most of all, do not leave Christ out of our Christmas.—Selected.

CORNWALLIS HOUSE TO BE COLONIAL DAMES HEADQUARTERS

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in Charlotte Observer

In March, 1871, General Cornwallis, commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Carolinas, claimed a victory at the battle of Guilford Courthouse. Back in England, his friends exclaimed with alarm, "Another such a victory would destroy the British army!"

With no supplies, with one-fourth of his army gone and his ablest officers dead or wounded, he could only rush for the shelter of the British garrison at Wilmington.

Arriving on April 7, he established headquarters in a commodious colonial residence at the southwest corner of Third and Market streets, which was built by John Burgwin, treasurer of the colony of Carolina from 1766 to 1771.

The North Carolina Society of the Colonial Dames of America recently purchased this historic house, to be used as state headquarters for the organization. Deeply conscious of the historic importance and artistic value of the ancient structure, the building committee and officers of the society are stressing the desire to preserve wherever possible the surviving early work and to replace and restore the original wherever changes have been made. The new purpose and modern use of the Cornwallis house will, by necessity, have a definite influence on the nature and extent of the restoration.

Mrs. R. A. Dunn, vice president of the North Carolina society, is a member of the restoration committee,

while the committee from Mecklinburg county is composed of Miss Julia Robertson, chairman: Mrs. W. H. Belk, Mrs. Louis Brown McCoy, Mrs. Charles Moody, and Mrs. John D. Shaw.

A survey of Wilmington, dated 1769, shows the town "gaol" at the southwest corner of Third and Market streets. The abstract of title recites that the property was sold by Thomas Clark to John Burgwin on April 2, 1771, for the sum of "one hundred and seventy-five pounds of English money." John Burgwin then built the original portion of the present house on the stone foundations of the old jail which was used as a dungeon, in which certain citizens who were held guilty of infraction of military laws were imprisoned by the British forces, as well as soldiers who were found guilty of violating military rules and discipline.

The first change of ownership of the house occurred in April, 1799, when the property was sold to Joshua Granger Wright, who had occupied the house during the Revolution. The deed to Judge Wright records a consideration of "3,500 Spanish Milled Dollars." The property remained in the Wright family until after the War Between the States, when it was sold to William McCrary in 1869. Upon his death, it became the property of his widow and upon her decease passed to Miss Rowe Wiggins. 1930, it was conveyed to the Wilmington Savings

and Trust company, as trustee which firm sold it to the Dames.

A study of the construction of the old house reveals that the present masonry structure was the first floor and cellar of an earlier building. The position of the windows and doors bears no relation to the arrangement of the symmetrically spaced openings in the upper floors. The dimensions of the jail cellar do not conform to the plan of the structure above. In the cellar, an arched brick foundation with a space of several inches between the brick work and exterior wall proves that the chimney was built independently and at a later time, when fireplaces were required in the construction of the house. A repeated lack of unity between the upper and lower floors confirms the belief that the house was built upon the walls of the old jail. Ruins of a heavy iron-barred window in the west wall show further evidence that the basement was designed for imprisonment.

The original plan of the house as built by John Burgwin was a plain rectangle, 25 by 52 feet, with two stories porches at the front and rear. The central stair hall with flanking rooms is characteristic of the period of 1750, both in England and the colonies. The entrance, featured by the richly detailed Palladian doorway with fluted Ionic pilasters side lights and transom, is approached from Market street. The present fluted Ionic porch columns are thought by the surveying architect to have replaced, at an early period, original square posts. They are, however, of such excellent design and well executed carving, it is recommended that they be repaired as Ionic columns

were used for porches as early as 1765.

Thomas Wright during his ownership added a large extension at the rear which will be retained for space requirements. He also added a law office with kitchen below, slave quarters and carriage house. It is proposed to restore these outbuildings to their original condition as they have artistic value and add great interest to the background of the house.

Few structure changes have been made within the residence itself. On the east side of the original house is a sitting room and bedroom, with two bedrooms above. The dining room is on the second floor above the parlor, which may seem singular until one recalls that in Colonial America, principal rooms were found upstairs, as at Stratford, the Pinckney House in Charleston and the Corbit House in Odessa, Delaware. The great distance from the outside kitchen was no obstacle in these days. A multitude of willing dusky feet—"the batter-cake express"—ran back and forth.

This beautiful dining room is one of the finer rooms of the earlier period. The chimney breast is richly embellished with a carved fireplace mantel and paneled overmantel. Fluted pilasters occur at the corners of the chimney and at the sides of the circular headed niches on the opposite walls. A single shelf of mahogany, built in each niche, was probably used for serving or display of service. A solid wood wainscot surrounds the room.

Many original doors, windows, mantels, woodwork, hardware, etc., which have been removed from the house will be restored. The original

painted woodwork colors will establish the color scheme of the rooms. Careful removal of many layers of paint reveals deep gray, blue, green, coffee, soft grays and buff, typical of the colors used in houses of the eighteenth century. The original wide board floors of native pine are in excellent condition and will be cleaned and waxed.

The plans for alteration, which in-

clude offices, committee rooms, public dining-room, hostess quarters, etc., make no substantial change in the house as it was during the time of Thomas Wright. On the first floor, the early portion will be restored and when appropriately furnished with period pieces can be used for exhibition as well as for meetings of the Society.

THE PERIL OF HOARDING

The story is told of a man who, knowing the value of water, lived in fear that the supply would become exhausted. He had a farm, and on the farm was a pond of water. Whenever he could do so he would turn every little stream into this pond. When the pond was full he was happy, and when it was getting low he was terribly worried. He would catch in tubs and barrels the rain water that would run from the roofs of his buildings and haul it to the pond. He begrudged the animals the water they would drink. He spent days bringing water and pouring it into the pond. When he was bringing an unusually large quantity one day, he slipped into the pond and drowned.

You say, "How foolish he was!" And all of us say the same thing. But are not many of us doing the same thing?

Here is a person who has set his heart on money. He wants money. He craves money. He would do anything to get money. Yes, but you say, "This is money and not water." True, but there have been times when rich men would have given all the wealth they had for a glass of refreshing water.

Listen to what Paul says about money drowning people: "But they that are minded to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition."—Young Folks.

START THEM RIGHT

By Dr. Charles Stelzle

There's a great difference of opinion as to whether the character of parents or the living conditions is the determining factor in the future life of children. The arguments on either side are equally convincing. The workers of America have come a long way in spite of their humble beginnings. Even those born in the tenements have risen to places of power and influence.

But it is quite likely that most of these had back of them the strong character inherited from their parents. On the other hand, many of the sons and daughters of the rich have failed because of a weak strain in their parents. When a child has to contend with both bad surroundings and weak parents, he is sure to have a pretty tough time, but even many such have finally won out.

The famous Jukes family consisted of a lazy, irresponsible fisherman and and five daughters. In five generations the known descendants numbered about 1,200 persons, of whom 310 were paupers, living in almshouses; 440 were physically wrecked by their own wickedness, more than one-half of the women were immoral; 130 were convicted criminals; 60 were were habitual thieves; 7 were murderers; and 200 died in infancy. Not one of them had even a common school education. Only 20 of them learned a trade, and 10 of them learned it in

the state prison. This family has cost the State of New York millions of dollars and the cost is still going on.

At about the time that Jukes, the fisherman, died, Jonathan Edwards—a humble New England preacher—left a large family. In 1900, as many as 1,394 of his descendants were identified. Of these, 13 were college presidents; 3 were United States senators; 6 college professors; 30 were judges; 100 were lawyers—many of them distinguished; 60 were physicians; 75 were officers in army and navy; 100 were clergymen, missionaries, etc.; 60 were prominent authors and writers; 295 were college graduates; 80 held public office.

One was a vice-president of the United States; several were governors of states, members of congress, mayors of cities, ministers to foreign courts. Fifteen railroads, many banks, insurance companies and large industrial enterprises have been indebted to their management.

Every man owes it to his children to give them a better chance than he enjoyed. He may not be rich enough to afford a college training for his children; he may not even give them a better home so far as luxuries are concerned; but he can help immensely in giving them healthy bodies and strong characters.

A neglected job doesn't hurt the job nearly so much as it hurts the one who neglects it.—Exchange.

THE TANGLED WEB

By Irene S. Woodcock

Is the letter upsetting, Nan?" Paula Avery had been watching her sister's face closely. Nan handed the letter to her without speaking and the younger girl scanned it eagerly.

"Then she'll be here tomorrow!" she exclaimed. "Poor dear. She mentions 'seeing us again,' as though she could." Tears were close to Paula's soft gray eyes. Nan nodded.

"And she'll discover how things are, and refuse—"

"No she won't!" cried Paula triumphantly. "You forget her eyes."

"You mean—she won't be able to see things?" asked Nan. "Well, how can we cover them up? Sightless people have extra acute senses."

"We can." Paula spoke with conviction. "This is how: We'll place her at the end of the table farthest from the kitchen, and spread that end with 'silver and fine linen. What there is left of it' she amended. "When we have stew for dinner, she shall have a cupful of clear soup strained from the stew, and a chop. Our salads and desserts will all be the same. And the other meals will take care of themselves, for no one expects much for breakfast or lunch."

Paula looked at her sister, much pleased with herself, and awaited Nan's commendation. It came rather grudgingly.

"That takes care of that part, she agreed finally. "But there are other considerations. The car, for instance. It's so shabby. And if

she wants to ride, there's the gas and oil."

"I know the rear end sags, but the front is much more comfortable anyhow, and easier to achieve," laughed Paula. "As for rides—" She paused and drew a deep breath. "If we have to buy gas, there's—"

"Not the nest egg!" cried Nan in horror. Paula shook her head.

"Not the nest egg, Nan dear. My coat money."

"You shan't." Nan was emphatic. "You shall not take the money you have been saving so hard to buy a winter coat, for gasoline to jaunt Aunt Isabel around the country."

"It's quite settled." Paula turned away. "Perhaps she doesn't like to ride; but most people do, especially poor old souls like auntie who have been shut up within four walls for so long. What is a little extra sacrifice if it will make someone happy?"

"But isn't it deceitful?" queried Nan. Paula stopped to consider.

"No," she declared finally. "When we deceive, we do it for some advantage to ourselves, try to gain in some way. This is a deceit of love. I can't see any harm in it."

"We'll see what John thinks," returned Nan, still troubled. "Meanwhile, I'll clean the silver and get out what remains of our best table linen. Fortunately, we have all that is necessary in the line of bedding. And if our chairs are decrepit, they're antiques anyhow, so that will explain any weakness on their part." Nan sighed. "I still don't like it," she declared, "but we'll

see what John thinks. And there's Billy to reckon with. He's so apt to 'let the cat out of the bag.'"

"Billy will be sufficiently warned," declared Paula. "And now I must rush."

She was off, while Nan returned to the routine of housework.

The four Averys lived in the old Avery homestead just as they always had. When their father had been suddenly stricken two years before, they held counsel and decided to remain just where they were. There was no mortgage. John was in his last year at college, and if he could secure a position upon his graduation, their father's small insurance would meanwhile carry them along. It did, and John was fortunate in obtaining a position as draughtman in one of the large manufactories in town.

Nan, next to John in age, had remained at home upon her graduation from high school, which preceded her father's death by only a few months, since, beside beautiful memories, he had left little except the house and the small life insurance. Paula, to whom a college career was now out of the question, had taken a stenographic course and was employed as secretary in a law office. Billy, the youngest, was twelve, and he and Paula supplied the life in a household which otherwise might have proven too prosaic.

While neither John's nor Paula's salary was overlarge, Nan's good management and the determination of the four to hang together and keep their home, had so far enabled them to manage. The only difficulty had been the part Aunt Isabel

played in the scheme of things. Aunt Isabel, their great aunt, had brought father up, for which they were eternally grateful. She lived in a distant city where for years, she had kept her own home, refusing to break up and live with the Averys. However, four years previously, failing eyesight had necessitated a companion. And this her income was insufficient to afford. Her nephew, however, wrote at once for fifty dollars was dispatched each that he would make up the deficiency; and thereafter, a check month to Aunt Isabel, who accepted it gratefully, not realizing that it was a strain almost beyond his modest means.

After his passing, the Averys had continued the check. Aunt Isabel must never know, they decided, that there really wasn't enough money in the family to continue it. Subtle hints that she break up her home and join them, went unanswered. Aunt Isabel had always declared she liked her independence, not realizing that she was now dependent upon her great nephews and nieces for something they could not well afford. And now had come this letter, written evidently by some friend or neighbor, that, as Miss Baker, her companion, had died suddenly, she was taking this opportunity to make the Averys a visit until she could decide upon other plans for the future.

It was years since she had visited them. The last time, just after their mother had passed away, their father's business had been prosperous and no one thought in terms of dollars and cents. If she arrived and realized just how things were,

Nan and Paula decided, she would no longer accept the check. And what would she do, since her home was her haven, and now that she was sightless, she could not live there alone? That was the problem she had caused by her sudden announcement. And also the cause of Paula's decision to cover up any signs of poverty and allow her to believe that things were as they had been upon her last visit.

"When John returned home that night, he shook his head doubtfully as Paula laid her plans before him.

"Why wouldn't it be better to let her in on the whole thing?" he asked. "I don't like deceit, and it isn't good for Billy. If we're frank and open, I think we can convince Auntie that everything is all right. About the check, I mean."

Paula shook her bright young head.

"You've forgotten the Averys pride," she declared. "Aunt Isabel would positively refuse to take another cent if she understood conditions. And at her age, it might break her heart to give up her own home. If she felt so strongly about it while father was alive, she'd feel even more so now."

"Maybe you're right," he returned. "But I know that honesty is the best policy. Any deceit is only a tangled web. Well, do the best you can," he finished finally, after Paula had used every argument at her command. "But be sure to warn Billy. He's apt to let the cat out most unexpectedly." And so the matter was settled.

Aunt Isabel arrived the following day, Paula meeting her at the train. When she alighted, Paula felt a

great rush of love and sympathy and her young arms went tenderly about the slight little figure.

"We're so glad you could come, Auntie," she exclaimed, and led her carefully to the car, warning of a step here or an uneven spot there. They drove home slowly, Paula chattering gaily as they rode.

When they reached the house, Nan ran out to meet them and she, too, was touched at sight of the little old lady whose sightless eyes were covered by a pair of thick lenses. Led to her room, Aunt Isabel drew a deep breath.

"Such a lovely room," she declared. "I mean it has the feeling of home. You are very sweet to make an old lady so welcome."

Nan had a chicken dinner that night and Aunt Isabel sat at one end of the table, where, according to Paula's plans, her place was covered with fine linen and her silver was the best the house afforded. She had a quaint charm and kept them all interested as she recounted the things they loved best to hear, Anecdotes about their father when he was a small boy or growing into manhood. Billy, especially, hung on to every word. Although he never mentioned it, his father's memory glowed warm and bright in his heart, and the fact that Aunt Isabel had taken care of him when he was his age, bound him to her by a close tie.

Everything went according to schedule. Aunt Isabel did like to ride, and in the evenings and on Saturday afternoon, Paula drove her far into the country, finding untold pleasure in her happiness.

"You are all so kind to me," she

exclaimed, as they rode along. "I feel, well, very guilty. I really should—"

Paula interrupted with a gay laugh.

"You guilty, Auntie? Anyone who did as good piece of work as you did, bringing up father, has no need to feel any way but glorious—or glorified. You did a grand job. You belong to us, you know." And you are old and sightless, Paula might have added. But instead she only laid one hand gently on Aunt Isabel's knee.

The old lady smiled faintly. If she had intended saying anything more, she had decided to leave it unsaid.

She had been a guest for nearly two weeks when one afternoon, one of Nan's friends dropped in to invite her to a luncheon. Having no telephone, the Averys depended on what Paula called "word of mouth askings." Nan hesitated. She had been nowhere for some time and the prospect was alluring. Refusal was on her tongue when Aunt Isabel who was present, spoke up to her.

"Of course she'll go. As though I couldn't look after myself for a few hours. Besides, Billy has a holiday then and will be here to eat with me. We'll manage." So, in spite of protest from Nan, it was decided for her. Before leaving, on the day of the luncheon, however, she called Billy to one side.

"There's cold chicken for Aunt Isabel," she said. "And I'll leave the hash from last night on the back of the stove, so you'll just have to push it to the front to heat. I've cut bread and there's pudding for dessert. And remember, Billy, Aunt Isabel mustn't know about the hash."

"Sure thing. I won't let the cat out of the bag," returned Billy. "But I must say it isn't playing the game fair and square. I don't feel like I'm honest any more, Nan. But do I have to wash the dishes?" He changed the subject quickly at sight of Nan's face. She didn't like this deceit either, he thought, but, once having started it felt she must carry on.

"Well, you might wash them," Nan replied. "But don't break any. Especially auntie's. They're our best china."

She departed at the last minute, feeling that all might be well if Billy did not inadvertently make some error. But by half past twelve he had finished his part in the preparation of his and Aunt Isabel's lunch and, drawing up her chair, carefully led her to it just as John always did. Having served her from the platter of cold chicken, he piled his own plate high with hash which he attacked hungrily.

"My, this hash is good," he suddenly exclaimed. "Nan surely knows how to make it taste almost as good as chicken."

Aunt Isabel laid down her fork.

"Did you say 'hash,' Billy she asked. "Then you arn't eating chicken?"

Billy's face was a study. His heart seemed to sink to his boots. He had indeed "let the cat out of the bag" as they had all feared he might.

"Well, you see," he temporized, "I'm very fond of hash. And I get so hungry I could almost eat a whole chicken myself. So that would be pretty expensive, wouldn't it?" He swallowed hard hoping he had covered up his error. But Aunt Isabel, apparently, was not to be misled.

"Is there any more hash?" she asked quietly. "I like it, too. Even better, today, than this chicken."

"Yes, Aunt Isabel, there's lot's more." He reached for her plate, but, unexpectedly, she seized his arm.

"Billy," she ordered, "tell me all about this. Have you and the others, been eating—hash—all this time and feeding me on chicken and chops?"

Billy fidgeted. He had betrayed his family. He was in a dilemma from which there was no way out. He could not lie. But he had undone, with a few careless words, the whole structure on which they had so carefully built ever since Aunt Isabel arrived. Tears were close to his eyes. A lump filled his throat. But he stood his ground manfully.

"It's this way, Auntie," he said finally, swallowing hard. "We all love you. And we want you to have all we can give you, because—" He hesitated a moment, then laid gentle fingers across her eyes. "So we all decided that you mustn't know we haven't very much money or you wouldn't let us keep on helping. That's all. It's just because we love you and you were so good to father," he reaffirmed, his voice rising with emotion. "And you won't give me away, will you? You'll let everything be just as it was before."

Aunt Isabel reached out and drew him to her.

"No, Billy, I won't give you away," she said softly. "And now, listen. I have a secret to tell you." She whispered something into his ear that caused him to pull away from the encircling arm.

"Honestly?" he gasped. "Oh. Aunt

Isabel, hooray! And now, do you still want some hash?"

"I do," she returned. "A good heaping plateful, if there is that much. And you may have my chicken."

Paula returned early to find her aunt alone. She had sent Billy out to play, she explained, and as it was such a lovely day perhaps Paula would take her for a short ride. Paula stifled a sigh. It had been a hard day at the office; moreover, her coat money was fast disappearing. "First the buttons, then the lining, and now the outside," she thought. Then she smiled wryly. It had been her own suggestion. And a sacrifice wasn't worthy the name if it wasn't performed cheerfully. But when they had started, Aunt Isabel asked to be driven to town. She wanted, she declared, to be driven to the telephone office.

Arrived there, Paula helped her from the car and accompanied her inside, keeping discreetly out of earshot while the old lady made what arrangements she had come for. Suddenly she called to her niece.

"If you will just sign that," she said as the clerk pushed a paper across to her. Paula stepped forward in amazement.

"But Aunt Isabel," she began, "we can't—I mean we mustn't—" But Aunt Isabel was deaf to her expostulations.

"Just sign your name, my dear," she said tranquilly. "I've felt you needed a telephone ever since my arrival. It's unnecessary for Nan to go to market rain or shine, when a telephone will do the work for her. And unnecessary, also for her friends to have to stop in order to invite her to their homes."

Paula signed, thinking that they would have the telephone removed when Aunt Isabel left, and wondering how dependent old ladies could be so high-handed with other peoples' finances. When they left the office, her aunt again took command, asking to be driven to market where she ordered not only a turkey, but so many delicacies that Paula was sure she had lost her mind.

"We can't pay for all this," she thought desperately. But it was impossible to create a scene. Only—that telephone! That monthly bill! The market order! and Nan's budget already stretched to the breaking point. The whole plan had been wrong, she decided. There must be a show-down. After all, any kind of deceit was only a tangled web. This web must now be unravelled. Tonight. She'd do the unravelling herself, after dinner, since the whole conceit was her own plan.

Paula was unusually silent during dinner, but no one noticed. Fortunately, the market order had not yet been delivered, so Nan talked of her pleasant day, and John discussed matters in general and Billy seemed bursting, as usual, with life. When the meal was over, John rose to lead Aunt Isabel to the living room, but she waved him away.

"Not yet," she said. "The time has come to discuss some matters which have been on my mind ever since I arrived. John," turning to him, "why don't you have a new car?" Then, not waiting for his reply, she continued, "I believe I know the reason. And, tomorrow being Saturday, I want you to go downtown with me while you choose a car a little less like a tank. Even

at my age, I don't feel respectable riding about in that one."

Nan looked from John to Paula, then back to Aunt Isabel. She was crazy. Positively crazy. But Paula almost laughed aloud. "She doesn't know the half," she thought. For tonight she herself was going to let the cat out and face the world squarely once more. Meanwhile, Aunt Isabel had turned to her.

"Why, Paula," she queried, "don't you get yourself a new coat? Yours is even shabbier than the car."

Paula gasped. How did Aunt Isabel know so much? How did she know how the car looked and how badly she needed a coat? She faced her aunt with a determined air.

"If you want to know, Auntie," she stated calmly, "I haven't the money for a new coat, nor John for a car. Please understand this. We love you here. We want you to stay. If you decide to return home, we want you to have another companion. But there isn't quite money enough for everything, so we just economize a little here and there, and love doing it because it's for someone we love more than we do ourselves."

There. The cat was out. And now following a short hushed silence which Aunt Isabel broke.

"Good," she exclaimed. "I like that. It's honest, and none of us have been honest during this visit. When Paula met me at the train, I was prepared to tell her some great news. But she was so sympathetic it was hard, so I decided to announce it at dinner that night. Then, arriving here, it seemed impossible. You were all covering up, so freely and generously, the fact that you are under a great strain because of me,

to tell you then seemed little short of ingratitude. Tomorrow, I told myself, would be better. But as each day passed I found it increasingly hard. It seemed almost as though I had been spying on your secrets. Now, however, the time has come to wipe the slate clean as honestly as Paula has done.

"Miss Baker, my companion, was left a considerable amount of money shortly after she came to live with me; but we had become so attached, that she stayed on. I insisted, however, that she take her monthly wages. Then, two months ago, she passed away, leaving everything to me. I did not bother you at the time knowing none of you could come to me. But my first move was to go to a hospital and have the cataracts, which were the cause of my sightlessness, removed. One eye is excellent, the other one is slowly gaining.

"But beside my own inheritance, Miss Baker placed her salary for the four years, in a separate account in my name. That is rightfully yours. It was all a tangled web," she con-

cluded, "but thanks to hash," and she smiled at Billy, "it has unwound nicely. And now, in conclusion, I intend to do for you as you have so generously and unselfishly done for me. So you need have no further worries. I shall soon return home, and shall have enough and to spare, for all my needs. And now scatter, children. You will want to talk this over, I know. Billy and I will do the dishes." Her arm about his shoulder, she led the way to the kitchen. "About a bicycle, Billy," she said, "shall it be red or blue?"

He threw his strong young arms about her.

"I'll like either color fine, Auntie," he cried. "But oh! I feel good. No more deceit and tangled webs and hiding things. Honestly, I felt terrible."

"We all did," returned Aunt Isabel. She reached for the dishpan. "It took me a good many years to learn that even a deceit of love becomes a tangle which doesn't always unravel as easily as this one has. Now, Billy, which color bicycle, red or blue?"

UTILIZING BOY-ENERGY

"Recreation" tells of one method of utilizing boy-energy. By harnessing one of boyhood's strongest fascinations, the Junior Fire Fighters Club of America was organized a few years ago and today is country-wide. Club are started in school and playgrounds. In Akron, O., firemen teach fire-prevention courses in the schools.

Each Junior Fire Fighter signs a pledge to keep his home and playground free from rubbish and fire hazards. Junior Fire Marshal badges are awarded after the youngster passes ten-question examination at the fire-house.—News-Herald

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. J. M. Scarboro and his group of boys recently installed wood-burning heaters in our brooder house, which contains four compartments and can take care of about two thousand baby chicks.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have found that the coming of Spring means a lot of extra work. Just now they are busily engaged in repairing and replacing screen doors and windows at all the cottages at the School.

Mr. J. E. Moore, of the fire companies adjustment bureau, headquarters in Charlotte, visited the School last Tuesday for the purpose of investigating and adjusting damages from a small fire in one of our school rooms last week.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been critically ill at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for the past six weeks, suffering from blood poisoning, was reported as being a little better the other day. This lad has been making a wonderful fight for his life and we earnestly hope the battle will be successful.

Mrs. George H. Richmond and Mrs. R. L. Trout, of Concord, and a group of ladies, members of one of the King's

Daughters Circles, of Kannapolis, recently donated a number of fine magazines for the use of our boys. In this assortment were found *The American*, *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, *Time* and many other leading publications. We are deeply grateful to these good ladies for their kindly interest in the lads at the School.

With the coming of some real Spring weather our farm manager reports considerable activity on farm and in the gardens. Some of the forces have started planting Irish potatoes the various patches amounting to about ten acres. Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been spending the past week planting beets, radishes, salsify, carrots and many other early Spring vegetables. We are also receiving a bountiful supply of Spring onions and spinach, generous portions being delivered to the various cottage kitchens almost daily.

Mr. W. H. Haliburton, traffic manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Charlotte, made a very nice donation to our library last Monday, giving two large, beautifully bound volumes entitled "Forward March," telling the story of America's part in the World War in pictures. As all boys are fond of pictures, we feel safe in saying these books will soon be listed among the most popular ones in the library. Mr. Haliburton could not have made a selection more appealing

to the boys, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation of his kind thought of them.

Barney Watson, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School about three years ago, called on us the other day. When he first returned to his home, Barney was employed in a dairy for about nine months. He then secured part-time employment in a cotton mill and worked in a dairy in spare time, this arrangement lasting about one year. For the past four months he has been working at the Clear Springs Dairy, near Concord. He informed us that he soon expects to leave there and return to his home in Leaksville, where he will be employed by the Meadow Dairy Company as a bottler and butter maker. Barney stated that the only reason for changing positions is that his new work will enable him to live at home and he will receive just a few dollars increase in salary.

There is an old familiar saying that everything comes to those who wait. While we are not subscribers to this doctrine, we have been waiting for some time for the machinery in our textile unit, sponsored by the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association, to start production. Just last Monday our hopes were realized and we had the pleasure of witnessing the first yardage of shirt material come from the looms. All of the looms are not yet in operation, but the workers in charge of the installation of the machines were anxious to show some products, so one loom was started running. There will be four more in

operation in the next few weeks.

The quality of the cloth woven is fine and when everything gets to running smoothly, the boys at the Training School will have an opportunity to wear good shirts made from cloth woven right here on the grounds. By the time another year rolls around, we shall be able to say that the cotton was grown on our farm; made into cloth in our textile plant; the shirts will be made in the sewing room, issued to the boys and worn out right at the place whence they started.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 9: 1-12, and his talk to the boys was on Paul's conversion.

At the beginning of his remarks he stated that Paul's experience was one of the most wonderful that man has ever known. Saul, as he was first named, was an educated man, but from his early life we see that brilliance and intelligence are not always a power for good. Here was an highly educated man engaged in the business of persecuting Christian people, putting them to death and in prison. In the freedom we know in our own United States, it is rather hard for us to understand how folks can be persecuted for worshipping God, but in this wonderful Bible story we learn of it being done by some of the so-called best people of their time. Saul, a man of unusual ability, was helping to make life miserable for Christians.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then told how this man, Saul, on the road to Damascus, at the time of day when the sun

was brightest, was stricken blind by a still greater light from heaven. As he fell to earth he cried "Who art thou, Lord." At that particular time Saul was almost ready to learn something of God. In reply to his question a voice answered "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." He was then told where to go and his friends led him to the village of Damascus. He went to the place where he was directed to go and spent three days in darkness. Here we see one who was once an enemy of the Lord, blind for three days, spending his time thinking and praying. His life at that moment was in the process of being changed.

The speaker then told what a wonderful thing it was to be able to talk to God in prayer. Saul was caused to realize that. He was in trouble. Something had stopped him in persecuting Christians. A power stronger than any he had ever known had halted him in his wickedness. In the little house in Damascus we see him as a poor, groping blind creature.

Realizing the futility of trying to work against God, he prayed that he might be delivered from his trouble. He saw that he had been doing the wrong thing and was willing to let God show him the right path to travel. Finally the scales fell from his eyes and he was able to see again. From that moment he forsook his evil ways and became one of the world's greatest Christian men, enduring all kinds of hardships as he journeyed many miles preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In conclusion the speaker stated that from the beginning of time we find that people, in some way, have prayed to God. Just as eating proper food and taking exercise is essential to the growth of our physical bodies, prayer and the study of God's word are necessary for the well-being of our spiritual bodies. He urged the boys to take time from their daily tasks and games to have a little word of prayer with God, asking Him to guide their footsteps as they journey along the great highway of life.

SAFETY BOOMS IN SWEDEN

The "Drunk-in-charge-of-Car" law, active in Sweden for the past three months, has been reported in London newspapers to have reduced traffic accidents by thirty per cent.

To be convicted under this law means one month's imprisonment without the alternative of fine and irrespective to the social or official status of the defendant. The "prisoner," however, receives time in which he can meditate—he may serve his sentence for any month within a half year.

This arrangement, the framers of the law explained, is to prevent the condemned from losing his job, and to make business and family arrangements for the inevitable incarceration. There is no appeal, and, so far, no pardon has been recorded.

Another result of the law is the fact that a Stockholm firm advertises chauffeurs who are guaranteed to be confirmed teetotalers.—United Signal.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending March 19, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (4) William Cantor 5
Clyde Gray 14
- (5) Gilbert Hogan 15
- (5) Leon Hollifield 16
- (5) Edward Johnson 16
James Kissiah 13
- (4) Edward Lucas 14
- (5) Robert Maples 14
C. L. Snuggs 11

COTTAGE No. 1

- Rex Allred 13
- (2) William G. Bryant 8
- (3) Henry Cowan 13
Porter Holder 9
- (2) H. C. Pope 12
Howard Roberts 9
Jerry Smith
- (2) Lee Watkins 8
- (2) Everett Watts 2

COTTAGE No. 2

- (3) John T. Capps 7
- (4) Clifton Mabry 9
Fernie Medlin 7
- (2) Donald McFee 4
- (4) Nick Rochester 12

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 10
James Boone 4
- (6) James C. Cox 13
- (3) Coolidge Green 11
- (3) F. E. Mickle 8
- (17) William McRary 17
- (5) Warner Peach 11
Harrison Stilwell 4
- (4) Earl Weeks 15
- (2) Fred Vereen 2
- (2) Jerome Wiggins 13

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 7
- (4) James Hancock 12
J. W. McRorrie 8
- (7) Lloyd Pettus 16
- (2) Henry Raby 10

- (11) Melvin Walters 16
- (2) Richard Wiggins 3
- (17) James Wilhite 17
- (3) Cecil Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Grady Allen 12
Theodore Bowles
- (3) William Brothers 11
- (2) J. C. Branton 5
- (2) William Barden 4
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 8
- (2) Donald Holland 2
- (3) William Kirksey 11
William Nichols
Eugene Smith 4
- (2) Richard Singletary 6
- (2) Richard Starnes 6
- (6) Elmer Talbert 9
- (2) Fred Tolbert 3
- (12) Hubert Walker 14
- (2) Dewey Ware 15
- (7) Marvin Wilkins 12

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 11
- (6) Robert Bryson 14
Eugene Ballew 2
Fletcher Castlebury 9
Martin Crump 6
Columbus Hamilton 5
Leo Hamilton 5
- (5) Thomas Hamilton 11
Leonard Jacobs 4
- (3) Spencer Lane 8
Charles McCoy 4
Rap Pitman 2
- (3) Canipe Shoe 5
George Wilhite 5
- (2) William Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- (6) John H. Averitte 10
William Beach 10
Cleasper Beasley 6
- (6) Carl Breece 14
- (3) John Deaton 10
- (4) James H. Davis 9

- (4) Donald Earnhardt 8
- (6) William Estes 15
- (2) Raymond Hughes 3
- Robert Hampton 6
- (6) Caleb Hill 14
- (4) Hugh Johnson 12
- Lyman Johnson 5
- Elmer Maples 7
- (3) Dewey Sisk 8
- (5) Joseph Wheeler 8
- Alexander Weathers

COTTAGE No. 8

- Clifton Brewer
- Floyd Crabtree
- J. B. Devlin 13
- (2) Clyde Hillard 5
- Lonnie Holleman 3
- Wilfred Land
- (2) Edward J. Lucas 4
- (2) Edward McCain 13
- Cicero Outlaw 9
- (3) John Penninger 14
- Charles Presnell 5
- (6) John Tolbert 10
- Charles Taylor 10
- Walker Warr 4

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 3
- Clarence Baker 5
- (3) J. T. Branch 8
- (3) James Butler 9
- (2) Roy Butner 7
- James Bunnell 6
- (2) Edgar Burnette 13
- (3) James Coleman 12
- (2) George Duncan 9
- Frank Glover 8
- C. D. Grooms 5
- Wilbur Hardin 10
- Osper Howell 7
- Mark Jones 8
- Alfred Lamb 3
- (5) Eugene Presnell 13
- Thomas Sands 8
- Cleveland Suggs 9

COTTAGE No. 10

- (10) Elbert Head 13
- (8) Felix Littlejohn 10
- Torrence Ware 3

COTTAGE No. 11

- (9) Harold Bryson 11
- William Furches 2
- (2) Albert Goodman 9
- (17) Earl Hildreth 17

- (3) William Hudgins 7
- (4) Paul Mullis 13
- (12) Edward Murray 16
- Calvin McCoyle 7
- (4) Donald Newman 7
- Theodore Rector 6
- (12) Julius Stevens 16
- (9) Thomas Shaw 15

COTTAGE No. 12

- Allard Brantley 11
- (2) Ben Cooper 6
- (2) James Elders 12
- (4) Charlton Henry 13
- (13) Avery Smith 15
- (2) William Trantham 12
- (4) Leonard Wood 12
- J. R. Whitman 9
- Hubert Holloway 12

COTTAGE No. 13

- (5) Arthur Ashley 6
- Dean Dillon 2
- William Goins 2
- William Griffin 13
- James V. Harvel 16
- Isaac Hendren 10
- Douglas Mabry 11
- (2) Paul McGlammery 10
- (2) Garland McPhail 4
- Joseph White 3
- (9) Alexander Woody 16

COTTAGE No. 14

- Claude Ashe 13
- (2) Raymond Andrews 10
- (15) Clyde Barnwell 16
- (3) Monte Beck 11
- (4) Delphus Dennis 15
- John Ham 8
- David Hensley 6
- James Kirk 16
- Feldman Lane 7
- (4) Fred McGlammery 14
- (3) Troy Powell 11
- John Robbins 10
- (4) Harold Thomas 9
- (3) Thomas Trantham 8
- Garfield Walker 7
- (3) Jones Watson 12

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Clarence Gates 10
- Albert Hayes 8
- Beamon Heath 16
- Dallas Holder 6
- Hoyt Hollifield 7
- (3) Clarence Lingerfelt 12

- R. J. Pace 2
 (5) J. P. Sutton 5
 (2) James Watson 9
 David Williams
 (2) William Young 6

- INDIAN COTTAGE
 (3) James Chavis 8
 Reefer Cummings 10
 Thomas Oxendine 10
 Curley Smith 11
 (3) Ross Young 13

A MAN'S PRAYER

Let me live, O Mighty Master,
 Such a life as man should know,
 Testing triumph and disaster,
 Joy—and not too much of woe.
 Let me run the gamut over;
 Let me fight and love and laugh,
 And when I'm beneath the clover,
 Let this be my epitaph:—
 "Here lies one who took his chances
 In the busy world of men.
 Battled luck and circumstances,
 Fought and fell and fought again.
 Won sometimes, but no crowing,
 Lost sometimes, but did not wail.
 Took his beating, kept on going,
 Never let his courage fail.
 He was fallible and human,
 Therefore loved and understood
 Both his fellowmen and women,
 Whether good or not so good,
 Kept his spirits undiminished;
 Never false to any friend;
 Played the game until it finished;
 Lived a sportsman to the end."

—Author Unknown.

THE UPLIFT

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No. 13

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KEEPING AHEAD OF SELF

Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves. To break our own record, to outstrip our yesterdays by todays, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could, to whip the temper inside and out as we never whipped him before, to give as we never have given, to do our work with more force and a finer finish than ever—this is the true idea—to get ahead of ourselves.

—Sunshine Magazine.

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A BISHOP'S EXAMPLE

It is written in the stirring annals of the Melanesian Mission of a native boy whom Bishop John Selwyn had in training at Norfolk Island. He had been brought from one of the most barbarous of the South Sea peoples, and did not promise particularly well. One day Bishop Selwyn had occasion to rebuke him for his stubborn and refractory behavior. The boy instantly flew into a passion and struck the Bishop a cruel blow in the face. It was an unheard-of incident. The Bishop said nothing, but turned and walked quietly away. The conduct of the lad continued to be most recalcitrant, and he was at last returned to his own island as incorrigible. There he soon relapsed into all the debasements of a savage and cannibal people.

Many years afterward a missionary on that island was summoned post haste to visit a sick man. It proved to be Dr. Selwyn's old student. He was dying and desired Christian baptism. The missionary asked him by what name he would like to be known. "Call me John Selwyn," the dying man replied, "because he taught me what Christ was like when I struck him."

—Watchman-Examiner.

THE CHILD—THE GOAL

From a most pleasing paper that carries articles of humanitarian interest we take this excerpt captioned, "The Key Men", better known as school trustees who have entrusted to them the supervision of our educational system to a certain extent. The most important factor in the school here emphasized is the child, first and last:

"School trustees, being the keepers of the public purse, must not allow themselves to be swept off their feet by popular clamor. They must not yield to any hysterical demand for a reduced budget if such reduction means an impairment of the educational advantage for the pupils. Here they must use good judgment and discrimina-

tion. Ornate buildings, flashy auditoriums and costly gymnasiums may be dispensed with temporarily, but the educational service of the children must not be drastically cut down. There is only one really important factor in a school system and that is—the pupils. All else is subordinate to the service to them.

“And this brings us to the second crisis—the administrative. The sole purpose of an educational system is the education of the children. For that purpose taxes are collected, business departments maintained, buildings erected, faculties organized, and schools operated. And all these functions are justified only as they are coordinated to serve this great objective.”

* * * * *

ENDORISING THE HEALTH PROGRAM

While we are not prepared to give any whole-hearted endorsement to the details of the proposed national health program, especially since the details are not known to us, we feel that the people of this country are united in a determination that the great mass of the population, including the unfortunate of every description, should have better medical care.

To say this is not with any intention of criticising the medical profession, which has its problems. However, the advanced treatment of modern scientific research is not available to men, women and children in this land for one reason or another and, as a consequence, there are deaths every day that could be prevented.

So far as the general purpose of the health program is concerned it has the support of most Americans. There may be details that must be tried out and corrected upon the basis of experience but, in the long run, the nation will greatly benefit from the expenditure of any reasonable sums, however large, upon preventing illness and curing the diseased.

* * * * *

EASTER SEAL SALE

The “Easter Seal Sale” is doubtless a new project to many, but a most worthwhile one, having a purpose very similar to that of the “T. B. Seal Sale” during the Christmas season, and the story of the T. B. Seal is familiar to every one.

The Easter Seal Sale is sponsored by the North Carolina League for Crippled Children, the proceeds of the sale is used to bring back to normalcy the twisted bodies and limbs of children so afflicted. Nothing carries such an appeal as the cry of childhood.

The Easter Seal Sale is directed by the welfare department of the respective counties. The welfare department of this county has been active in perfecting units in Concord-Kannapolis for the sale of the seals. These two bustling cities will put over the sale of the seals in fine style. The citizenship of the two cities has responded to the call, have organized and will work for this humanitarian cause,—so that every crippled child in Cabarrus country may develop to his fullest capacity.

In short the blessing of “normalized” body and mind of childhood, is the objective of the “Society for Crippled Children” here and throughout the land.

* * * * *

GREATER PREACHERS THE OBJECTIVE

Dr. W. P. Few, president of one of the greatest institutions of learning, in the country, Duke University, emphasizes in his report to the trustees, that nothing would be more pleasing than for the School of Religion at Duke to major for a time in making preachers.

He gives expression to the words that “class room work and college degrees become a snare if relied upon to become a preacher. That these marks of distinction have proven a sore hurt to many.” In order to make clear his statement, Dr. Few states, that it was not Paul’s Hebrew birth and training, neither his Greek culture and his Roman citizenship that gave the great preacher to the Roman world, and developed the writer of one-third of the New Testament. These cultural attainments contribute to the technique of a preacher,—but to make a great preacher, like Paul, there must be a thrilling experience, the living Lord stirring the very depth of the soul of man. Also daily fellowship with God and a contact with humanity are essential. Dr. Few also emphasized that a man never preaches a sermon above the life he lives.

These are the words of a divine who knows life by study, contact with humanity and the study of the Bible. He has a vision for a greater service through the medium of greater preachers of the Holy Writ.

THE MACHINE AGE

There is no doubt about this being a machine age. It has revolutionized the modes of doing things than in other and more primitive days.

There are some who believe that our modern "Machine age" has contributed largely to our economical ills; that making things better by machinery has caused unemployment. There may be some truth in that contention, but examining into the matter more closely, it does not bear out the fact that it is such a menace to employment.

An official Federal census of unemployment sheds some interesting light to the contrary. Unemployment is highest in the least mechanical occupations, the census has revealed.

For instance, agriculture tops the field with more unemployed than any other occupation. Personal and domestic service is next and building occupations third. The census showed about 680,000 unemployed in agriculture.

In more highly mechanized occupations unemployment was found to be less. Unemployed textile workers numbered only about 187,000 and miscellaneous manufacturing workers without jobs totaled approximately 150,000 .

This is added evidence that technological development under the incentive of the American Patent System both develops and protects jobs; that in the long run, machines make not only more jobs but also more and better goods for more people.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

CRIME

This resume of deplorable conditions of crime in this country, summarized from a most reliable source, continues to be an unsolved problem. While it is not a pleasant admission to make as to the general demeanor of youth, but there does continue to prevail a spirit of recklessness and dare-devil attitude that is practiced, because it is considered somewhat smart. How to curb such is beyond the most skilled who make a study of causes of crime.

This we gather from a statement of the Interstate Commissioner of Crime, Judge Richard Hartshorne, who told a group of New Jersey leaders in the study of delinquency, that the United States,

has a murder percentage 21 times greater than that of England and Wales combined; 36 times greater than that of Switzerland, and 18 times greater than that of Germany.

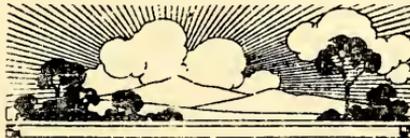
Moreover, that the 16-year-olds committed more crimes than any other age-group. And that the solution of the problem can only be realized by parents safeguarding their children, and public opinion must be molded to this extent. First and last the young people of the country get their most lasting impressions and incentives from their parents.

* * * * *

ABSOLUTE QUIET

From the press the information is that ships cannot blow their whistles near Guam Islands off Peru, because the noise might scare away the birds. By contrast we learn many things. In this part of the country our song birds, as well as the birds of most beautiful plumage are targets for the ruthless sportsman, or the small boy who has never been made to appreciate or know the value of birds.

We would like to know if the racing of automobile engines, the pop-pop of motor-cycles and blowing of auto-car horns is permissible in Guam Islands. This noise has driven many of our best citizenship to the rural districts. This is a rather important issue, but like the weather there is constant talk, but no action. Much of this unnecessary noise could be eliminated, but it isn't.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A SUGGESTION

"I fancy when I go to rest
 Some one will bring to light
 Some kindly word or goodly act,
 Long buried out of sight;
 But if it's all the same to you
 Just give to me instead
 The bouquets while I'm living
 And the "knocking" when I'm dead."

A run in silk stockings gives a woman the "O 'pshaw!" But a young girl running in silk stockings is glee.

It is possible that many of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by standing in our own light.

You can set it down as a certainty that when a man gives up fishing for courting, he's hooked.

There was One who came to give human beings a more abundant life. And human beings in this age and times seem to be marching on to a more abundant strife.

So many people grumble about their income tax. Just think of the many who have no income to pay tax on. You should be thankful that you have an income sufficient to warrant taxes.

Just remember when you drive an automobile and come to a railroad crossing, "Stop, Look and Listen." You'll live longer. Trains never turn out of their way for automobiles.

There are some persons so self-centered that if they happen to sleep late one morning, they think the world will go to the dogs immediately. When

they wake up they'll find the world moving on all right and didn't know they were asleep.

It is said that in Erie, Pa., there is a woman by the name of Mary Mocejks who has the record of having eloped from her husband seven times. The difference between Mary Magdalene and Mary Mocejks is that the former got rid of seven devils while the latter rid herself of one devil seven times.

The North Carolina Assembly is passing and amending a great many laws. They cover about everything pertaining to business and living conditions. Some will be observed. Some will not. It is not enough to accumulate a multiplicity of ordinances. It is necessary to administer and enforce those laws, to find out how they work—whether good or bad.

The politicians worry a great deal about what business wants. If they will stop haggling over what they think, and let business have a fair chance they'll find out that business, above all, wants profits, and will get them if they will quit worrying business with their various ideas as to what is best for business. Business, if let alone, will take care of itself.

W. T. Bost, in his "Among We Tar Heels," in the Greensboro News, got off a good one the other day. Illustrating some point in what he was discussing, he related this one: "Once upon a time there was a pretty girl, who had a lisp, better known as 'tongue-tie.' She had an admirer

named Mr. Dubose. When she did some cunning thing Mr. DuBose exclaimed: 'I don't know whether to slip up behind you and kiss you, or whether to throw both arms around you and give you a bear hug.' Whereupon the sweet young thing said bashfully: 'Oh, Mister Duboth'."

There may be some merit to this proposed organization. An organization of cranks is proposed by Don Herold, philosophic writer. He wants about one hundred million to sign up in willingness to be called nuts, bugs fanatics, cranks, on the subject of safety. These erratics will hold converse with themselves while driving. They will say:

"Shall I dart around the car ahead of me and take a chance of hitting the car coming at me yonder? No! I'm

a crank of safety. I'll keep right in line of traffic even if it slows me down a little.

"Shall I pass this truck on this hill and take a chance no car is coming at me over the brow of the hill? No! I'm a crank! I'll stay where I am for the present!

"Shall I try to get another 1,000 miles out of these threadbare old tires? No! That would not be safe!"

I haven't fully estimated the value of the suggestion. If I could get into the heads of all motorists that personal pride and decency and gentlemanly behavior demand the same sort of courtesy for one driving a car that is expected of one entering a church or standing in line for theater tickets, the traffic toll would be cut by a large percentage at once.

A FRIEND

He who befriends in time of need
 A true friend shall be called indeed;
 For then is man most sure to find
 Professions of his friends but wind.

Untrue, they mock his sorry plight,
 And from his shadow take their flight,
 Alone, in doubt, despair, he sits,
 Till Heaven's blessing round him flits.

A friend he finds when most in need,
 A heart that o'er his woe doth bleed;
 He, doubting, grasps the proffered hand
 And finds its strength meets each demand.

—Selected.

AURELIA BOWMAN GRAY STUDENT HOSPITAL

(Selected)

At the center of Founders' and Benefactors' Day exercises Saturday, March 11, 1939, was the dedication of the Aurelia Bowman Gray Student Hospital at Greensboro College. This is the gift of Mr. James A. Gray of Winston-Salem in memory of his mother. A noble son pays homage to a devoted mother and to cherished graduates of the old college whose daughters will share in this gracious ministry through generations following. Hearts of returning alumae pulsed with gladness and students were filled with thanksgiving.

Dr. Charles C. Weaver of Charlotte had a message wonderfully well suited to the occasion. It was a gem that fitted well into the setting of the occasion. The entire program was all the most exacting could ask from the first words of President Luther L. Gobbel to the last notes of the recessional hymn.

Following the delivery of the keys and their acceptance by Mr. Charles S. Wallace, president of the board of trustees, came the Litany of Dedication by Dr. James Braxton Craven, college chaplain:

Minister: In the spirit of Him who came to earth to save mankind,

People: We dedicate this building in His spirit.

Minister: In the spirit of Him whose touch brought health to the bodies of men and whose word

brought light to their souls,

People: We dedicate this building in His spirit.

Minister: To those who are weak and stand in need of strength,

People: We dedicate this building to the weak.

Minister: To those who are weary and are in great need of rest,

People: We dedicate this building to the weary.

Minister: To those who are sick and stand in need of healing,

People: We dedicate this building to the sick.

Minister: To the memory of a noble woman whose life was spent in service to others,

People: We dedicate this building to her memory, praying that it may continue her gracious ministry throughout the years to come.

Minister: To the glory of God and the well-being of human-kind, both for the present and for the future,

People: With grateful hearts and renewed faith we dedicate this, the Aurelia Bowman Gray Student Hospital.

Such an occasion must have brought keen delight to a man who cherishes the fine sentiments and love for those who have gone before as does Mr. Gray. This last day of dedication will remain for the daughters of Greensboro College a delightful tradition.

EASING THE STRAIN

Bishop James E. Freeman

To get away now and again from crowds and social occupations is wholesome and healthy. There is a monotony in doing anything with too great frequency; even an excess of luxuries creates nausea. Man is so constituted that he demands variety.

The argument for any change of habit is that it saves us from losing our appetite for a given indulgence or pleasure. If all work and no play makes us dull, by the same token, all play and no work issues in satiety and an unresponsive palate. A balanced diet is a good thing and gives satisfaction and healthy digestion. The happiest people follow such a practice in everything; they have variety in their amusement and recreation in right proportions; they keep their appetites keen, their sense of enjoyment alive.

In such a well regulated life a consistent time-table is observed, with the result that the zest of living is never lost. Some of my friends who are upwards of eighty enjoy life today with a finer enthusiasm than they did at forty or younger. They will not let themselves grow old. The secret of it is balanced living, a life poised, hopeful, expectant, satisfied. In such a life there is time for action and time for repose, for humor and more serious thought.

It was such a conception that made the Great Master of men provide a

balanced religious faith for the solvent of life's problems, the easing of its strain, the quiting of overwrought nerves and the answering of its greatest riddle. Many people think of religious faith and practice as disciplines, as hindrances to its deepest satisfaction. Robert Louis Stevenson, merry despite his broken body, said that the Bible was a "cheerful book."

The tempo of living today is such, that we measure everything by its intensity, its capacity to excite, hence we are the victims of heart strain and early breaks. Our shortened lives could be lengthened and the real joys of life made more satisfying, if we would have periods where we give ourselves to regulated and prescribed devotional practices, and thought for a while about our souls. We have souls, even if at times we forget them, and they constitute an essential part of our equipment.

It is to recognize this fact that Lent is designed to be a season for surcease from non-essential things. Christ, himself, burdened with the greatest scheme for improving life the world has ever known, stopped for a lengthened period and alone faced the greatness of his undertaking. Even when his work was most demanding, he sought some retired place for repose and reflection.

Considering how many opportunities we have for making mistakes, even the worst of us do pretty well.—Exchange.

"THE TREES OF TREASURE ISLAND"

By Vesta P. Crawford

A wonderful island has risen in San Francisco Bay. Less than two years ago the salt waters rolled their waves eastward over a space that is now a walled fairyland of golden towers and magnificent gardens.

Treasure Island has risen out of the depths of the Bay. It is the site of the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939. Here a strange new island lifts its wonders above Pacific waters. Here is the Avenue of the Seven Seas, the Court of the Hemispheres, the Street of the World, the Lake of All Nations, and the Port of the Trade Winds. Here are mysterious little villages and bright bazaars transplanted from far cities that rim the great Pacific.

But the strangest thing of all is the spectacle of four thousand trees, some of them fully grown, upon this island that only a short time ago was nothing but a part of the Bay. Four thousand beautiful trees that etch their dark greenery against the gold and white buildings that are the glory of the Exposition. Even trees seem to have arisen from the sea.

This making of Treasure Island this transplanting of the trees shows another great example of how the mind of man can triumph over nature—how the powerful mind, if put to work in constructive channels, can accomplish the seemingly impossible.

How was this island made? How did the trees get here so soon?

Enough black sand to build six giant pyramids of Egypt was pumped from the bottom of the Bay into the three and a half miles of sea wall surrounding the magic city. This salt-encrust-

ed soil was leached by the coastal rains and artificial sprinkling to make it fit for planting. Two million gallons of salt water were pumped from the area to lower the water table and make the soil suitable for the roots of trees. About 80,000 acres of rich loam were hauled to Treasure Island in barges to make the top soil for the gardens.

Then, after the tremendous task of preparing the soil was done, and a fertile island had been made above the salty ocean water, thousands of trees and shrubs were transplanted to the island from various parts of California and even from beyond the sea. Some of the trees were so carefully packed and wrapped with burlap that their roots weighed from twenty to forty tons each. A grown tree, in some cases a very ancient tree, is not easily transplanted. A shady boulevard is not easy to make in a single day. A park can scarcely be built overnight. And yet time has been defied in the planting of the magnificent gardens of Treasure Island.

The first planting of trees on the Exposition grounds was made in May, 1938. Irish yew trees, olives, acacias, and many other varieties were set out in great numbers.

The yew trees are among the most beautiful in all the world. They are highly ornamental with their straight spread boughs and their drooping dark green branchlets. They are evergreens growing as tall as fifty feet and bearing bright red berries. The yew, called "History's Tree," is very common in the British Isles and other parts of Europe, but there are only three kinds of yew tree in our country and these

are restricted to certain narrow belts. Because of their somber beauty and their bright berries, yew trees, originally brought from Europe, have been transplanted from other parts of California and brought to adorn the courts of Treasure Island with their dark forest splendor.

It is fitting that the four miles of streets that intersect the buildings and gardens of this magic island should be lined with gray-leaved olive trees. It is rightly said that the corridors of California history are lined with olive trees. Native to Mediterranean countries, the olives were brought to California by Spanish missionaries about the year 1770. And these trees from southern Europe seemed so well adapted to the soil and climate of the American Pacific Coast that they have become widespread and of great economic value. One who travels the lovely valleys of the Golden State and roams its high hills does not even think of these cool and lovely trees as being aliens in the land. They seem an essential part of the California countryside.

The gray beauty of the leaves of olive trees, their graceful boughs, are a lovely sight bordering the streets of wonderful Treasure Island.

Another remarkable feature of this great tree planting project is the removal of massive and ancient oak trees from the campus of Stanford University. These wonderful oak trees, older than California history, are characteristic of California hills and the groves upon the Stanford campus are of particular charm. Low-branched and spread, with tremendous twisted and gnarled roots, these trees cast their shadows on the rolling hills and

slant their shade in the valleys. Even in the dry months of summer, all through the winter, the oak trees of the Pacific coast are ever green, ever beautiful.

The California live oak, the canyon oak, the valley oak, the Oregon oak, the highland live oak, members of the tribe of trees, the genus *Quercus*, these magnificent trees have seen the first Spanish padres make the trails of early California—ancient trees, they were old when the gold diggers rushed into California.

Magnificent old oaks from the far-famed campus of Stanford University have been taken from their native soil and transplanted to the man-made island and there the ancient trees look as if they had grown for hundreds of years on Treasure Island.

So far as possible the various kinds of trees have been used as a background to emphasize the gorgeous coloring of the courts. In the Court of Reflections, for instance, a red color scheme predominates—red roses, red tulips, red pansies, rhododendrons, red geraniums and fuchsias—these against a background of trees.

The center of Treasure Island is a tall and shining tower called the "Tower of the Sun." Surrounding the lofty walls are myriad flowers of yellow and white daffodils, pansies, hyacinths, dahlias and begonias. As a setting for the low growing blossoms, groups of lovely magnolia trees lift their wonderfully large and fragrant blossoms, sun yellow and satin white.

The trees of Treasure Island are a gift of beauty—they are living monuments of the skill of the men who are making the Golden Gate Exposition "The Most Beautiful World's Fair."

THE EDUCATION OF A CUB

By Dorothy Herbst

Have you ever seen a brown mother bear leading a cinnamon cub and a black cub, and found yourself wondering how those three kinds got together?

Many persons who visit our western parks think they are seeing three varieties of bears but they are wrong. They are all the same American Black Bear, but some of them are blonds, some medium types, and some brunettes. Naturally, the cubs tend to resemble their parents just as children do. But, if the parents are of different coloring, the family of mother and two cubs may present all three shades.

The twin bear cubs are born while their mother is in hibernation. In the first stage of life, it is just as well for them that they are well hidden. With one or two exceptions, they are the most helpless of wild babies. A newborn cub weighs less than a pound, and has no fur at all. For six weeks he cannot even see!

By the time it begins to get warm in spring, the cubs have good fur coats

and are very much larger than they were. Now their mother brings them out, and their education commences. Sometimes, they are very naughty and would rather roll and tumble with each other than attend to their lessons. But Mother Bear is firm and eventually the cubs learn to find suitable food and to escape from enemies by climbing trees. The first winter of their lives is spent with their mother who now teaches them the science of hibernation. Snuggly hidden, they sleep through most of the winter, coming out only on warm, sunny days.

In the spring when the cubs are over a year old, their mother drives them away with the admonition that they are old enough to learn to look after themselves. But it takes another year for them to get their full growth. During this period, the lonesome twins like to stick together. Not until they are over two years old do they separate to seek their own mates and do their part in perpetuating the American Black Bear.

A young woman took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman say

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone, she found the woman still talking. Three times she waited, and then, at last becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young woman was able to put in her call.—Unknown.

DR. CADMAN WAS MAN OF UNUSUAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

By Dale Carnegie

From my home in New York, I occasionally crossed the East river to spend a few delightful hours chatting with the late S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn. Dr. Cadman, was one of the best known men in America. You probably heard him preach many times on the radio, for he broadcast for eleven years. He was one of the pioneers in broadcasting.

If you think you are busy, listen to what Doctor Cadman accomplished in a day!

He got up at seven o'clock, dictated twenty or thirty letters, wrote fifteen hundred words for his newspaper column, prepared a sermon or worked on a book he was writing, visited five or six of his parishioners, attended two or three meetings, made a talk or two, dashed home, then called it a day and got to sleep about two o'clock in the morning.

A program like that would make me dizzy in forty-eight hours but Doctor Cadman kept it up month after month—and he was far beyond middle age. Think of it! I once asked him how he did it. He said that was simple. He planned his work.

He declared that he saved one hour a day by dictating to a dictaphone instead of dictating to a secretary, and he told me that Gladstone taught him a valuable lesson about how to work.

When Gladstone was managing the affairs of England for Queen Victoria he had four desks in his office—one for literary work, one for correspondence, one for political affairs and one for his favorite studies. Gladstone

found he could work better when he got variety; so he would work awhile at one desk and then move to another. Doctor Cadman did the same thing. He constantly varied his tasks and he said that kept him fresh and alert.

And he varied his reading, too. If you imagine the learned Doctor Cadman was always pouring over pious books of theology, you are wrong. He believed that it was as necessary to have variety in your reading as in your eating. So he read two or three detective stories every week. He loved "Sherlock Holmes" and he regarded "The Hound of the Baskerville" as the finest detective story ever written.

To me, one of the astonishing things about this astonishing man is the fact that he went to work in a coal mine in England when he was eleven years old, and for ten long years he continued to work underground for eight hours every day, to help support his younger brothers and sisters.

He knew there was only one way to get out of that coal mine, and that was to read himself out of it. So during the ten years that he worked as a coal miner, he read every book he could beg or borrow in the neighboring village—more than a thousand volumes. No wonder that boy got ahead. You couldn't have stopped him with anything less potent than a shot gun. Ten years after he started in the coal mine, he had educated himself sufficiently to pass his college examinations at Richmond College in London.

Dr. Cadman preached every Sunday to more than five million people. He was one of the most famous preachers on earth. He was heard all over the world.

Admiral Byrd once sent him a radiogram from Little America, telling him how much they were enjoying his talks down near the South Pole.

Yet, when Dr. Cadman first came

to America, he got a job preaching to only one hundred and fifty people in Millbrook, N. Y.

Doctor Cadman told me that Abraham Lincoln had affected him more than any other man in all history. Thackeray was his favorite novelist and his favorite poem was Wordsworth's "Ode to the Nativity."

SCHOOL IDEALS

Dr. W. H. Scott was president of Ohio University and later of Ohio State University.

The following address was made at the dedication of a school in North Columbus, and was used a few years ago as a national school ideal.

"Let us now, with earnest hearts and with exalted faith and hope, solemnly consecrate this building to its high and holy purpose. May the youth of this community, in generations to come, gather in this place to receive instruction in knowledge and training in virtue. May they find here every condition necessary to a true and enlightened education. Especially may their teachers be examples of scholarship and character, seekers after goodness and truth, lovers of children, enthusiasts and adepts in the finest of all arts, the development and inspiration of human souls.

May these rooms always be pre-*pared* with an invigorating atmosphere of mental and moral life and may no child pass from this school to higher grades, or to the outer world, without having been made more intelligent, more thoughtful, more courageous, more virtuous, and in every way more capable of wise and just, of useful and noble living.

To this end may the blessing of God be upon child and parent, upon pupil and teacher, upon principal and superintendent, and upon every one whose influence shall in any degree affect the work of education as it shall be conducted within these walls."

—Selected.

THE FIRST SETTLER OF CHICAGO

By Johanna R. M. Lyback

From time to time the statement is made by some wag that "the first white man who settled at Chicago was a negro." This has reference to Jean Baptiste, a mulatto from San Domingo. He was wealthy, well educated, very handsome, and had manners, "becoming to a man of station." It was surmised that he was connected with a titled French family. The Indians believed he had been a great chief among his own people, and held him in great respect, not only for this, but because he was always honest and generous in his dealings with them.

For some time Jean Baptiste led a wandering life as a trader. Then he came to Illinois and settled first near Peoria. In 1779, the year George Rogers Clark won the Northwest Territory for the republic, Baptiste built a residence at the mouth of Chicago River. Following the French custom of taking the name of his estate for a surname, he now called himself Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, which means Baptiste of the Sand Point.

Here, according to the records, he lived alone for seventeen years, but this means merely that he was without family connections or intimate members of his household, not that he spent his life in solitude. His books showed that he had business connections with the merchants of Detroit. He must have received frequent visits from them or their agents, and it was said he lived in regal style.

The trading post he established became the center of exchange for the Indians of the region. He also built a mill and cultivated a large farm, which must have necessitated the employment of many workers.

In May, 1800, De Sable sold his place to Jean La Lime. The bill of sale gives a complete inventory of his possessions—"a well furnished house, animals and more than the necessary farm implements.

The sale was witnessed by William Burnett and John Kinzie. Kinzie eventually became owner of the place, which, as "the Kinzie house," is well known to all Chicagoans.

De Sable went to St. Charles, Missouri, where he became quite prominent, and apparently remained until about 1814. He was now advanced in age, his health was beginning to fail, and he realized that he must be taken care of. He also wished to end his days among friends. He returned to Peoria, where he lived out his life in the home of Glamorgan, a countryman of his own race.

Many traders, hunters and trappers who survived De Sable no doubt held him in grateful remembrance, as their visits to his home must have seemed like oases of comfort and luxury in comparison with the primitive posts and pioneer cabins of the wilderness. His home was open to them all and they enjoyed his gracious hospitality.

KING OF THE TREES

By Ada A. Morgan

Celebrated in history and myth, venerated for its sterling qualities, the oak well deserves to be called "Lord of the Woods."

For centuries the oak has been symbolic of strength, courage, endurance. It was held sacred by the Romans, Greeks, Teutons and Celts. The Druids met in the shade of oak groves for their most solemn rites, and a cut down oak tree was their Yule log during the feast of mid-winter. So ceremonious was their gathering of mistletoe, at the coming of the new year, that a hook of gold was used to pull the clumps from the lofty trees!

Poets chat endlessly of the "Mighty Oak." Kings have made laws to govern the slaying of these great trees. How does the oak command such attention? Indeed, it must possess wonderful virtues to fulfill its reputation.

First, the oak has beauty. Different kinds of beauty among the various species, from the saucy, glistening green beauty of the Pin Oak that changes to flame in the autumn, to the wild, rugged beauty-of-strength of the "huckleberry oak;" the tree that is reduced to a height of one foot as it climbs to conquer the high elevation of the Sierra Nevada range.

The different names of oaks—Gold-cup, Highland, California Blick, Red, Scarlet, Yellow, Spanish, Bear, Water, Willow, Laurel—each holds a tag of beauty. But, beauty, alone, never earned the oak its fame, Sturdier qualities were needed to give these trees such character.

Originally the oak earned great regard because its lumber and fruit were very important to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans favored oak for bridge, ship, and house building. The stout-hearted Norsemen chose "hearts of oak" from which to hew their staunch, long ships.

Ancient mansions of England still hold great oaken beams and panelings, sound after hundreds of years, and often outlasting repairs made in brick and stone.

What is more appropriate for the shrines of kings than ageless, dark oak? One such shrine in England has stood for over eight hundred years. The strength that grows in certain oaks seems almost indestructible.

The beauty of the living tree, even, has been caught and held in the great architectural art of Rome and Greece. For designs, borrowed from the acorns and leaves, gave decoration to ancient buildings, while graceful archers were suggested by the curves of the branches.

This manner of curved trunks and limbs was most useful in the building of ships before the artificial bending of timber was much understood. Even yet the curved pieces are used for knees.

Tannin comes from oaks, and cork from the Cork Oak. Sweet acorn meal is made into bread by Indians, and the Japanese and Chinese have their edible acorns.

And yet still another of the oak-virtues! There are healing qualities in the young oak branches that have

been used in medicine for ages. It is an astringent used in various illnesses. Poultices are also made from the crushed bark.

The limit of longevity among these "Kings of the Trees" is estimated at about two thousand years. Some of our best beloved oak trees are historic oaks. One of our most noted is the Charter Oak that stood in Connecticut until 1856. This was

the tree in which Captain Wadsworth concealed Connecticut's Charter when the duke of York was sent to get it in 1687.

The Charter Oak was loved, and was deeply mourned when it fell during a wind storm.

Oaks have earned respect and love. Courage, durability, dignity, and beauty—you can find them all in these useful, majestic trees.

THE MENDER

To you who ask: "Is Life Worth While?"
 I'd gladly teach by showing
 The way to wear a cheerful smile
 As down Life's trail you're going,
 To see the beauty through the muck,
 That tears make smiles the sweeter,
 To stop and aid the man who's stuck—
 Should you of foot be fleeter.

You'd find I know this simple plan
 A means of better living,
 That happiness rewards the man
 Whose life is spent in giving,
 That smiles shall be with smiles repaid,
 That squallor bows to beauty,
 And too, that life is better made
 If faced as sacred duty.

To you who doubt the worth of life,
 This sound advice I tender;
 If you've betorn yourself with strife,
 You too, can be the mender.

—Selected.

THE IDOL OF PALENQUE

By Marjorie Yourd Hill

Through the crumbling corridors of the ruined Mayan palace sounded the steady tapping of a typewriter, strange to hear in the tropic forests of Mexico. Patricia, intent upon finishing the data of the expedition's latest findings, did not notice that a curious hush had fallen upon the forest. The noise of men at work with pick and shovel that for days had filled the jungle had abruptly ceased, and the sole sound was the music of a mountain cascade echoing and re-echoing through the deep woods.

Becoming aware of the peculiar calm, Patricia stopped typewriting, the better to listen. Where were the voices of Dr. Dennison and Lee, she wondered, directing the natives in the excavating? Where the clank of metal striking buried stonework, the shout of one who unearthed something new?

Abruptly the stillness was broken. Angry murmurs came from the direction of the Sun Temple where they were working. A sharp command snapped the mutterings short, but only for a moment. The voices clamored aloud again, coming closer. Patricia got up, alarmed, remembering the warnings not to trust the Indians who suspected the white men who came into their ancient domains. It was said they still clung to some shreds of the old beliefs, and resented any tampering with their ancestral idols.

A shout, and Lee burst into the palace courtyard with something in his hand. Dr. Dennison and the other

men of the expedition were close behind. Mrs. Dennison, back in her "dark room" developing negatives, heard the commotion and put an apprehensive face out between the winged serpents of the columns.

"Back! Get out of sight!" ordered Lee and Patricia ran behind the columns with Mrs. Dennison, peering out curiously to watch what followed.

The Indians pursued the men to the terrace of the palace, and then stopped, not daring to come up into the court. They listened, dark, ugly looks on their swarthy faces, while Don Carlos Perez, the interpreter, tried to pacify them.

They kept gesturing toward the thing that Lee had carried up. There it sat now, by the feet of the white men, a squat, angular statue carved in a bold, primitive manner. A little, old, dirty Mayan god. Don Perez tried to argue with them. It was old, worthless. They had better gods. Let the white men have it. No? Well, then would they take its value in cloth, beads, gold? They would not. Don Perez turned to Dr. Dennison with a helpless gesture.

"Well," said the older man slowly, "perhaps we'd better—"

"Give it up?" exclaimed Lee. "Our biggest find? Never! Besides, it would only make them more demanding. We must show our authority."

He ran into his quarters and reappeared brandishing a rifle. He faced the huddle of sullen Indians and shouted at them fiercely, waving his gun. They understood his intent, and

dispersed muttering among themselves.

"Good work! That's the way to show them!" cheered Bill and Roy and the other college boys in the group. But Dr. Dennison evinced no enthusiasm.

"Si, senors," agreed Don Carlos Perez vehemently. "These low Indians they are worse than dogs. They need the whip. So!" He smacked his thigh with his hand.

"But we have no workmen now," observed Patricia, coming out of her retreat.

"I can get many more men!" cried the Spaniard, turning to Dr. Dennison. "In five days, from my hacienda, if you desire, Senor?"

"All right. Send for them."

There was no more digging that day, of course. Mrs. Dennison went back to her photographs, and Patricia resumed her tabulation of data. The men occupied themselves in examining and classifying what they had already found. There had been enough of value discovered already to make the expedition a success. In a few more weeks they would go back to the college which had sent them, bringing it added prestige because of their discoveries.

That night, long after everyone had gone to bed under his mosquito-netting canopy, Patricia was wakened by a slight creaking sound. Mrs. Dennison was quietly asleep beside her, and all was peaceful across the corridor where the men slept. The forest was full of weird noises at night, and Patricia had learned to pay no attention to them, but this seemed very close by. Perhaps some animal was prowling through the palace courtyard, drawn by the smell of their food.

With eyes wide open Patricia probed the darkness, sensed a human presence, and then saw a shadow-form slip into the inner corridor from the court. She screamed. Instantly there was a scurry, a running of many feet. The men burst out of their rooms.

"The Indians!" yelled someone immediately three shots pierced the night, followed by a stifled cry, and a wildcrashing through brush. Then the steady beam of flashlight, and familiar faces showing whitely out of the darkness.

No one was hurt. The idol was safe, but a watch was kept the rest of the night.

The next morning a few drops of blood were discovered trailing across the court and down the steps.

"One of the Indians must have been wounded!" cried Patricia in dismay.

Lee looked at her, his face stony. "I wouldn't waste any sympathy on an Indian."

Patricia walked quickly away, determined to show no feminine weakness, nothing that would make them sorry they had permitted a girl to come on the expedition. But the thing haunted her. She imagined the man lying helpless at the the end of the red trail, suffering. An ignorant savage, it was true, but a human being. Though her reason told her that the other Indians had probably helped the wounded one away, Patricia could not get the thought of him out of her mind, and almost in spite of herself, slipped away to follow the tragic trail, horror and pity mounting with each step.

Here the man had leaned against a tree to rest, and then she thought she had lost the trail. But she found it again, where he had stumbled. A

broken branch, a stain on a fallen leaf, these things guided her, and marks became more obvious as she went on. He had found the going harder. Now he had fallen. There was the place where he had lain. And then he had crawled on, painfully, doggedly, toward the distant village.

How far could a wounded man crawl, Patricia wondered? And then suddenly, she knew, for she came upon him all at once, lying at the foot of a huge cypress tree.

When he saw someone was approaching, he started in terror, making an attempt to escape. But the pain in his shoulder caught him, and he sagged down, half fainting. Patricia spoke. The Indian looked up, understanding only the gentle tones of her voice, but the fear died out of his eyes.

"You must be thirsty. I will get you water."

She went to a stream which she heard chattering over its stony bed not far away, and dipped her felt hat into the limpid water, and carried it back to the Indian, kneeling beside him, and holding the hat so he could drink. She saw that the wound was dirty, so, bringing more water, she sponged it gently with her handkerchief, while the Indian submitted with grave stoicism. The shell had cut a path through his shoulder with great loss of blood.

When it was clean Patricia stood up, and, saying she would return, went away. She secured iodine and bandages, bread and meat, without being seen by anyone at camp, and went back to the wounded man with these things.

The next day she set out again with more food. Before she had crossed the clearing surrounded by the palace

a voice hailed her. It was Lee, who asked where she was going with those things.

"I found the wounded Indian."

"And you're feeding him? You're crazy!"

Patricia did not reply, but resumed her walk. Lee followed.

"I'm going with you. I won't let you go into the forest alone. Not with hostile Indians running around on the rampage."

But when they came to the place where the Indian had been the day before, there was no one there.

"Gone back to his tribe," said Lee shortly. "Much good your charity has done."

They returned to the palace, silence between them. Patricia could feel Lee's unspoken criticism of her action—foolish and dangerous. Like helping a wounded snake, which, when you healed it, would turn on you and strike. For the Indians were treacherous.

For the rest of the time that the party spent in ancient Palenque a wordless duel went on between the girl and boy. Up to then Patricia had rather specially liked Lee, but now, hurt to discover his hard unsympathetic nature, she recoiled from him.

All had been peaceful since the new workers brought in by Don Carlos Perez had come. The Indians had not molested the camp again. One day Patricia sat alone typing in the courtyard as before. The men were busy at a ruin some distance away, and Mrs. Dennison was off sketching a bas-relief design on the Sun Temple.

Patricia stopped working to enjoy the beauty which never failed to thrill her. From the palace clearing she could see, faintly purple, the far forests covering the Tumballa foothills. In the near-by forest sounded

the rushing waterfall and the chattering of monkeys. Near by, out of a crevice between the ancient stones, crept a little lizard who regarded Patricia unwinkingly for a startled second, then flickered and eyelid and darted back to safety so quickly that Patricia was not at all sure he had been there.

Suddenly from behind a long shadow fell across the paving stones in front of her, and she whirled in terror. An Indian was standing at her back, having stolen upon her silently. He was grimacing fearfully. She recognized him to be the one she had aided, but that did not lessen her fright. He seized her by the hand. She tried to tear away. She opened her mouth to scream, but he prevented her by clapping his free hand firmly over her jaws.

Breathless, struggling, fighting desperately, she was pulled forcibly across the court, down the terrace, and was dragged away into the jungle.

The whole sky was darkened suddenly by immense storm clouds which had come up without warning. A wind rustled the forest leaves ominously. Then, stealing upon the deserted palace with the same dark swiftness as the clouds, swarmed a host of Indians. This time they were determined not to fail. Ruthlessly, methodically, they ransacked the camp, destroying all they laid hands upon in their search for the coveted idol. They found it, and with a terrible triumphant frenzy smashed all that was left, and vanished into the forest, just as the first mutter of thunder rumbled in the distance.

When the excavators, hurrying back because of the storm, stood upon the top step of the palace, they were met

with utter desolation and destruction. Patricia's typewriter lay smashed by a huge stone, the stool and table were broken, too. Her white paper fluttered pathetically in the far corners of the courtyard. Dismay chilled the hearts of all. They rushed into the inner rooms, to be confronted with the same evidences of violence. And both women were gone!

At that moment Mrs. Dennison scurried in, quite, safe, with her drawing materials under her arm. She had heard or seen nothing of the attack.

"I left Patricia alone here," she moaned, in reply to questions, and sank on a fallen pillar, then started up energetically. "Well! Why don't we do something?"

"They must have carried her off as a hostage. They wouldn't dare actually to harm her." Lee spoke between white, drawn lips. But in spite of his brave words, there was an unspoken fear in his mind, as well as in each of the others.

The storm had broken in earnest. The sky was black, split intermittently with blue daggers of lightning, while thunder crashed, and the rain poured down torrentially. As soon as the downpour abated sufficiently, the group of white men and the women they dared not leave behind set out for the Indian village, some five miles distant, in search of Patricia.

Progress was slow through the rain-soaked forest. At last they neared the village, but the sight that met their anxious eyes filled them with a new and greater fear. For the entire village was gone, nothing but a smouldering, charred mass of debris remained! Every hut had been swept by a devastating fire.

"Struck by lightning," uttered Dr. Dennison, "and no telling where the

inhabitants have fled.”

The same question was in the heart of each, as they looked anxiously from one to the other. What had befallen Patricia? Dr. Dennison broke the agonized silence, speaking heavily.

“There is only one thing to do—go back those eighty miles to the coast, and bring back government troops to search the forest for the Indians. We do not know the country. We have not men enough to fight, if we should have to.”

That night they hastily packed up what belongings they could retrieve from the wreckage. Their photographs and records, fortunately, had not been discovered by the Indians, and so were untouched. At dawn they set out.

No need to detail the slow agony that burned in their hearts as they traveled back to seek aid. Two days on horseback to a friendly Indian village. Then a day in dugout canoes down the river. A few more days on the small steamer that plied up the river as far as it was able. The beauty of the changing scenery had no charms for them now as it had on the way inland. One thought only obsessed them. For Lee, especially, each day was an endless torture. Each day meant she was perhaps in greater danger, was farther and farther from her friends and security. He remembered her goodness, and hundred little things about her that were dear, and his heart ached.

Then, at long last, they swung down the final bend of the broadening river and out into the open Gulf of Campeche, and tied up in the town of Carmen

They disembarked, and hastened to the house of the magistrate. Would the help he could give them come in time, or was it already too late?

Entering the whitewashed adobe building that served as both dwelling and office, they waited, a sorry, pitiable band. Dr. Dennison, older seemingly, by five years, and his tired but invincible wife. Lee, wan under his tan, and the other boys grave and silent, with no trace of their usual insouciance remaining.

A step was heard in the hall. The magistrate was coming. His hand was actually on the doorknob, and, with one accord, everyone looked up hopefully as the door swung wide to reveal—

Patricia herself!

No one had power to move or utter a word for a long, startled moment, and then every tongue was loosed at once. The magistrate, a rubicund, beaming individual, come and stood just inside the door, rubbing his hands together in delight, as conversational fragments were tossed up to his ears out of the general clamor.

“Let Patricia talk!” commanded Mrs. Dennison. “Be quiet, everybody! Now, began, Patricia.”

“Well, I was kidnaped by an Indian, the wounded one I had helped. I was scared to death, at first. I couldn’t imagine where he was taking me. Gradually, by his demeanor, I realized he meant no harm, but I couldn’t fathom his purpose. We traveled for days, down the river in a canoe, and ended up here yesterday. He deposited me here, then simply vanished. It’s all a mystery to me!”

“But it’s simple! He wanted to save you from the rest of the tribe. Out of gratitude, no doubt. They attacked our camp that very afternoon, Patricia, and destroyed everything. He must have known their plans, and got you out of way in time to save you,” explained Mrs. Dennison,

intuitively sensing the truth.

A great clamor arose again as everyone explained the whole affair anew for the benefit of everyone else. In the midst of the bedlam Patricia found that Lee had come near, and was speaking earnestly in one ear. She could not make much out of what he was saying because the magistrate was talking into her other ear, and Mrs. Dennison was asking questions from in front.

"Forgive you, Lee?" she murmured,

catching at the purport of his words. "For what?"

"For acting as I did, thinking about the Indians as I did, believing that force, not kindness, rules. Oh, for everything." His eyes sought hers.

At Patricia's other side the magistrate was demanding a reply to some remark. Patricia patted Lee's sleeve quickly, wordlessly, and smiled back into his eyes, then turned to give her attention to the magistrate, who wondered what he had said to make the young lady's face so starrily radiant!

CONSECRATION CARRIES CONVICTION

Napoleon saw the work of the German sculptor Dannecker and became one of his admirers. He commanded him to make a statue of Venus for the Louvre in Paris. Dannecker refused on the ground that he had consecrated his art to Christ and could not enter sympathetically into the work of creating the image of a pagan goddess. Many years before, the sculptor had spent a long time making a marble statue of Christ. As its finish he showed it to a child and asked, "Who is that?" The child answered, "A great man." Deeply disappointed the sculptor went to work again and after several years a new statue was finished. Again he called in a little child and asked, "Who is that?" After a brief silence the child quietly said, "It is he who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" Then the sculptor was satisfied. His efforts to produce a true representation of Christ were awarded. But best of all he discovered that his greatest inspiration came from having Christ within himself. This was vastly more fruitful than the study of classic models. There is small wonder, therefore, that Dannecker answered as he did to Napoleon. Consecration carries it with a holy conviction of that which is right and real and true.—Watchman-Examiner.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Lucy May Lee, daughter of Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, has been confined to her room for the past week, because of illness.

According to the latest report from the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been critically ill for the past six weeks is somewhat improved.

Miss Gertrude Hobbs, a case-worker employed by the Anson County Department of Public Welfare, called at The Uplift office last Thursday morning. After taking a look at our young printers in action, she visited the other departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

Clyde Small, aged twenty-two, who came to the School from Valdese and was permitted to return to his home, April 16, 1934, stopped in for a few minutes' chat with friends here a few days ago. For the past two years he has been operating the Burke Flower Shop, Morgan, and reports that he has been getting along very well.

Canipe Shoe, of Cottage No. 6, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital last Monday night for observation, it being thought he might be suffering from an attack of ap-

pendicitis. No operation was necessary, however, and he was allowed to return to the School last Thursday, and for the next few days will be in the "little white house."

Sidney Carter, who left the School January 4, 1933, called on friends here the other day. Since leaving us he has completed high school. For a while after leaving school, Sidney was employed by the Chatham Manufacturing Company, at Elkin. At the present time he operates a service station and lunch room near that city. This young man is now twenty-one years old and has been married one year. His wife accompanied him on his visit to the School.

Mrs. Maggie Vance, of Concord, accompanied by Dr. G. F. Bell, of Montreat, visited the School last Tuesday. They were shown over the grounds and through the various departments here. Dr. Bell stated that he thoroughly enjoyed his visit and was very favorably impressed with the manner in which the work is being carried on at this institution. He is an evangelist and has been conducting special services at McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, for the past week.

Mr. Cardwell Meador, manager of the North Carolina State Employment Service office in Concord; Miss Mary

Alexander and Mr. E. J. Hunter, interviewers, also employed in this office, were visitors at the Training School last Wednesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited various departments here. Upon completing the tour of the institution they were unanimous in voicing delight in having had an opportunity to see how the work of the School is being carried on.

Our first Federal Government check on PWA grant for docket NC-1448-F, miscellaneous farm buildings, has been received. This check was for \$3,675 and represents ten per cent of the total estimated cost of this project. The check has been dispatched to the North Carolina State Treasurer, who is the depositary for all State funds, and will be paid out at once on estimates submitted by contractor and approved by architect and the PWA resident engineer inspector, who, in this case is Mr. T. R. Owen, of Charlotte.

School officials are expecting another check to follow soon, as these buildings are well advanced in course of construction. We are also expecting checks from the same source for twenty-five per cent of the estimated cost of PWA grant on docket NC-1387-F, swimming pool and calf barn. Both of these projects are well along in construction, and the completion cost for same will be approximately \$61,000

Rev. and Mrs. Jack Ward Page, of Durham, were visitors at the School last Wednesday afternoon. Jack, who

was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and of our printing class about eleven years ago, has made a splendid record since leaving us. He first completed high school work, after which he attended Duke University, graduating in 1936; he then entered the Duke School of Religion to take up his studies for the ministry, which he will complete this year. He is now pastor of the Methodist Church at Broadway.

We were delighted to see Jack again, and are proud of the fine record he is making. He has many friends here at the School who are all of the opinion that he will have a most successful career. It was also a great pleasure to meet Mrs. Page, a most charming young lady, and it is our opinion that she will be a great help to her husband in his chosen profession.

An invitation to conduct a Sunday afternoon service at the School was extended and Jack readily consented to do so at the earliest convenient opportunity, possibly some time in the late summer.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Rev. Nate Taylor and our old friend, Gene Davis. After the singing of the opening hymn, Mr. Sheldon turned the meeting over to Gene, who rendered a vocal solo, in that same delightful manner which has caused him to be a favorite with our boys for several years.

Gene then presented Rev. Mr. Taylor as the speaker of the afternoon, who talked to the boys in a most interesting manner, taking his text from Isaiah 45:22—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

The speaker stated that many people claim that just because they cannot understand all about the plan of salvation, they will not believe. He explained that that was just a foolish idea—perhaps just an excuse for not believing, for there are many things in life we cannot understand thoroughly, but continue to use daily. Take electricity for an example. We do not understand all about it, yet nearly all of use it every day.

Rev. Mr. Taylor told the boys that in the verse of the text the plan of salvation is clearly set forth. "Look unto me." Most of life is on a condition basis. We cannot even have a drink of water just for the wishing. We must walk to the water, turn the faucet, and even lift the glass to our lips before we get the drink. God said "Look." How easy. Yet that word means more than simply lifting

the eyes. It means that after the eyes are lifted, they must be wide open in order to see, and then be able to tell about what is seen. We often notice things, but fail to really look at them. In this particular portion of the Scripture, this word "Look" means to see and be able to tell about what we see.

Even the expression "be ye saved" implies some action on our part, continued the speaker. Jesus did not say "ye shall be saved," but he gave the command, "Be ye saved."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Taylor said the expression "all the ends of the earth," brings to our mind very clearly that it has practically the same meaning as the little boy defined the word "whosoever", when he said "that means you, me or anybody." So it is with the plan of salvation. It is for all people, regardless of race or color.

SAYINGS OF HORACE MANN

The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man.

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark, all is deluge.

Teaching is the most difficult of all arts and the profoundest, of all sciences.

The highest service we can perform for others is to help them to help themselves.

Had I the power I would scatter libraries over the whole land as the sower sows his wheatfield.

I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these, my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.

I hold treason against this government to be an enormous crime; but great as it is, I hold treason against free speech to be incomparably greater.

If ever there was a cause, if ever there can be a cause, worthy to be upheld by all of toil or sacrifice that the human heart can endure, it is the cause of education.—Kansas Teacher.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending March 26, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (5) William Cantor 6
- (2) Clyde Gray 15
- (6) Leon Hollifield 17
- (6) Edward Johnson 17
- (2) James Kissiah 14
- (5) Edward Lucas 15
- (6) Robert Maples 15
- William Padrick 2
- (2) C. L. Snuggs 12

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Rex Allred 14
- (3) William G. Bryant 9
- (4) Henry Cowan 14
- William Freeman 2
- (2) Porter Holder 10
- Bruce Link
- (3) H. C. Pope 13
- (2) Howard Roberts 10
- (3) Lee. Watkins 9
- (3) Everette Watts 3

COTTAGE No. 2

- (4) John Capps 8
- (5) Clifton Mabry 10
- (5) Nick Rochester 13
- Landreth Sims 6

COTTAGE No. 3

- Robert Atwell 10
- (2) James Boone 5
- (7) James C. Cox 14
- (18) William McRary 18
- Jack Norris 2
- (4) F. E. Mickle 9
- (6) Warner Peach 12
- John C. Robertson 10
- Claude Terrell 5
- (5) Earl Weeks 16
- (3) Jerome W. Wiggins 14

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Broome 7
- Lewis Donaldson 14
- (5) James Hancock 13
- William C. Jordan 4
- Ivan Morrozoff 11

- Edward McGee 7
- George Newman 12
- (8) Lloyd Pettus 17
- (3) Henry Raby 11
- Hyress Taylor 8
- (12) Melvin Walters 17
- (18) James Wilhite 18

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) Grady Allen 13
- (4) William Brothers 12
- (3) J. C. Branton 6
- (3) William Barden 5
- (4) William Kirksey 12
- Samuel Montgomery 6
- (7) Elmer Talbert 10
- (13) Hubert Walker 15
- (3) Dewey Ware 16
- (8) Marvin Wilkins 13
- George Wright 10

COTTAGE No. 6

- (7) Robert Bryson 15
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 10
- Noah Ennis 5
- (2) Columbus Hamilton 6
- (6) Thomas Hamilton 12
- (2) Charles McCoy 5
- (4) Canipe Shoe 6
- (3) William Wilson 7
- Woodrow Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 7

- (7) John H. Averitte 11
- (2) Cleasper Beasley 7
- (7) Carl Breece 15
- (4) John Deaton 11
- (5) James H. Davis 10
- (5) Donald Earnhardt 9
- George Green 12
- (7) Caleb Hill 15
- (5) Hugh Johnson 13
- (2) Lyman Johnson 6
- James Jordan 3
- Robert Lawrence 9
- (2) Elmer Maples 8
- (4) Dewey Sisk 9
- Graham Sykes 7

- (2) Alexander Weathers 2
- (6) Joseph Wheeler 9
- William R. Young 8
- Edward Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- (3) Edward McCain 14
- (2) Cicero Outlaw 10

COTTAGE No. 9

- (4) J T. Branch 9
- Clifton Butler 5
- (3) Roy Butner 8
- (2) James Bunnell 7
- (3) Edgar Burnette 14
- Carrol Clark 11
- (2) Frank Glover 9
- (2) Osper Howell 8
- (2) Mark Jones 9
- (2) Alfred Lamb 4
- (2) Cleveland Suggs 6
- Thomas Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 10

- Aldine Brown
- Walter Cooper 2
- J. D. Hildreth 11
- James Nicholson 6
- (2) Torrence Ware 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- Joseph Christine 2
- (2) William Furches 3
- (3) Albert Goodman 10
- (18) Earl Hildreth 18
- (4) William Hudgins 8
- (5) Paul Mullis 9
- (2) Calvin McCoyle 8
- (13) Edward Murray 17
- (5) Donald Newman 8
- (2) Theodore Rector 7
- (13) Julius Stevens 17
- (10) Thomas Shaw 16

COTTAGE No. 12

- Odell Almond 7
- Jack Batson
- Allard Brantley 12
- (3) Ben Cooper 7
- William C. Davis 10
- (3) James Elders 13
- Joseph Hall 10
- Everett Hackler 9
- (5) Charlton Henry 14
- (2) Hubert Holloway 13
- Clarence Mayton 12
- Howard Sanders 11
- (14) Avery Smith 16

- Ralph Sorrells 2
- (3) William Trantham 13
- (4) Leonard Wood 13
- (2) J. R. Whitman 11

COTTAGE No. 13

- Jack Foster 13
- Merritt Gibson 2
- (2) William Griffin 14
- (2) James V. Harvel 11
- James Lane 3
- Jack Mathis 2
- (3) Paul McGlammery 11
- Jordan McIver 5
- (3) Garland McPhail 5
- (2) Joseph White 4

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Claude Ashe 14
- (3) Raymond Andrews 11
- (16) Clyde Barnwell 17
- (5) Delphus Dennis 16
- Audie Farthing 13
- (2) John Ham 9
- (2) David Hensley 7
- Marvin King 10
- (2) James Kirk 17
- John Kirkman 12
- (2) Feldman Lane 8
- Henry McGraw 10
- Roy Mumford
- Richard Patton 2
- (2) John Robbins 11
- (2) Garfield Walker 8
- J. D. Webster
- J. C. Willis 2
- Junior Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 15

- Howard Bobbitt 9
- Clifton Davis 12
- Aldine Duggins 11
- Sidney Delbridge 7
- N. A. Efirid 5
- (2) Hoyt Hollifield 8
- (2) Albert Hayes 9
- William Hawkins 6
- (2) Dallas Holder 7
- (4) Clarence Lingerfelt 13
- Claude Moose 16
- (2) J. R. Pace 3
- (6) J. P. Sutton 6
- (3) James Watson 10
- Arvel Ward 11
- (3) William Young 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Filmore Oliver 12

Early Oxendine 9
(2) Thomas Oxendine 11

(2) Curley Smith 12
(4) Ross Young 14

IF THE BIBLE BE LOST, WE TOO ARE LOST

One day—so runs a famous story—England woke up and found that the Bible was gone. Not only the Book itself but all trace of its influence and every echo of its music, had been erased from life. The result was appalling. A great literature become well-nigh unintelligible. Shakespeare was almost unreadable. The gorgeous pages of Ruskin looked like a moth-eaten tapestry. Everyday speech stammered and faltered. A change passed over the whole tone and temper of the nation. Life became hectic, hurried and vulgar. Old restraints were thrown off, leaving instinct to run wild. All values were blurred, and life itself became little and mean, not so much tragic as tedious, trivial, frivolous, or else drab. Something fine, high and fair had gone out of it.

Well, something like that actually happened, and it is the greatest calamity of the last hundred years. The Bible is not actually lost, but it is unknown. Our people do not read it; they do not even hear it read. Few have any notion of what it means, or how to read it. It fills one with dismay to see a generation growing up who know almost nothing of the Bible. If they have taken it as a lesson in school, it has been quickly forgotten. It is no longer a book of either comfort or command, as in the days of old. We are faced by an amazing spectacle—a generous, charming, candid generation without the Bible!

It needs no prophet to tell the results; it is obvious. It is ghastly! Law has lost its power, life is cheap, literature is filthy. Our most brilliant writers—many of them—tell us that life is a disease. Its activities—religion, culture, ambition, sex, song—are all so many forms of dope that men take to deaden the pain, or the folly, of living!

If we do not find the old Bible we have lost, we are lost. Nothing can take its place as a guide, prophet, and friend. We cannot go on without the sense of God, of moral law, of the worth and meaning of life. For there is a spirit in the Bible, which, if it gets into men, makes them tall of soul, tender of heart, just, gentle patient, strong, faithful in life and fearless in death. We must recover the Bible!—Baptist Courier.

APR 11 1939

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 8, 1939

No. 14

THE EASTER LIFE

Sing aloud the glorious tidings
"Christ is risen today!"
Far and wide the echoes answer:
"Death has lost its sway."
Sing till in the breeze the message
Sweeps around the earth;
Sing till clouds and hills and forests
Ring with holy mirth.
Christ is risen, death is conquered:
Tell it far and wide;
Sing aloud till all creation
Knows the Crucified.
Sing aloud the Easter message;
Live the message, too!
By His Grace let Easter's triumph
Show itself in you.
Let His power and wonderful glory
Fill your heart today;
Live an Easter life at Easter
Live an Easter life always.

—Homera Hodgson.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HE LIVES AGAIN

The purple mist lay heavy on the hills,
The gray of early dawn o'erspread the sky,
Within the quiet garden Jesus slept,
While o'er the tomb rang heaven's lullaby.
A sliver light now tints the clouds above,
Glad promise of the morn that is to be;
The sunlight glows, white lilies lift their heads,
Sweet music rings from bush and waving tree.

Upon the dew-wet path an angel stands,
With shining face uplifted to the blue.
"Come forth!" he cries. "O Mighty One, come forth!
And show the world Thy Word is ever true."
The heavy stone is slowly rolled away,
The strain of praise rings out exultant, strong;
Swift from the grave steps Christ, the risen King,
While vale and hill repeat the triumph song.

The waking flowers shed their perfume rare
Upon the path His nail-pierced feet must tread,
While golden sunbeams, sifting through the trees,
Wave aureoles to crown His royal head.
He lives again, the Lord of light and love,
Enthroned above forevermore to dwell.
Hail, joyous day! that from the bonds of death
Gives to each heart the dear Immanuel.

—Author Unknown.

THE GLORY OF EASTER

On that first Easter morning, more than nineteen centuries ago, the four women who came to Joseph's new tomb were perhaps the saddest women in history. On the preceding Friday they had seen the purest of the pure taken and by wicked hands crucified and slain.

When these same women left Joseph's new tomb that same morning they were perhaps the happiest women in history for they had seen an empty tomb and heard a message from an angel of God. A message of life, for the angel had told them that Jesus was not among the dead but among the living and was alive forever-more.

The coming of the Son of God among us made a difference in human history and in the trend of human thought. He has given us victory over dark despair, over futile impotence, over transient earthiness, and over the apparent finality and dread of death. He has made it possible for us to see the things which are unseen, and to live the abundant and eternal life.

He has given to humanity a life, a message and a power, which brings comfort to the anguished, assurance to the doubting, enduring faith to the bewildered and to the unsettled, and great joy to the sad.

In the glory of the Easter dawn, life is seen as it really is. In its glory, God is seen, too, as he really is in love and truth and mercy. Through the glory of the Easter dawn we can see that life really has a meaning, and in confidence and peace of soul we may render it unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, whom death could not hold.—Contributed.

* * * * *

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL TEXTILE PLANT

The Roth Building, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin, N. C., the first donation to this institution, was used, prior to the erection of the Swink-Benson Trades Building,—as headquarters for printing, shoe repairing and carpentry.

But today the Roth Building is a miniature textile plant, made possible through the interest and generosity of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association, Mr. Hunter Marshall, Charlotte, secretary and treasurer of the association. The plant is equipped with 1 picker, 2 carding machines, 1 drawing frame with delivery heads, 1 36 spindle slubber, 1 48 spindle intermediate, 1 84 spindle speeder, 1 72 spindle filling frame, 4 draper looms equipped to make hickory twill shirting, 2 crompton and knowles four box looms. We were informed that if all this machinery were direct from the factory it would cost approximately \$20,000. This equipment takes

every thing from raw cotton and spins it into filling. And that the output of this plant within six weeks would be about 5,400 yards of shirting,—using one bale of cotton,—and this number of yards would make 1,500 shirts, three yards to a shirt for a boy of average size.

Furthermore, this small plant, under a skillful operator, will produce 800 yards a week, or approximately 40,000 yards of shirting a year. Besides other types of cotton goods, such as denim, ticking for pillows, kitchen towels, hand-towels, table cloths, curtain goods and sheeting can be made at a wonderful saving of funds for the school.

All of this information was given by Mr. James Walton who has supervised the installation of the machinery. Mr. Walton is a Scotchman, born on Isle of Wight, in the English Channel, south of Southampton, one of England's big cities. He was first in the textile business in Dumferline, the home of the great American philanthropist, Carnegie,—where all kinds of beautiful linen goods were made from flax, and also taught weaving at Lauder Technical School in Dumferline.

He, for fifteen years, was production manager and designer at Cannon Mills, Kannapolis. Mr. Walton was most agreeable in showing the set-up and explaining the technique of the machinery. He expressed himself optimistically as to the possibilities of the Jackson Training School textile plant, feeling that the training will prove of great value to the boys directed by an experienced operator.

This training simply means another link in the chains of activities of the Training School, making it possible for the boys to meet the emergencies of life by having another profitable occupation.

* * * * *

FOR ILLITERACY—NO EXCUSE

Another problem in the role of education is discussed, and the question in mind is—'who is responsible for the seeming neglect?' The State WPA adult leaders in their work have found out that ten percent of the of the enrollees of the CCC camps can neither read nor write.

Knowing that the compulsory attendance law has been for two decades there seems no plausible excuse for such illiteracy to exist in

North Carolina. We fully understand that boys are artful dodgers, but with the combined efforts of officers, parents and teachers it is difficult to see how they escaped entirely.

One could not expect the teacher to scout about for delinquents for in most cases the load in the school room is sufficient at any time. Again the trouble is traced to the homes. Parents are either too busy with the affairs of life, or through ignorance too indifferent to co-operate with school officials as to the welfare of their children.

The adult teachers are engaged in a most worthwhile work. They are catching up the broken threads by teaching illiterate parents, the youth of the same class and others who by misfortune have been denied the privilege of the elementary grades. We cannot visualize a darker picture than one who opens a book and can not decipher a single word.

But why have a compulsory school law if not enforced? It seems a folderol, or a waste of time for the general Assembly to sit in session for so long a time, and have enacted such laws, if not enforced.

* * * * *

WHO INVENTED THE ALPHABET?

The alphabet has been described, with some accuracy, as the greatest invention of man. The employment of a small number of signs to denote the elementary sounds of the language is generally ascribed to the Semites and, by the trading Phoenicians, carried to the Greeks, and the West,

Recent light on our alphabet is seen in the biblical archaeologists which report a recent find in the Holy Land. Pointing out that it has been known within recent years that miners in the region of Mount Sinai had an alphabet about 1900 B. C., devised by a foreman for the keeping of his accounts and that the Phoenician kings of a later period had their alphabet, the publication says that a connection has been found between the two on inscriptions on objects found in the ruins of the city of Lachish, which is mentioned in the book of Joshua and in the Second Chronicles.

Together with other inscriptions, the recent find leads to the conclusion that, "the alphabet adopted by the Israelites and used to

write the Old Testament was borrowed by the Greeks from the Phoenicians by the Romans from the Greeks and by us from the Romans."

* * * * *

FROZEN CAPITAL

The "WHY" of it.

Reference is often made these days to "frozen capital" as largely to blame for unemployment and business depressions. Many people, no doubt, wonder just what frozen capital is, why it exists and why it is so closely tied in with our current economic ills.

Everybody knows that "capital" means money and that "frozen," in this sense, means inactivity. A good answer to the "whys" is found in a recent nation-wide survey of potential investors. (Anyone with a savings account is a potential investor).

The survey, conducted by the National Association of Manufacturers, asked this question: "Do you have money available which you could invest and would like to invest, but which you do not care to invest at the present time?" The reply of 75.1 per cent was "yes."

The 75.1 per cent was then asked to indicate why they did not want to invest now. Here are some of the answers: Inadequate present profits and doubtful future profits because of possible new legislation, existing taxes, prospects of new taxes, labor trouble and international troubles.

Factors that would create a willingness to invest were also listed. There were: Improved government policies and attitudes affecting business, changes in government spending and budget policies, less government competition with business, reduced taxes, and a change in Federal labor legislation.

Remembering, now, that business must have money on which to operate if it is to give jobs and pay salaries, it should be easier for everybody to understand why it is frozen.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

MAKING A GARDEN

"Man plows and plants and digs and weeds;
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a garden's made.

"He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod;
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God."

Every person's life may be regarded as an open book; but there are a whole lot of people who are hoping that life readers will skip a few pages.

I am beginning to doubt that old saying, "Whatever goes up must come down." Taxes having been going up for some time; but are not coming down as yet.

There is an old saying that "Love makes the world go 'round." Maybe. But the debts and taxes you owe certainly makes the collectors go 'round, and there's no mistake about that.

A Pennsylvania farmer has put a radio on his plow. That was certainly running the radio business into the ground; or else he was anxious to know if Congressional farmers had as much horse sense as real dirt farmers.

We are told that our nation's prosperity depends on increased production. But we have the spectacle of one-eighth of our wage-earning group being non-productive. They never have and never will add anything to the nation's wealth.

Prosperity is not a gift of the gods.

It is something to be earned by hard work. Neither is it a gift of the government—yet some people in the alphabetical commissions regard it as such, and they not only lean on spades, but lean pretty heavily on the government.

This may be "the land of the free and the home of the brave," but we are being hemmed in by so many laws that there is scarcely a way to turn to be free from them. In Oklahoma a barber was sent to jail recently because he charged less for a haircut than the price fixed by a State law.

Out in Ohio they have put a man in jail because he could not recite the Ten Commandments, although he claimed to be a preacher. I am of the opinion that if this rule prevailed over the country, the jails would not hold the derelicts in this respect. We do not seem to be governed in this age by that great Magna-Charta of morals.

From a most practical standpoint, the most disastrous thing we can do is to believe the least and the worst of life, and our fellow beings, rather than the most and the best. It is true, everlastingly true, that the only way to get the best out of life and to put the best into it, is to believe the best of it—and of ourselves. Religion must be true. It is so necessary. It seems the best must be so—at the very heart of things, and finally to triumph—else would we not be troubled when the absence of it brings tragedy into life. So few of us stop to think what the world would be like

were there not so much of the best in it. And is it not rather strange that we take the best for granted when we see it? As if, after all, good is the normal thing?

Women's hats this season are an interesting study in feminine head gear. Some of them are the craziest things you ever laid your eyes on, and if you do you'll take your eyes off in a jiffy. Some are tall, some flat, like a pancake on the side of the head. Some are round and some are square. Some are as saucy as you please, whether they please you or not. And some

are regular freaks. Some have veils, and you cannot tell just exactly who is the wearer. Some with broad brims, and some with no brims at all. Some have the appearance of doughnut rolls, and some like a boiling pot turned upside down. Happy hats, and hats grim. Hats pleasing, daring, teasing. They are all in style. The ladies can wear what suits their taste. They all look charming, God bless 'em, in whatever they wear for a chapeau. My hat's off to the ladies for the great variety, and styles of hats they have to select from this season.

FAITH'S SONNET

You gaze at distant mountains bathed in light;
 You've seen some lonely tree by frost turned red;
 Or rosebush gay, which seemed in winter dead.
 You've wondered, charmed, at many a mystic sight,
 From sunset, to the glow-worm in the night.
 You've studied insects, and the birds they fed!
 This world seemed strangely grand as thought has led
 Your soul to see God's wondrous love or might.
 Are you the only creature, then, forgot?
 Is your poor life outside the master plot
 Of Him whose wisdom planned for all else here?
 Nay, nay; God cares; you are His dearest thought;
 No matter who you are, or where, or what.
 Let faith in Him, then, keep your heart from fear.

—John Grant Newman.

EASTER THROUGH THE AGES

By W. J. Banks

There is every indication that the church began to celebrate the anniversary of the resurrection at a very early period. For a time at least it was the greatest day of the Christian year, not excepting Christmas. Large numbers of the newly baptized were admitted on Easter eve, and in the morning, clad in white as a symbol of purity, the new members took communion for the first time. "Surrexit!" was the universal greeting "Vere Surrexit" (In truth He has risen) the joyous answer, as is the case still in Greek Orthodox lands.

For many generations a long and bitter controversy raged as to the exact date of the holy day. The Jewish Christians firmly associated the celebration of their new faith with the traditional ones of their people. And the passover, with the new conception of Jesus as the true paschal Lamb, became the Christian Easter. The Christian Jews, therefore, observed the latter immediately following the end of the paschal feast on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month. The Gentile Christians, on the other hand, gave more attention to the day of the week than the day of the month, and maintained that Easter should be on the first Sunday after the determining date.

The eastern churches as a rule held to the Jewish custom, but fought a losing battle against the western contention which was upheld at the great Council of Nicaea, A. D. 325, when the Jewish view was named a heresy. Calendar discrepancies of various sorts, however, led to almost endless confusion throughout the centuries,

and not until modern times can it be said that Easter definitely became fixed, and simultaneously celebrated, on the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox, which occurs about March 21.

As in the case of Christmas, Easter customs owe their origin largely to pre-Christian practices which the early church found easier to adapt to its own use than to suppress entirely. The English word Easter is in itself of pagan derivation, coming, it is thought, from the Saxon Eastre or Eostre, goddess of spring and beauty. Her festival being celebrated at the same time of the year it was inevitable that the two observances should become associated in the minds of the peasants. Indeed, joy at the return of the sun and the awakening of nature easily became joy at the conquest of death by the Son of man.

Once upon a time a huge egg fell from heaven; it was hatched by doves and out of it came Eastre. When the Christian pioneers came to Saxon lands they retained this idea of the egg, since there was supposed to issue from it a new and winged thing of glorious life, and it fit in well with the purpose of their message. Hot cross buns, too, are simply the cakes which the Saxons used to eat in honor of Eastre. The early clergy, rather than attempt to stamp out this custom, sought to expel its paganism by marking the buns with the holy cross.

Considering the license of the pagan spring festivals, it was perhaps inevitable that Easter should have taken on some rather boisterous characteristics in the early times, especially

since it followed the long restriction of Lent. Popular sports and dances, and farcical exhibitions in which even the priests are said to have taken part, provided features of the "Sunday of Joy" as Easter came to be known in the Middle Ages. The sixteenth century reformers, Protestant and Catholic, successfully protested against these irreverent tendencies. And throughout modern times the spiritual significance of Easter has held out against secular and festive aspects with some success.

The old customs, however, have proved tenacious in some remote and rustic regions. In the Irish province of Connaught, dancing in the public roads, following Mass, has not been entirely abandoned. In the Tyrol, wandering musicians visit the peasant valley settlements during the Easter season, singing beautiful hymns, Children and adults join in, escorting them on their way to the next hamlet and bearing torches of pine wood. North Germany, and some of the English countries, too, preserved quaint and often beautiful Easter customs until quite recent times.

A popular belief among the early English was that the sun danced on Easter Day. This was doubtless a survival of the pagan times when the

sun was an important deity in his own right. Superstition and imagination probably combined to convince the simple folk that the miracle was happening before their very eyes. Another custom was to put out all fires on Easter eve and relight them to signify the beginning of new life. These practices have died out, but we still like to wear new clothes on Easter morning. This probably dates from the times when the New Year was observed in the spring by our ancestors. To this day the Chinese and Japanese strive to start the year with a new outfit.

Churches of nearly every creed in Christendom have special services and observances at Eastertide. In Jerusalem itself there is a great Greek Orthodox celebration, pilgrims of that faith gathering from far and near. In Rome the pope is the central figure of elaborate ceremonies. The large Protestant churches, too, have special services. But it is when we think of the simple gatherings in millions of humble churches and shrines and mission stations the world over, all recalling at once the resurrection of One who died a criminal's death 1900 years ago, that we realize a little of the power of the Christian message.

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died, my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood. See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down; did e'er such love and sorrow meet or thorns compose so rich a crown? Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, **my all.**

LILIES MUST LIVE ON

By Mabel McKee

The one-eyed rabbit, carried by the little boy in the blue jumper suit, brought to Abby Walburn her first realization that Easter was just a few days away. Though other children in the chair car played with baskets of candy eggs or toy rabbits, she had not noticed them. In fact, she was too wrapped up in her own thoughts to realize the people all around her were going home for either spring vacation or Easter.

Abby worked with pencil and paper. There hadn't been time, after she had seen the Linden Street apartment, to plan its furnishings until she was on the train. And, until father's letter had come, bringing the announcement that he and Jerry had decided to break up housekeeping and have rooms at Newton Center Hotel, an apartment of her own had seemed to Abby as far out of reach as the moon.

But the paragraph of the letter asking her to visit the big Walburn home in Newton Center and select any furnishings she might want for a nook of her own in the city, had sent Abby rushing to the Listen store, where Lou Borden was the newest advertising writer.

She had asked, "Aren't you the young lady who wished with all her heart the other night for a wee apartment of our own? Your wish is going to come true right away if only you can pay half the rent for a simple unfurnished one. I'll do the furnishing of it myself."

After that she had gone to a real estate office and paid a small deposit on the first month's rent for the apartment on Linden Street. Now she was

almost home, ready to pack the Chinese red breakfast set, the twin beds in the guest room, the chest of drawers, handed down from great-grandmother Brewer, and at least a dozen other pieces of furniture.

She thought of the low walnut occasional chair, upholstered in delft blue, and tried not to remember how mother had loved to tilt it at right angles with the fireplace on cold, wintry nights. She had said, when the temperature went below zero two winters ago, "I believe I'd like to sleep right here tonight."

Tears stood in Abby's eyes. When she closed them to shut out the memory of slender, auburn-haired mother sitting in the chair, the little boy in the jumper suit left his seat and crossed the aisle to her. He held out the one-eyed rabbit. "You can hug him awhile," he smiled. "He takes all the cry out of you. Marcia buyed him on the way back from the funeral to take the cry out of me, and," his voice triumphant, "he did it, too."

Abby looked across the aisle at the family which had gotten on the train at the last stop. When she gazed under lowered eyelids at the group she noticed the black band on the arm of the tall, thin man; the black coat and the tiny black beret of the girl who could not be more than sixteen years old, and who bestowed all her attention on the two younger girls who must be her sisters.

She was helping one with knitting the sleeve of a rose sweater, and the other to find words for a difficult crossword puzzle. Often she looked up from the two of them to flash a brave

smile at the tall, thin man or to rearrange the pillow the porter had brought him.

Instinctively Abby knew what had happened in that home. Just seventeen months ago, she, her father, and Jerry had ridden home in a car like this, black bands on their arms. Just seventeen months before she had cried out when the three of them had entered the big house on Warren Street, "I have to get out of here. Daddy, can't I go back to school tomorrow? I just can't stay at home without mother."

When school had closed in June and she with one hundred and sixty-three other students, wearing caps and gowns, had been awarded a diploma, she had told her father of the little job she had obtained on the Lindendale morning paper. She had said, "It's just a tiny place, Father, but I'll make it the beginning for a real career."

Her father's eyes told her that he, as well as she was thinking of the many occasions when he had said, "When you're through college, Abby, you're to start right in as cub reporter on my paper. Soon you'll be feature writer, and in time associate editor. Desks side by side, Abby. How do you like that?"

If he had mentioned that, she intended to say frankly, "I can't come back to Newton Center to see everything that cried out to me that mother is dead. I can't." But her father had just smiled and talked about Jerry's fine grades at high school. After that Jerry, who had always dreamed of being a famous surgeon, had said, "I'm to be editor of the high school paper next year. Dad thinks I'll learn to like newspaper work if I take that." Then

they had gone away together, father a little stooped and unsteady like the man across the aisle and she—

The ear of the one-eyed rabbit was scratching Abby's ear now. She couldn't dream of sad days with that happening. And the little boy was grinning at her until she had to smile back. Bravely and gaily then he exclaimed, "He is taking the cry out of your eyes and putting a smile there, like Marcia said."

The girl in the black beret, who was Marcia, leaned half way across the aisle to say, "Kennie, darling, you mustn't disturb the lady. Come back to sister. Perhaps I can put that other eye in place."

"I'm not disturbing," he smiled and cuddled close to Abby, tucking his head against her arm as Jerry had done when he was the size of this little boy and she was his awkward twelve-year-old sister.

His persistence caused Abby to put the list of furniture needed for the Linden Street apartment back into her purse and take up the one-eyed rabbit. She even hunted in her overnight bag, and finding a needle and thread, started fastening the loosest ear in place.

"Marcia bought him cheap because he was shopworn," Kennie confided. "She says we've got to hunt for bargains now until we pay the hospital bill for mother. But I don't see why we should pay when they didn't make her well."

The two younger sisters across the aisle began to sniffle a little, but Marcia doubled her interest in their work and soon had them buried again in the knitting and cross-word puzzle, while the tall, thin man with the hair graying his temples stared more fixed-

ly through the window and tried to hold his expression as immovable as his body.

Remembering again the day like this, Abby took from her purse the pencil and some paper and started drawing pictures of other one-eyed rabbits. That would keep Kenneth from making utterances to grieve the family. At the same time she found a box of candy among her possessions and handed it across to the group.

After a little while, when Marcia slipped away from the others to the restroom, Abby gave Kenneth the pencil and paper and followed her. She just had to praise her courage, her devotion to the children, to say, "My dear, I understand."

The minute she began to talk, the other girl broke down. "But your mother didn't die right before Easter," she cried. "Not right before Easter, when you wanted to be joyous and happy and say with all your heart, 'Christ has risen. We must rejoice?'"

Before Easter!

In this new life in the city, where Abby's greatest passion had been to keep busy with new friends and new interests, she had almost forgotten days like Easter. Last Easter she had joined a group of gay girls in a trip to a famous play place, and whenever she had seen a lily or an Easter card she had closed her eyes very tight. And now, Easter was again just a few days away, and she was almost back at the big house on Warren Street. One minute she stared away from the girl to decide, "I'll pack things in a hurry and be back in the city Saturday." The next she said, "Why don't you take your family away from home on Easter Sunday—some place where they can play and not remember the day?"

"Run away from Easter?"

One minute the girl's eyes were open in amazement at the thought of abandoning this day which was such a holy day in her life. The next she shook her head. There wasn't any place they could go. The long illness and the burial of her mother had exhausted all their savings, even left them in debt.

"But I must be going back to them," she added. "They need me every minute. And I'll find some way to make Easter again be Easter for them."

"Tell me your address first, Marcia," Abby begged. "I want to send Kenneth a little gift. He's so much like my brother Jerry used to be. He's so soft and warm and cuddly."

After she had the address, Abby wondered if her father had heard of these people. Their home town was a little one, less than a dozen miles from Newton Center. Her father, a life-long newspaper man, as he termed it, knew even the kittens in homes where they read his paper.

Sooner than she realized the train was steaming into the edge of Newton Center. Abby gathered together her possessions, stooped to pat Kenneth's dark head and reached out her hand to Marica to say, "Good-by, my dear. Good-by."

Outside she found a taxicab. Since she knew father would be busy getting out the annual big Easter edition of his paper, she had not written telling when she would arrive. Nor did she want to disturb Jerry.

Driving through the homey streets of Newton Center, she noticed that the shrubbery and trees were turning a beautiful green; that in some yards early shrubs had blossomed. But it wasn't until the cab stopped in front

of her home that she saw gay crocuses blooming in the grass. She had helped mother set out those crocus bulbs many years ago. Mother had dug with a curved trowel, and she had used a narrow toy spade. They had laughed while they worked, and mother had said, "These crocuses will bloom in springs when your own little girls dig here with spades."

At the same time she noticed that the jonquils at the south side of the veranda were blooming; that there were pots of red tulips in the front windows; that in the big window was a whole row of exquisite Easter lilies.

Her hands clutched her throat. It was exactly as it had been two years before when she had come home from college for Easter and her spring vacation. Had her father been so sure of her coming that he had bought these flowers? Had he and Jerry—

Then old Cynthia, wearing one of the stiff blue dresses she always wore through cool weather, was answering Abby's knock and helping her into the living room. "Your father will be that surprised he'll just about faint," the old woman laughed. "All day yesterday and last night he was expecting a telegram saying you were coming. Only this morning he gave up and said you wouldn't be here at all again."

The old woman insisted upon helping Abby carry her bags upstairs to her old room, where the tall chest of drawers, inherited from great-grandmother Brewer, held a pot of spicy red tulips, and the little French dresser two bowls of hyacinths. Indeed the whole room was a replica of itself just two years before.

"But you were sure I'd come, Cynthia," Abby put her hands on the old housekeeper's shoulders.

"No'm, Miss Abby, I wasn't." Cyn-

thia's hands were twisting at her collar. "I fixed things up for Easter like I always did for your father and Jerry—just like your mother told me to do before she went to the hospital. I did that way last year—promised her I would when she planted her lilies. She said, 'If I should go to heaven instead of come home, Cynthia, always look after my bulbs. My lilies must live on to tell my children I'm living on too?'"

Abby buried her face in the hyacinth but didn't say a word. As for Cynthia, she didn't speak until she brought up a tray of hot chocolate and two blueberry cup cakes. Then she smiled, "The editor tells us if you come to pack away the nicest furniture, he and Jerry will go to the hotel and me to the old ladies' home. He has already looked at hotel rooms, but I just pass that old ladies' home with my head high.

"And I say, 'I won't have to go there. For Miss Abby'll be home for this Easter sure after that letter, waiting to tear up her sweet mother's things so Jerry will stop seeing her flowers—her lilies and roses and crocuses that say she is living on, just like they do.'"

At that time Abby almost dropped the cup of cocoa and began to cry so hard that the old woman took her in her arms and began to comfort her. And as she did the girl cried out in protest at life which had robbed her of her mother. Suddenly in the midst of her bitter words she seemed to see again the family that had sat opposite her in the train, the sixteen-year-old girl who had helped the younger children with cross-word puzzles, who had patted her father's arm.

Then a brave smile took the place of tears on her face. When she could

“speak again she said, “Cynthia, you are right. I’m going to stay at home—”

“And help your father with the paper and let Jerry go to medical college like he wants to.” The old woman was smiling joyously now.

“All that, Cynthia,” Abby agreed. “And more than that. My dear, I’m going to have company over for Easter. We’ll have to fly around getting ready for it—a whole family, three girls, and a darling little boy.”

When she had told Cynthia about the family on the train and the Marcia who had trembled only at making Easter a real Easter for her brother and sisters, the old woman added, “Honey child, we have lilies for all their rooms. It just seems as if every Easter since your mother went to heaven, her flowers grow bigger and the bulbs double and redouble.”

Abby didn’t leave her work of helping Cynthia with opening the guest room and the little combination sewing and extra bedroom until she saw Jerry coming down the street. Then she flew down the stairway to meet him. The minute he opened the door, she had him in her arms. And quite like her mother had always done when she came home from school, she made him stand beside the doorsill to see how much he had grown, and look into the mirror to see how handsome he had grown.

At the dinner table, she sat in her mother’s place and put two lumps of sugar in her father’s cup of coffee before she handed it to him. As for Jerry, she poured syrup over his cup cake and said, “That will put some fat on your thin shins, my lad, and make the girls think you are a young man.”

After dinner she helped him with

some copy for the high school paper, and asked questions about the chemistry club and its progress. When Jerry had gone back to the drug store for something he was sure would help his father’s cold, Abby told her father of the family she wanted as guests for Easter Day.

Suddenly, as she talked, he held up his arms and pulled her down into his lap as he had done when she had been a little girl. “Your mother would have done that, darling,” he whispered. “She would have loved the little boy and the brave girl.”

“Wouldn’t she?”

Abby managed to keep the tears out of her voice. She managed, too, to start talking about Easter lilies for the windows at the chapel corner, which mother had loved so well, and to ask if she couldn’t start her newspaper career writing an Easter feature, though she would be just the cub reporter. And she read his Easter editorial, which he suddenly took from his pocket, and whispered, “What a sermon, Father. I’m so proud of you and it.”

After that she saw Cynthia again and went to bed to sleep through the night and work through the next day and the next, and then to awaken on Easter morning with the house filled with company and with so much to be done that they wouldn’t grieve for the mother only a week away from them.

She walked beside her father to the chapel, but she sat next to Marica and patted her hand when the choir sang the “resurrection hymn” as father called it.

And when the minister stood up to talk the tallest of mother’s Easter lilies was in the window seeming almost to touch his shadow. She was glad that he talked about it and term-

ed it the most beautiful testimony that death was only a longer winter than the one they had just known, and life eternal as beautiful as the blossoming of this lily, which mother had said must never die.

AN EASTER CAROL

The women to the garden came,
Just as the sun arose in flame
And lighted up the garden fair
With flowers of beauty everywhere.

But then a still more glorious sight
Awaited them, for angels bright
Within the sepulchre were seen
Where Jesus' lifeless form had been.

They fled with swiftly flying feet,
Their news of gladness to repeat.
"The Lord is risen; come and see."
But they replied, "It cannot be."

And yet they ran, because they knew
The wondrous story might be true,
And to the sepulchre they came,
Not far off from the cross of shame.

Empty, deserted, was the spot,
The glorious angels saw they not,
The linen clothes alone they saw,
Which filled their minds with hope and awe.

Then back unto their home they went,
Still wondering what these marvels meant,
And should they the glad tidings heed,
That Christ the Lord was risen indeed.

—Frederick W. Neve.

MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO N. CAROLINA

By Hoover Adams, in Charlotte Observer

Ho! For Carolina! that's the land for me;
 In her happy borders roam the brave and
 free
 And her bright-eyed daughters, none can
 fairer be;
 Oh it is a land of love, and sweet liberty.

Thousands of school children sing it every day, but few, if any of them, know the history of "Ho! For Carolina!" the finest musical tribute ever paid this State.

And it will no doubt be surprising to some of them to learn that it was written by a Virginian who loved his adopted state better than his own.

The author was Dr. William Bernard Harrell, teacher, minister, soldier, and surgeon of the Confederate Army, resident of Dunn for many years, and father of Mrs. Mabel Hines of Charlotte.

Written in 1861 under quite unique circumstances, the song has become immortal and is loved by all blue-blooded Tar Heels. It's more than a song, a lyric, or a ballad; it's definitely a part of North Carolina.

It has a history all of its own, recently combined by L. Busbee Pope, publisher of the Dunn Dispatch, whose sister married Rev. Albert Harrell of Waverly, Va., son of the author.

Members of the distinguished North Carolina-Virginia family recently have uncovered an autobiography of Dr. Harrell, which tells the true story of the song which narrowly missed being chosen as the official song of North Carolina. Although "The Old North State" was finally selected, there is still strong sentiment that "Ho! For Carolina!" should have the honor.

Dr. Harrell got the inspiration for the song as he stood with a throng of cheering citizens at the railroad station in Wilson, at that time his home, as loads of Southern soldiers came by on their way to join General Robert E. Lee's army, which was being massed at Richmond.

A soldier from Georgia cried out from his train car as he passed, "Hurrah for old North Carolina. My folks were all from North Carolina, and a grand old State she is. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The crowd of ladies there took up the cry and cheered and waved as the soldiers sped rapidly by. It was an unforgettable incident, an episode in North Carolina's history.

Dr. Harrell kept repeating the lines as he went to his home that night, and he promptly sat down and wrote the air. His wife, Ann Battle Harrell, a talented musician, arranged the piano accompaniment to it, and soon the whole State was singing "Ho! For Carolina!"

"It caught the public ear, and seemed to take like wildfire in Wilson," writes Dr. Harrell in his autobiography, "and had to be sung on every occasion, public and private, in the parlors and on the platforms as long as I remained in town, which was not long for I had already offered my services as a volunteer physician."

Harrell was one of the three surgeons in the Confederate Army, and the only one from North Carolina. Serving with him on the board were Dr. Robert W. Dailey of Richmond and Dr. William A. Shelby of South

Carolina.

A son of James and Martha McGuire Harrell, both of Harrellsville, N. C., he was born December 17, 1823, at Suffolk, Va. In 1830, his family moved to Norfolk, Va., where his father was for many years an importer and commission merchant.

He moved to Dunn about 1888, where he lived until his death in 1906. His home was where the Bannerman service station now stands and was one of the finest in this section at the time. A son, Rev. Albert Harrell, later served for a while as supply pastor of the First Baptist Church here.

His life in Dunn was spent in retirement. He was beloved by the citizens of the town for his kind and simple life and was popularly known as "Doctor Harrell."

As a minister, Dr. Harrell held pastorates at Clayton, Selma, Durham, Hillsboro, Graham, Monroe, Winston-Salem and in various other North Carolina cities.

During the days he taught school he had among his pupils Josephus Daniels of Raleigh, now ambassador to Mexico; Julian S. Carr, Professor N. Y. Gulley and Superintendent J. Y. Joyner. The most of his medical career was spent at Wilson before he came to Dunn.

In 1923, the family gathered here to celebrate the 100th anniversary of his birth and to commemorate the memory of his wife. Both are buried in Greenwood cemetery here.

Among the children still living are Mrs. Mabel Harrell Hines of Charlotte, widow of the late Capt. J. L. Hines, Mrs. Harrell Stollar of Winston-Salem, Rev. Albert Harrell of Waverly, William Peyton Harrell, and Mrs. Ida Harrell Horne, of Clayton, mother of Herman Howell Horne, noted educa-

tor and professor at a leading New York university.

The family has received many requests from patriotic organizations of the state for information about the song and plans to publish the story at an early date as a tribute to the author and his wife, and as a record for the citizens of North Carolina.

Following is a correct copy of "Ho! For Carolina!"

Let no heart in sorrow weep for other days;

Let no idle dreamer tell in melting lays
Of the merry meetings in the rosy
bowers;

For there is no land on earth like this
fair land of ours.

Chorus.

Ho! For Carolina! that's the land for
me;

In her happy borders roam the brave
and free;

And her bright-eyed daughters, none
can fairer be;

Oh! it is a land of love, and sweet
liberty.

Down in Carolina grows the lofty pine
And her groves and forests bear the
scented vine;

Here are peaceful homes, too, nestling
'mid the flowers—

Oh! there is no land on earth like this
fair land of ours.

Come to Carolina in the summer time,
When the luscious fruits are hanging
in their prime,

And the maidens singing in the leafy
bowers;

Oh! there is no land on earth like this
fair land of ours.

All her girls are charming, graceful,
too, and gay,

Happy as the blue birds in the month
of May;

And they steal your hearts, too, by
their magic powers—

Oh! there are no girls on earth that
can compare with ours.

And her, sons so true, in "warp and
woof," and "grain,"

First to shed their blood on freedom's
battle plain;

And the first to hail, from sea to moun-
tain bowers,

Strangers from all other lands to this
fair land of ours.

Then, for Carolina, brave, and free,
and strong,

Sound the need of praises in story
and in song

From her fertile vales and lofty
granite towers—

For there is no land on earth like
this fair land of ours.

WHAT WE CAN AFFORD

There are many good things which we can all afford, re-
gardless of our circumstances.

We can all afford to give freely the best that we have,
because in giving it we have it doubly.

We can all afford to doubt a seeming injustice, because
God's law is sure.

We can all afford to be tolerant of the opinion of others, be-
cause, if we are growing, our opinions are certain to change.

We can well afford to believe that which is good, because only
the good is true.

We can well afford a seeming sacrifice for the right, be-
cause any other side is a losing side.

We can well afford any effort which adds to the richness of
our inner life; because any good from without can reach us only
through an affinity with the good we have cultivated within.

We can well afford to be cheerful in apparent defeat, for we
have not lost irreparably while we still have the spirit to cheer.

Principles alone are enduring. Personality, appearance,
mannerisms, all these change continually.

Serving God is doing good to man.—Selected.

A LOVELY TRIBUTE TO "THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE"

By Antonia J. Stemple

Jenny Lind, the eminent singer, known as "The Swedish Nightingale," and whose glorious voice, artistry and sweet simplicity created such a sensation in musical circles wherever she appeared and who toured the United States giving concerts with great success in 1850-1852, was born in Stockholm. The house where she first saw the light of day is still standing. It is a fair-sized, rather unprepossessing frame structure now devoted to business, but many tourists look it up while visiting the beautiful capital of Sweden. There is, however, a charming monument to the lovely young singer which is so captivating that no one who sees it is likely to forget it.

This monument is erected on a grassy knoll in a secluded setting in the wonderful Djurgarden, (the Deer Park) in Stockholm, with nothing else in sight but huge trees and shrubbery and well kept grass. To come upon the statue unexpectedly is a happy

experience. There, in bronze, demurely sits Jenny Lind, hands clasped loosely in her lap, serenely gazing beyond. The sculptor has depicted her in her youthful loveliness and charm, attired in a dainty beruffled and purely feminine gown as worn in her time. Sitting there with her voluminous ruffled skirts spread about her, with her primly curled hair, trim little bodice and slippared feet, in the midst of the green solitude, nothing could better depict the character of the lovely singer. All the little details of her costume are worked out so skillfully that one marvels how the sculptor could ever achieve such a wonderful effect out of this hard medium. Jenny looks like the sweet, unspoiled girl she was, or like a large doll. The monument is one of the most pleasing memorials of the many to be found in the capital. It is indeed well worth the time spent in seeing it.

LET ME SEE

God grant to me that I may see
 The beauty of a crooked tree,
 The blossom of a humble weed,
 The glory of a homely seed,
 The pathos of a homeless pup,
 The way to lift a brother up.
 O, grant me the highest art—
 The patience of an understanding heart.

—The New Era.

THE PINK FLOWERED DOGWOOD

By Zelia M. Walters

Foreword: Quentin Penfield's father had been a soldier in the great war. When he came home soon after the armistice he started out bravely, and soon built up a thriving business, and made a good home for his wife, and son and daughter. But a few years later Mr. Penfield's health failed. Lung trouble developed from the deadly gas he had breathed in the trenches. The doctor at the government hospital said he must go to the country, and live out of doors. The little business was entrusted to a partner, the city home was sold, and a small farm bought out on the river banks. When depression settled over the country, the business ceased to pay them anything. And here was a family with no farm experience, trying to make a living in these unfamiliar surroundings. It laid rather a heavy responsibility upon the shoulders of the twins, Quentin and Judith, and made them grow up quickly. The storms have been weathered now, and the family is comfortable. But this story tells how Quentin and Judith helped over a hard place.

Quentin was gathering the eggs when Judith came flying out of the chicken house, regardless of her best clothes. She had been to a meeting at the church at the crossroads.

"Quent, you know the pink dogwood?" "Haven't called on it lately, but I think it would still speak to me."

"Don't be funny. This is serious. Do you know for sure which one it is, even when it isn't in bloom?"

"Sure."

"Well, do you know that tree is

worth five hundred dollars?"

"How could it be?"

"Well, it is. Mrs. Templeton was at that meeting today. I sat behind her and the minister's wife, and I couldn't help hearing every word. She asked the minister's wife if she knew where there was a pink dogwood, and she said she'd pay five hundred dollars for a good specimen, and she'd have it moved herself. She wants it for a place in front of the terrace of the new house. Mrs. Ellis said she didn't know of one. Now, we must sell her ours before she locates one somewhere else."

Quentin set the egg basket down. He was breathing fast.

"There isn't a better specimen than ours anywhere around."

"No. Do you remember how, last spring we used to go out, and just stand and stare at it?"

"I'm going to dress and go over and see her right now. Think how much good five hundred dollars would do us this year."

"Oh, Quent you are the bravest thing!"

Quentin scrubbed and dressed with care. He looked at his nails anxiously, for farm work was hard on the hands. But at length Judith said he looked fine. He took his bicycle and went down the river road. The twins had decided not to tell their parents until something was sure. Poor dears, they had worries enough without a disappointment being added. Quentin turned into the long drive of the great new Templeton mansion. Though the Penfields did not yet realize it, they were very fortunate in buying

a farm on the banks of the picturesque river for the wealth of the city was turning that way for suburban homes.

Quentin asked an overpowering butler whether he could see Mrs. Templeton.

"No," said the butler. "I'm sure she doesn't want to buy anything."

"She wants to buy what I'm selling," said Quentin with determination. "You tell her I came about a pink dogwood."

In a few minutes more he was explaining to Mrs. Templeton. She was as easy to talk to as mother, and she was much interested.

"It ought to be in blossom in another two weeks," she said. "I'll come and look at it, and I have no doubt I shall find it as lovely as you say. In that case, I'll pay you five hundred dollars for it. I'll not move it until autumn. Now, I wonder where I can find men to move it."

Quentin was brave. He took his resolution all of a sudden, and plunged in. "I can move it for you, Mrs. Templeton."

"But, my boy, I want a big dogwood. You couldn't possibly move the sort of tree I want."

"This is a big one. I never saw a larger one. And I didn't mean to move it with my own hands. I mean I know how it should be done, and I can get the men, and see that it is done right."

"How did you learn all this?"

"They moved some big apple trees from Mr. Conn's orchard to the new place down the river. They had tree specialists to do it. I watched everything they did, and asked lots of questions, too, because that's what I'm going to do when I grow up. I know just how you calculate the

amount of root you must take, and all about wrapping it, and keeping the little feeder rootlets unbroken. And dogwoods are comparatively shallow rooted. I know I could move that tree for you."

"I believe you are going to make a good forester. You shall have the job."

Quentin rode home in a pink cloud of happiness. He and Judy had a conference back of the chicken coop, and decided not to tell the folks. It would be such fun to lay the big check in their hands for a surprise. Every day thereafter the two visited the pink dogwood. They almost counted the swelling buds, and considered gloatingly that in a few days it would turn into a huge flat bouquet. One Saturday morning they found that the miracle had happened. There had been a warm rain the night before, and in the morning the sun had come out with the fervor of June. Quentin seized his bicycle and dashed off to the Templeton Place. But Mrs. Templeton had gone to the city for the week end. She would be back Monday morning, and the now friendly butler promised to tell her the moment she arrived.

Quentin and Judy went back to the woodlot immediately after lunch. The tree had fairly outdone itself, as if it knew how much depended upon its making a good impression this spring. The boughs were crowded with big, pink flowers, and it was the only pink one about. There were plenty of trees with white flowers, but the pink-flowered ones are rare in the Middle West.

An automobile ground to a stop on the road below the woodlot. Five young men poured out, leaped the fence and started up the hill.

"Those will be swell flowers for decorations," shouted one. "Why don't we just cut down the tree and carry it along?"

Judy and Quentin came to their feet in haste. Why, the strangers were coming toward the tree.

"This is private property," said Quentin, firmly. "You can't cut anything down in here."

"Who are you, young fellow, and who says we can't have some of these flowers?"

"They belong to my father, and we don't want any carried away," said Quentin.

"Nice generous soul aren't you? A whole tree full of flowers, and won't give us a few. Well, we're taking them, see. You just tell your father we needed them."

Their knives were out. They were advancing upon the precious tree. They would spoil its shape by cutting the branches. There was no time to run for help. What could they do? Quentin was rashly resolved to throw himself upon the invaders. Why, he'd rather be wounded than have the tree spoiled. If they hurt him maybe they'd be frightened and run away.

But Judy had an inspiration. She noticed a small button in the lapel of one of the men. Judy was a shy girl, but she stepped out in front of the tree, and said, "Oh, please wait a minute."

The men hesitated, and Judy went on breathlessly.

"You see, we've sold this tree, and if you spoil it, maybe the lady won't want it, after all. She's coming to see it Monday, and we don't want it to lose a flower. It's for my father. He was a soldier, and he was gassed, and he had to come to the country and rest until he gets

well. If we can sell the tree, it will mean such a lot to him. Please, please, don't touch it."

"Sell a big tree like this. What are you giving us?" said one man. But another said, "That's straight. I saw them moving big trees like this last fall."

"They're going to give us five hundred dollars for it if it suits, and you can see how lovely it is."

"Jumping Jupiter! That's a lot of money for a tree."

"No, I've heard they get a thousand for some of them."

"Don't matter what it's worth, we aren't going to bother it if it belongs to a buddy," said the young man who hadn't spoken before. He had an American Legion button in his coat, and sharp-eyed Judy had noticed it as he came up the hill.

"Course we aren't going to spoil a sale for them," agreed the most aggressive one.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Judy.

"I just knew you wouldn't if you understood about it."

"You see," said the Legion man, "we're giving an entertainment to raise some money for our buddies in town that have been having a hard time. We wanted the flowers to decorate the hall."

"Oh, I can give you loads of flowers," said Judy. "There are white dogwoods just over this crest, and in the evening they will look just as pretty as these. Then I'll give you loads of lilacs, and the're so sweet scented they'll make the hall sweet, and there are forsythias, and Japanese quinces. Just come down to our garden, and you can fill your car. Mother will love to give them to you."

"Say, that's great," cried the men.

"Tell you what kids," said the Legion man. "I'll stay here and do guard duty for you today. The road will be full of cars this fine afternoon, and your tree stands out like a bonfire. There'll be other folks wanting a few branches. And I'll come out tomorrow and guard it again. You fellows go down, like she says, and get the flowers, if her folks are willing, and you come back for me at dusk."

"Oh, how perfectly splendid! How good you are!" The young Penfields could hardly find words to express their gratitude. Judy and Quentin went across the meadow to the garden, while the four men drove around.

Mother and father were happy to give flowers from their abundant garden for the entertainment in town. In addition to cuttings from the shrubs that filled the car mother bade Judy and Quentin pick quantities of long-stemmed daffodils and she told the young men that they could probably sell them at their entertainment.

They parted the best of friends, and the young men had promised to come again.

But still Quentin and Judy said nothing about the guard over the pink dogwood. They went back across the meadow. Judy had taken time to visit the pantry, and pack a delicious lunch in her basket.

"Aren't people good!" said Judy. "Here we thought they were horrid when they got out of the car, and they thought we were horrid and stingy because we didn't want to give them flowers for their entertainment. And if you and I had been strong enough I guess we would have had a terrible fight, and everyone would be madder than ever. And as

soon as we understood each other everybody did the right thing, and there was no trouble at all. Now we've got new friends to come out and visit father, and they're just going to love the country."

"Yes, I guess understanding each other is all that's needed to keep out of fights," agreed Quentin with more wisdom than he realized.

Archie Harden kept guard over the tree for the two days that it was in danger. He warned off several auto parties, who came with a desire to cut the lovely flowers. When people heard the story of the tree, they went away cheerfully enough.

Mrs. Templeton came on Monday morning. Quentin met her at the lane and took her up to the tree without mother seeing her. The lady gave one look, and said, "It's the most beautiful dogwood I've ever seen. I'll write you a check right now, Quentin, and I'm going to send one of my men to guard it until the flower are gone." Quentine had told her of the guard necessary on the two preceding days. "And when you are ready to move it, estimate the expense for me, and I will pay you for your time and skill in addition. Now what are you going to do with all this money?"

"Keep mother and father from worrying for the next year," said Quentin. And Mrs. Templeton smiled with satisfaction.

Judy was waiting at the fence as Quentin came running across the meadow. He waved the bit of paper at her.

Together they went to the porch where father lay on the couch while mother read to him. Quentin laid that magic bit of paper over the open page, and then the twins had the reward for all their happy scheming.

TACT

(O. P. News)

One of the important traits that distinguish a man is his tact—how he distinguishes between the proper and the improper. He knows when to speak and when to keep silent, both of which he does correctly. A man of tact is a man of poise.

That which marks the uncultured person is his propensity for speaking out of turn and acting the part of a boor. However, when we speak of a cultured person, we have in mind not so much his education but his characteristic way of doing things, his manner of speech and his politeness. Not that we take mere politeness for a true sign of good character, but in considering a man we look for traits of character, which cannot be simulated. For many worthless characters make a study of appearances, so that they may the better deceive others. However, such persons frequently betray themselves through their lack of tact.

In dealing with others we should always think first, and speak and act afterwards. Every situation, each circumstance, and the time and the place, call for a proper display of tact. The man who best meets every situation is the man who succeeds in life. He is never surprised by

human frailty. He often expects the worst while hoping for the best.

If we display tact when tact is called for, much embarrassment will be avoided. We then will not appear in an unfavorable light in the public eye, nor even in our immediate family circle. The finer our character—the more others will look up to us—and the more circumspect must we be to guard our reputation in the sight of all men. There is a time when dignity should be upheld. There are times when one may relax, be more informal. With some men we can never show an informal front; it is necessary to keep them at a respectful distance, for, "familiarity breeds contempt" amongst those whose nature is not what it should or might be. Seldom is it possible to reveal one's heart safely to those of a doubtful morality. Dealing with such, we all resort to tact.

We say that a person is tactless when he acts without due consideration, or is foolishly impulsive, or says the proper thing at an improper moment, or vice versa.

Let us not be deceived. Our tact, or lack of it, will have much to do with our success or failure in life.

He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of human life can possibly give again.—Brooks.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. G. T. Matthews, representative of "The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal", published at the Oxford Orphanage, visited our printing department last Thursday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mr. H. G. Gibson, of Concord.

Our asparagus beds are beginning to send forth their young shoots and the cottage kitchens are being supplied with this fine vegetable. There is nothing like good, fresh home-grown asparagus at this time of the year. Radishes and onions in abundance are also being gathered from our gardens.

The outcropping of leaves on the trees surrounding the campus will not let one forget that Spring is here, despite the fact that quite often an overcoat feels very comfortable. The School grounds, with shrubbery in full bloom and many beds with Spring flowers shining, present a most attractive appearance.

John T. Capps, one of our young linotype operators, worked in the composing room of the Kannapolis "Daily Independent" one day last week. That his service must have been quite satisfactory was evidence by the fact that Editor "Jazzy" Moore requested that John be allowed to spend the last three days of this week in the Towel City plant. This request was granted, and we are informed

that the lad did some very good work while there.

It is rather late for shredding corn stalks, but because of lack of space in our barns, we were not able to properly care for all the corn when cut last Fall, and it was necessary for the stalks to stand out all Winter. The shredder has been busy this week handling this crop. One would be surprised at the little damage that took place during the time these stalks stood out. The center of the shocks were as bright and usable as they would have been in early Fall. After being shredded, this product was placed in one of our new barns that was recently completed.

Dallas Ingram, of Jonesville, who left the School in 1919, was a visitor here the other day. He is now thirty-four years old and is working for the State Highway Department, and tells us that he has been employed by this department ever since he left the institution. Dallas is married and has three daughters, Christine, Catherine and Billy, the youngest being ten years of age. He owns his own home and a nice-looking Plymouth automobile. He has developed into a young man of very nice appearance and manner. In talking with some of the officials, Dallas stated that he appreciated all the School had done for him, and also said the time spent here were the happiest years of his life.

Levi Merritt, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 9, who was allowed to leave the School in 1936, was a recent visitor here. Since leaving us, Levi has spent nearly three years as an enrollee in a CCC camp, about two of which were spent in the state of Washington. For the past three months he has been working in a chair factory in Hickory, his home town. The training Levi received here as house boy has proven very valuable, as he was employed as cook in the CCC's, which enabled him to receive \$45.00 per month as compared to the regular monthly wage of \$30.00. Since nearly everybody in this day and time seems to have formed the habit of living away from home at least part of the time, and with restaurants springing up on every corner in our towns and cities, a boy trained in the culinary art should have no difficulty in finding ready employment. Really, it is a fine trade.

The first government check on Docket NC-1387-F, Swimming Pool and Calf Barn, has been received at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. This check was for \$10,380.75 and represents 25 per cent of the estimated cost of this project applicable for grant. The check has been dispatched to the State Treasury, Raleigh, the depository for all state funds, and will be paid out at once on estimates submitted by contractors and approved by the architect and PWA resident engineer inspector. Construction on these buildings is well advanced.

The School recently received a check for \$3,675, which is 25 per cent of the estimated cost of PWA grant on Docket NC - 1448 - F, Miscellaneous

Farm Buildings. Construction of these buildings and an addition to the laundry building, comprising this project, has been completed.

The need of the buildings included in both of these projects has been felt at the School for some time, and they will be valuable additions to the plant.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the second chapter of Phillipians, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Making Things By Pattern," taking as his text Hebrews 8:5—"See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that the words of the text were spoken to Moses as he went up on Mt. Sinai to receive instructions concerning the building of the tabernacle. All worthwhile work is done by pattern. In the erection of buildings, we cannot go to just any man and tell him to put up a building. The work must be done by a craftsman, and he must have plans or patterns in order to build a structure satisfactorily.

The speaker then told of visiting an iron foundry, where he saw great racks of various patterns. These patterns were placed in molds filled with moist sand, and were later taken out, leaving an impression in the molds. Molten metal was then poured into these impressions, and, after being allowed to cool, the castings were taken out, metal reproductions of the wooden patterns used. The same thing is necessary in the weaving of cloth. A designer makes the design on paper,

from which is made a pattern for the loom, with the result that the cloth is marked in the same design as the pattern. To build a house, to make an iron casting, to manufacture cloth with beautiful colored designs or to make anything worthwhile, a pattern is needed.

The same thing applies to the making of a life, continued the speaker. If we desire to live the right kind of lives, we need a pattern for guidance. Fortunate, indeed, is the boy or girl who has good parents, after whom their lives may be patterned. In addition to parents, there are other good men and women, whose lives may be used for guidance, but above all, we have the life of Jesus Christ, by whom all men may safely pattern their lives. By looking to the Master for guidance, we may reach the highest realms of life.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood next pointed out that that which is made by pattern becomes a pattern. By living good

lives, we become patterns for others coming after us. We must not lose sight of the fact that there are both good and bad patterns. If we allow that which is wrong, crooked and false to enter into our lives, we set a bad example for others to follow, therefore, we not only harm ourselves but have an evil effect on the lives of others. On the other hand, if we live as near like Jesus as possible, there will be no flaw in our pattern and many others may be led to the right way of living by following our example.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Arrowood told the boys that character and life are one. It is impossible for a person to be good part of the time and bad part of the time and then have a good character. We must pattern our lives after Jesus at all times, whether we are at work or play, in order to be true Christians, living the kind of lives, after which the lives of others may safely be patterned.

ON THE SQUARE

“It matters not whate’er your lot,
 Or what your task may be;
 One duty still remains for you,
 One duty stands for me.
 Be you a doctor, skilled, and wise,
 Or a man who works for wage,
 A laborer working on the street,
 Or an artist on the stage;
 One glory still awaits you,
 One honor that is rare,
 To have men say, as you pass by—
 “That fellow’s on the square.”

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending April 2, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) William Cantor 7
- (3) Clyde Gray 16
Gilbert Hogan 16
- (7) Leon Hollifield 18
- (7) Edward Johnson 18
- (3) James Kissiah 15
- (5) Edward Lucas 16
- (7) Robert Maples 16
- (3) C. L. Snuggs 13

COTTAGE No. 1

- Jack Broome 5
- (4) William G. Bryant 10
- (5) Henry Cowan 15
- (2) William Freeman 3
Horace Journigan 7
- (2) Bruce Link 2
- (4) H. C. Pope 14
- (3) Howard Roberts 11
Jerry Smith 2
- (4) Everett Watts 4

COTTAGE No. 2

- (5) John Capps 9
Fernie Medlin 8
DonaldMcFee 5
- (2) Landreth Sims 7
W. J. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 11
- (2) Robert Atwell 11
- (3) James Boone 6
Frank Crawford 2
- (5) F. E. Mickle 10
- (19) William McRary 19
- (7) Warner Peach 13
Grady Pennington 2
- (2) John C. Robertson 11
Harrison Stilwell 5
- (2) Claude Terrell 6
- (4) Jerome Wiggins 15

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 8
- Paul Briggs 8
- (2) William C. Jordan 5

- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 12
- (2) Edward McGee 8
J. W. McRorrie 9
Fred Pardon 8
- (9) Lloyd Pettus 18
Forrest Plott 3
Robert Simpson 3
Leo Ward 14
- (13) Melvin Walters 18
- (19) James Wilhite 19

COTTAGE No. 5

- (5) Grady Allen 14
Collett Cantor 6
- (5) William Kirksey 13
- (8) Elmer Talbert 11
Richard Starnes 7
- (14) Hubert Walker 16
- (4) Dewey Ware 17
- (9) Marvin Wilkins 14

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 12
- (8) Robert Bryson 16
- (7) Thomas Hamilton 13

COTTAGE No. 7

- (8) John H. Averitte 12
William Beach 11
- (3) Cleasper Beasley 8
- (8) Carl Breece 16
- (5) John Deaton 12
- (6) James H. Davis 11
- (6) Donald Earnhardt 10
William Estes 16
- (2) George Green 13
- (8) Caleb Hill 16
- (6) Hugh Johnson 14
- (3) Lyman Johnson 7
- (2) Robert Lawrence 10
- (3) Elmer Maples 9
Ernest Mobley 6
Marshall Pace 5
- (5) Dewey Sisk 10
- (2) Graham Sykes 8
- (7) Joseph Wheeler 10
- (2) Edward Young 8
- (2) William R. Young 9
Ed Woody

COTTAGE No. 8

Donald Britt 8
 Jack Crawford
 Wilfred Land 2
 Olin Langford 2
 Charles Taylor 11
 John Tolbert 11
 Walker Warr 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 4
 Clarence Baker 6
 (5) J. T. Branch 10
 (2) Clifton Butler 6
 James Butler 10
 (3) James Bunnell 8
 James Coleman 13
 Henry Coward 4
 George Duncan 10
 Wilbur Hardin 11
 John Hendrix 6
 (3) Osper Howell 9
 (3) Mark Jones 10
 (3) Alfred Lamb 5
 Harold O'Dear 9
 Eugene Presnell 14
 Thomas Sands 9
 Earl Stamey 10

COTTAGE No. 10

Elbert Head 14
 (2) J. D. Hildreth 12
 (3) Torrence Ware 5

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 12
 (4) Albert Goodman 11
 (19) Earl Hildreth 19
 (5) William Hudgins 9
 (6) Paul Mullis 10
 (14) Edward Murray 18
 (3) Calvin McCoy 9
 (6) Donald Newman 9
 (14) Julius Stevens 18
 (11) Thomas Shaw 17

COTTAGE No 12

(2) Allard Brantley 13
 (4) Ben Cooper 8
 (2) Everett Hackler 10
 (6) Charlton Henry 15
 (3) Hubert Holloway 14
 (15) Avery Smith 17
 (4) William Trantham 14
 (3) J. R. Whitman 12

(5) Leonard Wood 14

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Jack Foster 14
 (2) Merritt Gibson 3
 (3) William Griffin 15
 (3) James V. Harvel 12
 (2) James Lane 4
 (4) Paul McGlammery 12
 (4) Garland McPhail 6
 Alexander Woody 17

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Claude Ashe 15
 (4) Raymond Andrews 12
 (17) Clyde Barnwell 18
 Monte Beck 12
 (6) Delphus Dennis 17
 (3) David Hensley 8
 (2) Marvin King 11
 (3) James Kirk 18
 (3) Feldman Lane 9
 Fred McGlammery 15
 (2) Henry McGraw 11
 (3) Garfield Walker 9
 Jones Watson 13

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson
 (2) Howard Bobbitt 10
 Robert Chamberlain
 (2) Sidney Delbridge 8
 (2) Aldine Duggins 12
 (2) Clifton Davis 13
 Clarence Gates 11
 Hoyt Hollifield 9
 (3) Albert Hayes 10
 Beamon Heath 17
 (2) William Hawkins 7
 Oakley Lunsford 2
 (3) R. J. Pace 4
 Ira Settle 13
 Brown Stanley 9
 Richard Thomas 7
 William T. Wood 6
 (4) William Young 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis 8
 Warren Lawry
 (2) Filmore Oliver 13
 (2) Early Oxendine 10
 (3) Thomas Oxendine 12
 (3) Curley Smith 13
 (5) Ross Young 15

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 15, 1939

No. 15

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ETERNAL

The pure, the beautiful, the bright,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die!

—Sarah Doudney.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"THE SANITY OF FAITH"

When a man loses faith in himself, in everyday things, in the world generally, he is no longer sane. His doubts have shut the door upon the verities of life. Faith in good, in truth, in justice, in the integrity of the universe—this is the basis of all right thinking. He, only, makes a mistake who puts too great faith in personalities, and in things that perish. Only the Infinite is wholly trustworthy.

"I will use my reason," cries the materialist; "faith is unreliable; I must have proof." He knows not that faith is a higher quality than reason, and that it is strong enough, ineed, to stifle science.

Faith is spiritual gravity; it keeps us in our true place in the universe, and lifts us above the fear of being lost in outer space—swallowed up in utter darkness. Faith in a leader has won many a world cause.—Selected.

LIES DOWN TO PLEASANT DREAMS

Great as is the loss to this immediate community the sudden and shocking death of Thomas H. Webb, there is a realization that the loss is shared in many ways throughout the country, particularly so in the textile industry in which he was a success and a dominant national figure. He possessed a personality that radiated cheer and good will along with the qualifications that admirably fitted him for leadership in his church and all of the affairs of the city in which he lived. This splendid citizen was not a native of Cabarrus, having moved here in 1916, but very soon ingratiated himself in the hearts of all he met by his generous support in affairs for the betterment of the community.

Despite the fact he was a person of big business he was most easily approached and found time to take note of little things that contributed to the joy and comfort of the under man. He was big heart-

ed, broad visioned, having the same mold of his sturdy forebears, therefore, he charted his course in the face of hardships, and when success was realized he accepted the blessings as the beneficent gift of the Master, and not of his own making.

Tom Webb, as he was affectionately called, was an unique figure, one who stood out from the crowd, and withal he walked humbly with his God.

Memories, fond and tender, of his unfailing courtesy and warm and generous spirit will continue to linger among his legion of friends who were fortunate enough to know him during the many years of his useful life.

The ideal life of Thomas H. Webb was:

Let me live in my house by the side of the road—
 Where the races of men go by.
 They are good, they are bad; they are weak, they are strong;
 Wise, foolish—so am I;
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

* * * * *

BOOKMOBILE TO BE IN STANLY COUNTY

Miss Evelyn Parks, Stanly county librarian, announced yesterday that a bookmobile will operate in this county during the months of May and June.

The bookmobile is equipped with shelves to carry between 500 and 1,000 books for distribution in the county. It belongs to the State Library commission and is loaned to counties for demonstration purposes.

Stopping points for the bookmobile will be announced later. Each point will be visited once every two weeks. People interested in having the truck stop in their community are asked to see or write Miss Parks. Books will be loaned to adults and children.

This will make the second time a bookmobile has been in the county. It was in here before, in February, 1937, and although this was a short month 6,331 books were loaned. The county was covered twice.

From the above it is clear that provision is made for the rural communities of Stanly to have the advantage of good literature. We

do not know the requirements in securing the same, but the people of rural Cabarrus would appreciate the circulating library, or the bookmobile.

Nothing can supply the place of good books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness or affliction. Nothing compensates the good they impart. If the bookmobile is available why not have it circulate in Cabarrus county?

* * * * *

FOUNDER OF THE BERRY SCHOOL A DIPLOMAT

The charge is frequently made that women have strong intuition. We agree that women as a rule have what is known as a "hunch," so to speak. They have an understanding of the philosophy of life, therefore, know better the approach to get people interested in the finer things that contribute to the uplift of humanity. Woman's diplomacy combined with the spirit of humility, and the desire to serve, are the attributes of all women of strong parts.

Most of us are familiar with the genesis of Berry School, Rome, Georgia, founded by Martha Berry, specifically to give the indigent mountain children a chance. The history of this humanitarian institution is superb, showing the vision and courage of a woman, to carry on and on, day in and day out, till her dream,— a refuge for the helpless, but worthy,—was realized in the fullest sense.

It is generally known that Henry Ford, the manufacturer, gave most generously to the Berry School, but few know of any contact Henry Ford had with the institution prior to his beneficent gift. The story is brief but most interesting.

Doubtless when Henry Ford was on his way to his Florida estate to escape the bleak weather of Michigan fate decreed that he pass the way of this most interesting school. Usually the rich man is hackled to death for funds, but Miss Berry, the founder, asked him for the small sum, a dime to be used to promote the interest of the school. She truly used her head.

With that dime she bought peanuts. She planted them. When Ford, a few years later, made a return visit, Martha Berry showed him the bank account accrued from the dime's worth of peanuts. The manufacturer was so impressed that he gave a building, and then later gave a whole group of buildings for the school.

Martha Berry evinced the smoothness, diplomacy and fine sense of a stateswoman, if such a word is permissible. Ford sensed the type of woman he was dealing with. That she was versed in the laws of conversation, thrift and economy combined with the power that marks an executive. He fully understood that Miss Berry would grow two blades of grass where one previously grew.

* * * * *

“BUT GO YOU MUST”

A great advertising agency recently published a thought-provoking message which carried the caption, “Growl You May—But Go You Must.” It serves to remind us how little is required of us, how puny our problems really are compared with those old-time seafaring men who instantly obeyed the orders to go aloft.

When a sudden squall hit a vessel under canvas, no sailor would hold back. The rule of the sea was, and is: “Growl you may, but go you must.” Both captain and crew knew its meaning, knew that the crisp command was a choice between life and death.

Fortunately, we face no such grim reality. Yet if we were to write an advertisement for publishers to meet today’s conditions, we would be tempted to add: “Only able-bodied seamen need apply.”

Not because our job is so difficult—for it isn’t. But simply because we need more of the seaman’s buoyant philosophy towards stormy weather.

They know how to succeed today. Their formula is ACTION. Their creed is FAITH in their own ability to do the thing that needs to be done. That is their secret of success. It is the secret of all success today.—J. A. R.

* * * * *

BATTLESHIPS vs AIRPLANES

Great Britain, it is announced, will increase its battleships program to include nine dreadnaughts. The United States is expected to build not less than eight. Germany, France, Italy and Japan are believed to contemplate four apiece and Russia has joined the procession by indicating a desire to purchase some battleships in the United States.

At the same time, each of these nations is engaged in a stupendous program of airplane construction. While reports are somewhat conflicting, it seems to be agreed that the air strength of the powers is in this order: Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the United States, Japan and France, with Russia's strength unknown but possibly exceeding in number the air corps of Italy.

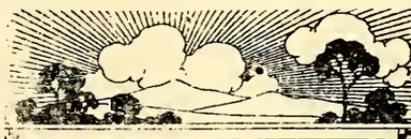
Now, what worries us about the program is the belief, often reported in past years, that any airplane, with a few bombs, can sink any battleship. Is it possible that the big nations are building battleships merely to serve as targets for the enlarged air corps? Or, is it true that the experts of every nation realize that sea power depends upon battleships and, for that reason, urge the construction of larger and larger dreadnaughts?

* * * * *

THE METHODIST UNION

When the unification of the three major groups of Methodists is realized there will be in this merger the following resources as enumerated by each denomination:

"Unification will bring into one fold 85 Northern Methodists schools and colleges, with net resources of \$188,758,000, and 64,882 students; 49 Southern Methodist institutions, with resources of \$110,625,000, and 27,279 students, and five Methodist Protestant schools, with \$3,596,000 resources, and 1,330 students. This will mean a total of 139 universities and colleges, valued at approximately \$300,000,000, and with almost 95000 students, to be administered from one headquarters. In addition there are nine theological seminaries enrolling more than 1,000 candidates for the ministry."



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A BIT OF SONG

"Things are always failing,
 Things are often wrong;
 Try a bit of cheering
 With a bit of song!
 The long road is not endless,
 The roughest places seem
 Sometimes smooth as velvet,
 Or like love in a dream.

The person who loses a bad habit
 makes a great gain.

If nature does not get a start on her,
 a woman can make a fool of almost
 any man.

Deception is an acquired art. People
 are born true. But a vast majority of
 them never stay that way.

Now is the Spring time of life
 made gloriously exhilarating by the
 women wearing those funny hats.

A woman may complain that she
 does not have many "speaking ac-
 quaintances," That is because they are
 most generally listeners.

The world doesn't have to worry
 much about the man who attends
 strictly to his own business, and
 allows others to do the same thing.
 And he doesn't worry much himself.
 Happy state of living.

It is an oft repeated observation
 that there are a whole lot of people in
 this fast moving world who do not
 practice what they preach. A bache-
 lor, nearly a 100 years old, says every
 young man should marry. He is not
 an example of his own opinion.

Perforations are made for conven-
 ient detachment. Some things are de-
 tached without perforation. Some
 other things ought never to be de-
 tached at all. Some time ago I bought
 a railroad ticket. It was perforated
 for detaching, and right below it said
 "No good if detached." Now, it's
 cruel to have perforations and in-
 structions and not use them. The
 very fact of perforation is suggestive.
 You just want to take off the coupon
 to see how it works. It's a mark of
 self-control not to do it. This de-
 taching game is so fascinating that
 lots of folks work it on themselves.
 But then, you know, a fellow detached
 from his best assets is in rather bad
 shape. Any fellow who does less than
 his best belongs to the detached class.
 A fellow may howl about his personal
 liberty, rights, and other stuff until
 he is blue in the face. That will
 bring him only ridicule. Memory is a
 great aid to success. Like anything
 else it's "no good if detached." It's
 all wasted air to tell about what you
 used to do. Not many folks put much
 store on history. It's what you can
 actually do that counts. It's little
 short of a joke to some folks when you
 tell about the memory you used to
 have. To your listeners it's tragic.
 It tells in cruel plainness of your lack
 of ability to meet today's crises.
 Business doesn't want the short mem-
 ory fellow. It's just billing you "not
 good—memory detached."

Divine love is the one thing essential
 to bring this turbulent and nation-
 struggling old world into the paths of
 peace, and good will to all men. When

ambitious nations cease their aggressions, and the slaughter of human beings for aggrandizement, and learn to serve God instead of themselves and accumulate more power, and earthly possessions, then the tide of the present world turmoil will change. It may be long coming—but it will eventually come. How can Divine Love dwell in the man who donates a costly stained glass window to the church which he attends, while at the same time he clogs a mortgage on the home of a less fortunate man in his community? How can Divine Love dwell in the woman who packs baskets for the poor at Christmas and overworks and underpays her servants during the year? To blood-thirsty nations Divine Love

is cast to the winds, and they sooner or later perish from the face of the earth, and their power and cruelty with them. We can give unneeded money to the poor, glass windows which proclaim our wealth to the church, begrudged food to the hungry, and let the afflicted suffer for want of attention and help. We can live in our little shell, but the shell will be broken in time. But to God we can give only ourselves and this in deeds of true love, as a meal at the same table with a hungry man; intensely real honest work in the church are gifts more pleasing in God's eyes. We can tell God how much we love Him, but the thing that counts is show Him. You are known by your works and deeds.

SCRAP IRON

Thrifty housewives and others have smiled on the junk dealer as he has gone the rounds buying up scrap iron which in car load lots has been shipped to seaport towns and thence to countries across the seas.

Unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less surely, such persons, according to Emory E. Smith, dollar-a-year commissioner for the War Industries Board during the World War, have been aiding the Japanese-China war and the bellicose situation in Europe.

Mr. Smith states that the World War ended because scrap iron failed, and just as the scrap iron accumulation in the United States had reached a point of security, exports to other countries began. In the past five years twelve million tons have been exported, the most of it to Japan.

Mr. Smith points out that when the supply of scrap iron in this country has been exhausted, the United States will have to make war implements of newly-mined iron which would triple and quadruple the cost.

Those who are against war may take comfort from the fact that scrap iron holds the balance of power of war, but even peace-loving citizens like to feel that national defense is adequate.—Selected.

“A FAMOUS FOREST”

By Vesta P. Crawford

Even longer than memory or written history is the custom of visiting the summer woods and enjoying the deep shadows and the cool greenery. Every summer we are impressed anew with the glory of the trees, their lacy-branched bordering of the streams, their groupings on the hillside.

In summer the evergreens of the high mountains are a majestic sight, these conifers that adorn the canyons and the uplands with their deep green splendor—their cool and quiet aisles. One of the most famous American evergreen forests is the magnificent Kaibab in northern Arizona. It is a stretch of forested plateau high above the painted desert—a retreat from dust and sun and arid winds that strike the surrounding wilderness of the sun-baked Southwest.

The Kaibab is more than fifty miles from north to south and almost as wide in the other direction. It is not an unbroken forest, for the thick clumps of pine are interspersed with open meadows carpeted with myriad bright flowers, clear mountain lakes, green knolls, and rocky ridges. Yet many parts of this forest are so dense that the trees have become slender shafts reaching up nearly two hundred feet to find the sun.

From its lofty isolation, a green island in the vast painted desert, a magnificent panorama is spread. Westward lies the “Arizona Strip,” a wild and broken country of gullies and mesas that lies north of the barrier gorge of the Colorado and separates effectively this part of Arizona from the rest of the state. Eastward, also, the Colorado loops its huge chasm in-

to a rainbow of color towards the high mountains. Northward, more desert country, strangely carved, gorgeously colored, lies in seemingly endless ridges and ranges and eroded tablelands—the Zion’s Canyon country, the steeples of far-famed Bryce; and to the south the land of the Navajos is etched in misty splendor.

The Kaibab is really a forested plateau, although one might think of it as a great mountain, so elevated it is from the surrounding country. It is bordered on all sides with steep canyons. Some of these are rimmed with pines and some of them are rough and barren, bleached in the desert sun. These secluded side canyons were once the hiding places of western outlaws and cattle thieves, and even now in the shadowed recesses among the trees may be found old cabins and the broken remains of fences once used to pen in the stolen range cattle. Many a “Robber’s Roost” was built in the dark side canyons of the Kaibab. Here, too, near the boundaries of their domains, came the Navajo, the Ute, the Piute, to contest in their tribal conflicts. Swift arrows flew through the piney woods and shot across the lush open meadows.

Now a well-traveled highway winds southward through this high sylvan paradise. Over the road the singing boughs of the pines are arched and the sound of the music fills the wooded aisles. The most wonderful organ in the world is the instrument made of pine boughs that echoes the windy song of the trees. One can shut his eyes and hear this low sweet music that seems to come from great dis-

tances and echo away to the ends of the earth.

Aristocrats of the forest are the pines. Their lineage is so ancient that they are known to have grown upon the earth thousands of years before some of the other trees appeared. Long-lived, they count their age by the centuries, and trees now standing shot their young stems upward in this forest before the land was ever seen by white men.

Although the great writer, Ruskin, never saw the wonderful Kaibab, the description he gives of pine trees might well apply to this forest. "It may be well for the timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines live amidst the wrath of clouds."

The pines of the Kaibab are the regal *Pinus ponderosa*, (western yellow pine). The mature height is from 140 feet up to 200 feet for the forest giants. From the straight trunk, huge gnarled branches bend down in a dark canopy. The crown is a narrow column with sparse branches upturned at the end. On old trees the bark is russet-red plates, on the young pines it is dark reddish brown or blackish. Thus beautifully colored, the trunks are a pleasing contrast against the dark of the evergreen leaves.

And through the glades of these trees the mule deer bound in their peculiar jumping gait, fleet, oh fleet beyond other deer of the wild, the mule deer streak through the forest. But sometimes not too fleet too be seen. The Kaibab is a great sanctuary for mule deer, which, though they have largely disappeared from many other forested areas of the West, abound

by the thousands in this high solitude.

The mule deer is larger than the common American deer (*virginianus*), its ears are longer, its body more graceful, and it is said to be more fleet by far, if there can be a measuring rod for the speed of a deer through the forest. The breast of the mule deer is darker than the back, and the small tail is all white, except for the black tip. Sometimes travelers in the Kaibab see these white tails through the trees before they see the body of the deer at all; then they see the animal itself, but only briefly, for off goes the deer, up and down up and down, jumping, not running, but disappearing with incredible speed into the dark forest glades it loves. Lucky is the person, who, waiting quietly in the woods, may see the stately grace of the mule deer before the deer, whose eye-sight is not overkeen, sees him.

The road winds south through the groves of *ponderosa* pine and here and there trails and side roads branch off to the right and to the left, and one has the feeling (even if he didn't know) that he is approaching some even greater marvel of nature than this magnificent pine forest. One feels that he stands on the portal of dawn, perhaps.

Then suddenly he comes out of the forest and sees the most tremendous spectacle in all the world—the mighty gorge of Grand Canyon. The first realization is of immensity—infinite distance, amazing space. Then the carving, the gigantic terraces, the temples, the ledges, the towers—fifteen miles from rim to rim this awesome span has been cut by wind and water into a varied sculpture that defies our comprehension. Over a mile deep is the gorge, and from this northern rim one cannot see the far-

away ribbon that is the powerful and turbulent Colorado. One cannot see the main stream itself, but one hears the roar of side cataracts.

One of the seven wonders of the world—Grand Canyon, and the approach to it, the gateway, the portal—is the magnificent Kaibab forest.

We stamp our own value upon ourselves, and we cannot expect to pass for more.—Selected.

LIFE BEGINS TODAY

(Industrial School Times)

A man consoled himself and excused his failures with the joking remark: "Oh well, life begins at forty!" I think Pitkin's book, "Life Begins At Forty," is a good book for those who are forty, but I am afraid it makes those who are younger think that nothing really counts until they are forty years of age, and that they may drift along until the time comes.

What are the facts? I've checked up and found that many of the world's geniuses had "clicked" before they reached the age of forty. Here is a list of some of them.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence when he was thirty-three.

Alexander Hamilton was a member of congress at twenty-five and a member of George Washington's cabinet at thirty-two.

Daniel Webster entered congress at thirty.

Henry Clay was appointed senator at twenty-nine, before he was of constitutional age.

Chaucer was well known at court as a poet when he was but twenty-five.

Livy began his "History of Roman State" at twenty-four.

Moliere finished a comedy, one of his best, at seventeen.

Milton wrote "Comus," by some esteemed as one of his most charming poems, at twenty-six.

Keats made himself immortal in English literature before his death, at twenty-four.

Beethoven was a skilled composer before he was nineteen.

Ford started his first car while in his thirties.

Edison invented the incandescent electric light when he was only thirty-two.

The presidents of two of our leading universities are in their thirties.

When a man wakes up to the fact that "the show is on," that his span of life is shortening with every clock tick, and if he is going to live a useful, happy life he must do it now—at this very instant life begins for him, no matter what his age.

The real tragedies are those who eternally drift and never discover that life has begun. For them the curtain never goes up.

Life is too short for making time. We should have a goal and start the march early.

WHEN LOUISA ALCOTT WAS A LITTLE GIRL

By Muriel Carberry

I wonder if any of you, you who write such happy little letters and poems, will grow up to be a Louisa Alcott and contribute delightful books, like "Little Women" and "Little Men," which have made boys and girls happy since grandma was your age. Shall I tell you about this little girl who became so famous?

Miss Alcott didn't wait until she was a grown-up before she began to write. When only seven or eight years old she started to make up simple verses, like you do, to get the habit of writing down her thoughts, little realizing how celebrated she would be some day.

One of the earliest compositions was a little poem called "To the First Robin." It happened like this. One cold morning the Alcott children found a tiny, famished bird in their garden; they carried it into the house and provided warmth and food. Louisa was so pleased when the little creature revived that she wrote the following rhyme:

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, 'Sweet Spring is here.'"

"Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay:
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best."

There were four Alcott children—Anna, Louisa, Elizabeth, and May—and all loved to shower kindness upon everyone, from a weary traveler to a hungry little bird. Louisa first learned

that one must share good things with friends when she was four years old. That birthday came November 29, 1836, about Thanksgiving time, you see.

This little girl adored parties just as we all adore them, and she didn't have one very often because her father was poor—the children lived mostly on plain boiled rice without sugar, and graham bread without butter or molasses. How should you like that? As her father was teacher in a school they decided to celebrate Louisa's birthday there instead of at home. All the pupils were invited. The little hostess wore a crown of flowers and stood on a table to pass out the cakes filled with raisins and currants which had been especially prepared for her to give as the guests in a long procession filed by.

But, alas, there weren't enough cakes to go round and the poor little girl saw that if she gave one to the last guest she wouldn't have any for herself. It was her party and she ought to have the goodie, she thought. But Louisa's mother put her arm around her little daughter and whispered, "It is always better to give away than to keep nice things, so I know my Louisa will not let the little friend go without."

So Louisa bestowed the nice plummy cake on the remaining child and for herself she got—a kiss, from her mother. That, after all, was better, wasn't it?

The Alcott girls studied at home with their father or his friends instead of going to kindergarten or a regular

grade school. They loved this arrangement because their father invented all sorts of games to illustrate the lessons. Instead of pointing out the alphabet from a book he would lie on the floor and make fascinating letters with his long legs. On warm days they all took to the flower garden and used the wet sand for a slate and sticks for pencils.

But life in this family wasn't all lessons; they had merry playtimes, too. Louisa especially loved to romp, even after she was a big girl. At thirteen she was the fleetest runner in her group and could climb like a boy. Once she trundled her hoop from her home to a hill a whole mile away, turned and came back without stopping. Think of that—harder than jumping rope a hundred times! It meant a lot of practice.

The beloved Miss Alcott was a nice looking girl in her early teens; she had thick dark brown hair and eyes that twinkled as if a little star made its home there. She wasn't always running off like a boy but often played

whole days with her dolls, making all sorts of costumes for them. Once she set up a doll's millinery, hung out a sign and displayed wonderful models in her window. The hats were all the rage with the children, but the neighboring hens didn't care for the industry as it meant losing their gayest tail feathers.

During the summer vacations the Alcotts set up a post-office in a hollow tree so that they could exchange letters, books, and toys with their neighbors. Once Louisa forgot a playmate's birthday, so she tucked the following little verse in a bouquet of flowers and hid it in the tree mail box.

“Clara, my dear, your birthday is
here

Before I had time to prepare,
Yet take these flowers, fresh from
Nature's bower,
All bright and fair.”

So you see Louisa Alcott was a healthful little child, studying lessons and loving fun.

The distinguished and well-beloved professor of a certain Southern State is so absent-minded that his family is always apprehensive for his welfare when he is away from them.

Not long ago, while making a journey by rail, the professor was unable to find his ticket when the conductor asked for it. “Never mind, Professor” said the conductor, who knew him well, “I'll get it on my second round.”

However when the conductor passed through the car again the ticket was still missing.

“Oh, well, Professor, it will be all right if you never find it,” the conductor assured him.

“No, it won't, my friend,” contradicted the professor. “I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going.”

—Selected.

GIVE EAR TO THE QUAKERS

(Zions Herald)

In the midst of unification plans and the emergence of the largest Protestant denomination in the Western Hemisphere if not in the world, we Methodists could not do better than pause and give ear to the "inner light" of the smallest religious sects on earth. "Methodists and Friends" is the title of a kindly editorial that appeared some time ago in *The American Friend*. The discussion registers appreciation for the accomplishments of Methodists and points out certain similarities between the Quakers and the Methodists, but also tactfully raises certain questions that tend to stir the conscience and lead to some doubts about the religious value of numbers and size. In comparing the two bodies, the editor of the *Friend* says:

Between the Methodists, who will now constitute the largest Protestant body in America, and the Friends, who represent one of the smallest, there is much in common as well as much of contrast. To begin with, there is a striking similarity between John Wesley's Aldersgate experience and that of George Fox nearly a century earlier when the latter's experience of the sufficiency of Christ to speak to his condition lifted him from an ocean of darkness into an ocean of light. Wesley freely recognized his debt to Fox as exemplar of the deep, inner experience of Christ, and said, as others have said after him, that if the Friends had remained true to their early mission, there would have been no need for the Methodist movement.

To what extent, it may be asked,

did Methodists follow in the Friendly train as they carried forward the torch which Friends had lowered? That their evangelical Christianity was much the same is indicated by the following "accents" which characterize Methodists: justification by faith alone; the true freedom of human personality; the doctrine of the pure heart; and the witness of the Spirit, or assurance. That the saving gospel was preached with the abounding zeal which had been shown by the Quaker "publishers of truth," there can be no doubt. In this country, as pointed out by Rufus Jones, . . . they demonstrated a Christian statesmanship in meeting the conditions on the American frontier which matched their zeal.

Friends are known best by the world for their leadership in movements for human betterment. Wesley followed in the wake of Fox in his social concern. "He who loves God," declared Wesley, "must love his brother also." He and his followers evinced the love that is horizontal and labored to relieve suffering and to right injustice.

In the Methodist zeal for reform, however, there has been a lack of spiritual dynamic, the editor of the *Friend* thinks. He says:

"With all their commendable activities for reform, we venture the opinion that the Methodists have lacked something of the significant spiritual dynamic which Friends found in their doctrine of the inward light. Under the sense of the latter, implying the Divine Presence in the human heart, the free personality of

the Methodist conception becomes more than free—it is divinely sacred. To some this may appear as a distinction without a difference, but it is just this difference that has produced that inner drive which has ever pushed Friends out on the social frontier." And, he might have added, it is "this difference" that has in many instances rendered Methodist social reform somewhat futile and barren.

It is rather important that "such large and effective bodies as the Methodists" take a long and serious look at the numerically small Quakers with their quiet power and world-wide influence. Attend a "Yearly Meeting of New England Friends" at Ocean Park, Maine. Watch them in action. The atmosphere is one of spiritual freedom, of peace and joy. Rufus Jones, in a plain business suit, is talking in conversational tone about the things of the spirit. And now an item of business comes up. There is a waiting for the "prompting of the Spirit." One man makes a tentative suggestion, then another quietly ex-

presses his view. Presently the body is ready, and spontaneously come the words "I approve," with here and there possibly an "I disapprove." The whole discussion gives the impression of feeling after the will of God.

To a casual observer the meeting appears to lack efficiency, to fail at the point of decisiveness. And yet these Quakers with their informality, their primary reliance upon the Spirit rather than upon the schemes and organizations of men, have achieved a world-wide reputation for intelligence, honesty, reliability, and Christian kindness, which gives them an open door everywhere. What far-reaching service to Russians, Germans, Jews, in need, have they rendered in recent years!

Let us give ear to the Quakers. It would be a tragedy indeed, if in the midst of the glory of vast numbers, of comprehensive plans for service, of a new system of organization visualized at Kansas City, the inner light of Methodism should grow dim or go out.

RESOURCEFUL

James Otis, famous for many years as a writer for boys, began his career in Boston. At the age of 17 he called on the managing editor of the Boston Journal and asked for work. His extreme youth was against him, and the editor wishing to dismiss him as kindly as possible, said "Go write something about Boston Common."

The young man walked about for a while, then seated himself on a bench to figure out something to write about. Presently something caught his eye, and lo, the subject was at hand. A little later he appeared before the editor with a fascinating article about the initials and words that idlers had carved on the benches.

Otis got the job.—The Home Journal.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

James Binney

Almost everyone knows that our world is composed of one-fourth land and three-fourths water. This suggests the importance of water, which in reality has a thousand and one uses.

For example, nearly all of the world's manufacturing involves water. Often, before it can be used, however, it is necessary to soften it. This means that mineral substances are removed.

Soft water is used in sugar factories. If hard water is used, the sugar will not crystallize. If the water contains the tiny life-forms called bacteria, the sugar will partly decompose. Thus, we might say that the sugar on your table depends greatly upon water. In fact, a large percentage of the sugar itself is water. So are many other foods.

If the water used in the manufacture of paper contains iron, an inferior product will result. When soap is being made, it is necessary to test the water carefully for lime or magnesia because either one of these minerals will ruin the soap.

Tanneries are always careful to use water which has been softened. This results in hides which are thinner, softer, and neater than any which could have been produced with hard water.

This list might be extended to great length to involve many types of factories and many products.

Water has an importance in geography second to no other factor.

People have always looked for a stream or a well before making a permanent settlement. Egypt developed an early culture because of the Nile river which overflowed at intervals and made its valley fertile. The Tigris-Euphrates river made possible the early power of Babylon. The first settlements in Greece were near the sea; Rome developed along the Tiber river, and early Gaul along the Rhine. The early American colonists all settled near the seacoast, or on large rivers.

Modern cities are usually found near the sea or on the banks of a river. London, for example, owes its existence to the Thames. Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, Venice, Naples, Constantinople, and hundreds of other major cities are seaports or riverports. Try to name three great cities which are not near water.

Pittsburgh is perhaps the best example in the United States of the importance of rivers to inland communities. This city, often thought of as "the workshop of the world" because of its steel mills, owes, its size and power to the fact that it is situated at the junction of three mighty rivers. Steel products are heavy and difficult to transport, but Pittsburgh has water outlets in three directions which are a distinct help to trade.

Indianapolis is probably the only large city in the United States which does not have the advantage of water transportation.

People generally quarrel because they cannot argue.

PREVENTION RATHER THAN CORRECTION

(The Mecklenburg Times)

John Wannamaker once said, "When you save a boy you save a multiplication table." This remark contains a bit of philosophy, which is indeed arresting and provocative of serious thought. Mr. Wannamaker saw youth, not only as separate entities whose training would determine the course of their lives and thus influence the future of this country, but he saw them also as future fathers, and thus as the providers of this civilization's continuity.

In today's boyhood we have our future leaders, and in shaping their lives and characters, we are determining our own destinies. We shall, in a few short years, lay down our burdens, and how well we have done our tasks will be in the province of today's youth to estimate and appraise. They will either approve, or disapprove of the course we, as their leaders, have followed, and as the chief actors in the drama of civilization, it will then be in their power to do something about it.

The world has spent centuries in developing a culture. We believe that the march of progress has been consistently forward, even though at times it may have appeared to be blind and groping. It has weathered well, stood the test of time, and we hope for its continuance. Only a careful and ceaselessly vigilant eye to the training of our youth will insure it.

As the fathers of the future, it will be in the realm of our present

day boyhood, to either continue or to scrap the philosophy on which we have built our civilization and society. Many of us will be living to see the continuity or the wreckage. We are deciding which it shall be now, in the training and guidance, or the lack of it, we give our boys.

Delinquency is a matter of prevention, not one of correction. The problem is not to be solved by the erection and maintenance of institutions, however complete their services may be. While the present system endures with parents evading their responsibilities, and society spending millions for so-called reclamation and little for prevention, we shall continue to have juvenile delinquents in numbers which astound the world.

The saddest part of it all is, not that these boys do wrong in the present, but that the habits so ingrained will be conducive to the anti-social actions in the future, when, as fathers and leaders, they will set the pace and furnish the examples for the boys of their own day. To have good fathers then, we need good fathers now. Where these are lacking, society must see to its own future by remedying the deficiency.

Judge Frank Sims of city recorder's court is probably doing more for youthful delinquents in Charlotte than any other individual. In passing judgment upon the youth arraigned before him, he does so, not with a book of law for guidance, but with a human and understanding in-

terest in the boy whose background was such as to make his appearance in court inevitable. Judge Sims has seen fit, time and again, to let the youth before him impose his own sentence. In many cases it has been shown the delinquent would impose a more severe penalty upon himself for his crime than the court would have passed.

Judge Sims has seen fit to gamble with the theory of Father Flannigan on many occasions; this theory being "There is no such thing as a bad boy." This gamble, by placing a youth upon his honor, has proven of greater benefit to society than incarceration, in more instances than

it has failed. Of course there are times when the gamble of the judge has proven a failure for the youth. That is to be expected. But the cases where youth is aided through merciless judgment are few and rare.

Judge Sims cannot do such a task alone, but his efforts have shown there is a need and ample room for such a movement for our delinquent youth in Charlotte. He should be encouraged in his efforts of prevention of crime, rather than correction, especially since these efforts have been shown to bear a richer fruit and a more golden harvest in our leaders of tomorrow.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Heads shook dubiously when at the beginning of 1938 Bishop Manning announced his determination to raise \$450,000 for the completion of the interior of the cathedral. Those who know the bishop know that he is not readily daunted, but this seemed a task insuperable "in times like these." The regular flow of funds into parochial and diocesan treasuries was not to be diverted. Accordingly Bishop Manning associated with himself Mayor La Guardia, also one of the bishop's flock, and by determined toil could announce at the close of the year the entire sum. There will be different attitudes as to the need of a cathedral in these latter days, but we cannot but rejoice with Bishop Manning in the successful effort to finish the cathedral during the World's Fair year. It has always been his policy not to proceed with building until the money is in hand. The story should drive away our despair in the raising of funds for the Church. Even in times like these goals are reached.—Selected.

VALUE OF A HOSPITAL

(The Catawba News-Enterprise)

What is the value of a hospital to the community it serves?

The man in the street too often thinks of a hospital as a place of last resort where he will be taken in case of serious illness, when ordinary medical care fails to restore his health. Economists and civic minded persons, however, like to estimate in dollars and cents the value of a hospital, as they would estimate the value of a new industry or business enterprise to the area in which it is located.

It was from an economic angle that a reporter recently opened a conversation with S. K. Hunt, business manager of Grace hospital, Morganton. Considerable figuring followed and a number of revealing facts were brought to light.

This particular hospital as a business institution was found to be the equivalent of a factory employing 100 persons at 30 cents an hour for 42 hours a week, and for 52 weeks in the year—an annual payroll of \$65,520.00.

This is apart from the money spent by the patients in doctor's fees and with drug stores and other merchants, an amount that, it was estimated, would easily average \$10,000. It was also estimated that another sum of about this same amount came to the community in trade from persons visiting patients in the hospital.

An item that would amount to a considerable sum if Grace hospital were not located at Morganton is that of transportation to hospital in

adjacent countries. Computed purely on a dollar-and-cent basis, the traveling expenses of their friends would approximate an amount equal to the total cost of operating the local hospital.

The economic principles that apply to Grace hospital apply to hospitals in any other community. They apply to the Catawba General hospital at Newton.

But of more importance than the financial angle are the human aspects of local hospitals. Perhaps only those who have traveled while in agony from an acute attack of appendicitis or intense suffering of some other kind can really appreciate a hospital conveniently located. And none knows better than the physicians themselves what a difference the convenience of a hospital makes in the chances of a patient's recovery, when minutes or even seconds may determine the difference between life and death.

We venture a guess that any physician in Newton can name at least one individual who is now living and well, but who would not be alive today had it been necessary to spend precious minutes traveling to some distant hospital.

The local hospital is a business, having the same sort of economic value of the community as a manufacturing establishment or any other industry.

Yet, the local hospital is more than a business; it is a humanitarian institution, moved by the spirit of Him who walked by the sea of Galilee curing the lame and the halt.

MAGNANIMITY

By J. Mack Williams

Magnanimity means good-will. A magnanimous man possesses an elevated soul. To understand the meaning of magnanimity, let us consider three men who illustrate this quality.

When Paderewski was Premier of Poland he was in his study one midnight deeply interested in state papers. An assailant suddenly appeared at his elbow. The man held a revolver in one hand and in the other a paper which he was trying to force Paderewski to sign abdicating his premiership. Madame Paderewski was asleep in an adjoining room. The noise awakened her. Entering the study she saw a revolver on the floor. Her husband was throttling a man who cried for mercy. The guards were called. Paderewski had them take the man to the streets and set him free. "Since that night," says the great artist-statesman, "he has been my friend.

Andrew Carnegie perfected the Bessemer steel process and out of this new way of making steel he amassed an immense fortune. But more than once his business was sorely beset by strikes. At one time a strike leader was seized with tuberculosis. An "unknown benefactor" sent him to Colorado, where he finally regained his health. The man learned later that the "unknown benefactor" was the very man whom he had fiercely de-

nounced and against whom he had led a strike. "Wasn't it white of Andy!" he exclaimed after learning that Carnegie had kept his name a secret for fear his opponent would not go as his guest to Colorado in search of health.

When Walter Hines Page was a young man, he settled in Raleigh, N. C., and began his chosen profession of journalism. But he was fifty years ahead of his time. At that period the South was looking toward the past; Page was looking toward the future. His native state rejected all of Page's efforts toward progress and reform. So he left North Carolina a disappointed and disillusioned young man. Years later he wrote a book about some of those experiences and he ended with these words: "If any reader of what I have written shall find anywhere a single word of bitterness, I pray him to rub it out, for I have not meant to write such a word. Sympathy for all, for all tolerance; pity for many and for some affection; against ignorance and narrow-mindedness, war to the end; have bitterness toward no human creature; nor have I ever meant to complain, for complaint furthers no man on his way. If the world does not please us, the least we can do is to try with cheerfulness to make it more to our liking, and the harder the task the more good-will we need." That is magnanimity.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

—Shakespeare.

THE MOCCASINS OF EAGLE FEATHER

(Selected)

The Rev. John Rogers was putting on his boots slowly by the kitchen stove in the two-room shack. He was thinking over his problems, and discouragement spoke from every line of his earnest young face.

He paused to inspect the worn boots. The soles were thin, too thin for the twenty miles of travel between him and the Indian settlement of Tecumseh, for which he was about to start on foot.

"I am afraid those boots will never last until the 'barrel' gets here," said his wife as she watched him pull the thongs tight over his instep.

"Then I must go barefoot or in moccasins, like my congregation," he laughed sadly.

The "barrel" would bring a pair of boots for him from the kind women of some Eastern church, and after they came some time must be allowed for the shoemaker at Mason City, forty miles to the westward, to alter one of them, for the Rev. John Rogers had a peculiar distinction—one of his feet was larger than the other.

His young wife Ellen looked up from her work at the bent figure of her husband as he tied the last lacing.

"I wonder what the winter is like out here?"

"They say it is a hard one, but I don't believe we will have snow so early. That's why I am going to Tecumseh once more before the roads get bad."

"They are a hardened lot of Indians out there, aren't they?" sighed his wife.

"I can't seem to reach them, though I am praying for them all the time."

"You've been faithful, John."

"Yes, but I fear I am not the right man for the place. I am hoping for a sign—yes, I am praying for a sign—from the Lord, and if it comes I'll stay and fight for their souls. If it doesn't, I'll go back to Chicago and tell them I am not the one to teach these people."

"Oh, John, that sounds rather superstitious. I wish you wouldn't put your faith in signs."

"Better men than I have done it, and when I am praying so earnestly to the Lord to show me the way, He will."

He took up the package of food Ellen had prepared and buttoned up his great coat. He had no horse to take him the twenty miles. Unless a wagon going his way would take him in, he would not arrive before sundown.

After he got there he could not expect white men's hospitality, for the Crees were not genial to young missionaries who were strange to their ways and language.

He kissed his wife and warned her to lock the shack and keep a lookout for him the following evening, for, though the roof of the nearest neighbor's house was just over the rise of the road, both of them were timid of prairie life.

That night found him in the school-house of Tecumseh with a gathering of twenty Indians and their squaws and children.

He talked with them simply and earnestly, looking into each face for a response to the Bible message he had been telling them for six months; but stolid and grim sat the braves, and a squaw giggled nervously once in a while from the back seats.

The last song was sung—they did like to sing—and the Rev. John Rogers went among them seeking to find some one Indian who would be willing to be taught the good Word, so he could teach his own people in their language. But it was evident to the minister that his half-year's work was as seed thrown away on rocky soil. However, John kept up his winning smile and kindly word in spite of his inward disappointment.

Where was the sign for which he had prayed so earnestly? Not here, unless the apathy of the people was the answer of the Lord that another man would be a better shepherd in his place.

He went to the frame house of Chief Eagle Feather and tossed uneasily all night on his bed of straw as the trials of his stay among the Indian settlements pressed down on his slumbers.

In the morning, when he started for home, Eagle Feather pointed at the clouds, red clouds that whirled up in battalions from the level horizon of the prairie.

Eagle Feather shook his head and spoke for the first time voluntarily to the minister.

"Winter comes soon—snow—big snow—"

"I can get home before the blizzard, can't I?"

Eagle Feather considered the rushing clouds with a small keen eye. He wrinkled up his withered cheeks doubtfully.

"Good Man have warm clothes?" He felt of the minister's coat.

"Good Man have strong shoes?" He looked at the minister's feet sharply.

"Good Man get home—no freeze before the snow.

John Rogers felt warm in heart. It was the first time he had ever had a personal attention from this cold, suspicious chief.

Yet, when he went down the long, straight, level road, his heart again grew cold within him, for no hand waved to him from the shacks nor did a head nod to him from the windows to bid him farewell on his long trip back to his shack.

It was useless for him to try any more. Some other man with different gifts must come to these heathen. He had been so happy and buoyant when he had started out for this work among the Indians six months ago. He had made a circuit of the settlement and tried to secure interest for a Sunday school among the Indian children, but they were simply apathetic.

With his thoughts to keep him dark company, he trudged on the endless road, and not until the wind began to whip his face with sharp particles of ice did he realize that the first snow of the winter was upon him. He had been walking two hours and still had four to go. He stumbled over something under his foot, and, upon stooping down to discover what it might be, he found that the soles of both boots had given way, and his feet were dust stained already where his socks had worn through.

"O Lord! what do boots amount to if I could have found one man there who would have listened to the Word?"

The missionary's steps began to hurt him and the snow chilled his feet, but there was **nothing to do but keep on**. The snow filled the air with a fine, stinging powder and the wind found the weak spots of the great coat. He had to bend his whole body against the storm, and the four hours lengthened out as he battled to keep his footing in the increasing drifts. Finally to even keep on the road was a task.

Once he lost it but managed to struggle back, for the figure of a tall man appeared in front of him and never seemed to lose the direction. Where the man came from puzzled John Rogers' benumbed brain. He shouted to the stranger through the swirls of snow, but got **no answer**. Always fifty feet in front of him, the person kept on until, darkness settled down, the slabs of his own shack, not ten feet away, hid the stranger from view.

That journey in the blizzard was too much for the slight physique of John Rogers, and he succumbed to exhaustion and fever.

After a week he opened his eyes and sought for his wife, who was watching by his **bedside**.

"I guess I have had my sign, Ellen," he whispered feebly. "I am a failure. I must try some new place where there are no Indoans."

Ellen smiled cheerfully, though there was a quiver around her lips.

"You're better, John. Let's be thankful for that, and we have good neighbors. **Some have come miles on horseback to help me nights**. I am not a bit discouraged."

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door of the next room that served as a kitchen and living room. She went out to answer it,

expecting a neighbor, but there stood before her a tall old Indian in a **plaid**, woolen coat and leaather moccasins. His beady eyes peered inquiringly behind her into the kitchen.

"Good Man here? Me—old Chief Eagle Father."

Ellen had seen plenty of Indians at the reservation chapels, but her husband's work had not brought one to her door before.

She stood aside and beckoned him in.

"The minister has been very sick."

Eagle Feather nodded **understandingly**.

"Go to heaven?" he asked.

"We hope not, but he is very weak."

Eagle Feather's eyes roved around until he spied the half-open door of the chamber.

"Eagle Feather got something for Good Man," he said, looking at the door eagerly and pointing to it.

Ellen went before the Indian and said to her husband: "**Here is the Indian, Eagle Feather.**"

John Rogers' eyes lighted up. "Let him come in."

The old Indian stood looking down at John Rogers a minute in silence, and then, thrusting his brown hand inside his plaid coat, he drew out **two** handsome moccasins made of heavy mooseskin and laid them on the **bedside** of John.

"For you Good Man. One little—one big one."

John picked them up in surprise.

"Why Eagle Feather, what a **fine** pair! I never had any before, and how did you know I had **one little foot** and one big one?"

"Eagle Feather make him like the one in the snow."

"Like the one in the snow?" asked

John Rogers, puzzled by the Indian's guttural speech.

"Good Man come to preach to bad Indian; go home in first snow. I go too. See he get home. Bad for Good Man not to know snow. Good Man get lost. Eagle Feather go ahead. Good Man follow me here."

Eagle Feather turned to Ellen, who had been listening intently.

"You see?" he asked eagerly.

The tear stood in her eyes.

"Yes, I understand, Eagle Feather. He said someone led him home the night of the blizzard, but I thought it was the fever in his head."

John Rogers turned to his wife.

"But how could Eagle Feather get the moccasins to fit me?"

The Indian bent down to the floor and gesticulated.

"Eagle Feather go down in the snow to see how big foot of Good Man is, and find some blood. Poor Good Man—no good shoes—foot in snow. Then Eagle Feather go to next foot in the snow. See blood, too, but it is little foot. Eagle Father try again, and say make moccasins like two feet, one little—one big. My squaw make 'em pretty."

John Rogers turned his head to the wall. It would never do for Eagle Feather to see him with tears in his eyes.

"Good Man no like my gift?" asked Eagle Feather, anxiously.

"Oh, very, very much," said Ellen to the Indian, drawing him out of the room. "The minister is very weak and he cries with joy over your gift. He will wear them often, Eagle Feather."

Eagle Feather threw back his head vigorously.

We be friends. Good Man bleed for us—we bleed for him."

Whereupon the Indian went out into the snow to march his twenty miles to Tecumseh, and Ellen turned back into the bedchamber.

John had the moccasins under his arm and his radiant face shone out from the pillow.

"You remember I asked for a sign, Ellen?"

His wife felt intuitively what was coming, but gazed at him inquiringly.

"I was too impatient. I've got the sign at last. I am going to stay," said the Rev. John Rogers.

Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, the great New York preacher, talks about these two troublesome men in the following manner:

"Bigotry and intolerance are always the inevitable ear marks of ignorance, while the first fruits of education are sympathy and understanding. Education may make you skeptical, but it can never make you cynical. A skeptic is a man who has lost faith in the power of truth. A cynic is a man who has lost faith in the power of virtue. A skeptic maintains it makes no difference what you believe, while a cynic affirms it makes no difference how you live. Education may make you skeptical, but never cynical. To talk about culture without compassion is like talking about a crooked-straight line."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Fred Ansley, PWA project auditor, recently spent several days at the School, making the final audit of Docket No. NC-1448-F, Miscellaneous Farm Buildings. Construction of these buildings, together with the addition to the laundry building, comprising this project, has been completed. The ten per cent final grant requisition is being filed. This percentage will bring the grant up to forty-five per cent of the total cost of the project, which is the Federal Government's portion thereof.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31, 1939, as follows:

First Grade—George Green, most improvement in work; Second Grade—Cleasper Beasley and Homer Bass, highest general average; Third Grade—Rondald Dixon and Jack Mathis, highest general average; Fourth Grade—James Lane and Donald Holland, highest general average; Fifth Grade—Leon Hollifield, greatest improvement in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—Forrest Plott and William Hawkins, highest general average; Seventh Grade—Forrest McEntire, best in arithmetic.

Superintendent Boger and several members of the School's staff of workers recently received invitations to the commencement exercises of the Highlands High School, to be held in the school theatre, Highlands, N. C., Wednesday evening, May 3rd, at 8

o'clock. These invitations came from Ernest Munger, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who left here January 1, 1935, and is a member of this year's graduating class at the Highlands school. This lad, who is now nineteen year old, has made a fine record since leaving us, and his many friends at the School wish to take this opportunity to congratulate him on completing his high school studies, at the same time tendering best wishes for continued success.

Easter, that great Christian festival, was most fittingly observed at the Training School last Sunday. At nine o'clock in the morning, Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium. Following the singing of the opening hymn, a choir of one hundred boys, under the direction of Mrs. George L. Barrier, rendered two selections, "Christ Arose" and "Christ Is Risen, Alleuia." That these youngsters entered into the spirit of the occasion was evidenced by the way they sang these two numbers. Their youthful voices blended beautifully, and we are inclined to voice the opinion that they exceeded the efforts of any choir we have had.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Summers read the story of Christ's resurrection as found in the 28th chapter of Matthews, and in his talk to the boys he pictured the events of that day in such a manner that even the youngest lad present could fully understand the true meaning of Easter.

The speaker first told how Jesus'

friends, saddened by his cruel death, went to the tomb early in the morning. They fully expected to see the Master's body on the cold marble slab, but instead they saw an angel, who said, "He is risen. Come, see the place where they laid him."

There are many fine things in the life of Jesus, continued Rev. Mr. Summers, which made him the most outstanding man the world has ever known. One of the finest things about him was his readiness to help those who needed help. He was mankind's greatest friend.

The speaker then said there were three things in the life of Jesus which marked him as the true Son of God: (1) His death on Calvary, where, killed by wicked men, his dying breath called upon God for their forgiveness; (2) His glorious resurrection from the dead; (3) His ascension into heaven, there to sit at the right hand of God. Christ was unlike all other men who had been risen from the dead. They had to die again, but he went up into heaven forty days after emerging victorious from the tomb. He arose to live forever, not to go back in death any more.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that Jesus' resurrection brought a great change in the history of the world's religion. The days of the week were also changed. In olden times the seventh day was the Sabbath, but now the first day is celebrated as such, in memory of Christ's resurrection from the dead on that day. It is quite proper for us to remember Easter at this time of the year, but every Sunday should call to our minds the fact that Christ died for our salvation.

Jesus' resurrection from the dead affected all men, said the speaker. Following his death the apostles were

afraid, sad, but Christ's victory over death made them joyful. Thomas was changed from one who doubted to a believer; Simon Peter was changed from one who bitterly denied Christ to one of his most enthusiastic followers and a great preacher; Saul, the persecutor, became one of the world's most noted Christian leaders; later as the Apostle Paul, he founded the early Christian Church. He told the story of his own conversion to all men, until, now, from a small beginning, there are millions of people working for God through the church. All this came about through the power of the risen Christ. Thanks and highest praises should be given to God for what He has done for the world.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that the only way we, the people of today, can carry out the work God has for us to do, is to give ourselves to Him in faith, saying, as did Thomas, "My Lord and my God." By living in that faith we may safely rely on the power of God to carry us through this life and into the eternal joys of the life to come.

Last Sunday afternoon it was our privilege to enjoy an Easter service, conducted by Luther Ballentine, of Manassas, Va., a ministerial student at Lutheran Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the resurrection of Christ, followed by prayer. A choir of about one hundred boys then sang "Angels Roll the Rock Away," one of the most beautiful of all the old Easter hymns.

Mr. Ballentine then addressed the boys on the subject, "Soldiers For Jesus," in a most helpful and inspir-

ing manner. From the way in which he handled his subject, we feel safe in predicting a brilliant future for this young man as a minister of the Gospel. The complete text of his address follows:

The world is today honoring the greatest Man that ever lived. He is a Man who had legions of soldiers at His command, yet never shed a drop of another man's blood; He entered His public career declaring that He would spend His life fighting, yet greater peace among men resulted from His life and work than from that of any other person. This Man is Jesus of Nazareth. His soldiers are the people of God; His battle is against your greatest enemy and mine: sin.

After two years of teaching, working among poor people, and training twelve helpers, Jesus was arrested. His teachings and work showed that people were not as religious as they claimed to be. They were mistreating the poor people of the land, and were not fair and just in business and courts of law. He claimed to have His authority from God, whose Son He was. Because the people did not like to be told they were wrong, and would not believe that Christ was the Son of God, they put Him to death and sealed His body in a tomb of solid rock.

But on this day, nineteen centuries and ten years ago, after having been dead three days, Jesus rose from the dead. There is no doubt that He was alive for He spent forty days with His friends, telling them about Himself and instructing them in the things He wanted them to do. His followers began the work He assigned them. People everywhere were eager to hear about this wonderful Son of God, Jesus. Those who became His friends and believed in Him organized them-

selves into a body called the **Church**, and it is to the Church that we go today when we want to learn more of the things He taught. As true soldiers under a great commander-in-chief, they bear the sword too, and are fighting the battle into which He leads them; the battle against injustice, unselfishness, unbelief, hatred, and all the forces of evil.

Can we truly say that we are good soldiers on Jesus' side in this battle? In the great army and navy of the United States, a man who is not a good soldier is court-martialed and dishonorably discharged, even though he may be sorry for his neglect. In the army of Christian soldiers, Jesus never turns down a man who wants to fight for the right. When one of His soldiers is defeated and falls, Jesus lifts him up again and says, "Depend on me. I will help you and this time we will win." A good soldier in this battle is not one who is never defeated, but one who will call on Jesus for help and try again.

Being soldiers of Jesus means that we place our trust in Him for everything of this life. Paul, one of the greatest followers of Christ, says it means we trust in Him who is our leader. Jesus is still living, leading us and living up to the trust His people have in Him. The story is told of a small boy who was with his parents in a mountainous section of the country. The boy liked adventure, and being attracted by a bunch of beautiful flowers growing on the side of a steep cliff, he decided to climb up for them. He toiled hard, climbing the dangerous, rocky side of the precipice. His excitement drove all fear of the undertaking from his mind, and he soon reached the flowers. But when he had gathered them and started down the

embankment, he was very tired, and looking down from whence he had climbed, his heart was seized with fear. It was more dangerous than he had thought, and he found his strength too far gone to attempt the dangerous descent. Answering his calls for help, a group of men gathered at the top of the cliff to rescue him. It was necessary that one of them be let down by

a rope to where he was. A volunteer was called for, but no one wanted to take the dangerous risk. Finally a boy came forward and said, "I'll go down there, if you will let dad hold the rope." That young man had the kind of trust in his father that we must have in Christ. We can safely depend on Him to help us in any of life's situations.

WHAT MAKES A NATION GREAT?

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,
 Nor armored ships that gird the world,
 Not hoarded wealth, nor busy mills,
 Not cattle on a thousand hills,
 Not sages wise, nor schools, nor laws,
 Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
 All these may be, and yet the state
 In the eyes of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
 Whose sons are guided by His Word;
 Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,
 Where love controls in act and plan,
 Where breathing in his native air
 Each soul finds joy and praise and prayer—
 Thus may our country, good and great,
 Be God's delight, man's best estate.

—Alexander Blackburn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending April 9, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (7) William Cantor 8
- (2) Gilbert Hogan 17
- (4) Clyde Gray 17
- (8) Leon Hollifield 19
- (8) Edward Johnson 19
- (4) James Kissiah 16
- (6) Edward Lucas 17
- (8) Robert Maples 17
- William Padrick 3
- (4) C. L. Snuggs 14

COTTAGE No. 1

(No. Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

- (6) John T. Capps 10
- George Cook

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 12
- Wayne Collins
- Herman Cherry
- Coolidge Green 12
- A. C. Lamar 5
- (6) F. E. Mickle 11
- (20) William McCrary 20
- Douglas Matthews 14
- Jack Morris 3
- (3) John C. Robertson 12
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 6
- Fred Vereen 3
- Earl Weeks 17
- (5) Jerome Wiggins 16

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 9
- Paul Broome 8
- John King 9
- James Land 10
- (3) Ivan Morrozoff 13
- (3) Edward McGee 9
- (2) Fred Pardon 9
- (10) Lloyd Pettus 19
- (2) Forrest Plott 4
- Henry Raby 12
- (2) Leo Ward 14
- (14) Melvin Walters 19

- Richard Wiggins 4
- (20) James Wilhite 20
- Samuel Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 13
- (9) Robert Bryson 17
- Eugene Ballew 3
- Fletcher Castlebury 11
- Robert Dunning 6
- Columbus Hamilton 7
- Leo Hamilton 6
- (8) Thomas Hamilton 14
- Leonard Jacobs 5
- Ray Pitman 3
- Carl Ward 2

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) William Beach 12
- (4) Cleasper Beasley 9
- (9) Carl Breece 17
- (6) John Deaton 13
- (7) Donald Farnhardt 11
- (2) Willaim Estes 17
- (3) George Green 14
- Roy Helms
- Raymond Hughes 4
- (9) Caleb Hill 17
- (7) Hugh Johnson 15
- (4) Lyman Johnson 8
- (4) Elmer Maples 10
- (2) Ernest Mobley 7
- Ernest Overcash
- (6) Dewey Sisk 11
- (8) Joseph Wheeler 11
- (2) Ed Woody 10
- (3) Edward Young 9
- (3) William R Young 10

COTTAGE No. 8

- J. B. Devlin 14
- Lonnie Holleman 4
- Edward McCain 15
- Cicero Outlaw 11
- (2) John Tolbert 12
- (2) Charles Taylor 12

COTTAGE No. 9

- (6) J. T. Branch 11
- (3) Clifton Butler 7
- (2) James Butler 11
- Roy Butner 9
- (4) James Bunnell 9
- Edgar Burnette 15
- Carol Clark 12
- (2) George Duncan 11
- Frank Glover 10
- C. D. Grooms 6
- (4) Mark Jones 11
- (2) Thomas Sands 10
- Cleveland Suggs 7
- (2) Earl Stamey 11
- Preston Wilbourne 11
- Luther Wilson 5
- Thomas Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Elbert Head 15
- (3) J. D. Hildreth 13
- Felix Littlejohn 11
- James Martin

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) Harold Bryson 13
- (5) Albert Goodman 12
- (20) Earl Hildreth 20
- (6) William Hudgins 10
- Clyde Hoppes 11
- James Lewis
- Franklin Lyles 2
- (7) Paul Mullis 11
- (15) Edward Murray 19
- (7) Donald Newman 10
- Theodore Rector 8
- (12) Thomas Shaw 18
- (15) Julius Stevens 19
- John Uptegrove 3

COTTAGE No 12

- Odell Almond 8
- (3) Allard Brantley 14
- Ernest Brewer
- William Broadwell
- (5) Ben Cooper 9
- William C. Davis 11
- William Deaton 4
- (3) Everett Hackler 11
- (7) Charlton Henry 16
- S. E. Jones 6
- Tillman Lyles 9
- Clarence Mayton 13

James Puckett

- Howard Sanders 12
- (16) Avery Smith 18
- Ralph Sorrells 3
- Geore Tolson 7
- (4) J. R. Whitman 13
- (6) Leonard Wood 15

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) Jack Foster 15
- (3) Merritt Gibson 4
- (4) William Griffin 16
- (4) James V. Harvel 13
- Bruce Kersey 5
- Irvin Medlin 9
- (5) Paul McGlammery 13
- Thomas R. Pitman 15
- (2) Alexander Woody 18

COTTAGE No. 14

- (5) Raymond Andrews 13
- (18) Clyde Barnwell 19
- (7) Delphus Dennis 18
- (4) David Hensley 9
- (3) Marvin King 12
- (4) James Kirk 19
- (3) Henry McGraw 12
- Charles McCoyle 6
- John Robbins 12
- (2) Jones Watson 14

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) Howard Bobbitt 11
- Horace Branch 2
- (3) Clifton Davis 14
- (3) Aldine Duggins 13
- (2) Beamon Heath 18
- (4) Hoyt Hollifield 10
- (4) Albert Hayes 11
- (3) William Hawkins 8
- (4) R. J Pace 5
- Eulice Rogers 7
- (2) Ira Settle 14
- (2) Brown Stanley 10
- J. P. Sutton 7
- Arvel Ward 12
- (5) William Young 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) James Chavis 9
- (3) Filmore Oliver 14
- (3) Early Oxendine 11
- (4) Thomas Oxendine 13
- (4) Curley Smith 14
- (6) Ross Young 16

APR 25 1939

THE UPLIFT

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CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 22, 1939

No. 16

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A PRAYER

Lord, we would work and neighbor here,
Too big to hate; too wise to sneer;
We would be helpful, cheerful, kind,
Gentle of speech and broad of mind;
And though not far our circle swings,
Let us be great in little things.

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

PERSONAL LEADERSHIP

There is a leadership that is shrewd and given to manipulations of men and affairs. Such leadership succeeds by self-will and personal determination. Such leaders have their day; they do not long abide. The only leadership with perpetual promise of power and permanence is altruistic. The names of world leaders that are immortal were helpers of their fellows. They espoused some great cause and some need of the people. They gave themselves, their lives and their all.

They may have been spurned and scorned and cast out. Some have suffered the martyr's death. The cause they espoused was more than the man. **Falling**, they passed the torch of truth to other willing hands. Truth lived again, more virile, more effectual and beneficent, and God and men triumphed.

—Christian Advocate, South.

GARDEN BEAUTIFICATION

Beginning in February, the garden pilgrimages are made in every section of the country, and the grand finale to this beautification project is the National Convention of Garden Clubs, May 23-25, at Colorado Springs. There is a rapid increase in the organization of garden clubs—the object of which is the transforming of ugly yards into retreats of natural beauty. A fine place to relax after the day's task is finished, and witness there the majesty of His handiwork.

The gardens that offer greatest appeal to flower lovers are those found in the old South,—such as are found in South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, the azalea gardens of Eastern North Carolina along with the informal gardens of boxwood and every kind of sweet smelling shrubs, on the James River of the old Dominion. In these gardens there is not alone colorful beauty, cool green lawns, stately

trees that fringe the flag-stone walks, rustic bridges that span the babbling brooks, but sweet fragrance, the song of the birds all of which speak of the culture, refined taste and other ideals of our early forebears. To live close to a garden inspires peace, fellowship, and a greater faith in the Creator of all things.

We feel that the Garden Club of Concord is also writing history. Leaving tradition that will bear fruit in the aeon of years to come. The future generations will understand the aims of their forebears, —better living conditions— and will build upon the same foundations. Consequently, as the years roll on in their ceaseless march, Concord too may become famed for its beautiful gardens.

Edward W. Bok gives all credit for the dream of his that inspired the Sanctuary and Tower at Lake Wales. The parents or grandparents of Bok transformed a grim, desert island into a bower of green verdure and trees to which came the birds that made the island famed. The injunction from Bok's grandparents was as follows and he cherished the thought: Wherever your lives may be cast, make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." This is indeed an ideal to be remembered. The person so obsessed will not just work for a living but try to make a life.

* * * * *

CANCER CONTROL

"Fight cancer with knowledge" is the slogan of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for Control of Cancer. This month, April, is set aside by an act of Congress to enlist the interest of people so as to make them conscious of symptoms of cancer and soon thereafter consult a physician.

Medical men, research workers, and other public authorities are studying and training so as to reduce cancer mortality. There was a time when to have a cancer was accepted as a most loathsome disease, and it was discussed in suppressed tones. Having a better understanding that cancer can be cured, or prevented if taken in due time, this timidity is a thing of the past. This attitude upon the part of the people simply means that a forward step has been taken, saving myriads from the most intense agony known to mankind. The mortality rate from tuberculosis has been reduced by clinics and propoganda, and the same can be done in the control of cancer.

This campaign is nation-wide, endorsed by an act of Congress, therefore, we feel sure that the people of this community will fall in line and do their bit for the sake of human sufferers. Also, to fight cancer with knowledge means we put out of commission many quacks who sell their dope in this community to the poor and ignorant who hope for relief. This is the second year this campaign for cancer control has been put on in Cabarrus and there is no more important way of doing our bit in this war to save human life than by organizing a fresh and vivid publicity program, teaching him to fight cancer with knowledge. Avoid quacks and consult your physician when a symptom appears.

* * * * *

EXTERMINATE THE RAT

There has been much complaint about the number of big, wharf rats that are seen in all parts of the city. These rodents are not confined to this particular area, but from other parts of the state there is considerable complaint, and action has been taken in many places to make war on these pests.

In Smithfield, Johnson County, a mass meeting at the court house was called. These citizens invited a speaker from the state board of health to advise as to the best way to exterminate the rats. The speaker from Raleigh told briefly that the rat was a most destructive creature, it destroyed hundreds of dollars worth of food and grain annually. Also, the typhus-germ is conveyed by a flea peculiar to the rat, and that for the sake of better sanitation it is imperative that action be taken to destroy these rodents.

In the rural district of Cabarrus the good housewives are complaining about the rats killing their biddies as soon as hatched. They have been known to kill much larger chickens.

On the streets of Concord and in the back lots it is not unusual to see large, wharf rats dart back and forth. It is sufficient to know that these germ carriers, are plentiful in Concord and it will be too bad if some one in our midst is the victim of typhoid fever. "A stitch in time saves nine" is an old adage, nevertheless true.

We do know rats are perfect scavengers, roaming where there is all kinds of refuse matter, and by way of suggestion one of the best ways to clear them out is to cover all garbage in tight fitting containers.

HOSPITALIZATION A WORRY

Hospitalization in this land means a great concern, especially so with the family of small income. Just lately we were told by a young miss that she had goitre, and the doctor advised the immediate attention of a surgeon. This person in question receives a small stipend for services, but fortunately she carries hospital insurance.

When such instances are talked we think of the way the Swedes meet such emergencies. A bed, nursing, medical attention and other essentials are available for 25 cents per day in a ward. Doubtless this means an expense for the government. But the Swedes are very health conscious. They know a sick person is a liability, and a strong, healthy one an asset.

We are thoroughly aroused to the point of giving every man's child an education in the fundamentals, and then more; but do nothing to keep the poor physically fit so as to make use of their educational advantages. Consequently they become objects of charity, if illness overtakes them.

* * * * *

LOYALTY

The former editor of The Saturday Evening Post, George Horace Lorimer, leaves a word about loyalty for future generations that will take lodgment in the human breast as long as there remains the power to know right and justice. A loyal friend implies devotion and a gracious spirit for deeds of mercy that give joy when a friend "in need is a friend indeed."

An extensive business career placed the former editor in the position to place a value upon loyalty. By contact with the masses Editor Lorimer had a speaking acquaintance with loyalty, consequently rated that one commodity of life as priceless. It is one of the rare gems of the human family.

The comments are: You can trust any number of men with your money but mighty few with your reputation. Half the employees who are with the business on pay day are against it other days.

It is wise for every person of business to keep to themselves their dislikes. Tell only your likes. It is detrimental to talk about either. Silence is golden.

Do not discuss the dead. Remember the "white face of the dead

is a flag of truce." Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time, and being so agreeable yourself that no one can be disagreeable. A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung.

Some people can only see above them, and others only see those under them, but a good man is cross-eyed and can see both ways at once, making the inferior person feel comfortable at least.

In all dealings keep in mind that today is your best chance, that tomorrow presents an opportunity for the other fellow.

To follow dictates of this writer will chart the right way. By so doing you are never effusive over a few, so there never comes a break. Let "loyalty" be your watchword, and your friends will be numbered from people in every walk of life.

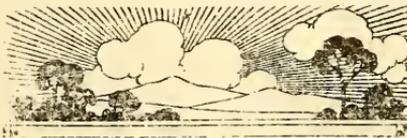
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THE USE MADE OF "SCRAP" IRON

This is what E. E. Smith, a San Francisco consulting engineer, says of our country. "That it is guilty of directly abetting war on friendly nations, because we have shipped 12,000,000 tons of scrap iron to other nations during the past few years. Without this traffic, there would have been no Sino-Japanese war; no bellicose attitude in Europe."

During this last January alone the United States shipped 227,884 tons of scrap iron, of which 153,131 tons went to Japan, 26,055 to Italy, 23,190 to the Netherlands, and 11,635 to Germany.

This traffic has really established a vicious circle, since the heavy purchase of our scrap by militaristic nations for a tremendous increase in their armaments has called forth a corresponding increase in our own. Mr. Smith declares our country in being stripped of its natural resources means that if we get into a "scrap" we will not have enough "scrap" to make the "scrap" effective.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

EACH OTHER

"If we knew each other better,
 You and I and all the rest,
 Seeing down beneath the surface
 To the sorrows all unguessed,
 We would quit our cold complaining
 And a hand of trust extend,
 If we knew each other better,
 We would count each one a friend."

Set it down as a trueism: Not every-
 thing that is cheap is a bargain.

There is only one way to make
 dreams come true. That is to wake
 up and go to work and make them
 materialize.

Many a man takes his wife in all
 of his affairs as a "silent partner,"
 but often she turns out to be "the
 loud speaker."

You may be interested in viewing
 the fashions, but do not be uneasy
 about a place. There'll be room for
 you at church Sunday.

It may be possible that Hitler may
 yet find it difficult to cash in all his
 Czechs. He says he wants peace, but
 he is persistently taking in the pieces.

When people argue harshly, and
 abuse each other about religious
 matters, it is a pretty good sign that
 they have not enough religion to
 practice its tenets.

It is said that "truth fears no foe
 and shuns no scrutiny." But there are
 people who do not like "the truth, the
 whole truth and nothing but the
 truth."

A lot of people divide their sorrows
 with their friends and neighbors.
 How much happier they would feel if
 they divided their pleasures in the
 same way.

In the good old days children con-
 sidered it their duty to support their
 aged parents. Now times have
 changed. Now the idea is for aged
 parents to seek pensions to support
 their children.

It is a glorious thought that the
 baseball season is about to open and
 then we will not have any time to
 bother about affairs in Europe. We
 will be too much agitated over "home
 runs."

A whole lot of people find out their
 popularity in a community when they
 try to borrow money. They say
 "money talks," but it says very little
 to them, and often passes them by
 without so much as a nod.

The tale is old and often told that
 Opportunity knocks once at every door.
 And there are a lot of folks so impa-
 tient to answer the door when Oppor-
 tunity does knock that they stub their
 toe on the door-mat, and thus lose their
 opportunity.

It is said that Scottsville, Ky., won't
 let bachelors work on city jobs.
 They stop too often to look at the
 girls that pass by them. Well, a town
 that will try to stop a man from
 looking at a pretty girl is just simply
 something outrageous. I'd like to see
 them stop me.

Many people worry over many things. Some grave, over which they cannot help; some frivolous, which do not amount to anything in the end. But worry is mighty like a hobby-horse—it keeps you going but you do not get anywhere.

I am told that a number of magazine and newspaper editors are rejecting fiction these days. They are not by themselves in this particular. There's the tax listers and the income tax returns examiners. Like the poor, they are with us always.

Everyone has enough to be miserable about if he is so minded. Haman had such a mind. Everyone has enough to be happy over if he will only look for it and live in it. Paul and Silas in jail with their feet shackled and their backs bloody with stripes found cause for a song of triumph. "The angels heard and applauded till men said there was an earthquake." Appreciate what you have. Make it better if you can, but appreciate it and live in it. Why be miserable over present evil or absent good when we have so much that is fine. Remember He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Lo, I am with thee always," Don't get blue or give up until you have reliable news that God is dead or has forgotten to be gracious. "Count your many blessings; name them one by one." Make an inventory of them. Write them down on a piece of paper and you will be surprised to see how

rich you are and what an abundant life you have.

The Psalmist tells us—19-1— that "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

How true! The premier vision of the world is witnessed in the risings and settings of the sun. No two occasions are alike. They give you beautiful pictures of the brightness, glory and splendors of heaven. The dazzling and flaming streams of gold, amethyst and opal, trickling in radiance across the firmament as if their celestial brilliancy were woven into a glittering robe for the day to wear it at the bridal scene of heaven and earth. Every cloud is bathed in beauty. And day wears a silvery blush of radiance as heaven stoops down to kiss it.

And the gorgeous sunsets, when tired day beholds the sun pass into his crimson-curtained chamber of rest, making the western sky look as if angels had pulled back the drapery of heaven and revealed the rich glories "beyond the veil." It is loveliness beyond compare.

As one beholds these Diety-painted pictures one can but think how grand and beautiful heaven must be, when there is thrown on this side of the screen of the sky such exquisite tintings of loveliness.

If this side of the heavens is made so beautiful, what must the other side be?

Force may subdue, but love gains; and he that forgives first, wins the laurel.—William Penn.

ALUMINUM ANNIVERSARY

(The Pathfinder)

One day in the early 1880's Charles Martin Hall, a sophomore at Ohio's Oberlin College, heard this prophecy from his chemistry professor: "The man who discovers the process by which aluminum can be made on a commercial scale not only will be a benefactor to the world but also will be able to lay up for himself a great fortune."

At the time, aluminum was already known to be the most plentiful metal in the earth's surface; its principal properties, chiefly lightness, had been discovered; it had already been produced on a semi-commercial scale. But because no economical method had been found for extracting it from its ore, it was still a semi-precious metal, selling for \$8 a pound, and therefore could not be widely used.

Spurred on by his professor's prophecy, young Hall began experimenting. In 1886, at 22, he discovered that by shooting electricity through bauvite ore he could extract aluminum economically. In 1889, he could extract aluminum economically. In 1889, he got the U. S. patent on the process.

The discovery had three principal results. In keeping with the professor's prophecy, it made Hall a fortune; when he died in 1914, he left nearly \$27,000,000. Secondly, it opened the way to cheap mass production, so that aluminum today is one of the most widely used of all metals. Lastly, because the Aluminum Company of America held Hall's patent for 20 years, it has

been able to manufacture virtually all the aluminum in the United States.

Last week, preparing to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the granting of this patent, the aluminum industry reviewed its half century of progress. In 1894, only 2,000 pounds of the metal were manufactured. Today, the output in nearly 200,000,000 pounds yearly, making aluminum fifth among metals in tonnage output. It is now embodied in more than 2,000 products, including wrappers for candy and cigarets, airplane wings and propellers, auto engine pistones, streamlined trains and household furniture. One-third the weight of steel and almost as strong when combined with other metals, its price through mass production, has dropped to 20 cents a pound.

Hall's basic patent expired in 1909, but by that time the Aluminum Company, which was founded by the late Andrew Mellon, had gained such impetus that no other company has ever been able to compete with it. With a capital investment of more than \$300,000,000, it employs 30,000 workers and in 1936 made a profit of \$27,000,000. Whether it will be able to maintain its supremacy apparently depends upon the outcome of a suit now pending in a Federal District Court in New York City. Brought by the Department of Justice, the suit charges that the company is a monopoly restricting interstate trade, and demands that it be broken up.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN THE HOME

(Baptist Message)

In a recent statement by General Louis F. Guerre, state police superintendent he sets forth four causes for the high rate of juvenile delinquency, and urged, in the interest of the future generations, that evils such as these be corrected.

These causes, as given by General Guerre, are as follows:

"Lack of proper environment conducive to good health development.

"Lack of parental care.

"Lack of satisfactory education.

"Lack of religious training."

Stating that the average age of criminals is 19, the general said that the burden of the task of correcting these evils rests with the home rather than the state:

"We expose young delinquents to early contacts with police, jails, courts, penitentiaries, reformatories, and other influences which in a large measure tend to intensify the problem and merely give the youngster a higher education in criminal behaviour."

The fact is, the four causes named by General Guerre for so high rate of juvenile delinquency might be summed up in the second cause named,

"Lack of parental care," for home influence can easily embrace all four of these causes.

Society in general can do scarcely little for the child whose parents are not interested in his physical, spiritual, and mental welfare. Outside influences fall short of helping a child if his home fails to co-operate wholeheartedly in this ministry.

Not so long ago a statement by a juvenile judge in New York city, in which he stated that he could not recall a single case where a juvenile who was a regular attendant upon Sunday school had come into his court, was given widespread all over the country. If the Sunday school is so successful a molder of character as proclaimed by the judge, every child should have the advantage of its beneficent influence. However, we are again thrown back upon the place of the home in the juvenile's life. We cannot get the children to Sunday school without the hearty co-operation of the parents.

Therefore, the whole thing resolves itself to the fact that greater problem is the Parents rather than the Juveniles.

A Scotchman wrote to the editor of a magazine saying if he didn't quite publishing Scotch jokes in it, he would quit borrowing the magazine.—Boys' Life.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS HERALD SPECTACULAR MOUNTAIN FLOWERS

(Selected)

The scarlet tints of redbud and maple flowers in the mountain forests of Western North Carolina are now heralding the spectacular mountain flower which, during April, May and June, will add a colorful garland to the scenic points of interests to visitors in Western North Carolina. Beginning with the early floral display of redbud and service trees, the display will increase in beauty and brilliance as the season advances, reaching a spectacular climax in June with the floral pageant of the purple rhododendrons.

The mountain forests of Western North Carolina contain over 150 varieties of trees and several hundred species of shrubs, a diversity which gives to these mountains an extraordinary variety in the floral display of the spring and early summer, and a great multiplicity of color in the autumnal forests.

Early flowering trees tint the mountain slopes during the last weeks of March and the heights of beauty will be reached in the floral display of dogwoods during the

month of April. The flame, crimson, yellow and pink azaleas continue the floral display in May, augmented by the early blossoms of the mountain laurel and low-altitude flowering rhododendrons.

The peak of the flower season will be reached in the floral display of the purple rhododendrons of the mountain slopes and summits during the first three weeks in June, the display beginning at the lower elevations and continuing to a climax on the summits of the high ridges and mountains. The rhododendron flower season is the occasion for the annual brilliant Rhododendron Festival.

During the spring and summer floral displays, many thousands of visitors come to Asheville and Western North Carolina to enjoy the scenic beauty of the mountains at their best. Entire mountain slopes are blanketed in flowers during the floral season as various species come into flower, and such areas as the Great Smoky Mountains National Park are at their colorful best at this season.

Life is mostly stormy weather and it is very seldom good weather until we learn to enjoy the storm.—Selected.

REQUIRED READING

(Imperial Magazine)

M. Lincoln Schuster, a New York publisher, says that large numbers of college graduates quit reading when they leave school, and thereafter a book becomes, in recollection, a dreaded chore.

Mr. Schuster would like to sell more books to college people, but before he can do this, he admits that something must be done to implant more intellectual curiosity into the heads of his prospects. To accomplish this he proposes that an effort be made to improve the teaching methods.

We can tell him one thing that's wrong.

Before they enter college, young people are required, in many schools, to read Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the greatest biography ever written. This is a book which, if leisurely read at the age of twenty-five or thirty, is an intellectual treat, but if an immature youngster is compelled to plow through it in a single week, the book will ever after be recalled as a painful experience.

The required and official "reading lists" that are handed to adolescent high-school students by their teachers are enough to ruin, for life, the appetite for "good books" of all except incorrigible readers. Parents are often distressed by the tasks that are assigned to their children, but they can do nothing about it because the penalty for refusal to let them submit to the torture is disbarment

from orthodox colleges.

Young people turn with relief from such required reading to the stories in the magazines, and why not? What's wrong with the stories in the magazines? These stories are read on the student's own time, for fun. In ten or twenty years many of them will be reprinted by the publishers of high-school textbooks and bound in cloth, and will be in the list of the hundred best novels.

As important as the character of the books that are read is the reading habit itself and the attitude toward good books. If, in early life and through college, the required books are far over the heads of the readers an aversion for classics will be permanently instilled, and the reading habit itself may never be acquired.

Let Mr. Schuster send for the required reading lists in the English department of half a dozen high school and as many colleges, and let him ask himself what chance young people of sixteen to twenty years have of appreciating such books, particularly when they must be read at the rate of one a week. He will then understand why his prospect list among college graduates has dried up.

The fault is in the rigid routine of the school and the lack of imagination among teachers of literature. In other words, the teaching of literature is too pretentious and pedantic.

A long face shortens your list of friends.

JENNY LIND'S CONVERSION

By Paul W. Rood

While conducting a campaign in Brooklyn, New York, recently the writer was reminded of the conversion of the world-renowned Swedish opera singer of the last century, Jenny Lind. The recalling of the facts surrounding the conversion of this sweet singer brought spiritual refreshment to him and to others, and are set forth here in order to extend the range of their usefulness.

The witness who was used of the Lord to win Jenny Lind for Christ was the founder of the Swedish Methodism in America, pastor Olaf Hedstrom. He carried on an active soul-winning campaign among the Scandinavians in New York. His work was centered in a boat called "Bethel," where services were conducted and where personal work was done every day. No visitor ever came to Pastor Herstrom's office without being questioned about his personal relationship to the Lord. This Bible-taught servant of Christ believed that the natural man was lost and on his way to hell. He believed that every human being needed salvation and must come to Christ and accept him as a personal Saviour in order to get to heaven. The atoning death of Christ was to him the only hope of lost man. Hedstrom had been profoundly stirred by this vision of the lost condition of the race. Therefore he dealt consciously and earnestly with every one that crossed his path.

Jenny Lind came to New York in 1851, at the height of her fame and influence in the musical world. During this visit she attended a service on the ship "Bethel" and heard Pastor Hed-

strom preach. At the conclusion of the service, she went into the pastor's study where this man of God talked with her faintly about her need of salvation. Soon they were kneeling, and Jenny Lind wept and called on the name of the Lord and was gloriously saved. It is recorded that Hedstrom in his prayer had called on the Lord to save her from the wrath to come. Clearly, he did not mince matters in dealing with her, but proclaimed the very truth of God without wavering.

Pastor Hedstrom received several letters from Jenny Lind in which she expressed her appreciation for the spiritual help he had given her, and assured him that she would never appear in the theatre again. Jenny Lind's decision to leave the operatic stage created a sensation and much bitterness was expressed against religion and Pastor Hedstrom. She kept her promise to the Lord, and from the day of her conversion she never appeared in opera and only sang at concerts for philanthropic purposes.

Some years later, a visitor found Jenny Lind reading her Bible. "Why did you leave the stage?" asked the visitor.

Looking toward a beautiful sunset, the singer said simply, "Because it blinded my eyes to that." And looking down at her Bible, she added, "And because it blinded my eyes to this."

She was comprehending a statement she had made at the time of her conversion: "There is no peace in created things. They cannot give happiness but only increase my anxiety. There is no peace, O God, un-

til my soul finds peace in Thee."

Soul out of Christ, there is no joy and peace apart from Christ. Honor and wealth cannot satisfy the thirst of the soul. "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Only Christ can satisfy and bestow peace that passeth understanding and give joy unspeakable and full of glory. Come to Christ just as Jenny Lind did. Ac-

cept him as your personal Saviour, and he will forgive your sins, cleanse your heart, save your soul, and give you eternal life. Hear his wonderful assurance: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and come unto condemnation; but is passed from death unto life"

SUNSET

I saw the sun set golden on a hill
With crimson streamers of the dying day
Mid molten copper clouds, with many a ray
And glowing shaft of dazzling light, and still
The sunlight faded not, but seemed to fill
The sky with splendor as if it would stay
Forever beautiful nor pass away
Except in glory and with dauntless will.

I thought of souls who bravely journeyed on
Beneath dull skies, beset by pain and strife,
Without the light of gladsome sun to send
Them strength, until, when every hope seemed gone,
The clouds had melted into radiance, and life
Appeared serene and splendid at the end.

—Prof. John D. M. Brown.

LABOR-SAVING TIME-SAVING DEVICES

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

A writer in The Methodist Record-er, London, who signs his name Feste, bemoans our craze for comfort which is being fed by the labor-saving and time-saving inventions of this age. He concludes this interesting and homily, if one may be allowed to call it such, with these interesting and illuminating paragraphs:

There is some excuse for us. We have harnessed the powers of nature. We have made wonderful inventions which perform miracles so regularly that they cease to appear miraculous. We can see on the films the face of one long dead, can hear on the gramophone the voice of one who has long been silent. We can traverse the world by radio in a moment of time, we can converse with our friends across the ocean as quickly as if they were by our side. Is it any wonder that we are spoiled?

But what of the future? Will there come a time when we shall not

need to work—when man will consist of a large body, inflated by indulgence, a head with little frontal development, and limbs shrunk to nothing? I have for long felt that to regard work as an affliction is a dangerous necessity but an unspeakable joy.

Comfort, a "great possession," is becoming a stumbling block; and our knowledge, which ought to make us humble is making us arrogant. There is no religion where there is no humility, for worship depends on wonder. We have solved so many problems that we are fast losing the faculty of wonder, and with it the desire for worship.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,

But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according
well,

May make one music as before,
But vaster."

THE PRICE OF LEADERSHIP

There is nothing magical about leadership, but there are certain penalties attached to it. Men with conscience and judgment plus courage to act and willingness to take the penalties of responsibility are the stuff out of which leaders are made. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men are unwilling to pay the price of leadership, are unwilling to assume responsibility.

The road to leadership is not particularly comfortable. You travel it heavily laden. While the nine-to-five o'clock worker is lolling at ease you are toiling upward at night. Forever you are picking up packs that no one else would notice if you left them behind. Laboriously you extend your frontiers. A really big man is never a dodger.—Owen D. Young.

BUS STOP

By A. Capwell Wyckoff

When Johnny Burkholt walked up to the counter in Mrs. Ramsey's green-and-white-trim restaurant, he hoped to confront the energetic owner in person. But he was doomed to disappointment. Irene Pratt spic an span in her waitress cap and apron, deployed into line and faced him across the boards.

"Well?" said Irene, a bit coolly. Johnny suddenly decided he liked her gray eyes and the curved mouth that could have smiled if it had been anybody else beside an employee of the Grinstead Restaurant opposite her. Irene was actually bristling, out of loyalty to Mrs. Ramsey.

"Is your boss in?" Johnny asked, displaying one of the smiles that usually charmed the customers at Grinstead's. It didn't get any place with Irene and he hadn't really been optimistic enough to hope that it would.

"Mrs. Ramsey in away," the chief waitress informed him. "She won't be back until Wednesday."

"I see." Johnny considered a moment calculating "You'll give her a message?"

"Certainly I will," Irene retorted. "What is it?"

Johnny sat down on one of the counter stools. It was a hot, dry afternoon, with a thunder-storm brewing beyond the small midwest town. Back in the kitchen someone was clinking dishes together, sluggishly preparing for the evening meal, now less than three hours off. Except for the unbending Irene, and one girl who sat in the cashier's

cage reading a magazine, the place was empty of life.

"I wanted to tell Mrs. Ramsey something I found out just last night," Johnny said. "You know, since the new highway has opened, the bus travel through here has picked up. The Inland Coaches have been coming this way, and now they want to make this town their noon stop."

"So what?" Irene wanted to know.

"So this: they are going to pick out Grinstead's or your restaurant and sign a contract for regular meals each day for the customers who get off of the bus. In the next three or four days one of their men will be in here, looking us both over. Of course, we're going to try to beat you folks out, but I thought I'd let you know."

Johnny's good-natured grin was met by a blank stare from Irene. A puzzled look gathered around the eyes of the waitress.

"How do you know it isn't just a rumor?" Irene asked.

Johnny slid to his feet. "I got it absolutely straight from Pete Morgan, my own cousin," he answered. "Pete knows what he is talking about, because he works in the office of Inland Coaches. Let Mrs. Ramsey in on it, will you?"

"Of course." Irene was less hostile, more like the Irene Johnny had known in high school days. "Thanks," she said, mechanically, her mind busy.

"Sure thing," Johnny nodded, and left Mrs. Ramsey's place, smiling a little to himself as he thought of

Irene's frosty manner. Working for Mrs. Ramsey had apparently given her a complex toward the Grinstead concern. It was all pretty foolish, and he had never taken up Mr. Grinstead's prejudices toward the Ramsey restaurant. Johnny walked slowly around the square and back to work.

As far as he could remember, Arnold Grinstead and Alberta Ramsey had opened eating establishment at about the same time, and from then on there was war between them. It wasn't a serious war, but neither could see anything good in the other. Things were said that could have been left unsaid, and once Mrs. Ramsey had threatened to sue Mr. Grinstead. Each one tried repeatedly to cut prices and to entice the somewhat indifferent population of Waynesboro to patronize his own restaurant exclusively. When Mrs. Ramsey didn't put out a flag one Fourth of July, Mr. Grinstead saw to it that the local citizenry were informed of the fact early and often. Mrs. Ramsey waited with more or less patience and finally was able to let it be known that Mr. Grinstead was so far behind in his club dues that he had had to drop out. And so it went.

In view of all these things, Johnny wasn't really surprised when Irene Pratt came into the Grinstead restaurant at closing time that night seeking information. Most of the customers had gone and Johnny was deftly topping hamburgers for a bunch of high school boys who had been playing softball under the field lights at the school, a group that had managed to get hungry in the process. As soon as these nocturnal sportsmen had gone, Johnny gave

his full attention to Mrs. Ramsey's head waitress.

"Have a seat, Irene," Johnny invited. "Business over?"

"Yes," said Irene. She declined the seat offer and stood stiffly, looking as though it was an act of disloyalty to Mrs. Ramsey to be in the place. "Johnny, I want to know if what you told me today was straight?"

"Sure it is," Johnny nodded. "Why should I tell you a story like that if it wasn't true?"

"The thing I don't understand is why you told us at all," Irene answered. "You know how things are between Mr. Grinstead and Mrs. Ramsey, and—"

"I know all that," Johnny interrupted. "And the whole thing is silly, Irene. You and I shouldn't take any part in it." He pointed to a pile of books on the end of the counter as he went on, "I don't know about you, but I'm not going to be here forever. Right now I'm keeping up my studies and when I've saved enough money, I'm going to college. So I wouldn't be interested in keeping Mr. Grinstead's pet peeves alive."

"No," Irene admitted. "And yet, if you want to win the bus contract, why do you warn us? We'll do everything we can to beat you to it."

"That's all right," Johnny grinned. "And maybe you'll get it. But, look, Irene, this is the way things would work out, anyhow: somebody from Inland will come here in the next few days and look us over. No matter how spic and span we will be or won't be, one place will be picked, because of certain merits that appeal to the bus company. But now that we know we are due for an inspection, we can be ready for it in every possible way.

After all, the price that Mr. Grinstead or Mrs. Ramsey place on their services may be the determining factor. I don't see that there is any secret about it all."

"What's Mr. Grinstead going to say because you let Mrs. Ramsey know about it?" Irene asked.

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. He has been away for the past two weeks, and I've been taking care of the business."

"I see. Well, thanks again." Irene started out, evidently still not quite steady in her mind. At the door she paused, looking back over her shoulder, and this time there was a smile that Johnny liked to see. "What are you studying?"

"Engineering!" Johnny shot back, enthusiasm cropping out in his voice. "All of this work that they are doing on the big power dams gets under my skin. Maybe some day I'll be out where the steam shovels bite into the ground!"

"I hope so, if you like that," Irene nodded, and went out, leaving Johnny suddenly well satisfied with life.

The next two days were busy ones. Between meals and the preparation of meals, Johnny and the two girls who worked in Grinstead's were on the job, making ready for the visit of the representative of the Inland Coaches Company. It was a funny thing how a number of small items now assumed real proportions. Johnny saw a score of ways to make the restaurant more attractive. There were old signs that needed to come down and spots that needed brightening up. The washrooms had been rather generously used for storage space and that had to be changed. And that led to another problem.

"Put stuff in the basement," Johnny advised, only to find that no one had paid any attention to the cellar for a long time and it needed on overhauling very badly. This was obviously a man's job, so he told one of the girls to assume charge of the restaurant and call him if necessary. He straightened up the Grinstead basement. Probably the bus people wouldn't be interested in that, but he might as well be prepared for anything.

They were doing things over at Ramsey's, too. Rubbish appeared on the front sidewalk, a mute appeal to the town trash removing service rush-hour painting was done late into the night. Mrs. Ramsey had taken personal charge, and once in awhile Johnny could see Irene moving around. They took out a worn counter and put in a new one, working under pressure.

The third day after Johnny had talked to Irene, Mr. Grinstead came in unexpectedly. The owner of the restaurant had had a pleasant vacation and was in good spirits. His small eyes, deep-set in his florid face, noted at once that some undesigned work had been done.

"Well, well; what's all this?" Mr. Grinstead wanted to know. "There have been some changes here. When did you get time to do that, Johnny?"

Johnny drew him aside to a table near the window and explained in a low voice. He didn't want the girls to know what it was all about, because it might not do to have the whole town talking. He had successfully parried their previous questions and they had thought that he

was simply cleaning up on order from the boss.

As Mr. Grinstead listened, his face gradually lighted up. He really wanted that bus trade. Every day the motor coach would stop and something like ten to twenty-five hungry passengers would be ready for lunch. He'd increase his force a little to handle the rush at that hour, and he felt that he could make a good thing of it. Enthusiastically, his hand descended on Johnny's shoulder.

"Johnny, that's great news! We'll do everything in our power to land the lunch contract." Johnny could see his eyes wander across the square towards Ramsey's, and he knew what was coming, but at that moment the telephone rang and Mr. Grinstead was called to answer it. Before that conversation was over, Johnny was busy waiting on a customer and while he was still engaged, Mr. Grinstead left the restaurant and disappeared.

In less than an hour he was back again and now his expression was grim. Sharply he called Johnny to one end of the room.

"I see that Mrs. Ramsey has fixed her place all up," Mr. Grinstead said. "That looks mighty funny to me, right at this time. She doesn't know about this bus business, does she? You said your cousin told you."

"That's right," Johnny acknowledged. "But I passed the word on to Mrs. Ramsey."

"You did what!" Mr. Grinstead breathed heavily on each word, throwing caution to the winds. The girls behind the counter stopped work to stare in fascination, because Mr. Grinstead had never bellowed quite like that before, and certainly never to Johnny.

"I told Irene Pratt to tell her,"

Johnny explained, and went on to try to convince his boss that it simply gave both of them a chance to show up at their best. To put it mildly, Mr. Grinstead failed to see eye to eye with him.

"I never heard of such dumb foolishness," the restaurant owner raved. "Here we could have gone ahead and fixed up, and you had to spoil it with your crazy ideas. Mrs. Ramsey and I are business rivals and anything done to help her just simply knocks me down."

"Oh, I don't think it is as bad as all that, Mr. Grinstead," Johnny protested. "There are other things that will enter into the decision of the bus people. The thought came to me only this morning that we've got a better place out in front for the coaches to stop, a better place than the Ramsey restaurant has, I mean. That should count for something."

"It's a wonder you didn't go over and tell Mrs. Ramsey that!" Mr. Grinstead snorted, not in the least mollified. "Then maybe she'd rent that lot back of her as a place for the bus to stop while the passengers ate their lunch." The boss snatched up his hat, departing with last words that had an ominous import. "You'd better start looking for a new job if they do get the contract."

And Johnny knew that he meant it. For the rest of that day things were quiet around Grinstead's, and Johnny was conscious of the glances of the girls he worked with. They didn't understand it all, but they knew that he was in bad with the boss. And they probably would have thought that the owner of the place was right. Business was something in which you out-smarted the other fellow.

On the following day a roadster

stopped on the other side of the square and two men got out and went into Ramsey's place. Johnny happened to see the car and its occupants, although he didn't pay much attention to them at the time. Later on the men strolled casually into Grinstead's and sat at the counter. One of them ordered a full dinner and the other asked for crackers and milk.

"You're not very hungry," Johnny grinned. Both men smiled and exchanged glances.

"Doesn't look like it, does it?" the man answered. Johnny turned from the counter, but he heard a few words that enlightened him.

"He'd know why, if he saw what I ate over at that other place!"

Two and two make four. And two men who eat disproportionate meals in two restaurants are looking for something. Johnny guessed at once who they were. Both of them had gone into Ramsey's and one had eaten a full course dinner just to see what Ramsey's served, while the other had nibbled. Now they had changed places, and Grinstead's was under inspection. The men from the Inland Coaches Company were making up their minds.

After that, it was easy to follow their actions with some degree of understanding. "Busy business men eat with their heads down," Johnny reflected, "but these fellows are looking the whole place over, in a careful, quiet way. Pretty soon we'll know what's going to be what."

When their meal was paid for, the men walked around the square. Johnny was too busy to keep strict watch and he soon lost sight of them. The car stayed where it had been parked. Late in the afternoon the men came

in and asked for Mr. Grinstead's home address. Things looked hopeful.

It was at closing time that Johnny learned the truth. Mr. Grinstead hadn't come in and his chief waiter turned out the lights and locked up. On the sidewalk outside, he found Irene standing.

"Hello! I haven't seen you for a 'coon's age!" Johnny greeted her.

"I know it. We've been mighty busy, beating you to that bus contract," Irene replied.

"Beating us? Has it been settled?" "The papers have just been signed!" Irene assured him.

"Oh!" Johnny considered a moment. "Well, that means I'm out of a job."

"Yes, I heard that," Irene nodded, carelessly. "Come on, let's walk around the square."

Johnny didn't care much about walking around the square, and he was hurt that Irene showed so little concern about his Job. After all, if it hadn't been—And then he brought himself up with a jerk. Probably a lot of things besides fresh paint and Ramsey neatness had resulted in the landing of the contract with the Inland Coaches. Maybe Mr. Grinstead wouldn't fire him. Maybe—

Irene turned aside into the doorway of the empty Turner Building and stood peering into the place. A street light gave scattered illumination, and they could see dimly.

"Yes, that will be nice!" Irene said.

"What will be?" Johnny wanted to know. "That place has been empty for months."

"It won't be after tomorrow," Irene told him.

"Who is going to move into it?"

"You and I!" the waitress answered. "Plus Mrs. Ramsey, Mr. Grinstead,

and all of the girls from both places!"

"Listen, Irene," said Johnny. "I'm kind of tired, and if—"

Irene's dimples showed suddenly. "All right, Johnny; I'm just being a little dramatic, I guess. Here's what happened: the Inland Coach representatives were here today, as you know, and they didn't like either restaurant! No room for parking the bus without slowing up traffic, and both places too small. So they got Mr. Grinstead and Mrs. Ramsey together and made them a proposition if they would form a partnership. If

they didn't somebody else would open an eating house here and get the bus trade. Naturally, they agreed, and the Ramsey-Grinstead feud is over for all time!"

"Irene," said Johnny, "that calls for a celebration. In yonder store they sell ice cream cones with double heads. Allow me to buy a sufficient supply for both of us!"

"Take care!" Irene laughed as they entered the store. "Don't eat enough to get sick, because from tomorrow on we're working together at a big job!"

THE JOB GOD MARKED OUT FOR ME

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, that gifted young Negro who died in the early years of his life, proved himself to be a young poet of unusual gifts. He wrote a number of poems that are clothed with immortality. Here is one:

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do.
I said: "You get somebody else—or, wait till I get thru."
I don't know how the Lord came out, but he seemed to get
along—
But I felt kind o' sneaking like—knowed I'd done God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord, needed him myself—needed him
right away—
And he never answered me at all, but I could hear him say—
Down in my accusin' heart—"Nigger I'se got too much to do;
You get somebody else or wait until I get through."

Now when the Lord he have a job for me, I never tries to shirk,
I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord's work;
And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get through,
Nobody else can do the job that God's marked out for you.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Edward Lockamy, formerly of Cottage No. 12, who has been away from the School about three years, was a visitor here. For the past two years, Eddie has been working in a drug store in Durham, and reports that he has been getting along nicely. He also takes quite an interest in boxing, holding the lightweight championship of Durham County. This was his first visit since leaving us and he was glad to greet old friends among the boys and members of the staff.

While on a recent visit to the School, W. Lee Young reported that he often sees J. William Sanderford, who left the School August 30, 1916. Willie has been living in Philadelphia, Pa., for more than ten years, where he is employed by the Curtis Publishing Company. Lee states that Willie has been married twice. While his first matrimonial venture did not turn out so well, ending in divorce, his second wife is a fine young lady, and, according to Lee, they are getting along very nicely.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who spent nine weeks in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, suffering from blood-poisoning and a bone infection, was transferred to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Wednesday. During most of the time he was a patient in the Cabarrus institution, James was critically ill, it being necessary to administer fifteen blood transfusions. The latest report on his condition since being taken to Gastonia was

that he was getting along fine.

Vernon Bass, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School three years ago, returning to his home in Fayetteville, was a recent visitor at the School. He is now in his junior year in high school, plays on the football team, and is doing very well. In addition to his regular studies, Vernon is taking some vocational training. He seemed quite proud of the fact that he had been given a good start in life at the Training School, stating that training received here had been a great help to him.

W. Lee Young, of Camden, N. J., who left the School in 1918, spent last week with relatives in Burlington, his old home, and, following his usual custom when visiting in North Carolina, came out to the School for a chat with Superintendent Boger and other old friends among staff members he knew as a boy here. Lee is now thirty-four years old, has been married eleven years, and has a son aged nine. Since 1925 this young man has been employed by the Camden branch of the A. & P. Company, having been a meat-cutter for several years. He is now manager of one of the company's large markets, located at 26th and Federal Sts., Camden.

Lee has developed into a young man of pleasing personality, and, in conversation with some of the School's workers, did not hesitate to state that he considered his stay here as a lad had been highly beneficial, and that he appreciated the training received here.

"The Dawning", a pageant with a cast of more than fifty people, selected from the membership of various Concord churches, which was staged in the Concord High School auditorium on the evening of Easter Sunday, was presented at the Jackson Training School last Sunday night. Both the boys and officials of the institution thoroughly enjoyed the splendid portrayal of scenes following Christ's burial and resurrection. Arrayed in appropriate costumes, amid stage settings representing the garden where Christ was buried, the participants presented a most engaging appearance. Musical numbers were rendered by Miss Virginia Moser, Mrs. H. B. Craig, Craig Stratford and others in a pleasing manner. While everyone connected with the performance played their respective parts remarkably well, Henry Boger, as the centurion in charge of the Roman soldiers; John Bolton, the lame beggar, Miss Virginia Moser as Rhoda, his daughter; Miss Sarah Niblock, as Mary Magdalene; and the men taking the parts of the eleven apostles, enacted their roles in a manner worthy of special mention.

Mr. Joe Craford was the general director of the pageant; Mrs. Craig was in charge of the music, and Mrs. Janie Patterson Wagoner, was the piano accompanist.

We are very grateful to those in charge and to every one taking part in the pageant for making it possible for our boys to see this splendid production. It was by far the best entertainment presented at the School in many years.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Alex R. Howard, president of the Concord

Baseball association, and Gerry Fitzgerald manager of the "Weavers," Concord's entry in the North Carolina State League, the entire squad came out to the School on Thursday afternoon of last week, where they staged an intra-squad game for the benefit of our boys. Manager Fitzgerald called these two nines the "A" and "B" teams. After a full nine-inning tilt, the A's were on the long end of a 9 to 2 score. The B's chalked up their first tally in the opening frame as Weiting, who seems to have the third base job cinched, poled a mighty wallop far over the head of Manager Gerry, who was patrolling the center garden. Their final score came in the third when Shuler led off with a single, advanced to second on a passed ball, and scored on Dowd's one-base knock.

Gerry and his comrades of the A squad put the old ball game on ice in the first. A double by the skipper, Coombs' single, Mescan's home run over the right field embankment, coupled with a hit batter and two errors, produced five counters. In the fifth an error, Baker's single and Saab's double added two more for good measure. The A's connected for eight bingles as follows: A single by Russello; a double and single for Gerry; Baker, one single; Coombs a single; a double for Saab; Mescan a round-tripper; Melchor a single. The B's slapped out seven hits: Weiting, home run; Shuler, two singles; Dowd, two singles; Grabowski, a single; D'Amico, a double.

The Training School boys were given a half holiday and all of them, nearly five hundred in number, assembled to enjoy the contest staged by the Weavers. While the B's had some followers because of Weiting's drive in

the first, the majority of them seemed to favor manager Gerry and his boys. This was a fine gesture on the part of the management of the Concord club, and both the boys and officials of the School join in tendering appreciation for giving the lads a fine afternoon's entertainment, and at the same time extend best wishes for a successful season in their first venture in organized ball. While a pennant seems to be too much to hope for with a team just entering the league, we feel sure that Gerry and his lads will be in there fighting.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus restoring the blind man's sight as recorded in Luke 18:35-43.

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that in this simple story we see a most dramatic incident. We see a blind man sitting along the way, begging alms from those entering the city of Jericho. It is not only the man's affliction that attracts our attention, but we think of the opportunity which came to him—that of seeing Jesus—and the way he dealt with it, and the response from Jesus.

There are many men and women in the world today, said the speaker, who have had the opportunity to see Christ, but continue to live without him. If the blind man had let that opportunity pass, how different it would have been for him. Thousands of people today are giving valuable time to the things that only last for a short time and are passing up things

really worthwhile. Not only is this true in our spiritual life, but we find the same conditions in the business world. Business men will tell us there are opportune times in the various branches of business—times when certain opportunities present themselves, and failure to take advantage of them quite often means financial failures.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told the boys that if we fail to notice the opportunities that come to us daily, it is very likely they will never come to us again. The business world is not the only place in which the truth of this statement is called to our attention. We find all around us, many people who think religious opportunity is something they can grasp any time they so desire. When questioned on the subject, they frequently state, "Oh, I'm not ready to do that yet. Some of these days I'll become a Christian." It is simply Satan's way of keeping us from making a definite decision in life.

The speaker then cited several instances in the Bible concerning these opportune times. Jesus heard the woman's cry to heal her daughter. He never passed that way again. With the blind beggar it was his only chance to have his sight restored, for Christ never entered into the city again from that direction. In the city of Jericho, Zaccheus climbed a tree because he wanted to see Jesus. It was a wonderful opportunity for him, one which changed his whole life. It was his only chance to see the Master, for he never passed through that city again.

The speaker then said that some people are always giving reasons why they could not accept Jesus at certain times, and the continued neglect to do so will make their failure sure. To

win eternal happiness we should not let any obstacle keep us from following Christ, and if we go forward in that spirit we are sure to win.

To be deprived of seeing all the beauties of the earth, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we imagine would be a great affliction, yet many blind persons have been able to see through the darkness and behold many wonderful things. In a number of instances they have been able to do far better than those of us who see. Milton, the blind poet, wrote "Paradise Regained," one of the world's masterpieces, while living in total darkness. Fanny Crosby, a blind hymn writer, penned the words of beautiful songs which will re-echo through the ages. They and many others surmounted great obstacles. They did not allow their afflictions discourage them; they car-

ried on, reaching greater heights than they probably would have obtained had they not been thus afflicted. We, too, may have similar obstacles in life, but by God's help it is possible to overcome them.

The speaker then stated how easy it is for men to delay taking advantage of their religious opportunities. Some will say, "When I'm better able, I'll take my place in the church," but that time may never come. We must not think our own power will save our souls. It matters not whether we are rich or are like the poor beggar at the city gate. All we need to do is cry, "Lord, have mercy on me." Now is the time to accept the challenge which comes to us today. The opportunity to live a Christian life is ours and we should grasp it without delay.

A THOUGHT

Hearts that are great beat never loud;
 They muffle their music when they come;
 They hurry away from the thronging crowd
 With bended brows and lips half dumb.
 And the world looks on and mutters—"Proud."
 But when great hearts have passed away,
 Men gather in crowds and kiss their shroud,
 And in love they gather around their clay.
 Hearts that are great are always lone;
 They never can manifest their best.
 Their greatest greatness is unknown,
 Earth knows a little—God the rest.

—Archbishop Ryan.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette 3
 Clinton Call 3
 Dillon Dean 3
 Tillman Lyles 2
 Marshall Pace
 Elroy Pridgen
 Howard Sanders 2
 Landreth Sims 3
 Loy Stines 2
 Fred Tolbert 2
 Jerome Wiggins 3

—B—

Clarence Baker 2
 George Green 3
 Earl Hildreth 3
 Peter Jones
 H. C. Pope 2
 Eugene Puckett
 George Tolson
 Edward Thomasson
 Torrance Ware
 J. C. Willis 2
 Thomas Yates 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Homer Bass 3
 Robert Dellinger 2
 Noah Ennis 2
 Clarence Gates 3
 Lacy Green
 Horace *Journigan 3
 Mark Jones 3
 Thomas King 2
 A. C. Lamar 2
 Garland McPhail 3
 Carl Moose 2
 Jones Watson
 Earl Weeks 2
 W. J. Wilson
 Ed Woody 3
 George Worley

—B—

John Baker
 Cleasper Beasley 2
 Paul Briggs 3
 Lacy Burleson 2
 John Davis

Clifton Davis 3
 Robert Deyton 2
 Eugene Edwards 3
 Richard Freeman
 Robert Gaines 2
 Roscoe Honeycutt
 Hugh Kennedy 3
 Burman Keller 3
 Fred McGlammerly 3
 Henry McGraw 2
 James Puckett
 Henry Smith 2
 Hubert Smith 3
 Edwin Thomas
 Carl Ward 2
 J. R. Whitman 2
 Junior Woody

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Jack Mathis 3
 Randall D. Peeler 2
 Arvel Ward
 Joseph White 2

—B—

Raymond Andrews
 Carl Breece 2
 Robert Bryson 2
 Ballard Martin 2
 William Kirksey

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Donald Holland 3
 James Lane 3
 Lee Watkins 3

—B—

Floyd Crabtree 2
 Lewis Donaldson 2
 Edward Murray 3
 James Bunnell
 Grover Beaver 2
 William Chery 3
 Lindsey Dunn
 B. C. Elliott 3
 Howard Griffin
 Weaver Penland
 Clyde Sorrells
 Leo Ward 3
 George Wilhite

William Wilson
 Jack West
 Charles Ziegler 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 2
 James Coleman 3
 R. J. Pace
 Preston Wilbourne

—B—

Leon Hollifield
 Clay Miaze
 Calvin McCoyle 2
 John Robbins

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Clifton Butler
 J. B. Devlin
 William Hawkins
 Clyde Hoppes 2
 Edward McCain 2
 Jack Norris
 Richard Palmer 2
 Forrest Plott 2
 John C. Robertson
 Samuel Williams 2

—B—

Roy Butner

Vernon Lamb
 Fernie Medlin
 Donald McFee
 Lonnie Roberts 2
 Latha Warren 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Carol Clark
 Frank Carter
 Caleb Hill 3
 Clyde Hillard 2
 Ivan Morrozoff 2
 William McRary
 Marvin Wilkins

—B—

Grady Allen
 Rex Allred 2
 Nouton Barnes
 William Brothers 2
 Henry Cowan 2
 Charles Davis 2
 C. D. Grooms
 Hugh Johnson 2
 Edward Lucas
 James Nicholson
 Lloyd Pettus 3
 Oscar Roland 2
 Graham Sykes
 Thomas Shaw 3

 HOLD FAST!

Just cling to your good thoughts and make them last,
 They're dividend paying stocks;
 So just grit your teeth and to Good, hold fast!
 When it looks like you're on the rocks.

There was never a cloud could hide the sun
 For more than a day or two;
 So don't be so ready to quit and run,
 When adversity comes to you.

It's the man who can keep his thoughts on Good
 That wins, when the clouds have passed;
 So shun the evil suggestions that would
 Bring you nothing but grief—Hold Fast!

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending April 16, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (8) William Cantor 9
- (5) Clyde Gray 18
- (9) Leon Hollifield 20
- (9) Edward Johnson 20
- (5) James Kissiah 17
- (7) Edward Lucas 18
- (9) Robert Maples 18
- (2) William Padrick 4
- (5) C. L. Snuggs 15

COTTAGE No. 1

- Rex Allred 15
- William Anders
- Jack Broome 6
- Charles Brown
- Clinton Call
- Robert Coleman 2
- Henry Cowan 16
- Howard Cox 4
- B. C. Elliott
- Eugene Edwards 4
- William Freeman 4
- Porter Holder 11
- Horace Journigan 8
- Burman Keeler 2
- Clay Mize 2
- Howard Roberts 12
- Jack Sutherland 2
- Everett Watts 5
- Edward Warnock 2
- William Wilson
- William Whittington 2
- Lee Watkins 10

COTTAGE No. 2

- (7) John T. Capps 11
- (2) George Cook 2
- Landreth Sims 8
- W. J. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- Robert Atwell 12
- (2) A. C. Lamar 6

- (7) F. E. Mickle 12
- Grady Pennington 3
- Claude Terrell 7
- (4) John C Robertson 13
- (6) Jerome Wiggins 17
- (2) Earl Weeks 18

COTTAGE No. 4

- (3) Paul Briggs 10
- (2) Paul Broome 9
- Lewis Donaldson 15
- James Hancock 14
- (2) John King 10
- (2) James Land 11
- (4) Ivan Morozoff 14
- (4) Edward McGee 10
- (3) Fred Pardon 10
- (11) Lloyd Pettus 20
- (2) Henry Raby 13
- (3) Leo Ward 16
- (15) Melvin Walters 20
- (21) James Wilhite 21
- (2) Sam Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 5

- Grady Allen 15
- William Brothers 13
- Collett Cantor 7
- J. C. Ennis 4
- William Kirksey 14
- Ivey Lunsford 2
- William Nichols 2
- Eugene Smith 5
- Richard Singletary 7
- Elmer Talbert 12
- Hubert Walker 17
- Dewey Ware 18
- Marvin Wilkins 15

COTTAGE No. 6

- (3) Edward Batten 14
- (10) Robert Bryson 18
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 12
- Martin Crump 7

- (9) Thomas Hamilton 15
- (2) Leonard Jacobs 6
- Clinton Keen 9
- Canipe Shoe 7
- Melvin Stines 2
- Joseph Tucker 8
- James C. Wiggins 4
- William Wilson 8
- Woodrow Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averette 13
- (10) Carl Breece 18
- (7) John Deaton 14
- James H. Davis 12
- (3) Willam Estes 18
- Lacy Green 6
- (4) George Green 15
- (10) Caleb Hill 18
- (2) Roy Helms 2
- (8) Hugh Johnson 16
- (5) Lyman Johnson 9
- Robert Lawrence 11
- (5) Elmer Maples 11
- (3) Ernest Mobley 8
- (2) Ernest Overcash 2
- Graham Sykes 9
- (7) Dewey Sisk 12
- Loy Stines 4
- (9) Joseph Wheeler 12
- (4) William R. Young 11
- (3) Ed Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cecil Ashley
- Thomas Britt
- (2) J. B. Devlin 15
- Clyde Hillard 6
- (2) Lonnie Holleman 5
- Edward J. Lucas 5
- (2) Cicero Outlaw 12
- (3) Charles Taylor 13

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 5
- James Bunnell 10
- Henry Coward 5
- Robert Gaines
- (2) C. D. Grooms 7
- Wilbur Hardin 12
- Osper Howell 10
- Alfred Lamb 6
- Lonnie Roberts 9
- (3) Thomas Sands 11
- (2) Thomas Wilson 17
- Horace Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 10

(No. Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

- J. C. Allen
- Baxter Foster 11
- (21) Earl Hildreth 21
- (7) William Hudgins 11
- (2) Clyde Hoppes 12
- Andrew Lambeth 2
- Ballard Martin
- (16) Edward Murray 20
- (8) Donald Newman 11
- Roy Pope 2
- (2) Theodore Rector 9
- (16) Julius Stevens 20
- (13) Thomas Shaw 19

COTTAGE No. 12

- Jay Brannock
- (4) Allard Brantley 15
- (4) Everett Hackler 12
- (8) Charlton Henry 17
- Hubert Holloway 15
- (17) Avery Smith 19
- Willam Trantham 15
- (7) Leonard Wood 16

COTTAGE No. 13

- Arthur Ashley 7
- (4) Meritt Gibson 5
- Isaac Hendren 11
- (5) James V. Harvel 14
- (2) Bruce Kersey 6
- William Lowe
- Jack Mathis 3
- (2) Irvin Medlin 10
- (6) Paul McGlammery 14
- (3) Alexander Woody 19
- Douglas Mabry 12

COTTAGE No. 14

- (19) Clyde Barnwell 20
- Monte Beck 13
- (8) Delphus Dennis 19
- (5) David Hensley 10
- John Kirkeman 13
- (3) Jones Watson 15
- Jr. Woody 14
- Harold Thomas 10

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Horace Branch 3
- (4) Aldine Duggins 14
- (4) Clifton Davis 15
- (5) Hoyt Hollifield 11
- (3) Beamon Heath 19
- (5) Albert Hayes 12
- (3) Ira Settle 15
- (3) Brown Stanley 11
- James Watson 11
- (2) Arvel Ward 13

Earl Watts
 William Wood 7
 (6) William Young 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) James Chavis 10

Reefer Cummings 11
 Warren Lawry 2
 (4) Early Oxendine 12
 (5) Thomas Oxendine 14
 (5) Curley Smith 15
 (7) Ross Young 17

DON'T GIVE UP

Don't give up hope when you are down,
 For you must fight to be a man;
 Determination wins the crown,
 So rise again and say, "I CAN!"

The wear and tear you get from life
 Builds character . . . as tempered steel;
 The knocks you get that bring you strife
 Are boosts that bring a squarer deal.

The changes that await for you
 Are, too, the ones that I have faced,
 So grit your teeth, you'll come on through,
 And tarry not to be disgraced.

Heartbreaks and grief will come your way;
 They're aftermaths of death and love.
 But you can bravely face that day
 If you believe in powers above.

Don't think that you're the only one
 Who's been ordained to suffer so,
 For there are others who must run
 A race that's tougher . . . this I know.

Objectives that you have desired
 To someday reach and linger there,
 Must be ambitions that are fired
 With manliness, rebuilt to wear.

The gutters and the bow'ry streets,
 Where all day long the beggars chant,
 Are good examples of defeats,
 For these are men who've said, "I CAN'T!"

The architect . . . the builder, too;
 The dreamer who promotes the plan,
 Are good examples of the few
 That strived and won and said, "I CAN!"

If others can achieve an aim,
 Though goings, now and then are tough—
 You, too, can win at this great game,
 Because you've got the selfsame stuff. —Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 29, 1939

No. 17

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CLIMBING UPWARD

You have to let go of the rung below
When you reach for the rung above;
There is no other way to climb, you know,
You have to let go of the rung below.
Each upward step brings more of the glow
And warmth of the sun of love;
You have to let go of the rung below,
When you reach for the rung above.

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A MAN'S PRAYER

Let me live, O Mighty Master,
Such a life as man should know,
Testing triumph and disaster,
Joy—and not too much of woe.
Let me run the gamut over;
Let me fight and love and laugh,
And when I'm beneath the clover,
Let this be my epitaph:—
"Here lies one who took his chances
In the busy world of men.
Battled luck and circumstances,
Fought and fell and fought again.
Won sometimes, but no crowing,
Lost sometimes, but did not wail.
Took his beating, kept on going,
Never let his courage fail.
He was fallible and human,
Therefore loved and understood
Both his fellowmen and women,
Whether good or not so good,
Kept his spirits undiminished;
Never false to any friend;
Played the game until it finished:
Lived a sportsman to the end."

—Author Unknown.

A PLACE OF NATURAL BEAUTY

No place offers a more restful and beautiful setting, for a home for the uncontrolled youths of the state, than the Jackson Training School, located in the foothills of the mountains of Western North Carolina, and accessible to all points of interest by train and motor car.

On the ground in every direction there are huge boulders, the wonder and admiration of all tourists, especially those from the low countries. There has been related an interesting legend, or tradition, relative to these huge rocks in this part of Cabarrus, known as Rocky Ridge. The legend is that the solid foundation of rocks marks the tail end of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and at the time of formation of the mountains the upheaval or eruption hurled off in its fury these huge boulders. Whether the legend is accepted or not, it reads about as good as the stories in Washington Irving's Sketch Book as to the traditional history of Tarrytown, New York.

However, there is no discounting that the scenic beauty surrounding this institution at this season of the year is comparable to any, and is heightened by the warm freshness of Spring, giving newness of life to every living thing. As far as one can see the landscape with its sloping hills of green verdure, the large fields with its cooling greenness and stately trees with bowers of heavy foliage displays a feast of Nature's glory. An ideal location for transforming young boys into sturdy manhood.

The imposing brick buildings of colonial lines, homes for the boys, with desirable environment, equipments, and management are conducive to peace and contentment. These are the conditions that make for the boy an orderly home.

It is evident the official head of this most worthy institution is not oblivious to the lavish gift of Nature. There are seen daily squads of boys with officers working up flower beds, and making borders that fringe the walks and drive-ways, these will add colorful glory to this already dream of a place. If this good work continues there is reason to conjecture that next year the Jackson Training School will be included in the garden pilgrimage.

* * * * *

THE PAGEANT — "DAWNING"

We have either to know people intimately or see some practical demonstration of their inner life before a proper appreciation is reached. Just lately the boys of Jackson Training School were given a rare treat in the presentation of the pageant, "Dawning", by local talent.

The story as revealed in the pageant was the life of Christ from

the Resurrection to the Ascension. Messrs. Joe Crawford, decorator at Belk's Department Store, and C. L. Trexler, salesman at the Packard Motor Company, were the instigators of staging the pageant, a most beautiful thought of uplifting and inspiring recreation for young people. Mrs. H. B. Craig gave of her time and talent as director. The entire affair was a success, and reflected credit upon all who took part. And to know that our boys were thrilled beyond expression is sufficient compensation to the entire personnel.

The boys of the School have received many kind expressions as to their general demeanor during the performance. One man, a school teacher of wide experience, said, "I have seen many audiences, but the boys of Jackson Training School were the most orderly of any crowd of young people I have ever seen. Their behavior and attention were superb." Furthermore, this stalwart fellow continued his remarks by saying, "One little fellow stepped up with real joy written in his face and said 'do come again'". This remark from the small boy touched the heart of this particular man, because he has a small boy.

Everybody loves a boy, even a bad boy. But boys are not bad. They have at times an overflow of energy, and unless properly directed, will hit the trail. However, to make a long story short, we will add that the young men who promoted the idea of such uplifting recreation are to be commended. We need more of such entertainments that enrich the soul and uplift the morale of the people.

Many thanks to every member of the cast for such a profitable and delightful entertainment. In the words of the small boy who expressed such joy after seeing the pageant, we also say, "do come again."

* * * * *

CENSUS YEAR—1940

Next year, 1940, brings us an event that carries interest,—the nation-wide listing of names so that we may know the increase in population since the last census of 1930. This provision for taking of census every ten years was for the purpose of determining the representation in the House of representatives. The first census was taken in 1790. It required six months to take the first census, the total cost for the work was \$44,377, and it was shown that the

new nation had a population of 3,929,214. The population of 1930 was 122,775,046.

The time for taking the census will be much shorter than required for the first census of 1790. It is estimated that 150,000 persons this year will accomplish the work in 30 days. We all know that the automobile shortens distances, and the work that once required hours to accomplish can be put over within a very short time. The year of 1790 was the age of horse and buggy, or something slower, and today we live in the machine age.



The school children of European countries will have a hard time learning the proper boundaries of their states. Those of us who thought we were well versed in this course will have to await the publication of new maps, so that we may talk knowingly of the changes. The histories will also be revised, for many pages of war and bloodshed will be written, and names of illustrious leaders added, who caused war for nothing more than more power.

These conditions not alone make the task of the school children harder—learning anew the subject they once thought they knew—but the concerns publishing text books have confronting them a rush job of new maps and new stories for the schools of the nation. We pity the children with this flood-tide of history-making which perhaps will be more than they can master, but the task of meeting emergencies is theirs, not ours. But, after deliberating, a job that looms large to an adult is a mole-hill, comparatively speaking, to the youth of the land. They meet life with a buoyant hope and without a murmur. The world is on the high road to many geographical and historical changes inspired by the spirit that “might makes right.” We long for the day when there will be neither wars nor rumors of wars, and in the words of the Russian Jewess, “thank god for America.”



BRAVE S. P. T. W. D. G. A. B. P.!

There's nothing like having the courage of your convictions.
Robert R. Cockburn, Ontario prospector, has it to burn. He's a

member of the S. P. T. W. D. G. A. B. P. (Society for Proving That Wolves Don't Go Around Biting People).

To provide his contention that wolves don't, Cockburn entered the arena of a Toronto riding academy with two huge timber wolves who had been starved for 24 hours. And he succeeded in tying a pink ribbon around the neck of Jill, one of the 90-pound wolves.

"That proves it," allowed Cockburn. "A wolf won't attack a man unless hopelessly cornered, and a mouse or a pheasant will do it then."

It may prove it to Cockburn, but Jill may wear her pink ribbon until she dies of old age before we'll try to take it off. For all of us, this wolf story goes right into the same pigeon-hole with the one about how man-eating sharks have been foully labeled, and really lived on cauliflower and parsley.

Every man is not a Cockburn and probably every wolf is not a Jill.—Exchange.

* * * * *

The Gideon Society has for years placed Bibles in all rooms of hotels. The interesting news is that the latest act on the part of this society is the placing of a copy of the Holy Word in every plane of Eastern Air Lines' Great Silver Fleet. A special metal pocket has been installed on each plane, to make sure a secure receptacle for the Holy Word. It seems somewhat prophetic when dwelling upon the words of David, Psalms 139:9-10, "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy hand shall hold me."

* * * * *

England has a voluntary organization, "The League of Prayer for Peace," with a membership of 70,000, that meets daily at noon and prays for peace among the nations. Prayer is the only medium that will restore a better fellowship. "The world," said a plain, hard-working woman, but a Christian, "is dying for love." A terse but true statement.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

WHEN TO BE HAPPY

"Why do we cling to the skirts of sorrow
 Why do we cloud with care the brow?
 Why do we wait for a glad tomorrow—
 Why not gladden the precious now?
 Eden is yours! Would you dwell within it?
 Change men's grief to a gracious smile,
 And thus have heaven here this minute
 And not far off in the afterwhile."

Florists and candy makers have things to sell. Many will remember Mothers on the second Sunday in May.

Will Hays says "the slapstick age in the movies is past." But there are some mighty poor crooners still "sticking" to them.

An Italian editor tells this country to mind its own business. If he will read accounts aright, that is what Washington is doing with a high hand.

The problems of the world will be solved shortly. All that we have to do is to listen to the commencement orators and the theses of the graduates.

The New York World's Fair announces that it will give out no passes. All right. It doesn't affect me. I pass the "world's fair" on the streets of Durham every day.

There is hope for every man, except those who think they know all about how to conduct other people's business; how the country should be run; and who will be elected in 1940.

Baseball is one hundred years old this year. Like the working people's

unions it has its strikes, but they are not as unfortunate as the "sit-downers" and those not able to stand it to the detriment of their family exchequer.

A Congress that can regulate wages and hours for the benefit of labor can also regulate them for the benefit of the employer. That is something the country calls for. Equal and exact justice to all.

I see in an advertisement this question asked: "What would be the first thing you'd do if someone were to give you a million dollars?" I'd thank the Lord, and him, too, and count it. And then see where I could do the most good with it.

A professional optimist declares that "America doesn't have a single problem that we can't smile our way through." We have a \$40,000,000,000 federal debt, and it's just impossible to laugh it off. It causes a frown every time you think of it.

Everybody seems to have free advice on what America should do; what will bring back prosperity again; and what will make people happy; but with it all it does not seem to be worth anything, or getting us anywhere. Free advice cost nothing, and that, generally, is about what it is worth.

Initiative is the procedure by which a person, or a people rise to the heights of the greatest endeavors. The most precious possession of a people is the individual initiative of those who make

up its personnel. Aspiration and initiative, these are the things that make for achievement. These are the steps by which man rises from obscurity to renown.

It is stated that Turkey plans to send all women to war except the married ones. I opine that is a ruse of Islam to get the young girls married off quickly.

Industry is nothing more than just keep pegging away. Everlastingly at is whatever betides. It has been an axiom for many years that the busier a man is the more he can be counted on to do those things entrusted to him. It is the busy man who keeps his word and gets things done. The fellow with little to do is the one who fails to do even that little.

This is the planting season of the

year. There is a seed time and a harvest time. It is an easy matter to plant a row of vegetables and then leave them to fight for their development. Even though left to themselves, when thoroughly enriched, plants begin a rapid and promising growth. But as they grow, briars and weeds also make progress. These briars and weeds become so numerous and aggressive that soon the vegetable plants are lost among their hostile rivals. In the realm of human character, all too often are the good planted and left to do their own living. Alongside these good seed evil habits begin to war for mastery and ere long the good are swallowed up. On the other hand, when one deliberately and prayerfully determines to make righteousness flourish in his life in spite of all assaults by evil, good moves on unsullied—the conqueror over wrong.

THE SILENCE

When the burdens of life get too heavy
 And what should be sweet seems as gall,
 I go on a soul-cleansing journey
 That shows me the need of it all.

Away from Life's troubled pathway,
 Through the valley and up the hill,
 To the peak of a lofty summit where
 The pulse of the world stands still;

There I see God's love all about me
 In the wonderful things He has made,
 And peacefully return from the Silence
 To take up my life unafraid.

—Edgar Nye.

HOME CUSTOMS

By M. Louise C. Hastings

Many homes have special customs which make them distinctive and different from other homes. What are yours?

"At our house we—" usually introduces a statement worth listening to. I heard a mother remark during the Christmas holidays, "We are keeping open house this afternoon. The children are allowed to invite any Christmas guest they wish. John has invited the butcher and the garage man." "Will they come?" I asked. "I think so," was the quiet reply. John is a little fellow, three years old. At present many of his interests are with butchers and garage men.

At this time, when friends call after lunch they are invited to "afternoon tea." That's the family name for it though no tea is ever served when the children entertain, but simple refrigerated ice cream and cookies instead. The little eight-year-old takes entire charge of setting the table. She is assisted by her little brother, who has his own method of doing everything.

I think we all know homes in which the children as well as adults choose their favorite dishes on their own birthdays, and if a particular meal does not "balance" for this eventful occasion, it is overlooked. Omitting the counting of calories once a year is not important!

Not long ago a friend who has a large family told me how they shared their good times, and yet kept the family unit happy and contented. Each week a different child is honored and his friends alone are allowed special privileges, such as playing in the attic and being invited to supper one even-

ing, with games afterward in which all members of the family join.

In still another home with which I have occasion to keep in touch, the children take turns week by week in choosing the book to be read aloud.

I remember well a home in which, as young married people, my husband and I were entertained quite frequently. There were two sons and three daughters varying considerably in their ages, and each one was permitted to invite friends on the same evenings. No introductions were made outside of each group, except in special instances. Everyone seemed very happy. The mother and aunt, I was told, were always hostesses to all the groups.

Many parents understand the importance of making Sunday pleasantly distinctive while the children are very young. It can be a happy day and become a worth while memory. "Doing things together on Sunday" is a good slogan to make effective and develop into a habit. Going to church together, spending part of each Sunday afternoon together, making a call together; this recognition of the unity of the family is a custom which came down from my childhood and which my husband and I began carrying out in our own home as soon as the children came.

Some homes have a Sunday custom of using choice china and particularly dainty linen. For others Sunday is the day when the children make the special desserts for the dinner. The Sunday night supper is quite generally a much prized institution with the older boys and girls.

I remember my oldest little daugh-

ter asking her chum, "What do you talk about at dinner on Sundays? We always talk about the sermon." Table talk is an opportunity for character building, but so is each custom that a home makes into tradition by continued repetition through the years.

There is too much talk these days

about unhappy home life and the fact that home life has gone. I like to think and talk of beautiful home life where love and understanding keep the fires burning steadily! There are such homes—millions of them. My home is one—is yours?

AN X-RAY FOR ORANGES

Have you had your oranges X-rayed today? Surprisingly enough, the answer may be in the affirmative—providing they happen to be California-grown oranges.

A recent scientific development assures us that the inspection of all fruit will some day be reduced to machine-like precision, free from all the elements of human error. The testing ground for this new wrinkle of science is the California orange industry.

As a result, oranges are now being examined before marketing, both inside and out, by powerful machines, two operators employed in a western fruit packing establishment are now able to inspect 22,500 oranges an hour.

Four times that number of average-sized oranges is a freight car load. Which means that two men can now inspect two entire carloads of the fruit in a single eight-hour working day.

When an operator spots a defective orange by X-ray he simply punches a lever so arranged that the defective fruit is automatically thrown aside.

The machine has two distinct advantages. The first is its ability to speed up the handling of a perishable fruit. The second is that it can inspect the whole orange—not merely nature's protective outside covering.

The latter advantage is of prime importance, of course. The all-seeing "eye" of the X-ray machine can spot any defects or soft portions concealed by the outer skin, and therefore not visible to the human eye. Under ordinary inspection methods such defects are not discernible.

Similar machines would be boon to handlers of other fruits of a similar nature—notable lemons, grapefruit and all members of the lemon family. Perhaps some day all fruits that are used for preserving and canning purposes will pass beneath the approving "eye" of X-ray machines.—Jasper B. Sinclair.

THE HOUSE OF MANY LAMPS

(Canadian Churchman)

When the last rays of the setting sun have faded, the mountains have flung their shadows down into the valley, the lamps are lighted in the quaint little village in southern Europe. There is darkness only in the gray stone church that stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the little hamlet.

A legend is told about "The House of Many Lamps," as the church is called. It was built long ago in the sixteenth century by an old duke who had ten beautiful daughters whom he loved devotedly. When they were children he took great pleasure in watching them play, and even when they were grown up he would sit in the garden for hours listening to them singing over their needlework or watching as they picked flowers from the garden.

Unlike most royal fathers, he was not anxious for them to marry, and it was with great reluctance that he let them go one by one. People used to smile at the fuss he made over each one leaving home, but he would shake his head sadly and say that each one had her place, and that the house was lonely without her.

Each year the daughters gathered around their father's table to eat the Christmas feast together. The circle had never been broken a time until one year a daughter who had married a prince in a far country thought the journey too far and decided not to go home. Knowing how much her father counted on this family gathering, she sent a band of musicians from her court to play for him, thinking to

lighten his disappointment. But the duke was greatly disappointed, nevertheless. The songs of the musicians sounded artificial in comparison with the daughter's sweet singing. Nothing could take her place.

As he grew old, the duke began to wonder what he would leave behind him to perpetuate his memory. Finally, he decided to build a church so beautiful that men would worship as soon they entered, because it drew them to God. He drew up the plans and watched the building with delight.

At last the great day came when all was finished, and the duke took one of his daughters to see it. The simple lines, the graceful beams, the carving and the stained glass windows were exclaimed over and over and admired.

"But, father," said the daughter, "where are the lamps to hang?"

"That, my dear," said the duke, a whimsical smile lighting up his tired face, "is a pet scheme of your old father's. There will be no hanging lamps. Each one will carry his own. I have provided small bronze lamps for every person in the village up to the number the church will hold."

Then he added slowly, "Some corner of God's house will be dark and lonely if all his sons and daughters do not come to worship him at the appointed hour." And these words were carved over the doorway.

Four hundred years have elapsed since that time. The bronze lamps have been handed down from father

to son and carewully treasured. When lamp. The church is always filled,
 the sweet-toned bells of the church for no family wishes its corner to
 ring, the village people wend their way be dark and gloomy.
 up the hill, each carrying his own

 WHY?

Why do the shadows oftenest come
 Where the other shadows are?
 Why do the hordes of anguish follow
 Hard on the heels of care?

Why did the Christ come scrowring
 And not to a glad refrain?
 Why was the world's redemption scheme
 Born in sorrow and in pain?

Why is the heart of motherhood
 By the hand of an infant torn?
 Why must a nation travail
 That some great truth be born?

Why is the wine purest
 That is the hardest pressed?
 Why, after hours of toiling,
 Comes the sweetest space of rest?

Why is subtlest perfume found
 In flowers that grow in shade?
 And why from dwellers in vales of tears
 Are shapers of destiny made?

Do you think the life of Jesus
 Would have had that power to thrill
 If there had been no Gethsemane,
 No Calvary's shadowy hill?

Or do you think that your own life
 Would have been as pure today
 If the disappointments that came to it
 Passed by some other way?

JOHN DAVEY

By Winifred Heath

Man has no better friend on the green earth than the living tree, but he has been careless of his great heritage. He has hewn down the mighty forests, guardians of life and land, and only of recent years has he dreamed of replacing them. The floods which have swept our country came upon us because we had removed the bulwarks God had sent to hold back those angry, swirling waters.

Our land might well have become a treeless waste such as China, whose mighty rivers are continually overflowing. Fortunately for us there have been men who loved the trees, men with powerful personalities who made themselves heard and felt. John James Audubon, artist-naturalist, was one of the first. David Douglas, the courageous young botanist, who was known to the Indians as The Man of Grass, was also a friend of the trees. John Muir, psalmist, sang the beauties of the Sierra Forests, made the worth of our western trees better known to us. It is largely to him that we owe such well forested lands as Yosemite, and many other of our splendid national parks.

John Davey also belongs to the noble art of Tree Lovers, and he came with an altogether new message. This crusader in the good cause of the green earth not only wanted to keep the trees with us, but he wanted to heal their hurts, give them a new lease on life.

Like John Muir, this other John started life on a farm and went to work while still a youngster. At the early age of four we find him planting potatoes, his father looking on. He did it with a large iron spoon and

many small buckets of water, and the results were excellent. For even at that early day his father taught him what he always felt was the best lesson he ever learned—"Do it right or don't do it at all."

At eight John was working on a neighboring farm, and at thirteen he was living out still farther from home. Here he had to share a room with a teamster, a man rough of manner and speech. Fearing the man might jeer at him, John failed to say his prayers after the first evening, and slunk into bed, ashamed of himself, but not brave enough just then to do what he knew was right. That was the beginning of a struggle with no one to help, for his mother had died and his father was away. His only friend was his faithful shepherd dog. Many hours the two spent out in the fields while John fought his battle and finally won. It is often the finest people in the world who have the most to overcome—it is never easy to become a man after God's own heart." We may well believe that the trees helped in those difficult days, for there is nothing quieter, stronger, coming closer to God than a tree with lifted branches and noble, sturdy trunk.

It seemed to John like an answer to all his questions when he received a call to go to Torquay, down in the south of England, a sunny spot where even the palm trees flourish. His first job down there was to put some new slates on a roof. Davey was already a first-class thatcher—in fact, there was hardly anything on a farm he could not do. When only eighteen he had been in full charge of large

flocks of sheep and the shepherds who tended them. But he had never had time to learn to read or write. So far this had not troubled him much, for he had been too busy to think about it. Then one day the young man working with him picked up a piece of slate and with it wrote his name on another slab. John tells us what he thought about that in his own words:

"Well! I watched him in silent amazement. I said nothing to him; but to myself I said, 'If that fellow can learn to write, you can, John Davey, and you're going to.'"

He did but it was no easy matter for it meant starting right at the beginning. You who learned to read and write in school probably did not think it such a hard job, but to a grown-up it is a deal more painful. Besides, John was working twelve hours a day and was dogtired at the end of it. But he bought a New Testament and a dictionary and started manfully in. To get home he had to walk for two hours, and after supper he often went to chapel. Sometimes he spoke, for he was an excellent speaker, knowing something of other people's struggles from his own. Home from chapel, he started in to study, leaving him very few hours for sleep. He kept this up for two years, then came a breakdown, and he had to go home for a while.

Nothing can keep a good man down, so John went back to Torquay. He had first gone there as apprentice to a horticulturist, and in six months was in full charge of the "orchard houses." When he went back to Torquay he took up floriculture, and by the end of the year was in charge of the conservatories. John always seemed to be in charge of something, never stayed long in the apprentice stage. That was because he followed his father's

advice and did it right, or let it alone.

There were classes at the chapel, and one of them was grammar—a rather painful subject to many of us. When John discovered that grammar taught the right use of words he determined instantly that he would master grammar. And he did, getting a better hold of it than many a college graduate ever did.

He stayed in Torquay until he was twenty-six years old. The rector of the church which John attended offered to find him an excellent place in a bank—which shows how much he had progressed. But the young man hated the idea of being indoors. He loved growing things and hated to be shut away from them. Then he decided to come to the United States, getting money for the voyage by the sale of roses which he had raised. He tells us: "I like to remember that the plants I loved made it possible for me to come to the country I love so deeply today."

In 1873 he landed and went to Warren, Ohio, as he had some friends there who had come from England. It was a bad year, known in fact as "the year of the great panic," but John found more work than he could manage. And he was still bent on knowing more about grammar and the English language. At a private school in Warren he got a job as janitor of the building in exchange for tuition—you see that he soon took to that splendid American habit of working one's way through school!

Let him tell you himself just how he did it:

"I used to get up at three o'clock in the morning, wash in ice-cold water, put on my clothes, and race a mile in the frosty darkness. Then

back to my room, where I would wrap the blankets around me, for I had no fire, and study until it was time for me to go and attend my duties as janitor of the school."

A courageous character, this young man from Somersetshire!

They were so impressed with his studious habits, his work in the church, that some friends offered to send him to college and pay all his expenses, to become a preacher or perhaps a professor. But John always knew his own mind, and he still wanted only to work among growing things. "My intrest in plant life went to the very roots of my being."

So he bought some greenhouses, but times were too hard and people had other things to think about. This was his first real failure and a bitter one. Then he married and went back to farming, and before he had finished helping his farmer employer with the harvesting he was called to take charge of a cemetery. It was a dismal place when he went to it, but after a few years John turned it into a flower garden with noble trees where the birds sang. Folk came from miles around to see it.

From that he went to landscape gardening—a red letter day for John Davey, since it led him directly to the work he seemed all these years to have been preparing for. He had much to do with trees, and he was often made unhappy by the examples of neglect and cruel treatment of them which he found all around him.

Now he discovered what a good thing he had done when he mastered grammar—for he started out to write a book. In it he tried to wake people to a deeper interest in trees, and he called his little book, which

took so many hours and so much money to publish, "The Tree Doctor." No one would undertake to publish it, so he did it himself, and when it came out people laughed at it.

But John just kept quiet and waited, feeling dead certain that there must be people in the world who felt the same way about trees that he did. And his faith was finally rewarded. There came inquiries and calls for help from owners of large estates where some ancient elm or splendid oak was in dire need of healing. One mighty elm, which had been half starved and which John Davey had brought back to health, was late in getting its spring leaves. People laughed and said that was all that could be expected from such "crack-brained" theories. But John Davey waited, knowing that the old tree was merely taking a long winter sleep. When the tree finally got its leaves they came in such profusion that the old elm was wonderful to behold. People came from far and near to see it, and one man lifted his hat in tribute to this splendid old forest monarch which had renewed its youth.

This seeming miracle was due to John Davey's deep love for the trees and his understandin of their needs. Such men never meet defeat—they may seem to fall, but their enduring faith is always rewarded.

When this, the world's first tree surgeon passed on, his sons carried on the work, and now tree surgery is taught scientifically at the school founded by the Davey Tree Expert Company. Young men of the finest type come from all parts of the world to study and go out thoroughly imbued with the high ideals and splendid

principles of founder, "Father John." living tree, and taught us how to
 Every living tree is a memorial to heal and keep with us those God-
 John Davey, who brought to us a given guardians of the good earth.
 new realization of the beauty of the

 LET IT BE SAID

Let no man say my race is run
 Because of age, or set of sun,
 Nor twilight hour, nor soft repose
 Shall bring my labors to a close.

Let all men say that in my quest
 Upon my journey toward the west,
 I sought no comfort for my own,
 That I have claimed as mine alone.

Throughout the years the Master's word
 In constancy, has ever spurred
 My faith in God and love of man,
 Along the roadside as I ran.

May those I love remember me
 For words and deeds of charity,
 For contributions to their pleasure
 And all their needs in fullest measure.

May it be known my thoughts arise
 To mountains, lofty peaks and skies
 Akin to that which I would be
 In glorious, noble company.

And when I meet the King of Kings—
 His retinue, 'midst Heavenly things,
 I'll seek new ventures, higher tasks,
 'Tis all my soul in suppliance asks.

—John T. Adams.

WE MUST HAVE THE BIBLE

By Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr

We must have the Bible. There are some things we can get along without. If we must, we can get along without the telephone or the radio or the automobile. It would be interesting to sit down and make a list of the things we could get along without. One of the world's greatest men once said that he liked to look into the shop windows and note the things he could do without. There are many people in the world today who must of necessity do without many things to which they have been accustomed. There is one thing every one of us must have.

We must have bread.

We must have bread for our hungry bodies.

We must have bread for our hungry souls.

"It is," said Ruskin, "the cause of every evil nation and evil creature to eat and not be satisfied. The words of blessing are that they shall eat and be satisfied."

We must have bread. The Bible is bread.

The Bible ministers to hungry bodies. It is the guide book for all who minister to the hungry, the needy, the unemployed, the underprivileged in this and other lands. "The Word had breath, and wrought with human hands." The Bible will allow no one to carry an easy conscience when men and women and little children need bread. The Bible issues the mandate, "Give ye them to eat." It demands an answer to the question, "If a brother or sister be naked and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the things

needful to the body; what doth it profit?" It passes judgment according to the rule, "I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thisty, and ye gave me drink." The Bible is the great textbook for all social service. As you enter the foyer of a great municipal hospital, you look into the picture of the good Samaritan, and underneath you find the inscription, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We must have the Bible, if the bodies of sick and hungry and needy folks are to have bread; for God makes use of human hands and human hearts when he distributes bread.

The Bible ministers to hungry hearts. We remember what Jesus said, and we know what he means. "Men shall not live by bread alone." We need more than wheat and corn and coal. We must have bread to satisfy our hungry hearts. The world is full of weary feet. They must find rest. The world is full of folk who carry about with them disappointing hopes and broken purposes. They must have courage. The world is full of aged people and ambitious youth. They must have peace and aspiring gladness. The world is full of sinners. They must have a Saviour. We can get along without the newspaper and the magazine and the latest book; but we must have the Bible.

The chamber of commerce must have it.

The court of justice must have it.

The hall of legislature must have it.

The college and school must have it.

The office and factory must have it.

The home must have it.

Every man, woman, and child must have it.

It is said Alexander slept with Homer's "Iliad" under his pillow; for even the great conqueror needed something more than words and soldiers. He needed vision. We need something more than gold and silver. We need hope and courage. We need light and guidance. We need security. We need a Savior. The world wants an adviser,

an administrator, a philosopher, an economist. The world needs a Saviour. If we are to find a Saviour, we must have the Bible. It was the President of the United States who said, "I am sorry for the men who do not read the Bible every day." Certainly. We are sorry for the man who misses his daily bread. We are more than sorry for the man who starves his soul.

We must have the Bible.

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
 For sun and sky and air and light,
 That stood out in the open plain,
 And always got its share of rain,
 Never became a forest king,
 But lived and died a scrubby thing.
 That man who never had to toil,
 Who never had to strive or moil,
 Who never had to win his share,
 Of sun and sky and light and air,
 Never became a manly man,
 But lived and died as he began.
 Good timber does not grow in ease;
 The stronger wind, the tougher trees.
 The farther sky, the greater length;
 Tempests serve but to give them strength.
 By sun and cold, by rain and snows.
 In tree or man good timber grows.
 Where thickest stands the forest growth,
 We find the patriarchs of both,
 And they hold converse with the stars.
 Whose broken branches show the scars,
 Of many winds and much of strife,
 This is the common law of life.

HOW JOHN WANAMAKER BEGAN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

(Selected)

To Mr. Charles M. Alexander, Mr. Wanamaker told this story of his conversion :

I was a country boy who had come to the city. A salesman asked me if I wouldn't go to his church. I was at a prayer meeting there one night, where there were perhaps two hundred persons.

It was a quite, old-fashioned meeting. There was a handsome old man of about seventy, who got up and in the gravest way said that he was just waiting for God to take him; that he had lived his life; that God had been good to him; and it was all summed up in the statement that religion was a good thing to die by. I sat way back, and I always had a great fashion of talking to myself. I said: "Well, old man, you can't touch me; you have lived your life; you haven't any sympathy with a big boy; it has passed over my head".

Soon after a young fellow got up. He was perhaps thirty-five, and he said: "You have heard an old man tell you that religion was good to die by; I want to tell you it's good to live by. I have just begun the Christian life. Two years ago I was converted. I had begun business, and I had had a prejudice against religion; they told me that a man had to have a face a yard long and couldn't smile or do anything that would make him happy. You see I was deceived about that:

I am a great deal happier since I became a Christian, because it settled things. I am a better business man; a great load has rolled off my heart and I can give myself more to my work."

I listened to him and I said to myself, "There you are; you want to be a business man, and he tells you how you can be a better business man. He tells you that religion is good to live by. Another man tells you that religion is good to die by." I said, "Suppose you were in court and heard two statements like that, would you believe them?" "Yes," I replied to myself. "Well," I said, "do you intend ever to be a Christian?" "Yes." "Well, if it's a good thing, why don't you be it right away?" I said, "Yes, I will."

I waited in the meeting until everybody went out except the janitor and the old minister, and as he came down the aisle he met a country boy coming up, and I was the chap. I simply said to him, "I have settled it tonight to give my heart to God." And he reached out his hand and said, "God bless you, my son; you will never regret it." That was the whole business. I didn't wait to get some feeling. I accepted the fact that I was a sinner, and that there was a Savior for sinners, and I came to him simply on the proposition that the gift of God is eternal life.

A man who lives only for himself has not begun to live.

THE FANTASTIC FLOUNDER

By Leland F. Robinson

Like other creatures, fish often exhibit curious changes in appearance during their life span. One of the unique cases is that of the flounder, a salt water flat-fish, the antics of which, although strange, are typical of all the other members of the large family of flatfish.

The flounder is hatched from one of innumerable eggs floating around in the ocean. Most of the baby flounders die, or form food for other fishes as indeed, do many of the eggs themselves. This seems like a great waste, but it is fortunate that it happens as, besides helping many other fish to live and grow, the whole ocean would soon be filled to overflowing with a solid mass of flounders if all the eggs grew up into adult fish.

At the age of three weeks the flounder is about one-quarter of an inch long, nearly colorless and partly transparent; and swims upright like ordinary fish. When nearly an inch long, and about four months old, its head starts to twist, and soon, instead of its head, the left eye moves across the top of its head to the side of its right eye.

At about the same time another remarkable change takes place. In response to some irresistible instinct, against which struggles are fruitless, it stops swimming in the upper layers of water and goes to the bottom of the ocean. There it lies flat on the bottom on what was its left side, and with what was its right side, now complete with two eyes, uppermost and forming its back. Although these eyes are, oddly enough, in the top of its head, its does not seem to mind, and appears

to get along all right with them.

After this transformation has taken place the flounder never again swims, as it were, on edge, as it did while young. And instead of swimming like ordinary fish it has henceforth to wave its whole body to move through the water. But there is still another change at this time. Its new, flat bottom side remains nearly colorless, becoming a smooth, milky white, while its new slightly-rounded, broad back grows dark yellow or brown in color and comparatively rough in texture.

Then the flounder settles down into a rather humdrum life. Unlike many fish, it does not seem to do much traveling. In its early months it eats the small bottom shrimp and worms. As it grows larger and older, it eats larger creatures, finally consuming sand dollars, sea urchins, shrimps, deepsea clams, and so forth. It eats few fish and seldom eats any of its own kind, as many fish do. But codfish, sharks, and other large fish eat it to some extent.

The scales of a fish tell its age and history by their rings and markings, in much the same manner as do the rings of a tree, when examined through a microscope by experts. Thus it has been established that the flounder starts to grow every spring, and grows rapidly through the summer while the water is warm. The growth slows up in the fall when the water becomes colder, and stops in the winter when it is coldest. It is interesting to find that the fish grow much more in a given time in the warmer southern waters than they do in the northern colder ones. Every spring the

fish spawns, ejecting countless eggs. If lucky in escaping being eaten by other fish, or caught by a fisherman, it may live to be twenty-five years old, or more.

But the fisherman who catches a

flounder, eats him, is lucky too. When dressed its peculiar shape fits readily into a pan. It is usually fried, and has a delightfully sweet taste which most people relish.

Prayers and obligations well lived are much to be preferred to prayers and obligations well said.—Selected.

SYPHILIS ACCOUNTS FOR 20 PERCENT HERTFORD DEATHS UNDER 60

By Dr. W. Hays Windley

February 1 was third national Society Hygiene day—a day dedicated for three years now towards arousing interest in a determined fight against venereal diseases. The Hertford County Health Department desires to present some actual findings about what syphilis is doing:

1. 1,000,000 potential mothers in the United States either have or have had syphilis.

2. Over 15 percent of all blindness can be traced to the ravages of syphilis.

3. Over 10 percent of all insanity is the result of syphilis.

4. Of the 1,000,000 new infections each year 75 percent are in American young men and women between the ages of 16 and 30.

5. Over 100,000 deaths are caused each year by syphilis and over 1,000,000 years of life expectancy are lost.

6. In relation to other disease this is syphilis:: 1½ times more than tuberculosis; 13 times more

than diphtheria; 28 times more than typhoid; 50 times more than infantile paralysis; and it is a leading cause of disease of the heart and blood vessels.

7. Syphilis kills 20 percent of those who die under the age of sixty in Hertford county.

8. The taxpayers of America spend a minimum of \$50,000,000 each year for the institutional care of the insane, blind, and crippled victims of syphilis.

Among the current issues being debated in Hertford county at the present time there is certainly none any more important than this question of syphilis. The ugly factor of syphilis being transmitted by past generations to present off springs, may account for much of the moral laxity, degeneracy and lack of restraint which is found in a certain portion of any population. Syphilis is a sly enemy—having been acquired by some forgotten forefathers; it

makes its imprint on down through the generations, perhaps quietly, but very definitely causing a weakness of physical and mental fiber. Such a portion of the population inherently weakened at the very start of life cannot be expected to subscribe to rules of conduct.

In addition, new recruits are being acquired constantly to this vast army of syphilitics—men and women who for the first time fall prey to this insidious little corkscrew shaped "germ" that causes syphilis. They in turn will keep the ball of insanity, blindness, heart diseases, sterility and

general physical incompetency rolling on for your sons and daughters to worry over and pay for. Those statistics of 20 percent under sixty dying either directly or indirectly from syphilis in Hertford county are not to be disputed.

Let us recognize this fact and remember that the medical profession is equipped through knowledge and appropriate drugs to kill an enemy to the public good. All they need now is an equal amount of public interested. What about some fight against venereal diseases?

AN INTELLIGENCE TEST

By Rose Brooks

Robert, last of the five Selby children to come to the supper table dropped into his chair with an appreciative sniff. "Hot biscuits and maple syrup—um!" he said. "I'm going to test the intelligence of my family," he went on gaily. "Real question in a real intelligence test. Coming mother?" Mrs. Selby smiled at him as she came in with a platter of smoking hot hash. "wait a minute with your test," she said and turned again to kitchen. "Now, then," slipping into her seat at the head of the table. "You'll have some hash and creamed potatoes?" she asked Aunt Margaret, who was paying them an infrequent visit.

"Do you know the answer yourself?" demanded Alice, before Robert had time to ask his question.

"Did you guess it yourself—that's what I want to know," said

George, suspiciously. "Well, I didn't guess it very quickly, but I did think it out at last, and got the answer right. Yes, they gave it to us in school."

"These intelligence tests are new-fangled since my day," said mother, in explanation to Aunt Margaret, whose eyes were thoughtful, but whose tongue was strangely silent. "Once a year a psychology expert visits every grade in every school and gives these intelligence tests to rate the children. So far," she added modestly, "all my children have rated above their ages."

"You didn't say how long it did take you, Bob," put in Betty. "How long did it? You've got to tell us, to see if any of us is more intelligent."

"All right," agreed Robert laying his watch by his plate. Now, if all listen—oh, Mother, please wait a

minute before you go back to the kitchen for anything. Well, suppose you have two containers—doesn't matter just what kind they are—and one holds seven quarts and one holds four quarts—"

"Seven quarts—four quarts," murmured Alice, forgetting to eat.

"Seven," echoed Aunt Margaret. "Just as many times as mother has been back and forth to the kitchen since we began supper."

"And you are told to take them to the edge of a lake and measure out five quarts. How would you do it?"

"No measuring lines on them?" asked Marcia, mother's measuring cups in mind. "Course not," scoffed Robert. "Easy enough, then."

Silence around the cozy supper table as lips moved in noiseless calculation.

"Don't anybody say an answer out loud," cautioned Robert. "When you think you know, come out in the hall and tell me."

Guess it? Yes everybody guessed it, in time varying from eight to twenty minutes, mother and Aunt Margaret included.

"More intelligent than you, Robert Selby!" crowed Alice, the only one whose record of eight minutes was under Robert's ten. "Ho! Beaten by a girl!" and she danced out of the room on thistledown feet to try a piece of new music.

All the children had to be at school at eight o'clock, and early morning was a scramble in the Selby house, despite mother's steadfast efforts to make it smooth and unhurried.

"Mother, I can't find my dark blue blouse! Mother! Do you know where it is?" It was George, hanging over the upstairs railing.

"Mother! If I drop down my serge dress, will you have time to get that spot off while I dress?" and, without waiting for an answer, Marcia dropped the dress and flew back to her room. "Mother," this, and "Mother," that, and this morning was but a fair sample of what went on every morning.

At breakfast Aunt Margaret ventured pleasantly: "Do you intelligent children have regular things to do every morning before you fly off—any little chores that might help mother out?"

"Yes; have you filled the woodbox, Robert?" asked mother, buttering toast with dispatch, as she spoke. "I have baking to do this morning."

"Haven't yet," said Robert, one eye on the clock. "Suppose I can."

"And you know Mrs. Quimby comes today to wash," went on mother, looking at the girls. "Sure all your things are in the hamper?"

"George! Come back! Really you must sweep the front steps mornings before you go. I do wish you children didn't have to be reminded every morning," she added in a voice that sounded weary, even at that hour in the morning.

"Five intelligent children," murmured Aunt Margaret reflectively as she stood at the front door out of which the gay troop had just flown. "Intelligence test, indeed! seven quarts and five quarts, indeed!" and, inwardly fuming, she returned to the dining room to lend a hand.

"Of course you'll go!" she said to mother later in the morning. "You haven't seen Mrs. Hart for years. You've just time to catch the car. Fly up and dress in your best, because I'm going to telephone her this minute to take back your re-

fusal. Nothing on earth will do you so much good as a quiet luncheon in town with her. Trust my intelligence!" she flung back mischievously, as she started for the telephone. "No, no excuses. Mrs. Quimby's being here is a help, not a complication." And mother went.

So it happened that when five hungry Selby's trooped in for luncheon, they found Aunt Margaret at the table.

"Mother gone?" they chorused, as if a miracle had happened.

"Of course mother has gone, to keep such a pleasant engagement as that," said Aunt Margaret. "Why shouldn't she go often? That's an intelligence test question," she added. Was her tone as gay as ever, or just a little grim?

Table set, but not a thing to eat in sight. The children slipped into their chairs and looked their surprise as Aunt Margaret continued to sit, unperturbed. "Everything's ready in the kitchen," she said. "The girls may bring it in, and the boys may clear the table afterwards, and we'll all do the dishes together. Six people can make short work of them."

Luncheon was delicious. Not one of the five Selbys had eaten a better one even when mother was at her post. "I have some intelligence questions to ask—real ones," said Aunt Margaret, with great interest, when every young Selby had been helped, and instantly every child was alert. "I'll ask them in turn. First question is Robert's, he being the oldest," and Aunt Margaret turned a bright face to her expectant nephew.

"Robert," she began, "how can a stove be kept going all the morning, for baking, for boiling clothes, on five sticks of wood?" Robert's face

fell. "Of course, mother wants to economize on wood—what doesn't she economize on? She and I couldn't figure out the answer, and I thought you must know, because five sticks you left, no more."

Silence except for Robert's muttered, "I thought I'd be late. I didn't know—"

"Yes, you did know," and no mistake, Aunt Margaret's voice meant business. "I heard your mother tell you. Aren't you supposed to fill the woodbox every morning without reminding?"

"Alice next. Alice, when your mother is the busiest woman in the world, which is fairer, for you to remember to gather up your own clothes for the laundry and change your own bed, or to fly off to school with your hair done in the latest fashion, which takes you fifteen good minutes, leaving your mother to discover a basketful of clothes in your room in mid-morning—an hour's setback for Mrs. Quimby? Intelligence test, remember."

"Well," Alice defended herself, "if this house weren't such a turmoil mornings—"

"A turmoil, mornings!" Aunt Margaret fairly gasped. "Has it ever occurred to your young heads who makes it a turmoil, mornings? Your mother is too sweet-tempered and patient to tell you the answer, though well she knows it, and well I know it. You are supposed to be above your years in intelligence, all of you. Use your intelligence on things outside as well as inside of books, that's what I say," and Aunt Margaret looked unsmilingly into the face of each of the crestfallen young Selbys before her.

"There's just one more intelligence

test I'll put to all of you," she went on presently. "I haven't been here for five years, and never in my life have I seen any woman grow old faster than your own mother has. Small wonder, too. Doing the work of six people instead of one ever since your father died. She can't stand it much longer—I have intelligence enough to see that. Now either she is going away at once, or I am. I can't stand it to stay and see her wear her life out on you five intelligent children who should be lending a hand. But I'll stay six weeks if you'll all come to your senses. Leave the persuading to me. I'll see to it she goes, if that's your decision." Aunt Margaret's eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed.

That is how it came about that Mrs. Selby went to the mountains for six long weeks. "Not a meal to get! Not a meal to plan!" Over and over the train wheels clicked out the words to her as mile after mile she sped from home. "But I wonder if Margaret won't be dead at the end of six weeks? They're dear children, all of them; dear, but thoughtless; dear, but thoughtless," and the car wheels took up the new refrain.

Far from dead was Aunt Margaret at the end of six weeks. On the first evening of reign, she gathered her charges around the evening lamp. "I'm trying to go at this intelligently," she began. Were the young Selbys a little tired of the words? "I've made out a list of jobs that have to be done in the house

every single day, willy-nilly—blow high, blow low. Against six of them I've written my initials—those I'll do and those it wouldn't be too much for your mother to do when she comes home. That leaves four small ones apiece for each of you—see if you can divide them amicably. There's to be no let-up. Day after day they're to be done—no excuses, no remindings. It's not for me, remember. It's for your own mother who is about at the end of her rope. These six weeks we'll have as a training test, and we ought to have intelligence enough to have this household machinery oiled and running without a hitch before mother sets food across the threshold again."

Of course, mother wanted to come home long before the six weeks were up, but nobody would let her. Good-hearted those five young Selbys were, and ashamed of themselves, too, once Aunt Margaret had opened their eyes.

When she did come home—well, mother couldn't believe her eyes. She often went out to luncheon; why shouldn't she? If she had a headache, she stayed in bed for breakfast; why shouldn't she? For a week after her return, Aunt Margaret stayed. At supper, on her last night, mother, from whom years had rolled, cast her eyes to the ceiling, and said solemnly: "Let me see. To think it all began with seven quarts and four quarts—go to the lake and bring home five quarts!" And everyone at that supper table burst into shouts of laughter.

All men may be born equal, but it is what they are equal to later on that counts.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Howard Bullard, who left the School in 1920, spent a couple of days here this week. He seems to have been getting along very well since leaving us. For several years he has been engaged as baker for the Bell Baking Company in Winston-Salem. He is married and has two children. In talking with several officials of the School, Bullard's appreciation of the institution and the help it had given him was graciously and enthusiastically expressed. He certainly is a loyal ex-student of the Jackson Training School.

The rain that came last Tuesday was a life-giver to our crops and plants. The 125-acre field of oats, just ready to come out in head, has made what would seem an impossible improvement in just a few days. It is a beautiful sight now to see the green fields with waving heads of oats. The gardens also have taken on new life. Asparagus, onions, radishes and greens are products that are now furnishing our tables with wholesome Spring diet. The first strawberries of the season were gathered last Wednesday, and prospects for a good yield this year are quite promising. The campus, too, lends its part in making the Spring cheerful, and variegated colors in the pansy beds, green lawns and budding peonies all give promise of making this the most beautiful Springtime scene at the School in several years.

While it is not an unusual sight to see airplanes of various types fly-

ing over the Training School grounds, it is most unusual to have one land in our midst, but that's just what happened last Thursday morning. Shortly after the breakfast hour a plane was heard roaring overhead, flying very low. In just a few minutes the word was passed around that it had landed in a field, just a short distance from the main group of School buildings.

Of course, everyone's curiosity was aroused concerning the cause of this forced landing, if anyone was injured, etc., and in a short time, several boys and members of the staff, including Superintendent Boger, visited the scene. All were glad to learn that there were no injuries to either the plane or its occupants.

The plane was a Piper Cub and the flyers were Francis (Curly) Walton, a licensed pilot-instructor and salesman, and George H. Cunningham, of the Cunningham Radio Service, Inc., both of Houston, Texas. They had been spending some time at the plant where the little planes are made, Lock Haven, Pa., and were en route from New York City to Houston. They had spent Wednesday night in Charlotte, leaving the air port there at about 6 a. m. on Thursday. They encountered a heavy fog bank and tried to make their way back to Charlotte, but could not locate the air port because of dense fog. Cruising around for more than an hour, the safest-looking spot they could find on which to set the ship down was on our farm. Landing safely, they took off after waiting a few hours for the sun to penetrate the heavy fog. While here they attracted quite a number of visitors and were plied with many questions. The flyers were good-natured chaps and

cheerfully answered all queries. One of them took a number of pictures of the place where they made their forced landing and of some of the folks visiting the scene. They took off for New Orleans and we hope they experienced no further difficulty on their journey through the clouds.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Messrs. Gene Davis, Bob Wooley and John Gamble. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation Mr. Sheldon turned the program over to our old friend, Gene Davis, who after leading the boys in singing several choruses rendered a vocal number in his usual fine manner. Gene then presented Bob Wooley, who showed considerable ability as a vocalist by his splendid rendition of a special number.

The speaker of the afternoon was John Gamble, a native of Waxhaw, who has completed a course in the Bob Jones Theological Seminary, Nashville, Tenn. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 19:1-10, and in his message to the boys used this text: "For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

At the beginning of his remarks,

Mr. Gamble stated that Christ did not come to save the rich, the educated nor the ignorant, but the lost, which includes all. All have sinned and come short, so the Master came to save all.

The speaker then gave the three following reasons why Christ came to save us: (1) For our sakes. Each of us is lost in sin and would know eternal destruction were it not that God says that he will move our sins as far from us as the east is from the west; will bury them in the depth of the deepest sea; will hide them behind His back and remember them no more. (2) For our associates' sake. While one is mean and without Christ, he not only harms himself, but has an evil influence on his fellow men. So, when he is saved for Christ, he is helped and all his fellow men are greatly benefitted. (3) For God's sake. Because Jesus loves each one of us. When you love and your love is not returned it hurts. Jesus loves us all, yet there are so many who have never loved Him in return. How it must hurt God when we thus turn our backs on Christ, the perfect lover of mankind. So for His own sake, God also saves us.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys never to lose sight of the fact that it was for our sake, for the sake of our fellow men and for God's sake, that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision. Today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 23, 1939

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (9) William Cantor 10
- (6) Clyde Gray 19
Gilbert Hogan 18
- (10) Leon Hollifield 21
- (10) Edward Johnson 21
- (6) James Kissiah 18
- (8) Edward Lucas 19
- (3) William Padrick 5

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Rex Alfred 16
- (2) William Anders 2
William G. Bryant 11
- (2) Jack Broome 7
- (2) Charles Brown 2
- (2) Henry Cowan 17
- (2) Howard Cox 5
John Davis
- (2) Eugene Edwards 5
- (2) William Freeman 5
- (2) Porter Holder 12
- (2) Horace Journigan 9
- (2) Burman Keller 2
- (2) Clay Mize 3
- (2) Howard Roberts 13
Arlee Scism
- (2) Lee Watkins 11
- (2) Everett Watts 6
- (2) William Wilson 2
- (2) B. C. Elliott 2

COTTAGE No. 2

- Arthur Craft 5
- Floyd Lane 5
- Brooks Young 5

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Robert Atwell 13
Herman Cherry 2
Coolidge Green 13
- (3) A C Lamar 7
Douglas Matthews 15
- (2) Grady Pennington 4
Harrison Stilwell 7
- (7) Jerome W. Wiggins 18
- (3) Earl Weeks 19

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 9
William C. Jordan 6
- (3) James Land 12
J W. McRorrie 10
George Newman 13
- (3) Henry Raby 14
Robert Simpson 4
- (4) Leo Ward 17
- (16) Melvin Walters 21
John Whitaker 2
- (22) James White 22
- (3) Samuel Williams 11
Cecil Wilson 9
Thomas Yates 4

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Grady Allen 16
- (2) William Brothers 14
L C B arton 7
- (2) Collett Cantor 8
Everett Linberry
Paul Lewallen
- (2) Ivey Lunsford 3
Samuel Montgomery 7
- (2) William Nichols 3
Richard Palmer 5
Fred Tolbert 4
- (2) Hubert Walker 18
- (2) Dewey Wale 19
- (2) Marvin Wilkins 16

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Edward Batten 15
- (11) Robert Bryson 19
- (3) Fletcher Castlebury 13
- (2) Martin Crump 8
Robert Dunning 7
- (10) Thomas Hamilton 16
- (2) Clinton Keen 10
Spencer Lane 9
Randall D. Peeler 3
George Wilhite 6
- (2) William Wilson 9
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 7

- (11) Carl Breece 19
- (8) John Deaton 15
- Donald Earnhardt 12
- (5) George Green 16
- (3) Roy Helms 3
- Raymond Hughes 5
- (11) Caleb Hill 19
- James Jordan 4
- (9) Hugh Johnson 17
- (2) Robert Lawrence 12
- (6) Elmer Maples 12
- (4) Ernest Mobley 9
- (8) Dewey Sisk 13
- (2) Graham Sykes 10
- (10) Joseph Wheeler 13
- (4) Ed Woody 12
- (5) William R. Young 12

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 2
- Winfred Land 3
- (2) Edward J. Lucas 6
- John Tolbert 13

COTTAGE No. 9

- J. T. Branch 12
- Clifton Butler 8
- Roy Butner 10
- (2) James Bunnell 11
- Edgar Burnette 16
- Carol Clark 13
- James Coleman 14
- George Duncan 12
- Frank Glover 11
- (3) C. D. Grooms 8
- John Hendrix 7
- (2) Osper Howell 11
- Mark Jones 12
- Harold O'Dear 10
- (2) Lonnie Roberts 10
- (4) Thomas Sands 12
- Earl Stamey 12
- (3) Thomas Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 10

- Elbert Head 16
- J. D. Hildreth 14
- Lee Jones 3
- Felix Littlejohn 12
- James Martin 2
- Carl Speer

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) J. C. Allen 2
- Harold Bryson 14
- (2) Baxter Foster 12

- Albert Goodman 13
- (22) Earl Hildreth 22
- (8) William Hudgins 12
- (3) Clyde Hoppes 12
- (2) Ballard Martin 2
- Paul Mullis 12
- Calvin McCoyle 10
- (17) Edward Murray 21
- (9) Donald Newman 12
- Jesse Overby 5
- (2) Roy Pope 3
- (3) Theodore Rector 10
- (17) Julius Stevens 21
- (14) Thomas Shaw 20
- John Uptegrove 4

COTTAGE No 12

- Jack Batson 2
- (2) Jay Brannock 2
- (5) Allard Brantley 16
- Ernest Brewer 2
- William C. Davis 12
- (5) Everett Hackler 13
- Woodrow Hager
- (9) Charlton Henry 18
- (2) Hubert Holloway 16
- Richard Honeycutt 6
- S. E. Jones 7
- Tillman Lyles 10
- Clarence Mayton 14
- James Mondie
- James Pukett 2
- Howard Sanders 13
- (18) Avery Smith 20
- Ralph Sorrells 4
- (8) Leonard Wood 17
- J. R. Whitman 14

COTTAGE No. 13

- Jack Foster 16
- (3) Bruce Kersey 7
- William Lowe 2
- (2) Jack Mathis 4
- Marshall White 3
- (4) Alexander Woody 20

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 14
- (20) Clyde Barnwell 21
- (9) Delphus Dennis 20
- Audie Farthing 14
- John Ham 10
- Marvin King 13
- (2) John Kirkeman 14
- Fred McGlammery 16
- Roy Mumford 2
- Charles McCoyle 7

- Troy Powell 12
 John Robbins 13
 Thomas Trantham 9
 Desmond Truitt 5
 Garfield Walker 10
 (2) Junior Woody 15

COTTAGE No. 15

- Howard Bobbitt 12
 Roy Bayne
 (5) Clifton Davis 16
 (5) Aldine Duggins 15
 Clarence Gates 12
 Dallas Holder 8
 (6) Hoyt Hollifield 12

- (6) Albert Hayes 13
 (4) Ira Settle 16
 J. P. Sutton 8
 (2) Jones Watson 12
 (3) Arvel Ward 14

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (4) James Chavis 11
 (2) Reefer Cummings 12
 (2) Warren Lawry 3
 Filmore Oliver 15
 (5) Early Oxendine 13
 (6) Thomas Oxendine 15
 (6) Curley Smith 16
 (8) Ross Young 18

THE SLEEPING CITY

Away out in southern Utah, many miles from the railroad, is a most interesting city. It is called "The Sleeping City," but in the truth no one sleeps there—no one lives there. This strange city covers something like ten square miles, and the buildings are entirely of stone. But they were not erected by human hands; they are the results of the untiring work of the wind and the rain, the sand and the gravel, and the other forces of nature. These in combination have accomplished the work of a great builder.

Long, long ago—so long that nobody knows when—this little city was begun. All that the Builder had was an enormous block of sandstone. This must be cut up into various shapes and figures to fashion the "Sleeping City."

The wind blew over it, lifting up tiny particles of sand and carrying them away. The heat of the summer days made the rock spread ever so little. The cold of the winter nights made the rock draw together. And so cracks appeared. Into these cracks the water could run, cutting away more and more of the rock.

And this is the way that the towers and peaks that suggest a city were carved from the solid rock. The beauty of the city is enhanced by the wonderful colors that adorn it. Red, orange, yellow, tan, brown, every variation that sandstone may know is seen here. It is in very truth a fairy city, and every year thousands of people travel over many miles of weary desert to look upon it and marvel at the untiring energy that made Bryce Canyon.—Selected.

MAY 8 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 6, 1939

No. 18

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HISTORICAL EVENTS IN MAY

1. Dewey's victory at Manila, 1898.
3. First medical school in America, 1765.
7. Ocean liner "Lusitania" torpedoed, 1915.
11. Columbus sailed on last voyage, 1502.
13. Jamestown settled, 1607.
14. First Constitutional Convention, 1787.
19. United States and Mexico signed peace treaty, 1848.
20. Chas. Lindbergh started for Paris, 1927.
22. Last Civil War skirmish, 1865.
24. First steamship crossed Atlantic, 1819.
25. Called 90,000 volunteers for Spanish-American War, 1898.
28. Noah Webster died, 1843.
31. Johnstown flood, 1889.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HOPE

Always somewhere in the world it is midnight. The shadows are as deep as death. Where darkness is, fear reigns. Even so, it is also true that, as it is written on a sundial on a pier at Brighton, England, " 'Tis always morning somewhere in the world." This hopeful suggestion is worthy of our remembrance. As we look at some parts of our world, they are as unpromising as darkness and as ominous as the grace. Violence and tyranny seem invincible. Sin and moral chaos appear to rule for the time being. Just as surely, however, there are parts of our world where the opposite is quite true. These are full of promise and radiant with hopeful outlook. These are the morning places, where the sun is shining and the denizens of darkness are driven to their lairs. Fear and terror cannot thrive there. The radiance of hope turns devastation into gardens, dries the tears of grief and replaces them with the happy smile of expectant faith, dispels the quaking fears of evil, and inspires the courage of the conqueror. God is not dead, and rebellious man lives and reigns only a brief span. It is always morning somewhere, and it is going to be morning everywhere, some day. The days of sin and pain cannot always last. "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning."

—The Watchman-Examiner

THE GREAT CONFERENCE

All roads last week led to Kansas, City Missouri, for the uniting conference of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Protestant and the Methodist Episcopal, South, which will doubtless result in the largest church union in the entire history of the Christian church.

It is estimated that nine hundred delegates and sixty bishops, including many from other countries, will represent approximately 8,000,000 people. This meeting is unique. It simply means one great Methodist Church. All differences of form, of worship, or

century old schisms, will be eliminated, and all will work for the cause of humanity in the name of the Master under the banners where all bars merge into the Cross, the symbol of Christ and all stars merge into one star, the star of Bethlehem.

This meeting has caught the attention of leaders in other denominations, separated because of minor differences that bring about unnecessary divisions. The Methodists have doubtless pointed the way to union, and may the Heavenly Father hasten the day when all Christians shall present a united front to combat the forces that threaten our civic and religious liberties.

President Roosevelt, cognizant of the need of unification, sends a message to the effect that the high purpose of this ecclesiastical body is significant, and accepted as a "harbinger of peace". To add to the impressiveness and timely statements of President Roosevelt, a minister of London also makes the statement to this august body of Christian workers that "a revival of Christian religion is imperative if the world peace is restored." We await with interest the results of this conference hoping that the union will be perfected, for in union there is strength. However, let conference end as it may, Methodism has proclaimed to the world one of the most far-reaching movement for a united front that the church of Christ has ever witnessed.

* * * * *

ENVIRONMENT AND TRAINING ESSENTIALS

For two weeks there has been a carnival on some vacant lots in the very heart of the business block of Concord. This carnival has such attractions as the ferris-wheel with its glamorous lights moving around to the monotonous ding-dong of canned music, so to speak. From a vantage point the ferris-wheel could be seen clearly. It had its quota of patronage. And doubtless many felt like "ole-black-mammy" who gave her little grandchild money to enjoy the thrills of a ride on the wheel. "After the spin in the mid air the little pickaninny rushed to his old grandmother,—his broad grin told the story. "Well," said the old woman, "you rid your money up, but where has you bin."

We often feel that the philosophy of the old colored woman can be properly applied to many who do nothing but ride up and down the streets in their automobiles and get to no place in particular.

Growing weary of the confusion on the outside we turned to the radio for pastime. The change was like magic. We were suddenly taken into a large auditorium, and there heard a most delightful band and solo concert by the students of the Central High School, Charlotte, directed by L. R. Sides, director of public school music.

The contrast of the two scenes was marked. The first was babble and confusion, the last was order, and a program of music, one of the finest arts, that stimulates the youth of the community to the higher ideals. Human nature reacts to early training, contact and environment.

* * * * *

INVESTMENTS

Some writer has given out this thought, and it is worth passing on to those who are interested in the welfare of the youth of the country, more so than investment in material things.

"In times like these," the article states, "the best investments are in boys and girls. Men talk about buying stock at the bottom. When you invest in a boy or girl, you are always buying at the bottom. You are sure that the youngster is going up, and there is no telling how far. I invite every man and woman in America to take a flyer in Childhood Preferred. I predict a great future for this security. It has investment merit combined with the most exciting speculative possibilities. You are sure to get a man or a woman; you may get a great man or a great woman."

As a close follow up, to add impressiveness to the above quotation we insert here a quotation from Webster. It is old, but true nevertheless: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowman, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

The grand old state of North Carolina has not been oblivious to the needs of the so-called problem child, and the investment made in the Jackson Training School is of inestimable value. As proof of the fact not a week passes that some old boy does not make a visit to the school.

The majority of these young men are splendid looking fellows, they are well dressed, and never fail to tell just how the Jackson Training School helped them.

We are not expected to make professionals of the so-called incorrigibles, such cases are exceptions to the rule, but the majority of them are holding remunerative jobs and they feel they are respected citizens. The goal of this institution is to implant in the boys committed to its care an ambition to live new and useful lives.

The officials of this institution are not satisfied. We do not intend to stand still. With the improvements added, the dividends will be men of greater efficiency in every possible way.

* * * * *

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGE.

In a comprehensive work on languages of the world, published in Paris, no less than 6,760 tongues and systems of writing are listed. But the actual number worthy of classification as distinct languages has been computed by officials of the French Academy to be 2,796.

Chinese, including many dialects, is used by more people than any other language in the world, about 475 million. There are about 43,000 different characters used in Chinese writing.

English is spoken by about 225 million people, far more than one-half of whom are citizens of the United States. Several million more in various parts of the world know enough English words to make it possible for them to carry on simple conversations for the purpose of barter and the like.

Russian and its various dialects is spoken by more than 160 million. Other principal languages, with figures representing the number of millions by whom they are spoken, include the following: Japanese, 90. Spanish, 80; German, 78; French, 62; Portuguese, 47; Italian, 43.

The above figures are estimates of the number of people actually speaking the languages named, and do not include those of native colonies and others who do not use the language of the governing nation. India, for example, while under British rule, has more than 300 million inhabitants who do not speak English, but use scores of native languages and dialects.—Selected

ECHOES FROM DUKE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

The messages brought by all notables during the Centennial Celebration of the Duke University, April, 21,22,23 echoed the thought that the world is in need of spiritual regeneration, and that education and democracy were prime factors if "the day is saved." The climax to this great celebration, so far as getting the attention of the public, was the address of Eduard Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia. The people wanted to know the opinions of Europe.

Briefly, but gracefully he paid the United States a nice compliment.

Dr. Benes declared: "No, Europe will not collapse. Europe is just now in a great fight for democracy and freedom and this fight will finish sooner or later in an inevitable and decisive victory of the principals of the high, free and democratic civilization, which has brought to such a high degree of culture, force and happiness in the United States of America."

* * * * *

A farmer of Susquehenna, Pa., is thinking of equipping his plow with a radio. This, he thinks, will help him keep in touch with the Department of Agriculture in Washington, also apprise him of the many changes taking place among the militaristic nations of Europe.

* * * * *

The legislature of Wisconsin is considering a bill to tax all manufacturers and wholesalers of military toys. The revenue thus obtained is to be used for education. The toys levied on are guns, cannons and soldiers.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

FINEST FUN

"If a friend of yours does well,
 Tell him so,
 Don't go and raise a jealous yell,
 Tell him so,
 He'll be glad to know you're glad,
 Glad it doesn't make you sad,
 It's the finest fun you ever had,
 Tell him so."

A flat tire is the bane of the motorist. A flat pocketbook is the same to the ordinary citizen.

The wild onion is the Nazi problem in the vegetable kingdom. Like the poor, it is with us always and ever.

Many a man has slipped on a banana peel and got a fall. So have many who have slipped on a wedding ring, and fared the same fate.

The old-fashioned man who used to sit in the sun and whittle for hours now has a son who spends most of his time in the pool room.

Everybody admits that rain is very essential. When it does come it does not please everybody. There is sure to be somebody to complain.

The children of the present day know so much more than their parents used to know. A child is often the instructor to the parent.

A newspaper asks this question: "What is Hitler Thinking?" I should say something like this: "Me and Gott want to rule the world."

It is reported that General Johnson

has denounced President Roosevelt's foreign policy. But Johnson is noted as a general denunciator.

There a lot of jobs for the Fool Killer these days. One is the man who drives a car and at the same time flirts with a girl on the sidewalk.

The Murphy, (N. C.) newspaper, The Cherokee Scout, has a batch of items under the heading, "Hessee Dam News." That sounds mighty like cursing.

It makes the flesh creep to read about people eating snakes, goldfish, and phonograph records. It looks as if they are not satisfied on a diet of spinach.

An apparent authority on the subject says that girls now-a-days blush just as much as they ever did—only it does not show through the rouge. He's cheeky to say such a thing.

Well, one thing, the big leagues have started their pennant race, and perhaps that will take the minds of people off the rumors of war. It will be a fine thing if it does.

In the proposal to exchange American cotton for rubber there is an appearance of stretching the staple rather far. Yet it may have a soft and downy snap in it.

It is the part of wisdom for America to be extremely cautious in pulling chestnuts out of the fire for other nations. Many a one has been severe-

ly burned in doing this—and then never got the chestnuts.

Some people brag on saying "that they say what they think." And some of those same people are the quietest you ever met. While others rant like a mad bull.

I read in the papers that John Barrymore is planning to divorce his fourth wife, Elaine Barrie. Seems to me it would be appropriate for John to change his name to Marrymore.

It is stated that more than half the world's gold supply is buried out at Fort Knock, Ky. In this case is not America likely to come under the ban of that slothful servant who hid his Master's talent and made no effort to

increase it, or render service to others?

The prospects are that this it to become the most talking nation in the world. The American Telephone and Telegraph company announces that it will spend \$320,000,000 this year for plant expansion and improvements. That will create a lot of talk, with "the line busy," and wrong numbers popping up all around.

Many a woman has a song in her heart. I see in the newsprints where one of the feminities is wearing two songs on her head. She soaked a phonograph record in water and bent it in the shape of one of the modern hats. This beats the record in the way of head covering, although it did not cover much space with its disc and its novel distincton.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL"

There are some persons who are never prevented from doing what has been entrusted them to do. There are other persons who are sometimes thus prevented. Why the difference? It is not in the circumstances; it is in the persons. The one who sometimes fails to carry out a commission does so because something else is more important to him than dependableness. The other does not tolerate the idea of failure here, and is ready to make any sacrifice except the sacrifice of trustworthiness. There is always some way to do what ought to be done. When one faces every such obligation in the spirit that says, "I may not be able to do this, but I can at least spend all the strength and life I have in the attempt to do it, and die failing," usually neither death nor failure results: the thing gets done, and the doer lives on to be counted trustworthy beyond his fellows. That very attitude toward our accepted obligations opens up ways and means that would never be seen by the person who admits that there are times when an obligation cannot be met.—Selected

JOSEPH PEARSON CALDWELL

By R. C. Lawrence, in Charlotte Observer

The soil of Carolina is as productive of great editors as Iowa's is of corn.

Here the Hales edited The Fayetteville Observer for more than a century; William W. Holden was a dominant force in the life of his State from the editorial chair of The Standard even if he finally allowed his political ambitions to overrule his discretion. There were the Gales, grandfather, father and grandson, of the Raleigh Gazette, who published the first daily newspaper in our State.

There was Josiah Turner of The Raleigh Sentinel who stood in a class alone, who wrote against the robbers of the State in the days of reconstruction with a pen of vitriol dipped in ink of gall, whose caustic criticisms so burned the hides of his political foes that they did him the honor of having him locked up in the same cell with a negro murderer in an effort to silence him.

There was R. R. Clark of The Stateville Landmark, who worshipped my subject, and who was an editor of parts in his own right.

Then there was Joseph Pearson Caldwell, editor of the Charlotte Observer—ablest editor of his generation, peer of any of these men, born leader of public thought, humorist, wit, stylist, individualist, moulder and mentor of young men of genius—big of brain, large of soul, a colossal figure in the realm of writers.

I'll undertake his description in two sentences:

You may have called him "Joe" behind his back, but if you did you

took off your hat when you met him face to face. His editorial chair was a throne and there he reigned as a king.

I forget just who authored that last phrase, but it suited my purpose so well I just had to take it. If what follows but largely paraphrases one who was the principal mourner at the funeral of his chief, blame it not on me but on the excellence of the word pictures of H. E. C. Bryant.

He was known to his underlings as the "Old Man" or the "Chief." I shall so designate him here. His annals were short: Born at Statesville 1853. Reporter for Charlotte Observer 1872. Editor Statesville Landmark 1880. Became partner of Daniel A. Tompkins and editor Charlotte Observer in 1892 and so continued until his untimely death November 22, 1911.

He trained Howard A. Banks, H. E. C. Bryant, E. P. Widman, James C. Abernathy, Isaac Erwin Avery and John Charles McNeill. Had he done nothing else he would deserve the thanks of a grateful State. He gave all his subordinates nicknames: It was he who dubbed H. E. C. Bryant "Red Buck;" he called Jim Abernathy "the Perturbib Spirit;" Dick Allen was "Red Head;" a woman reporter was the "Canary" John Charles McNeill the "Scotchman."

He revelled in wit and humor, and chuckled over the famous poem, laid at the door of "Miss Peterson," Carolina bard, who sang:

"I seen Pa coming stepping high
Which was of his walk the way,"
And:

"She was the only girl I loved
 She had a face like a horse and buggy,
 I saw her leaning on the lake
 Oh! fireman, save my child!"

He held feasts of reason and flow of soul with his staff, where debates were held on whether it was best to wear a Mother Hubbard or a hobble skirt; what was the plural of grapefruit, mud and molasses. It was the poet McNeill who propounded the famous query: "Why do a rabbit wobble his nose?" But the Chief countered with: "When do a pup become a dog?" Then all hands tried to solve the question what were the 10 best things to eat.

He called Will Aiken of The Asheville Citizen the "sweet singer of Swannanoa" and said his dome of thought was like the dome of the capitol at Washington, and quoted Aiken's poem beginning. "I'm only a chicken, plump and fat," which moved the Chief to remark: "Wait until Methodist Conference." He wrote a letter in behalf of Red Buck who was seeking other newspaper employment: "Dear Sir: H. E. C. Bryrant, late manager of the Keeley institute, wishes to return to newspaper work...I know him well...I must say that he has not been properly trained in the business. He furnishes copy which is BAD in every respect except as to its substance, and he has to be heavily edited. But his style is attractive and he is valuable to have around a newspaper office."

His language was always colorful. He said his reporter's account of the famous Republican convention down at Maxton, where the delegates engaged in free-for-all fights, was "fine as frog hair." When a reporter wrote a story about two chickens

found at the Southern depot in Charlotte, the Old Man labelled it "Two Orphan Hens."

To friend and foe he was absolutely fair. Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, beloved of Carolina, Republican United States senator, in appealing for fair play wrote to Mr. Caldwell not in vain. "I know you are both fair minded and liberal in you views." And he instructed a reporter when sending him to report the campaigns of the Populist Senator Marion Butler: "Remember that nothing endures but the truth and that we must and shall be fair."

He was noted for his absolute independence in thought, word and deed. He said he'd be damned if he would edit a paper for a corporation, where every man who owned a share of stock would want to come in and tell him how to run his paper.

He refused free passes on the railroads, which he could have had for the mere asking even without the asking. He said: "Passes are generally found in the pockets of those best able to pay their fare and they influence those who hold them."

In 1886 he supported Bryan with great reluctance for he was a Cleveland Democrat. Told that his course are not there without reason, but to was bringing much criticism, threatened loss of subscribers and advertisers, to say nothing of anonymous letters, he requested his informant to read Acts 20:24. This reads: "None of these things move me." A Presbyterian preacher told him he would stop taking The Observer if he had not paid in advance. Next day the preacher got a check for the amount of his subscription, and his Observer was stopped.

In 1900 he could stand Bryan no

longer, so he bolted the Democratic ticket saying with Martin Luther: "Here I stand. God help me; I cannot do otherwise." His subordinates were uneasy; they foresaw loss of prestige. But this did not eventuate, for Carolinians were too much impressed with his independence and his boldness. In the ensuing campaign *The Observer* lost just six subscribers!

Toward his enemies he could be implacable. A religious editor intimated that if he did not quit opposing prohibition, he would expose his personal habits. The Chief simply cited Lincoln who, when a similar complaint was made about General Grant inquired of the complainants if they knew what brand Grant drank, because he wanted to send some of it to his other generals. The gadfly kept stinging him, however, so he finally wrote of him a screed: "He is a man of brilliant attainments but utterly corrupt. Like a rotten mackarel in the moonlight he stinks and shines." Then he closed with: "Take this kick, you cur; which you have long wanted and richly earned."

His most outstanding characteristic was his absolute loyalty to his friends. When a reporter was taken to task by a local bully and said he would go down and have it out with the bully then and there, the Chief said: "I'll go too."

"He remained my friend until he died and there was never a day I would not have died for him had that been necessary to his happiness." What a tribute! And the last message Red Buck ever had from him, when death stood by his couch, was a three

word message written in a trembling hand: "I love you."

When in the valley of the shadow, he told his friend Wade Harris, who succeeded him as editor of *The Observer*: "I am marking time and waiting for the sun to set." Colonel Harris wrote: "His friendship never flickered." And R. R. Clark wrote on hearing of his death: "There cracked a noble heart." His own philosophy was expressed in these two lines:

"It's not the fact that you're dead
that counts

But how did you fight, and why."

When Cleveland died Mr. Caldwell wrote of him: "The storm came and the pilot kept his rudder true." When death came to Mr. Caldwell Red Buck paid him a tribute such as should be read only with uncovered head and through misty eyes:

"No tramp dog that ever took up in *The Observer* building ever heard a harsh word from him, but many shared his lunches. No drunken printer was tossed from his office, but many old timers received money to take them home. One night I saw my chief pick up a down and out vagabond compositor and carry him to a warm spot in the press room where he could sleep it off."

To this I can but add these lines from Wordsworth's *Toussaint L'Ouverture*:

"There, not a breathing of the
common wind

That will forget thee; thou hast
great allies:

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love and man's unconquerable
mind."

BE PLEASANT

By Paul Creighton

"We cannot, of course all be handsome,

And its hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,

To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our minds that we
will."

The fine quality of always being pleasant is one that adorns a peasant and a king and all between. There is no position in life in which it is not of value, and it has an irresistible charm. The person who has the reputation of being so pleasant is sure to be a popular person. One wins friends with this quality, and it dispels gloom in others. A friend of mine recently took a young school teacher into her home as a boarder. One day I asked her how she liked the young teacher, and she said: "O, very much indeed. She is so pleasant to have around. I have never yet found her to be other than pleasant."

I was not surprised a little later to hear that this teacher was giving great satisfaction in her work. If she carried her habit of always being pleasant into the schoolroom, she could not well help having the good will of her pupils. The always agreeable and pleasant person stands out in very marked contrast to the person who has the unfortunate reputation of always being disagreeable. I know an old woman who is today a peevish, fretful, fault-finding inmate of a home for the aged. She has a number of near relatives, and not long ago I heard it said of this old woman: "I do not feel

like censuring any of her relatives for not taking her into their home, for she is and has always been so disagreeable. Just as some people seem to study to be kind and pleasant and agreeable, so does she seem to study to be disagreeable."

There is no study more unprofitable than study of how to be disagreeable or spiteful or to "get even" with those who have offended us. Not long ago I overheard two school girls talking on a corner while waiting for a car, and one said to the other: "I'll think of some way to get even with her yet. You see if I don't. I always find some way to get even with anyone who offends me."

Nothing could be more foolish, more unkind, or more unprofitable than a study of this kind. The advice of the other girl on the corner was so good that it is a pity that the girl who was going to "get even" did not take it, for her young friend said: "I would not do that if I were you, May. If I were you. I would be as kind and pleasant the next time I met as if she were still your friend. You will gain more by taking that course."

A woman sitting in front of me on a railway train was fretting and fuming because the train was at a standstill for no apparent reason. For about the fifth time she said irritably: "I don't see why in the world this train doesn't go on. What is it doing staying here? It is so aggravating."

"O, well, we might as well be pleasant and about it," was the wise reply.

We might as well be pleasant about so many things about which we make needless and useless complaint. Noth-

ing has ever yet been gained by irritability. People may now and then get their way by being unpleasant, but it is a poor sort of victory. One must forfeit one's own self-respect and the respect of others in order to win a victory of this kind. It is more profitable to believe in the truth of the following lines and to be guided by them:

"And it pays every time to be kindly,
 Although you feel worried and blue;
 If you smile at the world and look
 cheerful,
 The world will soon smile back at
 you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
 No matter how long you are down,
 Good humor is always contagious;
 You banish your friends when you
 frown."

Never were truer words written. Even the warmest friendships cannot long stand the strain of the constant ill humor that makes one constantly disagreeable. It is so true that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and they who have the merry hearts that find expression in the fine quality of always being pleasant might be classed among the world's helpers and benefactors.

DEMOCRACY

Democracy concedes that the individual is more than an economic unit, more than a beast to be herded into some given racial or national fold.

Democracy sets out on the theory that man is individually and in his own sovereign name and right a moral being, with certain liberties of conduct and of thought and of speech which are inalienable and which the government exists to defend and to perpetuate.

Democracy puts a crown upon every man's head. He is his own dictator and the only dictator that is recognized in a democracy.

Human personality is lifted to royal rank. The individual does have a right to take his own life and live it according to the pattern of his own will and self-determinations so long as that, in such liberal and literal individual living, the rights of other similar individuals are respected and honored.

And it is this philosophy that under-girds democracy that has been brought into deadly challenge by the upspringing of these two religions of politics and of government which have gained such popular fancy in much of the remainder of the world.

—Charlotte Observer.

THE SYMPOSIUM

(The Smithfield Herald)

The press calls it an institute. Politicos call it a forum. Educators call it a symposium. It was a symposium on "Woman and Contemporary Life" that lured the editor to Duke University last week.

I think it was the announcement that Mary Emma Wooley, president emeritus of Mount Holyoke College, was to be there that really made me want to go. Listed several years among Good Housekeeping's twelve outstanding women, Miss Wooley has received my admiration and I was not in the least disappointed when I saw and heard her at Duke. Her full, well-modulated voice, in contrast to the high pitched voices of the majority of the northern women speakers, was a delight to hear and the message she brought to the seven or eight hundred women assembled from many southern states repaid my efforts to attend the symposium.

"The problem of the age is human relationships," declared Miss Wooley in her address on "Women's Leadership in Education," and that women are peculiarly fitted to deal with the problem Miss Wooley showed. Ever since fathers have been saying to their children, "Go, ask your mother," women have been adjusting human claims.

Women's instinct, their shrewdness, their ability to discover the skeleton in the closet, their stick-to-it-iveness (often called obstinacy), are valuable attributes in solving human relationship problems. And, said Miss Wooley, "Women put foremost the end to be obtained and

then see how to attain it. Women say: 'This thing has to be done?' Men say: 'How can this thing be done?'"

But Miss Wooley was not the only fine speaker on the three-day program. Perhaps never in this section has there come together such a galaxy of women speakers, all such outstanding leaders in their chosen fields. There was Sarah Wambaugh of Radcliffe College who talked on women's relation to peace; and Mrs. Thomas Burke, a native of Chile, who has adopted the United States as her country, who talked on Pan American good will; and Georgia Elma Harkness, professor of Religion at Mount Holyoke College, whose subject was "Women's Leadership in the Church," and Dr. Rowena Mann, pastor of a Chicago church and the only woman minister serving a city parish.

And there was Judge Florence Elinwood Allen, judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, sixth district.

When I saw Judge Allen take her place on the rostrum I was impressed with her masculinity, though she is slight in stature. Her short, mannish bob, her masculine stride, her skirts longer than the prevailing fourteen or fifteen inches from the floor, stamped her as everything but effeminate.

But she had not spoken two minutes on her subject, "Women's Leadership in Civil and Social Service," before I forgot her appearance entirely and hung upon her words. Judge Allen believes that women can

do things, as individuals, but can accomplish more in groups. Group leadership, the final thing in democracies, has a place for women, thinks Judge Allen, group leadership tending to free us from the selfishness of individual leadership. The first applause accorded any speaker in the midst of her address was given Judge Allen when she said: "I have no apology to make for the women holding office in this country." The tone of the courts has been immeasurably helped by the presence of women, she declared, and she is heartily in favor of women serving on juries.

She paid tribute to the social service endeavor of women, stating that "the astounding movement for library

service is due to women." The power of a great idea gave women the vote and it will give them other things they want as a group, is the opinion of Judge Allen.

It would be impossible in the short space of one newspaper column to recount the trends of the Duke symposium. It was an inspiration to see and hear international women leaders. Their messages have already given a new interest and meaning to the newspaper dispatches from foreign countries, to the movements in our own state and nation toward education and culture. It was a broadening experience which I coveted for all the women of my county.

LEADING THE BOY

He isn't a tough nor a budding rough
 Just because he wants to be;
 Nor a little sneak because he is weak—
 It's another's fault, don't you see.
 Had men of big hearts but taken his part
 An started him off O. K.,
 The chances are strong that he'd never go wrong,
 And be a real man some day.
 There ne'er was a lad who was wholly bad
 For deep in his boyish heart
 Is a spot to reach, and to lead and teach.
 If only you'll do your part.
 He's not a tough to be treated rough,
 He's "makin's" of a man true,
 But his need is great for a leader straight
 And friend, it's up to you!

—Selected.

MAKING PROFITS OUT OF FAILURES

By F. W. Boreham

Never, perhaps, have so many people been haunted by a sense of failure as in our time. There are those who, experiencing a few years ago a tide of extraordinary prosperity, have fallen upon a time of leanness and adversity. There are men who, qualified to serve in exalted and responsible positions have to be content with menial or manual service. There are young people who, having labored diligently at school and by close application passed their examinations, find it impossible to obtain a position that will launch upon them a successful and happy career. Others are compelled by the sheer stress of the times in which we live to lament the fact that they seemed to have failed quite miserably.

It is bitter experience—an experience that has led many acute thinkers to regard the present situation as something in the nature of a collapse of our civilization. This may be partly true: but the other part of the truth is also worth considering, for is it not by means of our breakdowns that we discover our hidden weakness? And is it not by moving the lurking frailties thus revealed that we ultimately reach our goal?

The amateur photographer learns very little from his successful prints. But whenever, instead of a clear image, he is confronted by a hazy blur, he patiently investigates the matter, discovers the reason of the defect, and thus attains one further degree of proficiency in photographic art.

When motor cars were first introduced, every main road was dotted with cars that had vexatiously come

to grief. But each such humiliation constitutes itself a revelation either to the owner or the maker. One by one, the causes of misfortune were removed, with the result that, today, such discomforts are comparatively rare.

Failure under certain conditions, may be numbered among the first things in life. John Hunter, the eminent Scottish surgeon, used to say that medical science would never make very much headway until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes.

Did not Wenzel spoil a "hatful of eyes" in learning how to operate for cataract? Then, at last, he mastered the secret and taught surgical science how to do it.

About the same time James Watt, Hunter's distinguished contemporary and fellow countryman, declared that the thing most needed in mechanical engineering was a history of failures.

"Above everything else," he wrote, "we want a book of blots!" "Beyond the shadow of a doubt," wrote, Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chemist, "the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures."

And Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *The Romance of Monte Beni*, speaks of Kenyon as "a beginner in art, acting as a stern tutor to himself, and profiting more by his failures than by any successes of which he was yet capable."

Obviously, therefore, a collapse must be viewed less in its relation to the past than on its bearing in the

future. It is Nature's way of leading us from partial to complete success. By means of such discipline she designs, not to belittle or condemn our exertions, but to pave the way for more effective and more fruitful enterprise in days to come.

IN THE STORM

I was hast'ning one day, through the snow and the sleet,
 When I saw an old horse standing near, on the street.
 He looked at me sadly, with gentle, brown eyes,
 And it seemed that he whispered, as I passed him by:

"Kind friend, I am cold. In your great overcoat
 And your muffler that's fastened snug 'round your throat,
 You never could guess, since you are so warm,
 How chilly I am, standing here in the storm.

"The grocer's boy drove me—and how I did dash
 Down the street, up the hill, at the sting of his lash!
 While he shouted, and urged me the faster to go
 On my poor, weary legs, through the ice and the snow.

"Kind friend if you will watch, I am sure you will see
 A great many other old horses like me,
 Who, for somebody's pleasure, are urged to a run:
 Then left unprotected, in storm or in sun.

"I am just an old horse, and I can't speak my mind,
 But if I could talk, I would say, 'Please be kind.
 For though I am only a horse, it is true,
 In feelings I'm almost as human as you.' "

I found an old blanket I surely could spare,
 I threw it across him, and fastened it there.
 And I'm sure I felt better, that day of the storm,
 Because I had helped an old horse to keep warm.

—Irene S. Woodstock.

THEY LOVE MOSQUITOES

By Charles Doubleyou

To alleviate the nuisance of mosquitoes on summer evenings, we can burn the sweetish smelling Chinese joss sticks; we can make an effort to ward them off by applying some liquid citronella to face and hands; we can attempt to annihilate them with occasional smart slaps on arms and ankles—or we can let the purple martin do it. There are not apt to be many mosquitoes in the direct vicinity of a purple martin home, for mosquitoes form an important part of the insect diet of this desirable bird, which includes ants, beetles, and flies.

Unfortunately, in many parts of the country, this useful bird is being driven away and its home usurped by less desirable birds and principally by the greatest of our bird-pests, the common sparrow. This is especially the case in New England.

The purple martin, the largest of the North American swallows, with a length of eight inches and wingspread of sixteen inches, is distinguished by the lustrous purple-blue color of the male. The female has a grayish throat and underparts. In summer, it is widely distributed throughout North America as far north as the Saskatchewan Valley, while it winters in Central and South America.

Long before the white men came to the New World, the Indians recognized the value of this bird in keeping their corn fields clear of parasitic insects and encouraged it to nest near their settlements by hanging up gourd-nests. These the purple martins found

so practical that they manifested their gratitude for the hospitality extended them by coming back year after year. This practice of the Indians was followed also by the early white settlers from Europe. Gradually the rude gourd of the Indians was transformed into the ornate bird houses of the present, those intended primarily for the purple martins containing many apartments, each for a pair of birds. Several pairs of purple martins can live in complete harmony in one bird house.

However, in many parts of the country, the purple martin encounters competition in bird land for the possession of a ready-to-use apartment, from the wren, the blue bird, the white-bellied swallow and fiercest of all, as already mentioned, from the English sparrow.

Nevertheless, so dependent has this useful song bird become on man to provide it with a home, that it will rarely live where these comforts are not furnished. In unsettled sections it may use a hollow tree in which to build a nest of straw, sticks, leaves, feathers, and so forth. When it is forced to build in settled districts, it generally attaches the nest to the eave of a house.

The purple martin lays from three to eight white and glossy eggs, and two broods are reared in a season.

Everywhere regarded with affection, due to its musical song and beneficial habits, the purple martin is more numerous and familiar in the Southern States than elsewhere in North America.

An active mind pays well in dividends.

PATIENCE WITH PATIENTS

By Fay Shannon

What a lot of letters for Miss Roberta Starr!"

Sue Bradford, student nurse, set her pitcher of hot water on the bedside table beside a pile of unopened letters, and beamed at the patient in Number Ten. "Shall I read them to you after your bath?"

The girl in the bed kept her eyes closed.

"Don't bother, please. They're just—from the girls at school."

Sue's eyes widened at Roberta's languid tone. She poured water into a basin and began the task of bathing her patient.

"Oh, I remember now," she said. "Your chum, the roly-poly one—Betty, isn't it?—is coming this afternoon. She can give you all the news at first hand and save you the bother of reading. She has been so anxious to be your first visitor! She comes to the office every day to ask about you."

Roberta only sighed very faintly in reply. Her eyelids still drooped over her eyes. Sue, looking closer, saw traces of tears on her cheeks. "This won't do!" she said to herself. Then aloud,

"Have you started a letter home yet? Dr. Carney said you could, you know."

"Not yet. It's so far away. They won't get it for—months." Two big tears escaped suddenly from the tightly closed eyelids.

Sue's heart sank. This woebegone figure on the bed was a new, a strange Roberta Starr. A student from an academy in the suburbs, the daughter of a missionary pair in India, Roberta had just won a brave fight against

pneumonia. Dr. Carney talked admiringly of her courage and her fighting spirit. Her schoolmates and teachers inquired almost hourly about her, and all the first-floor nurses looked forward eagerly to her convalescence.

But the battle was not entirely won. A severe attack of homesickness at this stage might exhaust Roberta's little reserve of strength.

"I hope that Mr. Fairweather's tantrum didn't frighten you this morning," Sue began hopefully. Convalescents were usually interested in other patients.

"No." Roberta showed no interest in Mr. Fairweather's tantrum.

"It seems that his private nurse brought green tea instead of black on his breakfast tray. Mr. Fairweather had forgotten to order black tea, but just the same, he picked up the teapot and threw it across the room!"

Roberta was not listening. More tears were welling up in her eyes.

"Poor old Mr. Fairweather!" Sue chattered on desperately. "Of course I shouldn't say 'poor' because he's really well-to-do. But he has no close relatives or any real friends—only business associates. He has loads of flowers in his room, but they were all sent by clubs or business firms. He hasn't any piles of letters to open, and no one waits around the office to see him, either."

Roberta sniffed, and tried to smile, Sue, cheered, chatted on as she made her patient comfortable. Last of all, she slipped a fresh cover on the pillow and placed it deftly under Roberta's head.

"There! Now shall I put up your backrest for a bit?"

"Not now, thank you."

Sue gathered up her bundle of soiled linen and paused in the doorway for a last glance at her patient. The tears were coming again, faster than ever.

"I must have said all the wrong things," Sue reproached herself. "If only we could stave off this homesickness for a few days!"

In the hall she found Miss Fry, the supervisor, waiting for her.

"Mr. Fairweather will be your patient this morning, Miss Bradford."

"Mr. Fairweather?"

Miss Fry's eyes twinkled briefly. "He discharged his latest private nurse just after breakfast. I called the registry, but they have no one available at the moment. Don't look so sorrowful, my dear. Just do the best you can. And call me in case of emergency." She marched briskly down the corridor.

But Sue was not thinking of Mr. Fairweather. "I must help Roberta, but how?" she murmured to herself. How could she reawaken Roberta's once lively interest in living? Roberta was so alone, so far from home.

"I must think of some way to bring her people and her home closer to her." Sue muttered. "She must not give up now she—"

"Where have you been, addlepate? Haven't you heard my bell ringing?"

Sue found herself looking down at peevish, red-faced Mr. Fairweather. In one hand was her pitcher of hot water; under her arm was the linen for Mr. Fairweather's bed. Her faithful feet and hands had carried on while her mind was woolgathering.

"I've just come from Roberta Starr's room," she said in a troubled voice. "She's the girl from India who had

pneumonia, you know. She's dreadfully homesick. I wish I could help her."

Mr. Fairweather's mouth flew open in astonishment. He raised his head from the pillow and stared at her.

Sue, suddenly remembering that this was the terrible Mr. Fairweather, turned pale. "I'm sorry you had to wait. Please let me know what you want," she hastened to say.

But now he was shaking a finger under her nose. The pulley which held his broken leg suspended creaked dangerously.

"A girl thousands of miles from home and sick in this terrible place!" he accused her. "And you're letting her die of homesickness! Just like a hospital! The coldest, most heartless institution on earth!"

Sue blinked at him. "Oh, no," she said timidly, "really we—"

"Antiseptic, scientific, inhuman—"

"But, really we try—"

"I'll see that this girl gets a little human sympathy!" He squared his chin. "Does she have flowers? Books? Magazines?"

"She hasn't many flowers, and no magazines at all." Sue was apologetic. "Of course her school friends have done their best."

Mr. Fairweather craned his neck to look at his own flowers, perhaps for the first time. Huge baskets and vases of costly blooms covered the dresser and were banked in a fragrant mass in one corner of the room.

"Well! I hadn't noticed—there are some mighty nice bouquets in that outfit." His tone was milder. "That basket of red roses there—a girl might like it, eh? How about those pinkish buds with all that feathery green? And say, there's a pretty one on the dresser. Tulips, all those different

pale colors shaded in together. Who sent me that?"

"Bartlett Investment Company," Sue read.

"Nice of 'em, at that. Take it along to Miss—ah—Roberta, and anything else you think she'd like."

"She can't help noticing these lovely roses," Sue said gratefully.

"I'll see that the poor girl has flowers from now on." Mr. Fairweather snapped his fingers energetically. "And now as to reading matter—when you finish my bath, just look through that pile of magazines. You'll know better than I what young girls like to read."

He twisted his face into a scowl and remained silent until Sue was ready to leave.

"Just a minute!" he ordered as she stood in the doorway with her arms full. "This radio here—my secretary brought it down yesterday." He indicated a small, glossy box on his bedside table. "He said it had an excellent tone. But pshaw, nothing on the air but senseless music and silly little plays. I was going to have Griggs take it away today, but Miss Roberta might be entertained by it, eh? Just take it along your next trip."

"It's the very thing!" Sue cried. "That is, if you're sure that you can spare it. I'd better ask Miss Fry about it, I think."

As she stepped into the hall, Dr. Carney came out of Number Ten on his daily round of calls. He was whistling softly between his teeth, as he did when a case worried or puzzled him. He passed Sue without his customary nod and word of greeting, and she knew that he, too, had noted Roberta's listlessness.

Miss Fry looked up from her desk

and repeated Sue's question.

"Mr. Fairweather wants to know if Miss Starr may have his radio? I've no objection. I think it's a fine idea, provided he doesn't throw it at her. But what has come over Mr. Fairweather?"

Roberta's eyes opened obediently when Sue asked her to look at the basket of roses and the bowl of tulips. She tried hard to be appreciative over the gift of the radio. Sue found a lovely violin solo for her before she darted off to her next patient.

That afternoon was Sue's "half-day." Right after lunch she set out with a group of student nurses on a long-planned hike, ending with a picnic in a distant park. Deliberately she put all hospital problems out of her mind, and enjoyed the spring sunshine to the fullest.

She returned at dusk, and climbed the stairs to her room in the nurses' annex, pleasantly conscious of that tired-but-rested feeling which such an outing engenders. She found her roommate, Grace Abbott, lying on her cot with a textbook in her hand.

"Roberta?" Grace echoed, in response to Sue's eager question. "The poor child cried into her pillow most of the afternoon. No, I don't think she's really interested in the radio, although she tries to pretend that she is. Dr. Carney came at four and made a special examination. But I overheard him say that there were no new complications, and nothing wrong except homesickness."

"Did her chum come for a visit?"

"Dr. Carney let her in for five minutes, but she came out in tears. She said that Roberta wouldn't talk to her, and hardly seemed to know that she was there."

"Oh dear!" mourned Sue. "Well, I

must wash up and go to anatomy class."

"Oh, listen to this Sue! It fell to my lot to tuck Mr. Fairweather in this evening—he still doesn't have a private nurse. He asked about you—was quite provoked at me for not being you. Then finally he softened and intrusted me with an errand he had intended for you. He had sent his secretary scurrying home for a beautiful sandalwood box which he wanted Roberta—Roberta Starr—to have. He had just remembered that sandalwood comes from India, and he thought the perfume of it—imagine this of our Mr. Fairweather—might bring Roberta's home closer to her. At least, he said, it couldn't do her any harm. Did you ever dream that cross old Mr. Storm could be so poetic, and so considerate of others?"

"Well, did you ever?" Sue echoed, smiling to herself. "I do hope his sandalwood box does the trick."

But the next morning, under Mr. Fairweather's gruff, persistent questioning, she had to admit that Roberta was not interested in the sandalwood box, or the radio or the new magazines. She had left a very woebegone patient in Number Ten.

Mr. Fairweather scowled fiercely at this news, tossed his arms from side to side, and then was grimly still and silent.

"Now he's going to be cross and horrid again," thought Sue. "Oh dear!"

"Never mind! Never mind!" Mr. Fairweather roared suddenly, catching a glimpse of Sue's troubled face. "We'll find a way. I've solved much harder problems than this in my day."

He pursed up his lips and dummed thoughtly on the bed with his fingers.

"Umm-m, let's see. I wish we

knew more about this girl's background, her likes and dislikes, her habits, so to speak. From what part of India does she come?"

"Interior Burma, I think."

"Um-m. Perhaps an encyclopedia—I can have Griggs—um-m."

"Here's an idea," suggested Sue. "Betty Snell, Roberta's school chum, can tell you all about her. I saw Betty as I came in, standing by the office door. I suppose she's waiting to see Dr. Carney. Shall I tell her to come to your room at ten o'clock, when visiting hours open?"

"Capital! By all means send her in."

As Sue stepped into the hall, she saw Betty lurking outside Number Ten, to waylay Dr. Carney as he came out of Roberta's room. It took only a moment to give her the message, and Sue went on through her morning schedule with a light heart.

Mr. Fairweather was very mysterious when she carried in his dinner tray.

"Wait and see. Wait until tomorrow morning," he said in answer to Sue's question. "Miss Betty and I had a very satisfactory conference. Miss Betty is a very clever little girl!" A smile cracked his face across, and then Sue was treated to a sound which no one else around the hospital had ever heard. It was Mr. Fairweather chuckling out loud!

Sue worked hard to keep her mind on her lessons and her hospital duties that afternoon.

Carrying Roberta's breakfast tray the next morning, she paused outside the door of Number Ten, dreading to enter. She pushed the door open a crack, and heard soft music! Roberta was listening to the radio! But perhaps the night nurse had turned it on as she came off duty, and

Roberta had not bothered to turn it off. Sue entered softly and peeped over the bedside table at her patient.

Roberta's eyes were open wide, and a faint smile was over her face! In her arms she was cuddling—a fuzzy toy dog!

"Just see what I found on my pillow this morning," she said. "And read this note. It was pinned to his collar. Betty is such a silly old dear!"

Sue read

I'm Tags, little brother of Rags. I can bark just like Rags, too.

"Rags is my dog at home—in India," Roberta explained. "Betty's working so hard to keep me cheered up! But Tags did make me think of Rags, and then I thought of father, because we shared Rags together, and then I remembered how brave and trusting father is, and mother too, and that I mustn't be a baby any longer. I'm going to write home right after breakfast. And a note to Mr. Fairweather—isn't that his name?—for all these lovely presents."

Sue sped back to the diet kitchen to get Mr. Fairweather's tray.

"Your scheme worked beautifully," she said, as Mr. Fairweather's head came up inquiringly from his pillow. "Doctors Betty and Fairweather are to be congratulated on their special treatment."

She set the tray down carefully. Then she stared at Mr. Fairweather's pillow. It was also decorated with a fuzzy toy dog!

"Dr. Betty's doings," he said, regarding the toy with a sheepish but fond smile. "Isn't he a bright looking little fellow? And good company, too. It seems that Miss Betty had already spent her allowance on flowers for Roberta, so I contributed the sum of

one dollar as my share of the venture. And Dr. Betty made the dollar go twice as far as we expected. She's coming in this evening, after a visit with Roberta, and we are to confer about other plans for our patient's wellbeing. Now tell me all about Miss Starr this morning."

Sue told him briefly what Roberta had said, and, poised to go, was suddenly transfixed. Mr. Fairweather was sipping his tea contentedly, and the tea in his cup was green, not black! In her haste Sue had brought green tea, and he hadn't noticed the difference!

"What a narrow escape!" she told herself in the busy corridor. "I really must be more careful!"

Miss Fry and Dr. Carney were coming toward her on their way to the operating room.

"Mr. Fairweather's special nurse has just arrived, Miss Bradford," said the supervisor. "So you may take Number Twelve off your list, but you must give the new nurse your recipe for keeping Mr. Fairweather happy. Have you noticed how quiet he has been lately, doctor?"

"I surely have," the doctor smiled. "He hasn't said 'Wait 'till I get out of this dump' for two whole days. Are you responsible for the change, young lady?"

"Oh no, Dr. Carney," Sue said in confusion. "I—I like Mr. Fairweather. He's been a very co—co-operative patient."

"And you're a very clever nurse, for a freshman," said Dr. Carney, with one of his quick, shrewd glances. He resumed his march down the corridor.

Sue hurried back to the diet kitchen. There were more breakfast trays to deliver.

BREAD—THE WORLD OVER

By Leslie Blake

Bread in some form is known in almost all parts of the world, but it varies so that in many places it would not be recognized by us as bread, even if we saw it.

When mother makes bread in Arabia, she digs a pit in the sand and builds a hot fire in it. The fire makes the sand very, very hot and when it has finished burning, the embers are carefully raked out and the dough is plastered on the hot sides of the hole. When it is thoroughly baked, mother picks it off with a pair of tongs and it is ready to serve.

In Norway, when big brother wishes a slice of bread, instead of going to the family bread jar, he just reaches up and gets a piece from over his head. Among the Norwegian peasants enough bread is made at one baking to last all winter. The loaves are made of water and barely meal, very coarse, and the dough is rolled thin and baked on a round, flat baking stone, under which a fire is kept burning. A long pole reaches across the top of the room, and as fast as the bread is baked the flat cakes have a hole punched in them and are suspended by strings from this pole. What a simple matter to reach up and pull down a loaf of bread for dinner!

Almost all foreign countries have a thin, flat loaf; however, in Egypt the baker makes "puff balls," perhaps to get the largest amount of loaf out of the smallest amount of flour. Two pieces of dough are rolled out in thin sheets, joined all around and the heat puffs them into the shape

of a ball with a hollow center of air.

In Sardinia the housewife bakes once a week. She kneels before a large, low table and kneads the flour in earthenware bowls. This flour is first ground in a flour mill made of black lave stones. The women of the household do all the grinding, sifting and kneading and baking, and here, too, the loaf is thin and round.

Most of the bread is made of barley or wheat, and it is only occasionally we hear of anything else being used. Some of the Indians on our Pacific slopes, however, make a flour out of ground acorns. This flour is soaked in boiling water, molded into flat cakes and cooked in the sun. Should there be three weeks' rain, we suppose the Indian and his family would either have to go without bread or eat raw dough.

The Mexican tortilla is a kind of hot bread or cake, made from par-boiled Indian corn and crushed into a paste before baking on an iron or a stone plate. India gives us the unleavened bread called "chapatties"; and we all know of the unleavened Passover bread eaten by the Jews in memory of the first great Passover, which consists of a mixture of flour and water baked in round cakes.

Persian mothers serves flat, enormous, pancake-like sheets, sometimes thirty inches long. These are baked in large ovens in which the dough is placed on piles of red-hot pebbles.

When we read how bread is made in other countries, how thankful we should be for the sanitary conditions employed in making our bread.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The furniture and furnishings for the new infirmary and gymnasium are now beginning to arrive. This equipment was purchased through the Division of Purchase and Contract, Raleigh. Both buildings will soon be ready for use.

Charles Briley, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who left the School in 1929, called on us last week. He reported that he had been getting along very well since leaving the institution, and for the past six years has been employed by the Burlington Silk Mill, Burlington N. C.

One day this week our entire family of nearly six hundred enjoyed as part of the noonday meal, some early Spring cabbage, the product of our own gardens. There is a certain sweetness attached to vegetables gathered fresh from the garden which cannot be found in those shipped in from distant points. We are looking forward to a generous supply of all kinds of vegetables just as soon as the weather gets a little warmer.

A group of members of the Guilford County Board of Commissioners, consisting of Messrs. G. L. Stansbury, Greensboro, chairman; J. W. Burke, of Gibsonville; and Joe F. Hoffman, of High Point, visited the School one day last week. These gentlemen com-

prise a committee on the re-valuation of county property, and were on a visit to several counties in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, in order to compare various county buildings and institutions with those in Guilford.

Ted Pitman of Spruce Pine, 18 years old a former member of the Cottage No. 11 group, who left the School July 26, 1935, called on friends here the other day. Since leaving us Ted has spent a little more than a year in a CCC camp in Nevada. He is now an enrollee in a camp near Salisbury. At the time this lad was granted his final discharge from parole supervision, October 1, 1937, the superintendent of public welfare in Mitchell County made the following report on him: "This boy is well-behaved, trustworthy, a gentleman, and is well-liked in the community." Ted has the appearance of one still fitting the description given by the welfare official two years ago.

Thomas Goodman, of Salisbury, one of our old boys, who left the School June 15, 1935, was a visitor here one day last week. He spent a short time in CCC camp after returning to his home. For about three years he had part-time employment with an ice manufacturing company. For the past four months he has been employed as delivery truck driver by the Hardiman & Son Company, Salis-

bury, dealers in Frigidaires and Maytag Washers. He stated that he liked his present occupation very much and was getting along well. We learned from a friend of Tom's that he has not forgotten how to sing and play the guitar, and that he frequently appears on radio programs at Station WSTP, Salisbury.

Jay Lambert, a former member of Cottage No. 6 group, who left the School in October, 1925, called on old friends among the members of the staff last Monday. For the past few days he has been visiting his sister in Kannapolis, and he said that it was just impossible to pass up a visit to the School while in this vicinity.

For several years Jay has been employed abroad various vessels of the American-South African Steamship Lines, and has made at least one trip to practically all of the world's leading seaports. Last year he was engaged as yeoman in the steward's department on the "M. S. Challenger." Leaving New York, December 4, 1938, this vessel visited South Africa, Portuguese East Africa, British East Africa, Trinidad Islands and Halifax, Nova Scotia, returning to New York, April 6, 1939.

Jay told us many interesting stories of the curious customs among the various native tribes in South Africa. He also gave us several snap-shots taken over there, and some small coins, both copper and silver, used in that part of the world. He expects to sail again early in June, this year, and we have his promise to write a series of articles concerning the events of that trip, for publication in The

Uplift, when he returns from this cruise, which will be about six months.

This globe-trotting young man is now twenty-nine years old and has a very pleasing personality. On this visit to the School, as on all previous occasions, he was most enthusiastic in his praise of the institution and what it had done for him. Jay stated that some of his very best friends are right here, and that a visit to the School always seems like a trip back home.

The first baseball game of the season was played on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon as the Training School boys were opposed by the Horton Motor Line team, of Charlotte, our lads winning by the score of 8 to 7. Due to the fact that the visitors were late in making their appearance, the game was called at the end of the seventh inning by agreement.

James H. Davis, of Cottage No. 7, was on the mound for the School boys, and, for an inexperienced youngster, tossed a pretty good game, holding the visiting batters to six hits, and and would have fared much better had his mates given him good support, five errors being responsible for four of the runs scored by the Horton boys. He caused ten batters to go down via the old strike-out route, and issued three free passes to first. Moody, starting pitcher for the Hortons, retired in the fifth frame after being nicked for seven hits, while Proffit, his successor on the mound allowed four bingles.

Springs, Horton first-baseman, the only visitor to secure more than one hit, banged out a pair of triples and

a single. Bryan Williams, a former Training School boy, back on a little visit, was the big noise with the stick for the local lads. In the first inning, with one on, he connected for a home run, a booming drive to deep left field; again in the third with one on, this same lad poled out one of the longest drives seen here in many years, clubbing the old horsehide far out in to left center for another round-tripper; on his third trip to the plate, in the fifth, he lined out a single over second base. Manager Liner also collected three hits, a triple and two singles. Jack Norris, local catcher, was the only other member of our team to get more than one hit, rapping out a brace of singles, the last one driving in the winning tally in the seventh, after the visitors had tied up the score in their half of same frame. The score:

	R	H	E	
J. T. S.	2	0	4	0 0 1 1—8 11 5
Horton	0	0	3	0 2 1 1—7 6 3

Two-base hit: Poole. Three-base hits: Liner, Springs 2. Home runs: Williams 2. Stolen bases: Williams, Johnson, Liner, McGinn. Struck out: by Davis 10; by Moody 8; by Proffit 2. Base on balls: off Davis 3; off Moody 1; off Proffit 2. Hits: off Moody 7 in 5 innings; off Proffit 4 in 2 innings. Losing pitcher: Proffit. Umpires: Godown and Hunter.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, prominent textile executive and churchman, of Concord. At the beginning of the service, Superintendent Boger introduced Mr. Barnhardt to the

boys, explaining to them that he was the man who for many years has had charge of making necessary arrangements for the Sunday afternoon services at the School, also the donor of the Barnhardt Prize, given quarterly to the boy in each of our seven school rooms who takes first place in the subjects selected for the quarter by the teacher in charge. Mr. Boger expressed his appreciation, together with that of the boys, for the fine service thus rendered by Mr. Barnhardt.

Before reading the Scripture Lesson, the speaker told the boys that he never thought of Jackson Training School boys without thinking of song, and complimented them very highly on their ability to sing. He also stated that he knew the institution from its beginning and that it was a great comfort to know the high percentage of boys who have gone out from it, making a valuable addition to the higher standard of citizenship of this great state of ours.

For the Scripture Lesson Mr. Barnhardt read the story of the great draught of fishes, one of the miracles performed by Jesus, as found in the fifth chapter of Luke. In commenting on this story, he asked the boys to let their minds turn back about 1900 years. In Palestine it is very hot during the evening hours. The record says that there was a great gathering on the shore of the lake called Genesaret, where Jesus was teaching. In order to be enabled to speak to all, the Master went into a ship, asking to be taken a short distance from the shore.

After speaking to the multitude, Jesus spoke to the fisherman who had so kindly loaned the boat, telling him to pull out into the deep water and fish. The fisherman was skeptical about so

doing, for he and his companions had labored all through the night and had caught nothing. He was very tired. The sun was getting hot and everything seemed against going fishing. He had tried it and found that conditions for fishing were most unfavorable.

This fisherman was named Peter, and, after having heard Christ talk to this great gathering of people, something prompted him to take his advice. That was Peter's first step in the right direction. They pulled out into the deep water. In a short time Peter's nets were filled—they began to break. He called to his companions, who brought out another boat, and soon both vessels were filled almost to the point of sinking.

The speaker then asked the boys to try to imagine the feelings of Peter and his companions. Here in the same spot where they had labored tirelessly all night to no avail, a great miracle had happened. By following the advice of the Man of Nazareth, they had

made the largest catch of their lives. Peter felt remorseful over having talked to Jesus as he had, and fell on his knees, saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He knew that sin had controlled his life and he did not want to contaminate Jesus by associating with him.

They went ashore. Jesus told Peter not to fear, for he was going to make him a fisher of men. He was called from the lowest work, that of a poor fisherman, to the highest occupation in the world—that of being an ambassador for Christ among his fellow men. Jesus told him that he would save many by his preaching. Peter forsook his nets and followed Jesus, becoming one of the greatest preachers the world has ever known.

In conclusion Mr. Barnhardt told the boys that he hoped all of them would separate from anything that was the least bit evil and turn to Jesus, becoming, as did Peter, fishers of men, representing Christ to those about them at all times.

THE "FOURTH ESTATE."

When the term "fourth estate" is applied to the newspaper profession the layman is apt to ask why and where the term originated.

In the current edition of the National Editorial Association's service letter some interesting information is given not only on the "fourth estate" but on other "estates" as well. The "fourth estate" originated the latter part of the 18th century in England. Sir Edmund Burke is credited with having invented the term. It was so named because of the influence on the people.

We learn that the first estate is the "Lord's spiritual;" the second, "Lord's temporal;" the third, "the Commons" (referring to the English Parliament); while the fourth is the press, and thus the "fourth estate."—Morganton News-Herald

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending April 30, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Gilbert Hogan 19
- (11) Leon Hollifield 22
- (11) Edward Johnson 22
- (7) James Kissiah 19
- (9) Edward Lucas 20
- Robert Maples 19
- (4) William Padrick 6
- C. L. Snuggs 16
- Thomas Turner

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Rex Allred 17
- (3) Jack Broome 8
- (2) William G. Bryant 12
- (3) Henry Cowan 18
- (3) William Freeman 6
- (3) Clay Mize 4
- (3) Howard Roberts 14
- (3) Everett Watts 7
- (3) William Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 4
- Frank King
- W. J. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 13
- (3) Robert Atwell 14
- (2) Coolidge Green 14
- F. E. Mickle 13
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 8
- Claude Terrell 8
- John C. Robertson 14
- (8) Jerome W Wiggins 19
- (4) Earl Weeks 20
- Floyd Williams

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 10
- Paul Briggs 11
- Paul Broome 10
- James Hancock 15
- (2) William C. Jordan 7
- Ivan Morrozoff 15
- Edward McGee 11
- (2) George Newman 14
- (4) Henry Raby 15

- Hyress Taylor 9
- (5) Leo Ward 18
- (17) Melvin Walters 22
- (23) James Wilhite 23
- (4) Samuel Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Grady Allen 17
- (3) William Brothers 15
- (3) Collett Cantor 9
- Lindsey Dunn 9
- Ray Hamby
- (2) Samuel Montgomery 8
- (3) William Nichols 4
- Richard Singletary 8
- Elmer Talbert 13
- (3) Hubert Walker 19
- (3) Dewey Ware 20
- (3) Marvin Wilkins 17
- George Wright 11

COTTAGE No. 6

- (5) Edward Batten 16
- (12) Robert Bryson 20
- (2) Robert Dunning 8
- Noah Ennis 6
- Columbus Hamilton 8
- (11) Thomas Hamilton 17
- Winley Jones 4
- (3) Clinton Keen 11
- (2) Spencer Lane 10
- (2) Randall D Peeler 9
- Ray Pitman 4
- Canipe Shoe 8
- (3) William Wilson 10
- (3) Woodrow Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 7

- William Beach 13
- (12) Carl Breece 20
- (9) John Deaton 16
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 13
- (6) George Green 17
- (12) Caleb Hill 20
- Roy Helms 4
- Lyman Johnson 10
- (3) Robert Lawrence 13
- (11) Joseph Wheeler 14
- (5) Ed Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 8

- (3) Cecil Ashley 3
- Donald Britt 9
- Jack Crawford 2
- Lonnie Holleman 6
- Edward McCain 16
- (2) John Tolbert 14
- Charles Taylor 14

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 6
- (2) Clifton Butler 9
- James Butler 12
- (3) James Bunnell 12
- Henry Coward 6
- (2) George Duncan 13
- Robert Gaines 2
- (2) Frank Glover 12
- (4) C D. Grooms 9
- Wilbur Hardin 13
- (3) Osper Howell 12
- (2) Mark Jones 13
- Eugene Presnell 15
- (3) Lonnie Roberts 11
- (5) Thomas Sands 13
- (2) Earl Stamey 13
- (4) Thomas Wilson 19

COTTAGE No. 10

- Walter Cooper 3
- Matthew Duffy 4
- John Fausnett
- (2) J. D Hildreth 15
- (2) Lee Jones 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- (3) J. C. Allen 3
- Joseph Christine 3
- (3) Baxter Foster 13
- (2) Albert Goodman 14
- (23) Earl Hildreth 23
- (9) William Hudgins 13
- (4) Clyde Hoppes 14
- (3) Ballard Martin 3
- (2) Paul Mullis 13
- (2) Calvin McCoyle 11
- (18) Edward Murray 22
- (10) Donald Newman 13
- (2) Jesse Overby 6
- (4) Theodore Rector 11
- (18) Julius Stevens 22
- (15) Thomas Shaw 21
- (2) John Uptegrove 5

COTTAGE No 12

- (2) Jack Batson 3

- (6) Allard Brantley 17
- (6) Everett Hackler 14
- Joseph Hall 11
- (10) Charlton Henry 19
- (3) Hubert Holloway 17
- (2) Ralph Sorrells 5
- William Trantham 16
- (9) Leonard Wood 18

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Jack Foster 17
- Merritt Gibson 6
- William Goins 3
- (4) Bruce Kersey 8
- Douglas Mabry 13
- Irvin Medlin 11
- Garland McPhail 7
- Thomas R. Pitman 16
- (2) Marshall White 4
- Joseph White 5
- (5) Alexander Woody 21

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 15
- (2) Clyde Barnwell 22
- (10) Delphus Dennis 21
- David Hensley 11
- (3) John Kirkman 15
- (2) Fred McGlammery 17
- (2) Troy Powell 13
- (2) John Robbins 14
- Charles Steepleton
- (2) Desmond Truitt 6
- Harold Thomas 11

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Howard Bobbitt 13
- (10) William Cantor 11
- (2) Clarence Gates 13
- William Hawkins 9
- (7) Albert Hayes 14
- Beamon Heath 20
- Brown Stanley 12
- (2) J. P. Sutton 9
- (4) Arvel Ward 15
- William Wood 8
- William Young 11

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (5) James Chavis 12
- (3) Reefer Cummings 13
- (3) Warren Lawry 4
- (2) Filmore Oliver 16
- (6) Early Oxendine 14
- (7) Thomas Oxendine 16
- (7) Curley Smith 17
- (9) Ross Young 19

MAY 13 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 13, 1939

NO. 19

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A LETTER TO MOTHER

You may write a thousand letters to the maid-
en you adore,
And declare in every letter that you love her
more and more.
You may praise and grace her beauty in a
thousand glowing lines
And compare her eyes of azure with the
brightest star that shines,
If you had the pen of Byron you would use it
every day
In composing written worship to your sweet-
heart far away;
But a letter far more welcome to an older,
gentler breast
Is a letter to thy mother from the boy she
loves the best.

—Selected

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

STAR OF MY LIFE

E'en ere I breathed the breath of life,
Your prayers, like rays of heavenly light,
Illumined safe paths for me to tread,
To point my ways in places bright.
Through childhood days of helplessness
And mystery, strange pain and tears,
You led me ever from the depths
Of joyless hours, from needs or fears:
Star of my life—My Mother.

New interests with added years
Have come, but none that does imbue
With greater faith than your sure love;
No orb that gleams more brightly through
The clouds that float across my view
To peace and happiness and God,
To guide, to comfort, to sustain,
As life's uneven course I plod:
Star of my life—My Mother.

I know 'tis not without distress
You've kept your light before my feet;
Oft times I've followed errant bent
And brought you grief and sore defeat.
But your true life and patient love
Have e'er kept plain the surer way.
Though I fall short, you have not failed;
For this I honor you today:
Star of my life—My Mother.

—Sunshine Magazine.

MOTHER

Mother's Day naturally makes a very strong appeal to our hearts and minds. If we have a memory, and if love has a respectable

place in our lives, we cannot help responding to the chord struck in the very invitation to join others in cherishing the memory of the mothers who have passed on.

No two of them were alike, except in the love they bore toward those they brought into the world. No matter how widely they differed in other respects, how divergent their likes and dislikes, how far apart their attitude toward books and pleasures, and housekeeping, and even religion; they had within them a respect, a devotion, a fond dream, a charity, and a love for their children that are natural to the heart of a mother. If there is a love on earth that more resembles that of God than any other I believe we would all say it is a mother's love.

When God gave to Moses a command that we should honor our fathers and our mothers He both gave recognition to an instinct that is hid in our breasts and encouraged its being fostered. I believe it can be said that when we lose that honor and love and esteem which we owe them we have broken the tie that binds us to the loveliest and the best the world holds for us. About the last person we would ever say a word against, or upon whose name and honor we would cast any reflection, is our mother.

So long as this remains true it cannot be that we shall ever witness our noblest and most revered institutions crumble. Obedience and respect and love toward our parents characterize the first commandment to which God attaches a promise.—Young Folks.

* * * * *

When Mother's Day comes again, and soon, it will be heartening to remember anew Mrs. Eliza Compton, who recently received the distinction annually awarded by the Golden Rule Foundation—"The American Mother for 1939." Mrs. Compton expresses intelligent womanhood and devoted motherhood in their finest form, quite independent of biology sentimentality. When, in 1933, Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio, honored her intellectual achievements with the degree of LL.D., her other excellences were expressed in the citation, "For achievement as wife and mother of the Comptons." That achievement comprehended being the inspiration of her husband, Dr. Elias Compton, for forty-one years a distinguished professor of philosophy at Wooster University, Ohio; the mother of Karl T., presi-

dent of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; of Arthur H., professors of physics at Chicago University, A Nobel Prize winner; of Wilson W., an outstanding lawyer and economist in Washington, D. C.; of Mrs. Mary C. Rice, wife of the principal of Christian College, Allahabad, India. The family was brought up amid the ideals of a positive Christian faith that has continued to this day to express itself in an equally positive devotion in their respective lives, unhampered by the possession among them of thirty-one college and university degrees and membership in thirty-nine distinguished societies. Mrs. Compton will formally receive her new title in New York on Mother's Day, May 14. There is no doubt of her worthiness for the position given her by the Golden Rule Foundation.

—Selected

* * * * *

COL. JAMES A. ROBINSON

It is not often that a man has the privilege of living to see the full fruition of his works. Such has been the good fortune of Editor James A. Robinson, a Tar Heel by adoption, but a Virginian by birth. His life reads like fiction, but most interesting at least. He unhesitatingly relates that his training for newspaper work was in the school of experience, and that he "succeeded as a graduate of the old-fashioned print shop." Nevertheless, his life has been an ornament to the craft. He came along during the Reconstruction Days of the Old South when the slogan was "root pig or die." His experience of sixty-seven years in the newspaper work has been one of ups and downs, but if down was his fate he landed on his feet.

His one outstanding piece of work is the founding of the "Durham Sun" that lately in a big way celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Col. Robinson was an honorable guest on this memorable occasion, and from the height of his 85 years looked back upon the time he piloted it through many hardships with reasonable pride.

At present he is editor of the Durham Messenger. He not only carries on the work of this paper, but continues his pithy columns under his pen name "Old Hurrygraph." Mr. Robinson has been always specially interested in public affairs and continues to throw himself in with those influences and forces and factors that promote the public welfare. He is accepted as one of the best newspaper

men of the state, and the Uplift salutes this fine gentleman as dean of North Carolina newspaper men.

* * * * *

MAKING FINE CITIZENS

Not a day passes without seeing results from the activities of the Jackson Training School. It is a source of pleasure to those entrusted with the care and training of the boys. So there is great satisfaction, especially so when an old boy, developed into mature manhood, and established in business, makes a return trip to the place where he first saw the light of a new life.

Those familiar with the Scriptures know there was more rejoicing over the "return of the one lost sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray." But in more instances than possible to enumerate the former students of the Jackson Training School come and go almost daily, and they give much credit to the institution for their success.

With a realization of our limitations, the material with which we work, and the limited time to bring about a reformation, the school is not expected to turn out finished products, but to straighten the boy mentally, physically and spiritually, giving him a start on a even keel. The spirit for a better and useful service is the goal of the school.

The story we have in mind is one of human interest, and it can be related briefly. One of the old students gave us a hurried call last week. He served as house boy while here. In this capacity, the youngsters have splendid advantages under the supervision of a house mother, who disciplines and teaches the essentials of home-making,—order, neatness, sanitation and thrift.

We read in the biographies of all successful men of today, or any period of history, the name of a mother, and to mother much credit is given. Therefore, the cottage system with officer and the tender care of the matron plays a conspicuous role in the reclamation of the uncontrolled youngsters who find their way to the Jackson Training School.

But as to the boy who made a hurried call to the School. He is a native North Carolinian, but now resides in Baltimore. He is owner and manager of a candy factory. Now lives on "Easy Street" "

He was not communicative as to his affairs. Otherwise he seemed modest, well poised and knew full well how to manage himself.

The story of the young man's affairs were given out by his chauffeur. Not a suggestion of the braggadocia was shown, instead this old student said the school did wonders for him.

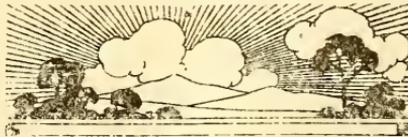
When a boy is saved, a man is made, and the natural results of that procedure is a home, making stronger the corner stone of our nation.

* * * * *

PREPAREDNESS

It is evident from this clipping we are doing exactly what the old saying suggests, "in time peace—":

Threats of impending war are rapidly tending to change the customs of court and official circles. Our State Department has just sent 2,100 gas masks, as a first installment likely, to the various American embassies, legations and consulates in Europe—this for the protection of our officials and their attendants. Consider the drab and antediluvian appearance threatening once proud court levees, where the great, the near great, and those who wish they were nearer, posed and strutted in gorgeous uniforms and dangling orders. When mustard-gas-proof garments and asbestos robes must become the order of the day, while queer tapirlike helmets furnish only dim windows and narrowed view, courts might as well return to the haunts of the cave-dwellers from which they once hopefully came.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

THE OTHER CHEEK

"Pretty irritations,
Clog the stream of life,
Causing much unhappiness
And a lot of strife.

"To keep the life stream flowing
Free of wrath and hate,
When unkind words are spoken
Do not retaliate."

Some people are lucky when they do not get all that is coming to them.

In America it looks as if the matter had simmered down to this situation: Saving the United States every four years, and the world generally every twenty years. We have the reputation of being savers—most everything but ourselves, individually.

The important question today is "What is the world coming to?" It is not so much what it is coming to, but "Where is it going?"

An inquisitive person wants to know why is it a mother always cries when she sees her son shaving for the first time? She's afraid he will cut her acquaintance in time to come.

It is said that the earth is traveling through space at the rate of 70,000 miles an hour. And there are people who will get in an automobile and persist in doing 70 more.

It is astonishing how many people fine new financial obligations whenever they are asked to contribute to a worthy cause.

Lots of people dearly love to do

things to get publicity. Then they are surprised and greatly shocked over the publicity they do get.

The civilization of the world is not what it ought to be when the world has to listen to a guy like Hitler before knowing whether there will be peace or war. The fool hath said in his heart I'm the world's dictator.

If you have had any experience with people in the world, you have found out, unfortunately, that there are selfish individuals, entirely unconcerned about the welfare of any person other than themselves and those connected with the selfsame selfish individual.

So far as I am concerned I don't think the United States should lend any aid to Germany, Italy or Japan—or any other nation, as to that—until there is assurance that there will be no aggressive attack from either of them on any other nation, however small or great. Peace is a precious thing, and should not be slaughtered.

To tell you the truth, there are many things in this variegated and abounding old world I know absolutely nothing, or even less than that. And there are a great many people just like me.

I read in the papers that a Western state legislature recently killed a bill increasing gross weight limit of trucks on public highways from 54,000 to 68,000 pounds, and increasing their length from 50 to 60 feet. If any state passes any such law as that they might as well let the trains put rubber

tires on their wheels and use the high-ways.

It is a foregone conclusion that a great many people would make a far greater progress in the pursuit of happiness if they did not try so many detours to dodge work. Work is as much of a necessity to man as eating and drinking. It is a talisman to guard one against one's self.

It is refreshing to see the American Federation of Labor, through its executive council, go to the heart of

the nation's unemployment problem and urge the Administration to remove "fear, lack of confidence and distrust" from the path of industrial expansion. It stressed improved psychology as the best means by which private enterprise may be "accorded the widest opportunity" to absorb the jobless. Let us hope that our political leaders will be able to match the intelligence of the labor leaders in frankly recognizing the artificial restrictions that are paralyzing this nation industrially.

MOTHER! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY FRIENDS

"Friends may praise you, they may crown you with roses for your success in life. The same friends may hurl stones of slander and crush your body to earth because you failed in your efforts. But there is a friend who will place her arm around your neck and whisper words of encouragement in your ear when you are worried and depressed. There is a friend who will bathe your aching head, and rub those tired arms, when illness overtakes you. In the last hour of your earthly life when the soul travels along the hallway of darkness, and last spade of earth is thrown over your lifeless form, this friend will kneel by your resting place, and ask God for the safe deliverance of your soul to the heavenly gates of Paradise. When the curtain of tears covers the eyes of this friend a vision appears to her—that of a baby playing upon Nature's carpet of velvet green. She unlocks the door to her soul, replaces the picture revealed to her through tears, and frames it with spiritual settings from heaven. That friend, and the greatest of all earthly friends is Mother!"

—Burton A. Washburn.

FIRST WORLD'S FAIR PRIZE IN SALISBURY

By Charles F. Daniel

A magnificent rosewood table with a glass covered art design of the sampler type which won first prize in the world's fair in London in 1851 now rests in a Salisbury home.

The prized possession belongs to Mrs. Clyde H. Major of 434 South Fulton street. She came into ownership of the antique upon the death of her husband, Albert C. Major about eight years ago, but until recently the table remained in Atlanta, Ga., with friends.

Mrs. Major decided a few weeks ago that she wanted the table here and upon her request, the friends who had been keeping it for her, sent it to the C. V. Barkley home where she resides. Mrs. Barkley is a sister of Mrs. Major.

No information is available as to the designer or maker of the handsome table. It is of fine rosewood, of the tilt-top design and rests upon a three-legged base somewhat similar to the Duncan Phyfe type. Although nearing the century mark, the table is sturdy and in excellent condition. The top is about two inches thick, and holds the artistic cover beneath a heavy glass.

The cover commands instant attention. The odd sampler design is made of needlepoint, embroidery and other types of handwork. Thousands of delicate stitches were necessary to make the unique and colorful floral designs. Red is the predominating color, but blue, white and rust tones are interwoven to add to the attractiveness of the cover.

Steel and ivory beads have been arranged in unique patterns about the borders and corners. Tiny tufts of wool give color and body to the flowers. The colors are apparently about as strong and the cover is in as good condition as when first made.

The sampler is held in place by a copper filigree border.

The table cover was one of two made by a Mrs. Price in London in 1850. One design was in fruits while the other—the prize winner—was of flowers.

When the first World's fair was presented in London in 1851 in the famed Crystal Palace, the table covers were entered by Mrs. Price in the art exhibits. Her floral design was accorded top honors.

The Crystal Palace was in Hyde Park at London. It was made of glass and iron with wooden floors, and covered 21 acres. It cost more than \$5,000,000 and attracted more than six million visitors. Every department of art and science the world over was represented in this mammoth exposition, the first of an international character and a highly successful venture.

Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert, were particularly interested in the exposition and lent much influence to the endeavor. Prince Albert, a native of Germany, was a patron of the arts and sciences and became a beloved subject of England.

And how did Mrs. Major become owner of this valued table that has

benn sought by numerous individuals and public museums in two nation?

The Mrs. Price who made the cover was a sister-in-law of Albert (named for the Prince Consort) Price who was the grandfather of Albert C. Major.

After the exposition, the table passed into the family of Albert Price. After his death, his widow and children moved to Rochester, N.Y., in 1871 and brought the beloved antique to thier American home. Amy Price, then 16, was one of the children and upon her mother's death, inherited the family possession. She became the bride of W. J. Major of Rochester, N. Y., and later moved to Chicago.

Albert Major, her only son and surviving child became associated with the Western Union company and as division chashier, opened the Atlanta office 27 years ago. After his marriage, he built a home in Atlanta in 1920 and his mother gave him her beloved table. Frequently, the mother visited her son and his of her life and enjoyed seeing them

wife during the eight remaining years use the antique.

After Albert Major's death eight years ago, the Atlanta home was broken up and Mrs. Major moved to Salisbury. The table adorned the home of friends and attracted wide attention in the southern metropolis. Mrs. Major declined offers from museums and individuals and retained ownership of the family antique, and now takes pleasure in showing it to friends in her home here.

Direct descendants of Albert and Amy Price have requested that the table be tourned to the price family when Mrs. Major is through with it, as the latter has no children. The owner has made no decision on that matter.

In the meantime, the first prize winner of 1851 continues to bring joy to many persons who are of the opinion that antique though it is, it could receive a blue ribbon almost any day—and the judges would not be wrong!

MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
 Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
 Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
 But only one mother the wide world over.

—Author Unknown.

WHEN PARENTS AND CHILDREN LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE

(The United Presbyterian)

Because parents and children live under the same roof it does not follow that they live in the same world. Too often parents are so engrossed in business and society and their children in school or play, that they live in different worlds. Each class thinks of its own interest and has little care for the other. There is no sadder sight than the wide gulf which this indifference to each other's interest' digs between parents and children. A happy home demands reciprocal accommodation to each other's tastes; both must surrender something of their desires, to the rights of the other. The evening hour is a critical one. Probably the parents wish quietness, the opportunity to converse over their interests or to read, while the children, home from the restraints of the school, want play, action and laughter. Alas too often this type of home is the separating of the ways between parents and children. Too often this enforced quietness drives the children from the home to seek pleasure else where. Dissect the human body and you find 450 muscles made for laughter. The finding is significant. God intended them to be used. They are flexible and work easily in youth, but like other things, muscles stiffen with age. This makes laughter more difficult for adults. It is very important that children shall find the play element met in the home. Screw down the safety valve and there will be an explosion. The writer knew a little girl overflowing

with life, who in the evening was chasing her pet dog through the house. She was laughing in wild glee and the dog was expressing its joy by frequent barks. At length one of the older members exclaimed impatiently, "Marie, can't you be quiet for a single minute?" The child stopped for a moment, looked with wonder upon the older group, and exclaimed, "It can't be did. On the other hand parents and older members have their rights in the home, and these should be respected. But love and the future of the children should bring a compromise. A little girl overflowing with life, said to her grandmother, "No other person ever entered my life as you have done. You take me to places where children like to go, and laugh with me. You join me in my 'make-believe' play. I would rather play with you than with any other person in the world." Then, with a mischievous laugh, she said, "You must have reached your second childhood, for you know what children like." A father pointed with pride to a handsome young soldier embarking for France, and said, "That is my son." After a moment his eyes filled with tears and he added, "I do not know my son, and I do not know how to get acquainted with him." A busy lawyer discovered that his boy was getting into bad company and drifting away from his home. He recognized the necessity for quick action, and said to those in his office, "I am going away for two weeks. I

will leaves no adress for I do not want to be called back." Then he asked his boy to go with him on a fishing trip. For two weeks they were alone, they did their own cooking and slept together in their little tent. The father gained the boy's confidence and they discussed many problems of young life, and also the vision of a larger future. They

caught some fish, but the father's great catch was his boy. He hooked him so tightly that the boy forsook his evil companions for the comradeship of his new "pal." The father in turn placed the boy above his business and had the joy of seeing him grow into fine Christian manhood.

RAISING CHOCOLATE DROPS

If there is any one tree that is all American, it is the cacao. It is as much a part of the continent as the red man and the Rockies, and was an old settler long before the Spanish explorers' arrival four hundred years ago. When the Spaniards came they found the natives of Mexico drinking a hot concoction brewed from seeds they had gathered in the forest. And among the choicest treasures those old explores sent back to Spain were the seeds that produced that Mexican drink. Those seeds have been settling in foreign lands ever since

The cacao is a grateful little tree when grown in orchards under the shade of taller trees. However, it is perfectly content to grow wild if it can't get a foothold any place between Mexico and Brazil. It always hunts the shade, however, for while it needs heat and moisture, too much sunshine is not good for it.

The cacao is a natural-born Christmas tree, with its load of bright fruit. The seed pods, which are as big as small cantaloupes, come in assorted colors—red, green, purple, yellow, each tree having its special color. The seed pods never would live to grow up if they were hung from the ends of slender branches; they are too heavy for that. So they attach themselves to the larger branches or to the tree trunk itself.

The ripe fruit is cut from the trees, the tough shell broken, and the seeds taken out. There are from thirty to fifty of these. Put in a dark, damp place or perhaps buried in the ground for a season, the beans ferment. They are then ready to be spread out and dried in the sunshine. Their next move brings them to the chocolate or candy factory, where they are roasted and ground. The grinding process does not turn the beans into powder, but into a thick oily liquid. It can either be used that way for coating candy, or pressed further for the cacao butter it contains.—Exchange.

MOTHER'S HAVEN

By Alma Hantel Arnold

"So my home, the old farm, is to be sold! It does not seem possible," so mused a dear old mother as she sat in her rocker in the long living room of her country home. It was early spring and the air was still chilly, so a fire had been built on the hearth, the hearth, dear father had built so long ago.

She sat idly rocking to and fro, her gnarled hands clasped in her lap. It was as though she were stunned by the blow, as though it were only a dream and she would soon awaken to find it was not true. She stopped rocking and stared out of the window at the rose bushes that were green with new leaves. Other springs she had noted the growth of bushes and plants and rejoiced in them, but this year it was with saddened eyes that she looked at everything as though she were seeing things for the last time.

Just a few nights back some of the children had met here in the old farmhouse and decided things could not go on as they were. Mother was too old to stay alone on the farm, all the children were married and each had his own home so none could move in and keep up the old home. So the decision was made to sell. And mother? All the children loved their mother, had been good to her, and each was willing she should make her home with them; but in their hearts they knew she would never be satisfied. So what should be done?

Today as she sat and rocked her mind was busy, not with the perplexing problems of the future, but with the sweet and tender memories of the past. Here her husband had brought

her as a bride and here their nine children had been born. Here she had spent many happy years and had also suffered much hardship and sorrow. A few mile away up on the fir-clad hill behind the white country church in the quiet and peaceful God's Acre her eldest daughter lay sleeping for many years, and only a few short years ago her faithful life partner had gone to rest.

"Dear Pa," she murmured brokenly, "I'd hoped I too could finish my life here, but it is not to be. The acres that you worked so proudly and faithfully are soon to be turned over to strangers. Soon other will be eating the fruit from the tree your dear hands planted oh so long ago," and she covered her eyes with her hands as though to shut out the very thought of it.

But dreaded events have to be faced and, whether we like it or not, they come linger a while and are gone. So it was in this case. A buyer was found, an auction held, and everything sold except a few of the things most needed. Mother did not wish to be there that day, so she visited a sister in another part of the state and left all in her children's hands.

After a few weeks she returned and went direct to the home of her eldest daughter, who had six children, mostly grown. There was always noise, confusion or excitement there. They welcomed their grandmother heartily for they loved her. But after a few days she felt she could not stand this constant hurry and noise. She missed the peace and quiet of her farm home. There seemed nothing to do. If she wanted to wash the dishes one of the

twins would gently but firmly push her into the living room saying, "Now, grandmother dear, you have washed enough dishes in your life, I should think you'd want ever to wash another dish. You just take it easy."

Yes, take it easy. What should she do? She had never had time to read or do fancy work, and now that she did have time she did not care for it.

She started to sweep the diningroom rug when Jane, her daughter, said, "Never mind mother, the girls will use the vacuum later on. Why don't you sit down and rest? You've surely never had much of it." So down she sat and before long was nodding, and all her worries were forgotten in blessed sleep.

Several hours later Bill came bounding in exclaiming, "where is grandmother? Oh, there you are. Come over to the park with me and we will look at the animals," and together they went off. But when mother returned her poor feet hurt her so badly she hardly knew what to do.

"You see, dear," she said gently to Bill, "my old feet have walked miles, and miles but on the soft earth and in small short trips. I'm not used to these hard cement walks, so Bill you'll have to find another partner," and she heaved a sigh.

So the days passed, and soon she felt she could not stand it any longer. She decided to visit with another daughter who lived on a farm and thought it would be more like home. But after being there a few days she found out that Betty, the little granddaughter, always gathered the eggs. Her own daughter would not allow her to stand out in the sun and hoe the garden and David, her son-in-law, always chopped and brought in the wood. So again there was nothing, nothing to

do. Of what use was it to live- No one needed her it seemed; there was no place she could fit in, and again a sadness came into her days.

After a few weeks she went to stay with one of her sons. She and Mabel, his wife, never had been drawn very close to one another, and although Mabel was very kind and solicitous of her welfare something that she could not describe was lacking.

Staying awhile another son who lived in a very large city, she soon grew weary of the constant hustle and disturbance and she missed the kind hospitality of the country folk. And so the weeks and the months slipped by. She went from one place to another, always welcomed and loved and yet never feeling at home.

In the meantime the children noticed her unrest and felt so sorry for her that although she never spoke a word of complaint they knew there would have to be a change. So they put their heads together and talked and looked at mother's life from all angles and finally came to a conclusion, hoping it was for the best.

A year had rolled around, and again it was spring. Spring with all its new hopes! The fruit trees were abloom in their delicate colors and Easter, with its wonderful promise of new life, was past.

It was a warm, bright Sunday morning just as it should be on Mother's Day. Mother and some of her children and their families had attended services and were enjoying their dinner in Mildred's home.

"By the way," said Lonny, the youngest son, "how about all driving out to my place this afternoon? The country is so lovely."

"Agreed," the rest cried in unison. and mother's eyes looked happy. As

soon as the dishes were washed and put away several auto loads left for Lonny's place only a few miles away. His place adjoined the old home farm. When almost there mother spoke in a surprised tone, "Why, Lonny, what have you built? I never saw that small building before."

He seemed not to hear her for he did not answer, and the rest were all silent. They were soon there, and after all had gotten out, instead of going into Lonny's house, two of the boys stepped up to mother and, taking their places on either side of her, escorted her proudly down the hill a short distance until they stood in front of a little three-room cottage. Jack, the eldest son there, acted as spokesman for the whole family.

When they reached the door all stopped and Jack, taking his mother's hand tenderly in his, said, "Mother dear, for a long time we all have felt you were not happy living as you have been doing, so we decided to build this little home for you her on Lonny's farm. We are sure it will be dear to you because all this land was once father's, as you know. Here you can be your own mistress and do just as you please. Behold," and laughingly he turned and pointed to a strip of land, "here is ground plowed and ready for your seeds and hoe. See yonder that small, new chicken house? Twelve of your faithful old biddies are already there. There is old Tabby sun-

ning himself and even old Shep is here in his new kennel to complete the picture." Bowing to her and pointing toward the door Jack solemnly continued, "Enter your home, Mother dear, and bid us all welcome."

Too overcome to utter a word she opened the door and stepped into a cozy livingroom. "Oh," she exclaimed weakly pressing her hands over her heart. "Oh, how lovely, my dear old pieces of furniture, nothing new, nothing strange! Oh, it is just like coming home again. The old pictures, the old cupboards with the old dishes, my old bed, and father's dear picture looking down upon me. He is here with me in spirit; I can feel it. My blessed children, I cannot thank you enough," and as she sank into her old rocker tears of happiness ran down her cheeks.

Softly, quietly, one by one, the children departed, leaving her there with her thoughts and her happy memories. Looking out through the open doorway down into the valley, and overlooking the old farm home she could dream to her heart's content and yet her dear old hands would have work to do.

Closing her tear-dimmed eyes and resting her head against the back of the old rocker which she had always loved we will leave her as she happily dreamed of the yesterdays forever fresh in her memory.

"FRIENDSHIP"

Fame is the scentless sun-flower
 With gaudy crown of gold,
 But friendship is the breathing rose
 With sweets in every fold.

—N. Adadline Brandon.

YOUTH

(Watchman-Examiner)

Youth is a state of mind when we stand at the eastern window of life and look for the sunrise and not for the sunset; when we walk in the light and not in the darkness; when we believe that tomorrow will be better than yesterday; that there is a cure for every disease, a way out of all difficulties and a solution for all problems.

Youth is a state of mind in which we idealized others, expect the best from others and express the best to others. It is the time when the soul controls the body and when we live on the top story of the house of life.

Youth is a state of mind in which we think of life in terms of harmony and peace; when we think of the things which unite us with our neighbors, not of the things which separate us from our neighbors.

Youth is state of mind which reflects a healthy soul. The heart has not become a vinegar bottle. We are not cynical about life and people. We do not exhaust our energies finding fault. We neither whine, nag nor fuss. We are never found echoing the criticisms of little people who find fault with littlethings and whose only genius is in making mountains out of molehills.

Youth is a state of mind in which the imagination seeks to improve upon reality. It visualizes a better world, and responds to the challenge of the ideal. Youth refuses to accept stones for bread, ignorance for knowledge, personal prejudice for moral principles, and mental bile for relig-

ion. We may spend an hour in the hiff-tree, but never for a moment would we consider building our nests there. Our nerves are not exposed and we are not supersensitive. We do not weep for ourselves, but we know how to laugh with others.

Youth is a state of mind in which we believe that graft will be destroyed by honesty, inefficiency by understanding, intolerance by knowledge, fear by faith and hatred by love. It is the period of life when we are great believers, not great doubters.

Youth is not a matter of years, bright eyes, strenuous play and gay adventure. It is a healthy mental state in which one faces facts courageously and looks at the bright side continually. It sees the flowers, and not the weeds, in the garden of life, and thinks more about those things which are beautiful than of those things which are ugly. It has the spirit of conquest which triumphs **over difficulties**, traditions and habits.

Youth is a state of mind which flourishes in spite of wrinkles, white hair and stiff joints. It does not die at nineteen, but can live to be ninety. It can circulate in the mind as long as blood circulates in the veins. It is kept alive by faith, hope and love. When these three lights go out, youth dies. But there is only one person who can put these lights out in your life, and that person is you.

Youth is a state of mind illuminated by faith, hope and love.

ALEXANDRIA REVIVES DAYS OF HER GLORIES

By Sigrid Arne, in Charlotte Observer

G. Washington's hometown is polishing up its silver and mahogany again to show all comers just how the father of his country lived in the days when "The Red Coats are coming!" was the terrifying cry.

Washington lived on a potomac river knoll that he named Mt. Vernon. But it was in Alexandria, Va., just seven miles south of Washington, where he shipped his tobacco, joined the masons, started a free school and dropped into the tavern for a hot rum and butter with John Paul Jones to talk over the confounded English taxes on tea.

Early in this century Alexandria was just a sleepy, tawdry town with shutters hanging askew on homes that had once been handsome. But in recent years lovers of colonial grandeur began to buy up the homes of Revolutionary officers for as little as \$1,000 and restore them. One famous place, a four-story Georgian brick, was bought for \$5,000 and restored. The owners, newspaper people, have turned down \$20,000 for it.

So on Sunday, April 15, twenty of Alexandria's more famous homes and buildings will be open to visitors. Small fees will go to restoring more of Alexandria's colonial beauty.

Some of the very chairs on which the Boston tea party was planned are in regular use in the 1790 home of Mrs. Fetzhuugh Talman, on Prince street. She is a descendant of Benjamin Edes of Boston, in whose home the Americans made up as

Indians before boarding ships in Boston harbor to dump the English tea.

Prince street, itself, could be in a museum. The block next to the Potomac river looks like an old English street; Georgian brick houses flush with the sidewalk, set wall to wall. And the street is paved with the same cobble-stones the Hessians laid. They've hard on modern auto tires but Alexandria wouldn't think of tearing them up.

Visitors will see, too, the club house of the country's first jockey club which Washington helped start. It is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stevens.

The town's citizenry now includes, as it did in colonial days many public figures. There is Norman Davis, the roving ambassador; his brother, Judge Ewin L. Davis, the Federal trade commissioner; John L. Lewis, the labor leader; Emily Newell Blair, the writer; F. A. Silcox, head of the forestry division; John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs; and many others.

Juge Davis found his House had been built by Benjamin Hollowell, Alexandria's early Quaker school master.

In the Fairfax House, built in 1752, live the Charles Beatty Moores. When they took over the house Mrs. Moore found a bricked up room in which were lying six hoop-skirt frames left by some colonial belle. Under the library floor was a bricked up box. Had the Fairfaxes hidden their silver

there during the revolution? Or had Gen. Robert E. Lee's "Auntie Hudgson," used it during the Civil war?

I was around famous Gadsey tavern that much of the social life rotated. And that tavern has now been restored as a museum. It was built in 1752 and soon became famous for terrapin, turkey, ham, and a very good cellar. One story tells of Washington making a special trip in from Mt. Vernon on horseback because he heard that Gadsey had bought some good canves back duck.

It was in this tavern that Washington recruited his first military command: the militia which followed him to fight the French and Indians in 1754. His coach pulled up in the tavern's bricked courtyard the day he started for Philadelphia to make his first inaugural address, and there he said farewell to his Alexandria friends.

Charming legends survive about the place. In 1816, a ship docked at

Alexandria with two passengers: a young Englishman and woman of evident wealth. The young woman was ill. They took rooms at the tavern. Doctors were called but before they could enter her room they had to swear to secrecy. She died. Her companion, before he left, still nameless, erected a monument to her which still stands in St. Paul's churchyard. The inscription reads: "To the memory of a female stranger whose mortal suffering terminated on the fourteenth day of October, 1816."

"This stone is erected by her disconsolate husband in whose arms she sighed out her last breathe, and who under God did his utmost to sooth the cold dull hour of death.

"How loved, how honoe'd once avails thee not, to whom related, or by whom begot, a heap of dust remains of thee 'tis all thou are, and all the proud shall be."

FROM ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard the last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrance of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.—William Cowper.

THE SUN BEADS OF EMAH

By Elsie Robertson

Spring had come, and again Emah was beginning to feel the heat. For months he had been begging to go home. He had now been away from people for a year and a half and, although that is not a long time for grown folks, seemed to him like a thousand years, for Emah was a fourteen-year-old Eskimo boy whose home was in the far North, on the icy coast of Greenland.

Emah was homesick. He felt sometimes as if he must surely die unless he could get away from this big noisy place that the white men called New York, and where the only living things that seemed familiar and reminded him of home were the polar bears behind their iron bars in the zoo. After he had learned to find his way about the city, he spent many hours at the zoo watching the ponderous white creatures.

How longingly his eyes would follow the restless strides of the bears, and how sorry he felt for them! They, too, were being kept away from home, though they were hot and restless and frantic to get back to the frozen fields and the icy mountains of the Arctic.

Emah was a protege of Captain Hugh Graydon, explorer, hunter, and naturalist, who was especially attracted to the Arctic regions, and averaged a trip to that part of the world every two years. On his last voyage he had stayed for several weeks with Emah's people, and had taken a great fancy to the boy. In fact, Emah warmly returned the stranger's interest, and begged to go home with the Captain. The latter had consent-

ed to take him. He had promised Emah's parents, who trusted the man implicitly, that he would bring their son back within two years. Besides pleasing the boy, Captian Graydon was interested in the experiment of transferring a child of the North to the heart of New York City and civilization. Perhaps, after two years of sojourn there, Emah would not care to go back at all.

So filled with wonder were Emah's first few days that he hardly gave home a thought. But after the novelty wore off, the people of New York City were far more interested in Emah than he was in them, or in anything else that was civilization, for that matter. Although his comfort was looked after in every way by Captain Graydon, in whose home he lived, and every possible thing was done to make him happy and contented, after a while the little exile lived and dreamed of just one thing—getting back home again.

He grew thin over the very thought of it, and the one hot summer he passed in New York wasted him so terrible that Captian Graydon had no idea of allowing another hot season to pass before returning him to his native climate. He had arrived in New York in September, and one spring had gone by without an opportunity to return. Then came the long summer, which Emah would never forget; another grateful winter period, and once more spring had come. It was a glad day indeed for the lad when Captain Graydon told him that they were going back to Greenland and to his own people.

There was bustle and excitement on board the North Star when the day set for their departure came. Emah could not tear his eyes away from the ship that waited for them out in the harbor, and it seemed hours before the boat came to take them aboard. A crowd of the Captain's friends were on the dock to see them off, each with a parting gift for the Eskimo boy, to remind him of his stay among them. There was a fine hunting knife, a splendid rifle, a jointed fishing rod with so many fish hooks of various kinds that Emah would be a person of great wealth and importance among his people through these alone; there were boxes of candy, also, and many gay candles, and strings of beads.

Emah thanked ever giver in his queer imperfect English, bobbing his sleek black head as he had been taught to do by the Captain's wife. His heart was full almost to bursting. He was going home and he was taking beautiful gifts to his people. When at last the small boat came and they left the wharf, Emah turned to the Captain.

"How many suns to home?" he asked eagerly.

"Twenty-one suns, Emah," was the reply, "three weeks voyage to the huts of your people."

As soon as Emah found himself alone with his belongings, he went carefully over the wonderful presents that his friends had given him. He had begged from the Captain a large oilskin bag, and into this he carefully put his treasures one by one, keeping back just one string of gold-colored beads. This he untied and carefully slipped off twenty-one of the shining spheres. These he placed in his left-hand coat pocket, all except one which he put into the right-hand pocket.

"Beads of the sun," he said to himself and tapped the right-hand pocket. "One sun!"

His plan was to count off one bead for each day of the voyage. When the last bead had been transferred to the righthand pocket, he would see his home and his people. The Captain had told him so. But Emah made one little mistake in his arithmetic—he counted the first bead too soon. It should not have been transferred until the following morning.

The North Star's anchor was lifted, and from the rail of the ship the Eskimo lad took his farewell look at the land of the white man, which he did not like in the least. Everyone had been kind to him, but he was glad to get away. The April sun cast a warm gleam over the harbor as with engines throbbing, the North Star began her journey.

It was early in May when the ship reached the entrance to Davis Strait and started up the Greenland coast. She had made her expected time, according to the Captain's reckoning, which of course, was correct. They were in sight of Holsteiborg on the 18th day. But to Emah, who quite unknown to everybody on board had been keeping a record of his own, it was the nineteenth day. Only two days more and he would see his people! Their village lay on the island shore of Upernavic, above Dark Head, and nearly five hundred miles from Holsteinborg. But Emah did not realize this. He could hardly keep himself from leaving the vessel at Holsteinborg and walking the remainder of the way, so eager was he to get home. He put in most of his time watching from the ship's rail.

Another day passed, and another golden sun bead slipped from Emah's

left-hand pocket into his right. The days were long now, and the nights short, for at this season of the year the Labrador night is hardly four hours in length. Emah could scarcely wait to transfer that last sun bead to his right-hand pocket. He had everything packed, his fur suit included, in that big oilskin bag. His restlessness attracted the attention of the Captain. "What's the matter, Emah?" he asked kindly.

"Today," said the boy, his black eyes shining.

"What about today?"

"Today is twenty-one suns. I see my people," answered Emah excitedly.

"No, Emah, not today, but tomorrow," replied Captain Graydon, and walked aft, without thinking it necessary to explain farther.

Emah's face fell. His mind became busy thinking. Had the great Captain made a mistake? He was quite sure that he himself had made none, for were there not twenty-one sun beads in his right-hand pocket, and not one in the left? Suppose the white men had forgotten to count a day, and he should be carried past the place where they had promised to set him ashore? He trembled at the very thought, and gazed longingly across the endless stretch of ice. He imagined the frozen landscape looked familiar, and he became nearly frantic at the thought that he was being taken beyond the home of his people.

Suddenly his face lighted. The North Star was skirting the edge of the long, ragged float, scraping the ice occasionally. If the channel stayed narrow like that, when darkness fell Emah could scramble down the ship's ladder and go ashore. Ah, that was what he would do! It was twenty-

one suns by his tally of sun beads, and he would leave the ship that very night. Everything was ready. He had only to wait for the darkness.

But the hours dragged more slowly than ever, and at supper time the boy could not force himself to eat. He seemed to loathe all thought of food. He wandered restlessly up and down the decks, feeling as if something terrible were about to happen. Darkness came at last, and still that scraping sound of ice along the vessel's sides told him they were skirting the float. To see was impossible. He waited his chance and, when the night watch was forward and the deck deserted, he hastily snatched up his precious oilskin bag, stole silently to the ship's side, and began to descend the ladder.

He was as supple and agile as a monkey, and he went down, down, until he felt the swish of icy water around his feet. Even then he dared not let go, lest he slip into the water and be swept under the ice. He must either return to the deck or hang on until he heard the ship scrape the icy mass again. He decided to hold on, and presently he felt sudden jarring as of ice below, and to his alarm, heard a sound of voices on the deck above. He threw his bag far out across the ice, set his teeth hard, and jumped into the darkness.

Unhurt, he picked himself up and groped for his bag. Not finding it within reach, he gave up and crouched, waiting for daylight. It required courage and patience, but dawn soon came. Recovering his bag at the edge of the ice, he began to take bearings, and discovered that the float to which he had jumped was almost entirely surrounded by water, only a narrow

neck of ice connecting it with the shore. He started at once on what he thought would be a very short journey to his people.

Poor Emah! Little did he dream that his home village still lay two hundred miles away to the north. His heart was light as he set forth, and soon he had gained the wide, level float that hugged the shore for hundreds of miles. All day long he tramped, stopping only when forced through sheer fatigue to do so. Night fall found him within sight of no living thing. He had put on his fur suit and did not feel the cold, but he was very hungry and very tired. He curled himself up in a ball to await the coming of daylight, for he could not sleep.

The brief, dark hours soon passed, and again he started on his way. He could not travel so fast now, for he was tired and hungry. By noon he came to an open stretch of water which was impassable. He would have to turn for several miles toward the land; but first he must stop for a bite to eat. He would fish. True, he had no bait, but he knew how to get around that. He took out rod, hook, and line, tore a strip from one of the handkerchiefs a kind lady had given him, fastened it to the hook, and dropped the line into the water. The next moment he had drawn to the ice a struggling sliver fish, while the water about him was suddenly alive with dozens of leaping bodies. He forgot his hunger in the excitement of such sport, and before he put up his rod, the first two or three fish he had caught were frozen hard.

But they were just as good that way, and gave him renewed strength. He must have covered more than thirty miles that day. That night

he slept well, though he had begun to worry lest, after all, he had made a mistake in not sticking to the ship.

As he set forth on the morning of the third day he wondered how much farther he would have to go. It was long past noon before he came to a strip of open water, and again stopped to fish. In a short time he had a goodly number, and was about to gather them up when something in the distance sent cold shudders down his back. It was a polar bear, and it was moving in his direction! Hastily gathering up a few of the fish, he left the rest on the ice and hurried away as fast as he could go.

Long before night came, he dropped to the ice, too tired to go another step. He slept the sleep of exhaustion, but awoke early the next day. Not a living thing was in sight on the wide expanse around him. Would he never reach the end of his journey? He dared not stop to fish, lest the dreaded bear overtake him. So he struggled on, following the edge of the ice near the open water, hoping that he might have time later on to catch a few fish. He fancied he saw the bear moving toward him. Meanwhile he was becoming weaker and weaker from exertion and lack of food. At times there was a wave of darkness before his eyes. At last he felt he could go no farther. He stumbled, his knees gave under him. If only he had trusted his good friend, Captain Graydon, and stuck to the ship!

"Good-by, Emah!" he said aloud, as his eyes turned longingly toward his home and his people. He waved his hand in farewell, a mist rising before his eyes. But what were those black specks in the distance? He rubbed his eyes hard and looked again.

The black specks moved—they were hurrying toward him—they grew larger every moment! He made a last effort and waved his hand aloft. Several hands waved back, a volley of shots rang out on the clear air, and he turned to see a huge, white fur-clad animal galloping away across the ice.

“Emah! Emah!” A voice was calling his name. At least he recognized his friends.

It was a searching party from the North Star. A few moments more, and one of the men had the boy in his arms and was bearing him to their camp, some miles to the north. Many hours had passed before Emah had been missed from the ship, but as soon as his absence was discovered, Captain Graydon guessed the truth and

sent a crew of picked men back to look for him.

The North Star awaited them at Desco Bay, and in due time—thought it was twenty-eight days instead of twenty-one—Emah was restored to his people. He gave the wonderful hunting knife to his father, divided most of the fishhooks among his brothers; gave the candles and the sweets to his mother, and to each of his sisters and girl cousins a string of the glittering, many—tinted beads. He was the hero of his tribe.

“And who to have those?” his mother asked, as she glimpsed some loose, shining beads in the palm of his hand, as if they were very precious.

“These I keep,” said Emah with dignity. “They are the beads of the sun.”

MOTHER'S CRAZ-YQUILT

There more to Mother's crazy-quilt
 Than careless eyes can see;
 Nobody else could understand
 The charm it holds for me!
 When she points out the blocks that came
 From suits I used to wear,
 It brings back joyful memories
 That we alone can share!

There's tenderness and sentiment,
 There' beauty and romance
 In every scrap of coat she used,
 And every patch of pants;
 And every thread is intertwined
 With happiness and cheer—
 Because, to us, these memories
 Are very, very dear!

—Lawrence Hawthorne

ASTRONOMY AND MUSIC

(Selected)

In the letters of Carlyle there is one which gives an amusing description of the attendance of the gruff and glum great Scotchman at the opera when Jenny Lind sang. His wife was enraptured, like everybory else; but he himself experienced only a contemptuous amazement at the fuss people were making about it all. Besides, he was sure he had heard other voices which were sweeter than the "Swedish Nightingale's," although no fuss at all was made about them.

He could not, with his nervous and dyspeptic temperament, be expected to enjoy the opera as another famous man once did a concert, by way of a pleasing musical accompaniment to his own thoughts. This was Sir Charles Lyell, whose sprightly Companion on that occasion, the late Miss Frances Cobbe, reported the experience to a friend.

"Sir Charles sat beside me yesterday at a great musical party, and I asked him, 'Do you like music?' He said, 'Yes!' for it allowed him to go with his own thoughts. And so he evidently did while they were singing Mendelssohn and Handel. At every interval he turned to me:

"'Agassiz has made a discovery; I

can't sleep for thanking of it. He finds traces of the glaciers in tropical America.'

"Here intervened aa sacred song.

"'Well, as I was saying, you know two hundred thirty thousand years ago the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was at one of its maximum periods; and we were eleven million miles farther from the sun in winter, and the cold of those winters must have been intense; because heat varies, not according to direct radio, but the squares of the distances.'

"'Well,' said I, 'but then the summers were as much hotter?' (Sacred song.)

"'No, the summers weren't! They could not have conquered the cold.'

"'Then you think that the astronomical two hundred thirty thousand years corresponded with the glacial period? Is that time enough for all the strata since?' (Handel.)

"'I don't know. Perhaps we must go back to the still greater period of the eccentricity of the orbit three million years ago. Then we were fourteen millions of miles out of the circular path. (Mendelssohn.)

"'Good-by, dear Sir Charles. I must be off.'"

Every day of meeting sorrow superbly makes life more grand. Every tear that falls from one's own eyes gives a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of work, that shall soothe another's woe. Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given us that having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The recent showers have made everything take on new life. The grain crop was beginning to need rain badly.

Mr. Leon Godown is now attending a Masonic meeting in Durham. During his absence Mr. Jesse Fisher, a printer of the old school, has charge of the print shop.

The Barber Shop force carried on by Mr. Query and his Indian boys began the hair-cutting program yesterday. It will take several days until all our boys will have been called for their periodical hair-cut.

Last Sunday afternoon worship in the school auditorium was converted into a song service for one-half hour. The minister for some reason failed to meet his engagement at the school. The boys met the emergency and all present worshipped in song.

Robert Mills, of Statesville, stopped over at the school to shake hands with old comrades and see the improvements. Robert left the school in 1937, is now seventeen years of age, is living with his father and for the past two years has worked in the chair factory.

This week Ted Devinney and Earl Neal, of Morganton, made a return visit to the school. Ted Devinney spent two years here as a student. He is now 23 years of age and is manager of a service station in his home town.

Earl Neal spent three years at this

institution. He is now 21 years old and is employed in a radio shop at Valdese. Both of these young men made a good appearance and seemed happy in their work.

James Brewer, the young boy stricken down many months with blood-poisoning is responding nicely to treatment at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital. Throughout the entire time of the extreme illness of young Brewer he put up a wonderful fight, and it looks as if he will soon recover.

Our swimming pool is one of the finest in the state. The boys are surely looking forward to a dip in the cooling water during the hot weather. The donor of this fine gift has not forgotten the boys problems—or maybe he recalls the old “swimming hole” of his boyhood days. This pool is a wonderful gift.

The Barger Bros. contract on the maternity barn and swimming pool is ready for preliminary inspection. Their contract will be completed in a few more days. The plumbing, heating, and filtering contract will take several weeks yet. There is quite a few things to be checked before the pool is completed. This contract is being carried out by J. L. Sides of Concord. Since the boys cleaned up the rubbish around these buildings the general appearance is much improved.

For a short time activities in the textile plant were discontinued due to having no cotton. Lately three bales of cotton have been given by some gen-

erous persons so that means the machinery will be turning under the supervision of Mr. Blume, an expert textile man. The North Carolina Cotton Manufacturing Association is deeply interested in this departmental training for the boys. There is nothing missing about the textile equipment unless it is a "mill whistle."

The different fields of potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, strawberries, squash, garden peas, onions, and lettuce look fine and give every assurance that the officials of the Jackson Training School remember Ex-Gov.-Gardner's slogan—live at home. Besides these truck patches there are acres and acres of oats and other grains that serve as forage for the stock on the 800 acre farm. The 1939 crop looks promising. There is no anticipation of the shortage of foodstuff if the season is favorable.

The Infirmary will soon be equipped with up-to-date furniture. The Infirmary has been one of the greatest needs of the School. It has been quite difficult under present conditions to watch the sick boys who remain during illness in their respective cottages. But, now, with the infirmary modernly equipped with beds, diet kitchen and other essentials the school is in a position to have a more efficient supervision of the sick boys. All of these improvements are indications of the "march of progress."

Edgar Merritt, Winston-Salem, one of our old boys paid a visit to the school last Sunday. Edgar left the school three years ago. After leaving the school he served one year and six months in the Army. He is a fine

specimen of manhood and is now driver of a truck for Prinix Transfer Co. Winston-Salem. This young man was enroute to Philadelphia carrying a load of chickens when he stopped for a few moments at the school. The urge was too great for Edgar when passing his old playgrounds and home for several years not to stop and say "howdy."

William Ballew is from Drexel N. C. William was a handy fellow in carpentry during his life in the school. He left the school in 1935. Soon thereafter he entered the 8th grade in the school of his home town. He is now 17 years of age and graduated this year from High School with honors. He was made managing editor of the school paper—"Booster." This recognition shows the young man was recognized as having both executive and educational qualifications for a position that reflected credit upon the school of his own community. As a coincident it is fitting to tell here that another old boy, Earl Neal was editor in chief of the same school paper. But to make a long story brief will state that William Ballew's ambition is to finish college. A fellow with a vision will never perish.

Not many days pass without some old student stops to shake hands and tell of his life since leaving the school. Usually th human interest stories reveal the fact that the boys were benefitted by their stay at the Jackson Training School. For instance Robert Cooper accompanied by his wife made a hasty call. Robert now lives in Florence South Carolina. He came to the school when 9 years old, after leaving here entered the army and was stationed at Fort

Bragg, later was sent to Honolulu, after 2 years he was returned to the Augusta arsenal. During his activities he entered the contest for Junior Weight Championship in boxing and won the silver cup: He is

now operating one of the largest filling station in the city of Florence. Robert is rather proud of his success so far and shows an appreciation for those who helped him when not able to help himself.

"ANNIE LAURIE"—THE SONG THAT TOUCHED THE HEART

By Albert P. Southwick

Almost everyone is familiar with the sweet song of "Annie Laurie," though it may not be generally known that the fairfaced maiden was not a creature of imagination, but an actual verity of whose ancestry honorable mention is made in Scottish history.

Stephen Laurie was a flourishing Dumfries merchant before James VI became king. Prior to 1611, he married Marion, daughter of Provost Coran, getting with her a handsome marriage portion. His wealth enabled him to purchase of Sir Robert Gordon, of Lochinvar, Bitebought Shail Castle and Maxwelton, whose "braes are bonnie." Then a man of many acres, he took the designation of Maxwelton, leaving, at his death, his lands and tiles to his oldest son, John.

The next head of the house was Robert, a baronet. He was twice married and had, by his second wife, three sons and four daughters. The birth of one of the latter is thus entered in the family register by her father: "At the

pleasure of Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter," minister of Glencairn.

This minute is worth quoting, as the little stranger whose entry into life it announced grew to be the most beautiful Dumfriesian lady of the day, and the heroine of a song which has rendered her charms immortal:

"Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone.

And dark blue is her eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

The well-known lyric of which these lines form a part was composed by Mr. Douglas Finland, an ardent admirer of "bonnie Annie," who did not, however, return his affection, but married his rival Alexander Fergusson.

Learn that every flatterer lives at the expense of those who listen to him.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending MAY 6, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Gilbert Hogan 20
- (12) Leon Hollifield 23
- (12) Edward Johnson 23
- (8) James Kissiah 20
- (12) C. L. Snuggs 17
- (2) Thomas Turner 2

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (4) Rex Allred 18
- (4) Jack Broome 9
- (4) Henry Cowan 19
- (4) William Freeman 7
- Bruce Link 3
- H. C. Pope 15
- Jerry Smith 3
- Jack Sutherland 3
- Edward Warnock 3
- William Whittington 3
- (4) William Wilson 4

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Norton Barnes 5
- James Blocker 4
- George Cook 3
- Arthur Craft 6
- J. W. Jones 2
- (2) Frank King 2
- Floyd Lane 6
- Thermon Lynn 5
- Fernie Medlin 9
- Donald McFee 6
- William Padrick 7
- Nick Rochester 14
- Landreth Sims 9
- Brooks Young 6

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 14
- (4) Robert Atwell 15
- James Boone 7
- Herman Cherry 3
- A. C. Lamar 8
- (2) John C. Robertson 15
- (3) Harrison Stilwell 9
- John Talley

- (2) Claude Terrell 9
- (9) Jerome W. Wiggins 20
- (5) Earl Weeks 21

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 12
- William Cherry 6
- Lewis Donaldson 16
- (2) James Hancock 16
- James Land 13
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 16
- (3) George Newman 15
- Fred Pardon 11
- Lloyd Pettus 21
- Forrest Plott 5
- (5) Henry Raby 16
- (2) Hyress Taylor 10
- (6) Leo Ward 19
- (18) Melvin Walters 23
- (24) James Wilhite 24
- (5) Samuel Williams 13

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (4) Grady Allen 18
- (4) William Brothers 16
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 10
- (4) William Nichols 5
- Richard Palmer 6
- (2) Elmer Talbert 14
- (4) Hubert Walker 20
- (4) Dewey Ware 21
- (4) Marvin Wilkins 18

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (6) Edward Batten 17
- (13) Robert Bryson 21
- Fletcher Castlebury 14
- Martin Crump 9
- (3) Robert Dunning 9
- (12) Thomas Hamilton 18
- (4) Clinton Keen 12
- (3) Spencer Lane 11
- (3) Randall D. Peeler 10
- (2) Ray Pitman 5
- (2) Canipe Shoe 9
- Carl Ward 3
- James C. Wiggins 5

- George Wilhite 7
 (4) William Wilson 11
 (4) Woodrow Wilson 9
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 7

- John H. Averette 14
 (2) William Beach 14
 (13) Carl Breece 21
 (2) Roy Helms 5
 (13) Caleb Hill 21
 Hugh Johnson 18
 (10) Lyman Johnson 11
 Ernest Mobley 10
 Junior Weathers 3
 (12) Joseph Wheeler 15
 (6) Edward Young 10

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (4) Cecil Ashley 4
 J. B. Devlin 16
 (2) Lonnie Holleman 7
 (2) Charles Taylor 15

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Clarence Baker 7
 J. T. Branch 13
 (3) Clifton Butler 10
 (2) James Butler 13
 Roy Butner 11
 (4) James Bunnell 13
 Edgar Burnette 17
 Carol Clark 14
 James Coleman 15
 (3) George Duncan 14
 (2) Robert Gaines 3
 (5) C. D. Grooms 10
 Harold O'Dear 11
 Eugene Presnell 16
 (4) Lonnie Roberts 12
 (6) Thomas Sands 14
 (3) Earl Stamey 14
 Preston Wilbourne 12
 Luther Wilson 6
 (5) Thomas Wilson 20

COTTAGE NO. 10

- (2) Walter Cooper 4
 John Crawford 3
 (2) Matthew Duffy 5
 (3) J. D. Hildreth 16
 Thomas King 2
 Vernon Lamb 9
 Jack Norris 7
 William Peeden 7

- Weaver Penland 2
 Floyd Williams 2

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (4) J. C. Allen 4
 Harold Bryson 15
 (2) Joseph Christine 4
 (4) Baxter Foster 14
 (24) Earl Hildreth 24
 (10) William Hudgins 14
 (5) Clyde Hoppes 15
 (4) Ballard Martin 4
 (3) Paul Mullis 14
 (3) Calvin McCoyle 12
 (19) Edward Murray 23
 (3) Jesse Overby 7
 (19) Julius Stevens 23
 (16) Thomas Shaw 23
 Fred Owens

COTTAGE NO. 12

- Burl Allen 12
 (3) Jack Batson 4
 (7) Allard Brantley 18
 Ernest Brewer 3
 Ben Cooper 10
 William Deaton 5
 Max Eaker 13
 (7) Everette Hackler 15
 Woodrow Hager 2
 (2) Joseph Hall 12
 (11) Charlton Henry 20
 (4) Hubert Holloway 18
 Richard Honeycutt 7
 S. E. Jones 8
 Tillman Lyles 11
 Clarence Mayton 15
 J. D. Mondie 2
 James Puckett 3
 Howard Sanders 14
 Avery Smith 21
 (3) Ralph Sorrells 6
 William Suit
 George Tolson 8
 Leonard Wood 19
 J. R. Whitman 15

COTTAGE NO. 13

- Arthur Ashley 8
 (3) Jack Foster 18
 James V. Harvel 15
 William Lowe 3
 Jack Mathis 5
 (2) Thomas R. Pitman 17
 (3) Marshall White 5
 (2) Joseph White 6

(6) Alexander Woody 22

COTTAGE NO. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 16

(22) Clyde Barnwell 23

(11) Delphus Dennis 22

Audie Farthing 15

John Ham 11

Marvin King 14

(4) John Kirkman 16

(3) Fred McGlammery 18

Roy Mumford 3

(3) John Robbins 15

Charles McCoyle 8

(3) Troy Powell 14

Thomas Trantham 10

(3) Desmond Truitt 7

Garfield Walker 11

Junior Woody 16

COTTAGE NO. 15

Raymond Anderson 2

(3) Howard Bobbitt 14

(11) William Cantor 12

Sidney Delbridge 9

Aldine Duggins 16

Clifton Davis 17

N. A. Efirid 6

(3) Clarence Gates 14

(2) Beamon Heath 21

Hoyt Hollifield 13

(8) Albert Hayes 15

Okley Lunsford 3

Claude Moose 7

Ira Settle 17

(3) J. P. Sutton 10

Richard Thomas 8

James Watson 13

(2) William Wood 9

David Williams 2

(2) William Young 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 2

(4) Warren Lawry 5

(3) Filmore Oliver 12

(8) Curley Smith 18

(10) Ross Young 20

WHAT IS AMERICA?

Mary B. McAndrew, superintendent of schools in Carbondale, Pa., answers this question in the following truthful and beautiful terms:

"What is America? God built a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He carpeted it with soft rolling prairies and pillared it with thundring mountains. He studded it with soft flowing fountains and traced it with long winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song. These treasures would have meant little if thousands of people, the bravest of the race, had not come, each bearing a gift and a hope. They had the glow of adventure in their eyes and the glory of hope in their souls and out of them was fashioned a nation, blessed with a purpose sublime and called 'America'."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

MAY 22 1939

CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 21, 1939

No. 20

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ALL IS WELL

Whate'er you dream with doubt possessed,
Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest ;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well: no need of care ;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare.
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE BEST ESTATE

One counted his gold at the end of a day
In the busy marts of trade.
He fingered the coins that before him lay
And thought of the profits he'd made.
But it brought no joy to his withered soul—
He was tired and lonely and old.
No kin there were his wealth to share
He had nothing in life but his gold.

A scientist set his telescope
And searched the heavens afar.
For his Life's goal lay in the one great hope
He'd discover an unknown star.
He knew no joy of a woman's love,
Or prattle of children dear.
He lived in a world of the stars above
And missed all the blessings near.

A laborer came to his home at night
To rest from the toil of the day.
His body was tired but his heart was light.
And he sang on his homeward way,
"Oh great is my wealth for I've strength and health
A home and a loving wife,
A handsome babe and a loyal friend,
What more can I ask of Life?"

Now if Fate should require you to choose your estate,
What more can I ask of Life?"
The one with gold, the scientist old,
Or the workman so happy and free?
Methinks that a family and home and friends
Can bring greater joy to the soul
Than all of the gold the world may hold
Or the star of the scientist's goal.

—Alex F. Tuer.

A FITTING THING TO DO

Tradition has it that about the time the "war between the states" broke out, a soldier of the German army came to this country, enlisted in our army, and served through the war. When the war closed, he casually remarked one day that it was the custom in Germany to scatter flowers on the graves of soldiers once a year. The chance remark was passed on to General John A. Logan, National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and he agreed that it was a most fitting thing to do.

General Logan acted upon the suggestion, and designated the 30th day of May, 1868, as a day for "strewing with flowers, or otherwise adorning the graves of comrades who died in the Civil War." As time went on, the day became known as "Decoration Day," and later, "Memorial Day."

Now, seventy-one years later, we continue to pay the tribute of reverence and respect to the gallant men who sacrificed their lives to the perpetuation of a united country, and who, in many cases, lie in graves marked "Unknown." It is fitting, too, at this season of the year, when Nature is awakening in all her glory, to remember these immortals. It is an occasion of significance, as it expresses the sentiment of a nation which cherishes the memory of those who gave their all for its cause. Each year the tribute becomes more sacred.

A number of Southern States do not observe May 30th, as Memorial Day. These are Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. However, some of these states designate other dates to commemorate the Southern Confederacy.

This is a busy age in which we live, and the United States is the busiest country on the face of the earth. In the intensity of the struggle for achievement we are prone to forget our obligation to the past. It is good, therefore, that Memorial Day comes once a year to remind us of our liberties, and the price paid for them.

—Sunshine Magazine.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

The World's Fair commemorates the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, April 30,

1789, New York City, as first president of the United States. At this fair there will be depicted the tremendous achievements in science, art, culture and every kind of industrial interest. It presents an opportunity for thought and genuine thanksgiving especially so if one harks back to the days of the establishment of the first permanent English colony, Jamestown, Virginia, 1607; to the hardships of the Puritans when they landed, 1620, at Plymouth, Massachusetts or to the days when the Indians roamed Manhattan Island that has been transformed into one of the busiest spots in the world.

Proud is every North Carolinian that when the multitude passed into the grounds at noon, April 30, the Tar Heel representation was ready, in spite of the rush of work, to greet the masses and show their \$125,000 exhibit.

The North Carolina display is housed in a handsome colonial type building. The managers of the Old North State display express themselves as pleased with every detail of arrangement, and they feel that all visitors from the Tar Heel state will feel proud of their contribution to the World's Fair.

The Temple of Religion through the press is rated as one of the most interesting and impressive buildings of the New York World's Fair. It is outstanding as a symbol of faith in God, the Creator of all things, also an expression of the part spiritual values play in the life of individuals and the nation as a whole.

* * * * *

YOUTH AND CRIME

Agitation about "Youth and the Crime Wave" is perennial. The older people always criticize the morals of the younger generation. This is an inherited habit. They forget the days of their bubbling youth, and neither do they temper their criticisms, knowing that social factors today are very complex. We absolutely live in a new age, and there is nothing to do but meet conditions.

There are more temptations to combat because of a broader field for sports and the like, and an easier and quicker way of transportation. There are also fewer restrictions thrown around the youth of today.

Unless there is imbedded in the hearts and minds of the young people that they must treat their bodies as holy, so to speak, there

is danger of stumbling into pitfalls. And the likelihood then is that after the first mistake the second comes easier.

We do know that certain social conditions make delinquents, which is a mild way to state facts. Delinquents are more frequent in certain areas of large cities where there is a congested population. In such communities there is usually found poor housing, bad sanitary conditions, no place for recreation, but instead a hot-bed for unwholesome influences that develop gangs.

To overcome these influences there must be the combined efforts of the parents, the school, the church, and the officials of the community in which children live, if there are to be fewer delinquents who finally become criminals.

No one of the institutions named is altogether responsible for the wayward child. The broken homes play a strong role in making delinquents. But look back of the child of that home and doubtless the parents were delinquents. The task of reformation is a big one, it matters not from which angle we view conditions. The development of childhood, or the care of the waywards is not your duty, it is not mine, but OURS.

* * * * *

A LEAD TO FIND THE LOST COLONISTS

There is not a normal minded person in the state or in other states not interested in incidents relative to Sir Walter Raleigh's Colony. Every bit of traditional history has been investigated and every clue as to the way the colonists left after Governor White returned to England has been followed up. To solve a mystery is a passion with the masses, therefore, not a stone has been left unturned with the hope the fate of the colonists will be revealed.

The latest is the finding of a stone, bearing dates of birth and death of Virginia Dare, granddaughter of Governor White, and first child of English speaking parentage born in this country. This time the stone was found in Tyrrell county, and if the dates on stone become authenticated then the course the colonists pursued must have been westward, fleeing from the sudden arrival of Spaniards, instead of fleeing from the Indians. It does seem to be a good lead.

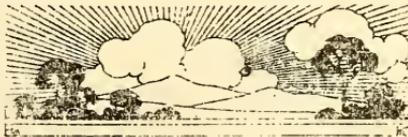
We carry in this issue of the Uplift a short narrative, taken from the Whiteville-News-Reporter, telling of the stone and other tradi-

tions or legends pertaining to the Lost Colony. The article is captioned, "Former Waccamaw Man Finds Virginia Dare Stone." It will prove most illuminating to students of the public school system. In fact a greater interest should be stimulated in the schools of the state to the realization of the importance of knowing state history.

* * * * *

A bill to allow religious instruction in the public schools of New York is being bitterly fought by the state Board of Education. The Board not only feels that the enactment of the bill would furnish a dangerous precedent for further insidious developments, but that in itself it is "a violent departure from the American system of public education." They call attention to the fact that at present "those parents who prefer that religious training should be coupled directly with the general education of their children are permitted by law to send their children to the parochial schools maintained by their respective denominations." The most common retort to this suggestion points out that it constitutes an unfair discrimination, since such parents must continue to support the public school system from necessary for their children. However, New York has a limited system in operation by which several hours every week are assigned to public school pupils for attendance on religious instruction in their respective houses of faith. The need is a desirable and proper one, and eventually will have to be met universally. It forms part of a concerted movement, nation wide in scope and intelligently led, to bring parochial schools and other church institutions into a profitable contact with national and state treasuries.

—Selected.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

YOUR TROUBLES

"Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care,
And when you have it completed,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thoughts of failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff,
Lock all of your heartaches in it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh"

The people who deal in hosiery
have a stockin' trade.

The only place for satisfactory
strikes is in baseball games.

It is the gossips and careless auto-
mobilists that run people down.

How would you scale the colleges
that countenance goldfish swallow-
ing?

A lot of people find out their pop-
ularity by trying to borrow money
from their friends.

There are people in the world who
are always looking for something to
happen. When it does happen they are
not satisfied.

I see that one paper makes the
statement that "one half the people
in this country are crazy." I would
like to know which half.

A buggy in Pennsylvania was
knocked down to the highest bidder

for 20 cents. This is evidence of the
fact that the "horse and buggy" days
of the long ago is not even looking
like 30 cents.

It is stated that the number of hogs
in the United States increased by
more than five million last year.
That's easily accounted for. They
evidently enumerated in the list the
road and end-seat varieties.

The information is given out that
the banks of the United States have
a potential lending power of \$32,-
000,000,000. That's something to
think about. Borrowing money is one
thing. Paying it back is another and
a very big another at that.

So many persons worry about the
state of affairs in Europe. It is a
waste of energy, and unnecessary.
We have enough troubles here at
home to engage our attention, and
command our best thoughts to solve.
Let's think of home first, and the
world afterwards.

Religion the Salvation of Nations and
the World.

"Peace hath her victories no less
renowned than war."

Wars to save Democracy—the
slaying of millions of innocent lives
have proven monumental follies.
Fighting and fears demoralize and

devastate nations. Wars are the universities of more wars.

If nations, and the world, are to be saved for Democracy, their people must turn whole-heartedly to religion. That is the most saving salvation in the world. When nations give up war-mindedness; selfishness, greed for power, and turn to religion, there will be a different world.

Religion is the daughter of heaven, parent of our virtues, and source of all true felicity; she alone gives peace and contentment, divests the heart of national coveteousness, cares and turmoil, and bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in pious breasts. By her the spirit of wars and darkness are banished from the earth, and angelic ministers of grace thicken unseen the religions of mortality.

Religion promotes love and good

will among men—something the world now needs more than ever in its history. Religion lifts up the heads that hang down; dissipates the gloom of "man's inhumanity to man," and wherever seen and practiced, felt and enjoyed, breathes around an everlasting spring.

The external life of rulers and nations is the creature of time and circumstance, and passes away. If rulers and nations will serve God instead of mammon, they will find that the internal abides, and continues to exist. One is the painted glory of the flower; the other is the delicious attar of the rose. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he has chosen for his inheritance."—Psalms 33-12.

"But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Luke 12-31.

"I'M GLAD IT WAS ME..."

In Miami, a simple plaque has just been dedicated to the memory of a brave man.

The words graven on it deserve to be remembered. They are: "I'm glad it was me instead of you!"

They were the dying words of Anton J. Cermak of Chicago, who as mayor of that city was riding with President-elect Roosevelt six years ago when mad Giuseppe Zangara fired his cowardly bullet and hit not the president-elect whose life he sought, but Cermak.

So far do events move that we are inclined to forget how Cermak, dying in the hospital, looked up at the President whose life he had saved, and gasped, "I'm glad it was me instead of you!"

They were the grave words of a brave man. The least the rest of us can do is to remember him.

—Concord Daily Tribune.

MAY HAVE NEW EVIDENCE CONCERNING "LOST COLONY"

(Beaufort News)

The discovery of an ancient wooden pipeline unearthed in the neighborhood of Core Sound recently is believed by many to be proof that Sir Walter Raleigh's famous "Lost Colony" was lost on or in the vicinity of Harkers Island. There are many persons, especially persons who live in Carteret County who believe that what is today Harkers Island was the island on which the first English settlers, settled, to be lost before relief ships came back to America a few years later.

And, apparently, there are people who live outside of Carteret who believe, like many of the citizens of this county, that credit for the landing of the first English settlers belongs to Harkers and not Roanoke Island. A letter appearing in the May 6th edition of State Magazine from R. D. Harris, of Roanoke Rapids, is republished herewith for the angles it presents on a reality—which might be after all an unsolved mystery. The letter follows:

Roanoke Rapids—In this issue of State there appears a letter which describes an ancient wooden pipe line which has been unearthed in the neighborhood of Core Sound. I offer the suggestion that this may very well be supporting evidence for the claim which is made and believed by the inhabitants of Harkers Island, which is also in Core Sound, to the effect that theirs is the true site of the original colony of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the site, likewise, of the original fort.

Other evidence in support of this idea may be found by referring to a map of the Carolina coast. White's diary, I believe, states that the first ship entered a harbor and dropped anchor, then sent a landing party one-half day's row to the eastward, where they landed on an island. It is interesting to note that Beaufort Inlet and Harkers Island are the only geographical points on our coast which satisfy these requirements. The first relief vessel, which found nothing, presumably entered Oregon Inlet and simply searched, without remembering the compass course as set by White. This is reasonable as many of our inlets are so similar in appearance if stripped of evidence of civilization that one can readily imagine this confusion.

Furthermore, by locating the original colony on Harkers Island the theory that the colony moved on to Robeson County and vicinity does not appear so far fetched from the transportation angle. And I give you one further peculiar coincidence: 25 miles from Beaufort Inlet is a small settlement—you've guessed—Croa-ton.

Research amateurs or scholars are referred, for elaboration of the above theory, to Maurice O'Neil of Henderson and Harkers Island, and to Brady Willis of Harkers Island. Each has a vast store of local legend at his disposal, and will prove more than cooperative to anyone who wishes to make a serious study of the problems involved.

FORMER WACCAMAW MAN FINDS VIRGINIA DARE STONE

(Selected)

Virginia Dare, first child of English-speaking parents born in America, died at the age of 10 and was buried in Tyrrell County if a stone now reposing in the living room of the home of Thomas B. Shallington, for ten years a resident of Lake Waccamaw, hardly two blocks east of the Tyrrell County courthouse is authentic.

This stone bears the following inscription:

Virginia Dare
b. August 17, 1587
d. 1597

The letters, crudely formed by holes punched in the hard and uneven surface of the flinty rock are barely legible, but stand out clearly when the holes are joined with chalk.

Thomas Shallington, surveyor and native of Tyrrell County, until 1936 had for ten years resided at Lake Waccamaw in this county, whose work has made him familiar with almost every foot of the county, says that he and his son Billy, the latter a student of State College, found the stone, the central one of three, in the old grave yard across Alligator Creek from Fort Landing long since covered by the waters of that estuary of Alligator River.

That was last August. Carefully marking the spot Shallington returned to it the following November, got the stone and brought it to his home, where it had reposed ever since, the inscription next to the wall, unobserved by anybody and known of only by two or three besides himself

and his family, until a Daily Advance reporter who had heard of it through W. S. Carawan, produce dealer and ticket agent for the Norfolk Southern Bus Corporation, asked to see it.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Shallington took the reporter into the living room, pulled the stone out from the wall and exhibited the inscription.

All these months he had treasured it, apparently firm in the faith that one day an inquiring reporter if not the world would beat a path to his door.

The stone is about 26 inches long and weighs perhaps close to 100 pounds. Thomas Shallington, born in Alligator where the tradition that the Lost Colony came over to Tyrrell from Dare has been current for generations, is confident that the stone is the headstone of Virginia Dare's grave.

Similar stones are not uncommon in this area. There's one remarkably like it, though larger and heavier, in the yard of C. Wallace Tatem, former Representative of Tyrrell County in the General Assembly. Mr. Tatem says the stones are ballast and that the one in his yard was formerly a pillar under his home, part of which is one of the oldest residences in the town, Columbia's history goes back to 1704 or earlier.

That Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony, frightened by the coming of Spanish ships, should have fled to the mainland of the Carolina coast may

not be true, but it is possible that they could have done so and such a course is clearly reasonable.

"At my coming away" says Governor John White, "they (the colonists) were prepared to remove 50 miles into the maine." Where would "50 miles into the maine" put the colonists except in Tyrrell County? As a matter of fact it is hardly more than 25 miles from Fort Raleigh, on the site of the Citie of Raleigh in Virginia, to the south shore of Alligator Creek, off which Shallington says the stone was found.

If the Lost Colony fled, as Paul Green's drama has it, on the approach of the Spaniards, what more natural than that they should have fled west? Where could they have found a haven to the south or east?

If the colonists fled west it must be admitted that the first high land that they would have found on the Carolina mainland would have been in Tyrrell County. Leaving Roanoke Island they could not have turned south through what is now Croatan Sound to Manns Harbor, for Croatan Sound in that day was hardly navigable at all and toward the south was entirely closed by marsh. To have entered it would have made easy for an enemy to bottle them up in it.

The coloniests, then, must have skirted the swampy north shore of the Dare mainland, past what is now Durant Island and found high ground and the blessed shelter of dense woods on the south shore of Alligator Creek.

This would be exactly in line with a legend current in Tyrrell County, as already indicated, for generations and which intrigued the interest of Wallace Tatem when as a young man

he came to Columbia from Gum Neck 30 years ago or such a matter ago that he had an English friend make extensive investigations for him. But the documents which his English friend sent him, while interesting, where not sufficient to substantiate the legend and Tatem, with the mathematical mind of a surveyor, abandoned his investigation. All his documents are now lost.

Mr. Tatem does recall, however, a copy of Ralph Lane's map of this region made after a survey of Albemarle Sound and its tributaries as among these documents. This map, he positively declares, shows the peninsula between what is now Croatan Sound and Alligator River constituting the main body of the Dare County mainland as Croatan and it shows the land west of Alligator River, or what is now Tyrrell as Secotan. The fair Roman letters CRO and CROATAN carved on a tree then, should have directed Governor White westward.

There is still another circumstance mentioned by Governor White in his account of his search for his little granddaughter and the other Colonists that dovetails into the legend that the Lost Colony moved over into Tyrrell.

"From thence we went along the waterside . . . to see if we could find any of their botes or Pinnisse, but we could perceive no sign of them."

It is clear, then that Governor White did leave the colonists when he took his departure for England after the birth of Virginia Dare, a pinnace; that is, a boat propelled by oars or sails or both and with at least six oars to a side. In such a vessel the colonists could have made

the trip to the south shore of Alligator Creek in 24 hours or less. A boat of this size would have carried ballast.

The legend has it, however, that a stop was made at what later became Peter Mashoes creek on Durant Island and that Peter Mashoes' house was built on the spot where the stop was made.

Tradition and legend aside, it is a matter of fact that some of the oldest deeds on record in Tyrrell County or in the archives at Raleigh cover the region south of Alligator Creek, and it appears rather well authenticated that here was one of the first if not the very first settlement in the county. It was 20 years, more or less, older than Columbia.

Legend has it that the reason why the first settlers coming to Tyrrell settled on the traditional site of the Lost Colony is because they found the ground there already cleared.

For years also it has been known that under the shallow waters along the south shore of Alligator Creek there is a graveyard that has slipped into the water as a result of erosion and that the graves of this cemetery are covered by two feet or more of water at normal tide.

Last August Henry Alexander and Ben Spruill, both of the Alligator section, were reported as having observed at low tide coffins hewn from trees in this old grave yard, and that the lids of these coffins were fastened on by wooden pins such as those used by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists and other early settlers.

It was shortly following or at about the time of these observations that Thomas Shallington found the three stones already spoken of with the

Virginia Dare stone in the center.

If this stone is authenticated history will uphold a Tyrrell County legend that for many years has been regarded generally as pure myth or the figment of somebody's imagination. If the stone is proved a fake, as it may be, Columbia neighbors of Tom Shallington who are in on his secret say that it will be because somebody has played a dirty trick on old Tom. They regard him as incapable of perpetrating a fraud.

The prevailing theory, of course up to recent years, has been that the colonists removed to the island of Croatoan to the southward of Roanoke where they were presumably later-massacred by the Indians.

Recently, however, speculation has been given a new turn by Brenau College investigations of the stone reported as found on the east bank of the Chowan River by a California tourist in this State. That stone has suggested that the colonists moved even farther westward than Tyrrell County.

The murder of all save seven of the colonists, however, as early as 1591, or only four years after the birth of Virginia Dare, would seem to make it improbable that these seven could have survived another 16 years and more or till Jamestown was established in 1607, and it is a well-authenticated fact that persistent reports reached the Jamestown colonists of men to the south.

On the other hand, if a considerable band of colonists were at the settlement on Alligator Creek in 1591, these could easily have followed the shore of Albemarle Sound to the mouth of the Roanoke or the Chowan, the very areas in which reports

reaching Captain John Smith placed them.

As to Governor White's failure to find a cross to indicate that his colonists fled in terror from Roanoke,

may not the carving of the letters CRO indicate that the colonists fled in sudden haste and without time to complete the inscription that had been intended?

It almost the definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts a pain. He makes light of favors while he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward an enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.—Yellow Jacket.

THESE THINGS ARE FUNDAMENTAL

By Francis B. Sayre

As long as the world continues, humanity will require of life certain fundamentals. No Civilization which denies them will endure. Human nature will eternally crave spiritual values which material possessions and material force can never satisfy. A life without love dries up and withers. Believe me, humanity is thirsting not merely for more inventions and scientific discoveries and improved methods of manufacture. These things will not stop heartaches or broken lives or suicides. What men and women are groping for today are spiritual values, such as abiding faith in the goodness of life, the gift of love which passeth understanding, joy in daily work and satisfaction even in common-place labor, the kind of inward circumstances. The crucial problem of social engineering which comforts us today is how to attain values such as these.

really practical and which is really efficacious. Our own failures are manifest. We must turn for the knowledge that we need to someone who by the results achieved has proved his mastery over life, who by his continuing power over souls of men has proved his profound understanding of human nature and how to satisfy its insistent needs.

The one figure who stands out through the ages as the supreme Master of Life is Jesus Christ of Galilee. Other leaders there have been of transcendent power, loved also of humanity. But the teachings of these have been restricted by time and place. Only Jesus Christ probed deep enough to bring forth a body of teachings which bears the stamp of perfection for all time and for every race. Christ alone of all the great teachers actually put into his life the perfection which he taught.

I can see only one way which is

IF THESE WALLS COULD SPEAK

By Mrs. W. J. Dentler

When William the Conqueror made himself master of England at the Battle of Hastings, he found several churches there well established. Among the number was the one at Canterbury founded by St. Augustine while he was serving as a missionary to the heathen Britons. The year following William of Normandy's landing, 1067, saw the little church burned to the ground.

Putting down opposing factions, uniting warring barons, and many another pressing duty, kept the new king from turning his attention immediately to reconstructing a church at Canterbury. By 1070 the political situation was well enough in hand for him to turn his attention to introducing Norman architecture on the island. Churches lent themselves most admirably to the sturdy pillars and heavy, rounded arches of the French style that he was very anxious to establish in his new domains, and the Canterbury structure was begun. Each succeeding ruler added to the church a tower, a transept, a porch, or a chantry until its completion more than six centuries later, in 1503. Although known throughout the Christian world as the Cathedral, its real name is Christ Church.

As in all English cathedrals, service is held here daily at ten and at three or four o'clock. Whether while worshiping here at matins or at vespers, or while quietly sitting in meditation, one carried back through the years as he recalls the happy scenes and the tragic ones that these walls have looked upon during the passing centuries.

Had it not been for one of its archbishops, Canterbury would today be just one of hundreds of little churches in the shire of Kent, yet he by his death, rather than by his life, made it one of the outstanding churches of all time. Its fame rests upon the supposedly miracle-working shrine of St. Thomas a Becket which drew thousands annually to seek its healing blessings. Chaucer made the Canterbury pilgrims live, not only in literature but in the hearts of people for all time.

King Henry II and his Chancellor-Archbishop had quarrelled over the supremacy of the Pope in English ecclesiastical matters. In one of the king's characteristic outbursts of passion he exclaimed: "Will no one rid me of this troublesome clerk?" Four private enemies of Becket saw their chance to wreak vengeance upon the Archbishop in the name of the King.

On Christmas Day 1170 these walls echoed to a wonderful sermon preached by Becket. He took for his theme, "Peace on Earth," but this earthly peace was to end for him four days later, when his four enemies stabbed him to death as he knelt in prayer at the altar of St. Benedict in the northeast transept. Today a small stone slab marks the spot where he fell. The original blood-stained stone was sent to Rome as a relic. His body was buried in the Cathedral crypt.

King Henry, upon hearing of the barbarous murder of his prelate, hastened to the tomb to do penance for the heinous crime, supposedly committed by his orders. Could these walls speak they would record the scene thus. The monarch thrust his head

through one of the openings that he might look upon the coffin. At his own request he was scourged on his bare back five times by each bishop and abbot present, and three times by each of the eighty monks he had summoned for the purpose. As the strokes fell the men exclaimed: "Even as Christ was scourged for the sins of men, so be thou scourged for thine own sins."

It was not long after this that the report went abroad of marvelous miracles taking place at his grave, and also at the well in which his blood-drenched garments had been washed. Pilgrims came by the thousands to visit the crypt and be healed of their many diseases.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the martyrdom, in 1220, Henry III had the bones removed to a shrine prepared for them upstairs in Trinity Chapel. On this occasion Archbishop Thomas was made a saint by the Church. With the greater publicity now given to him, the crowds swelled in numbers yearly, until the very stones leading to the shrine were hollowed perceptibly by pilgrim feet. The walls could tell of strange scenes that have been enacted here. For instance, the halt, the lame, and the blind who came for cures bestowed their most lavish gifts upon the shrine. Precious jewels were piled high.

Among these was a huge costly gem left by King Louis VII of France when he visited it. Legend says that he was hesitating about parting with so precious a stone, but knelt to pray, hoping thereby for some sign as to what he should do. He did not have to wait long, because the great gem leaped from his ring onto the shrine.

Gifts at this altar outshone those at

all other in the Cathedral. In one particular year no money gifts were left on God's altar, a sum equal to sixteen dollars was bestowed on the shrine of the Virgin Mary, while those at St. Thomas totaled a value of fifty thousand dollars. In addition to the outright gifts, the shrine also benefited from the sale of tokens sold there to the devout pilgrims. Little lead vials containing a few drops of Becket's blood, brought a great price. As the years went by, literally gallons of his blood were sold; its possession was promised to work wonder miracles. Full indulgence was given to all persons who made the pilgrimage, and the miracles of their healings were recorded in the church register—an honor indeed.

The last king ever to visit the shrine was Henry VIII accompanied by Charles V. When the former had obtained his long-sought-for divorce, the cause of his final break with Rome, he had the bones of Becket dug up and ordered them burned. Tradition says that the order was not executed, and the bones were returned to their original burial place in the crypt. In 1888 an investigation was made, and those making it were satisfied that the bones found there are really those of the saint. The shrine was destroyed and its gems and gold were forfeited to the king. Twenty-six wagons were required to convey them to London.

The corona, or "Becket's Crown," was formerly used to hold the silvered skull of St. Thomas, but it now holds the Patriarchal Chair in which for seven hundred years the Archbishop of Canterbury have been seated for enthronement. Did St. Augustine give this chair to the ancient Kentish kings? Tradition says yes, but per-

haps these walls could say differently could they but speak.

For six hundred years devotees of freedom, rather than of religion, have worn a path in the pavement to the Warriors' Chapel to see the tomb of Archbishop Stephen Langton, one of the men who in 1215 wrested from King John the Magna Charta, the forerunner of all documents of democracy.

The gray walls of Canterbury have looked down upon a steady procession of royalty who have come here on various missions. King Richard I hastened to the Cathedral to give thanks for his deliverance from the Austrians by whom he was captured and held for ransom on his return from the Crusades. Edward I came here to be married to his French Queen Margaret in 1299 to satisfy the wishes of the English for another Queen, while he was still mourning the death of his beloved Queen Eleanor. The unfortunate Charles I married Maria Henrietta before the high altar in 1625.

Edward, the Black Prince built an elaborate chantry in the crypt to pay for the consent of the church to his marriage to his cousin, the Fair Maid of Kent, in 1363. Just thirteen years later a sorrowful procession came to bury his body in this same crypt, and over his tomb they hung his gauntlets, helmet, and shield, where they still remain.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Chantry of the Black Prince became a little French Protestant

Church. She established it, as she said, "for the gentle folk whom the rod of Elva scourged." The Huguenots were permitted to set up their looms in these sacred precincts that they might weave cloth as a means of supporting themselves. On Sundays they worshipped here in their native French; even now each Sunday finds a small group of French Protestants, numbering about thirty, conducting their services as of old.

"Canterbury Christmas" 1647 was a sad one indeed, because Parliament, under the influence of Cromwell, forbade Christmas to be observed in the church. There was protestation, but of no avail. They were just beginning to feel the strokes of his chastising rod. Canterbury did not escape when his iconoclasm was spending its fury. Everywhere he desecrated and spoiled, believing that beauty and grandeur was inconsistent with the true worship of God. To show his contempt for any edifice more ornate than that of the "meeting house" to which his sect adhered, he used the Cathedral as a stable for some time.

An ever changing panorama has gone on within these walls for a thousand years: scenes of sadness and of gladness; of superstition, of blind credulity, and of devout faith. Today one finds there a wonderful sense of peace and of contentment. In a dreamy town far removed from the world's turmoil and strife, it furnishes a retreat and a spiritual haven to the sore oppressed in mind and in spirit.

The surest antidote for adverse conditions is illumination, optimism and hard work.—Selected.

TWO-MILE CUT

By Henry W. Patterson

All day snow had been falling. Huge flakes clogged the damp air and, shrouding trees and bushes in heavy whiteness, piled smoothly in the valleys and rounded the roughness of ridge and stubble to gently curving waves and dimples. With the coming of night the storm changed to sleet, and from sleet it changed to a cold rain that, driving straight down through the quiet air, froze as it soaked into the soft snow.

When Jerry Anderson's alarm clock woke him at four o'clock the next morning he looked out on a world glittering in the grip of almost a foot of solid snow ice. The clouds had thinned and parted, and the thermometer had dropped sharply; the stars seemed fairly to snap in the clear air.

Jerry shivered as he sprang from his warm bed. He and Walt Cooper were to spend the morning on Sagamon Lake and fish through the ice at Gander Cove. For a moment he almost wished that he had not promised to meet Walter so early. Hastily pulling on his chilly clothes, he stole softly downstairs. He moved about on tiptoe as he prepared breakfast and was thankful that his heavy boots had rubber soles; he did not wish to waken his family at that early hour. After a hearty breakfast he brought in a supply of wood for the stove; then putting on his cap and mittens, he went out. Walter would have all the ice-fishing gear. He himself need not carry even a hatchet; as an afterthought, however, he made sure that he had a good supply of matches in case they wanted a fire. Then he struck out through the woods. He

planned to reach the railway cut—Two-mile Cut, it was called—and skirt the edge of it until, sweeping in a great arc through the hilltop, it brought him out on the store of the lake right at the cove.

The trees were cased in ice, and he had hard work forcing his way among the drooping branches and at the same time keeping his footing on the glare surface. With bowed head and thrash-arms he made his way as directly as possible toward the cut. The going, he hoped, would be easier along the crest of the gully, where the trees were more scattered.

The star faded gradually from the sky, and the air became more penetratingly cold. Jerry stumbled along in the heavy darkness that precedes the dawn. Several times he ran against the icy points of branches, and once he narrowly escaped having his eye put out. After that sharp reminder he tucked his head down even farther and, with hands groping high and low in front of him, walked with redoubled caution.

Sliding to the right to avoid a clump of birches, he spied what looked like a vague gray void opening almost under him. Even as he caught sight of it his feet shot forth, and he slipped down a steep slope. His head struck with terrific force on the lip of the slide, and then everything seemed suddenly far away.

When he opened his eyes and looked dazedly round him it was almost sunrise. He was lying across the railway track between steep banks; he had come upon Two-mile Cut before he had been aware of it, had walked too

near the edge, and had fallen into it.

He sat up and felt of his left temple, which was throbbing with dull pain. Then he realized that he was extremely cold. Rising unsteadily to his feet, he began to dance in order to start his blood circulating warmly once more.

After a few moments he skipped from one rail to the other and then took a step up the bank. Immediately he lost his footing and fell; fortunately the bank was steep and smooth, so that the tumble did no more than jolt his aching head once more. He noticed then that the ice formed an unbroken glassy surface from the ridges fifteen feet above the roadbed on either side of the track itself. Passing train had kept the track clear during the snowfall and battering sleet and soaking rain had combined with the cold snap to change the snow-covered banks to sheets of glare ice. Even when he tried cautiously to stand on the surface right beside the rail. It was like climbing an ice wall.

Jerry had fallen into the cut at its deepest part. The banks became gradually lower in both directions until at Sagaman Lake the track ran out upon a hillside where was a sheer drop to the beach. The other end of the cut was at Meadville, a mile from where he had missed his footing. Rather than waste time trying to climb the bank, he decided to walk the track to the lake; he had no knife with which to cut steps into the slope and the rubber soles of his boots made no impression on the hard surface, though he stamped until he feared that his head would burst. As he started toward the lake he heard a sound that puzzled him. At first he thought that it was the blood singing through his head, which still

was dazed and whirling from his crashing fall. But the sound persisted and became louder. Then suddenly his brain cleared. With a startling roar the noise filled his ears—it was the train, the morning express, speed at fifty miles an hour through the cut toward meadville.

Jerry swayed for an instant as the horror of his situation seemed to rush upon him. There must be some escape—somehow. He would stop the train. As he started toward it he saw the smoke pouring into the air; the train seemed to be just around the curve. He realized the futility of his attempt; the engineer could not possibly see him in time to do more than apply the brakes—too late. In despair the boy stopped and turned to run in the opposite direction. There might be, he realized in a flash, some rock, some projection on the bank that he could seize. But almost at the same instant he knew with sickening certainty that there was no projecting rock; the soil was sandy. In his mind's eyes he could see the whole cut—smooth and glassy!

Jerry hesitated. In agonized uncertainty he started first in one direction and then in the other. All at once he slipped and went down on one knee, and his foot shot out in front of him. Though he was up in an instant he had noticed that the slipping foot had struck to the ice slightly. If he could only slide a little way up the bank and stick there!

Suddenly his body tingled with new hope. Friction had made the foot stick, Friction! Heat! Scarcely three seconds had passed since Jerry had realized his danger, yet to the frantic boy the train seemed to be almost upon him. Pulling off a glove, he thrust

his trembling hand into his pocket, fumbled for what seemed to be an age and then drew out a bunch of matches. Forcing himself with a tremendous effort to be calm, he bent down and, scratching the matches on the rail, dropped them, flaring, along the bank down which he had slid, perhaps a foot and a half from the bottom.

The train lunged into sight. The whistle shrieked; the brakes screamed. Jerry looked at the burning matches and at the thin layer of water that the heat had caused. With a deep breath he gritted his teeth and, brushing aside the charred stubs with his toe, faced away from the train and set his right foot on the melted ice parallel with the track. Instantly the freezing water gripped it fast. As the locomotive leaped upon him Jerry leaned against the bank and hugged it close; a gust of warm air almost tore him from his precarious balance.

The engineer was quick-witted; releasing the brakes, he pulled open the throttle. As each car thundered by with the increasing speed the bank trembled.

Jerry felt his heel yield. Would the rest of his foot hold enough? Another car passed. He was slipping. How many cars was there— He dared not turn his head to see; the slightest twist might dislodge him. As it was, he felt his shoe gradually tear free—all except the ball of his foot.

Sweat broke out on his forehead as he felt another set of wheels grind almost upon his ankles. He knew that one more car would shake him loose. Then he would slide under the wheels. He sobbed convulsively and strained every muscle; he flattened himself against the ice with all his might; he tried to grip it with his fingers. Then another truck tore past. Slowly, reluctantly almost, Jerry's last hold pulled free. He slid down and stopped with a jerk as his digging toe struck something hard. His foot was across the rail!

For one frightful instant he stayed rigid and braced himself. He almost felt the rear track grinding upon him. Then he breathed again and turned on his back to see a pale face staring at him from the rear of the train. Jerry laughed in a voice that he did not recognize and waved his arm clumsily to the brakeman; then the train whipped round the curve and was out of sight.

An hour later Walter Cooper impatiently watched Jerry slowly and carefully descend the hill to Grander Cove. At last Walter's impatience changed to curiosity. "Great Scott!" he cried. "Where did you get the shiner?"

Putting his hand to his head, Jerry laughed for the second time that morning. "Why, I'd forgotten that," he said.

Patrick Henry not only said: "Give me liberty, or give me death." When he made his will, he added the following words: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our smaller boys are now thoroughly enjoying playing soft ball. Several teams have been organized and lively games take place daily.

Two new driers have been installed in our laundry, which means the work in this department can be handled more efficiently than in the past.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron in charge of Cottage No. 2, has resumed her duties after having spent several days with friends and relatives in Cleveland County and Chesnee, S. C.

Mr. L. S. Presson, officer in charge of our Receiving Cottage, has been laid up with a lame knee for the past few days. He is much improved, however, and expects to be back on the job soon.

A recent letter from James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been undergoing treatment for several weeks at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, stated that he continues to improve.

John T. Godwin, of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to go to his home in Roseboro, April 24th, on account of the illness and death of his father, Mr.

John B. Godwin, returned to the School last Sunday afternoon.

Our strawberry beds have been quite productive during the past two weeks. Strawberries and cream, old-fashioned short-cake and pies have occupied prominent places on the cottage menus for quite some time.

Edwin Thomas, of Cottage No. 2, has been under observation and receiving treatment for kidney trouble, Mercy Hospital, Charlotte, for the past week. He is under the care of Doctor Squires, and is reported as improving.

The baseball game last Saturday afternoon, between the Franklin Mill team and the local ball-tossers, was stopped by rain in the second inning. The Training School lads had scored twice while the visitors had not dented the platter.

Johnnie Holmes, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School in 1929, and has been living in New York City since that time, recently sent us a post card, insisting that we take in the World's Fair this year, and spend some time with him.

Deputy Sherriff F. E. Brisson, of

Robeson County, was a visitor at the School last Monday. While here he was shown through the various departments of the Swink-Benson Trades Building, looked over the farm and other places of interest.

John T. Capps one of our linotype operators, who was allowed to take a position on the Kannapolis Daily Independent a few weeks ago, was a visitor at the School last Sunday afternoon. John reported that he liked his present place of employment very much and was getting along well.

The remainder of the beds for the new infirmary arrived last Thursday afternoon and were installed at once. A representative from a window shade factory recently visited the School, obtaining an order for shades for this building. The officials of the School hope to have this department in operation in a very short time.

Arthur Martin, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who left the School November 3, 1937, called on us one day last week. He is now just a few months past 17 years of age. Upon returning to his home in Albemarle, Arthur spent quite some time working for his father, who was engaged in the painting business. In July, 1938, he obtained employment in the Wiscassett Cotton Mills, where he is still working both in the card and speeder rooms. Arthur stated that he liked his work, was getting along well, and was going to do his best to ad-

vance in the textile business. As an indication that this lad is still very much interested in the work of the School, he subscribed to The Uplift, stating that he wanted to keep in closer touch with its activities.

Melvin Walters, of Cottage No. 4, a member of our printing class has been operating a linotype machine in the plant of Concord Daily Tribune during the past week. While he has not had so very much experience along this line as some other boys we have allowed to work in outside shops, he is doing very well, according to reports coming to us from the some of the Tribune officials.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 10, have been post-carding friends at the School from various points in the Southwestern section of the United States and Mexico during the past two weeks. The latest cards came from the Grand Canyon. They expect to take in the sights at the World's Fair in San Francisco before returning to North Carolina.

John Wilson McLean, a former house boy in the Receiving Cottage, who left the School January 1, 1935, called at the Uplift office the other day. Upon returning to his home in Lenoir, he entered high school, graduating from that institution in 1938. While attending school, Wilson worked part time in Rose's 5 and 10 cent store,

and was also employed there during vacation periods. Following graduation from high school, this young man continued at the Lenoir store until November, 1938, when he was transferred to Mt. Airy. He has again been transferred, going this time to the store operated by the same company in Lumberton, assuming his duties as assistant manager on Monday of last week. Wilson is now nineteen years old, and has developed into a young man of nice appearance. He is very much interested in his work and says that he is going to try to go as high as possible in that line. He also stated that he was most grateful for what the School had done for him.

Jay Lombert, our globe-trotting friend, who left the School about fourteen years ago, writes that he is now at the United States Maritime Training Station, Hoffman Island, N. Y. Since leaving us, Jay has made several trips around the world as a member of the crew of a merchant marine vessel. He tells us that a new government ruling makes it necessary for all men engaged in merchant marine service are required to spend ninety days in one of these training stations before returning to sea duty. This applies to men of all classes and ratings.

According to Jay, his present location is a remarkable place. He says there are six hundred men there now, with more coming in daily. For the first three weeks the men are not allowed to leave the island. Jay says they have plenty of fun along with their regular training routine. They enjoy motion pictures, baseball, swimming, gymnasium sports, and other

amusements, and are allowed to have visitors once each week. He states that this part of the program reminds him of the old days at Jackson Training School. He expects to leave the island in July, at which time he will sign up for another trip to South Africa.

As our "family" of nearly five hundred boys assembled for Sunday school last Sunday morning, it was pleasing to note that each of them wore either a white or red rose as a tribute of love and respect for his mother, it being Mother's Day. It was a most impressive sight as the lines of khaki-clad boys filed into the auditorium, to see how proud they were to honor their mothers.

Some of the roses worn were grown here at the School, but most of them were donated by friends elsewhere. The boys of Cottage No. 11 wore both white and red roses from their own garden, while the white blooms worn by boys in all other cottages were furnished from various parts of the campus.

The red roses, the largest order to be filled, we are glad to state, were donated by the following ladies: Mrs. George L. Barrier, Sr., of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Joe Eubank, Mrs. F. C. Niblock, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. S. K. Patterson and Mrs. T. V. Talbert, all of Concord. These flowers were collected by Mrs. George L. Barrier, Jr., assisted by the Misses Mary Frances Graeber and Elizabeth Krider, of Concord, and Mrs. Barrier distributed them among the boys shortly before the Sunday school hour.

This was a fine gesture on the part of these ladies, and we wish to take

this opportunity to convey to them the deep appreciation of both the boys and officials of the School, for thus making it possible to pay tribute to a boy's very best friend on earth—his mother.

Our boys enjoyed a pretty full schedule of motion pictures last Thursday, witnessing a two-hour show in the morning and the regular weekly feature in the evening.

About a week ago Mr. H. Lee Waters, of Lexington, and "Bub" Suther, member of the Pastime Theatre staff, Concord, came out to the School and took several reels of motion pictures of our boys in action. These consisted of the entire "family" of nearly five hundred in cottage lines at regular assembling place near the Cannon Memorial Building; about two hundred fifty boys going through setting-up exercises; and the entire student body marching in military formation.

At 8 o'clock Thursday morning both boys and officials of the School assembled in the auditorium to witness the results of Mr. Waters' ability as a camera man, and must say that he "knows his stuff", for the pictures were very good. He first showed a short comedy. This was followed by the ones taken at the School, which the boys enjoyed immensely, receiving quite a thrill at having the opportunity of seeing their own smiling faces on the screen. Mr. Waters also showed several reels taken in the city of Concord.

At the conclusion of Mr. Waters' part of the program, Mr. Hugh Eudy, of South Bend, Indiana, who is a member of the sales promotion depart-

ment of the Studebaker Corporation, set up his sound picture equipment, and gave the boys a further treat. He first showed a comedy, which was followed by several reels of interesting and instructive pictures concerning the scientific development in the automobile industry. These pictures, consisting of views of the engineering department, and the various phases of the manufacture and construction of the Studebaker, showed the wonderful progress this company has made in putting a high-class car on the market. Mr. Eudy, by the way, is a native of Cabarrus County, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Eudy, and was born in Township No. 9. His parents moved to Raleigh when he was about twelve years old. He has been with the Studebaker Company for several years.

To say that both the boys and officers enjoyed these pictures would be expressing it very mildly. We are deeply grateful to Messrs. Waters, Suther and Eudy for providing this fine entertainment, and assure them they will always be welcome visitors to the Training School.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 15th chapter of Matthew. It being Mother's Day, he selected a most appropriate subject for his talk to the boys—"Behold thy mother."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hughes told of his experience a number of years ago, when he was connected with a rescue mission,

located in the slums of Philadelphia. In this particular section, said he, there were bar-rooms, gambling dens and all sorts of places where wicked people would gather. On one side of the street would be a hang-out for people of the very lowest type, and on the opposite side was a mission where folks were singing hymns. As these loafers heard the singing it brought back memories of better days. Then some of them would venture to the door, and few would enter, after having been invited in by some of the workers.

During the singing these workers go around among the people, asking if they can be of any help to them. They take them, one at a time, into side rooms, and talk with them. Usually the first question asked is if they believe in God, and in most cases the answer is "No." Then the workers will speak to these human wrecks about their mothers, and this always seems to touch their hearts. They are then told that God's love for them is even greater than a mother's love, and the hearts of these derelicts are unlocked by that magic name—mother. When they are told that their mothers are constantly praying for them, no matter how low they have fallen, it starts them once more on the right path.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told the boys of many lovely stories in the Bible about mothers. He mentioned three: (1) How the mother of Moses, when she learned that the babies were to be killed, hid him in the bullrushes, where he was found later by the king's daughter and given a home in the palace; (2) the beautiful story of Samuel's mother, who wanted her son brought up in the temple; (3) when

Jesus was suffering on the cross he looked down and said to John, "Behold thy mother."

The speaker then told the boys of the wonderful lighthouse, one of the seven wonders of the world, called Pharaoh's Light, near the city of Alexandria, Egypt. A famous Greek architect was employed by Pharaoh, the king, to build this lighthouse. The king told this great builder to put his name on a large marble slab, so that in years to come, people might know who had him build the wonderful structure. Years and years later it was noticed that Pharaoh's name was gradually disappearing. The architect had used mortar with which to put the king's name on the side of the lighthouse. He wanted it to wear away, for underneath was a marble slab upon which was carved the name of the builder, not the name of the king. He wanted the world to know more than who gave the order for its erection. It was his desire that men should know who really built it. The name of the true builder was behind that of the king, who commanded that it be built. So it is with our great men, past and present. When everything is cleared away, as was the mortar on the lighthouse, we find behind it all, a mother, who is responsible for the deeds of every great man or woman. A mother is different from this architect. She doesn't want fame. Her greatest desire is that her child may be clean, honest, truthful and pure.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then stated that when James A. Garfield took the oath as President of the United States, he reached down and kissed his mother, saying, "All that I have been; all that I am or ever hope to be, is due to my

mother." The great artist, Benjamin West, made this statement: "One kiss from my mother made me an artist."

The speaker then told the boys to think of the following four words, all beginning with the same letter, when thinking of what their mothers mean to them:

Patience. Stop and think how patient a mother must be. How she stays up through the dark hours of the night caring for a sick child. She is patient because she loves her child, thinking only of his or her future.

Perseverance. A mother constantly tries to teach her boy or girl what is right. She never lets up.

Persistence. She is persistent about her boy's education. She goes by the rule found in the Bible—"line upon line; precept upon precept; here a little, there a little."

Prayer. A mother is ever praying for her child. When all others forsake him, a mother's prayer is going up to the Father in heaven in his behalf. If a boy would think of the prayers of his mother back home, he would never get started on the downward path.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes told the boys that a mother doesn't think so much as to whether or not her boy is handsome, but asks herself what sort of a light he is going to be. She is ever hoping that her boy will not carry on all sorts of wicked things, but live a life which will be a shining light for others to follow. She is the best friend a boy will ever have in this world, and the best thing he can do is to strive earnestly to measure up to her expectations and live as she prays that he might live.

DAILY SERVICE

Service to your fellow man,
 Helping when and where you can,
 With a word of hope and cheer
 That may help dispel some fear,
 May not seem like much to you—
 Yet the little things you do
 And the thoughts you may convey,
 As you wend along life's way
 Simple though to you they seem,
 Are what win the world's esteem.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending May 14, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Clyde Gray 20
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 21
- (13) Leon Hollifield 24
- (13) Edward Johnson 24
- (9) James Kissiah 21
- Robert Maples 20
- (13) C. L. Snuggs 18
- (3) Thomas Turner 3

COTTAGE NO. 1

- Clinton Call 2
- Howard Cox 6
- Porter Holder 13
- (2) H. C. Pope 16
- Lee Watkins 12
- Everett Watts 8
- (5) William Wilson 5

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Geogre Cooke 4
- John T. Godwin 4
- (6) William Padrick 8
- (2) Nick Rochester 15
- (2) Landreth Sims 10
- W. J. Wilson 4

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 15
- (5) Robert Atwell 16
- Earl Bass
- (2) James Boone 8
- Douglas Matthews 16
- F. E. Mickle 14
- (4) Harrison Stilwell 10
- (3) John C. Robertson 16
- (10) Jerome W. Wiggins 21
- Floyd Williams 2

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Wesley Beaver 11
- William C. Jordan 8
- J. W. McRorrie 11
- (4) George Newman 16
- (2) Fred Pardon 12

- (2) Forrest Plott 6
- George Speer
- (3) Hyress Taylor 11
- (19) Melvin Walters 24
- Richard Wiggins 5
- (25) James Wilhite 25
- Thomas Yates 6

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (5) Grady Allen 19
- (5) William Brothers 17
- J. C. Branton 8
- A. C. Elmore 2
- Samuel Montgomery 9
- (5) Walliam Nichols 6
- (3) Elmer Talbert 15
- (5) Hubert Walker 21
- (5) Dewey Ware 22

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (7) Edward Batten 18
- (14) Robert Bryson 22
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 15
- (2) Martin Crump 10
- (4) Robert Dunning 10
- Robert Deyton 2
- Noah Ennis 7
- (13) Thomas Hamilton 19
- (4) Spencer Lane 12
- (4) Randall D. Peeler 11
- (3) Canipe Shoe 10
- Hubert Smith
- Joseph Tucker 9
- (2) James C. Wiggins 6
- (2) George Wilhite 8
- (5) Woodrow Wilson 10

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 15
- (3) William Beach 15
- (14) Carl Breece 22
- John Deaton 17
- James H. Davis 13
- Donald Earnhardt 14
- George Green 18
- (3) Roy Helms 6

- (14) Caleb Hill 22
Robert Hampton 7
- (11) Lyman Johnson 12
Robert Lawrence 14
Elmer Maples 13
- (2) Ernest Mobley 11
Dewey Sisk 14
Loy Stines 5
- (13) Joseph Wheeler 16
Edd Woody 14
- (7) Edward Young 11
William R. Young 13

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (5) Cecil Ashley 5
- (2) J. B. Delvin 17
Edward J. Lucas 7
- (3) Charles Taylor 16

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (2) J. T. Branch 14
- (4) Clifton Butler 11
- (5) James Bunnell 14
- (2) Edgar Burnette 13
- (2) Carrol Clark 15
Henry Coward 7
- (4) George Duncan 15
Frank Glover 13
Mark Jones 14
Alfred Lamb 7
- (7) Thomas Sands 15
- (4) Earl Stamey 15
- (6) Thomas Wilson 21
Horace Williams 14

COTTAGE NO. 10

- (3) Walter Cooper 5
- (2) John Crawford 4
- (3) Matthew Duffy 6
- (4) J. D. Hildreth 17
Lee Jones 5
- (2) Thomas King 3
- (2) Jack Norris 8
- (2) William Peeden 8
Carl Speer 2

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (5) J. C. Allen 5
- (2) Harold Bryson 16
- (25) Earl Hildreth 25
- (11) William Hudgins 15
- (6) Clyde Hoppes 16
James Lewis 2
- (5) Ballard Martin 5
- (20) Edward Murray 24

- (2) Fred Owens 2
Theodore Rector
- (20) Julius Stevens 24
- (17) Thomas Shaw 23

COTTAGE NO. 12

- Odell Almond 9
- (4) Jack Batson 5
- (8) Allard Brantly 19
- (2) Ben Cooper 11
William C. Davis 13
- (12) Charlton Henry 21
- (5) Hubert Holloway 19
- (2) Avery Smith 22
- (4) Ralph Sorrells 7
- (2) J. R. Whitman 16
- (2) Leonard Wood 20

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (2) Arthur Ashley 9
- (4) Jack Foster 19
William Goins 4
- (2) James V. Harvel 16
Bruce Kersey 9
James Lane 5
- (2) William Lowe 4
- (2) Jack Mathis 6
Irvin Medlin 12
- (3) Thomas R. Pitman 18
- (3) Joseph White 7
- (7) Alexander Woody 23

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (4) Raymond Andrews 17
- (23) Clyde Barnwell 24
Monte Beck 14
- (12) Delphus Dennis 23
- (2) Audie Farthing 16
- (2) John Ham 12
- (5) John Kirkman 17
Feldman Lane 10
Henry McGraw 13
- (4) Troy Powell 15
Richard Patton 3
John Robbins 16
Charles Steepleton 2
Harold Thomas 12
- (4) Desmond Truitt 8
- (2) Garfield Walker 12
- (2) Junior Woody 17

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (9) Albert Hayes 16
- (3) Beamon Heath 22
Eulice Rogers 8

- (4) J. P. Sutton 11
- (3) William Wood 10
- (3) William Young 13

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis 13

- Reefer Cummings 14
- (5) Warren Lawry 6
- (4) Filmore Oliver 18
- Early Oxendine 16
- (9) Curley Smith 19
- (11) Ross Young 21

USE YOUR BRAINS!

The winner of a school prize wrote this: "A match has a head but no brains. When you use its head use your brains!"

That's good advise for every person in this broad land of ours—adult as well as child. For matches and smoking, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, cause three times as many fires as overheated chimneys and flues; and almost six times as many as lightning.

Putting it another way, matches and smoking cause 27 per cent of all fires of known cause—and fires of known cause comprise 83 per cent of the total. That means that misuse of matches is responsible for the burning to death of thousands of people every year—to say nothing of property destruction running into the tens of millions.

The tragic phase of this is that every fire caused by match or by smoking material is a preventable fire. There is no excuse for going to sleep in bed with a cigarette in your hand—but people do it continually, and a great many of them never awaken in this world. Nothing is easier than to stamp out a cigar butt when you are finished with it, or to properly dispose of the ashes from a pipe—but each year there are untold instances where this isn't done—and in some thousands of those instances fires, great or small, result. It certainly doesn't call for any great effort to dispose of your matches and cigarettes in the ash tray in your car, instead of throwing them out of the window—but millions of acres of ravaged land that once bore magnificent timber, offer mute testimony to how many times this simple smoking precaution is forgotten.

Smoke if you will—but don't forget the obligation every smoker owes to everyone else—and that is to be ever watchful of what happens to smoking materials when he is done with them. The most common cause of fire is the most inexcusable.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

(NOTE: The figure following boy's name indicates the number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette 4
Howard Cox
Aldine Duggins
George Green 4
Leo Hamilton 2
J. D. Hildreth
J. W. Jones
Tillman Lyles 3
Loy Stines 3
Floyd Williams 2
J. C. Willis 3
Thomas Yates 4

—B—

Dillon Dean 4
William Dixon
Alfred Lamb
Claude McConnell
Harold O'Dear
Eugene Puckett 2
Landreth Sims 4
Edward Thomasson 2
Fred Tolbert 3
James C. Wiggins 2
Jerome Wiggins 4

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Homer Bass 4
Cleasper Beasley 3
Noah Ennis 3
Robert Gaines 3
Clarence Gates 4
Lacy Green 2
William Jerrell 2
Horace Journigan 4
Mark Jones 4
James Jordan
Thomas King 3
Wilfred Land 2
Harley Matthews 2
Charles McCoy 2
Garland McPhail 4
Carl Moose 3
Richard Patton 2
Melvin Stines 3
J. P. Sutton

Jones Watson 2
W. J. Wilson 2
Ed Woody 4

—B—

Raymond Anderson
John Baker 2
Paul Briggs 4
Aldine Brown
Lacy Burleson 3
Eugene Ballew
John Davis 2
Clifton Davis 4
Robert Deyton 3
Eugene Edwards 4
Hugh Kennedy 4
A. C. Lamar 3
Douglas Mabery 2
Fred McGlammery 4
Benjamin McCracken
James Puckett 2
Archie Scism
Henry Smith 3
Hubert Smith 4
Richard Staines
Edwin Thomas 2
Carl Ward 3
Eugene Watts 2
J. R. Whitman 3
Junior Woody 2

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Andrews 2
Edward Batten
Jack Mathis 4
William Kirksey 2
Randall D. Peeler 3

—B—

Robert Bryson 3
Ballard Martin 3
George Newman
Arvel Ward 2
Joseph White 3

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Vincent Hawes 2
James Lane 4

Henry Raby
Lee Watkins 4

—B—

John H. Averitte 2
James Bunnell 2
Lewis Donaldson 3
Donald Earnhardt
B. C. Elliott 4
Edward Murray 4
Leo Ward 4
Dewey Ware
Alex Woody 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Odell Almond
Theodore Bowles 3
James Coleman 4
Beamon Heath
Leon Hollifield 2
Eugene Smith 2
Thomas Wilson 2

—B—

Wilburn Hardin 3
Charles Smith 3
Raymond Sprinkle

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Clifton Butler 2

George Cook
Lonnie Holleman
Edward McGee
Jack Norris 2
John C. Robertson 2
Samuel Williams 3

—B—

J. C. Branton
Edgar Burnette
J. B. Devlin 2
William Hawkins 2
Vernon Lamb 2
Richard Palmer 3
Edward Warnock
Leonard Wood 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Carrol Clark 2
C. D. Grooms 2
Caleb Hill 4
Thomas Shaw 4
Julius Stevens 2
Graham Sykes 2
Marvin Wilkins 2

—B—

William Brothers 3
Frank King
Edward Lucas 2
Lloyd Pettus 4

MOTHER'S BOY

While walking down a crowded street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to his comrade say:
"Say, Chimmie, lemme tell youse, I'd be happy as a clam,
If I only was the feller my mother thinks I am.
"She thinks I am a wonder, for she knows the boy she had
Could never mix with nothin' that was ugly, mean, and bad.
An' lots o' times I sit and think how nice it ud' be—gee whiz!
If a feller was the feller that his muther thinks he is."

—Round Robin News.

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C. N. C. CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 27, 1939

No. 21

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INSTRUCTION FOR YOUTH

Youth imitates. Youth emulates. Youth is active. Youth is restive. Youth is venturesome. And because of these qualities youth is apt and eager to learn. These are characteristics of youth that parents and teachers should at all times keep in mind and prove worthy of the trust committed to their keeping.

The neglected youth and the so-called problem child needs especial attention from those to whom have been committed the task of training the young. Training schools for these deserve the support of both the church and the state and it is gratifying to know that we as a people have care for these agencies of a Christian civilization.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE NEW CREED

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed,
I will quit this fool complaining of my neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise,
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the path that I must tread,
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown,
I will not deny his merit, but I'll try to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more content with mine.

—Edgar Allen Moss.

KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth stepped from the liner, Empress of Australia, it was the first time a reigning British monarch set foot on North American soil. When the royal couple made their way down the flag-decked gangway, a tremendous welcome arose, such as cheering, the pealing of bells and roar of airplanes. The King and Queen were just like other people in accepting the gracious hospitality of their people by smiling and waving from the ship's rail before landing.

The formal ceremonious welcome took place in the shadow of the cliffs where General Wolfe wrested from the French the province of Quebec in 1759. This battle reveals a story of a stormy battle that carried victory for the English.

The King and Queen are to visit all parts of Canada while on this good-will tour. While in this country they will make a four-day visit to President and Mrs. Roosevelt. We feel sure the elite of Washington will do the honors in the proper manner, since learning that society has been practicing so that there will not be a faux-pas. However, we will watch with great interest the press comments about the visit of the British royalty to the United States.

* * * * *

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

The Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, seventy-five years ago, marks the date the boys of the V. M. I., Lexington, Virginia, fought in defence of their southland. There hangs in this institution a mural painting depicting the courage of the V. M. I. students on this memorable occasion. This painting was made by one of the V. M. I. boys of the class of 1880. The last surviving member of this battle, William H. Wood, Old Hickory, Tenn., was the guest speaker, making more impressive the dare and courage of the boys at that period of history when the South was groping in darkness and despair.

The ceremony was out doors where stands the battle monument, "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," behind which are the graves of five of the ten cadets killed at New Market. It is timely here to state the statue capping the monument was sculptured by an old cadet, Sir Moses Ezekiel, of the New Market corps. This anniversary is an annual affair memorializing the youth of the land during the days of the "Sixties," for their courage and the sacrifice made to retain their homes and keep the traditions of the South intact.

These events are essential so as to keep history straight, also teach the younger generations to realize that their forebears were men of supreme courage and had the dare to fight when a principle was involved. To be the son or daughter of a brave confederate soldier implies a rich heritage.

* * * * *

THE CATASTROPHE COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE

In the conservative old city, Fayetteville, N. C., there was a scene, May 6, that sent terror and extreme fear to the hearts of all who

witnessed the results of an explosion of a gasoline transport truck that collided with a freight train of the Atlantic Coast Line.

Four men lost their lives in a horrible way. Much property was destroyed by fire. The picture was one for great apprehension especially so when the ignited gas began flowing through the sewer lines. As the flaming gas poured through the sewer pipes explosions were heard, and these explosions made people fear the worst yet was to come.

This tragedy would have been worse but for the timely aid of fire trucks from nearby cities. There is some comfort in the old expression, "it's an ill wind that blows no good," therefore this tragedy may lead to routing of big trucks to other roads than the highways and streets used constantly by the travelling public. In some localities heavy trucks are routed around congested highways. Such precautions safeguard the lives of people and protect property interests.

* * * * *

THE RHODODENDRON FESTIVAL

The Rhododendron Festival of Western North Carolina is scheduled to take place in Asheville, the land of the sky, June 19-24. The broadcast relative to this festival is that interest has expanded, and the volunteers working for its success number over one thousand.

Each unit of this 1939 Rhododendron Festival will keep as its theme, as near as possible, the dedication of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, giving expression to the grandeur, magnitude and colorfulness. This event will draw an immense crowd from the four corners of the country. They will not only witness the beauty of the mountains but enjoy the cooling breezes of Western North Carolina. Moreover the setting for the dedicatory ceremonies of the Great Smoky Mountain Park will be worth seeing.

* * * * *

A LOVELY LADY WRITES THIS EDITORIAL

Editor William Sherrill, of the Concord Daily Tribune, makes this comment.;

We have read many commencement orations in this and other

years but none impressed us more than the following message to the State's high school graduate from Mrs. Bess Gardner Hoey, wife of North Carolina's Governor:

"To the Graduates of Our High Schools:

"If I were a fairy godmother I would, perhaps, give you long life, great beauty an untold wealth; since I do not possess that power, I do wish for you as you go out into a new life the power and knowledge to choose your paths not for ease but service. My you realize the beauty of this world depends on how you think and live, not how you look.

"The wealth is not measured by dollars and cents but how much you are willing to give in time and talent.

"Let no one turn you from right living."

Quite true Editor Sherrill, this graduating address is lovely in sentiment, and far reaching.

The Uplift thoroughly agrees that it takes a lovely lady both in mind and heart to pen such sweet thoughts to the youth of the state. The state needs more such women as Mrs. Bess Gardner Hoey, the wife of North Carolina's Governor.

* * * * *

PERSONALITY

The remark, "she has a wonderful personality," is rather stereotyped, and used without understanding that a personality comes from within. If a writer, one's style shows personality. Personality is shown in expressing experiences, emotions sentiments and ideals in words, polished and refined, if of cultural attainments.

It is wisdom to keep in mind that a thousand subtle influences mold the human character. The influence may be that of friends and neighbors, books or music, as well as the spirit of our forefathers, whose legacy of good words and deeds we inherit.

The spirit of a person is indicative of personality,—if charitably disposed such a person radiates a sweet personality, if a fawning person, born of a desire to court favors of a superior, that is disgusting.

In short the finest formula for a delightful and pleasing personality is to be natural, to be one's self under all conditions. "Per-

sonality is never developed by aping someone, or pretending to be what "you aint."

* * * * *

THE RULE OF GOLD

This thought came from a terse article, but convincing that the lust for gold rules to a greater extent than the "Golden Rule." When gold is the master there is not much, if any, of the milk of human kindness to be found. It means every man for himself and every fellow struggling to get on top it matters not who goes down. People who are so obsessed are classed with the hard boiled. It is hard to believe that a person will push the other fellow under so that he may swim. It is an undisputed fact though that when the rule of gold appears the Golden Rule goes out. Such a life possesses none of heaven's mercies. It is when we compare the two that we see how widely different the influence of each is. The lesson drawn is that the hope of the world if we desire peace, is in the golden rule. When measuring out to our fellow man,—stop, think, and ask the question, should I not do unto others as I would have them do unto to me?

Then if you do not measure according to the golden rule, the spirit of greed has absorbed the high sense of justice.

* * * * *

THE VALUE OF SMALL THINGS

We are thoroughly accustomed to using a two-cent stamp for local letters and a three-cent stamp for letters to other places. But there has been some agitation that a two-cent stamp should be sufficient to carry the letter to any destination. All of this is talked without knowing the difference it would make in post office receipts. The money from stamps is revenue for running our government.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that if the two-cent stamp were used altogether instead of the three-cent stamp the government would lose \$95,000,000. Now can it be possible that the extra one cent to every letter used in the United States will bring in that much revenue? Those who are opposed to the three-cent stamp let them curtail their letter-writing in every way. If revenue is cut one way it will be found elsewhere.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

WHEN TO BE HAPPY

"Find the soul's high place of beauty,
Not in a man-made book of creeds,
But where desire ennobles duty
And life is full of your kindly deeds.
The bliss is yours!...Would you fain begin it?
Pave with love each golden mile,
And thus have heaven here this minute
And not far off in the afterwhile."

asking prayers for his State legislature. It would not be a bad idea to make intercessions for the tax payers, too.

A tourist, returning from Europe, tells of seeing a bed twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Seems to me a lot of bunk.

Some people worry in thinking about another person. It is no more important than what that person thinks about them.

The U. S. Treasury reports \$51.96 in circulation for every person in the country. Not to be hard on the treasury, I'd be satisfied with the 96 cents.

There is one period in life where extremes meet. It is the easiest thing in the world to make a bill. And it is the hardest thing in the universe to pay it.

They are telling us that there is a lot more protein in wheat this year

than is usually the case. From what the farmers say, there is evidently far less dough.

We are so often told that travel broadens one. Guess that's why people go a broad. My experience has been that while it may broaden you, it leaves you pretty flat.

In Detroit recently officials seized a quantity of limburger cheese which they said was spoiled. I'd like to know when they can tell when limburger cheese is spoiled.

In recent wars a man was between "two fires." In America, at this time we are between two fairs. One East; one West. It's go and come. When shall the twain meet?

In this day and time unless we make ourselves useful, we do not get much attention from the world. By helping others we thereby help ourselves to a more satisfactory state of happiness.

There are in the United States, I take it, enough police officials to enforce the laws of the land if they are properly imbued with a desire for law enforcement. It is a farce when a police official, learning of a violation of law, does nothing unless some citizen complains. It is not the business of the average citizen to swear

out warrants, or to work up evidence. For these things we have officials and they should do their duty.

An amusing incident was enacted in the Durham Recorder's court the other day. A man was up charged with a minor offense. "Take the stand, Mr. Booze!" called the Recorder. "Yes; yer honner; if you don't want it I'll take it." He was fined \$5 for contempt of court in the remark, and he did not take the stand with him when he went to pay the fine.

The defense needs of the United States are increasing tremendously here of late, it seems, when no cloud of war is overshadowing us. What we really need is a defense against ourselves in the confused condition which we are in by the multiplicity of policies for relief which do not seem to be getting us anywhere. America needs harmony and brotherly love more than anything else just at this time.

You will notice that "Rambling Around., in this publication is bearing a new and artistic headline. It was made possible by the kindness of Rufus Williams, foreman of the Durham Daily Sun composing rooms, who composed it and presented it to this author with his compliments, and for which the recipient thanked him for his thoughtfulness. It is very bene-

ficial some times to put a "new head" on some things.

This life is like a great symphony, with its stream of human beings moving on to eternity with the playing of harmonious sounds.

The full notes of courage, aspiration and struggle, the major passages of love and triumph mingled with the minor strains of grief and sorrow. The greatest music is made up of many varied instruments in the symphony of life, and some of us may be a bit off key and need to have the Master Musician set us in tune. All of us are necessary to the symphony of life, too. God leaves no one out.

Some of us are worthy of solo parts and some of us make sour notes in the harmony, but the symphony goes on.

What kind of notes do you produce? The best that you have? Notes of sweetness, beauty, constancy and loyalty? Or are yours the sour notes? Are you willing to take direction from the leader in carrying out His interpretation, or do you insist on carrying out your own ideas? There can't be any pettiness or jealousy in a beautiful life of symphony.

Within the church we are thrilled by the rich tones of the whole hearted service, of honor and sacrifice, unselfishness and love, making melody unto the Lord, all playing under the direction of the Master Musician of Souls, the Spirit of Christ.

The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing.

—Selected.

THE IMPATIENT PLATYPUS

By Wilfred Brown

A dark shape moves through the rushes that grow in the edge of the little Namoy River in Australia. At first it looks like a shadow, but if you watch closely you will see that it is something alive.

If you stand still and don't make a move, or a sound you may watch the strangest of nature's animals—the platypus.

The little creature rises to the surface for air. It has a long, broad horny beak, like a duck. That is why the platypus is sometimes called the duckbill. Its body is about two feet long and covered with stiff hair. Its feet are webbed for swimming, and its tail is flat, something like a beaver's.

We hold our breath, but the platypus does not see us. It swims to the bottom again and continues its search for grubs and small fresh water shrimps, its favorite foods.

Then—it vanishes, into an underwater hole. That is the opening that leads to the burrow where the platypus has its nest of eggs.

Yes, the platypus is an animal, but it lays eggs. That is the strangest thing about this strangest of all animals. When its babies hatch, it cares for them in the same manner as any other animal.

The platypus lives only in a few small rivers of Southeastern Australia. Several have been captured, but only one was ever taken outside of Australia alive.

That particular platypus made a ten thousand mile voyage to the Bronx Zoo of New York City. He lived at the

zoo only forty-nine days before he died from the effects of captivity.

Although the platypus was a very small animal, 18 inches long and not yet fully grown, he cost the zoo nearly fifteen hundred dollars by the time he reached New York from his home in the Namoy River of New South Wales.

Harry Burrell of Sydney captured the young platypus and built for him a remarkable contraption for the long voyage. It was a huge wooden tank, half filled with soil and half with water. It duplicated as nearly as possible a section of an Australian river, so that the platypus could spend part of his time on land and part submerged.

That was one problem, but feeding the creature on a ten thousand mile sea trip was a more serious one. The platypus was particular as to what he ate, and his food was not readily found. It was particularly hard to find on an ocean liner. On a typical day the platypus ate a half pound of angle worms, forty white grubs and forty shrimps. Ellis S. Johnson accompanied the creature to New York, and kept him well fed from worm and shrimp supplies obtained in Australia.

At the zoo it cost five dollars a day to feed the platypus, more than any other single animal. But it was worth all the cost, according to the zoo staff. The animal proved one of the greatest attractions ever to live at the Bronx Zoo, and hundreds of people came each day to see him.

The Bronx Zoo platypus was very temperamental. He became extremely agitated when people stared through the glass of his cage, so his public

appearances were limited to one hour daily. one at a time, to view the creature that is the strangest of nature's animals.

Then visitors approached the cage,

Anything can be done now; nothing can be done at any other time. We possess this hour and none other.—Selected.

CHANGING CONDITIONS AFFECT THE COUNTY HOME

(Selected)

The State welfare department's survey of the cost of maintaining county homes in North Carolina is interesting and is a fertile field for some generalized thinking on the care of the indigent and aged.

Burke county, for example, spent \$8,744 for maintenance of the county home during the past full fiscal year, and the survey shows that its average daily population was 30 and the monthly per capita cost \$17.00. This monthly cost per inmate is slightly below the average for the State.

The past few years have brought certain definite trends in the maintenance of almshouses. The public assistance program has reduced the number of inmates and thereby the total cost, but the per capita expense has risen, attributable largely to the fact that the inmates now remaining require more attention. The proportion of bedridden, blind or otherwise infirm persons has risen with the removal of the able-bodied who receive aid under the public assistance program. Several county homes have been closed in the State in the past year, and others may close or be combined for several counties.

Would it be possible or feasible for this county to discontinue its county home? Could the present inmates be cared for in private homes, by relatives or others who would receive payment thereof, at a cost below that of maintaining the institution? If they could be removed to private homes would they not then be eligible to receive aid from the Social Security program, relieving the county of some of the burden which it now entirely bears?

With the removal of the able-bodied leaving a comparatively small number of bedridden or otherwise infirm charges, would the idea of establishing district infirmaries to serve several counties, as advanced by State welfare officials, be acceptable?

These are questions that arise from a study of the state-wide survey, questions which county officials in this and in other sections must answer for themselves in the light of local needs, practical economy and a consideration for their charges.

Our county commissioners now have under consideration the need for a tuberculosis sanatorium or rest home and are investigating the possibility

of securing for that purpose one of the unused buildings on the Rutherford College campus, separate from the Valdese general hospital which is to occupy one of the former dormitories. If such an arrangement with the new Valdese hospital cannot be made, there arises the thought that abandonment of the county home as such would make available a physical plant for a sanatorium by removing the fast re-

ducing number of inmates to the care of private homes at a cost that should not exceed the present maintenance.

That the State's Social Security program is resulting in considerable change in almshouses in North Carolina goes without question, and it is not too soon to begin to think of adapting Burke's care of the aged and indigent to this change.

Many men have scaled to great heights by keeping on the level.—Selected.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

By Professor J. W. Barker

A smouldering fire burns low. The fetid atmosphere drips its heavy odor. There are no stars, no sun, no moon, no night, no day. The eyes of avarice search within the pot for signs of the philosopher's stone. The talon-like hand of greed reaches for that unknown something which makes for mastery over men. Like Macbeth of old, the voice cries in despair, "I have thee not, and yet, I see thee still." For a lifetime, the alchemist has sought to transmute the dross into gold. Now as he goes down the western slope, he dares not pause to ask himself, "Why?" He is poor. He never saw the gold of a summer sunrise. His eyes never beheld the silver lace on a winter window pane.

But I? I am rich. I hope that this does not sound like the words of a braggart.

I am rich.

I have a house that I can call my own.

No man dares tell me that I must move away.

No man can say, "Get out, you haven't paid your rent." The house may not be new, but the sunlight streams through its southern window panes. The crumbling mortar between the stones gives but the better hold for the tiny fingers of the ivy vine.

The richest of my house are not reckoned in Oriental rugs and costly drapes. The walls are decked with the happy memories of student guests who forgot that it was time to go home.

My pantry shelves are none too full today; but yesterday my friends made merry round my board.

The flame in my old fireplace has sometimes seen the tears of defeat,

but oh! it has also shed its gleam upon
a lover and his lass.

I am rich,

I have a family.

No poet ever sang of greater happiness than ours. The little play place neath the old ash tree—ten years ago, it was a girl's doll house but now it is a tiny boy's garage. There is a gap through a red barberry hedge where boy and dog have passed to search for game. A book and ribboned hat lie on a bower seat. A sewing box rests by a cane-backed chair.

We are not cogs in the mill of time.

We budget our moments to suit our moods;

We grieve not for the errors of the past.

They taught their lessons,

Ours the profit for today.

Shall we worry for tomorrow?

Evil may not come our way.

Why borrow trouble when the day is young?

Today I must set pansies in a bed.

My hours are mine for work or play,

I budget time to read,

And write in growing youth a philosophy of content.

Yet, too, a noble discontent. I'd write,

That longs constructively for higher ways

I am rich, I am young enough to lay plans for future, but I am old enough to take the bumps of life on springs that "give under the shock.

My careful plans have failed me sore.

I shall not rail at the futility of things.

This is not the end unless I bid it be.

I well remember, I have been down before,

And there were always ups

And ups to greater, wider breadth of view.

I thus shall live from day to day

Weaving my plans to fit my spher.

Someone must carry the load I bear

I would not lay it on another's back.

Sometimes the far horizon beckons me.

I see the greater gold for other toil;

But still I'd serve my fellowmen In the greatness of small things.

To some whose way I light

May come a great success,

She writes a book, he heals a pain,

He soothes a broken heart,

I bask in their reflected light

No one may know the part

I've played.

But in the sunset of life,

I'll have my memories.

I am rich.

I earn a little.

I spend a little less.

I have the necessities of life and much of its more wholesome pleasures.

I cannot summer in the Alps—but

I have seen the sunrise on the frontal

range of the Rockies. I shall never

own a yacht—but my little outboard

motor has taken me to where small-

mouth bass have risen to my lure. I did

not attend the coronation of England's

King—but I parked my trailer under

the pines of the south shore of Eagle's

Nest Lake. I did not meet the royalty

of England there, but I did meet a

teacher from Carnegie Tech. We

traded our tobacco and our stories.

We said how we'd prospered and where

we'd failed.

This friends knows when to speak.

When to keep silent, too.

He and others like him are parts of

my riches. They cost me nothing—

they profit me much. I hope that they

can say as much for me.

I am rich. I have an abiding faith

in God and the ultimate goodness of man. I cannot say that faith has never wavered. Sometimes its spark is faint indeed.

Times have been, when those I loved
Have failed to understand my act.
My trust has sometimes been betrayed.

However it may have wavered, my faith has been restored when man showed his Godlikeness in his deeds.

So I would prepare myself as though to live for eternity, and I would live each day, content in the knowledge that tomorrow I shall go up the long rugged slope to the sunset.

"The winding road, the jagged hill

There lies my happy way.
I must advance, no standing still
There is no foothold here.
Let me strain upward though all earth

And air conspire impediment

To bear me deep in mire,
To burden me with fear.
Onward, I mount toward the un-
attained

For if I rest
I'll lose what I have gained.
Beyond the crest
The last path stretches clear."

A smouldering fire burns low. The fetid atmosphere drips its heavy odor. There are no stars, no moon, no sun, no night, no day. The eyes of avarice search within the plot for signs of the philosopher's stone. The talon-like hand of greed reaches for that unknown something which makes for mastery over men. Like Macbeth of old, the voice cries out, "I have thee not, and yet I see thee still." For a lifetime, the alchemist has sought to transmute the dross into gold. Now as he goes down the western slope, he dares not pause to ask himself, "Why,?" He is poor. He never saw the gold of a summer sunset. His eyes never beheld the silver lace on a winter's window pane.

But I? I am rich.

PROFANITY

When I hear someone swear as most of us do
I think of a phrase, often heard, and how true.
'Twas spoken by an English professor, who said,
"Profanity comes from an empty head."
He said it was stupid to be profane
Because it only showed we could not explain
What we wanted to say, and use the right word,
So the stupid must swear or never be heard.

—Ed O'Donnell.

PIONEERING WITH NOAH WEBSTER

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Mention the name of Noah Webster and most of us at once think of dictionaries. It is true, of course, that Webster's chief claim to fame rests upon his genius and industry as a writer of dictionaries. They are his most enduring memorials.

But this master of words had talent along other lines as well. He pioneered many constructive ideas and proposals for the betterment of America. That Americans are not generally acquainted with this phase of Webster's life is merely because his dictionaries overshadow the rest of his activities.

Students have always marveled at the tremendous amount of work Noah Webster accomplished in the single-handed compilation and writing of his dictionaries. Yet he was never so busy that he could not find time to interest himself in other matters.

A summary of Noah Webster's activities, aside from his dictionary writings, reveals some interesting sidelights on this highly-talented American. Not the least of these is the amazing parallel that can be drawn between Noah Webster and Benjamin Franklin.

Both worked with words—Webster writing his dictionaries, Franklin his epigrams and proverbs. Both were printers and publishers. Webster published dictionaries, Franklin an annual almanac. Each printed a newspaper as well.

Both were philosophers in the accepted sense of the word, looking forward with vision and understanding to a greater and more prosperous America. Both advocated social re-

forms and improvements for the benefit of their respective communities and for the general betterment of America.

In Franklin's case all these things are matters of fairly common knowledge. Noah Webster's achievements are probably not so generally known. Yet he was in turn a lawyer, a school teacher and a journalist before turning his attention to the compilation of his first dictionary. He wrote scholarly and important textbooks on the study of languages and the law.

He published a newspaper in which he defended George Washington from the slanders of disgruntled politicians. He called it the American Minerva. That paper has come down through the decades to the present day, in changed form and name, being now published as one of the leading metropolitan dailies in New York City.

Webster was one of the first to advocate the use of daylight saving time during the summer months—a hundred years before it was put into effect in this country. Whatever the merits and demerits of "daylight saving," he at least had the courage to pioneer such a suggestion.

He proposed a plan of unemployment insurance, long before any government gave serious thought to such a reform. He urged many legal reforms and the elimination of a lot of needless delays in the administering of justice.

Noah Webster was one of the American pioneers in stressing the need for forest conservation. He warned against the indiscriminate

cutting of our timber at a time when the nation's forest resources seemed practically inexhaustible. People ridiculed his suggestions along that line, but future events showed how timely his warnings had been.

Like Benjamin Franklin, he advocated city planning and municipal street cleaning not only from the standpoint of creating more attractive cities, but as an aid to public health. And just as Poor Richard invented the "Franklin stove," so did this writer of dictionaries invent a fuel-saving fireplace. He also found

the leisure to write an interesting and authentic history of the United States Congress.

These are all things worth remembering the next time you thumb the pages of one of his dictionaries. Worth remembering because they clearly emphasize the point that no matter how busy a man might be he can always accomplish just a little bit more. Upon such a spirit of industriousness and application do men of genius rise to fame and an honored place in history's pages.

People, like pins, are of little use when they lose their heads.

STENOGRAPHY AN ANCIENT ART

By Charles Doubleyou

Although modern shorthand dates from the publication, in England, just over a century ago, of Stenographic Soundhand, by Isaac Pitman, the art of stenography is very old. The ancient Greeks are known to have used some system, although very little of a definite nature is available to us about this. The shorthand used by the Egyptians some 1700 years ago was a Greek system. The earliest mention of a name in connection with shorthand writing is that of Tiro, the amanuensis of Cicero. Tiro, a slave belonging to Cicero's father, and born about 103 B. C., was, in keeping with the custom of the times, accorded the same advantages of education that were given the sons of the household. Upon the death of his master, Tiro

became confidential secretary of the famous Cicero, who freed him six years later.

Whether Tiro himself invented the system which he called brief writing or whether he adopted a Greek system is not known. It was not, as we understand shorthand at present, a system of writing based on sound, but, apparently, one made up of abbreviations of words and symbols and characters, each one of which represented a certain word or certain phrase.

Tiro's system was taken up by others, principally for assisting officials of the government. Not only did all Roman emperors employ shorthand writers, but several of them, particularly Titus and Julius Cæsar, themselves acquired a knowledge of

of shorthand.

Tiro's crude system remained in use for several centuries, his followers enlarging upon his list of abbreviations and characters until, in the fifth century, it contained 13,000 characters. A system which, with its tremendous strain on the memory, must have been as cumbersome as the Chinese alphabet! Perhaps it was this very cumbersomeness which caused it to fall into disuse, for after the eighth century, little seems to be known about it; or, in fact, about any other systems. Moreover, several hundred years passed before the art of shorthand writing was revived.

This occurred in England during the Reformation. The need was particularly felt then for a system of shorthand because many were anxious to preserve the leading theologians of the day on the principles of that movement. In 1588, Timothy Bright, a physician who later entered the church published "Characterie. An Arte of Shorte, Swifte and Secrete Writing by Character," containing some 500 symbols for words. Dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, her majesty encouraged the "arte" by giving Bright the sole right for fifteen years to publish and teach any new methods of character writing. Bright's system was character-writing and nothing more; almost every word being provided with an arbitrary sign. Many of the arbitrary signs of Bright's system, and others that followed his, denoted phrases in the New Testament and Protestant theology.

System after system followed after Bright's publication, among them that of Peter Bales; of Rev. John Willis; of Thomas Shelton (Used, incidentally, by Pepys in his diary). The best of the seventeenth century was consider-

ed that of William Mason, who titled his book, rather oddly, "A Pen Pluck'd from the Eagle's Wings."

Willis' system, crude though it was, is considered the forerunner of what are today known as ABC systems, an abbreviated longhand writing adapted for notes in class, for making memoranda of telephone conversations, and even for dictation in a business office. Some systems of this type are now taught in business schools. By this longhand writing, each syllable is represented by one or two letters. For example: confer is cf; confer-ring—cfrg; conference—cfc. Certain letters stand for phrases: K—out of the; D—in the; J—by which, and so forth. Adherents of ABC systems claim that while it requires only a short time to master, one can, in time, attain speed equal to that of regular shorthand.

But although systems of shorthand were not lacking, their inefficiency brought the art into contempt. It remained for Isaac Pitman to devise a practical system that would be both speedy and legible; based not on abbreviations and arbitrary characters, but on sound. Yet Pitman was not the originator of phonetic shorthand. There were seven systems before his. One of these was Taylor's. Pitman became interested in this system and improved it. But when he called on a publisher about issuing a popular priced edition of his amended Taylor's shorthand, the young man was advised to scrap all that had gone before and to start anew on one of his own. The result was Stenographic Soundhand, published in 1837.

Isaac Pitman was born at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, in 1813. He started life as a clerk in a cloth factory, but managed not only to ob-

tain an education, but also to receive two appointments as teacher.

Pitman's system was so superior to all that had gone before that it quickly superseded all others. This work revolutionized the art of shorthand writing and earned the plaudit of the business world by preparing a horde of men and women to function efficiently in secretarial capacities. And to it, likewise, must be given no small credit for enlarging the scope of interest in public affairs by enabling newspapers to carry verbatim reports of important speeches.

Pitman's system of stenography has been described as geometric in outline, and makes use of shadings, that is, a line or arc or other character heavily drawn has an entirely different meaning from the same character lightly drawn, likewise, the difference in position in relation to the line of writing alters the reading. His system was not an easy one to learn; but once mastered so that writing became mechanical, a great speed was possible. Practically all shorthand writing in England is Pitmanic: either adaptations and improvement of Isaac Pitman's system, or systems so based on his that the kinship is quickly recognized. His brother, Benn Pitman, came to the United States to popularize the system, and found, on his arrival, that Pitman shorthand had already been adapted and published here by several teachers, and particularly by Graham.

For over fifty years Pitmanic reigned supreme in the shorthand world. Then an Irishman named John Robert Gregg decided that, while the system was good, one could be devised that would, in his opinion, be better and could be learned in about half the six

or eight months necessary to master Pitmanic. Published in 1888, Gregg shorthand is a radical departure from all that has gone before. It is, first of all, a light-line system; there are no shaded characters. There is no worry about positions, all the writing is on the line. The vowels do not have to be inserted after the word is written, but are joined to the consonants in natural order. The need for lifting pen or pencil from paper is therefore practically eliminated. And although Gregg employs many contractions, it does not involve the number of word-signs that are used in the Pitmanic systems. The Gregg system is considered the most popular business shorthand in use in this country, and has many adherents in all English-speaking countries.

Isaac Pitman's work in the field of shorthand made him an advocate of spelling reform, and in 1843 he began the publication of the "Phonetic-Journal," and gradually he went into the business of publishing shorthand textbooks and other books.

He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1894, three years before his death, for his valued contributions to the art of stenography. For one other highly important thing are we indebted to Isaac Pitman—for suggesting the adoption of a very small, very thin article now used throughout the world, and which few persons, including many philatellists, know that the idea originated in his brain. In 1840, the British government offered a prize of 200 pounds for the best suggestion of a method of collecting the penny charge for the proposed penny postage on pre-paid letters. Pitman won the prize with his suggestion—the postage stamp.

CRIME

(Charity & Children)

The crime situation in the United States is serious enough to tax the best thought of the country. In matters of dollars it is a prodigious enterprise with an annual cost of \$15,000,000,000 which is five times as much as is spent for education. The 4,600,000 criminals make a mighty and sinister army that casts its dark shadow across the entire land. The United States government has taken steps in recent years to check the idea of lawlessness. Kidnapping has become a non-profit industry and bank robberies are becoming fewer and farther between. The work of law enforcing agencies against these two types of crimes together with the recent success against gangsters and grafters are proving that we do not have to give the country over to criminals. The government of the United States, states and cities are cooperating in bringing the criminal to courts of justice and meting out punishment. In addition to the law enforcing agencies there are many institutions, agencies and individuals that are keenly interested in the reform of the criminal. The study of criminology is one that is occupying the best thought of some of the bright-

est minds in our country. Prison reform and the rehabilitation of the prisoner is proving to be a fruitful field in which much is being accomplished. The problem of crime is a church problem. The church, however, must approach the problem from a different angle from the police or the reformer. The three agencies should cooperate and yet each work in its own field. The church should give its moral support to the police and to the reformer but its own particular work is neither to jail nor to reform but to transform. The church is to set the captive free. This is not to be done by tearing down the jail door, it is not to be done by giving the freed or paroled prisoner a new job and a new suit of clothes but by giving him a new heart and a new life in his soul. Crime is a three-fold problem and all powers of the state, the reformer and the church are needed in its solution. The state is deeply concerned and is at work on its angle. The reformers are growing in number, intelligence and zeal. It will take the church to make the good accomplished by the other two permanent. Only the church can bring about the transformation of the soul. Why stand ye here all day idle?

Life's greatest achievement is the continual remaking of yourself, so that at last you know how to live. "Ye must be born anew" is as true in modern psychology as in traditional theology. Every resentment that you encourage, every grudge, every despondency, every smug conceit—and, on the other hand, every self-mastery, every high fortitude, every facing of naked truth—makes either for breaking down of self or for building it up.—Rhoades.

A TRUE AMERICAN'S STORY

By Dean DeOvies, in Atlanta Journal

America is worthy of our loyalty and love. Let me tell you my own story—not a "success" story, but simply one record of the kind of pledge which America keeps with even her "adopted" children.

I was born in England. My father was Spanish and gave me and unmistakably foreign name which has always stamped me as foreign born; yet nobody who knows me ever thinks of me as anything but American. My family was, as the English say, "well-to-do" until a reverse similar to the depression swept away almost everything. To continue living in England without hope of recouping was unthinkable, and we turned, naturally, to these shores. There was little reserve left when we arrived in New York City, so the older male members found jobs, "went into trade," and all that sort of thing; but even so, this furnished only a modest income. Yet, it was all interesting, lively, thrilling.

Mother was hardest hit of all. She had had great plans for me, particularly as to my education. I was to go to one of the great English public schools and afterwards to Oxford, of which Uncle was an alumnus. Over here, she spoke of this thwarted ambition to a neighbor soon after we arrived. The American lady was surprised and a bit resentful. "What's the matter with OUR school's?" she demanded. So I was sent to a public school which was REALLY "public," for English public schools are actually private, exclusive, swanky and expensive. And I received quite a good a schooling as I

might have had "at home," and it was —free.

But mother grieved over another matter. My father had a fine library in England and she loved to watch me curl up in a big chair and devour good books, and others not so good. What of my reading now? The same neighbor took her to the nearby branch of the New York Library, and I had choice among books by the thousands, instead of hundreds, and I could read them—free.

Three years later we moved to Boston, where I finished the grammar grades and faced the problem of preparing for college, if I were ever lucky enough to attend a college. But there was the Boston Latin School, probably as good a prep school as any in the world, available to me and—free. Afterwards, a friend made it possible for me to enter the University of the South, at Sewanee; but this subsidy lasted only two years. Yet a scholarship and an opportunity to "work my way" were given and the courses finished. There was opportunity.

At last came graduation and my profession. How would native-born Americans receive a foreign-born competitor although he became naturalized? Well, they took me absolutely "on face value." That is the American way, to take for granted that the other fellow is "all right" unless there is proof to the contrary. My neighbors asked for no credentials except my own conduct as a citizen and professional man. Contrast this with what is going on abroad today, and wonder at it! Success was

strictly up to me and not a matter of inheritance or "background." It was tough going all the way, but fascinating.

I have not yet found wealth after the long years of hard work; but I have never been particularly interested in money beyond my needs; and, anyway, very few win riches anywhere in the world. But I did find something better—respect, friendship, genuine affection, the chance to serve and, above all, freedom. A freedom to think speak and act as my conscience dictated.

A long way to travel—from a wondering, yearning, puzzled little foreigner to your fellow citizen and friend. It is success, but I am not fool enough to think of it as MY success. It was my opportunity and America's success in keeping her promise as a Land of Promise! Do you wonder that I love America?

I am indignant when a great audience shows indifference as "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played or when a crowd in the streets ignores the passing of the flag. And I seethe with indignation when—as happened on one occasion even here—the pictured appearance of the Chief Executive in a news reel is greeted with "boos!" We dare not condone, let alone encourage, disrespect for our institutions or their representatives in a time when Might is swiftly superseding Right in the world!

If America can do what she has for thousands of her adopted children—offer not only a haven but a home; give opportunity for self-expression and satisfaction—can she do less for the fruit of her loins, for her own flesh and blood? God save America! For "In God We Trust" is yet our hope and confidence.

The greatest handicap to the progress of civilization is the failure to discern the lessons of history.—Selected.

BRAVE HEART—STRONG HAND

By Leonora H. Watts

Davie bounced down the narrow stairway, dropped his boots with a clatter on the hearth, and stretched his toes to the leaping flames that snapped and crackled and threw out a grateful warmth.

"Better be getting dressed, lad; breakfast's ready, and all of the chores are not done," Mrs. Munns called from the other end of the big room.

Back in 1850, on the Illinois prairies,

the twelve-year-old who lay a bed until six o'clock was indeed a "lazy-bones."

"I aim to go to Ellen's today to get the homespun she has dyed for your new suit," continued Mrs. Munns, dipping cornmeal mush into blue bowls. "If you wish, you may go, too."

"Yes, and maybe you'll happen on some adventurin'," broke in John from the corner. He was splashing his face

and hands in the basin, for he had just come in from the barnyard.

Davie stopped with one boot half on. His sharp blue eyes, beneath the mop of red curls, looked at his brother with interest, but with suspicion, too.

"Yes, who knows but that you'll see the wolf old Sam was tellin' us about last nght?"

Twenty-year-old John was the only one of the six big husky Munns boys who was now left at home. He was good enough to his young brother—as far as big brothers are concerned—but he neglected few chances to tease Davie about his weakness.

It was a great joke in the family that twelve-year-old, undersized Davie had a great longing for adventure. Ever since he was a tiny boy he had listened, with shining eyes, to tales of his pioneer father, now long dead, and even to stories of his brothers' daring. The Illinois country was very well settled now; the panthers, the big timber wolves and even most of the deer were gone from the broad prairies and from the woods that were near the rivers. But when Davie heard an exciting story he would say longingly, "Oh, I wish I could have helped clear out the wolves."

How the big brothers would laugh, because Davie was not a husky Munns, they declared; he was a Jones, like their small mother. Sometimes one of the boys would say, "Now, Davie, just what would you do? You'd make about one good bite for a hungry wolf."

The truth was that as Davie grew older—and not much larger—he, too, wondered himself what he would do. That was just what worried him. Sometimes when he came through the woods on late winter afternoons he would imagine he heard a panther cry

or that he saw a wolf slip here and there among the trees. Then his heart would start to thump.

"Never mind, Davie," Mrs. Munns said warmly one day. "My father was a small man, but he went through the lines for General Washington when no one else could."

Later she brought from the big chest a ragged brown letter. On it Davie could make out in faded ink the words, "Brave heart—strong hand. From Washington." A thousand times had Davie said these words to himself, when he was cutting a knotty log or when the stubborn old ram refused to obey orders. But adventure passed him by. He would never find out whether he was a brave Munns.

Even though a visit to Sister Ellen on the low prairie had no excitement, it was a pleasant break in the work of bringing in the firewood and the chores, he thought, as he spread black molasses on thick buckwheat cakes.

"You'd better get an early start," chuckled John, "for Davie's gettin' so big that the two of you make a load for old Minerv'."

One of the things that Davie didn't like was riding behind his mother instead of having a horse of his own.

Only a light scattering of snow lay on the ground as they set out, but the November air was crisp, and Davie pulled down the ear lappets of his cap and wrapped the woolen comforter tight about his neck.

As long as the road led over familiar prairie, Davie paid little heed; but when they turned to the narrow corduroy of logs laid side by side, to give sure footing over the swampy ground, he looked about with interest. In summer it was dark and cool, but now the pale winter light came through in patches.

"Mother," suddenly exclaimed Davie, "didn't old Sam say it was in these woods where he saw the wolf? Look! There's some kind of animal!"

"Pay little heed to such tales," his mother replied calmly. "There's been no wolf hereabouts during these ten years—yes, and more. Well do I remember the last wolf hunt. They had been killing the spring lambs, and your father and several other men met together and hunted the last one. It's likely to be Joe Shaw's dog. He lives nearby."

At last they crossed the little culvert and came to Ellen's lane. Davie hopped off and swung back the heavy gate to let Minerva through; when he had closed it he trotted up the lane beside the horse.

"Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!" he shouted.

Before the echoes of his call had died out the front door flew open and Ellen came running to meet them. She gave Davie a hearty hug and greeted her mother lovingly.

Mrs. Munns' eyes were on the huge iron kettle and the ashes in the side yard. "I see you've had hog-killing. How did you make out?"

"Very well," Ellen answered proudly, for she had been married to big Will Brown only a few months. "Jim Shaw helped Will, and he said he never saw nicer hams. The lard's firm and white, too. But I want you to see if everything's all right," she added anxiously. "I'm so glad you've come."

It did not take Davie long to lay aside his wraps, and, while his mother laid hers aside, he took advantage of a lull in the conversation.

"Sister Ellen," he said, "we've come for my suit."

Ellen turned to her mother in dismay. "Oh, it's not finished. When the

cold weather came so suddenlike, Will said we'd better butcher. I aimed to dye the homespun tomorrow. I'll bring it Sunday."

Davie looked disappointed, but his mother said calmly, "It's no matter, daughter. Will was right. I wanted a good visit with you anyway."

Ellen eyes brightened again and her cheeks flushed at praise of Will. Although Mrs. Munns was kind and just, she held her big brood of fatherless children to their tasks firmly, and they valued her praise of any of their accomplishments.

Davie missed this happy big sister, whose red curls and blue eyes were very much like his own, and he would have enjoyed one of their old romps; but a married woman must be busy with cooking and spinning. So he went to find his big brother-in-law.

After a while Will and Davie came to dinner at Ellen's call.

"Look what Will made me!" Davie cried excitedly, when Will had greeted his mother-in-law. "A balloon!"

"The pig's bladder, is it? The older children used to make them at hog-killing, but perhaps no one ever thought of showing Davie how to make one, or of making one for him."

Will had scraped the bladder thin and had blown it up quite large with air; then he tightly tied it with a string. Davie was delighted, for he had few toys of any sort.

"Davie thinks he saw a wolf as you came over the corduroy," remarked Will, as he passed Mrs. Munns a plate piled high with fresh pork, hominy and turnips.

"But Mother said it was Joe Shaw's dog," spoke Davie, hurriedly. He simply had not been able to resist telling Will about it; after all, old Sam said he had seen a wolf.

"I don't know," continued Will, seriously. "Ed Tolliver, yon' side the river, told me he shot at a wolf not long since at his hog pen."

"'Twould have come a long way, then," Mrs. Munns answered doubtfully, "for it's many a day since the wolves have been in these parts."

"Well, there's little fear in a lone wolf. Many times one has passed me when I was lumbering up North. But now a pack—that's something to be scared of. A lone one has to be mighty hungry to attack a fellow."

"What did you do when you saw a wolf, Will?" Davie asked, his eyes large at the thought of it.

"Nothin'. A wolf's a sneaky critter, and it won't often go after a man."

Davie eyed his big brother-in-law admiringly. "I gues they were scared of you!"

The day passed too quickly, and the short winter afternoon was graying when Mrs. Munns and Davie set out for home. Will brought one of the fresh hams, well wrapped, and tied it to the saddle horn.

"You'd better tie your balloon, too, Davie," suggested Ellen, "or it will fly away." She he told her to tie it to his arm.

They were past the bridge at last and on the corduroy. Clop, clop! sounded the horse's hoofs, as they entered the darkened wood.

"We ought not have stayed so late," said Mrs. Munns, a little uneasily, Davie thought.

"I'm not scared," he declared, "not a bit scar—" He broke off suddenly and clutched his mother's waist.

"Mother!" he spoke in a loud whisper. "something moved in the bushes. Maybe—"

"It's naught," she said, but she

flipped the reins and spoke sharply. "Get on, Minerva!"

Davie held his breath, and his sharp eyes were on the side of the road. Maybe he'd just imagined—no! A dark form slid from behind a big oak, then into the bushes again.

Suddenly Minerva stopped with a snort. Davie almost tumbled off. Mrs. Munns slapped the horse again and again. "Get up! Get up!" she ordered.

The horse jumped to one side of the road with a snort of terror, put back her ears and tore down the road. Davie saw two fiery eyes as they flew by. Shivers ran up his back, and it seemed that every one of his red curls rose up and tried to push his cap off.

"Mother!" he gasped. "It's the wolf!"

No need now to urge Minerva on.

"Hold tight! Is it near?"

"Yes! Oh—yes!"

Davie recalled stories of wolves ham-stringing horses and attacking riders.

"Throw down your cap, Davie—far as you can!"

Davie snatched his cap and hurled it into the bushes. The dark form stopped, whirled and disappeared entirely for a few seconds. Then he saw it again—not in the open, but slipping in and out the trees by the roadside. Closer again. He snatched off a mitten and hurled it. The beast hesitated only a second and then came on. The other mitten—but it did not stop for that. "If we can get past the bridge, Joe Shaw's cabin's by the road."

"Mother! The ham! The fresh meat!"

"Untie it—quick!"

Davie reached around his mother and fumbled for the meat. He could

not find the string. Then he pulled hard, but Will had tied it too firmly.

"Pull it loose! I can't let go the rein," ordered his mother.

Davie tugged away as if he were mad, but in vain. "I can't!" he cried.

He glanced back fearfully, expecting to see the beast upon them, but it was not in sight. They rounded the curve and a gray shape darted into the road ahead of them. Old Minerva stopped with a jerk and reared up into the air. With a bump Davie struck the frozen ground. The wolf leaped for the horse's haunch, but somehow, as she sprang to one side, he missed. Minerva ran on, the wolf following.

"Davie! Davie!" shrieked Mrs. Munns, tugging at the rein. She should the horse on and trust to drawing the wolf away from the boy, or go back to his rescue? But only a bullet could have stopped Minerva.

Meanwhile Davie, stunned for only a second, had scrambled to his feet. He heard the thud of Minerva's hoofs as they struck the little bridge, his mother's screams growing fainter and fainter.

"Joe! Joe Shaw! Davie! A wolf!"

Joe might not be home, thought Davie. What could he do? Desperately he snatched up a stick that lay beside him.

Now the wolf had become aware of him. The beast hesitated—turned—loped along easily and stopped. He seemed uncertain. A few more steps—a pause. Even in his fear and excitement Davie thought, "This is my adventure." His body stiffened and his mind cleared. "Brave heart; strong hand." That same pioneer spirit of his father flooded his small body. As the wolf came nearer, Davie hurled the stick with all his might. It struck the animal's side, and with a snarl the

wolf leaped into the bushes. But it turned again and stood looking boldly at Davie. It would attack again, Davie knew. He dared not turn his head for a second, but he thought, "If I could only reach that maple, I might jump up and grab the lowest limb."

He began to move cautiously, but the wolf moved, too. Davie made a rush for the tree, leaped and grasped the limb. But a crack told him that it was dead wood. As he dropped, the wolf, startled by the noise, retreated. From the distance came the thud of a horse's hoofs on the bridge. Help was coming, but it would be too late, thought Davie, desperately; the beast, seemingly determined to get his victim with no more delay, had turned quickly on Davie with a snarl, fangs gleaming in the dusky light.

Suddenly into Davie's mind came Will's remark: "Joe says it must ha' been shot at many a time, for it goes like a streak of lightnin' at the sound of a rifle."

The balloon still bobbed from Davie's arm, where Ellen had tied it. Grasping it in one hand, he leaped high into the air with a yell and clapped the other hand upon the balloon with all his might. The report filled the air like the sound of a rifle shot. With a yelp the wolf turned and fled into the woods just as Joe Shaw galloped into sight, his rifle in the crook of his arm.

* * * *

Old Sam looked at Davie admiringly across the hearth as the story was repeated again that night.

'Twas smart of ye to think of bustin' the balloon," he said. "Wasn't ye afraid?"

For a minute Davie was silent. His faced grew redder and redder. Now John would laugh at him again; all

the boys would think it was funny.

"Yes," he said at last, "I was scared."

But John stood up and clapped Davie on the shoulder.

"A fellow without a gun'd be a fool

not to be afraid of a hungry wolf," he said shortly. 'Davie, we'll get the old fellow yet. No nasty wolf's goin' to steal pigs under the nose of the Munns boys, I reckon."

Happiness in this world depends chiefly on the ability to take things as they come.—Selected.

A COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM

(Smithfield Herald)

Library-minded citizens in four towns of Johnson county are doing what they can to provide reading matter for the public in their communities. The county home agent has provided a limited library service to home demonstration clubs. Last fall a bookmobile made three trips to 37 book stations in isolated sections of the county, taking books to persons famished for good reading. These agencies at work to promote reading have caught a vision of what a county library system can mean to our citizenship. They are taking a step toward the accomplishment of this vision in the meeting called for next Wednesday night. This is not an overnight dream. The idea has been working in the minds of the men and women in the county who have a sincere purpose-

men and women who realize that only an informed people can advance.

We spend large sums of money to provide for the mental development of our boys and girls through eleven years of their life. Some of them extend this learning period through four more years of college. And then nothing is done to provide for continued mental growth throughout the remainder of their three score years and ten.

In no more economical way can reading matter be provided than through public libraries. The men and women called to meet in the courthouse Wednesday night know this and they are wise to try to do something about a county-wide library system in Johnson county. Strength to their efforts!

INSTITUTION NOTES

An experiment, which, to our knowledge, has not been tried in this section of the country, is in progress at the School. We have always used corn for ensilage, but are now putting wheat in the silos. This is cut green and mixed with molasses to produce fermentation and also add to the value of the feed. It is hoped this venture will prove successful, as it may mean a lot in providing the proper amount of ensilage for our large herd of cattle.

The School officials are being kept pretty busy these days working out numerous details in getting the newly-completed infirmary, gymnasium, swimming pool, dairy barn and cannery in readiness for operation. There are so very many little things which have to be done that were not figured in the original plans, also some defects in the proper carrying out of these plans which demand considerable attention. All of this constitutes quite a job and we shall all be happy when these various buildings are in use.

Mr Alfred Axman and Miss Thelma Claiborne, representing the Dentyne Chewing Gum Company, visited the School one day last week. The young lady, of striking appearance and arrayed in a gay costume, carried a basket containing a package of Dentyne Gum for each boy at the School, and seemed to take great pleasure in distributing same. This act of kindness on the part of Mr. Axman and his assistant was greatly appreciated, and we herewith tender our most sincere thanks, adding that if put to a

vote among the youngsters, we believe they would unanimously agree that she was a most attractive representative for an excellent brand of chewing gum.

George Ozment, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who came to the School December 3, 1928 and was allowed to return to his home in Fayetteville, October 6, 1931, was a recent visitor here. While a boy here he was a member of the shoe shop force. In 1935 he enlisted in the United States Army, becoming a member of a field artillery unit, and was stationed at the following posts: Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands; Fort Scriven, Georgia; Fort McDowell, Angel Island, California; and Fort Bragg, N. C. He attained the rank of corporal, and received an honorable discharge in October, 1938. George is now twenty-four years old. In a statement to members of the staff here, he said that if he was unable to find suitable occupation elsewhere in the next few weeks, he would re-enlist in Uncle Sam's service.

For many years a fellow by the name of Ruth was a dominating figure in the history of that great American pastime—baseball. His remarkable feats on the diamond as he took part in major league pennant fights and World's Series battles, made him a hero in the eyes of hundreds of thousands of boys all over the nation. Although the Babe has retired from the game, the boys at Jackson Training School still have a hero by the same name in the person of Mr. Earl M. Ruth, representative of the Friedman-Shelby Branch of the International

Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

While this Mr. Ruth has never broken up a World's Series game with a home run into the center field bleachers, he has found a warm spot in the hearts of our boys by his kindness on many occasions in furnishing them many hours of real fun and recreation. His latest donation, made recently, consisted of seven fine fielders' gloves and more than a dozen baseballs and they are now in use daily.

It has been Mr. Ruth's custom to do something like this each year for the past several years. It is not always baseball equipment that he gives. One year it was a number of footballs, and on other occasions basketballs, marbles for the smaller lads, and other articles, all of which added much to the pleasures of boyhood. He is a great lover of boys, especially those at this institution, and is ever on the alert for a chance to provide amusement for them, and we take this opportunity to express the appreciation of both boys and officials of the School for his many acts of kindness. While the amazing feats of the great Babe Ruth are now only a matter of history, this Mr. Ruth still has a batting average of 1.000 in the affection of the lads here. In their estimation, he is a real all-time champion.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, was in charge of the regular after-

noon service at the Training School last Sunday. In his talk to the boys he told of some interesting experiences recently while on a train going to Ohio, where a church conference was being held.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told of meeting an elderly gray haired mother on the train. This lady spoke lovingly and tenderly of her children, and on her face beamed the smile and radiance of a Christian mother. Her life had been so clean and sweet that it left traces on her kindly face, and a perfect stranger had no difficulty in recognizing her splendid qualities. The speaker said it really was a pleasure to meet this fine mother.

On the same train, according to the speaker, was a young boy, seemingly of about nine years of age, calmly puffing on his cigarette. Upon being questioned he disclosed the fact that he was fifteen years old, and in reply to an inquiry concerning his smoking, he said, "It's not my fault. I've been smoking ever since I was five years old. My father and mother smoked all the time."

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer concluded his talk by bringing out some characteristics that go to make up the ideals of true motherhood. He pointed out how a mother, such as the one he met on the train, would be bound to have a very good influence on the lives of her children, and also spoke of the dangers of parents setting bad examples for their boys and girls.

Don't expect to enjoy the cream of life if you keep the milk of human kindness all bottled up.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938.

Week Ending May 21, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Clyde Gray 21
- (5) Gilbert Hogan 22
- (14) Leon Hollifield 25
- (14) Edward Johnson 25
- (10) James Kissiah 22
- (2) Robert Maples 21
- (14) C. L. Snuggs 19

COTTAGE NO. 1

- Rex Allred 19
- Jack Broome 10
- Charles Cole
- William Freeman 8
- (3) H. C. Pope 17
- Arlie Scism 2
- Edward Warnock 4
- Latha Warren 5
- (6) William Wilson 6

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Norton Barnes 6
- James Blocker 5
- (3) George Cooke 5
- Arthur Craft 7
- (2) J. T. Godwin 5
- Thomas Hooks
- Floyd Lane 7
- Donald McFee 7
- (3) Nick Rochester 16
- (3) Landreth Sims 11
- Brooks Young 7

COTTAGE NO. 3

(No. Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Homer Bass 3
- (2) Wesley Beaver 12
- James Hancock 17
- (2) William C. Jordan 9
- James Land 14
- Ivan Morrozoff 17
- Edward McGee 12
- (5) George Newman 17
- (4) Hyress Taylor 12

Leo Ward 20

- (20) Melvin Walters 25
- (26) James Wilhite 26

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (6) Grady Allen 20
- (6) William Brothers 18
- (2) J. C. Branton 9
- (2) A. C. Elmore 3
- (6) William Nichols 7
- (4) Elmer Talbert 16
- (6) Hubert Walker 22
- (6) Dewey Ware 23
- Marvin Wilkins 19

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Eugene Ballew 4
- (15) Robert Bryson 23
- (3) Fletcher Castlebury 16
- (3) Martin Crump 11
- Columbus Hamilton 9
- (14) Thomas Hamilton 20
- (5) Spencer Lane 13
- (5) Randall D. Peeler 12
- Ray Pitman 6
- (2) Joseph Tucker 10
- Carl Ward 4
- (3) George Wilhite 9
- William Wilson 12
- (6) Woodrow Wilson 11
- Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 16
- (15) Carl Breece 23
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 15
- (4) Roy Helms 7
- (15) Caleb Hill 23
- Raymond Hughes 6
- (2) Robert Hampton 8
- Hugh Johnson 19
- (2) Robert Lawrence 15
- Alex Weathers 4
- (14) Joseph Wheeler 17

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (6) Cecil Ashley 6

- Samuel Kirksey
Charles Presnell 6
(4) Charles Taylor 17

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Hollie Atwood 7
(3) J. T. Branch 15
(5) Clifton Butler 12
James Butler 14
Roy Butner 12
(6) James Bunnell 15
(3) Edgar Burnette 19
(3) Carrol Clark 16
(2) Mark Jones 15
Harold O'Dear 12
Eugene Presnell 17
Lonnie Roberts 13
(8) Thomas Sands 16
(5) Earl Stamey 16
(2) Horace Williams 15
(7) Thomas Wilson 22

COTTAGE NO. 10

- (3) John Crawford 5
(4) Matthew Duffy 7
James Eury
(3) Jack Norris 9
(2) Carl Speer 3
Torrence Ware 6
Floyd Williams 2

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (6) J. C. Allen 6
(3) Harold Bryson 17
(26) Earl Hildreth 26
(12) William Hudgins 16
(7) Clyde Hoppes 17
(3) Fred Owens 3
(21) Julius Stevens 25
(18) Thomas Shaw 24

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (2) Odell Almond 10
(5) Jack Batson 6
Jay Brannock 3
(9) Allard Brantley 20
Ernest Brewer 4
(3) Ben Cooper 12
(2) William C. Davis 14
Howard Devlin
Everett Hackler 16
Woodrow Hager 3
Joseph Hall 13
(13) Charlton Henry 22
(6) Hubert Holloway 20
Richard Honeycutt 3

- Tillman Lyles 12
Howard Sanders 15
(3) Avery Smith 23
(5) Ralph Sorrels 8
(3) Leonard Wood 21

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (3) Arthur Ashley 10
(5) Jack Foster 20
(3) James V. Harvel 17
Isaac Hendren 12
(2) Bruce Kersey 10
(3) William Lowe 5
Douglas Mabry 14
Douglas Mabry 14
(2) Irvin Medlin 13
(4) Thomas R. Pitman 19
(8) Alexander Woody 24

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (24) Clyde Barnwell 25
(2) Monte Beck 15
(13) Delphus Dennis 24
(3) Audie Farthing 17
David Hensley 12
(2) Feldman Lane 11
Fred McGlammy 19
(2) John Robbins 17
(2) Charles Steepleton 3
(5) Desmond Truitt 9
(2) Harold Thomas 13
J. C. Willis 3
(3) Junior Woody 17

COTTAGE NO. 15

- Raymond Anderson 3
Ray Bayne 2
Howard Bobbitt 15
Horace Branch 4
William Cantor 13
Robert Chamberlain 2
Clifton Davis 18
Sidney Delbridge 10
Aldine Duggins 17
Clarence Gates 15
(4) Beamon Heath 23
(10) Albert Hayes 17
Oakley Lunsford 4
Claude Moose 8
(2) Eulice Rogers 9
Ira Settle 18
Brown Stanley 13
(5) J. P. Sutton 12
James Watson 14
George Worley 7
(4) William Wood 11
Earl Watts 2

David Williams 3
 (4) William Young 14

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) James Chavis 14
 (2) Reefer Cummings 15

(6) Warren Lawry 7
 (5) Filmore Oliver 19
 (2) Early Oxendine 16
 Thomas Oxendine 17
 (10) Curley Smith 20
 (12) Ross Young 22

Find a man who loves a tree and need never fear that he will hand you a shady deal.—Gridley Adams.

EDUCATION AND BOOKMOBILE

(Hertford County Herald)

The people of Hertford county will be permitted to enjoy the advantages of public library service brought to their front doors during the operation of the WPA Bookmobile which begins its service in a few days. This visit of the Bookmobile to the county has been made possible for one month by an appropriation granted this week by the county board of education.

The Bookmobile carries three thousand volumes of the best reading material. Its operation will acquaint many people of Hertford county with public library service for the first time. Many people who have never enjoyed the privilege of borrowing books from a public storehouse of books, a library, will be given the opportunity of reading books they could not, perhaps afford to purchase. Good books are much too scarce in Hertford county, although

public spirited citizens in Ahoskie and Winton are attempting to supply this lack, as best they can with limited support, through the small public libraries which have been established in these two towns. The operation of the Bookmobile during the summer will supplement their facilities and have the effect of creating a better appreciation of the full-time service the libraries render to the public in the communities they serve.

The county board of education could not have made a better expenditure of funds than in sponsoring this project. For there is no other way to carry on the work of education during the summer months except through reading, and while the Bookmobile is here it will transport the books to readers, as during the regular school months the students are transported to their teachers.

JUN 5 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 3, 1939

No. 22

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THE SEA OF LIFE

The poets have a theme for it—this existence of ours; they are wont to picture mankind as sailing over the Sea of life, and in turn, they appoint each of us captain of his soul. Our emotions, we are warned, make up our crew, and careful we must be to guard against mutiny. The cargo within our hold, and without which our voyage cannot succeed, is a store of conquered difficulties. The ballast is a sense of humor, to be shifted when emergency arises. The compass is likened to our heart, and the North Star, that never-failing guide, is Faith.—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SOLACE

Did you see the sun smile over the hill,
At the break of day;
Stop to kiss the dew from the grass,
And melt the mists away?
I did!

Did you hear the whisper of a breeze
Midst the poplars along the wall;
And the music of tumbling water
Like a silver bugle call?
I did!

Did you dash for shelter when a sudden shower
Burst on a hilltop high,
Then breathlessly watch a rainbow sweep
The clouds from out the sky?
I did!

Did you ever take a thought? Hear Nature's voice
In marvels everywhere?
And from the rainbow in the sky—
Did you read a solace there?
I did!

—Ann Searoone

FATHER'S DAY

Mother's Day of 1939 has passed with all of its inspiring thoughts. The next day to be placed before the public is Father's Day. That day has received little momentum, but the fathers seem not the least concerned, but have contributed in every possible way to **make** "Mother's Day" universally observed.

Father with all of the chivalry of his manhood glories in honoring mother, knowing she goes to the brink of the grave for her own, and

continues through every age of life to safeguard her children with that motherly care peculiarly her own. Even after mature manhood and womanhood, if troubles come she answers the call regardless of the responsibility involved.

The mass emotion, or enthusiasm, has never been felt on "Father's Day" despite the kindness and chivalry of father. It has been said that many think of father as the check-book. Crudely speaking this may be accepted since father has from the beginning of time been placed at the head of the home. He glories in answering the demands financially and wants to fill the place, as protector, so divinely instituted. Moreover, he is too busy with outside responsibilities to give much time to disciplining the home. Mother, who is so admirably fitted for that technique knows how to meet the child's problems and smooths out all of the little rough places. Father understands the adaptability of womanhood for rearing children, so naturally leaves the charge to her with an abiding faith.

It is the untiring faithfulness of motherhood that placed her upon a pedestal to be honored on a special day, but father is none-the-less honored, because of the fact a special day is not universally recognized. For one to have a sacrificing, honest, courageous and Christian father is a wonderful heritage. He is always tacitly esteemed and honored without the flare of a special day. He is the bravest of the brave, and never fails to step aside for womanhood to hold first place. We know in the making of an ideal home it takes the combined elements of a courageous father with the tenderness and ever watchfulness of a sweet mother.

* * * * *

THE LITTLE WHITE COTTAGE

There is one building on the campus of the Jackson Training School that if the walls could speak, volumes of history would be revealed concerning the adjustment of affairs before the school passed the experimental stage. The building is none other than the little white cottage holding a rightful setting next to the King's Daughters cottage.

The little white house in the genesis of the institution served as administration building, here many financial complications were thrashed out; besides it was for many years the home of the first

superintendent and family; later J. C. Fisher and wife, assistant superintendent, occupied it; afterwards it was headquarters for resident physician during the influenza epidemic and since that time it has been used as an infirmary for sick boys needing special attention.

Quite true it is not modern, but was of inestimable value when money was hard to find, neither was the public at first convinced that such an institution was the only panacea for wayward boys.

"Sad, but true," the days of usefulness for this building are nearing an end. Like many people after years and years of valuable service, because of age they are either junked or shelved. The youth of the land, and the modern devices that respectively mean quicker service and added comforts of life are substituted, and the old are discarded. Such is life though, and has been since the beginning of time, so why discuss the situation.

However, we cannot help but think of what will become of the "little white cottage" since the infirmary is ready for occupancy. Again the "tragedy of progress" means the passing of a landmark where life carried on and left its spirit.

Delighted are we that the infirmary is ready for the sick boys, a much needed addition, but could not help referring to the cottage; first, the farm house and later answered the purposes as named.

It matters not where or when an old home is torn down there are few scenes pathetic. The removal of old houses means the elimination of old landmarks, also that the vivid life once carried on in the building is erased for all time.

In some way we have a hunch that the little white house will be moved to some sequestered spot on the campus, making a place for curios presented to the school at different times, along with many records so as to keep in tact history of the school for future generations.

* * * * *

PULITZER AWARDS

On May's first Monday every year, Columbia University, awards prizes provided by the late publisher of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the old New York World. From these newspapers Pulitzer amassed a large fortune, \$18,000,000. According to agreement with

Columbia University he left \$2,000,000 endowment for a School of Journalism, making possible at the same time, awards and scholarships as an incentive to more interest in journalism and the reading of better literature.

These outstanding evidences of generosity and interest in humanity reflect the inner man, an ambition similar to that of Bok, another publisher, who wished to leave the world better and more beautiful for the privileges he enjoyed and used with great profit.

Pulitzer when in middle age lost his health and was totally blind for twenty-four years. But his physical handicap did not destroy his vision for service, but on the other hand made him tender and solicitous for those less fortunate than he. One may be physically blind, but not spiritually blind. It is evident that there was a realization in the life of Pulitzer of the truth of the Scriptures,—“where there is no vision the people perish,” knowing that he who follows the golden rule is most happy.

The first Pulitzer prize was given in 1917, and since that time one hundred and twenty-one men and women have been awarded \$138,000. Besides the newspaper prizes have amounted to \$118,000.

* * * * *

THE MOUNTAINEERS

The customs and habits of the mountaineers are to be preserved so states “Uncle Sam.” The government is planning to preserve for all time the remaining evidences of the primitive life of the mountain folk who have remained undisturbed in their isolation for one hundred and fifty years. Up to this time these people in every respect retain the full-blooded favor of the past.

But since the opening of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park there is danger that the methods of living will wipe out entirely the old customs. Sensing the danger many older settlers have moved elsewhere, wishing not to depart from the old life.

In order to preserve the traditional history of the mountain folk an agency, known as the National Park Service, is busy keeping intact the mountain culture as it once existed. As a matter of interest for the future generations the old homes, barns, corn-cribs, implements, firearms, clothing, books, cooking utensils, old books, or anything that speaks of the past will be preserved by this agency.

We, Americans, are a restless and nervous people, constantly reaching out for the new methods of life. It is all right to eliminate the drudgery of a home by taking to modern devices that simplify work, but in our desire for progressive civilization we should not destroy every vestige of the old that reflects the pioneer days.

* * * * *

THE BOOKMOBILE

We are proud to note that Stanly County is giving her people the opportunity to have good literature by the use of the bookmobile. The county of Stanly has never lagged when it comes to seeing and meeting the needs of her people.

The following taken from the Stanly News-Herald tells the story:

The bookmobile is giving citizens in all parts of the country an opportunity to use the service of the Stanly county library. Circulation this month has been good, and there is every reason to believe that it will increase during the coming month. The bookmobile does not appear to be a very expensive vehicle, and it is entirely possible that one of these days our library will have one of its own.

* * * * *

COTTON IS KING

Knowing that cotton in some way is giving employment to about twenty percent of the nation's population we accept graciously that "cotton is king." Just in the past week "National Cotton Week" was observed in some way. This event is sponsored by the Cotton Textile Institute and the National Cotton Council of America, co-operating with organizations which represent virtually every phase of cotton industry. The first cotton week was observed in 1931, and since then value of cotton has been emphasized in some way. This year "Dame Fashion" decreed that cotton is the leading fashion fabric.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

SONG FOR JUNE

"Sing a song of youth and maid—let us love them well,
Rejoicing in the music of their merry marriage bell;
But sing another for the lives when sands are running low,
Yet keep in tender memory the Junes of long ago!"

Still Plenty of Puzzles

There are still plenty of puzzles in this world that beat the "cross word puzzles" three to one. And they are equally as cross in their formation and results. When Einstein discovered how this well known universe of ours got in to the confusion it finds itself, I wish he had told us why the telephone cord will invariably tie itself in knots innumerable. Guess it must come from hearing so much talk.

Too Much Confusion

Prior to 1914 Europe was never a menace to the United States. At that time we were busy minding our own business, and didn't have time to manage any world affairs. Now we're all confusion. It is a nerve-racking mixture. It reminds me of the good wife who called her husband over the phone and said: "Oh, Henry, do come home right away. I've mixed the wires and plugs some way. The radio is covered with frost and the refrigerator is

singing "The Good Old Summer Time."

PEOPLE WILL TALK

Been so from childhood's hour—
Talking about the other "fella";
Now making Lord Chamberlain sour,
By ridiculing his umbrella.

Conscripting the Bees

Another unusual peaceful war is being enacted at Gettysburg, Pa., the date of the famous battle between the States, and it would seem that they are getting something. More than 3,500,000 bees have been imported from Alabama to pollinize the blossoms of some 5,000,000 apple trees. Complete pollenization of all blossoms was necessary because freezing weather killed many buds and weakened others. If these bees do not work faithfully the Gettysburgers will be stung.

You Have to Hustle

There in an old saying that is still going the rounds to the effect, that "All things comes to him who waits." It isn't a good policy; good philosophy, or a good thing to do. You just sit down and wait, and you will see things going the other fellow's way, and going pretty fast at that. You've got to be up and doing, or else you'll be run over and left behind. This is an age

of "get--up-and-get." And get all you can by your aggressive energy. You will never get what you ought to have by sitting in an easy chair—and waiting. You've got to go after it.

GOOD-WILL TOUR

When the King meets the President,
And Mrs. Roosevelt meets the Queen,
It will be quite a precedent
Never before in America seen.

Uncle Gabe's Philosophy

So many people are always complaining of "hard times." I was talking the other day with Uncle Gabe, one of few remaining "old time" darkies, who has a quaint philosophy all his own. He said: "You may talk 'bout hard times much as you please, but I done took de notion dat 'taint no easy thing to tell whuther times is hard or not. Dar's good luck an' bad luck in de wul', an' mos' eb'rybody is gwine

to hab some o' bofe 'fo' deys done wid dis wul'. Hard times is sort o' like some yard-dorgs; ef you show 'em you 'fraid ob dem, an' look like you skeered, dey'll snap at you breeches, an' pester you right sharp; but ef you hold your head straight up, an' walk right 'long by 'em like you didn't know dey was in de neighborhood, dey'll be mighty ap' to shet up an' let you 'lone. Folks think too much 'bout hard times. De bes' way is to let de times take keer o' deirse'ves, an' do de best you can, no matter what happen. Dar's some folks dat would be disapp'inted an' miserbul ef 'twa'n't no sich a thing as hard times; but I an't got no wurds to say to dem sort o' people."

AN ANALOGY

There's many a thing whereof the why
Quite baffles me and you;
Now, for instance, there's the sky
Is gladdest when it's blue.

"Give me wide walls to build my house of
Life—
The North shall be of Love, against the
winds of fate;
The South of Tolerance, that I may out-
reach hate;
The East of Faith, that rises clear and
new each day;
The West of Hope, that e'en dies a glori-
ous way.
The threshold 'neath my feet shall be
Humility;
The roof—the very sky itself—Infinity.
Give me wide walls to build my house of
Life."

—Selected.

DAD'S DUTY TO HIS BOY

By John I. M. Hart

I am looking through a microscope at a small creature. It is one of the most complicated creatures to analyze that I have ever come across. But if it is complicated, it is also most interesting. The creature is a very impulsive one—but also quite human, and has its urges, ideals, longings, temptations. It has its likes and dislikes, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments. It has a soul and body, like you and I, and has certain rights and privileges. That small creature is called BOY.

Psychologists tell us that there are two parts to every boy—the outer part and the inner part. Most of us know something about the outer or visible part of boyhood, but how many of us know something about the inner or invisible part? Not a large number. Why? Because that inner part is a world of its own—a secret world, and the average person is unable to penetrate it because the door is kept locked by the boy. Locked to whom? To his parents, his teachers, his superiors and other adults. Locked to his pals? No! Wide open to his pals, because boys have much in common and are bound by a mighty strong bond of mutual understanding and interests. Thus they seem to be continually using one another's language, so to speak, language that is only understood by themselves—and a trusted few.

In every boy's heart there is a code—his very own, which he guards very closely from adults. Why? Well, your guess is as good as mine. But perhaps it is because this code would most likely arouse the wrath of those

bothersome superiors of his who wouldn't understand what it is all about. And perhaps these adults would attempt to destroy this code of his. What a great tragedy that would be—to crush his spirit and to destroy his individuality. For that is what the code is. For instance, he starts his average day by going to school. This is practically a jail sentence for him. Everything is safe and quiet and nice at class. He has to stay at his desk and not talk for about five hours per day. His natural instinct is the direct opposite—adventure, noise, and activity. Did you ever hear of a boy asking his father to buy him a desk? Baden Powell, the founder of the world-wide Boy Scout Movement, has said: "Some boys will become studious and go on to win the scholarships. The others will go on and become the great leaders of their nation." School is out and he streaks for home to get rid of those troublesome text books. Tell mother he's going out for a snowball fight with his pals. "Do be careful" she tells him with kind motherly concern. But this is against his code, so he resents it. More caution and safety! Shucks that's for girls! So he goes full out of pep and excitement for the fight and comes back tired and subdued. He doesn't know it, but that's Nature's clever way of getting his muscles and bones to grow strong and robust—to prepare him for his ultimate but great career of Manhood.

The evening meal is usually a trial for him. He must keep his elbows off the table, not reach for anything,

bread must be broken, not cut. he is told that it is impolite to ask for a second helping, must not leave the table until all are through, etc. What a surprise would be in store for many loving fathers and mothers if they saw their young male offsprings with their pals in the woods after a hike and partaking of self-cooked food—in boy style! After the meal he can't go out because of school homework. When that's finished, it's time for bed. And the other fellows were having a game of hockey around the corner that night! But these things are all part of the adult code which he is obliged to follow—directly opposite to his own natural or instinctive code. Is it any wonder that he guards it from his superiors? Perhaps some day parents and teachers will row with the stream and not against the stream!

Are you a father with a difficult son to manage? If so, you have a real job on your hands. But have you threatened to give up the job of managing him? If so, you have a faulty conception of what is meant by a job. How about your work at the office or plant? When a tough problem faces you—do you give it up? Yet some of these very fathers, as soon as the precious human material that is their sons grow difficult to work with, they become impatient angry, resentful and threaten to throw up the sponge. Having one of the most vital and important and responsible jobs there can be in the world—raising a son—they more or less calmly announce that they're ready to give up.

They will try to get on well with those over them and under them at work—but they make no such attempt to get along with their son.

Yet here they have a human being—an unfinished adult who needs all the tolerance and sympathy that can be mustered, for he is just beginning to mature or is already fast coming into man's estate.

It is extremely doubtful if men realize how ready most boys are to admire, almost to worship them. Give them half a chance and you can be their hero. But you don't need to be hero material to make a success of being a Dad. Better still is it, I feel, to be a warm human friend—a Dad who can understand a boy's urges, ideals, longings, temptations—a man who isn't perfect himself, and above all one who does not pretend that he was a perfect little Percival when he was a boy. So, suppose your boy is defiant. Suppose he smokes. Suppose he enjoys the company of boys whom you consider are bad influence for him. Suppose he lies. Suppose he hates school. Reform school threats, cold displeasure or scolding are not the solution. These things he does are no good excuse for you ceasing to act like a Dad should. Instead, this is the time for you to stick. He needs you now.

Just how much do you know about your boy—I mean as a person? And just how much of a person are you to your boy? Aside from correcting him and looking at his school report, and generally treating him as a child? True, he may be kiddish and coltish and irresponsible and silly at times; but he's much more than that—he's an unfinished adult. That means he is no longer a child. Give him a chance to talk to you man to man—and begin by talking that way to him first. Do things with him. Give him more freedom and trust. Talk over his problem, and yours, too,

with him. Stop sitting in judgment on him. Expect a great deal from him—and you'll get a great deal.

And thus I have tried to outline, first, the boy himself, and then Dad's duty to his boy. When I look at juvenile delinquency statistics, my blood freezes.

There are so many traps and snares that encircle our boys on this continent that a strong and steady-hand must be extended to them.

There are several splendid nationwide boys' organizations in existence to help in the fight, such as the Catholic Boy Rangers and the Boy Scout Movement. Let us duly appreciate and encourage and support such splendid organizations. They are doing and have done much to make ours boys manly boys. And can any nation make A-1 men out of C-3 boys? The answer is left to you. Dad.

SCATTERING CRUMBS

I threw some crumbs from my window
 at the falling of the night,
 And I thought no more about them
 till, at break of morning light
 A ceaseless chirp and twitter on the
 frosty air I heard—
 The sparrows' morning blessing! And
 my heart with joy was stirred,
 For 'tis something to make happy e'en
 the wee heart of a bird.
 It gave me a pleasant keynote for the
 music of the day;
 A song of thanks for blessings I should
 find along the way;
 A thought for the joy of others, and
 how oft with little care
 I might give some crumbs of pleasure
 to another heart, and bear
 In my own a double measure for the
 sake of another's share.

—Selected.

UNUSUAL HOUSE 173 YEARS OLD

By John W. Harden

In Rowan county the famed "Old Stone House" has long been the focal point of attention for persons interested in early residential construction—but Rowan also has an "Old Brick House" that is just as unusual and interesting.

The "Old Brick House" is situated 13 miles south of Salisbury a short distance from the old Salisbury-Concord road, in the Ebenezer church community. It is also known as the Stirewalt house—one of the most interesting old structures in North Carolina.

There are two unusual features of the house; a clock that was made into the front wall, and an enormous, chimney that is almost as big as the entire end of the house.

The clock has a face cut in white marble set in the wall of the house, between the second floor windows. A niche was left in the wall there for the works to be placed back of the marble face, and available from the inside. These works are long since gone, and the cavity in the wall has been covered over by a modern ceiling job. The hands also are gone from the clock face—but the face of the clock remains to testify as to the original idea that John Stirewalt had when he built the place.

Engraved on the face of the clock, in addition to two sets of numerals, is the legend: "Rowan, N. C.", "John Stigerwalt" (note the difference in spelling—it's used as Stirewalt in Rowan county today), and "The 11th October, 1811."

The house was made from bricks that were moulded and burned on a nearby red hillside. The walls are 20

inches thick and the fireplaces are enormous—taking care of five-foot logs.

In addition to the clock, the great chimney is the thing that has attracted hundreds of visitors to the place. This one big chimney embraces three of the large fireplaces—two in the downstairs rooms, side by side, and one on the second floor.

A doorway into the cellar (they weren't basements then) goes right through the base of this gigantic chimney. A five-foot fireplace is taken care of on each side of the cellar door downstairs, and the third one is situated midway between them and on the second floor.

While the date on the clock face is 1811, a date found on a brick when some minor repairs were underway indicated that the house was erected, or under construction, in 1766—173 years ago, and 45 years before the date on the clock.

The house has nine large rooms. The great, wide planks of the original floor have been covered over with modern flooring and the inside walls—presenting just bare brick, have been covered with wooden ceiling. The mantles and the window framings are the originals.

The original front porch to the house was one big slab of stone. This was moved away from the house and a new and modern front porch constructed. The great slab is now the principal step to the porch. A second step is a discarded mill wheel.

The millstone belonged to a mill that once was a part of the property. It was found at the bottom of the hill

behind the house and moved up to make a porch step.

The present owners and occupants of the old house are the A. C. Ketners. They have been there 23 years.

The house was built by the son of Jacob Stirewalt, who built the other noted Stirewalt house near Kannapolis and one of the points of interest included in the Garden club tour this year. Although Jacob Stirewalt was the father of John Stirewalt, the John Stirewalt house is dated as 14 years older than the house of Jacob Stirewalt.

The cellar is as large as the house, the floor is paved with stone, and it makes a delightful place to eat in the summer—a use to which it is put.

The windows to the basement section of this ancient structure are constructed like those of a prison, being one and a half feet high and two and a half feet wide, and covered with iron bars. The only possible explanation for this is that it once served as a prison for unruly slaves.

The difference between the date 1766 found on a brick and the date 1811 on the clock indicated that the

house might have been under construction for as long as 45 years, and it must have been slow work moulding and burning brick out of the red clay hillside nearby.

As in the case of most old houses, there are rumors that this one is haunted, too. An old story that has been handed down through the years says that while the house was being built the owner caused the death of his wife and daughter by forcing them to carry brick up the hill to the house site. The same story has it that the daughter was buried under the large stone slab in front of the house.

Tradition has other graves there too—a group of Confederate soldiers buried in the corner of the yard.

Another story, that somehow lands on all old places has to do with hidden money. There was a story that gold was sealed between the bricks in a certain upstairs corner. But when the A. C. Ketner family—the present occupants—moved in there 23 years ago the bricks were removed from this “marked” money site, it was established that there was no treasure there, and the bricks were replaced.

SIXTY MILLIONS

Visitors and vacationists spent over \$60,000,000 in North Carolina last fiscal year according to R. Bruce Etheridge, director of the department of conservation and development.

The estimate was based on gasoline consumption and counts of visitors to the Great Smoky Mountains National park, Etheridge said. He added that there were “definite indications” that the state’s advertising program, inaugurated last year, aided materially in increasing North Carolina’s tourist business.

He said a total of 694,634 persons visited the Great Smoky Mountain National park last fiscal year.—Selected.

U·S· TO PRESERVE RICH LORE

By Herbert Hollander, in Charlotte Observer

Uncle Sam is planning to preserve for all time the remaining evidences of the remote mountain folk who for more than 150 years have lived in virtually undisturbed isolation in the hill country of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

Out of this region of beauty and rich tradition the Great Smoky Mountains National park has been carved, and it is in the park that Uncle Sam, through the National Park Service, plans to establish a mountain culture museum and, further, to preserve in their original settings the homes built by the pioneer forebears of the families who have been occupying them for many generations.

Unparalleled in the history of this country is the pristine state of this mountain culture, which to this day retains the full-bodied flavor of the past.

Here, especially among the older folk, the language is rich in old English and Scotch dialect forms, and such industries as milling, tanning, cobbling, spinning and weaving are carried on as they were when the first settlers pushed their way up the mountain sides to make their homes in what was to remain an unbroken wilderness to the present.

Hardy folk they were then, and hardy folk they remain. Their men carried the day in the Battle of Kings Mountain in the Revolutionary War; and nowhere in this country has the torch of individual freedom burned brighter and with greater constancy than amongst these people.

Since the opening of the Great Smoky Mountains National park many of the settlers have moved elsewhere, abandoning homes, farms and other evidences of their long tenancy.

It is all this that Uncle Sam wants to preserve so that future generations may actually see the culture as it has existed for so many decades. Cabins, barns, corn cribs, fields, gardens, orchards, implements, clothing, firearms, books, needlework—all would be kept intact under plans now being worked out by the National Park Service.

Intensely interesting in connection with this whole project are the studies being made of the dialect forms used in the speech of the "old Americans" who have lived in virtual isolation in their mountain fastnesses since before the thirteen colonies became a nation.

National Park Service investigators have found that many words, expressions, and pronunciations parallel those used centuries ago in England, Scotland and Ireland, with some few going back as far as Elizabethan days. For example, the mountaineer's use of "fust" for first, and "onth" for north, and "wuss" for worse, is said to be directly due to the original influence.

Here are some expressions noted by Joseph S. Hall, who has made a careful study of the speech characteristics in this region, which show effectively the spirit of the dialect: "I didn't wan to be catched in the rain an' no shelter."

"Dad gone it, there weren't even a

sprig of fire in his place!"

"Hit was thick of houses, thick of people up thar then."

"I had a good barn there until come a wind storm and blowed it down."

"I've tasted of it, but I don't like to drink it."

"Hit'll kill ye or cure ye, one."

"He told us not to be a-turnin' his boat over."

"We didn't make any beans last year, hit was so'dry."

"It's not generated in me to steal."

"Snow is shoe-mouth deep in the cove when it's knee deep on the mountains."

"We ought to do plenty of fishin' agin the season closes."

"It begun to come down dusky; the sun was a-setting."

"We're livin' right in the eve of time."

"Their mother died when the least one was about two year old."

"I was just a chunk of a boy when we went to Catalooch."

The day before the hunt we usually go and find where the bears are a-usin." There's a heap more hard work an slavish runnin' and trampin' in bear-huntin' than in coon-huntin'."

The ancient dialect is, of course, far more pronounced among the older people than among the younger, and as "civilization" and "progress" advance this individuality too will be lost. Thus, one can understand what Mr. Hall means when he says that "it a was real pleasure" for him to hear a fine old lad yon Big Creek say to him:

"That rattlesnake was intentioned to bite me. I never heerd a snake sing so vigorous!"

And to hear used, by folk who

have been speaking thus for generations, and long before landing on these shores, such words as "fotch," "cotch," "cain't," "engern," (onion), "kiver," "heerd," "passel," "aks," (ask), "keer," (care), "dreen," (drain), "year," (ear), and many others.

One of the most interesting usages is that of the word "afeared," which is still in general dialectical use throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland and was a feature of approved literary speech during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, four hundred years ago.

Those who have won the confidence of the mountain folk are indignant at the caricatures of them which have become so popular recently. All who really know them affirm that they are an industrious and substantial people, and if many of them are poor—and not all are by any means—it is because of their limited resources and opportunities, and not due to innate laziness or shiftlessness.

While most of the inhabitants are of English, Scotch-Irish, or Irish stock, some also are of German extraction and habits of thrift, hardihood, and independence are comon to all. Almost all of the ancestors of the present families came with the scantiest of equipment which rarely included more than an axe, auger, long rifle, cooking pot, oven, a few clothes and perhaps a horse, cow, and dog. Out of these things they created a home in the wilderness; a home that was satisfying to them and to their children for generation upon generation.

It is the plan of the National Park Service to tell this whole dramatic

story by means of a central museum and preservation of actual living quarters throughout the Great Smoky reservation. There will be units concerned with agriculture and grazing, transportation, hunting and trapping, and information on such varied subjects as mountain medicine and surgery, blacksmithing, coopering, tanning and leathering work, lumbering, milling, and others.

And it is proposed, also, to show typical moonshine stills, and to explain with sympathetic understanding the attitude of these stalwart pioneer Americans toward the "revenooers."

For years to come, however, it is

certain that the mountain folk will continue to live in the greater portion of this vast area still far out of reach of influences which will take from them the rich heritage of distinctiveness which is theirs; and not all the synthetic "hill-billies" which stage, screen, and radio can offer will be able to rob them of their pride they rightfully feel in their traditions and their way of life.

More than 150 years ago, the first settlers told those they could trust to "come in and git ye a cheer; yer welcome to what we got, **eat it if ye can,**" and their progeny still say that, in the same way, with the same intonation, and with the same heartiness, to this very day.

BELIEVE

Believe that you can—and you will not fail, though great be the task begun. Believe that you can—though hard the trail, and rugged the road you run. Have faith in yourself. Just know that you can and you're simply bound to do; and never a barrier, bar or ban can keep you from carrying through.

Believe in yourself and then go in and work with your heart and soul. Believe in yourself and you'll surely win, no matter how far your goal. There's a marvelous force in the faith that springs from this great and noble thought; by the magic spell of strength it brings the greatest of all deeds are wrought.

Believe in your soul that you will succeed. For as sure as you hold this thought, you will back your **faith with power of deed,** 'till the last hard fight is fought! Aye, hold to that thought and you'll do your part in the way that it should be done. Just start with a winner's confident heart, and your battle is really won!

So go to it, boy, and hit you stride, at the crack of the starting gun, and never falter or turn aside 'til the whole long course is run. You may not be brilliant, or clever, or smart; you may not be fast of pace, but if you have grit and a confident heart you surely will win the race.—Selected.

WHEN DO THE YOUNG BECOME OLD?

By James D. Rankin, D. D., LL.D.

A young sailor lad, on his first trip to the South Seas was constantly asking questions about the equator. His interest was so great that it became a joke among the older sailors. One morning they told him they had crossed it while he slept. He burst into tears of disappointment. Then the captain discovered that he thought it was a visible line separating the Northern and Southern Hemisphere, and explained it was merely an imaginary division. And added, "No one ever saw the equator, it is always crossed in the night."

Such as the line which separates youth and age, no one ever saw it. It is always crossed in the night. All efforts to make a mechanical division have failed. A person's age does not determine it. It is not a date but a condition. No one knows the exact time when he or she crosses it. Some, who have already crossed it, think that it lies far in front, others who have not yet reached it think it lies behind them. No two persons reach it at the same age. Its location is largely determined by the measure of physical vigor or mental alertness which the person possesses.

The prevailing thought of the time has much to do with the mechanical fixing of this line. In Shakespeare's time a man was regarded old at 40. Sir Walter Scott, at 55, bemoaned the fact that he was an old man. Montaigne retired to his castle at 38. "to spend his retiring years in peace." Dr. Samuel Johnson said that at 55 men reach their peak and after that their course must be downward. William James, the great psychologist,

said that most men are old fogies at 25.

Man's body reaches maturity and begins to weaken much earlier than his mind. Therefore callings, which major in the physical sphere, bring this change from youth to age much earlier than those which major in the intellectual spheres. A recent report made to the American College of Physicians and Surgeons by two of the most honored members of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicine, demonstrated that while the body reaches its peak of strength at about 30, the intellectual and emotional natures do not reach full growth until 50 or 60 years of age.

This shows that nothing could be father from the truth than that the age of the mind is measured by that of the body. Many who are old in body are young in mind. A mind that is alert, vigorous, eager to face new problems, willing to change a belief when new evidence requires it, is young no matter how old the body may be. Cicero, the Roman orator and statesman in his classic, "De Senectute," asks when and in what pursuits people grow old soonest, and answers his own question by saying that those who follow callings which require physical vigor age much earlier than those following a calling requiring intellectual vigor. He said that many men have young minds long after their bodies are old. He gives Socrates as an evidence of this. He was executed at the age of 70 because he insisted upon introducing new ideas and methods in statesmanship. His

executioners were young men. Cicero also proves his assertion by saying Plato died, pen in hand, in his 81st year; that Isocrates was 94 when he wrote his Pan Athenaicus, and that his great teacher Gorgeas of Leontini was still pursuing his studies when he died at the age of 107 years. Had Cicero been acquainted with Hebrew history he could have added many well known illustrations to prove his theory. Abram was 70 when, instead of finding a cozy corner in his tent, he gathered his flocks and herds and started out to find the Promised Land. Mosee was 80 when led the Exodus from Egypt, and Aaron was 83. Joshua was 85 when he completed the conquest of Canaan.

What an illustration we of today could add to Cicero's argument. Titian was painting with ever growing skill when he died of the plague at the age of 99. Verdi produced his most famous compositions at 85. Goethe was 80 when he completed "Faust." Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., was 79 when he wrote, "Over the Tea Cups," and his illustrious son and name-sake, an honored member of the national Supreme Court, wrote his finest legal opinions after he was 70. Cato begun the study of Greek at 80. Noah Webster learned 17 languages after he was 50. Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" at 83. Gladstone was 80 when he became the Premier of Great Britain for the fourth time, and after that wrote his profound defense of Christianity. Timothy Scott began the study of Hebrew at 86. Commodore Vanderbilt began his plan of railroad enlargement at 70, and increased his lines 120 miles to 10,000 before death checked his career at 83.

Bismarck did his greatest work and won the title of prince by his brilliant statesmanship after he was 70. Elihu Root, who died at 80, was active until almost the hour of his death. Chauncey M. Depew put the whole matter in a nutshell, when, on his 90th birthday, a great newspaper sent a reporter to ask "what life looked like to one 90 years old." He said, "I am not 90 years old." "were you not born April 23, 1834?" asked the reporter. "Yes." "Then you are 90 years old today, Depew." "Oh, I see, you are one of those who measure age by years. There is nothing in it, young man, nothing in it." President Roosevelt wantd to shelve the members of the Supreme Court at 70, but that was because their age had made them too wise to endorse his theories. A little later he violated the traditions of his high office by using the radio, the railroad, the airplane and the newspaper to elect five senators, the youngest of whom was 74, and a dozen congressmen who were from 70 to 75, who favored his New Deal theories, and to defeat ten other prominent Democrats who were opposed to his methods. Evidently he believes that New Dealers remain young longer than the opponents of that system, and that Democrats do not grow old as quickly as Republicans. In the heat of controversy he sent a telegram of congratulation to a bank president who had permitted himself to be re-elected when 100 years of age.

These illustrations show the folly of trying to fix the deadline by the calendar. As suggested above, the line between youth and age comes earlier to physical laborers than to intellectual workers.

LEST WE FORGET

By Lois A. Ankewitz

Freddie stood on his side of the barberry hedge and stared with blank astonishment as a fourteen-year-old girl, pale of face and fierce of eye, wreaked havoc on a white dress with a sinister pair of scissors.

She was entirely unconscious of being observed, and she tossed the shreds of what had been a new dress into the fish pond—at this time of year quite fishless. She turned, then, and fled down the path toward her house, coming almost face to face with Fredide, whose mouth, by this time, hung slackly open with surprise.

Coming to an abrupt halt, she stared at him with hostile eyes, and spoke with deadly intensity. "Go on and look. Look and look, and look, like all the rest of them, until your eyes drop out, or something. I'm not going to get confirmed. I'm not! Not! Not;

Freddie, backing slightly in dismay at this sudden onslaught, heard the kitchen door slam behind her, and sought the opposite side of his garden in which to reflect. He didn't know what was wrong with the Spennars, except in the vague, half-troubled way in which the rest of the town knew. There was something in Mr. Spennar's far-off past, some boyish scrape, that had sent him away from his home for fifteen years. Now, homesick and tired, he had come back. He had applied for the position of cashier at the Citizen's National Bank, and the president had refused to give him the position solely because Freddie's father would not recommend him—and they had been boys together!

Freddie was puzzled and worried.

It was not like his father to do that. It was not like his father to cut an old friend dead, and lead the whole town to recall a vague something in Mark Spennar's past that was terribly discreditable. Why the whole town was ostracising the Spennars! And that wasn't like the town, either. The town was kind. Freddie frowned. Mr. Spennar must, indeed, have done something terrible, but Freddie couldn't really believe that. Mark Spennar looked kind and sad, but not in the least wicked, and Mrs. Spennar was gallant and smiling, though the smile was slightly wooden, and seemed glued beneath worried eyes. The other children must be making^g it very uncomfortable for poor little Marka, if they had made her feel so badly that she would destroy her confirmation dress rather than be confirmed.

His trouble undispeled, Freddie wandered into the house. Ensconced in a comfortable wing chair in the library, about half an hour later, his brooding thoughts were interrupted by the voices of his father and mother. In spite of his warning cough, they were too intensely concerned with the subject they were discussing to pay any attention to him, so Freddie remained where he was. To say that they were discussing a subject is, perhaps, misleading, for Mrs. Rountire was doing the talking in no uncertain tone. Mr. Rountire was a patient sullen audience of one.

"Frederick," his wife was saying, "I don't know what to say to you. I've never seen you behave like this before. Whatever Mark Spennar did,

it couldn't have been bad enough for you to judge him—and abide by your judgment. It's fifteen years since he left here. Whatever he did, he's paid the score. It's your duty to wipe it off the slate and welcome him home. The whole town will follow your lead. You know that.

"And I must tell you this, Frederick. According to the tenets of the Lutheran Church, no one should take communion on Easter morning angry with anyone. I intend to call on the Spennar before that, and oh, Fred, I hope you'll change your mind and come, too!"

Mr. Rountire made a stubborn sound in his throat, and Freddie, in the wing chair, glimpsed a sudden truth. Half of Mr. Rountire's anger at Mark Spennar may have been entirely genuine, but the other half was pure masculine refusal to be intimidated by his wife.

Mrs. Rountire turned to leave the room, her face a little pale. "You've been the big Mogul in this town for so long, Fred, that you're trying to play God. Well, He sent Mark Spennar back here, and I guess He won't let you interfere!"

She almost ran from the room, leaving Mr Rountrie looking after her, slightly shocked. This was strong language from his usually soft-spoken wife.

Freddie, however, found the phrase rather fascinating. There were deep and awful possibilities in it. "Playing God!" It certainly sounded sacrilegious. He felt a little ashamed for his mother, but more ashamed for his father who had driven her to use it.

It was while he sat there mulling the phrase over in his mind that Freddie was struck with a brilliant idea. As was his habit, he arose and

went out the door to put it to into immediate effect.

When Palm Sunday arrived, it was a beautiful day, mellowing into a warm, springlike evening. If Freddie had any qualms or misgivings as he walked churchward with his family, he did not betray them. When Mark Spennar gave a brief, but wistful glance toward the Rountrie pew, and Mr. Rountrie stared painfully and straightly ahead, they left him altogether. Freddie had cast his die. He did not intend, like Lot's wife, to look back. He was glad to see, too, that little Marka Spennar, in another white dress, was confirmed.

At the close of the service, the pastor, David Jeffries, made a simple announcement.

"I have been pastor of this church for many years," he said. "Before I came there were many confirmation classes, and since I came—I scarcely like to count how many there have been. Our church is quite old. Tonight, before we go to the parish house for our usual reunion and refreshment, I am going to call the roll. There are some who will not answer because they have been called to a far-off land from whence there is no return; there are some who could not be here tonight, stopped in other places by other duties and callings; but, as I call your names, I want you who are here to stand and repeat the verse given to you on your confirmation day. I would like to think, tonight, that no one has forgotten."

There was a slight stir of excitement, many whisperings and rustlings, as people asked one another: "Do you remember your verse?" "What class was I, Mathilde, 1889 or '90," "That was the year hobble shirts came out. Let's see—"

Mr. Jeffries began to call the roll. One by one the old men and old women—all that were left of them—spoke out in quavering voices. They were very old, some of them, but they had not forgotten.

Old Mr. Jerome, who was eighty-six and a member of the first confirmation class, got up and sonorously repeated, as his name was called: "Jesus wept."

Old Mrs. Browning, who always shouted as if the world were deaf, followed. "Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

Gruff, great-hearted Captain James, long retired from the sea: "Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters."

Here and there one had forgotten. Sometimes it took them a little time to remember, but most of them did remember. Youth, the springtime of life, the seriousness of those childish vows, all conspired to help them remember.

Slowly, the roll call worked its way up. Now the middle-aged folks were taking their turn. Class of 1888. Class of 1889. Class of 1890.

It was his mother's turn. She had been in the class before his father's. Freddie watched his father's face a little anxiously as his mother rose.

Very firmly she spoke. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Freddie thought that verse excellently suited to his kindly mother.

Class of 1891. Mr. Rountrie rose, his body stiff as a ramrod, his face set. "Little children," his voice

cracked ever so slightly, "love one another."

Freddie breathed deeply. He hoped his father would see the point. He couldn't refrain from thinking that that verse was an excellent admonishment to his kindly, but rather tyrannical father, who was more for ruling than loving.

Mark Spennar! All eyes turned to the gaunt man who rose slowly, his hands clenched tightly at his sides. But Mark Spennar's voice rang out strongly and clearly, with a kind of conviction, as if the words were familiar to him, and their lesson learned. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Class of 1892. Class of 1893. One by one they paraded down the years. Freddie's turn came. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

Freddie sat down, blushing a little. He felt as if he had betrayed himself!

The last hymn was sung. As the congregation began to move toward the door, cold shivers ran up and down Freddie's back. With never a word or a sign, Freddie's father filed out; on the opposite side of the church, Mark Spennar.

Freddie felt cold and let-down. He had done his subtle best, and it hadn't been good enough. He tried to console himself with the thought that he hadn't really expected it to do any good, but it had seemed like a pretty good idea.

He had simply mentioned to the Reverend Davis Jeffries that he bet nobody ever remembered their confirmation day, or the verses they had been given, and let nature take its course. Well, nature—and Reverend

Mr. Jeffries—had done their part, but it hadn't seemed to soften the hard soil of his father's stubborn heart. Freddie was encompassed by gloom, and he thought again of that phrase of his mother's, "Playing God."

With the clear eyes of the young, he saw, too, why that phrase wasn't sacrilegious if you worked it out in the right way. An actor was only as good as he was faithful. If he followed the foot-prints, exactly, of the person he was characterizing, if he did honestly and exactly what that person would have done, and said honestly and exactly what that person would have said, if he absorbed the role so thoroughly that he tried to be the person he characterized, then he was a good actor.

After all, when Mr. Jeffries said, "Walk in the footsteps of the Master," he was also saying, in effect, "Play God!" The trouble was that people weren't such good actors. They got mixed up, sometimes, and did what they wanted to do, instead of what He would have done. That's what had happened to his father. If his father could only see that he wasn't "playing God" in the right way, he'd be horrified, probably. Freddie had tried to show him, but it didn't seem much of a go.

By the time Freddie's grudging footsteps reached it, the lights were shining all over the parish house. He hated to go in. He felt too blue. A

figure, indistinguishable in the darkness, turned in at the gate, spied another figure walking down the street with the sagging tread of defeat, and hurried after it.

"Mark!" It was his father's voice! Freddie stopped in his tracks.

Five minutes later Mrs. Rountrie cornered her husband on the veranda of the parish house. "I meant what I said, Fred. I'm going to call on the Spennars, tomorrow."

"You can't do that," replied Mr. Rountrie, laconically.

"Fred, you can't dictate to me in a matter like this. I must do what seems to me to be right. I'm sorry to go against you, but I—"

"You can't call on them tomorrow, honey," insisted Mr. Rountrie, gently, "because I just invited them all over to our house to dinner."

The door gathered in their silhouettes, Alone on the veranda, Freddie decided not to go inside. Refreshments had no appeal for him at that particular moment. He was feeling rather exalted.

As he strolled in the cool, spring darkness, he repeated to himself softly, but with a certain amount of self-satisfaction: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

While he was thinking of the aptness of other people's maxims, he couldn't help feeling that his own was entirely a propog!

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than many another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet notes, and which, when touched—accidentally even—resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

NEED STATE SCHOOL HISTORY

(The Robesonian)

In his address here the other night, Commissioner of Revenue A. J. Maxwell deplored the fact that there is not extant and adequate school or college history of North Carolina, that students graduate from high schools and colleges of this state with practically no knowledge of the history of their state.

Something ought to be done about this. The amazing thing is that nothing has been done to meet this need, even after the late Governor A. W. McLean brought it forcefully to the attention of a group of educators ten years ago.

It is not the fault of the schools, Mr. Maxwell was careful to point out. The only state school history in use in the schools is one written thirty years ago, and it gives only the barest outline of facts with no mention of men and women who achieved something in various lines of endeavor.

But even if that history had been adequate at the time it was written, it would need to be brought up to date to cover a period during

which much history has been made.

Governor McLean near the close of his term called together a group of educators and called attention to the fact that very few people in North Carolina, even among those who are intelligent and usually well informed, know anything about the history of their state. He urged that something be done about it. But during the ten years that have elapsed since then, nothing has been done.

It would seem to be a good thing to do, and the logical thing, for the state to give the task of preparing a good history of North Carolina to some professor in one of its institutions of higher learning, relieve him or her of classroom duties, and the person given this task a professor's salary for a year or two or however long it might take.

No more profitable investment could be made. If the public schools of the state were supplied with an adequate school history there would be no excuse for such widespread ignorance about the state's glorious history.

THE BIBLE

Whatever the reader may think of the matter of divine inspiration, the Bible remains the source of the loftiest spiritual conceptions, the noblest moral ideals, that the world has known. The human interest of its stories, the beauty of its poetry, the wisdom of its observations are incomparable. Even in the English-speaking world its annual sales outstrip the best-sellers, and its influence permeates every department of human thought and life.—Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

The first peaches of the season were gathered last Thursday. We are glad to hear this, for nothing appeals to the taste like a nice ripe peach in early June.

Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have just finished setting out celery plants on several acres of bottom land. About 4,000 plants were transplanted.

Messrs. A. G. Randolph and W. E. Davis, superintendent of public welfare and sheriff, respectively, of Henderson County, brought a new boy to the School last Thursday. While here they were shown through the various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building by Superintendent Boger.

A report recently came to The Uplift office that the prospects for a good crop of cantaloupes and watermelons at the School are better than usual. This announcement will please the youngsters, as watermelon feasts have been outstanding events for many summers, and, we might add that we have never seen many of the older folks walking in the opposite direction when one of these feasts was taking place.

Hilliard Ruff, one of our old boys,

who left the School in 1936, recently visited us. He attended school for some time after returning to his home, and then went to work at a saw mill camp. In April, this year, he enrolled in a CCC camp, and states that he is very well pleased with his present place of employment. While only seventeen years old, Hilliard, who now weighs 160 pounds, had grown almost beyond recognition.

At this writing our farm forces are expecting to complete harvesting a large acreage of oats and rye, consisting of about two hundred acres. It is estimated that the yield of these crops will be as much or more than was harvested last year, at which time 6,000 bushels of grain were gathered. This is in addition to about ten acres of wheat which has been cut green for ensilage. All of this grain is the product of the School farm. There is yet quite an acreage of grain on rented land to be harvested.

William Barrett, aged sixteen, who was allowed to leave the School, March 30, 1935, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. During his four and one-half years' stay at the School, Bill was a member of the dairy force. He came to us from Kings Mountain. His parents moved on a farm near Cherokee Falls, S. C., and Bill was allowed to go there at the time he left us. He reported that about three months ago, he returned to Kings Mountain, and is now em-

ployed on his uncle's farm and getting along very well.

nicely. He has been married about ten months.

Reports coming from the North Carolina Oorthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, are that James Brewer, of Cottage No 13, who has been there for some time, is steadily improving. This is the lad who spent 63 days in Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, during which time he was seriously ill with blood-poisoning, and was given fifteen blood transfusions. After this trouble cleared up, a bone infection developed, and he was transferred to the Gastonia institution about six weeks ago. We are glad to hear that James is improving and trust he will soon be on the way to recovery.

Harvey Cook, accompanied by his wife, Lillian, of Winston-Salem, were visitors at the School last Saturday afternoon. Harvey came to us in 1924 and was allowed to return to his home in 1926. While a boy here, he was member of the Cottage No. 2 group, working as a house boy and a member of the carpenter shop force. He was in the seventh grade when he left the School.

Shortly after returning to his home, Harvey enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, remaining in that branch of service for eight and one-half years, during which time he completed a high school course.

For the past three years, Cook has been employed by the Thomasville Chair Company, and reports that he likes his work and is getting along

Ralph Martin, formerly of Cottage No. 5 and a house boy at the administration building, who left the School, July 11, 1932, was a visitor here last week. Upon leaving the institution, Ralph returned to his home in Iredell County, where he lived on a farm with his parents for about one year. He then became enrolled in a CCC camp, and was employed as truck driver for both the U. S. Forestry Service and the Army. After about a year in camp, he returned to the farm, where he worked for one year. Ralph then went to Virginia, and for the next six months was employed on the construction of a large power dam. He again went back to the farm, helping his parents for nearly a year. In April, this year, this young man, now twenty-two years old, became an enrollee of a CCC camp located near Salisbury. This outdoor life certainly has agreed with him, for he has developed into a rugged-looking chap. While here he spoke very highly of the School and its work, and seemed to take great delight in meeting old friends among members of the staff of workers.

Ernest Bullock, of Oxford, one of our old boys, recently stopped in for a few minutes' chat with old friends here. He had been in Gastonia that afternoon and was on his way back home. This was Ernest's first visit to the School since he was allowed to leave, July 10, 1934. He has been

working on a farm and helping his father in their store since leaving here. They are operating a store near the prison camp, Route 1, Oxford. He stated that his business in Gastonia was to see a Mr. Mason in regard to a new household plumbing fixture, for which he has the agency in Granville County, and he expects to work up the trade during such time he can be away from the store.

Ernest is now twenty-one years old, has been married a little more than two years, and has a son about one year old. His wife was formerly a stenographer in Henderson. In talking with some of the officials of the School, Ernest stated that his stay here did him a lot of good, and that he thought it would help any boy who was willing to apply himself.

While a boy here, he once made a short talk in Sunday school, at which time he was extremely nervous, but doesn't show the least sign of that nervousness now. He also informed us that he had been playing in a string band for quite some time, and at one time was a member of a group known as the "Swing Billies," members of the staff of performers over Radio Station WPTF Raleigh.

Hoyle Austin, twenty-nine years old, who left the School in 1926, called on friends here last Monday afternoon. He has been employed as lineman ever since leaving the institution. For several years Hoyle was employed by the Duke Power Company, working in this section of the state. For the past four years he has been living in Baltimore, where he is working for the Consolidated Gas and Electric

Power Company, and is getting along very nicely.

This young man was married shortly after leaving the School and his wife died several years later, leaving one son, now about nine years old. About five years ago he was married again, his wife being a native of Salisbury. She accompanied him on this visit to the School.

Hoyle stated that he was just making a week-end trip for the purpose of bringing his mother back to her home in Charlotte, after having spent quite some time with him in Baltimore. He was most enthusiastic in his praise for the accomplishments of the School, stating that his stay here had been a life-saver for him. According to Hoyle, at the time of his admission to this institution, he was probably one of the worst boys in Charlotte, and he was truly thankful that the training received here had started him on the right path. Upon learning of the many additions and improvements at the School, he expressed the desire to spend a couple of days with us when he gets his vacation in July next.

Last Saturday afternoon's baseball game between the Thomasville Tigers and Jackson Training School resulted in a victory for the local ball tossers by the score of 7 to 6. "Dub" Johnson, twirling his first game for the School lads, shut the visitors out with three hits for the first four innings, but was touched for ten hits and six runs in the last five frames. He did very well in his first mound assignment, issuing but one base on balls and hitting one batter. Some slow fielding by his team mates was responsible for

three of the runs chalked up against him. J. Hall, a 14-year-old youngster playing right field for the Tigers, was the big noise with the old war club for the afternoon, cracking out two doubles and three singles in five trips to the plate. G. Hall and Overcash, with three hits each, were the only other visiting batters to get more than one safety. Poole, with a single and double and Warren, with a pair singles, led the School lads at bat.

The School lads started out as if they were going to have a regular field day, an error, a base on balls, four hits, including a home run by Crisp, producing six runs in the first inning. They batted around in this frame. During the rest of the game, Overcash, visiting pitcher, improved considerably, holding them to one one and three hits. The score:

		R	H	E	
Thomasville	0 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 2	—6	13	3	
J. T. S.	6 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 x	—7	8	1	

Two-base hits: J. Hall 2, G. Hall, Overcash, Poole. Home run: Crisp. Stolen base: J. Hall. Double play: Russel, R. Hundley and B. Hall. Struck out: by Johnson 6. Base on balls: off Johnson 1; off Overcash 4. Hit by pitcher: by Overcash (Smith). Time of game: 2 hrs 10 min. Umpires: Godown and Crawford. soon.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Forrest McEntire, he presented Mr. E. B. Vosburgh, as song

leader for the afternoon. Mr. Vosburgh also rendered two solo numbers, the first being "Tell Me the Story of Jesus" and the second was one of which he composed the words, using the tune of an old Moravian hymn. This was the first time this number had been sung in public.

Mr. Vosburgh then presented Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of the Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte, better known as the "Little Church on the Lane," who spoke to the boys on the meaning of Pentecost. On this day, said he, there was a new power in the world—the only power which can save men from sin. This wonderful power is available to every one of us, but as with every other good thing in life, we cannot get something for nothing. On the Day of Pentecost, fifty days after Christ's resurrection, a group of disciples were gathered together. Jesus told them of this power. He also told them they could become the greatest people in the world, if they were willing to pay the price—giving up all things of the world and striving to spread his wonderful Gospel to all nations. While they were together there suddenly came a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and these disciples, just poor fishermen, began to speak in different tongues. This said the speaker, shows what the power of God can do when men and women are willing to let it come into their lives.

What is most needed in the world today, said Rev. Mr. Spaugh, is the wonderful power of God. Unsettled conditions among nations, the lust for power burning in the hearts of certain leaders, has men thinking in terms of war. No one ever settled anything by fighting, not even among nations.

The various problems can only be settled satisfactorily when men's hearts are right; when they are ready to let God rule therein. Difficulties settled by fighting soon arise again. Such relief is but temporary. In a little while things will soon be as bad as before.

The speaker then told the boys the parable of the talents, saying that Jesus came to earth to save us from the power of sin, and, in leaving us, gave us something with which to fight the devil. The Master left the world, telling us to occupy until he came again. He gave us the talents, and it's up to us to use them to the best possible advantage. If we use what we have we shall receive more; if we fail to use our talents, what we have will be taken from us.

Rev. Mr. Spough told the boys that

the choice was theirs—they could go one way or the other. The opportunity to develop into good Christian citizens is theirs if they will only let the power of God direct their lives. People who place God first are prosperous and will continue to be so. The one great cause for boys getting into trouble is that they want to get something for nothing. They get the idea that the world owes them a living. This is all wrong. The only way we can ever hope to get anything out of life is to put our very best into it.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that God has given us things to use—a healthy body, an active mind, an opportunity to work, but among all our talents is that thing called character, which we should all strive to develop to the utmost.

CAN YOU FORGET?

So easy to remember, but can you forget,
 An act of unkindness that hurt?
 Are you big enough to forgive, or as yet
 Do you plan some revengeful dirt?
 What can we profit by killing
 Or what can we lose to forgive?
 It is godly to love and be willing
 To forget and help one to live.

A good deed mixed in with the bad
 May never be mentioned at all.
 The receiver may be good or a cad
 But the kindness each one will recall.
 Though the bad deeds have angered the mind
 Or caused some to say how they hate
 They'll remember your deeds that were kind
 But ne'er the abuse they must take.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1933.

Week Ending May 23, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) Gilbert Hogan 23
- (15) Leon Hollifield 21
- (11) James Kissiah 23

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) Rex Allred 20
- (2) Jack Broome 11
- Henry Cowan 20
- (2) William Freeman 9
- (4) H. C. Pope 18
- Jerry Smith 4
- (2) Edward Warnock 5
- (2) Latha Warren 6
- Lee Watkins 13
- (7) William Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Norton Barnes 7
- (4) George Cooke 6
- (3) John T. Godwin 6
- William Padrick 9
- (4) Nick Rochester 17
- W. J. Wilson 5

COTTAGE NO. 3

- Lewis Andrews 16
- Coolidge Green 15
- Grady Pennington 5
- Harrison Stilwell 11
- Claude Terrell 10
- John C. Robertson 17
- Floyd Williams 3

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (3) Wesley Beaver 13
- Paul Briggs 13
- William Cherry 7
- Lewis Donaldson 17
- (2) James Hancock 18
- (2) James Land 15
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 18
- (6) George Newman 18
- Fred Pardon 13
- Henry Raby 17
- Robert Simpson 5
- (5) Hyress Taylor 13

- (2) Leo Ward 21
- (21) Melvin Walters 26
- (27) James Wilhite 27

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (7) Grady Allen 21
- (7) William Brothers 19
- J. C. Ennis 5
- Donald Holland 3
- Paul Lewallen 2
- William Kirksey 15
- James Page 2
- Eugene Smith 6
- (5) Elmer Talbert 17
- (7) Hubert Walker 23
- (7) Dewey Ware 24
- (2) Marvin Wilkins 22

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (4) Fletcher Castlebury 17
- (4) Martin Crump 12
- Robert Dunning 11
- (2) Columbus Hamilton 10
- Leo Hamilton 6
- (15) Thomas Hamilton 21
- Winley Jones 5
- (6) Spencer Lane 14
- (6) Randall D. Peeler 13
- (2) Ray Pitman 7
- Canipe Shoe 11
- Melvin Stines 3
- (3) Joseph Tucker 11
- Ronald Washam 2
- James C. Wiggins 7
- (4) George Wilhite 10
- (7) Woodrow Wilson 12

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (16) Carl Breece 24
- John Deaton 18
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 16
- Lacy Green 7
- William Herrin
- (16) Caleb Hill 24
- (2) Hugh Johnson 20
- Lyman Johnson 13
- Elmer Maples 14

- Dewey Sisk 15
- (15) Joseph Wheeler 18
- Edward Young 12
- William R. Young 14

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (7) Cecil Ashley 7
- (2) Charles Presnell 7
- John Tolbert 15
- (5) Charles Taylor 18

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (4) J. T. Branch 16
- (6) Clifton Butler 13
- (2) Roy Butner 13
- Henry Coward 8
- Frank Glover 14
- C. D. Grooms 11
- Wilbur Hardin 14
- Osper Howell 13
- (2) Eugene Presnell 18
- (9) Thomas Sands 17
- (6) Earl Stamey 17
- Preston Wilbourne 13
- Luther Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 10

- Junius Brewer 3
- Walter Cooper 6
- (4) John Crawford 6
- (2) James Eury 2
- J. D. Hildreth 18
- Lee Jones 6
- Thomas King 4
- Vernon Lamb 10
- Felix Littlejohn 13
- (4) Jack Norris 10
- William Peeden 9

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (4) Harold Bryson 18
- (27) Earl Hildreth 27
- (13) William Hudgins 17
- (8) Clyde Hoppes 18
- Calvin McCoyle 13
- Edward Murray 25
- Donald Newman 14
- (4) Fred Owens 4
- Jesse Overby 8
- Theodore Rector 13
- (22) Julius Stevens 26
- John Uptegrove 6

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (3) Odell Almond 11
- (6) Jack Batson 7
- (2) Jay Brannock 4
- (10) Allard Brantley 21

- (4) Ben Cooper 13
- (3) William C. Davis 15
- (14) Charlton Henry 23
- (7) Hubert Holloway 21
- (4) Avery Smith 24
- (6) Ralph Sorrells 9
- (4) Leonard Wood 22

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (4) Arthur Ashley 11
- William Griffin 17
- (4) James V. Harvel 18
- (2) Isaac Hendren 13
- (3) Bruce Kersey 11
- (4) William Lowe 6
- (3) Irvin Medlin 14
- Paul McGlammery 15
- (5) Thomas R. Pitman 20
- (9) Alexander Woody 25

COTTAGE NO. 14

- Raymond Andrews 18
- (25) Clyde Barnwell 26
- (14) Delphus Dennis 25
- (4) Audie Farthing 18
- Paul Godwin
- (2) David Hensley 13
- Marvin King 15
- (3) Feldman Lane 12
- Roy Mumford 4
- (2) Fred McGlammery 20
- Richard Patton 4
- (3) John Robbins 18
- (3) Charles Steepleton 4
- (3) Harold Thomas 14
- Garfield Walker 13
- (4) Junior Woody 19

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (2) Ray Bayne 3
- (2) Clarence Gates 16
- (11) Albert Hayes 18
- (5) Beamon Heath 24
- Dallas Holder 9
- (2) Oakley Lunsford 5
- (2) Brown Stanley 14
- Richard Thomas 9
- (2) James Watson 15
- (2) Earl Watts 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) James Chavis 15
- (3) Reefer Cummings 16
- (7) Warren Lawry 8
- (6) Filmore Oliver 20
- (3) Early Oxendine 17
- (2) Thomas Oxendine 18
- (13) Ross Young 23

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 10, 1939

No. 23

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SOME REASONS WHY WE ARE PROUD OF OUR FLAG

First flag to represent a nation governed by
the people.

First flag to sail the sea over a steam-driven
craft.

First flag to enter the ports of Japan and open
that country to the world.

First flag to reach the North Pole.

First flag to reach the Pole by air navigation.

First flag to make a complete flight around
the world.

First flag to make a flight by air across the
Atlantic.

The flag to lead a victorious army of over a
million men across an ocean to fight
battles on a foreign soil.

The only flag that has never know surrender
or defeat.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE AMERICAN FLAG

We all do truly love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor folds above me
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

God is my love's first duty.
To whose eternal name,
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame.
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or stranger,
Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee or endanger,
Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
In liberty be laid.
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou laborum of light,
While in one general chorus
Our vows to thee we plight,
Unfaithful to thee? Never:
My native land forever!

Dr. Charles C. Pise

THE AMERICAN FLAG

The American Flag is unique in the deep and noble significance of its message to the entire world, a message of national independence, of individual liberty, of idealism, of patriotism.

It symbolizes national independence and popular sovereignty. It is not the flag of a reigning family or royal house, but of more than a hundred million free people welded into one nation, one and inseparable, united not only by community of interest but by vital unity of sentiment and purpose; a nation distinguished for the clear individual conception of its citizens alike of their duties and their privileges, their obligations and their rights.

It incarnates for all mankind the spirit of liberty and the glorious ideal of human freedom, not the freedom of unrestraint or the liberty of license, but an unique ideal of equal opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, safeguarded by the stern and lofty principles of duty, of righteousness and of justice, and attainable by obedience to self imposed laws.

Its spirit is the spirit of the American nation. Its history is the history of the American people. Emblazoned upon its folds in letters of living light are the names and fame of our heroic dead, the fathers of the republic who devoted upon its altars thier lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. Twice-told tales of national honor and glory cluster thickly about it. Ever victorious, it has emerged triumphant from eight great national conflicts. It flew at Saratoga, at Yorktown, at Palo Alto, at Gettysburg, at Manila Bay, at Chateau Thierry. It bears witness to the immense expansion of our national boundaries, the development of our national resources, and the splendid structure of our civilization. It prophesies the triumph of popular government, civic and religious liberty, and of national righteousness throughout the world.

To establish and safeguard these noble principles is the duty of every true American. Of necessity he is the foe of every movement that seeks to regiment the human spirit or to subordinate the people to the will of any despot or to any oligarchy. Logically he will so vote and exercise his prerogatives as a citizen to enlarge, enrich and expand these principles in the nation, knowing that thereby the general welfare is promoted and the people permanently benefitted.

—Contributed.

LONDON BRIDGE

The Sunday papers carried the picture of mountain people practicing the dance, London Bridge, that is one feature of the program provided for the entertainment of King George and Queen Elizabeth while the guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House.

To have the privilege of dancing for the King and Queen of England is a distinctive honor, and doubtless the event will pass down to posterity for years'and years to come. This recognition of a plain, unsophisticated people, but pure Anglo-Saxon, reflects again the kindly heart and fair-mindedness of our President, who fully appreciates real worth and knows that these people are the salt of the earth.

These dancers are from Soco Pass, in the Balsam Mountains, near Asheville. We can readily visualize that the dancers are all in a flutter, anticipating a real thrill as they appear before the royalty of England and present one of the old folk-plays of the mountaineers.

Moreover, President Roosevelt knows history, therefore, gives the proper setting for all occasions. These dances were used during the "Elizabethan Age", when court dances were in vogue. The greatest authority on folk-lore, the late Dr. Sharpe, a professor of Cambridge University, declared the mountain dances of this country were more like those of early English history than any that could be found in England today. The pioneers who came across the waters to make a home when freedom and tolerance were uppermost in their minds, passed down to their children the ancient dances and other customs of the old country.

* * * * *

GRADUATION DAY

No event of the year carries a greater interest to all people, regardless of class, creed or nationality, than the closing of the schools throughout the states. The spotlight is thrown upon the youths of the land who receive their certificates of graduation with expectations of having their fondest hopes realized.

The young people today have much superior educational advantages than those of even a decade ago. People are more school conscious. They know that an education is required if a responsible and remunerative employment is expected. There was a time when to be termed a "self-made-man" was a credit, instead one's qualifi-

cations today are reckoned by school, or college attainments. In fact to land a job of any kind requires training from some source.

However, we hope that the day is fast approaching when every school of the state supported by taxation will make vocational training compulsory. The hands should be trained as well as the minds. Every person is not fitted for the classics, languages, but could easily find a place if trained according to adaptability. This means that the aptitude of the child is to be studied, and then placed to pursue the calling of his or her choice.

There are approximately three hundred high school graduates in Cabarrus county this year, including 90 seniors from the city high school, 167 from the high schools of the county and 43 negro students from Logan high school. Those who have the means and the desire for college will continue to pursue their studies, others will stop school entirely, but by their own power, or the influence of friends find work, but they are not specially prepared for any field of service. We patiently await the time when certifications of efficiency will be given for some trade. Our schools should inspire to something more than an office or white collar job.

This country is sadly in need of skilled labor in every line of work. By schools supported by tax money teaching vocational training they can contribute towards eliminating cobblers who are paid professional prices.

* * * * *

THE SQUALUS

We are becoming so used to tragedies till they no longer register in the minds of people. The indifference of people towards such happenings is due to the fact they are all too frequent. In fact we pass from one to another till one eliminates the other. This is the true status of affairs but sad indeed

The sinking of the submarine Squalus off the coast of New Hampshire in 240 feet of water was a shocking thing. More than half of the crew was saved, and those who were not doubtless were trapped in some of the water flooded quarters.

The very thought of a submarine gives a shudder. It is one of the most dangerously sneaking devices of the human mind. It sneaks around in the seas and strikes like a snake in the grass. It shows

mercy to no one. We are glad that some of the crew of the *Squalus* were spared. It does seem that the progress of civilization in many ways has not contributed to human safety, but means of ruthless murder to the innocent as well as the non-combatants.

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FLAGS OF LONG AGO

In the history of the development of the United States flag, we find that the first flag was that of the cross of St. George, and is the present Red Cross Society standard with which you are quite familiar.

Next comes the king's colors, or king's union, which made its appearance in 1608, and was blue with a rectangular red cross and a diagonal white cross extending from corner to corner.

The third flag was called the Cromwell flag and came into being in 1660. Then the Pine-tree flag, which came into use in 1704. In one form it was a red flag with the cross of St. George in the canton, with a green pine tree in the first quarter. The Puritans strongly objected to the red cross in the flag, and it was the modification of this that became the flag of the New England Colonies. The pine-tree flag was used in the famous battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

In 1660, the Massachusetts Colony adopted as its flag the green pine tree upon a white field. Under this historic flag the soldiers of three countries fought in King Philip's War, 1675 to 1676—and it was carried to Concord on the morning of April 19, 1775. Upon this flag was written the following words (in Latin), "Conquer or Die."

The rattlesnake emblem was another favorite symbol, especially in the Carolinas, and was marked with "Don't Tread on Me." It was the first American flag ever shown on a regular man-of-war, and was pulled to the top of the mast by John Paul Jones.

—Mrs. Wilmer Crawford.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

OUR SOLDIER DEAD!

"Pray God we keep their mem'ry green
And honor more each day
Each soldier lad who proudly marched
Down that dim road of gray.

Today we pray for that peace
That they had died to give,
The memory of it should inspire
Us ever while we live."

This is the kind of weather that is calculated to convince we inlanders that the beaches of North Carolina have their advantages, after all.

A fellow who has striven so hard to "make both ends meet," and could not, has come to the conclusion that both ends do not belong together.

It seems to me that it is entirely unnecessary to go away from home to save democracy. We should accomplish that end right here at home, if we put our minds to the task.

A Kansas grocer says he stands on his head five minutes every day. That is a feat that ought to give a pretty good view of a great many things as they appear in this day and time.

"Husband and Wife Should Learn to Talk"—headline. The advice is unnecessary. I know some husbands and

wives who do not have to learn. They are thoroughly educated in this suggested art. And they use their talking education to perfection.

The President has suddenly become reconciled to deletion of the undistributed profit tax. It's nice to have the happy faculty of becoming reconciled to things you can't help happening, anyway.

The ivory-billed woodpecker is said to be the rarest bird in the United States. He may be the rarest, but next to the English sparrow, the commonest is that little one that keeps busy telling things that do not concern him, but does get a lot of people in trouble.

When a person dies the minds of people run to money. "How much money did he or she leave?" is often the first question asked. That's no way to judge any one. You may save little money in life, but if you have saved a lot of heartaches for other people you are rich indeed.

We are told that a Norwegian woman has come to the United States to study fashions, so she can take back American styles to her native land. Well, from the looks of many women's hats, the bathing suits, and

the garb of some women, and many children, she will not have much to carry back with her.

A lot of folks are never happy unless they have something to worry about. Worry is the assassin of human beings. Henry Ward Beecher once said that "Worry is the rust on the blade." And it also rust on the mind. A worrying mind is like the weeds in a beautiful flower garden—it chokes out all the beauty and harmony.

It is said that a proposal is prevalent among Congressmen to vote themselves another extra secretary apiece, at \$1,500 a year. It is also said that the members of Congress fell over each other to vote "yes." It is supposed that the Senate will follow suit. The entire cost of this move will amount to a million dollars a year. The principle involved is a bad precedent. It is inconsistent about a Congressman yelling his head off for economy when the President's relief estimates are up for consideration, and then fairly falling over himself in his haste to vote for additional secretarial hire which will cost the taxpayers an additional million dollars a year. One million more won't make us or break us. But the principle is bad, just the same.

Man today needs more faith in himself, and less dependence on others to do for him what he should do for himself. And then he needs a great deal more faith in God. Faith is half the battle of works.

Courage is a boon companion of faith. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounters with difficulty, which we call effort, and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing.

Courage, like every other emotion however laudable in its pure form, may be allowed to degenerate into a faulty extreme. Thus rashness, too often assuming the name of courage, has no pretension to its merit. For rashness urges to useless and impossible efforts, and thus produces a waste of vigor and spirit, that, properly restrained and well directed would have achieved deeds worthy to be achieved. Rashness is the exuberance of courage and ought to be checked as we prune off the useless though vigorous shoots of shrubs and trees.

In some strange place they used to run races, each with a lighted candle, and the art was to keep the candle burning. Well, now, I thought that was lifelike—a man's good conscience is the flame he gets to carry, and if he comes to the winning post with that still burning, why take it how you will, the man's a hero.—Selected.

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

(Young Folks)

Resolved: That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternately red and white: that the Union be thirteen stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

This resolution stands in the Congressional Record of the United States under date of June 14, 1777. This date of the official authorization of the flag is annually recognized as Flag Day throughout the United States and its possessions. On this date each year, flags are seen displayed everywhere. This flag represents all that our country stands for; it symbolizes the privileges of liberty and progress to be enjoyed by every citizen; it stimulates us to enter our opportunities and do our best in them.

The one hundred and sixty year old flag of the United States has become known throughout the earth. Millions have been lured to our shores by the promise of blessings to be secured by a citizen under it, and none has been disappointed, if the principles which it claims are pursued faithfully. It has not had much to do with aggression, but it has taken the lead in progress.

It has been prominent in affairs military and naval. It has been followed to death and victory. It has unfurled its rich, significant colors above all banners in civic demonstrations. It has guaranteed religious freedom to all who live under it. It has fostered and promoted educational opportunity for its children and youth. It is a glorious flag of a great nation, great because of the people who honor it, live for it, and love it.

Some years ago, as the evening shadows came in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, we were walking alone, a foreigner far from home. As we turned into a narrow street, we looked up, as the last rays of the setting sun were touching lofty buildings. On a pole atop a building, gracefully waving in the breeze and kissed by the sunlight, we saw the Stars and Stripes. The thrill, the satisfaction, the pride, the joy—well, it was beyond expression.

And to every worthy citizen of the United States this flag means everything that liberty and privilege and progress and happiness can give him.

It is fairer to train the boy to do right than to restrain him from doing wrong; it is easier to cultivate good habits than to remove bad ones; it is cheaper to prevent crimes than to cure criminals; it is businesslike to form character instead of trying to reform it.—A. F. Harms.

A CENTURY OF REFORM IN N. C.

By R. C. Lawrence

I would be the last to claim that anything is quite perfect in the Old North State, but in reply to carping critics, I do claim that we have made great forward strides in many worthwhile fields of large endeavor. It may be heartening to glimpse a few highlights of Carolina progress within the past hundred years:

Our laws a century ago were a relic of a barbarous age.

At the dawn of our era larceny was punishable with death by crucifixion, and it was two thieves who were crucified along with the Nazarene. But little more than a century ago horse stealing, bigamy, counterfeiting, dueling were punished with death in Carolina; and the forms of punishment included the ducking stool, pillory and the stocks, mutilation, branding and whipping.

The whipping post was not abolished until the Constitution of 1868, and it was not until much later that the last vestige of freedom was taken from the married man—the right to whip his wife! Not even a penitentiary existed until after 1870, criminals languishing in the filthy jails of the period without facilities for either work or recreation or exercise.

Imprisonment for debt was still in vogue, and it is sad to relate that when the aged Judge Archibald D. Murphey, father of our public school system, became involved in debt, he was imprisoned in the common jail at Greensboro where he was kept for 20 days, when, after taking an oath that he was not worth 40 shillings, he was released. Now bankruptcy dis-

charges the ordinary debt, and in lieu of the "40 shillings" of the days of Murphey, personal property of \$500.00 and land to the value of \$1,000.00 is free from the claims of creditors.

It was not until 1836 that even our Governors were elected by the people, election until that time being by the legislature.

It was not until the present century that the election of United States Senators was placed in the hands of the people. Until just prior to the Civil war you could not vote for State Senator unless you owned at least fifty acres of land, and there is still a trace of this relic of property remaining among us in the requirement that a man must be a freeholder to serve on a jury.

The primary is entirely a development of the present century, and many subordinate officers are now elected by the people who were formerly appointed either by the legislature or the Governor.

A century ago the university was practically the only institution for the higher education of young men, as Wake Forest and Davidson were just starting, and Brantley Yorke was still struggling with his school in his log cabin in Randolph. It was many years before his institution was to blossom into Trinity college and Duke university. The State made no provision for higher education for women. In 1836 the State's contribution to the support of the infant public school system was just \$30,000.00—now more than \$25,000,000.00. There was no State

department of public instruction until 1852. The university was more than a hundred years old before our lawmakers awoke to the fact that the words "education of youth" as used in the Constitution included young women as well as young men, and established the Greensboro college where Charles D. McIver made his great reputation.

Every institution of mercy is a creation of the past century. These institutions include the hospitals for the insane at Raleigh, Morganton and Goldsboro; schools for the deaf, dumb and blind at Raleigh and Morganton; Caswell School for the Feeble Minded at Kinston.

There are our great hostipals for the tubercular at Sanatorium in Hoke county, and near Black Mountain; the Orthopedic hospital for Crippled Children at Gastonia.

The orphanage work is almost wholly that of the past 50 years. Judge Albion W. Tourgee may have been both a carpetbagger and a political partizan, but it was he who caused to be inserted in the Consitution of 1868 a provision providing for State support of the orphan, which is the source of the State's contribution to the Masonic orphanage at Oxford, and to a similar institution for colored children.

Now nearly every religious denomination has its orphanage, some of them caring for hundred of children, not only in the institutions themselves, but for many who are left in their own environment under the care of worthy but indigent relations may be listed: the Baptist orphanage at Thomasville and Kinston; the Methodist orphanage at Raleigh and Kinston; the Presbyterian orphanage at Barium

Springs; the Episcopal orphanage at Charlotte; the Catholic orphanage at Raleigh and Belmont.

The establishment of a penitentiary was voted down by the people in 1846, and it was not until after the Constitution of 1868 that such an institution was erected, that document declaring that the object of punishment was to reform as well as to punish the offender.

We have gone a long way in this field with the establishment of the Jackson Training school for wayward white boys at Concord; the school at Samarcand for wayward white girls; the Morrison Training school for wayward colored youth.

It was not until 1877 that a State board of health was established, and no work has been quite so useful to the public as the work which has followed its creation. Now the State department of public welfare has a wide range of activity and in Mrs. Kate B. Johnson our State had the first woman commissioner of such a department in the nation—a department still presided over by a competent woman in Mrs. W. T. Bost.

Now the counties have a department of public welfare; a county physician; a county health officer and many other departments of social service, including the home demonstration works.

Hospitals are entirely a growth of the past century. This phase of social service has expanded upon a scale undreamed of even 25 years ago. The creation of the endowment in 1924 gave enormous impetus to this work, and many county hospitals still perform a great service made possible by the dollars of the generous James B. Duke.

High lights here include the Department of Agriculture established in the '70s; the Utilities commission, outgrowth of the Corporation commission and the Railroad commission of the '90s; the Insurance department of the '90s; the Fisheries commission of 1915; the High-

way commission of 1921; the Department of Conservation and Development of 1925.

The foregoing summary is not intended to be inclusive, but merely to call attention to some phases of the progress we have made during the past century.

HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC

The katydid has a wing that is very curious to look at, says Laura Roberts, in "Four Feet, Two Feet and No Feet." You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another on the wing. On this ridge there is a thin, but strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead.

It is the rubbing of these two ridges or drumheads together which makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it certainly. The insects could keep quit, if they wished, but they must enjoy making the noise.

The katydid sometimes makes two rubs on its drumhead and sometimes three. You can fancy she says "Katy Did," "She Did," or "She Didn't." The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the air tubes, in the bee's quick flight. The faster the bee flies the louder the humming is. Did you know that insects feel? Indeed they do. They have nerves all over them, through their wings and out to the end of every feeler.—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

ARLINGTON

By Helen M. Lane

Arlington reservation, located in Virginia across the Potomac River from Washington, D. C., was originally included in a 6,000 acre grant given by the Governor of Virginia to Robert Howsen in 1669, in payment for his having brought a number of settlers into the colony. This 6,000 acre grant was sold to John Alexander for six hogs-heads of tobacco. During the American Revolution, John Parke Custis, son of Martha Washington, purchased 1,100 acres of this grant. He named it Arlington for the old Custis family place on the eastern shore of Virginia, but never resided there. While serving as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Washington, John Custis died from camp fever. Two of his children, Eleanor and George, were adopted by the Washingtons and lived for many years at Mount Vernon.

Eleanor Custis, affectionately known as Nelly married Lawrence Lewis, favorite nephew of General Washington, and built beautiful Woodland, three miles from Mount Vernon. Upon the death of Martha Washington her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, established his home at Arlington, building the mansion in 1803. George Custis was one of the wealthiest young men in Virginia. After keeping bachelor's quarters at Arlington for two years he married Mary Lee Fitzhugh, aged sixteen, a descendant of the Randolphs of Virginia. Many beautiful pieces from Mount Vernon were included in the furnishings of Arlington.

Mr. Custis promoted agriculture and domestic manufactures and held con-

ventions on his estate for groups of farmers, offering premiums for the various exhibits. He erected a kitchen, dining room and dance pavilion, which were enjoyed as a resort by visitors from Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown. Regulations at the resort included "abstinence from spirituous liquors and no visitors on the Holy Sabbath."

On a June day in 1831, Mary, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Custis, married her cousin, handsome Lieutenant Robert E. Lee. Following the wedding ceremony six bridesmaids and six groomsmen remained for a five-day house party under the hospitable roof of Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Lee continued to make their home there. Upon the death of Mr. Custis, in 1857, Arlington passed to his daughter and became known as the Lee Mansion. When Robert E. Lee accepted a commission on the confederate service, he bade farewell to Arlington and proceeded with his family to Richmond, never to return to this beautiful estate on the Potomac.

Because of the strategic importance of Arlington Heights, orders were issued several weeks later to seize and fortify the estate. It became an armed camp, occupied by Union soldiers. From that time until the end of the Civil War, Arlington was used for military purposes. These fortifications were built for the defense of the city of Washington. When necessary space at the Soldiers' Home Cemetery was not available, President Lincoln, following a suggestion from Quartermaster-General M. C. Meigs, directed the burial of

soldiers at Arlington. A prisoner of war from the Confederate Army was the first soldier buried there.

In 1864 Arlington was put up for sale for delinquent taxes, and was purchased by the national government. After the death of Mrs. Lee, her son son, George Washington Custis Lee, heir to Arlington by his grandfather's will, brought suit against the government. His claim was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. Congress appropriated \$150,000 to be paid to Mr. Lee, and final title to Arlington was given to the government in 1883. The restoration of Arlington mansion was authorized by Act of Congress in 1925. Improvements that had been made were removed, and some of the original furniture was secured. Other pieces are of an early period.

Arlington is the largest of the national cemeteries. Two hundred acres were set aside for the original burial plot. The cemetery now contains twice that number of acres. Row upon row of headstones mark the resting-place of America's heroes.

One section in Arlington contains the graves of many Confederate soldiers. A central monument bears the inscription:

"Not for Fame or Reward
Not for Place or for Rank
Not lured by Ambition
But in simple
Obedience to Duty
As they understood it
These men suffered All
Sacrificed All
Dared All—and Died."

The first official Memorial Day service was held on a small platform in front of Arlington Mansion on May 30, 1868. General James A. Garfield,

then a member of congress from Ohio, and who later became President of the United States, was the orator of the day. General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued the G. A. R. order creating Memorial Day. This day became a legal holiday in 1888.

The white marble Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre, built by the National Government, affords a setting for national ceremonials. The cornerstone was laid October 13 1915. The pulley that raised the shining marble cornerstone was decorated with the Seal of the United States, encircled by a laurel wreath, and carried small United States flags. A historic war flag containing thirty-five stars hung at half-mast until President Woodrow Wilson, tapping the four corners of the stone, declared the coner-stone set, at which time a United States flag with forty-eight stars was raised. The following lines are quoted from the Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and member of the Memorial Commission. "This Memorial is not in honor of war, but in honor of peace and righteousness. It commemorates those who nobly died in order that future generations might live in peace."

The amphitheatre was dedicated on May 15, 1920. A parade was formed, which, after being reviewed by President Woodrow Wilson from the south porch of the White House, continued to Arlington. The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic dedicated the memorial. Much credit is due this organization for their untiring efforts on its behalf. The amphitheatre has a seating capacity of 4,000 with standing room around the colonnade for 5,000 others. On the rostrum 500 can be seated.

Included in the memorial are a reception hall, chapel and museum. Inscriptions over the stage quote from George Washington: "When we assumed the soldier we did not lay aside the citizen," and from Abraham Lincoln: "Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Near by rests the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the World War whose body was brought from a military cemetery in France in 1921. In selecting the body to be thus honored, four army officials each chose one coffin from the unidentified hundreds. From these four an army sergeant selected one. It was brought to Washington and lay in state in the rotunda of the capitol. On Armistice Day, with impressive ceremonies, the Unknown Soldier was placed in the white marble sarcophagus on which is inscribed: Here Rests in Honored

Glory an American Soldier Known but to God. Troops from Fort Myer, United States cavalry post, which is located in the Arlington Reservation, provide a guard of honor at the tomb, day and night.

In front of Arlington Mansion, in a position of honor overlooking the city of Washington which he designed, is the tomb of Pierre Charles L'Enfant. His remains were brought from their unmarked grave on a farm in Maryland in 1909, and placed in this position of honor.

The Arlington Memorial Bridge, which was completed in 1930, crosses the Potomac River from Arlington to our nation's capitol. This bridge, a memorial to those who have died in the military service of their country, is a structure of beauty connecting "the geographic sections of a united republic."

TAKE IT EASY

Do not worry, do not fret,
 Time will pass and we'll forget
 All the problems of the present
 In a future far more pleasant.
 Grief will go and joy will come;
 For you and I life's just begun.
 A smile of joy, a sigh of bliss
 To be sure we'll never miss
 With our head held high,
 And keep our eyes opened wide,
 We'll go along, taking things in stride
 And never let our courage die!

—Selected.

A SERMON FROM THE SNOWS

By A. F. Cronin, in *Masonic Messenger*

Today I went to church! A singularly mundane excursion, even for one who makes no claim to piety. Yet for me it held the most startling spiritual experience of my life.

I have seen many churches: the great cathedrals of Chartres and Rheims, the Chapel of the Black Virgin at Montserrat, the famous Jain Temple of Calcutta. This was different—a small bare pinewood chapel, sweet-smelling with the tang of resin, perched amidst the snow-en-crust-ed pinnacles of the Alps.

Here, in these azure altitudes, cleansed by the still pure air, stricken by the blinding beauty of snow and sky, one is driven perforce to cast away the dross of life, one feels oneself upon the very threshold of high heaven.

The congregation was mainly peasant, the clear-eyed, sturdy, industrious people of this German-speaking canton of Switzerland. The men wore stiff dark suits, their necks bronzed above unusual collars. There was little finery among the women, at the most a lace headdress or a treasured embroidered shawl. A scarlet kerchief, sported by a little boy, made a splash of color that set the place alight. The service was one to which I am habituated and which, accordingly, evoked no new sensation. But perhaps there was more simplicity, a greater directness in these devotions. At any rate, there was for me a queer immanence, an odd electric expectancy vibrating in the air. And then it was time for the sermon.

As the congregation sat down with a rustle and the clergyman came up to the plain wooden pulpit, my companion cast at me a swift glance of commiseration and regret. I had come with a middle-aged Englishman, of undemonstrative habit, who had been a patient of mine in London and who was now taking the tuberculosis cure at a heilanstalt in the village. He spoke German fluently, whilst I knew not one word of that bewildering tongue. Under the deprecating twinkle in his eye I felt consigned, through my own illiteracy, to an hour of gibberish and boredom.

And yet, as the preacher took his stand and slowly faced his audience I felt again that queer compelling thrill. There was much in the quiet surpliced figure to rivet my attention. He was dark, short and thick-set, still in his virile 30's with a sal-low skin, a noble head and a full magnetic eye. His manner was both vibrant and composed, charged with a fearless humility. His voice as he gave out his text was restrained yet deeply resonant, filling the tiny church and echoing from the roof. He stood very still having uttered his premise, and then, in that wholly foreign speech, he started upon his sermon.

Now I am no revivalist I have listened to many a windbag-full of sermons in my day. Of late, especially in England, I have come to dread the timid bleatings of our non-political parsons, the milk-and-water flapdoodle of our play-safe Bore-

asters. But this man was different: different as tempered steel from sounding brass. And as his discourse took shape, despite my utter ignorance of its content, I fell unconsciously under some strange and mystic spell. I caught one word: Christus. And one other, which was Fuhrer. And then, as by a breath, the scene dissolved, church and congregation vanished. I saw suddenly, and with a stabbing clarity, the countries of the earth and the pestilence that lay upon them. I saw the great dictator states, controlled by one hand, one voice, defying the doctrine of blood and iron. I saw the great democracies, sleek with good living, jealous of their vast possessions, fearful lest some vandal's hand should rob them of their gains.

I saw in every land the billion tons of armaments piled high. I saw the ever multiplying shells and guns, the stores of poison gas and bombs, the skies darkened by death-compelling planes. I saw children taught from their cradles to bluster and to hate, to strut in military parade when they could scarcely walk, to nurse a rifle as though it were a cherished toy. I saw half the world's wealth buried as useless yellow metal in a concrete tomb. I saw wheat burned by the million bushels in one corner of the globe while in another thousands of human creatures went hungry for lack of bread. I saw everywhere the blind surges of mankind, the frightened rushes hither and thither searching for security, the restless plunges into momentary pleasure, the fevered striving for material gain. And over all, amidst the sound of jazz and chink of coins, I saw the omnipresent ghastly

dread, the approaching specter of self-created doom.

It was a vision which chilled the heart, which moved one to icy terror: this lovely fruitful earth, overflowing with plenty, riven from end to end by hate, aggression and brutal cruelty, which, if unchecked, must surely crumble civilization to the dust. And less than a quarter of a century ago nine million of the world's finest men yielded up their lives to save humanity!

Such agonizing recollection could not but evoke the instant bitter query: Why, in the name of reason and sweet mercy, had this iniquitous bedlam come to pass? The question was not new, yet it struck at me with fresh relentless force. And across my mind flashed the endless explanations advanced by human ingenuity. The talk of economic stress, of boom and slump, of unemployment and the rest. Of the rise and fall of nations, the need for colonies, the survival of the fittest, the whole bag of tricks. How fatuous how futile they all seemed now!

For it was clear, acutely clear. There was only one reason. One basic explanation. Man had forgotten God. Millions now living were blind and deaf—dead indeed—to the knowledge of their Creator. For countless human souls that Name was nothing but a myth. For others an inherited tradition to which lip service must be paid. For others a convenient oath. For others a bland hypocrisy.

Yes, that was the blind and naked truth. False gods as evil as the golden calf of old now stood upon the altars of the Christian people. Paganism bestrode the modern earth.

To all but a few the very mention of the Christ evoked the smile of mockery and contempt.

Yet here, in this mad search for leadership was the one Leader who could save the world. Here, forgotten amidst the wild quest for ideologies, was the one creed that promised salvation. Not a hard creed to comprehend. Nor yet to follow. A creed of beauty and simplicity. To live decently in the sight of Heaven and one's fellow men. To love one's neighbor, to be uncovetous of his goods. To be tolerant, charitable, humble. To recollect always that Life, as we know it, is but a fragment of Eternity.

Oh, that an army of new Crusaders might arise to spread afresh in every land this long neglected counsel, to unfurl once again the faded banner of the forgotten King. Oh, that more ministers of religion might abandon their platitudes, cease to be prudent and become sincere, forsake their

empty churches and sally forth like soldiers to justify themselves in valiant conflict beneath the darkening sky. Then indeed might the world come back to sanity, and poor, bemused and tortured humanity back to God.

Quite suddenly I felt a shock, and the swift flow of my thought was interrupted. With a wrench that was almost physical I came back to earth, and saw that the preacher had at that moment reached the end of his peroration.

We came out of the church into the unblemished brightness of the winter day. And as we made our way down to the village I related to my companion the full account of my striking meditation.

He heard me with ever-growing amazement. As I concluded he faced me in stark bewilderment. "But don't you realize?" he almost gasped, "That, word for word, was the pastor's sermon."

THE FRIENDS WHO JUST STAND BY

When trouble comes your soul to try,
 You like the friend who just stands by;
 But just to know you have a friend
 Who will stand by until the end,
 Whose warm hand clasp is always true,
 It helps somebody to pull you through,
 Although there's nothing he can do;
 And so with fervent heart you cry,
 God bless the friend who just stands by."

—Selected.

ENGLISH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Often it has been said that people of our Appalachian Mountains speak the language of Shakespeare and Chaucer. Lila Ripley Barnwell, of Hendersonville, N. C., in an article in *The Washington Post*, gives some interesting evidence.

She says that scores of Shakespearean words are still used—aim for intend, "I aim to go," from *Othello*; "compulsitory, robustious", from *Hamlet*. Use of "mixtry" for mixture is also from Shakespeare.

Gower wrote "A sight of flowers," Spencer uses "mought" for might; Phillip Sidney and Lord Bacon say nestes, postes, beasties, ghostes, etc.

"Drug" for dragged, "clum" for climbed, "wropt" for wrapped, "fotch" for fetch are all old English words: "Holp" for help is in the King James version of the Bible. These words are still used in the Blue Ridge.

Our mountain man, according to Mrs. Barnwell, say "riflegun, stair-steps, rock-clift, church-house, buscuit-bread, hammeat," and with him chair becomes "cheer," queer is "quare" and care is "keer." Close relatives are spoken of as "nigh kin." They use the Elizabethan words of "scriptur," "nautre," "yander," and instead of stake he drives a "staub" in the ground. "Peart" is used in the sense of lively, and when they say "He is the illest man in his family," they mean cross or bad-tempered. Old English words are "fur" and "furder" for far and farther. "Hit" for it is from the time of Chaucer.

Like Lady Macbeth, mountaineers say "afeard" for afraid. "Yit" takes the place of yet. "Hurtin" is used for pain: "He had a hurtin in his head." Misery is used in the same way: "She had a misery in her side." Memorize is often used for remember: "I ain't seen my sister for nigh on to 20 years, I can't hardly memorize her." Name is used for told or spoke: "He never named it to me."

The language of the Tennessee and Carolina mountains includes many classic English words rarely heard elsewhere in this country.—*The Chattanooga News*.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The operation of our School will be interrupted very much for the next few weeks on account of the large number of boys who will be sent to the tonsil clinic. Such a large number being withdrawn from the regular departmental activities will be felt very much.

Last Saturday the harvesting of our grain corp was completed and on Monday morning the work of threshing was started. In passing the threshers at work the other day, we overheard the remark that the machine was running at the rate of one hundred bushels an hour. If this speed could be maintained, this task would be completed in about ten days, the working hours being about eight to ten hours a day.

There is quite a number of boys at the School who need to have their tonsils removed, and about sixty or sixty-five have been selected for tonsillectomy operations. The first group, eight in number, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Wednesday, for this purpose, Dr. R B. Rankin, of Concord, performing the operations. On Friday eight more were taken to the Concord institution and eight to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, where Dr. Peeler, Dr. Motley and Dr. Hart performed similar operations.

We are very glad to report that all of these boys have returned to the School and have been placed in our new

infirmary, where they are getting along very nicely.

Our friend, Bill Barnhardt, of Charlotte, never forgets the boys at the School when there is an opportunity to render a service. Only a few days ago, there came a bundle of North Carolina Christian Advocates, published in Greensboro, containing a copy for each of our sixteen cottages, and the label on this package carried the information that another year's subscription had been paid. This is just another one of the many things Mr. Barnhardt has been doing for our boys for several years, and it goes without saying that his continued thoughtfulness is very much appreciated.

Ira Grogan, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 11, who left the School January 7, 1937, was visitor here on Friday of last week. Shortly after returning to his home in Spray, Ira became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he was employed for several months as cook. Since that time he has been working in restaurants in various parts of the state and part of the time in Washington, D. C. He stopped in last week while on his way to Carolina Beach, where he will be employed in a hotel.

Grogan stated that while he was a house boy here he thought the work was pretty hard at the time, but later realized that the training received along that line was most beneficial.

Because of his experience in one of our cottage kitchens he secured the position as cook in the CCC camp, which enabled him to draw a salary of \$45.00 per month, while the boys assigned to other duties received but \$30.00.

This lad has developed into a very nice-looking boy and is six feet two inches tall.

A team of baseball players from Concord, calling themselves the Buffalo Sluggers, visited, the Training School diamond last Saturday afternoon, and was defeated by the score of 9 to 7.

While "Dub" Johnson, who was on the firing-line for the school lads, was nicked for eleven hits, including two triples and a home run, he kept them pretty well scattered, four runs chalked up against him being unearned. They were the results of five costly errors. Johnson caused seven visiting batters to fan the ozone and issued but one free pass to first base. He also contributed to his own victory by clubbing out a triple, driving in two runs. Cowan and Mauney, playing first base and right field, respectively, for the School lads, poled out four-ply wallops, each driving in two runs and scoring once.

Coble pitched six and one-half innings for the Buffalo lads and allowed four hits and walked five. Sloop, who succeeded him on the mound, was touched for four hits.

J. Lee was the chief bat-wielder for the visitors, getting a home run and three singles. Robertson, with a triple and single, and L. Lee, with a pair of singles, were the only other

visiting batters to secure more than one hit. The score:

	R	H	E
Buffalo	0	2	0
J. T. S.	0	0	1

Three-base hits: Robertson, Coble, Johnson, Mullis. Home runs: J. Lee, Cowan, Mauney. Stolen bases: Mauney, Rimer 2, Norris. Sacrifice hit: Coble. Struck out: by Coble 7; by Johnson 7. Base on balls: off Coble 5; off Sloop 1; off Johnson 1. Losing pitcher: Coble. Umpires—Crooks and Helms.

Instead of conducting the regular preaching service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, brought out both his senior and junior choirs, and the splendid manner in which they rendered a program of hymns and other sacred selections, was highly entertaining. Rev. Mr. Arrowood directed the adult group, while his wife was in charge of the junior singers.

The senior choir rendered the following program: "Wonderful Grace of Jesus," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Exalt His Name." The children's part of the program consisted of the following selections: "Teach Us, Lord." Two little girls, Catharine Arrowood and Edna Lee Ridenhour, sang "Whispering Hope." A group of four girls, Betty Young Stone, Phyllis Johnson, Mary Dixon Arrowood and Mary Belle Swink, sang a beautiful number. Another very good number was "Love One Another", sung by Catharine Arrowood and Annie Jean Johnson, assist-

ed by the chours. Two cute little tots, Jane Anne Shankle and Betty Jean Early, won the hearts of everyone present as they sang a pretty little number.

The members of the adult choir present on this occasion were: Rev. R. S. Arrowood, director; Mrs. Charles L. Phillips, piano accompanist; Mrs. King Umberger, Mrs. Irving Shankle, Mrs. Curtis Black, Mrs. Earl Brantley, Miss Lois Phillips, Miss Alice Phillips, Miss Elizabeth Waddell, Miss Mary Welcher Crooks, Miss Sarah M. Crooks, Miss Eloise Solomon, and Mr. E. B. Arrowood.

The junior choir, directed by Mrs. R. S. Arrowood, was composed of the following members: Annie Jean Johnson, Mary Belle Swink, Catharine Arrowood, Mary Dixon Arrowood, Mildred Early, Betty Jean Early, Phyllis Johnson, Blanche Ashby, Phyllis Lomax, Betty Young Stone, Barbara Weddington, Jane Anne Shankle, Catharine Seahorn, Sam Perkins, Bucky Waddell, with Edna Rindenhour at the piano.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood has been a most faithful member of the clergy of Cabarrus County in conducting services at the School for many years. He has the welfare of our boys at heart and is ever on the alert for an opportunity to do something for them. Bringing these choirs to us last Sunday was a fine gesture on the part of he and Mrs. Arrowood, and we wish to take this opportunity to gratefully acknowledge their kindly interest in the welfare of our lads. To them and to the members of the choirs, as well as those who furnished means of transportation, we tender our hearty thanks for an unusually fine Sunday afternoon program, assuring them at

the same time that they will always find a most cordial welcome awaiting them at Jackson Training School.

Reports On Former Students

Recently quite a few reports have come to the School concerning boys who are at home or elsewhere under supervision. We are listing some of them, together with comment from various city and county officials, as they were received from the office of W. C. Ezell, director of the division of institutions and correction, of the State Board of Charity and Public Welfare Raleigh, as follows.

ODELL WILSON, Valley, N. C., Alleghany County—Left the School January 7, 1938. "References state that child's behavior is good. Father reports him as being well-behaved. It appears that discharge from supervision would be a good thing."

HENRY FREDERE, Kelly, N. C., Bladen County—Left the School July 5, 1937. "Henry is behaving quite good, has made normal and happy adjustment. Recommend discharge from supervision."

JULIAN ANDREWS, Bonlee, N. C., Chatham County—"Julian joined the United States Marine Corps about two month ago, and is now stationed at Paris Island."

MYRON WHITMAN, Mount Olive, N. C., Duplin County—Left the School September 3, 1937. "Farming in good community. Behavior good. Recommend discharge."

WILSON RICH, Wallace, N. C., Duplin County—Left the School March 7, 1938. "Is working with

father. Behavior quite satisfactory. Recommend discharge."

R. V. WELLS, JR., Brasstown, N. C., Clay County—Left the School January 26, 1939. "Attended school from the time of his release until school closed in April. He completed one and one-half units in three months. While attending school, he lived with an uncle, who operates a dairy; he helped with the work nights and mornings. At home now with parents to help farm. Good community. R. V. plans to join the United States Navy as soon as he is old enough.

JAMES ANDREWS, Sparta, N. C., Alleghany County—Left the School July 6, 1937. "Helps mother work at home, such as gardening, and has recently been hauling rock for her. Family in comfortable circumstances; family congenial. References say child's behavior is good."

JULIUS GREENE, Patterson, N. C., Caldwell County—Left the School September 1, 1938. Living with parents. "Child is from an average home, and his conduct seems to be acceptable according to the family's standard of living."

ALEXANDER KING Elizabethtown, N. C., Bladen County—Left the School February 20, 1939. "Working on farm. Alex has adjusted himself remarkable well; is co-operative and doing all that he can for himself and family."

OSCAR SMITH, Bladenboro, N. C., Bladen County—Left the School February 20, 1939. Living with mother. "Mother is a widow, and has recently built a small house on uncleared land. Oscar is assuming full responsibility for his mother and several brothers and sisters. His attitude is good; he has full time employment at home. Attends religious ser-

vices regularly; plays with neighborhood boys in the community."

MACK SETZER, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School November 28, 1938. Living with aunt. "In school, eighth grade, and is making an excellent record. Excellent behavior record."

McCREE MABE, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School February 11, 1939. Living with parents. "Behavior is very satisfactory."

PAUL WEBSTER ANGEL, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School August 2, 1938. Living with parents. "Paul is working on a WPA project, earning \$18.56 every two weeks. He seems to be trying to make satisfactory adjustment."

JOHN DAUBENMYER, Winston-Salem N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School July 6, 1937. Living with mother. "In school, sixth grade. School work and conduct satisfactory. Principal of South Fork School, where boy is in attendance, gives very favorable report. John is making satisfactory progress toward adjustment"

LEO FORRESTER, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School April 18, 1938. Living with parents. "Leo was recently promoted to the seventh grade at Mineral Springs School No. 1. He helps his father in the fruit market. Reads a great deal in spare time. Apparently making satisfactory adjustment."

WALTER MERRITT, Wallace, N. C., Duplin County—Left the School June 18, 1938. Living with mother. "Helps his mother. Behavior has been beyond reproach."

JAMES WEST, Kings Mountain, N. C., Cleveland County—Lives with a sister and brother-in law, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Yarborough. "Works

on the farm with his sister, and will receive a share of the crop as remuneration for his work. The relationship among members of the is very congenial, and they seem to be good people."

GROVER REVELS, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School February 11, 1939. "Lives with his mother and is attending school. He is making satisfactory progress in the fourth grade work. Grover's behavior is very good."

THOMAS BRADDOCK, Winston-Salem, N. C., Forsyth County—Left the School August 15, 1938. "Tommie is living with his parents and is attending school, where he is in the seventh grade and making satisfactory progress. His behavior record is also very good."

It will be noted that final discharge from parole supervision was recommended for the following boys listed above: Odell Wilson, Henry Fredere, Julian Andrews, Myron Whitman and Wilson Rich. These have been issued, and we hope the lads will continue the fine records they have been making.

Cottage Honor Roll Summary

A summary of the Cottage Honor Roll for the past twenty-seven weeks, from the week ending November 27, 1938 to the week ending May 28, 1939, discloses the fact that just two boys, James Wilhite, of Cottage No. 4 and Earl Hildreth, of Cottage No. 11 had perfect records, their names being placed on the roll every week. Three boys missed a perfect score by just one week, while four others were listed twenty-five times.

The names of boys appearing on

the honor roll are shown below, grouped according to number of times they "made the grade" during this twenty-seven weeks' period:

27—James Wilhite, Earl Hildreth.

26—Melvin Walters, Julius Stevens, Clyde Barnwell.

25—Edward Johnson, Edward Murray, Alexander Woody, Delphus Dennis.

24—Dewey Ware, Carl Breece, Caleb Hill, Thomas Shaw, Avery Smith, Beamon Heath.

23—Gilbert Hogan, James Kissiah, Hubert Walker, Robert Bryson, Charlton Henry, Ross Young.

22—Thomas Wilson, Leonard Wood.

21—Clyde Gray, Leon Hollifield, Robert Maples, Earl Weeks, Jerome Wiggins, Loyd Pettus, Leo Ward, Grady Allen, Thomas Hamilton, Allard Brantley, Hubert Holloway.

20—Edward Lucas, Rex Allred, Henry Cowan, William McRary, Marvin Wilkins, Hugh Johnson, Jack Foster, Thomas R. Pitman, James Kirk, Fred McGlammary, Filmore Oliver, Curley Smith.

19—C. L. Snuggs, William Brothers, Edgar Burnette, Junior Woody.

18—H. C. Pope, James Hancock, Ivan Morrozoff, Edward Batten, John Deaton, William Estes, Joseph Wheeler, Charles Taylor, Eugene Presnell, J. D. Hildreth, Harold Bryson, Clyde Hoppes, James V. Harvel, Raymond, Andrews, Audie Farthing, John Robbins, Clifton Davis, Albert Hayes, Ira Settle, Thomas Oxendine.

17—Nick Rochester, John C. Robertson, Lewis Donaldson, Henry Raby, Elmer Talbert, Fletcher Castlebury, J. B. Devlin, Thomas Sands, Earl Stamey, John Kirkman, Aldine Duggins, Early Oxendine.

16—Lewis Andrews, Robert Atwell,

Douglas Matthews, John H. Averitte, Donald Earnhardt, Edward McCain, J. T. Branch, Carrol Clark, Elbert Head, Everett Hackler, William Trantham, J. R. Whitman, Clarence Gates, Reefer Cummings,

15—Coolidge Green, James Land, William Kirksey, William Beach, Robert Lawrence, Dewey Sisk, John Tolbert, James Bunnell, James Coleman, George Duncan, Mark Jones, Horace Williams, William C. Davis, Clarence Mayton, Howard Sanders, Paul McGlammary, Claude Ashe, Monte Beck, Marvin King, Troy Powell, Jones Watson, Howard Bobbitt, Arvel Ward, James Watson, James Chavis.

14—Howard Roberts, James C. Cox, F. E. Mickle, Spencer Lane, Elmer Maples, Ed. Woody, William R. Young, John Penninger, James Butler, Frank Glover, Wilbur Hardin, Baxter Foster, Albert Goodman, Paul Mullis, Donald Newman, Douglas Mabry, Irvin Medlin, Harold Thomas, Brown Stanley, William Young.

13—Porter Holder, Lee Watkins, Warner Peach, Wesley Beaver, Paul Briggs, Fred Pardon, Hyress Taylor, Samuel Williams, Randall D. Peeler, James H. Davis, Lyman Johnson, George Green, Clifton, Butler, Roy Butner, Osper Howell, Lonnie Roberts-Preston Wilbourne, Isaac Hendren, David Hensley, Henry McGraw, Garfield Walker, William Cantor, Hoyt Hollifield, Clearence Lingerfelt.

12—William G. Bryant, Edward McGee, Martin Crump, Clinton Keen, William Wilson, Woodrow Wison, Blaine Griffin, Eathy Strickland, Edward Young, Cicero Outlaw, Harold O'Dear, Burl Allen, Alexander King, Tillman Lyles, Carl Singletary, John Ham, Feldman, Lane,

Robert Kinley, J. P. Sutton.

11—Jack Broome, John Capps, Landreth Sims, Harrison Stilwell, J. W. McRorrie, George Wright, Robert Dunning, Canipe Shoe, Joseph Tucker, Ernest Mobley, C. D. Grooms, Julius Fagg, Odell Almond, Thomas Knight, Arthur Ashley, Bruce Kersey, L. M. Hardison, William T. Wood.

10—Samuel Ennis, Clifton Mabry, Kenneth Raby, Claude Terrell, Paul Broome, John King, Lindsey Dunn, Columbus Hamilton, George Wilhite, Graham Sykes, Vernon Lamb, Jack Norris, James Reavis, Thomas Trantham, Sidney Delbridge, James McGinnis, Rowland Rufty.

9—William Freeman, Horace Journigan, Fernie Medlin, William Padrick, William C. Jordan, Cecil Wilson, J. C. Branton, Collett Cantor, Samuel Montgomery, Cleasper Beasley, Donald Britt, William Peeden, Oscar Smith, Ralph Sorrells, Howard Todd, Desmond Truitt, Leonard Buntin, William Hawkins, Dallas Holder, Eulice Rogers, Richard Thomas.

8—Everett Watts, James Boone, A. C. Lamar, R. V. Wells, Richard Singletary, Ned Waldrop, Robert Hampton, Jack Pyatt, William Tester, Henry Coward, Charles Bryant, Jesse Overby, Franklin Hensley, Richard Honeycutt, S. E. Jones, George Tolson, Charles McCoyle, Claude Moose, Paul Ruff, Warren Lawry.

7—William Wilson, Norton Barnes, Arthur Craft, Floyd Lane, Donald McFee, Brooks Young, William Cherry, William Nichols, Richard Starnes, Noah Ennis, Ray Pitman, James C. Wiggins, Lacy Green, Roy Helms, Cecil Ashley, Lonnie Holleman, Edward J. Lucas, Charles Presnell, Hollie Atwood, Clarence Baker, John Hendrix, Alfred Lamb, Cleveland

Suggs, Luther Wilson, Matthew Duffy, Jack Batson, Jack Mathis, Garland McPhail, Joseph White, Joseph Hyde, Cleo King, George Worley.

6—Howard Cox, Edgar Harrellson, Latha Warren, George Cooke, John T. Godwin, Oscar Roland, Thomas Yates, Forrest Plott, Richard Palmer, Eugene Smith, Leo Hamilton, Leonard Jacobs, Archie Castlebury, Raymond Hughes, Edmund Moore, Clyde Hillard, John Crawford, Walter Cooper, Lee Jones, James Nicholson, Torrence Ware, John Uptegrove, J. C. Allen, William Powell, Merritt Gibson, William Lowe, Paul Shipes, N. A. Efirid, Robert Hines.

5—Eugene Edwards, Blanchard Moore, Reece Reynolds, Frank Walker, Edward Warnock, James Blocker, Thurman Lynn, W. J. Wilson, Grady Pennington, Van Martin, Robert Simpson, Richard Wiggins, William Barden, J. C. Ennis, Winley Jones, Marshal Pace, Loy Stines, Walker Warr, Floyd Combs, James Penland, Ballard Martin, Alphas Bowman, William Deaton, Leonard Watson, James Lane, Jordan McIver, Marshall White, Oakley Lunsford, R. J. Pace.

4—Vernon Johnson, Clay Mize, Jerry Smith, R. L. Young, Postell Clark, Hugh Kennedy, Grover Gibby, Fred Tolbert, Ralph Webb, Eugene Ballew, Carl Ward, James Jordan, Alexander Weathers, Roy Barnett, Thomas Knight, William Pitts, Joseph Christine, Fred Owens, Ernest Brewer, Jay Brannock, William Goins, John Church, Harry Connell, Roy Mumford, Richard Patton, Charles Steepleton, Horace Branch.

3—Thomas Turner, Burman Keller, Bruce Link, Jack Sutherland,

William Whittington, Herman Cherry, Harold Dodd, Harley Matthews, Jack Morris, Fred Vereen, Floyd Williams, Homer Bass, Ernest Davis, James Cooper, A. C. Elmore, Donald Holland, Ivey Lunsford, Joseph Mobley, Melvin Stines, Eugene Watts, Howard Baheeler, Wilfred Land, Robert Gaines, Junius Brewer, Clerge Robbinette, Carl Speer, William Furches, Allen Honeycutt, Roy Pope, Woodrow Hager, James Puckett, George Hedrick, J. C. Willis, Raymond Anderson, Ray Bayne, David Williams, Earl Watts, Hubert Short.

2—William Anders, Virgil Baugess, Charles Brown, Henry C. Call, Robert Coleman, B. C. Elliott, Arlie Scism, J. W. Jones, Frank King, Forrest McEntire, Jewell Barker, Frank Crawford, John Whitaker, Paul Lewallen, James Page, Robert Deyton, Joseph Sanford, Ronald Washam, Hubert Smith, Ernest Overchash, Jack Crawford, Olin Langford, Ray Reynolds, Ralph Carver, James Eury, Jesse Kelly, James Martin, Weaver Penland, Floyd Williams, Joseph D. Corn, Andrew Lambeth, James Lewis, Franklin Lyles, Henry Smith, James Mondie, Wilson Bailiff, Dillon Dean, Harry Leagon, Harvey Walters, Eldred Watts, Robert Chamberlain, Edwin Jackson, Harold Oldham, Raymond Brooks.

1—Lacy Burseson, Charles Cole, John Davis, Clinton Adams, William Downes, Thomas Hooks, Charles Smith, Earl Barnes, Earl Bass, Wayne Collins, Kenneth Conklin, William T. Smith, George Speer, Theodore Bowles, Robert Dellinger, Monroe Flinchim, Ray Hamby, Everett Lineberry, Edward Thom-

asson, Jack West, Charles B. Ziegler,	Parker, Grover Revels, Gladston
William Herrin, Clifton Brewer,	Carter, Craig Chappell, Allen Bled-
Thomas Britt, Floyd Crabtree, Char-	soe, Aldine Brown, John Fausnett,
les Crotts, Charles Davis, Howard	William Broadwell, Howard Devlin,
Griffin, William Jerrel, Samuel	Jesse Owens, Joseph Woody, John
Kirksey, Harvey Ledford, Norman	Baker, Paul Godwin, J. D. Webster.

CONCERNING WATCH JEWELS

The term "jewel" in watch movement must be taken literally. The small precious stones are drilled to receive the pinions or axles of the wheels, the object being to provide a bearing that will not corrode and will not wear away easily.

The garnet is the least valuable of these jewel settings, but some of the minute sapphires and rubies used in the bearings of a watch are good enough for the setting of a ring.

For the most part, however, these fragments of precious stones are off color, the sapphire especially being pale to insignificance, but at the same time harder and better for watch jewels because of this light color.

Each stone is shaped to a circle and bored through the center, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or the lower plate of a watch.

The immediate setting for the watch jewel is a minute cylinder, brassy in appearance, but really of soft gold composition. Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the center has been enlarged to fit the steel pinions which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests upon the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby until it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion; then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the center of the jewel.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 4, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Gilbert Hogan
 Leon Hollifield
 James Kissiah
 Robert Maples
 C. L. Snuggs

COTTAGE No. 1

Rex Allred
 Jack Broome
 Henry Cowan
 Howard Cox
 William Freeman
 H. C. Pope
 Howard Roberts
 Jerry Smith
 Jack Sutherland
 Edward Warnock
 William Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes
 James Blocker
 Charles Chapman
 Arthur Craft
 George Cooke
 John T. Godwin
 Thomas Hooks
 Floyd Lane
 Nich Rochester
 Landreth Sims
 W. J. Wilson
 Brooks Young

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Atwell
 Earl Barnes
 Earl Bass
 Richard Baumgarner
 James Boone
 Herman Cherry
 Wayne Collins
 Kenneth Conklin
 Frank Crawford
 Coolidge Green
 Bruce Hawkins
 Roscoe Honeycutt
 A. C. Lamar
 Douglas Matthews
 Harley Matthews
 F. E. Mickle

Jack Morris
 Grady Pennington
 John C. Robertson
 George Shaver
 William T. Smith
 Harrison Stilwell
 John Tolley
 Fred Vereen
 Earl Weeks
 Jerome Wiggins
 Lewis Williams
 Allen Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Homer Bass
 Paul Briggs
 Paul Broome
 James Hancock
 Hugh Kennedy
 Ivan Morrozoff
 George Newman
 Forrest Plott
 George Speer
 Hyress Taylor
 Leo Ward
 Melvin Walters
 James Wilhite

COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen
 Theodore Bowles
 William Brothers
 A. C. Elmore
 J. C. Ennis
 Ray Hamby
 Everett Lineberry
 Elmer Talbert
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Marvin Wilkins
 George Wright

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten
 Fletcher Castlebury
 Robert Dunning
 Columbus Hamilton
 Leo Hamilton
 Thomas Hamilton
 Leonard Jacobs
 Winley Jones

Spencer Lane
 Randall D. Peeler
 Ray Pitman
 Canipe Shoe
 Joseph Tucker
 George Wilhite
 Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte
 John Deaton
 George Green
 Lacy Green
 Roy Helms
 Caleb Hill
 James Jordan
 Hugh Johnson
 Elmer Maples
 Ernest Overcash
 Alex Weathers
 Edward Young

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Donald Britt
 Jack Crawford
 Clyde Hillard
 Charles Presnell
 John Tolbert
 Charles Taylor
 Walker Warr

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood
 J. T. Branch
 Clifton Butler
 James Butler
 Roy Butner
 James Bunnell
 Edgar Burnette
 Carrol Clark
 James Coleman
 Frank Glover
 C. D. Grooms
 Wilbur Hardin
 Osper Howell
 John Hendrix
 Lonnie Roberts
 Thomas Sands
 Cleveland Suggs
 Earl Stamey
 Preston Wilbourne
 Luther Wilson
 Thomas Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer

Matthew Duffy
 J. D. Hildreth
 Felix Littlejohn
 James Nicholson
 Jack Norris
 R. A. Wagoner
 Floyd Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen
 Harold Bryson
 Joseph Christine
 Charles Frye
 William Furches
 Baxter Foster
 Earl Hildreth
 William Hudgins
 Clyde Hoppes
 Paul Mullis
 Edward Murray
 Fred Owens
 Theodore Rector
 John Uptegrove

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen
 Odell Almond
 Jack Batson
 Allard Brantley
 Ernest Brewer
 William Broadwell
 Ben Cooper
 William Deaton
 Howard Devlin
 Max Eaker
 Everett Hackler
 Woodrow Hager
 Joseph Hall
 Charlton Henry
 Hubert Holloway
 Richard Honeycutt
 S. E. Jones
 Tillman Lyles
 Clarence Mayton
 James Mondie
 Howard Sanders
 Avery Smith
 William Suite
 George Tolson
 J. R. Whitman
 Leonard Wood

COTTAGE No. 13

William Griffin
 Jack Mathis
 Irvin Medlin
 Ray Pitman

Marshall White
Alexander Woody

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews
Clyde Barnwell
Monte Beck
Delphus Dennis
Feldman Lane
Charles McCoyle
Fred McGlammery
Troy Powell
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
Howard Todd
Desmond Truitt
Harold Thomas
Garfield Walker
Junior Woody

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson
Howard Bobbitt
Horace Branch
Ray Bayne

William Cantor
Clifton Davis
Aldine Duggins
N. A. Eford
Clarence Gates
Hoyt Hollifield
Beamon Heath
Albert Hayes
Oakley Lunsford
Ira Settle
Brown Stanley
J. P. Sutton
James Watson
George Worley
David Williams
William Young

INDIAN COTTAGE

Phillip Holmes
Warren Lawry
Filmore Oliver
Early Oxendine
Thomas Oxendine
Curley Smith
Ross Young

INFLUENCE

We are continually exercising an influence on all with whom we come in contact. Now, the question is, what is the nature of that influence? If we are filled with the Holy Spirit, it will be a revelation of Christ. Our lives will be a constant Epiphany. In these bodies we should carry about the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ. The tone of the voice, the line of our conduct, the look of our eyes, everything about us will speak of Christ. I do not think it is a light thing that so many who name the name of Christ, adopt a light, rattling, worldly manner, so as to emulate manners of this world. Do not let us put on anything like cant or a sanctimonious air. Yet I am bound to say that if we are filled by the spirit there will be a certain cheerful recollectedness about us, there will be a grave serenity in the very expression of our countenance, a genial sobriety in our intercourse with others, which will impress those whom we meet and reveal the indwelling of God.—Beecher.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 17, 1939

No. 24

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THE LITTLE TRAIL TO BEING FRIENDS

The little trail to being friends
Is one that never, never ends.
Upon it you may travel far
To where the nicest places are.
It holds for you great vistas fair,
And sunlit fields and fragrant air,
And better views around the bends;
The little trail to being friends.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

TRUE RICHES

You are richer today than you were yesterday if you have laughed often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend, or made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks; if you have thought more in terms of "thysel" than of "myself," or if you have managed to be cheerful even if you were weary. You are richer tonight than you were this morning if you have taken time to trace the handiwork of God in the commonplace things of life, or if you have learned to count out things that really do not count, or if you have been a little blinder to the faults of friends or foe. You are richer if a little child has smiled at you, and a stray dog has licked your hand, or if you have looked for the best in others, and have given others the best in you.

—Old Scrap Book.

OHIO FIRST

It is terrible to realize that the time has come when it becomes necessary to legislate to keep women from taking the place as "barmaids". This is what happened in Ohio during the session of General Assembly. Just to visualize women standing behind "bar-counter" is nausea, knowing that they were created for the honored position—motherhood—and her shrine should always be her home. We reflect in our lives our very thoughts, and children are quick to sense the sentiment of mother. We get used to drastic changes all too quickly, and accept them without a protest.

Woman's place has always been, in the minds of the best thinking people, upon a pedestal of honor, and never for a moment classed with such a degrading service—the passing of drinks over the counter to the stronger sex. But with the ever changing times public opinion has molded a sentiment that puts women in many places that should be filled by the men.

However, in the House of the General Assembly, Ohio, some chivalrous solon introduced a measure that would debar women from acting as bar-maids. The act, if it becomes a law, strikes a noble note which should cause some kind of halo to surround the heads of representatives responsible for the measure.

Women's first duty is to make a home, rear orderly families, but quite impossible to render such service effectively, having as her daily occupation the mixing of cocktails, or uncapping beer bottles.

Unless we move with the times we are classed as back numbers, but there are some things women do that the writer cannot applaud, and this thing as acting as "bar-maids" is the limit. The solons of Ohio have set a precedent. We trust that the seed may be sown throughout the states in fertile soil and other representative men of all the states follow in the footsteps of the Ohio citizens.

* * * * *

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY

To play or not play tennis on the Sabbath in the issue today. Why make such a to do about a trivial sport? The questions as to things permissible on the Lord's day used to be decided by the parents. But those were the days when the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," was emphasized.

There is no harm in a game of tennis at any time. It is a fine recreation. It is quite true that tennis is a clean sport. The only danger is the influence upon the general public if the game is played on public play grounds on the Sabbath. The greatest sermons in life are those expressed in our daily walks, therefore, we should at all times try not to be a stumbling block to our brethren. The laws of the land are changed frequently, but the Laws of the Lord have remained the same from the days of Moses. The responsibility is ours to lend a sweet and peaceful influence upon the Sabbath.

* * * * *

COTTON-PAPER

Charity & Children accepts changes as they come:

"An elect lady who lives in the cotton growing section of the state. complains that she is running out of dish cloths. She has used sugar and flour sacks for that purpose but late her sugar and flour

come in paper bags. She complains of the substitution also on the grounds that it diminishes the demand for cotton. The substitution of paper for cotton is not limited to sugar and flour bags. The articles formerly made of cotton and now made of paper are almost numberless and every substitution calls for less cotton. There is a bright side to the matter. The same land which produced cotton at a loss will grow pines at a profit. The good news is that paper can be, and what is better, is being made from second growth pine. Paper and pulp mills are springing up on former cotton gin sites. Another good thing about it is that while there is a diminishing demand for cotton there is an increasing demand for paper. Southern forests and swamps have become valuable. It is another instance of the goodness of God. In the fullness of the time he allowed the brain of a chemist to discover a secret of nature that would give a livelihood to a people who were getting short of dish cloths. When wood became scarce coal was discovered, when the coal supply began to run low oil was found. Ye are of more value than many sparrows. All honor to the chemists and discoverers but all praise and thanks unto God."

* * * * *

John Eliot, born at Nasing, Essex, England, May 31, 1604, and died in the state of Massachusetts, May 20, 1691. He was known as the Apostle of the Indians. His principal work was a translation of the Bible in the Indian language, also wrote a catechism for the Indians.

John Eliot's Indian Bible was the first Bible of any kind printed in North America. The type was set by an Indian and it took six years to finish the work. Two hundred copies were bound in leather, and one especially fine copy was sent to King Charles II, of England.

This missionary among the Indians never failed in his friendship for them. He sponsored every cause that led up to disputes over land, or troubles of any kind, trying to protect the Indian's interests. He did all of this work without the hope of reward, and often endangered his own life in times of uprisings among the Indians.

However, when Eliot died he felt that all of his efforts were worthless. He did not see results. But we all know that the work of a true servant of God is never in vain. He is remembered today as one

of the first white men who had the interest of the Indians at heart, and up to the last moment endeavored to help them.

* * * * *

NEXT—DISTRICT HOSPITAL HOMES

After a survey of the traditional County Homes by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, these almshouses are found not to be in step with modern public welfare. The forward step is that the county homes should consolidate into District Hospital Homes to care for the indigent chronically ill and infirm. This consolidation has been tried out in other states, and the inmates receive better care and at less cost than if each county continues to maintain the traditional county homes.

The practice of trying to make the inmates work is entirely out of the question, because those who go to the county homes are too feeble to do any kind of work. So the most humane treatment is to place them where they can get medical attention with the best sanitation.

Virginia, before 1925 and without the benefit of Social Security Program, provided District Hospital Homes with hospital equipment to replace local county homes. It is their experience that the maintenance cost of the District Hospital is lower than when each county maintained its local Home. With the lower cost the inmates have better care and better medical treatment. It requires time to adjust such matters, but in the course of time North Carolina will step in line and have indigent and infirm District Hospital Homes instead of the County Homes that continue to have a suggestion of the "befo-de-war or after-de-war Poor House."

* * * * *

MANY UNFIT TRY TO DRIVE

Often when drivers of automobiles take long chances and you exclaim as you barely avoid an accident "Look at that 'crazy' driver," you may be correct in terming him "crazy."

In Detroit, Michigan, they examined 467 motorists who were arrested for breaking traffic laws. 190 of these cases were serious mental cases, seven found insane, 40 on the verge of insanity, 46

feeble-minded and 97 judged to be mentally dangerous on the highway.

Folks wonder why licenses were issued to those, in the first place. It would appear to be negligence on the part of someone, or a laxity in traffic laws. This proves that there are many unfit drivers who should not be permitted the responsibility of handling a car.

One way to reduce the number of automobile accidents is to make the requirement for drivers' license more strict.—News-Herald

* * * * *

TRADE-INS

The expression "trade-ins" is instantly understood to mean "used-cars," and they are not only used, but abused to the extent that there is danger both for the owner and the general public travelling the highways.

The Automobile Club of New York has recently related information as to the many causes of motor accidents. The following made public by the Automobile-Club tells the story, and it is readily seen that the "trade-ins", and many of them unfit for use hold a conspicuous place on the highways:

Drivers of the 26,000,000 passenger cars in the United States during 1938 were troubled with 10,000,000 flat tires and blowouts. During the same year drivers ran out of gasoline on the road 1,350,000 times. Running out of gasoline, of course, was just plain thoughtlessness; but the tire troubles, and the too frequent accidents and fatalities, were caused by speedsters in cars equipped with tires worn down below the limits of safety. But more than worn tires are complained of. There are the dangers incident to cars that are "trade-ins" but resold though unfit for use on crowded highways.

The "trade-ins" are not only dangerous from the view point of a master mechanic, but the noise belching forth from such a car is deafening as well as nerve racking. Since our streets have been turned into regular realroad tracks the quiet and peace of home life has been absolutely destroyed. Why discuss it? There is nothing to do but bow and accept conditions.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

CONTENTMENT

"Give me no strange Elysium of the mind,
No poppy-scented dreams to take me far;
Give me instead the strength with which to find
A deep contentment with the things that are."

There are unemployed dollars as well as unemployed human beings in this nation. Both should find work to do.

Ancient Rome had its Caesar. Now Germany has its modern "Seizer" the way Hitler takes small nations by force of arms and power.

The modern idea of the present day economists seems to be how to make the world safe for me and mine, and let the other fellow take care of himself the best he can.

A moralist declares that no new sin has been invented in 5,000 years. No necessity for a new one. There are enough old ones to keep the world in a state of wickedness that is appalling.

The permanence of American institutions and the success of our form of government are assured so long as the American people use their institutions and support the Government in guaranteeing liberty and freedom to all citizens. The best way to preserve freedom is to practice freedom. Not freedom to do as you please from

a distorted will; not a license to exceed the bonds of conventionalities and trespass upon the rights of others, but freedom with its humane limitations.

A New York minister says that Christianity is the only cure for war. He is eminently right in his theory. But the trouble is, every fellow wants the other fellow to be Christian and takes none of the responsibility upon himself. A sort of "do as I say, but not as I do" idea.

This is summer time, and vacation time. An increased number of automobiles will be traveling through the country. If you value your life, don't burn up the roads and don't burn up the countryside. Throwing lighted cigarettes and cigars out of the window of your car as you pass along the road, may cause great loss of life and property. Use the ashtrays provided by the car manufacturer for disposing of stubs and ashes. And be sure you have plenty of ashtrays around that summer camp or cottage. Do your part to protect your life, your property, and the great outdoors against fires.

Most of us have seen, in some individual instance, the tragic problem of men grown old without financial resources, and forced to subsist on the bounty of relatives or public charity.

The plight of thousands of widows is equally grave. According to the U. S. Census Bureau, 32 per cent of all the widows in this country must work for a living. Many of these women once had fine homes. Their husbands earned good salaries, or owned prosperous businesses. But no bulwark was established against their future, and when death came to the wage-earner, there was little or nothing left for dependents. It is an encouraging thing, going by the records of the life insurance sales, that more and more men are making sure that their widows may never be in that unhappy position.

Brains! They are a vital thing in life. As we understand them by the dictionaries, they are the soft whiteish convoluted mass occupying the cranium of a vertebrate, constituting the center

of the nervous system, and the seat of consciousness and volition. There isn't much difference physically in any of us. We all have two arms, two legs, a pair of eyes, and a body to operate them. Where we differ is in our hearts and souls. The human machinery is given us, but we must develop the brain to operate this human machine properly. There are brains so large that they unconsciously swamp all individualities which come in contact or too near, and there are brains so small that they cannot in the conception of any other individuality as a whole, only in part or parts. There are some that do not seem to have any brains at all. But humanity moves on. The world is ruled by brains. Some good, bad and indifferent. The world was once destroyed by the brain-work of wickedness.

HOW TO AVOID TEMPTATION

A man once asked an Oriental king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation. The king told him to take a vessel brimful of oil and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop. "If one drop is spilled," said the king, "your head shall be cut off," and he ordered the executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked, "Did you see anyone while you were walking the streets?"

"No," said the man, "I was thinking of the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind on God as you fixed it on the oil."

—Selected.

TERRACED WALLS AND ROCK GARDEN

By Kathryn Bradley

An unusual hobby? Mr. Denny, a resident of Wabash, Indiana, has one that nearly exhausted the local rock quarry, for it required over seventy tons of rocks. Rock terraces are his hobby.

The hobby was suggested when Mr. Denny noticed an eight-foot city wall at the base of the fifty-foot hill on his property. Using the city wall as a model, he covered the rest of the hill with a terraced wall garden.

This required not only loads of rock but also loads of soil and many rock plants. The soil was used in the place of mortar. The plants were set in the soil as the wall was built, so as to have proper root spread and soil pack.

In the selection of material and the building of the garden needs of the plants guided the choice. Rock with a proper absorbent quality was selected for its cooling effect on the summer plants. Soil with food properties of one part well-decayed manure and three parts garden soil was prepared for use. In building the wall garden the rocks were placed at a tilt so as to catch and convey rain-water to the soil and roots of the plants. Rock crevices were not planted until the growing area of the plant was considered. *Sempervivums* could be planted in every rock crevice, but *saponaria*, the *acymordes* and many others could not.

In selecting the plants themselves, the color-scheme was considered, as well as the kind of plant. Clashing colors in flowers could spoil the

effect of the entire wall garden. Mrs. Denny planned the scheme for three seasonal varieties, so the terraces were always covered with a harmony of flowers.

The prettiest flowers were planned for the upper terrace where there was a rock garden and pool. Low growing subjects and moss were planted here.

Thus Mrs. Denny made a garden scheme for two kinds of gardens, before the actual building started: the rock wall garden whose plants were planted flat so they would grow out of the wall; the terrace garden, whose plants were placed straight up, so they would grow on top of the scheme covered four rock wall gardens and four terrace gardens. The size of the wall garden was dependent on the height and length of the wall, while the size of the terrace garden was dependent on the width and length of the wall. Mrs. Denny was to have a forty-foot length of intermittent gardening in both wall and terrace garden. Her wall garden was to have the width of her respective wall which was eight feet on all terraces.

After Mrs. Denny made a written plan for these garden needs, her husband made his garden plans for building materials and building. First of all he visited the limestone quarries of the town. Here he noticed soft limestone and also hard limestone. He learned that the former was used for making rock wool, while the latter was used for building. He of course chose the hard limestone.

Next Mr. Denny studied their

method of quarrying to discover what size of rock he wished. The plug and feather method of quarrying was pressure that eventually split the rock into correct shape for building columns on buildings and statue bases. The blasting method on the other hand detached and broke masses of small rock. Since these pieces were too small to be used in large building process, they were inexpensive. Next he hired a farmer to haul many loads of this rock to his property. The farmer easily unloaded the rocks for they were flat, only a few inches in thickness and two or three feet in width. Though these rocks were not the best material for a rock garden they were excellent for building a terraced garden, not only because they were easy to handle, but also because they did not crumble in the freezing and thawing process. This was because of their wide surface.

The next process was the planning and marking of the prospective wall itself. Space was planned for tightening the soil back of the rocks. Mr. Denny decided to make his wall six feet. The length of the wall was to be forty feet, or that of the city wall.

Though Mr. Denny could not see it, he knew that the city wall had a foundation. So he made a six-inch excavation in that section he had marked, but he left a solid bottom. He filled the excavation with his largest rocks, packing the soil tight-

ly between the cracks as he proceeded.

Before he began his wall proper, he observed from the model city wall that it sloped towards the bank. Keeping these things in mind, he began building. He placed several inches of soil between the rocks. He also packed the soil solid between the bank and the wall. Then for the next layer of rocks, the length and width line was stretched out by use of the measuring apparatus. This was to find the proper level and not to have one rock higher than the other. As each rock was laid the soil was packed tightly between. The process was repeated with each wall.

In this way the fifty-foot hill back of Mr. Denny's house was covered with rock terraces. Their original object was to keep the lawn dirt from washing down the hill. For a mile and a half, his neighbors houses are flanked on one side by a steep hill. Mr. Denny is the only one who has solved the dirt-wash problem and at the same time combined beauty with necessity.

A view from the bottom of the hill shows the plants growing out of the walls in all growing seasons. A view from the top terrace shows the flowers planted on the top of the other three terraces.

These flowered rock gardens and wall gardens thrive in isolation because of their inaccessibility to children and dogs. An eight-foot city wall guards the base of the hill.

Life consists of only two certain parts; the beginning and the end, the birth and grave. Between these two points lies the whole arena of human choice and opportunity.—Selected.

11 PRESIDENTS HAVE SERVED NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

(Selected)

Of the eleven presidents of the University of North Carolina since it opened its doors to students in 1795, one was head of the institution at three different periods in its history and another was president in name only—the university closed before he went into office.

Joseph Caldwell first was elected presiding professor in 1797—heads of the institution were not called presidents until 1804—and was succeeded by J. S. Gillespie who held the position for two years.

Following a hectic administration during which time the enrolment fell off and student insurrections occurred, Dr. Caldwell was asked again to serve as presiding professor in 1799. He served in this capacity until 1804 when he was elected the university's first president.

He continued in office until 1812 when he resigned to devote more time to his favorite subject, mathematics, and was succeeded by Robert Hett Chapman, who held the office for three years. Then Dr. Caldwell was asked again to take the presidency and this time he served until 1835.

The man who was president in name only was Solomon Pool. He was elected just before the institution closed its doors during the dark days of reconstruction in 1868.

Besides Caldwell, Pool, Chapman, the university's presidents have been David Lowry Swain, Kemp Plummer Battle, George T. Winston, Edwin A. Alderman, Francis Preston Venable, Edward Kilder Graham, and Harry

Woodburn Chase. President Frank Porter Graham is the eleventh.

Dr. Charles Phillips acted as chairman of the faculty when the university was reopened after reconstruction in September, 1875, and Dean Marvin H. Stacy was appointed chairman of the faculty following the death, due to influenza, of Dr. Edward Kilder Graham during the World war. Dean Stacy served only three months when he too died of influenza.

President Swain was elected in 1835. At the time of his election the student enrolment numbered 101, the faculty 10, and 15 courses were being offered. By 1858 the enrolment had reached 456, the highest peak attained before the Civil war. New East and New West buildings were added during his administration.

The university showed marked progress during the administration of President Swain. During the period immediately preceding the Civil war, Carolina stood at the forefront of educational institutions in the South. Of its 456 students in 1859, there were 159 from other states. Its contributions to the public service of the state, the South, and the nation among its alumni a President and a Vice President of the United States, seven cabinet officers, five foreign ministers, nine United States senators, 41 members of the national house of representatives, 13 out of 29 governors of North Carolina from 1814 on, seven governors of other states, and so on

throughout a long list of eminent and distinguished men.

Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle was the first president of the new university. In recognition of the fine service he performed in bringing the institution back to life and rebuilding it, he has been called the "Father of the new university." It was his passion to root the institution deeply into the good will and affection of the masses.

Dr. Battle served as president from 1876 until 1881. When he was elected the student body numbered 112 and the faculty 12; when he resigned the student body numbered 197 and the faculty 10.

Dr. George T. Winston, who had been a member of the faculty for 16 years, succeeded Dr. Battle. Dr. Winston "called to the campus the sons of the rich and poor alike. He believed in the university as a dynamic force and preached its gospel all over the state. He took the field against criticism and intolerance and wrought mightily in a conflict whose issues involved the respective place of church and state in a democracy."

Dr. Winston served as president for five years, and during his administration the enrolment jumped from 248 to 446 for the regular sessions and from 0 to 158 for the summer session.

The university's next president was Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the eloquent apostle of universal education, who went about the state preaching that gospel to the masses. Of convincing logic and winning personality, Dr. Alderman carried the university beyond the borders of the state and made it known to the country at large. It was under his administration, and at his instance

that women were first admitted as students to the university. He was head of the institution for four years, and during that time the enrolment grew from 413 to 515.

Dr. Francis Preston Venable succeeded Dr. Alderman. During his administration, from 1900 to 1914, the student enrolment showed a steady increase. There were 529 students when he was elected and 886 when he relinquished the presidency. The summer school enrolment jumped from 92 to 596.

Dr. Venable set high standards and held firmly to them. He gave to natural science a place of coeminence with the humanities. "His position as one of the foremost chemists in America and his constant insistence upon sound scholarship, academic standards, and state support for state institutions, added new strength to the university's position, both at home and abroad, advanced its leadership in the natural science and paved the way for its present preeminence in the social science."

"It was upon the basis of the soundness and thoroughness of the inside work done during the Venable administration that the present program of extension outside of the university has achieved such signal success."

Coming to the presidency in 1914, Dr. Edward Kidder Graham quickly distinguished himself as an educator of the first rank and soon brought the university to a new and commanding position of influence and power in both state and nation.

Through the agency of the extension division, which he established, Dr. Graham took the university to the people out in the states and made

higher education popular. And here on the campus the students worshipped him. Under his guidance the university took a new place among southern institutions.

Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase took up where Dr. Graham left off. During the Chase administration the university saw its greatest material growth and development to date.

In 1921 came the great educational campaign that swept the state from Cherokee to Currituck. That campaign was inspired and directed from Chapel Hill. The result was a bond issue of \$20,000,000 for permanent improvements and charitable and educational institutions to cover a six-year period.

During Dr. Chase's administration the resident student body almost trebled in number. The summer school enrolment jumped from 800 to well over 2,000. In 1919 there were

24 extension students and by 1929 there were 3,500 enrolled.

When Dr. Chase took over the reins back in 1919-20 the university was getting \$217,000 for maintenance and nothing for buildings and permanent improvements. A decade later the university got over \$800,000 (\$894,379 to be exact) for maintenance and \$610,000 for permanent improvements.

President Frank P. Graham's administration thus far has been characterized chiefly by consolidation of the three state-supported institutions of higher learning at Greensboro, Raleigh and Chapel Hill into the consolidated university. He has been largely responsible also for the remarkable growth of the three institutions and for the development of an unusually high-ranking graduate school at Chapel Hill.

THE CALL TO PARENTS

When things go wrong, when home life is out of control, when children become obstreperous and unwieldy, when parents are at odds with each other, when moral defeat stares them in the face, they cry out like babies because they do not know what to do, and all the while they have been practicing a code of conduct that has produced such sorry situations. It is a case of the blind leading the blind, for the parents live in a moral shamble, even more than their children, and must take the consequences of their negative habits. Not until our Christian homes and our Christian parents sense the positive importance of sound Christian and moral education with Christ and his teachings will there be any hope for our homes developing a sound, moral and Christian life. There is a ringing call coming today and that call is this: Parents get right with God. —The Presbyterian.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE AT GREENSBORO WAS OPENED IN 1892

(The Durham Sun)

Opening at a time when the world was still in the throes of Victorian ideas, the Woman's college of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro was the fulfillment of a dream long cherished by educators in North Carolina for formal education for the young women and girls of the state.

A state school then, a unit of the state university now, the "Normal," as it was called on that October day in 1892 when Dr. Charles Duncan McIver welcomed the first students, has given increasingly fine educational advantages to thousands of North Carolina girls over its almost 50 years of history.

On October 5, 1892, Dr. McIver, with 15 members of his newly-organized faculty, welcomed 223 students. This year a faculty of 218 and a student body of 2,114 make up the population of the second largest state woman's college in the United States.

It was fortunate that the first students were girls in earnest about education, which to them consisted primarily of courses in teacher training, for as they arrived on the campus, then on the outskirts of Greensboro, they found two buildings standing in 10 acres of red mud, landscaped with one lone tree. As students of the Woman's college today look back upon the students of the college of that day in 1892 they see girls in leg-of-mutton sleeves, sweeping dresses, and several years older than girls today, for most of them came

to the "Normal" as graduates of other schools. They were housed in a dormitory lighted with coal oil lamps and heated with fire places. They did most of the work about the dormitory, and brought most of their reference books for study. They had little social life, as the girls of today look at it. They were allowed to have "gentleman callers" only at holiday time, and when they had officially sent out "at home" cards.

But they had come to a school that was, to them, a miracle. For years certain groups, and certain individuals in North Carolina had seen the great need for the training of women teachers. In the eighties, after North Carolina had begun to come out of the chaos of war and reconstruction, Dr. McIver and Dr. E. A. Alderman and often Mrs. McIver, held teachers' institutes, all over the state. It was while working with these groups that Dr. McIver and Dr. Alderman realized the deplorable condition among the teachers.

They began their campaign, which lasted for many years, to arouse enough interest for a teachers' training school to procure a state appropriation. Several times committees presented resolutions. Once it failed to pass by only a few votes, and had it passed, the Normal would have been co-educational. The idea of giving education to women alone was growing slowly, and most painfully.

Finally, in 1892, the legislature brought into being the State Normal

and Industrial school. Two Raleigh men, R. S. Pullen and R. T. Gray, gave a site of 10 acres in Greensboro, and Greensboro raised \$30,000.

Today, after 47 years of growth, the school stands on that same hillside, a monument to the men and women who strove for its founding, and to the purpose incorporated in the first catalogue: "To give such education as will add to the efficiency of the average woman's work, in whatever walk of life her lot may be cast."

Instead of two buildings on 10 acres, there are 45 on 111 acres. Instead of a student body of 223, there are 2,114. Where a faculty of 15 stood valiantly for the training of better teachers, there are 218 today. Three courses of study were offered those early students, a normal course, a business course, and a home economics course. The first year 21 girls received diplomas in these three courses. Today, Woman's College offers five degrees, an AB, a BS in home economics, a BS in physical education, a BS in music, and a BS in secretarial administration. For these five degrees there are 15 major departments, and there is still the one-year commercial department giving a certificate as it did 47 years ago. In 1938 there were 297 graduates receiving these degrees.

In that early day the library facilities consisted of 1,500 books and such additional reference books as the girls could bring from home. Today there is a library of 75,000 volumes.

In 1892 there was but one dormitory. This fall, with the two more under construction there will be 15. Then there were a few recitation rooms in the administration building.

Today there are several buildings devoted to class rooms alone, one of them named for Dr. McIver. There is an auditorium seating 3,000 persons. There is an infirmary, with 60 beds. There is a music building, a home economics building, a gymnasium, public relations building, students' building, alumnae house, and library. There is Curry demonstration school, where the girls learn to teach. In the fall there will be a new science building, which is part of an almost million dollar building program this year.

In 1892 there were 95 girls defraying their own expenses at the State Normal. That spirit of earnestness about education has never died. Today there are 450.

There have been 5,298 graduates of the college, and today they are in 37 states and 17 foreign countries, carrying on the work started that fall morning in 1892.

Admission for students in 1892 was difficult to define. The catalogue said they should be able to analyze any ordinary arithmetical problem; read any ordinary English page fluently at sight; express thoughts clearly in writing; answer fairly well any questions on English grammar, geography, history of the United States, and history of North Carolina. They should be 16 years of age and in good health. Today requirements for admission are standardized. Applicants must have 15 acceptable units of credit. They must be 16 years of age and in good health. And what would the girls of 1892 think of the series of intelligence tests given the new girls of 1939 for placement information?

Dr. McIver, who was first president of the institution served until

his death in 1906. In that year Dr. Julius I. Foust succeeded to the presidency, and upon the foundation laid by Dr. McIver he and his co-workers developed a strong liberal arts college. In 1934, Dr. Foust retired from active service and was made president emeritus of the woman's college. Dr. Walter Clinton Jackson, who has long served the college as teacher and vice-president, was elected to succeed Dr. Foust as head of the institution with the title of dean of administration.

The college became a part of the University of North Carolina in 1931, when the general assembly of North Carolina consolidated the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the State College of Agriculture and Engineering at Raleigh, and the North Carolina College for Women into the Greater University of North Carolina, now under the leadership of President Frank Porter Graham.

Along with the phenomenal growth in the size of Woman's College there has been continued expansion of the social and personnel program of the school. Miss Harriet Elliott, dean of women, heads a group of trained personnel workers who serve as counselors in the college residence halls and direct social programs of the college.

The social life of the college centers around the residence hall units, the four societies, and various clubs and class organizations. Picnics, week-end camping trips, teas, formal and informal dances help create a normal social atmosphere.

The government of the college is based upon the principles to be found in any well-organized community. The faculty and students have inte-

grated their ideas into the student government association, officers of which are chosen democratically. The student organization works in close co-operation with the dean of women and the counselors in the residence halls. There are three divisions of the student government machinery, the judicial board, the legislature and the house organizations.

Though the college is non-sectarian the students have organized religious programs. In addition to the Young Women's Christian Association, the membership of which is approximately 1,700 there are organized church groups with which students associate themselves for congenial religious fellowship and for training in church leadership. Four churches, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, and Presbyterian, maintain student secretaries who have offices near the campus and work through student centers and churches adjoining the campus. An Inter-Faith council made up of student presidents and representatives of the organized religious group on campus serves as a unifying center for all activities. The college also employs a full-time trained director of religious activities.

The college every year brings to its student body a number of distinguished artists in the fields of music, art, the dance, and letters. These programs are made possible by the college lecture course committee and the Greensboro Civic Music association of which all students are members.

Woman's college is one of the five women's colleges in the South with an academic rating to have Phi Beta Kappa.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

By Ivy Bolton

"Grubbing is usual!" Thomas Baldwin spoke scornfully. His brother Richard raised calm blue eyes to his as he leaned on his spade.

"Grubbing and digging," he agreed placidly. "Some day you will see how worth while it is."

"Not I." Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "The woods and hunting are for me until I can do greater things and win a name for myself serving queen and country."

Richard laughed. "At any rate I shall have the garden even if the name and fame tarry."

Thomas flung himself impatiently on the low bench near his brother. "Are you never discontented?" he demanded hotly. "Here are we alone and homeless save for our uncle the master of the Hatfield house. The estate which should have been ours is rented to others and we are here in this out of the way place where our uncle plays the gaoler to the Princess Elizabeth."

"I do not think plays is the correct word," Richard said thoughtfully. "It seems to me that he has made a very distinct work of the matter. The princess is faring but poorly. She is allowed to walk here on sunny days and methought a few growing things would gladden her sad heart."

"It is no use to cozen the Princess Elizabeth," Thomas said. He looked around carefully to see that he was not overheard. "She will never come to England's throne, and those who are ambitious had best betake themselves to Queen Mary and His Majesty of Spain."

"I shall never do that. I like not

fighting in any case, though I would do my uttermost for our Princess Bess—God bless her. No, my dreams were Oxford town and the chance to study and learn the wisdom that will make the world a happier place. God has not given it to me, so I will do His will and at least be a good gardener."

"What in the world you find worth while in a garden, I fail to see," Thomas grumbled.

"Results, Thomas." Richard pointed to a plot bright with daffodils and crocus, naturalized among the shrubbery. Bluebells were edging the garden path with pale primroses, while the air was sweet with hidden violets. "Here I am making ready for the roses. Saw you ever a lovelier sight than this?"

Thomas sniffed. "The red deer running please me more." He tapped the gun, he was carrying. "I hit the bull's-eye six times running this morning. You would not be able to strike the outer rim."

Richard picked up some lily bulbs and planted them carefully, shovelling the earth over upon them.

"I doubt if I should," he agreed. "I should never want to hunt the red deer. I love to see them running too much."

"You ought to have been a girl," Thomas mocked him. "But it is not only red deer. A man must get ahead in this world. We have to shoot and fight. I mean to be Sir Thomas Baldwin some day with wealth and position. You will be nothing but a clodhopping gardener Richard, of no use to anyone."

"At least I can bring beauty out of the earth. I am thankful that our uncle lets me do this."

"Lets you! You save him the price of a gardener and he knows it. Everyone is aware that the Master of Hatfield House is a miser."

"At least he has offered shelter and a home to us who would fare ill enough, were it not for him."

"I still maintain that we more than earn our own keep," Thomas insisted obstinately. "What you need is ambition, Richard. I am full of it. I want to go to the wars; I want to take part in stirring deeds, to serve my queen and country and to win—real rewards."

"I have ambitions enough," Richard's eyes lighted. "I do not want to fight; I want to serve. I hate wars and battles and all the evil that they bring upon us. I want to work on the land, to study the soils, to aid the crops, aye, to be a great gardener, who brings beauty out of the earth to make others glad."

Thomas rose. "Methinks you should be a poet," he mocked. "Well, each to his way, Richard. I must go to the house to clean the guns and to see that all is in order in the cellar. Such is my work, but it shall not be for long."

He went in and Richard looked after him. The two boys were not unlike, though Richard was two years the older. Both were tall, strong and athletic; both brown-haired and regular featured, but while Richard was all quietness and calm, Thomas was the reverse.

Richard did not turn back to his work at once. He was pondering his brother's words. Was it just lack of ambition that made him find contentment so near at hand, he wondered.

Was it cowardice as Thomas had hinted more than once which made him a lover of peace? Life had indeed been hard for them. Father and mother had both died last summer in the great fever; the manor already encumbered with debt, could only be saved by rental; there was no influence, which would bring them scholarships for Oxford or Cambridge, and had not the Master of Hatfield House come forward with an offer to his nephews, though their mother had been but his stepsister, the lads would have fared ill indeed. Richard chided himself for secret ingratitude, but the cold Master of Hatfield House was not one to inspire love. He spoke but seldom and then with chill displeasure usually to find fault. He stayed much alone, although in petty and tyrannical fashion, he was ever finding schemes for humiliating the princess sent to his care—in residence—as it was termed in London, in durance, as princess Bess knew only too well.

The princess was the center of the boy's interest now. As he worked in the enclosed garden, Richard would look at the small window at which she sat, sometimes reading, sometimes embroidering, sometimes idle when the master took books and embroidery away. One little maid of honor waited upon her, Marjorie Beaton, whose childish form looked barely twelve but whom Richard suspected to be nearer seventeen. He saw Marjorie often washing with unaccustomed hands, the few shabby garments that they owned, and he knew that clean bedding was obtained with difficulty and pleading, and that food was of the most meager variety. The Tudor wench was not to be cockered and spoiled was the Master of Hatfield's decree.

"Not working today, Richard?" the voice was the Princess Elizabeth's. She stood beside him, tall and slender in her shabby patched dress but with her head held high. The boy sprang to his feet.

"I was thinking, Your Grace, dreaming and idling, I fear me."

"You do not often idle. The spring is in your garden, Richard, a sight for tired eyes. An old man once told me that blossoms sprang for those who loved them. I think you must love these."

"I do." The boy's face lighted with his smile. He gathered some golden daffodils and stony narcissus and held them out to her. She slipped them in her belt. He looked at her shyly. "Is it the part of a coward to love peace?" he asked abruptly.

Her eyes met his. "Surely not. Peace upon earth, what could mean more than that, Richard lad? God grant the day may come when there may be real peace and happiness in England, when all the land may blossom as a rose and homes unbroken be in all the length and breadth of it."

"That is what I should like. There is magic in the land, my princess, a magic that I would fain get out. I should like to be a great gardener—some day. But most of all, I want to serve Your Grace."

"With no guerdon I fear from a beggared princess." She smiled at him. "Yet you do me service already. Your flowers bring gladness to my heart."

"There are to be many more," he told her eagerly. "I am to have roses here, great roses of Damascens. There is a deserted house in the village, and I was told I could have the roses. I am going to dig them up tomorrow. I have lilies planted in

this corner and great holly hocks will be all down the walk with lupins and foxgloves and canterbury bells.

"A wondrous sight for us to think of. Yes, lad you serve. Good morrow, Master Hatfield. I did not hear you step upon the grass."

The man looked at her out of small crafty eyes. "You talk with my nephew, Princess."

"I was admiring your garden and his faithful work," she said quietly.

"He is greatly honored." His thin lips curved in a sneer. "It is well that he can make himself useful—his father was a good for naught dreamer who left his brats to my care.

He turned on his heel. Elizabeth saw the boy's hands clinch and the big tears in his eyes. For once Richard was roused.

"Mind him not," she said as her hand went on the boy's.

"I mind not what he says of me," the boy choked out. "But my father—my honored father—who cared for others rather than himself who might have died rich had he not loaned to those who were poor—to speak like that of him—"

She smiled wistfully. "Words so they say, break no bones—only hearts methinks. Lad, the Master of Hatfield is one who could never understand one like your father. You see I know what he must have been like—for I have watched his son. And as for cowardice—well it takes a brave heart to make the best of what we have and go on—serving beggared princesses and men—who love us not."

She went back not waiting for his thanks. Richard drew his hand across his eyes. Then he bent to his digging again. He soon finished and was preparing spade and wheelbarrow for his expedition to the de-

s deserted house when a light footstep sounded behind him and he turned to face Marjorie Beaton. The soft breeze caught her curls and sent a little little color into cheeks that were thinner and paler than of old. She stopped to gather some daffodils and the boy bent to help her.

"Have a care, Rishard," she whispered. "There is some plot afoot again. I heard the Master tell that sly seneschal that it was a good thing to encourage you to talk with the princess. 'It will make the trip a surer one,'" he said.

She ran back and Richard frowned in perplexity. "What possible way could there be of trapping the princess by means of him?" he said to himself. He picked up the wheelbarrow and spade and started on his journey.

The deserted house was a small one, but the garden must have been a beautiful one in its day. The boy dug up clumps of flowers and finally made his way to the formal rose garden close to the house. He began to dig up the rosebushes, piling them on the barrow as he did so. He was about to wheel them off when a shadow crossed the blind in the window above him. Richard started. Someone was in the place! He hid his barrow behind the hedge and crept close to the wall. Voices of two men reached him.

"It is a sure thing," one said. "We must know the exact procedure. The letter to be given the princess is a treasonable one purporting to come from Lord Cecil himself in answer to one of hers. It must be given before a witness, and the Master of Hatfield says that there is one at hand. The Beaton maid is no use. She has tricked us more than once. But the princess likes the pleasaunce and talks with Richard Baldwin as the boy

works there. He is daft on gardens and is there most of the day. He will be there this afternoon for he is planting and the Master will insist that the work be finished. The princetss will be there, too."

"A good scheme." The other voice was gruffer. "'Faith but ye English be strange folk. In Spain we do not have to take this trouble. The princess Elizabeth would have been lost in the prison of the Inquisition long since. Here even the Tower could not hold her. London rose forsooth. But with treasonable papers and a witness, even London cannot protest trial. Make sure that you have both."

Richard's face was white. So this was the plot. This was how they were to use him. He slipped cautiously away and climbed a big oak tree that sheltered the doorway. The two men came out. Both were strangers to him, one a sly-looking undersized man with white face and pointed nose; the other an undeniable Spaniard bearded and richly dressed with a heavy riding cloak. They paused to look around.

"No one is like to be here?" The Spaniard asked. "It looks as though someone had been digging."

"Probably the boy. He was to come for some flowers. He is a stupid lad—mere clodhopper. His brother would be different and might explore. He has gone methinks."

Richard watched till they were out of sight. Then he brought his wheelbarrow home. He was still puzzling over his problem. There was no way of reaching the princess. In fact, Master Hatfield called him at once to dinner.

"Did you get the roses, Richard?" he asked curtly.

"Yes, Uncle," the boy answered. "I thought to heel them in and wait a

bit about planting. I should like to go the woods this afternoon."

"You must think you are Lord of the Manor is sooth." Master Hatfield spoke bitingly. "Since when have you chosen your own hours and your own tasks? You will plant those roses this afternoon.

The boy assented without more argument. Thomas surveyed him doubtfully. Richard went out into the garden. His best chance now was Marjorie Beaton, but she was nowhere to be seen. He worked fitfully, watching the windows, but there was no sign of the maid of honor and at last, the door opened and the princess came slowly down the walk. The boy ran to meet her and spoke eagerly.

"Go back, Your Grance," he urged her. There is a plot—where is Lady Marjorie?"

"The Master of Hatfield sent for her to give her clean linen for our use?" Elizabeth's voice sounded amused. "I marvelled why. A plot, say you?"

The door at the outer hedge clicked, the small sly-faced man came up the walk.

"I have this for you, Princess," he said, slipping a paper into her hand. He eyed Richard, who had turned his back on them both and was absorbed in the roses. The man darted down the path. Richard still kept his back turned.

"Put it down, Your Grace; it is just a plot," he said. "Go back. I will care for it."

She obeyed him and once she had reached the house, Richard secured the paper. There was no way of burning it. To hide it under the roses was the obvious place of search. He sped over to the sundial. Cautiously he made a hole and slid the missive in the crack

then pulled vines and turf over the hiding place. He finished the roses and went back into the house.

"Our uncle wants you at once, Richard," Thomas came in. "There be important visitors here, escorted by yoemen of the guard, and they have asked for the princess and for you."

Richard rose. His face was very white. His brother followed curiously. In the great library, Master Hatfield stood while at the table was a stern looking official and the Spaniard Richard had seen before. Princess Elizabeth her head held high, was facing them.

"I have read no paper," she was saying.

"We can prove that you received it," was the cold reply. The speaker turned to Richard. "Lad, you were in the garden this afternoon and saw the princess receive a paper, we understand."

"I did not see her receive one," Richard said deliberately.

"You dare to lie to the Royal Commissioners?"

"It is no lie," Richard said calmly. "I did not see her Grace take any peaper or read one."

"You suspect that she did."

"What I might suspect would be no evidence," Richard returned. "But as a matter of fact, I did not see it, sir,"

"The boy has been tampered with." The Spaniard spoke harshly. He turned to the yoeman of the guard who had just entered. "Have you the paper?"

"We cannot find it, my lord."

"What have you done with it, Princess?"

She sat down. "It is for you to produce the evidence, sir."

"We shall make this boy speak," he

answered grimly. "What do you know of this matter?"

"Only there was a plot against the safety of the princess." Richard spoke boldly. He pointed at the Spaniard. "You told the man in the deserted house what to do, to give a treasonable paper to our Lady Elizabeth in my presence to make me a witness against her. I am no witness. I did not see her take the paper or read it and the plot was yours."

The Spaniard sprang up and shook the boy. "You spying varlet," he thundered. The princess spoke.

"The treason is here, it would seem. Go back my Lord Commissioner and tell her Majesty the Queen that Lady Elizabeth has a witness of plots and counterplots which emanated from those about her. I have no more time or patience to waste upon you now."

"You will hear from the queen herself," the commissioner snarled. "As for the boy," he turned to the master, "get the truth out of him. He knows where that paper is. This is misprison of treason, and that means imprisonment for life."

"You will have your evidence," the master said grimly.

The meeting broke up. Richard was ordered to his own room and there his uncle followed him, riding whip in hand. Thomas, whitefaced, stood outside the door listening to the heavy blows, the curt questions, the steady refusals. Richard fell at last and Thomas saw his uncle put the unconscious lad on his couch. He turned to Thomas.

"You will sleep elsewhere tonight; leave him," he ordered.

Thomas went unwillingly away. It was Marjorie Beaton who, watching her opportunity, slipped upstairs. Richard waking from a feverish sleep

sipped gratefully the cooling drink she held to his lips.

"I did not tell."

"You have saved the princess," she told him and went quickly away.

Two days later Richard lay on the grass in the garden. His uncle had let him alone, but he was aware that he was being watched. He lay there with compressed lips watching the white clouds scud across the sky. How long would he be able to watch the trees and birds, he wondered. Imprisonment for life and he was but eighteen! Yet no thought of yielding came to him. The princess must be saved. He saw her standing in the small doorway with Marjorie close at hand. "I shall not leave her again," the girl had said.

There was a sound of galloping hoofs on the roadway outside, a sharp challenge from the man on guard in front of the garden.

"We want the Princess Bess," a curt voice said. Two men brushed the Master of Hatfield House aside and came striding up the path. Richard struggled to his feet. The princess came forward.

"Here am I, sir," she said. "What is the queen's will with me?"

"The Queen's Grace died last night. God save you, Queen Elizabeth." He bent his knee and kissed her hand. The other followed.

"Your Grace will come at once to London," the older man said.

"At once if you will procure horses. I shall take my wench Marjorie and this lad—if he is able to travel."

"I can do it," Richard said eagerly. The Master of Hatfield flung himself at the queen's feet.

"I cry you mercy," he muttered.

She looked at him disdainfully. "When I want a prisoner ill treated I

shall know where to send her," she said curtly and turned away.

"And you are Master of the Temple—knighted by the queen herself and lord of all this?" Thomas asked incredulously a few years later.

Richard laughed? "These be Baldwin's Gardens by name," he said, looking out on the wealth of blossoms under the spring skies. "But it is the queen's pleasance and she walks here nearly every day."

"And you are content to let me have the old Manor and not take it yourself?"

"What could I do with two, Thomas? I am a clodhopping gardener still."

Thomas flushed. "You are the most generous of brothers," he said. But you could have been a great man of the court—a statesman or a soldier—"

"Amplly the queen rewarded me. To serve her is joy enough, and with books and gardens by which I may make beauty spring from the earth, what more could I ask. I serve, that is enough. But my cup overflows. See, here she comes the mistress of my house—Marjorie."

PEACE

I walked in a cool, dim forest
 Where the trees were so straight and high,
 That it seemed to me their branches
 Were almost brushing the sky;
 It was like a grand cathedral
 With its hush, as of silent prayer,
 And I bowed my head in reverence,
 For I knew that God was there.

I felt His presence around me
 And I seemed to hear Him say,
 "My child, I am always near you
 And I will show you the way."
 A glad peace came upon me,
 A joy that was new and sweet,
 And there in the cool, dim forest
 I knelt at the Master's feet.

—By Lena Stearns Bolton

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Wallace Kuralt, a field representative of the State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, Raleigh, was a recent visitor at the School.

Our supply of early vegetables has been curtailed considerably by the effects of recent extreme dry weather. The first tomatoes of the season were gathered the other day, but it seems they were damaged by worms, supposedly more active during dry weather.

Dr F. W. Lancaster, associate professor of the physics department, North Carolina State College, Raleigh, visited the School last Saturday afternoon. Upon being shown through the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other departments by Superintendent Bager, he expressed his pleasure in seeing the manner in which the work of School is being carried on.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, cottage officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 10, returned last Sunday night from a six weeks' auto trip. While away they visited the World's Fair at San Francisco, California, and many other places of interest in the western section of the United States. They report having had a wonderful time.

This has been hot weather for a school to be kept in regular attendance; but the school department at Jackson Training School has been in operation six days a week for the entire year. It is, perhaps the only school in the state that maintains a huge electric fan for each room. This

rather unique custom makes livable the conditions in these rooms during hot weather.

Everyone at the School is delighted with the work done recently by the State Highway Department, putting in shape the entrances to the School grounds along the National Highway. This work consisted of a coating of crushed rock and tar, making the approached very much more attractive and serviceable. We certainly do thank the highway department for doing away with the muddy entrances to the campus.

A nice shower visited this section last Thursday night, bringing gladness to the entire population of the institution. It lessened the effects of the intense heat and put new life into all vegetation. The matter of grass in our pastures means a great deal to the School, as our milk supply depends largely on good pasture during the summer months. The last week or two of very dry weather had caused them to look parched.

This is now a busy season for the members of our office force, who are sending final discharges to boys who have made good on conditional release; mailing out pre-conditional release case summaries on boys who are to be considered for release during July and August; trying to bring to a close the year, ending June 30th, having all accounts, budget and sub-heads come within our appropriation and allotment for the last quarter. In a moving business it is quite difficult to balance accounts to the day.

In the absence of the minister who was scheduled to conduct the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, Superintendent C. E. Boger, acted in that capacity. His talk to the boys on the 15th Psalm was both interesting and helpful, and it was the unanimous opinion of those present that he should have charge of the service more frequently. After the singing of the opening hymn, Mr. Boger had the boys recite this Psalm in chorus, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2. He then spoke to them briefly on various points brought out in the Psalm.

In the first verse, said the speaker, the Psalmist asks this question: "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" He explained to the boys that in olden times the tabernacle, a place set apart for the worship of God, was always built upon a high hill, never in a low spot. In reply to the question as to who should be permitted to dwell in God's holy hill, Mr. Boger quoted the second verse: "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." A man must be able to walk uprightly. He cannot be a drunkard and stagger up this hill. He must be upright in all walks of life; he must be fair, decent, honest, and have the right kind of ideas about life in his heart. Many times people speak what they think is the truth, but it doesn't come from the heart. If the truth is not in our hearts we cannot ascend God's holy hill.

Mr. Boger then called attention to another type of person who would be permitted to go up this holy hill—"He that backbiteth not with his tongue," saying there will be no room in

God's tabernacle for the fellow who is always saying something unpleasant about another when he is not around to hear. An honest man always faces people when he talks to or about them. He tries to think of something good to say about another. A backbiter is a vile person who is forever speaking evil of people, and his cowardly nature causes him to do so behind their backs. We also have to deal with those who hatefully do evil things to their neighbors because they have a grudge against them. Such a man is usually jealous of his neighbor's success in life. All of these actions spring from the same spirit, that of enmity toward our neighbors, and such actions will bar us from the tabernacle of God.

Then we have that portion of the Psalm concerning the man who taketh up a reproach against his neighbor, which Mr. Boger explained to the boys as one who continually listens to and repeats evil gossip concerning his neighbor's faults without going to the trouble of finding out whether or not they are true. This man also, is denied the privilege of entering God's house.

A person who will find entrance to God's holy place, continued the speaker, is one in whose eyes a vile person is condemned, which simply means that he does not approve of the actions of that class of people, but honors them that fear the Lord.

Mr. Boger then explained the statement concerning "he that sweareth to his own hurt" to mean that the real man is the one will always bring out truth, even though it hurts him to do so. This takes in our everyday living, and when we firmly resolve to follow this rule, we are on our way up God's holy hill toward an abiding place in

His tabernacle. The Psalmist summed it all up by saying: "He that doeth these things shall never be moved," which means that by living according to the lessons taught in this Psalm we shall have power to overcome all temptations to do evil.

In conclusion, Mr. Boger heartily commended the boys on their ability to memorize and repeat this and many other Psalms, stating that it was a fine thing to be able to do so, but he urged them not to make it a mere

repetition of words, but to think carefully of their meaning, so as to get something out of them that would be helpful in their daily lives. If we want to be an honor to ourselves, to our people, and to our country, we can do no better than to follow the advice given in the Word of God. It not only applied to the people of David's time, but is the perfect rule and guide for men and women of this modern age to follow.

A FRIENDLY SORT OF WAY

If you should know of a spirit low,
 Of a heart that aches today,
 Try warming it just a little bit,
 In a friendly sort of way.
 To see the bright of a glowing light
 You have fanned within the eyes
 Of someone down with a worry frown,
 Is a royal sight to prize.
 To know the gloom of their dreary room
 You have changed to rainbow hue,
 Is knowledge scored as a fine reward
 For a friend so good and true.
 So watch the road for a heavy load
 On an aching heart today:
 Try warming it just a little bit
 In friendly sort of way.

—Gordon

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — MAY

The figure following name indicates how many times boy has been on monthly School Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Wesley Beaver
 William Burnette 5
 Howard Cox 2
 George Green 5
 Leo Hamilton 3
 Robert Hampton
 Leonard Jacobs
 Spencer Lane
 Tillman Lyles 4
 H. C. Pope 3
 Loy Stines 4
 George Tolson 2
 J. C. Willis 4
 Thomas Yates 5

—B—

J. C. Allen
 Clarence Baker 3
 Henry C. Call 4
 Dillon Dean 5
 Alfred Lamb 2
 Claude McConnell 2
 Harold O'Dear 2
 Eugene Puckett
 Landreth Sims 5
 Fred Tolbert 4
 Jerome Wiggins 5

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cleasper Beasley 4
 Donald Britt 2
 Paul Briggs 5
 John Davis 3
 Robert Dellinger 3
 Robert Gains 4
 Clarence Gates 5
 Lacy Green 3
 Harley Matthews 3
 Charles McCoy 3
 Garland McPhail 5
 Carl Moose 4
 Richard Patton 3
 Melvin Stines 4
 Arlie Scism 2
 J. P. Sutton 2
 Walker Warr 3
 Jones Watson 3

Earl Weeks 3
 Horace Williams 2
 Joseph Woody
 Edd Woody 5
 Thomas King 4
 George Worley 2

—B—

Raymond Anderson 2
 John Baker 3
 Clifton Davis 5
 Eugene Edwards 5
 Charles Frye
 J. B. Howell
 Roscoe Honeycutt 2
 A. C. Lamar 4
 Douglas Mabry 3
 Fred McGlammery 5
 Roy Mumford
 Henry McGraw 3
 James Puckett 3
 Henry Smith 4
 Hubert Smith 5
 Richard Starnes 2
 Carl Ward 4
 Eugene Watts 3
 J. R. Whitman 4
 Junior Woody 3

THIRD GRADE

—A—

William Kirksey 3
 Jack Mathis 5
 Randall D. Peeler 4
 Arvel Ward 3
 Joseph White 4

—B—

Raymond Andrews 3
 Clyde Barnwell
 Robert Bryson 4
 Delphus Dennis
 Ballard Martin 4
 George Newman 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Donaldson 4
 Donald Earnhardt 2
 Donald Holland 4

James Lane 5
Edward Murray 5
Jack Sutherland 3
George Wilhite 2

—B—

John H. Averitte 3
Ray Bayne
Thomas Britt
James Bunnell 3
Lewis H. Baker
Collett Cantor
William Cherry 4
Howard Griffin 2
Edward Johnson
Theodore Rector 2
Clyde Sorrells 2
James C. Stone
Dewey Ware 2
George Wright

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Beamon Heath 2
Gilbert Hogan 3
Leon Hollifield 3
Eugene Smith 3

—B—

Theodore Bowles 4
James Butler 2
J. W. McRorrie 2

Henry Raby 2
Charles Smith 4

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Clifton Butler 3
George Cooke 2
William Hawkins 3
Lonnie Holleman 2
Clyde Hoppes 3
Vernon Lamb 3
Edward McGee 2
Jack Norris 3

—B—

Edgar Burnette 3
J. C. Branton 2
Samuel Montgomery
Donald McFee 2
Lonnie Roberts 3
John C. Robertson 3
Joseph Tucker 2
Samuel Williams 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Marvin Wilkins 3

—B—

Carrol Clark 3
Ivan Morrozoff 3
Thomas Shaw 5
Edward Young

THE HUMAN TOUCH

You'll find it pays big dividends
To speak a word of cheer;
It multiplies your list of friends
And brings good fortune near.

It always is well worth the while
And costs not very much;
Do not forget that tender smile,
That hearty, human touch.

—Texas Training School News

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending June 11, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Gilbert Hogan 2
- (2) Leon Hollifield 2
- (2) James Kissiah 2
- (2) C. L. Snuggs 2

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Rex Allred 2
- Robert Coleman
- (2) Henry Cowan 2
- (2) Howard Cox 2
- (2) William Freeman 2
- (2) H. C. Pope 2
- (2) Howard Roberts 2
- (2) Edward Warnock 2
- William Whittington

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) George Cooke 2
- William Padrick
- (2) Landreth Sims 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews
- (2) Robert Atwell 2
- (2) Kenneth Conklin 2
- (2) Harley Matthews 2
- (2) F. E. Mickle 2
- (2) John Tolley 2
- (2) Jerome W. Wiggins 2

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver
- Lewis Donaldson
- (2) James Hancock 2
- James Land
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 2
- J. W. McRorrie
- (2) George Newman 2
- Fred Pardon
- Eugene Puckett
- Robert Simpson
- (2) Hyress Tavlör 2
- (2) Melvin Walters 2
- (2) Leo Ward 2
- (2) James Wilhite 2
- Cecil Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Grady Allen 2
- (2) Theodore Bowles 2
- (2) William Brothers 2
- J. C. Branton
- Collett Cantor
- Lindsey Dunn
- (2) Ray Hamby 2
- (2) Everett Lineberry 2
- William Nichols
- Richard Starnes
- (2) Hubert Walker 2
- (2) Dewey Ware 2
- (2) George Wright 2

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 2
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 2
- Martin Crump
- (2) Robert Dunning 2
- Robert Deyton
- Noah Ennis
- (2) Spencer Lane 2
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 2
- (2) Canipe Shoe 2
- Melvin Stines
- (2) Joseph Tucker 2
- (2) George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 2
- Carl Breece
- (2) John Deaton 2
- Donald Earnhardt
- (2) Roy Helms 2
- William Herrin
- (2) Caleb Hill 2
- (2) Hugh Johnson 2
- Lyman Johnson
- (2) James Jordan 2
- (2) Elmer Maples 2
- Dewey Sisk
- Graham Sykes
- Joseph Wheeler
- (2) Edward Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 2

- (2) Donald Britt 2
Charles Davis
J. B. Devlin
(2) Clyde Hillard 2
Lonnie Holleman
Samuel Kirksey

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Hollie Atwood 2
(2) Clifton Butler 2
(2) James Butler 2
(2) Roy Butner 2
(2) James Bunnell 2
(2) Edgar Burnette 2
Henry Coward
(2) C. D. Grooms 2
(2) John Hendrix 2
(2) Osper Howell 2
Alfred Lamb
(2) Lonnie Roberts 2
(2) Thomas Sands 2
(2) Cleveland Suggs 2
(2) Preston Wilbourne 2
Horace Williams
(2) Luther Wilson 2
(2) Thomas Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) J. D. Hildreth 2
Vernon Lamb
(2) Rufus Wagoner 2

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) J. C. Allen 2
(2) Harold Bryson 2
(2) Charles Frye 2
(2) Baxter Foster 2
Albert Goodman
(2) Earl Hildreth 2
(2) William Hudgins 2
(2) Clyde Hoppes 2
(2) Paul Mullis 2
(2) Edward Murray 2
(2) Fred Owens 2
Thomas Shaw
(2) John Uptegrove 2

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Jack Batson 2
Jay Brannock
(2) William Deaton 2
(2) Max Eaker 2
(2) Charlton Henry 2

- (2) Avery Smith 2
(2) Leonard Wood 2

COTTAGE No. 13

- Arthur Ashley
(2) William Griffin 2
James V. Harvel
James Lane
Douglas Mabry
(2) Jack Mathis 2
(2) Alexander Woody 2

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Monte Beck 2
(2) Delphus Dennis 2
(2) Feldman Lane 2
(2) Charles McCoy 2
(2) Troy Powell 2
(2) Charles Steepleton 2
(2) Garfield Walker 2
(2) Junior Woody 2

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 2
(2) William Cantor 2
(2) Clifton Davis 2
(2) Clarence Gates 2
Dallas Holder
(2) Hoyt Hillifield 2
(2) Albert Hayes 2
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(2) Oakley Lunsford 2
Claude Moose
R. J. Pace
Eulice Rogers
(2) Ira Settle 2
(2) Brown Stanley 2
Richard Thomas
James Watson
(2) George Worley 2
Earl Watts
William Wood
(2) David Williams 2
(2) William Young 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks
(2) Philip Holmes 2
(2) Warren G. Lawry 2
(2) Filmore Oliver 2
(2) Early Oxendine 2
(2) Thomas Oxendine 2
(2) Curley Smith 2
(2) Ross Young 2

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 21, 1939

No. 25

(c) Carolina Collection
J. N. C. Library

CULTIVATE CONTENTMENE

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care
Its culture delightful, though ever so small;
Oh then let the heart the same diligence
share,
And the flowers of affection will rival them
all.
There ne'er was delusion more constantly
shown,
Than that wealth every charm of existence
can buy;
As long as love, friendship, and truth are
life's own,
All hearts may be happy, if all hearts will
try!

—Charles Swain.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHAT'S THE USE?

When the burden seems too heavy
For the aching back to bear,
When we falter 'neath the chafing
Of the trouble and the care,
When we want to quit the contest
And we search for an excuse,
There is alway this old standby:
"What's the use?"

What's the use of all the trouble,
All the sorrow and the pain,
Of the never-ending struggle,
And the never-coming gain?
Must we gird ourselves each morning
For the fight without a truce?
Is there never peace or pleasure?
What's the use?

Then the strong man flings his challenge
And lifts his battered head,
Bravely marching forth to battle
By his flaming courage led;
Never wavering from his pathway
Meeting blows or wild abuse,
Showing scorn's manhood's mettle;
That's the use!

—William T. Card.

WE LOSE A STERLING CITIZEN

When the sudden and sad passing of Joseph F. Cannon, Sr., a dynamic power in the textile business, was announced in Concord, Wednesday morning, the message was received in hushed tones. It hardly seemed possible that such a prominent and good man should

be taken from the community, especially so when he was serving so ably the people of Cabarrus county, a people he loved, and among whom he moved for sixty-two years.

The loss is irreparable, leaving vacant in many circles and numerous hearts a place that will long remain unfilled. Born and reared in this community, and of the thousands who knew him at all points, the universal verdict is that he possessed the combined elements of true loyalty to friends and a gentle compassion for unfortunates—the attributes that come from within. He was very generous to sweet charity, not for the sake of publicity, but from the burning desire to make life easier and smoother for the indigent of the land.

As a business man he possessed dynamic power, having a keen acumen, but neither his wealth that was his good fortune to accumulate nor his extensive social contact divorced him from his home people whom he loved and appreciated with a deep affection.

“Joe Cannon” as he was most affectionately called by all of his old friends was accepted as the great Commoner of Cabarrus county. His death severs many cherished associations of genuine friendship and love. The state has lost a most valuable citizen, and all Concord today bows in reverential sorrow to Joe Cannon’s passing, a son of Cabarrus county.

* * * * *

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The big day for North Carolina at the World's Fair was the 19th of June. Governor Clyde R. Hoey, his staff, council and aides, and some 5,000 other Tar Heels, greater and lesser, invaded the city and fair-grounds. The North Carolina Fair Commission felt that New York had had many “special days”, but this commission was determined to make a splash big enough to attract attention. In the parade were several North Carolina bands, including the Charlotte, Henderson, Washington, Greenville and Lenoir high school bands. Selections were also rendered by the Westminster Choir, singing music from Roanoke Island's Lost Colony. The Tar Heels were there in force, hoping to make the hundreds of thousands of fair-goers realize that North Carolina had come to town.

Governor Hoey and his official party were the honor guests at a luncheon tendered by the World's Fair organization. The North

Carolina program attracted widespread attention. A number of national radio programs also contributed toward publicizing North Carolina Day at the World's Fair.

* * * * *

SANFORD AND OIL TRUCKS

The town of Sanford has cracked down on the big oil trucks that roar up and down the highways and on city streets. Sanford city officials have modified their regulations and as the ordinance now stands, all trucks carrying 1,000 gallons of gasoline or more will have to be flagged across all streets intersections, and no truck carrying inflammables may operate at more than 10 miles per hour within the Sanford city limits. The ordinance first limited the load to 50 gallons, then to 500 gallons, but the oil companies said this would virtually prohibit the dilivery of gasoline in Sanford. The board then agreed to raise the load limit to 1,000 gallons. Citizens of many other towns, Laurinburg among them, have been made to worry about the big oil trucks on their streets. That they are extremely dangerous is something that no one would argue about. The State permits them on the highways, and that leaves the towns in a lurch. However, the example of Sanford may be followed by other communities in an effort to reduce the danger to a minimum.

(Laurinburg Exchange)

* * * * *

ROYALTY ENTERTAINED

The King and Queen of Great Britain, during their four days' tour of the United States, received a royal entertainment, and they had the pleasure of acting in a natural way, and doubtless were glad to lay aside formality required in Old England.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt were superb as host and hostess, and they gave every evidence of their calibre, genuinely aristocratic, in the manner they met royalty, making them feel thoroughly at home. At least they entered into the conventions of American democracy with ease.

Not for a moment did King George and Queen Elixabeth act "high-hatty." They threw aside their regal splendor with an easy abandonment, showing an appreciation of the reception received

while guests at the White House, taking note of many places where history was written during the period of time when America was declared independent.

* * * * *

THE HOME

Of all the institutions, the one first established, the home, contributes more to the glory of the Master and the building of the nation than any other. If properly conducted the inmates of a home become leaders that are most valuable assets in every walk of life. Human beings have set up many institutions, but the crowning one of all, and the one that holds first place is the home.

The angels of heaven look upon no more beautiful sight than a home in which a father's heart speaks love for his family, wherein the mother's love keeps interest intact even in the darkest hours of misfortune.

It is quite true we are living in a different world from that which we had any former age. This is true in an industrial sense, but real living, exists if love for humanity governs life. The strength of a nation depends upon the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people. They are the corner stones of any republican nation.

The influence of the home penetrates with subtle effect—the same as escaping gas from an ill-built furnace. Some one has said, "whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the fuel. They assist as either apprentices or accessories." The home furnishes the ground work of correct living or otherwise.

* * * * *

HOLIDAYS

In the yesteryears Christmas, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Easter were universally observed and enjoyed, and the thrills of these occasions were anticipated with an assurance of a big time. But holidays have increased, and are now observed by listlessly lounging about, with no definite plans to have fun or give joy to others. Some exchange writes that holidays are all right for those who can afford them, and in the same article enumerates them, fourteen in number, now on the year's calendar:

January 1, New Year's Day. January 19, birthday of General Robert E. Lee. February 22, birthday of George Washington, Easter Monday. April 12, anniversary of the resolutions adopted by the Provincial Congress of North Carolina at Halifax April 12, 1775, instructing delegates from North Carolina to the Continental Congress to vote for a Declaration of Independence. May 10, Confederate Memorial Day. May 20, Mecklenburg declaration of independence day. May 30 Memorial Day. July 4, Independence Day. September, first Monday, Labor Day. November, Tuesday after the first Monday, general election day. November 11, Armistice Day. November, last Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. December 25, Christmas Day.

* * * * *

THRIFT

Benjamin Franklin is known as the sage who advocated "save your pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." But the observance of "Thrift Week" has about disappeared. The thrift banks are not so conspicuous. Moreover, the manner in which the salaried man or woman spends one is inclined to think that America is fast becoming a spendthrift nation. But in spite of the fact that Franklin's maxim is no longer talked, the reports from good authority are that the cash savings of the United States' citizens amount to \$69,000,000. This item of general interest is elaborated upon by a Harvard professor who thinks the will to save in America is on the increase.

* * * * *

William T. Polk, Warrenton, N. C., who has been very active in the Citizens Library service, or rather lack of it, points out that in 1937 at least four states in the South had more automobiles in their garages than books in their public libraries, and that their favorite reading was the speedometer.

It is not known whether North Carolina is one of the four states, but the statistics were gathered about the time North Carolina had automobiles enough to take all the people on a joy ride at one time. At that time the estimate was that the public libraries had just one book for every eleven persons. The concensus of opinion is that we are riding but not reading as we ride.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

LIVE TODAY

"Never borrow yesterday's sorrow
To mold a perfect day;
Today is certain, tomorrow's curtain
Still hides another day.

"Today is here, the skies are clear
To do a deed worth while,
If just an act of kindly tact
Will cause a soul to smile."

Butchers are the only men who can
successfully make both ends meet.

Buying land—or anything else—on
a credit, is mighty like working for
another person.

Every dog isn't lame that runs on
three legs. A lot of people that seek
government relief hobble after it on
one leg.

It is an old experience with steam.
A kettle full of boiling water will sing.
Unfortunately, a whole lot of people
are not kettles.

The man who is always telling you
if it's going to rain tomorrow, does
not generally pay enough attention to
what is happening today.

We have many fine court houses in
North Carolina. But it does not help
a man to be sentenced to the
penitentiary from one of these impos-
ing edifices.

More people today are looking for
the money to meet the next monthly
payment on their automobile than
they are for jobs.

The naked truth can stand a big
amount of bad grammar; but a lie
generally has got to be dressed up
nice before it can do much.

Many an old-fashioned mother who
spent her time rocking the cradle
now has a grand-daughter who
spends her time turning a steering
wheel.

There is always a satisfactory out-
come by living within your income.
And whatever may come it is the best
policy to pursue to become self-
reliant and happy.

It is an old-time saying that "all
men are created equal." That is
true; but a whole lot of them are not
equal to the tasks they have to per-
form to make them stalwarts, and a
blessing to their generation.

In ages past there were many men
who knew it all—that is, they lead you
to believe that they did. Well, they
now have grandsons who think ozone
is the brand of a tooth paste, and that
Newport News is a newspaper.

When Congressmen get their three
clerks, instead of two, at \$1,500 each

and also get their pensions, it seems that everybody has been provided for, except the taxpayers. Isn't it time to give these poor devils a break?

It is generally conceded that age brings wisdom. It does take a long time for some people to become wise. But old age reveals what a lot of fools some mortals can be in their youth. And some never outgrow it.

From here and there about in North Carolina come stories of unusually large fish being caught. It's the hearsay evidence of amateur fishermen. My opinion is that you can't pick your fish before you catch them. And then fish have a wonderful way of shrinking up or getting away.

Say what you please about the good old horse and buggy days—and some now are inclined to ridicule those days—people were able to buy horses and vehicles without hunting up a financial company to finance the affair

for them. And then having them taken back if the payments were not promptly forthcoming. No, Siree!

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are clever sports. They mingled with, and entered into all of the American programs with a spirit of delight "as to the manner born." Now they tell us from across the waters that "Chests Swell in Britain Over American Reception for King and Queen." They let George do it—and he did, glory be!

The world is as full of trouble as an egg-shell is of an embryo chicken. One draw-back to the peace and harmony of people is the fact that most men who seek to widen the breach between capital and labor never had any capital to amount to anything, and never did very much labor. Too many seek to make a profession of intolerance, when what is mostly needed is an understanding of each other, and a hearty co-operation.

It's the little things we do and say
 That mean so much as we go our way.
 A kindly deed can lift a load
 From weary shoulders on the road,
 Or a gentle word, like summer rain,
 May sooth some heart and banish pain,
 What joy or sadness often springs
 From just the simple, little things.

—Selected.

WAR BETWEEN STATES ENDED FEW MILES WEST OF DURHAM

By R. O. Everett

Civil War events happened fast and furiously in the spring of 1865. On December 25, 1864, Sherman had wired President Lincoln presenting him with the City of Savannah as a Christmas present. He then began his march north by Columbia toward Raleigh. Grant, headed southwardly, was pressing Lee at Petersburg, whose lines were about to break. On February 23, 1865, Johnston was restored to his old command as head of the army of Tennessee, then at Smithfield, with instructions to check or impede the progress of Sherman's advance. The strategy of both the North and South appeared to be to unite their respective armies—Johnston with Lee, and Sherman with Grant. On March 19, 20 and 21, after a three-day battle at Bentonville in Johnston county, General Johnston's 14,000 soldiers were able to withstand the attack of Sherman's 80,000 Federals, and to begin an orderly retreat northwestwardly through Raleigh toward Durham. On April 2, Lee began the evacuation of Richmond and headed southwestwardly. The two armies, if the lines of march were continued, would converge somewhere between Greensboro and Reidsville. However, on April 10, General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant at Appomattox, a spot about 100 miles due north of Durham.

The surrender of General Lee so changed the relative military strength of the two sides that on April 13 at a

conference between President Davis, who was then in Greensboro, and General Johnston, a letter was dictated by President Davis and sent by General Johnston to General Sherman suggesting an armistice might have an opportunity to effect a permanent peace.

General Johnston transmitted the letter under a flag of truce through General Hampton, whose headquarters were then established at the Dickson house on the Durham-Hillsboro highway, three miles southeast of Hillsboro, which house now is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ross-Duggan. A reply was received from General Sherman on April 16th assenting to the proposed meeting, and on that day General Johnston went to General Hampton's headquarters at the Dickson house to find out when and where the conference was to be held.

On the afternoon of April 16, the van of the Confederate Army bivouaced just south of Greensboro. The remainder of the army was between Durham and that point. The body of the Federal Army never came futher west than Morrisville in Wake county, though Durham was the dividing line between the two armies.

The place for the conference was to be at a house midway between the picket lines of the two armies, and the time, noon, April 17. Johnston left the Dickson House on the morning of April 17 and Sherman left Raleigh, and they both met promptly

at the time and place prearranged by Hampton. The conference lasted on the 17 until about sunset when Johnston returned to the Dickson House. He was joined there early in the morning by Secretaries Reagen and Breckinridge. Johnston was accompanied by Breckinridge to the second conference with Sherman on April 18. Reagen remained at the Dickson House and wrote out the tentative agreement entered into on the 17th as told him by Johnston, which then was sent by courier to Johnston and Breckinridge and was submitted by them to General Sherman as embodying their understanding of the agreement. Sherman wrote out an agreement in his own hand, having the one submitted by Johnston before him, and it then was signed. The seventh paragraph of this agreement reads:

"7. In general terms—the war to cease: a general amnesty, so far as the Executives of the United States can command, on the condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies. . . ."

Following the signing of the agreement by the generals, Sherman and Johnston, Sherman, on April 19, 1865, issued the following orders to his troops:

"The General commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities, and in an agreement with General Johnston and high officials which, when formally ratified, will make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Until the absolute peace is arranged, a line passing through Tyrrell's Mount, Chapel University, Durham's Station, and West Point on the Neuse River, will separate the two armies.

The place where the generals met, midway between the picket lines, four miles west of Durham, now is known to fame as the Bennett House. The Bennett House was the inconspicuous home of James Bennett and his wife, Nancy, plain Orange county farmer-folks, differing in no particular from the hundreds of others similarly situated; and but for the fortuitous concurrence of events would have continued "the lowly train in life's sequestered scene." However, from April 17, 1865, their home was to become a place of ever-widening interest.

The Bennett House proper was built of logs, and was about 18x18 feet in size, and a story and a half in height, with a two-room frame shed on the rear. It fronted toward the east, with the south side next to the Hillsboro-Durham highway which at that point for some distance ran in a straight line east and west. There was a board fence around the place with a picket gate next to the road. The logs in the house were sealed within and weatherboarded without. Inside, just north of the front door was a stairway leading to the attic room, and, through the back partition, a door opened into the shed rooms. There were two windows, one on the south side next to the highway, and a smaller one next to the chimney on the north side. Among the articles of furniture in the main room were a bed, desk, wing-table, candle-table and chairs. These articles, now in the possession of J. J. Duke of Durham, except the wing table and the candle-table—the latter being owned by Duke university have acquired considerable value. For the bedstead alone Mr. Duke

has declined an offer of \$700. There was a log kitchen in the yard some distance to the southwest of the main house, and from it Bennett served the generals during the conference with buttermilk, though it must be admitted from the bottle left behind, now at Duke university, that something else also may have been imbibed.

As the time for the hour of the conference arrived, James Bennett told his grandson, Duke he could see the two groups of officers approaching along the road, one from each direction; and promptly at 12 o'clock they arrived in the front of his house. Johnston and Sherman shook hands and went inside. The first information given to Johnston when he and Sherman were alone was that Lincoln had been assassinated on April 14, which information had only come to Sherman by wire that morning as he was leaving Raleigh for the conference. This news greatly affected Johnston, as he apprehended only too well the serious consequences to the people of the South. From the position of the chairs after the generals departed, one apparently sat by the candle-table near the center of the room, while the other sat at the leaf-table toward the west side.

The conference that now was to take place was, from the personal aspect, a most dramatic and thrilling climax of parallel and often conflicting, careers of the chief conferees, Generals Johnston and Sherman.

Johnston was the nephew of Patrick Henry, the great orator and advocate of state's rights, who, in 1788 in the Virginia convention had bitterly opposed the adoption of the

Federal Constitution, and who is immortalized in his phrase "Give me liberty or give me death." Sherman, though born in Ohio, was the descendant of the New England Shermans, one of whom, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and the United States Constitution—the only person I know of who signed all three of these great instruments. General Sherman was, therefore, in training and tradition as deeply imbued with the doctrine of nationalism as was Johnston with State's Rights. Both had attended West Point—Johnston in 1829 as a classmate of Robert E. Lee; Sherman in the class of 1840. Both had married the daughters of members of the Cabinet—Johnston, Lydie McLean, the daughter of secretary of the treasury; Sherman, Ethel Ewing, the daughter of the secretary of the interior. Both had taken part in the Mexican war—Johnston particularly in the Battle of Cerro Gordo, and Sherman in the Battle of Monterey. Johnston, when the Civil war was declared, was in the North, the quartermaster general of the United States army—the only general and the highest ranking officer to resign and join the Confederacy. Sherman at the time was in the South, superintendent of the Louisiana Military Institute. Johnston was made a Confederate general on April 26, 1861; Sherman, a captain of the Federal Infantry on May 14, 1861. Both fought in the first battle of the war, Manassas, or "Bull Run," and Johnston, by seniority, was the commander of the Confederates. The battle resulted in a complete rout for Sherman and the Federals.

Johnston, after opposing McClellan in the Peninsular campaign, where he was wounded in the Battle of Seven Pines on May 30, 1862, was assigned in December of that year to command the Confederate Army of Tennessee. Sherman in 1863 was appointed commander of the Federal Army of Tennessee. Both generals participated in the western campaigns leading to the surrender of Vicksburg on July 4, 1863. After that capital event and the battle of Chattanooga, Sherman began his invasion of the South. Johnston faced him. From Dalton May 9 to Atlanta July 14 there was continuous, almost daily, fighting between Sherman's and Johnston's armies, but Sherman's progress was retarded to about one mile a day, during which time he lost 26,000 men to Johnston's 10,000. Johnston's Fabian tactics in that campaign caused him to be considered almost universally by his contemporaries as the greatest master of that form of warfare since Fabius in the third century B. C., opposed Hannibal in his invasion of Italy across the Alps. Dilatory tactics, however, are never popular, and Johnston was succeeded by Hood at Atlanta, and soon thereafter Sherman captured the City of Atlanta and began his ever memorable march to the sea, at that time the longest march through a civilized country by an organized army in the history of the world. Johnston was reappointed to the command of the Army of Tennessee, which was then at Smithfield, N. C., in February 1865. After his almost unopposed march from Atlanta to Savannah through Columbia to Smithfield, Sherman again faced Johnston

at Bentonville, N. C., in March, 1865. That battle, as stated, was in every aspect a victory for Johnston, for Sherman later in his "Memoirs" admits that he should have smashed Johnston on that occasion.

The duel between Johnston and Sherman beginning at the first battle of "Bull Run" and ending at the Bennett House is almost as personal a contest between two great captains as were the campaigns of Turenne and Montecuculi—to the latter, indeed, both in military character and in the incidents of his career, Johnston bears a striking resemblance.

The two generals brought to the council table in the Bennett House all the traditions of their respective inheritances—the victories and defeats of four years of Civil War: yet, with a mutual respect gained on many battlefields they sat down and treated as equals, and the terms agreed to by Sherman, notwithstanding they were in the spirit of Lincoln as expressed in his second inaugural on March 4, and in the conference with Sherman at City Point on March 25, caused Sherman to be denounced as a traitor in the North and to be superceded in his command by General Grant, who came to Raleigh for that purpose on April 25. That the generals had mutual respect, one for the other, was further evinced by the fact that at Sherman's death in February, 1891, Johnston was an honorary pallbearer, and from the exposure at that time contracted pneumonia, from which he died in March thereafter. Both generals had been superceded from time to time, yet their vision was in each instance vindicated by time, and

now the military genius of each is the common heritage of all Americans.

The Agreement of April 18, 1865, provided that:

1. The armies should remain status quo until notice of 48 hours by one of the opponents.
2. That the Confederate Armies then in existence be disbanded and each officer and man to execute an agreement to cease from acts of war.
3. Recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several state governments.
4. The reestablishment of the federal courts in the several states.
5. That the inhabitants be guaranteed their political rights and franchises as well as their rights of person and property as defined by the Constitution.
6. The Executive of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the war so long as they lived in peace.
7. And in general terms, war cease from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, all however, subject to the approval by the respective governments.

But Lincoln was now dead, and when the agreement reached Washington, it met a different situation. It was repudiated. Whereupon, on April 26 the generals met again at the Bennett House at 12 o'clock noon, when Sherman extended to Johnston the terms theretofore extended by Grant to Lee.

There are many interesting asides between Sherman and the federal government on account of the repudiation of the agreement of April 18. However, Sherman succeeded Grant as the General of the Armies of the United States and so remained for 18 years, and could have been

president of the United States if he would have permitted it. His purpose on April 18, while checked for the time by Secretary Stanton, foreshadowed what was actually realized in after years. What an orgy of suffering would have been saved the South if Lincoln had lived and Sherman could have carried out his policies! The nightmare of reconstruction would not have, for a half century, troubled the dreams of the benighted South and delayed its progress.

The agreement reached was a reconciliation of the contending ideas: the North demanding an indissoluble union; the south, indestructible states. After four years of war, both principles prevailed and the two ideas were merged in an indissoluble union of indestructible states. The Bennett House thus had witnessed the synthesis of the dialectic of arms, and the course of American history began again from that point. The North was demanding liberty for all as the fulfillment of the purposes of the American union, as set forth in the preamble to the Constitution. The South demanded local self-government through independent states as the only means of maintaining the freedom of free men. Both ideas were preserved.

The Bennett House, the Dickson House, and Durham Station all had very distinctive places in the ending of the Civil War and the beginning of the new era. Durham was on the dividing line between the two armies, to which both sides could and did come in peace during the armistice. We might safely reckon the spirit of tolerance that dominates this community with having originated under those conditions. The Dickson House was for the time being nearly the

capitol of the Confederacy. Hampton's headquarters by his presence became Johnston's headquarters, certainly on April 17 and 18. There came to it on the 18th Secretary of War Breckinridge and Postmaster General John H. Reagon. Breckinridge had been vice-president of the United States under Buchanan from 1856 to 1860. He was a candidate for the president against Lincoln, and as presiding officer over the senate. announced the vote which declared his opponent, Lincoln, elected. He entered the Confederate Armies, and in 1865 became the secretary of war for the Confederacy. He attended the conference between Sherman and Johnston as a general of the army, Sherman having declined to treat with the civil authorities. That latter fact was possibly the reason why Secretary Reagen remained at the Dickson House on the south side of the Hillsboro-Durham road instead of attending the council table at the Bennett House seven miles east on the north side of the road. The Bennett House itself was, of course the spot where the two contending ideologies and principals merged into a new thesis, and from that fact has the predominating position.

After the death of James Bennett and his wife, Nancy, the Bennett homestead passed into the hands of his granddaughter, Berta Bennett Shields, who sold her one-fourth of the original tract, which included the homestead, to Brodie L. Duke. Duke or someone else built a house over the old place, but it later burned. Thereafter Samuel T. Morgan, a native of this county, but a citizen of Richmond, purchased the property.

Having returned from a summer's

study at Harvard in 1919, I was impressed with the fact that New England had preserved its traditions despite the great influx of foreigners, and concluded that it was due to the memorials they had erected perpetuating their historic events and great citizens. With such an ideal, we then organized a society to erect a memorial to the memory of Durham's great and recently deceased citizen, James H. Southgate, who had died in 1915, and in that connection I was asked by Trinity college, now Duke university, to make a speech on Founder's Day in November, 1919. After the erection of the Southgate building, we turned to the Bennett Place. Samuel T. Morgan having died, Lawrence Duke suggested to me that he thought Mrs. Morgan was interested in having a memorial erected on the Bennett Place. I accordingly wrote to Mrs. Morgan inquiring if she would be interested in such a memorial and received the reply that if the state would maintain the place, the family of Samuel T. Morgan would donate the Bennett House site with sufficient funds to erect a suitable marker on the spot, the donation to be as a memorial to her late husband. Subsequently I introduced in the North Carolina general assembly a bill providing for the acceptance and maintenance of the Bennett Place. It was ratified February 26, 1923, and is Chapter 77 of the Public Laws of 1923. The bill named on the Commission Colonel Benahan Cameron, General Julian S. Carr, Professors R. W. D. Connor and F. C. Brown, Dr D. H. Hill, W. T. Bost, and myself. Thereafter, on November 8, the family of the late S. T. Morgan conveyed the Bennett Place containing three and one-half acres to

the State of North Carolina, as shown in Deed Book 71, page 125. Subsequently the Morgan family decided to give the remainder of the land to Durham county, and I introduced in the general assembly in 1925 an act which became Chapter 6 of the Public Laws of that year, authorizing the County of Durham to accept and maintain the 27 3-10 acres as a public park. Whereupon, the Morgan family deeded the 27 2-10 acres to Durham county. The personnel of the commission has changed from time to time, due to death of certain members, and the others added to take the place of the deceased members were or are: Mrs. B. N. Duke, Miss Lida Carr Vaughan. Mrs. Sallie T. Morgan, Mrs. E. J. Parrish, John S. Hill, Mrs. Robert Cabell, Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, and S. T. Morgan, Jr., the latter three being the children of the donor.

During 1923 the Morgan family donated \$10,000 with which to erect the marker, and various individuals of the community have donated sums which enabled the commission to construct the stone wall facing the highway, to remove and re-erect the rotary pavilion, and make other improvements which are there today. The state has appropriated \$50 a year for its upkeep, and the county has expended considerable time and money in landscaping and improving the place. The \$50 annual appropriation from the state now is turned over to the state highway commission which maintains the grounds since the county has given up its local road force.

The Bennett Place is a beautiful spot. The monument undertook to symbolize the historic spirit of the place. Two graceful columns, one facing North and one South, are set

upon a solid foundation crowned by Corinthian capitals, representing the two conflicting ideologies. The entablature with the word "Unity" upon the facade joins the two columns. To the east, 100 feet distant, is the chimney, the only relict of the Bennett House, and around the grounds is a solid wall; all giving the appearance of finality and durability, as it is hoped the American Union is and will be. The grounds are well kept and slope easily from the highway to and through the pine forests to the south. All in all, it is a most pleasing scene, emblematic of the ideal of peace which four years of war had inspired.

The effort to erect the monument aroused much dissension, it being contended by some that there was a lack of loyalty to Southern ideals on the part of the promoters. It came near accomplishing what the dissension did in Atlanta with respect to the carving upon the face of Stone Mountain by the great Borglum the effigies of Confederate generals—an effort which if completed unhampered would have brought lasting fame as the Colossus of Rhodes brought to that ancient city. Fortunately, the spirit of peace of the Bennett Place the good sense of the community, and the character of the commission quieted the dissension. General Carr at that time was the honorary commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans; Dr. Hill was the son of a famous Confederal general of that name; Drs. Connor and Brown, who represented the University of North Carolina and Duke university, were known to be true southerners, as was also Mr. Bost. As for the writer, a grandfather, whose name I bear, had

paid the last great price at Petersburg in 1864 as a soldier of the Army of Virginia, and five uncles, one of whom was killed, were for four years soldiers in the Confederate Army. These facts satisfied the people of the state and of the community that the honor of the South was safe in the hands of a commission so constituted. But more than that, the marker did not intend to mark the spot of defeat or surrender, but to mark the beginning of peace and of a new era. Happily when there was a better understanding of the purposes of the marker, opposition disappeared, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, when holding their state convention in Durham in 1936 paid an official visit to the Bennett Place.

There had been many monuments erected both in the North and in the South perpetuating the ideas and ideals of the respective sides. The marker at the Bennett Place was the first effort that I know of where an attempt was made to appraise the results of the Civil war as bearing upon the development of Anglo-Saxon institutions. The bill introduced by me in the general assembly directed that that was to be done, and the inscription on the marker states."

"This monument thus marks the spot where the military force of the

United States of America finally triumphed and established as inviolate the principle of an indissoluble union; it marks also the spot of the last stand of the Confederacy in maintaining its ideal of indestructible states—an ideal which preserved to the American Union by virtue of the heroic fight grows in strength from year to year."

The commission now has on hand \$1,000 devised by Mrs. Sallie T. Morgan to expend in further beautification of the Bennett Place.

It is not a vagary of the imagination. I am persuaded, which suggests the thought that there is a connection between the Bennett Place, with its monument symbolizing unity, and this rapidly expanding community, whose horizons are co-extensive with the boundaries of the nation itself.

Some benefit may be salvaged from every conflict. From Demetrius' wreckage, the 70 cubit brass Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was erected. Is not the sentiment expressed by Longfellow appropriate to the spirit of the Bennett Place..

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wreck, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Some persons are naturally endowed with those qualities we define as "leadership," often vague in implication but unmistakable in result. This natural-born leadership from time immemorial has exerted its influence upon society's units from community to nation.—Selected.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

(Selected)

An editorial by R. G. Callvert of the Portland (Ore.) Oregonian won the Pulitzer prize for an editorial that might well be reproduced throughout the nation for the manner in which it sets forth American ideals and the love of peace. Under the caption "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the text of the editorial follows:

In this land of ours, this America, the man we choose as leader dons at no time uniform or insignia to denote his constitutional position as Commander in Chief of armed forces. No member of his Cabinet, no civil subordinate, ever attires himself in garments significant of military power.

In this land of ours, this America, the average citizen sees so little of the major that he has not learned to distinguish between a major and a lieutenant from his shoulder straps. When the Chief Executive addresses his fellow-countrymen they gather about him within hand-clasp distance. Goose-stepping regiments are not paraded before him. When he speaks to the civilian population it is not over rank upon rank of helmeted heads.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no tramp of military boots to entertain the visiting statesman. There is no effort to affright him with display of mobile cannon or of facility for mass production of aerial bombers.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no fortification along the several thousand miles of the north-

ern border. In the great fresh water seas that partly separates it from another dominion no naval craft plies the waters. Along its southern border there are no forts, no show of martial strength.

In this land of ours, this America, no youth is conscripted to labor on devices of defense; military training he may take or leave at option. There is no armed force consistent with a policy of aggression. The navy is built against no menace from the western hemisphere, but wholly for defense against that which may threaten from Europe or Asia.

In this land of ours, this America, one-third of the population is foreign born, or native born of foreign or mixed parentage. Our more numerous "minorities" come from fourteen nations. The native born, whatever his descent, has all political and other rights possessed by him who traces his ancestry to the founding fathers. The foreign born **rac**es that are assimilable are admitted to all these privileges if they want them. We have "minorities" but no minority problem.

In this land of ours, this America, the common citizen may criticize without restraint the policies of his government or the aims of the Chief Executive. He may vote as his judgment or his conscience advises and not as a ruler dictates.

In this land of ours, this America, our songs are dedicated to love and romance, the blue of the night, sails in the sunset, and not to might or to martyrdom to political cause. Our

national anthem has martial words; difficult air. But if you want to hear the organ roll give the people its companion—"America . . . of thee I sing." In lighter patriotism we are nationally cosmopolitan Unitedly we sing of Dixie or of Iowa, where the tall corn grows, of Springtime in the Rockies or of California, Here I come.

In this land of ours, this America, there is not a bomb-proof shelter, and a gas mask is a curiosity. It is not needed that we teach our children where to run when death-hawks darken the sky.

In this land of ours, this America, our troubles present or prospective come from within—come from our own mistakes, and injure us alone. Our pledges of peace toward our neighbors are stronger than ruler's promise or written treaty. We guarantee them by devoting our resources, greater than the resources of any other nations, to upbuilding the industries of peace. We strut no armed

might that could be ours. We cause no nation in our half of the world to fear us. None does fear us, nor arm against us.

In this land of ours, this America, we have illuminated the true road to permanent peace. But that is not the sole moral sought herein to be drawn. Rather it is that the blessings of liberty and equality and peace that have been herein recounted are possessed nowhere in the same measure in Europe or Asia and wane or disappear as one nears or enters a land of dictatorship of whatever brand. This liberty, this equality, this peace, are imbedded in the American form of government. We shall ever retain them if foreign isms that would dig them out and destroy them are barred from our shores. If you cherish this liberty, this equality, this peace that is peace material and peace spiritual—then defend with all your might the American ideal of government.

DON'T FORGET

Don't forget to write that letter.
 Someone's watching every day;
 Someone's heart grows sad and anxious,
 Wondering at the long delay.
 Don't forget that little token,
 Whether fruit or flowers or book.
 Take it with a loving message,
 Comforting by word and look.

—Mrs. Hattie Knapp.

A BIBLE ALPHABET

By Louise M. Oglevee

The leader of a junior society suggested that as memory work they make a Bible alphabet of their own. On white cardboard, about twelve inches long, the letters of the alphabet were printed, one below another, as far apart as space would permit. At the next meeting of the society each boy or girl was to bring a Bible verse beginning with the letter "A," which he or she thought would be a good one for a junior to remember. It was not to be just any verse that happened to begin with that letter, but one to be a daily help in Christian living.

It was quite surprising how many verses were brought in, and how appropriate they were. The leader always brought one or two herself, so that, after a general discussion in the following meeting, it frequently happened that hers was the one the children chose, without paying any attention to whose verse it had been. The verse voted into the alphabet was written on each card by its owner, and, when the cards were finished, holes were punched in the top and ribbon hangers put on so that they might be hung up at home.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.
Be ye kind one to another.

Children, obey your parents.

Do good unto all.

Every day will I bless thee.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

God is love.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

In my Father's house are many mansions.

Judge not.

Keep thy tongue from evil.

Little children, love one another.

My house shall be called the house of prayer.

No man can serve two masters.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously.

Praise ye the Lord.

Quit you like men. Be strong.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.

Serve the Lord with gladness.

Teach me thy way, O Lord.

Use hospitality one to another without grudging.

Verily my sabbaths thou shalt keep.

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Exercise thyself unto godliness.

Ye are the light of the world.

Zealous be for my sake.

"Do something for somebody, somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help somebody to carry his burden
And lighter will be your load."

THE MAGIC OF PLATINUM

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Some day the story of man's quest for the metals of the earth will be fully told, down to the last adventurous paragraph. It will be as thrill-packed as any tale of adventure ever written, for the quest has carried men to the farthest and most remote corners of the earth through several thousand years of civilization.

No less thrilling, though, will be the story of the applications of these metals, and the continued search in the test tubes of science for new ways in which they can serve mankind.

One of the most interesting chapters in the entire story will concern platinum. In the brief span of years since the discovery of its usefulness, platinum has become one of the magical metals of modern times.

Historic mention of platinum begins with the finding of a strange ore in the New World, in the year 1538. It may have been known to the Peruvians long before then, but that is one of the mysteries wrapped up in the story of the lost treasures of the Incas.

Scientists of that time were not greatly concerned by the discovery, however. It was not till 1741, when William Wood carried samples of the ore back to England, that its possibilities first became known to the world. Today, two full centuries later, most of us still know very little about this metal that is the servant of mankind in a thousand and one diversified ways.

It has its valued place in dentistry and airplanes, in crown jewels

and radios, in telephones and fertilizers, in the manufacture of chemicals and alloys, and even in many articles of clothing. In aircraft, radios and telephones it is a vital necessity, according to what the great scientists say.

It is an accepted fact that without platinum the development of the electrical industry would have been delayed for many years. It made possible Edison's incandescent lamp, the X-ray tube and certain kinds of equipment necessary to radio broadcasting and telephone communication.

Any time you make a long distance phone call platinum and alloys are called into service as contact points along the line. They assure the clearest possible connection. Both platinum and palladium, one of its "sister" metals) are used in radio broadcasting and in the telephone industry wherever dependability is the prime consideration.

Platinum is used in the manufacture of thermostats and a variety of electrical measuring devices. It is used in different kinds of fuses for certain types of sensitive instruments. It is used in surfacing the reflectors of some of the country's giant searchlights.

Indeed, much of this metal's most important work in the industrial field is of a purely technical nature. But even the least technically minded persons can fully appreciate its tremendous importance in this field.

Platinum played a major part in the operation of gas and gasoline engines till tungsten relieved it of

that duty to a large extent. Aircraft motors, however, still depend upon platinum for its reliability and long life.

Platinum also has the job of further safeguarding the protective duty of the lighting rod. The tall, tapering shaft of the famed Washington Monument was the first structure in the United States to be protected by platinum-tipped lightning rods.

Strangely enough, platinum helps the farmer grow better and more abundant crops. In this respect its aid is of a purely chemical nature of course, for it helps to fuse various chemicals, thereby aiding in the manufacture of different fertilizers.

Platinum is widely used by the manufacturers of sulfuric acid, of rayon, and of explosives used in mining and construction work. Indeed, most of the world's sulfuric acid now depends upon platinum for its manufacture.

It has largely aided in the development of the glass industry, permitting scientists to fashion many of the magical products now wrought from glass. It has become one of the most prized metals in the jewelry business —its uses ranging from rings, medals and cups to all sorts of trophies and even to the crown jewels that are worn by some of Europe's royal families.

The prime importance of platinum does not lie in the use of this product in manufactured articles. It serves mankind best because it helps to create equipment and instruments not otherwise possible; because it can function in so many different ways in the field of chemistry and science; and because of its ability to create alloys and put other metals to work in a thousandfold ways.

In these respects platinum has become one of the most magical of modern metals. In these respects it does its job in magnificent style.

LOVELIEST OF PATRIOTS

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

"And have you really seen Captain Jones?" Augusta Pierce asked, her serious blue eyes wide open in wonder.

"Indeed, my dear. Only yesterday he waited upon Lady Pendleton while I was there. And what do you think I heard him say?" Mary Langdon leaned forward to gossip delightfully about the gallant young captain just newly come to Portsmouth.

"What did he say?" echoed Caroline Chandler, exceedingly curious.

"Just this—"The Ranger," said he, "will be an elegant sea-going sloop as soon as she shall be provided with a flag to run up her mast."

"Whereupon, Lady Pendleton remarked casually, "And I presume Congress will be furnishing one not many days hence?"

"I scarcely count on it, Lady Pendleton," the brave captain said somewhat sadly, "for though Congress has at last authorized the thirteen stars and stripes, it has as yet made

no provision for furnishing banners to the Army and the Navy.

"And you see, Lady Pendleton," the captain's rugged face became very serious as he continued, "you see, that flag and I are twins. Congress appointed me to the command of the Ranger on June fourteenth, the same day as it adopted the stars and stripes. So we simply cannot be parted!"

"And then he rose to leave, standing very straight in his uniform of fine blue cloth with gold buttons and epaulettes."

"Lady Pendleton and I dropped him low curtsies at the door as he lingered over our offered hands, saying all the while he trusted not to have burdened us with silly sentimentalities. And then he was gone!"

For a moment there was silence.

"How wonderful!" sighed Augusta finally, folding her delicate hands in her pink chintz lap.

"But perchance you may not think so when I tell you the promise I gave Lady Pendleton before I left. I told her"—Jumping to her feet, Mary Langton held her pretty head high as she announced, "I told her we girls would sew a flag for Captain Jones, if we never did another thing for the cause!"

"With but three of us to sew?" Caroline exclaimed rather dubiously.

"No, no, my dear. There shall be five in all, for I propose to hold a quilting party next Tuesday in the afternoon and invite Dorothy Hall and Helen Seavey to join us."

"Dorothy Hall—just newly come from England! You are asking her to sew a rebel flag?"

"Yes, Caroline, I shall invite her. For it is altogether unjust to accuse her of Tory sentiments simply be-

cause she is newly come from England. I really believe that Dorothy sympathizes with our cause. At any rate, I shall ask her, and let you to your own foolish judgments! So there!" Mary finished, her black eyes flashing from under her white lace cap.

"Very well, then, we shall meet next Tuesday with you," Augusta Pierce rose as she spoke, tying on a dark mulberry bonnet with silk cords under her chin.

"And I shall purchase the material and have all in readiness when you come," Mary Langton said as she ushered her friends down the long staircase. For the carriage was already arrived and stood waiting at the front door, the horses being exceedingly impatient to be off.

But by the next Tuesday, Miss Mary found herself greatly embarrassed.

"A pretty fix I am in," she said as she welcomed her friends, come prepared for the gayest quilting party that Portsmouth had ever known. "Here I am with you girls ready to sew a flag, and I without an inch of material to stitch!"

"Why, Mary!" Augusta gasped in dismay. "With all the shops in Portsmouth?"

"Exactly so, but none with silk enough of colors we need to sew a flag. What shall we do, girls! What shall we do?" The distracted girl stood in their midst, the picture of utter despair.

"Well," Caroline settled back into the comfortable Penn armchair by the great white fireplace, "it looks to me as though Captain Jones will have to sail from Portsmouth without a flag. I don't suppose—"

"Oh, no he won't!" Dorothy Hall

cried. "Not if I can help it!" And to the complete surprise of the group she declared with great enthusiasm, "Not after all he's done for the cause in giving up the comforts of a large Virginia estate to serve his country on the sea. I've heard you girls speak so much of sacrificing for independence," she chided, laying her knitting on the long table.

"Now the time has come to do something about it." She paused a moment before she went on. "For my part, I shall offer breadths of my best silken gown of red to be sewed into the banner. And what about you girls?"

Whereupon all were so ashamed of the foolish thoughts they had entertained about Dorothy but a moment before, and yet so thrilled with the idea she had suggested that none could speak, until Mary Langdon, looking down at the blue gown which she wore, cried,

"I shall give mine, too! I shall give my best Sabbath gown for breadths of Captain Jones, flag."

"And I shall hurry back with Dorothy to fetch my fine white silk," Helen Seavey said as the girls ran from the room, their ruffled crinolines streaming behind them.

"And the stars?" called Augusta, flourishing large cutting shears. "I shall practice at cutting a five-pointed star." So saying, she sat on the the long settle at the far end of the room, and with a copy of the Portsmouth Gazette, folded and cut stars of all sizes.

"Ho! A veritable Mistress Ross you are, Augusta," Caroline teased as she watched from her high-backed chair.

"And would that our first flag

might turn out as prettily as hers did. I should then be contented to practice at cutting stars all day long on this hard settle," she said happily, snipping paper patterns all the while.

Presently, Helen and Dorothy returned, all in a haste, bringing with them the red and white silken gowns.

"What loveliness!" Mary whispered, as she smoothed out and measured the breadths of silk on the floor.

"And all for freedom—and Captain Jones!" shouted Caroline very ladylike. "But I tell you one thing, girls. I shall not take one stitch in this banner until I speak out my proposition."

"Then speak quickly, my dear, for we have but a short time until Captain Jones sails the Ranger out of Portsmouth harbor," Mary said impatiently.

"Very well, then. I propose that we ask Captain Jones to bring this banner back home to us when he shall return with the Ranger!"

"But suppose—"

"Of course, he will return," Mary interrupted. "No brave man like Captain Jones ever entertains such idle thoughts.

"And I personally think Caroline's suggesiton to be a very fine one. Shall we make this request known to our hero when we give him the flag?" Mary asked as she measured a long piece of thread.

"Absolutely!" chimed in Helen Seavey. "And just when will Captain Jones hoist our banner?" she asked proudly.

"Before November first, my dear, because that is the date set for his sailing."

And so it happened that, on the very day—November the first of

1777—a large crowd of patriotic citizens was assembled in Portsmouth harbor to bid farewell to the Ranger and its commander who was, by this time, a great favorite in the town. But chief among the assembled patriots were Mary Langdon, Augusta Pierce, Helen Seavey, Dorothy Hall, and Caroline Chandler. And indeed, it was right that it should be so, for there, from the high mainmast, fluttered none other than their lovely silken banner, fashioned by their own dainty hands!

Suddenly, amid a great shouting of the people as they waved their hats wildly about, the dignified sea captain appeared, walking towards them. A flashing smile broke over his stern features as, lifting his black tricorne hat, he paused to sweep the five lovely girls before him an exceedingly low bow. And at once the young ladies dropped graceful curtseys amid an abundance of silk and lace ruffles, their eyes fastened all the while upon the brave hero.

Then without further delay, he boarded his ship, and taking his place beneath the fluttering banner, Captain John Paul Jones lifted his hat once more, and in a loud voice, spoke.

“Kind friends of Portsmouth, under this flag, of a pattern new to the world, and made by hands of your own daughters, I go first to announce to our French friends the news of General Burgoyne’s defeat at Saratoga; and then to seek justice upon the high seas.

“These stars and stripes,” he pointed to the banner as he spoke, “go out upon the high seas for the first time today. And as I carry this flag abroad into foreign ports, may

liberty be the watch-word of you brave men and virtuous women at home!”

Then, before that large crowd of ardent patriots, Captain Jones gave orders to loose the Ranger from her moorings, and to launch her out into the waters of Portsmouth harbor.

“For the first time!” whispered Augusta Pierce, as the five girls stood silently watching the ship’s hull disappear in the distance, and then finally the mainmast, with its little silk flag only a mere speck on the vast horizon.

Four momentous years slipped by after that solemn parting, and all the while the girls of Portsmouth were eagerly awaiting news of the little vessel with the silken flag, they were busily engaged in knitting warm woollens for the Colonial Army.

“Because we have no more silk gowns to sew into flags for the Navy!” laughed Caroline Chandler, as the five young ladies sat in Lady Pendleton’s front parlor one November afternoon of 1781.

But suddenly the sound of carriage wheels crunching the stones on the drive without sent Lady Pendleton flying to the front door. And as the carriage stopped before the house, a gentleman alighted, a gentleman of medium height, clad in a blue uniform and wearing an elegant gold-hilted sword by his side.

In silence the mistress of Pendleton House greeted her guest graciously escorted him into the front parlor where the five young ladies were chatting gaily over their tinkling tea cups.

“Oh” cried Augusta Pierce, look-

ing up with her wide, blue eyes. "Oh! Captain Jones!"

At once consternation seized upon the little group as they sat there spellbound.

"My friends!" the captain said, bowing very low in the doorway, the furrows on his face deepening as he broke into a flashing smile.

Whereupon, the young ladies, quickly recovering their composure, carefully set down their teacups and dropped deep curtsies before the unannounced guest.

"Why, Captain Jones! Welcome back to Portsmouth," Mary Langdon spoke for the surprised group, "after these four long years!"

"Ah, but Miss Mary—"

"Oh, you—you don't mean that the flag went down too, captain?" Caroline Chandler interrupted, her eyes fixed upon the captain's rugged face.

"Yes, my dear young ladies, it is gone! Floating in triumph somewhere at the bottom of the North Sea!"

"Oh, how dreadful!" the disappointed Caroline said incredulously, and then sank back amid her ruffles and laces, sadly dejected.

"Ah, but Miss Caroline, if you had been there, you would have said, "It is well!"

"And was the conflict between your Bon Homme Richard and the British Serapis as terrible as the reports would have us believe, Cap-

tain?" Dorothy Hall asked with great concern.

"Much more so, Miss Dorothy—"

"And our little flag, was it flying through it all?" Augusta interrupted, breathlessly.

"Indeed, Miss Augusta, for in the midst of all that chaos and confusion I chanced to look up, and there was your silken banner still waving full and free in the moonlight!"

"It must have looked beautiful, Captain Jones," Mary Langdon said proudly.

"Beautiful and inspiring beyond words, Miss Mary, for from it I took on new courage. And Miss Caroline," the captain turned to the seemingly disappointed girl, "much as I longed to give that banner back into the hands that made it, I couldn't bear to strip it from that poor old ship in her last agony."

"Of course, captain, I understand full well now," Caroline smiled, completely reconciled. "You did exactly right. That flag belonged to the Bon Homme Richard, Captain Jones and it is just where we girls wish it to be, flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sank in victory!"

"Thank you, Miss Caroline, so much," the gallant sea hero said gently as he rose to sweep a low bow before five of the loveliest of patriots he had ever seen.

Scandals travel fast. An insinuation that will smirch a person's reputation is sent broadcast within an incredibly short time. However, the fine things he has done are forgotten, or rarely mentioned.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his boys have been gathering seeds from several large pansy beds in various sections of the campus.

Our gardens are now supplying plenty of fresh vegetables. Some fine peas, carrots, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, etc., make wholesome additions to the daily menus.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop force have been busy for the past week, applying a coat of paint to the dairy barn, granary and other barn buildings, greatly improving their appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby and daughter, Betty, headed their trailer toward New York City last week, where they expect to enjoy the great sights of the World's Fair, now in progress. They will return some time next week.

We are indebted to Mrs. S. E. Barnhardt and Miss Maggie Barnhardt, of Concord, for some good reading material for the use of our boys. They recently brought out quite a number of fine magazines which have been issued to the several cottages.

While the swimming pool has not yet been officially declared opened, the boys from several school rooms have

been permitted to take a dip this week. It is hoped that it will not be long until the newly-installed filtering system will be in working order, so that all the youngsters may enjoy a swim occasionally during the hot weather.

The task of threshing this season's grain crop, which was started about two weeks ago, has been completed, and a fine supply of grain has been stored away. This consists of 6,200 bushels of oats, 225 bushels of rye, 254 bushels of barley and 580 bushels of wheat. This is the largest crop of grain raised at the School in many years.

Steam-fitters from Concord, assisted by Mr. Scarboro and his group of boys, are installing the equipment in our new cannery. This work is being rushed in order to take care of the crop of early tomatoes which are beginning to ripen faster than they can be consumed at the cottages. As one bright boy remarked some time ago, "We eat what we can, and what we can't eat, we can."

At the clinic conducted among the boys of the School during the month of June, fifty-nine of them underwent tonsil operations. Forty-four of these operations were performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin, at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, and fifteen at the Eye, Ear Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, under the

direction of Dr. C. N. Peeler. Most of these lads have recovered sufficiently to resume their regular places in school and at work in their respective departments.

Roy Gant, one of our old boys, who left the School in February, 1916, called on friends here last Wednesday. Ever since leaving the institution Roy has been employed by the Southern Railway as brakeman and fireman, and when a fellow sticks to a job for such a length of time, there is no doubt as to whether or not he has been getting along well. Roy has been married sixteen years and has four children, the oldest child, a daughter, is now in the tenth grade in the East Spencer High School. His wife accompanied him on his this visit to the School. He rents his home and a small tract of land just outside of Spencer. He and his wife care for a small herd of cows and operate a dairy, selling milk in the neighborhood. The purpose of his visit here was to try to purchase some calves for his herd. Roy is now nearing his 40th birthday, and we gathered from both he and his wife that he has been making a fine record ever since leaving the School.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, paster of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon ser-

vice at the Training School last Sunday. Taking as his text the fifth and sixth verses of Psalm 36, he spoke to the boys on "The Appreciation of Nature in the Bible.

We go outdoors and realize we are in the midst of God's handiwork said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. It is set before us so that we might enjoy it and that we might know that God is there. He then told of a little church in Maine, and the following passage of Scripture written on the wall: "Ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, Praise and magnify Him forever."

The righteousness of God is all enfolding, continued the speaker. It stretches out over all the earth. We merit nothing, but his mercy is changeless. We change; rivers and creeks change their courses; forests have sunk into swamps; great cities rise and fall; but God never changes. God's love is all embracing, as the heavens. It is ours for acceptance. Whether we are in the open spaces, great beautiful places, narrow lanes, or on the street, the same sky is over all. God's love is even more embracing.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that God makes His way very clear to us. Let us strive to find and follow that way. He expects us to be alert to the finer things of life. May we feed ourselves on the Bread of Life, that we may be strong and able to meet and overcome the trials of life.

One of the easiest, and at the same time most important things we can give up is narrow-minded persecution of each other.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending June 18, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Mack Coggins
- Clyde Gray
- (3) Gilbert Hogan 3
- (3) Leon Hollifield 3
- (3) James Kissiah 3
- Robert Maples 2
- Frank May
- (3) C. L. Snuggs 3
- Thomas Turner

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Rex Allred 3
- William Anders
- Jack Broome 2
- Charles Cole
- (3) Henry Cowan 3
- (3) William Freeman 3
- (3) Howard Roberts 3
- Latha Warren
- (2) William Whittington 2
- William Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 2

- Julian T. Hooks 2
- Frank King
- Thurman Lynn
- Fernie Medlin
- (2) William Padrick 2
- Raymond Sprinkle

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 2
- (3) Robert Atwell 3
- Earl Barnes 2
- Earl Bass 2
- Grover Beaver
- James Boone 2
- Herman Cherry 2
- Wayne Collins 2
- (3) Kenneth Conklin 3
- Frank Crawford 2
- Coolidge Green 2
- Bruce Hawkins 2
- Roscoe Honeycutt 2
- A. C. Lamar 2

- Douglas Matthews 2
- (3) Harley Matthews 3
- (3) F. E. Mickle 3
- Jack Morris 2
- John C. Robertson 2
- George Shaver 2
- William T. Smith 2
- Harrison Stilwell 2
- (3) John Tolley 3
- Fred Vereen 2
- (3) Jerome Wiggins 3
- Louis Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 2
- Paul Briggs 2
- (3) James Hancock 3
- William C. Jordan
- (2) James Land 2
- (3) Ivan Morrozoff 3
- Forrest Plott 2
- Henry Raby
- (2) Robert Simpson 2
- (3) Hyress Taylor 3
- (3) Melvin Walters 3
- Richard Wiggins
- (3) James Wilhite 3
- Samuel Williams
- Thomas Yates

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Grady Allen 3
- (3) Theodore Bowles 3
- (3) William Brothers 3
- (2) J. C. Branton 2
- (2) Collett Cantor 2
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 2
- Robert Dellinger
- A. C. Elmore 2
- J. C. Ennis 2
- (3) Ray Hamby 3
- (3) Everett Lineberry 3
- (2) William Nichols 2
- (2) Richard Starnes 2
- Fred Tolbert
- (3) Dewey Ware 3

- Marvin Wilkins 2
 (3) George Wright 3
 (3) Hubert Walker 3

COTTAGE No. 6

- (3) Edward Batten 3
 Robert Bryson
 (3) Fletcher Castlebury 3
 (2) Martin Crump 2
 (3) Robert Dunning 3
 (3) George Wilhite 3
 Carl Ward

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 3
 (2) Carl Breece 2
 (3) John Deaton 3
 James H. Davis
 Donald Earnhardt 2
 Lacy Green 2
 (3) Roy Helms 3
 (2) William Herrin 2
 (3) Caleb Hill 3
 (3) Hugh Johnson 3
 (3) James Jordan 3
 Robert Lawrence
 Arnold McHone
 Loy Stines

COTTAGE No. 8

- (3) Donald Britt 3
 Samuel Everidge
 (3) Clyde Hillard 3
 (2) Lonnie Holleman 2
 (2) Samuel Kirksey 2
 Edward J. Lucas
 Charles Presnell 2
 John Tolbert 2
 Charles Taylor 2

COTTAGE No. 9

- J. T. Branch 2
 (3) Clifton Butler 3
 (3) James Butler 3
 (3) James Bunnell 3
 (3) Edgar Burnette 3
 (3) Roy Butner 3
 Carrol Clark 2
 James Coleman 2
 Frank Glover 2
 (3) C. D. Grooms 3
 Wilbur Hardin 2
 Harold O'Dear
 Eugene Presnell
 (3) Lonnie Roberts 3
 (3) Thomas Sands 3

- (3) Preston Wilbourne 3
 (3) Luther Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

- Walter Cooper
 Matthew Duffy 2
 James Eury
 (3) J. D. Hildreth 3
 Lee Jones
 (2) Vernon Lamb 2
 James Nicholson 2
 Jack Norris 2
 William Peeden
 Oscar Queen
 (3) Rufus A. Wagoner 3

COTTAGE No. 11

- (3) J. C. Allen 3
 (3) Harold Bryson 3
 (3) Charles Frye 3
 (3) Baxter Foster 3
 (2) Albert Goodman 2
 (3) Earl Hildreth 3
 (3) William Hudgins 3
 (3) Clyde Hoppes 3
 Ballard Martin
 (3) Paul Mullis 3
 (3) Edward Murray 3
 (3) Fred Owens 3
 Julius Stevens
 (2) Thomas Shaw 2
 William Tobar
 (3) John Uptegrove 3

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 2
 Odell Almond 2
 (3) Jack Batson 3
 (2) Jay Brannock 2
 Allard Brantley 2
 Ernest Brewer 2
 William Broadwell 2
 Ben Cooper 2
 William C. Davis
 (3) William Deaton 3
 Howard Devlin 2
 (3) Max Eaker 3
 Everett Hackler 2
 Woodrow Hager 2
 Joseph Hall 2
 (3) Charlton Henry 3
 Hubert Holloway 2
 Richard Honeycutt 2
 S. E. Jones 2
 Tillman Lyles 2
 Clarence Mayton 2

- James Mondie 2
 Howard Sanders 2
 (3) Avery Smith 3
 Ralph Sorrells
 George Tolson 2
 J. R. Whitman 2
 (3) Leonard Wood 3

COTTAGE No. 13

- Frank Carter
 Jack Foster
 (3) William Griffin 3
 (2) James V. Harvel 2
 Isaac Hendren

- Bruce Kersey
 Irvin Medlin 2
 Thomas R. Pitman 2
 (3) Alexander Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Warren G. Lawry 3
 (3) Ross Young 3

WORK THAT IS WORTH DOING

General Pershing, America's beloved soldier, has a bit of philosophy which he says has carried him over the very roughest spots of life and enabled him to get pleasure and satisfaction out of things which on their face held no satisfaction. That philosophy is this: "To have something that is worth doing and doing it with all my heart and soul."

It is necessary that men have work to do that is worth the doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and do it with all your soul. In that lies peace and satisfaction, the contentment and self-appraisal, that lead to a better ordered existence, not only of the individual but for society.

Turn that claim around as you will, think of it as long as you can, and you cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim. Yet if mankind would admit it, the face of the world would change. Discontent, strife, dishonesty, avarice, and seeking advantage would end.

To feel that we are doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves and that such work and its due reward could not fail us, what harm could happen to us then? And what benefit, happiness and confidence would not come to us? This having something to do worth doing and doing it with all the energy of heart and soul does more than keep us on an even keel, more than merely bring personal satisfaction. It enlarges our perspective and widens our viewpoint.

It develops unsuspected power to make friends, the power to go beyond oneself and serve others, the power to open one's heart and take others in, the power to share the feeling of others.—The Sunshine Monthly.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1939

NO. 26

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PATRIOTISM

Patriotism, in its purity, is not selfish. It is a fallacy to think that because we love one country, we must suspect the motives and defeat the purposes of all others. :: The United States never has and never will become productive soil for the seeds of international hatred. We will never rise against lands or people to do them harm... we will only rise against the aggressive errors of which lands and peoples have become the self-deluded servants.—W. J. Cameron.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE FLAG OF HOPE

There is no flag in the world which offers the opportunities to its citizens that the American Flag offers.

Not long ago a young man of Russian extraction, who had left his home land during the Revolution during the World War, and located in New York City, speaking over one of the N. B. C. networks, said, "This is the best country in the world." He went on to say that he had to work hard and long hours, but that he was glad to be in a land of opportunity.

Another person, a woman of royal lineage, closely related to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, said over this same hook-up, "God bless America! It is truly a land of opportunity."

America has always been a land of hope. Ever since its discovery, from colonial days on through the years of conflicts, during Revolutionary days, War of 1812, Civil War, Spanish-American War, and the World War, America has continued to stretch out her arms to the oppressed people of the world, offering them trust, a home, and an incentive to work for an ideal.

The Fourth of July stands out as this Nation's greatest holiday. It is a day not only set aside for celebration, but to show our appreciation for the freedom and the blessings we enjoy; and to commemorate that happy day one hundred sixty-three years ago, when the members of the Continental Congress signed "Thomas Jefferson's Work," the Declaration of Independence.

This Country established upon principles of highest merit ("that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness") owes its wonderful advancement to recognizing and encouraging the things that are of benefit to the greatest number of its citizens. No nation on the face of the earth has made more progress in every line of endeavor that has been made by the United States. This Nation has more automobiles, radios, telephones, electrical appliances, labor-saving devices, opportunities for educational advancement and amusement than any nation in the world.

Because we have become accustomed to the many blessings that are ours, we often fail to appreciate them. But when a foreigner with education and intelligence comes to our Land and praises it as a land of opportunity, we are reminded of the many assets our country possesses.

Truly our Country is a land which flies a Flag of Hope.

—The Messenger.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Among the millions of birthdays that occur each year here and there on the face of the earth, there is one which is impressively unique. It is the United States' Fourth of July!

Unlike the proverbial actress, the United States is proud to give its right age. The more than one hundred and fifty years of existence, of which it can boast, have all been passed as a democracy, under one type of government and one Constitution. Only the government of England can boast of a longer existence. France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and all the rest have changed their political structure so often that they seem like youngsters compared with us.

But the United States has enjoyed the liberty and justice that come only under democracy, for over a century and a half now. Every additional birthday becomes a cause for greater rejoicing, for it helps to prove that freedom is the only enduring ideal in a changing world.

It is hard to realize that America has had so many birthdays. Democracy does not show its age. Today, when reactionary systems of all kinds are running wild over half the globe, this country of ours seems by contrast younger than ever, for it has the vitality and the strength that go with youth.

And the Fourth of July—the most important birthday in the world—should be our reminder that democracy is the only way of life that insures happy birthdays for all of us who live and enjoy our freedom under it.—Public Relations Bulletin.

* * * * *

"IF EVERYONE"

The June issue of Sunshine Magazine carried the following article: "Someone has broken into rhyme effectively for public safety in travel. The author is C. E. Weisner, and a recent bulletin published by the National Safety Council gives it prominent space. It is worthy of wider distribution:"

"If every one who drives a car could lie a month in bed, with broken bones and stitched-up wounds, or fractures of the head, and here endure the agonies as many people do, they'd never need preach safety any more to me or you.

"If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend, and hear the doctor say 'no hope', before that fatal end, and see him there unconscious,

never knowing what took place, the laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.

"If every one could meet the wife and children left behind and step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined, and look upon the 'vacant chair' where daddy used to sit, I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think of it.

"If every one would realize pedestrians on the street, have just as much the right of way as those upon the seat, and train their eyes for children who run recklessly at play, this steady toll of human lives would drop from day to day.

"If every one would check his car before he takes a trip, for worn-out tires, loose steering wheels, and brakes that fail to grip, and pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night, another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.

"If every one who drives a car would heed the danger signs, placed by the highway engineers who also mark the lines, to keep the traffic in the lane and give it proper space, accidents we read about could not have taken place.

"And last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer, and keep in mind those in the car depending on his care, and make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance, the great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance."

* * * * *

BAD BOYS

Often have we heard the remark that "there are no bad boys, but bad parents." The following taken from a book of splendid selection reads that parents have the making of their children: "The father who devotes his life to making money, or a famous name, or even doing good to others, and at the same time gives but little or no personal attention to his children, may expect, when his sons come to act for themselves, to find that his own views of honor and right, of justice and charity, have been modified by the adoption of principles that he himself most bitterly denounces.

Wherever vicious practices appear in children there has been criminal neglect upon the part of the parents. The rule applies to all classes, from the highest to the lowest. There are a few exceptions, but this is the general rule. The sweetest comfort of a man in old age, next to the conscious grace of God in the heart, must come from the good characters of his children, and at the same time the greatest anguish comes from a child who lives in wickedness.

To escape this sorrow is not a thing of chance, but one of constant toil. If seed are sown in good ground such must be cultivated if a rich harvest is anticipated. "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son dispiseth his mother.

The parents who are the child's first teachers, and his best if they be wise and resourceful, should understand the value of the early-

plans and activities they set up in their homes. They are the preparation for the larger plans when children have passed the adolescent age on into mature manhood and womanhood.

* * * * *

HE WROTE ON THE CEILING

Thomas Wolfe, who died recently at the age of 37, was hailed as a new genius of American literature. Six feet, six inches of dynamic energy, his writings shook the world of letters.

Writing of Thomas Wolfe in the New York Times Book Review, Peter Munro Jack said, "I remember him stretching himself impatiently to write on the ceiling because there was no paper handy."

Stretching himself to write on the ceiling! Here is a word picture of a man reaching toward an ideal—stretching himself into greatness. Nothing could stop the superb expression of his thoughts and so he reached the ceiling of achievement in his chosen field.

There is a ceiling in your life and mine toward which we should also reach. It is the better life we can live, the better work we can do if we stretch ourselves! Stretching ourselves means stretching our hearts, our minds, our spirits—setting new marks in life, climbing to new heights.

Look upward at your ceiling and stretch yourself toward it!

—The Silver Lining.

* * * * *

KNOWLEDGE

We give here an excerpt, the theme is knowledge taken from the press: Knowledge cannot be stolen from you, neither can it be bought nor sold. You may be poor, and the sheriff may come into your house and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow, and leave you penniless or homeless, but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelery of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds. The fountain of knowledge is filled by outlets, not by inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach, you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving.

The whole conclusion drawn is let us not get rich of the things that perish by using but the things that glow when used to brighten the life of our fellow man, and will continue to make living conditions better and happier to all eternity.

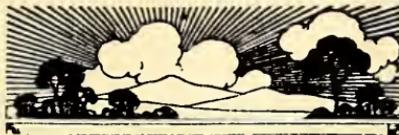
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HOW TO IDENTIFY DOGS

We are not familiar with the facts that led up to finger printing, the prevailing method of identification, especially in cases of criminality. However, we all know that finger-printing has played an important role in locating criminals. Moreover, such a procedure is no longer news.

But the latest is, or it is to the writer, that a dog expert has discovered that the lines in a dog's nose change but little with age. That from the time a dog is forty-eight hours old until an old, old dog the lines of his nose remain practically the same. Naturally the lines grow larger with growth, but change so little that a nose print once taken is a much surer identification than the master's voice that in the course of time grows thinner or weaker. The master's voice was a strong evidence once in lawsuits over ownership of dogs.

In case animals are lost or stolen pet dogs may be taken to a veterinarian and have prints of their noses made for record. The nose is smeared with blacking just the same as the thumb prints of persons are made for purpose of identification. Another expense added for the keep of a pet dog—nose-printing.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

LIVE TODAY

"Lift the load, while on the road,
From some sad-burdened soul;
Look around till some one you've found,
There are many on life's scroll.

"Make today a day to stay
Some one's weighty sorrow,
A shining star to pry afar
The portals of tomorrow."

It is some satisfaction to know that there are millions of birds in this country who manage to build homes without the aid of the Federal government.

It is an oft told tale that the "Democratic party was founded by Thomas Jefferson." In this day and time it is dumbfounded by many of its adherents.

The peace which Hitler and Mussolini advocate seems to be a piece of other nations around them. They are the modern grasping gladiators who want to rule the world.

From time far back it has been customary to ridicule and gibe about the inability of women to drive a nail. Today they have won their spurs. She can drive a car to her sweet will.

An educator told a class of boys that they "must work for a living." It is as hard to drive that thought in the minds of the modern youths as it is to drive a nail in a lightwood knot.

Many a man has gotten ahead in the world by convincing other people that he is more than they believed him to be. The more prejudices a man has the louder he talks about his individualism.

Isn't it a little singular that when the big manipulators of big business are caught up with, and their sins find them out, they are generally in poor health? It never pays to swerve from the path of honesty. ?

All self-made men are either shining examples or pronounced warnings.

Many people wonder why they call them "beauty parlors" when many that come out of them look worse than when they went in. And why one branch of the work is called "permanent waves" when they have to do them all over time and again.

We hear so many people say "I'm just killing time." Time is given us to be used, not to "kill." Time is what life is made of. And time will eventually kill you if you keep waiting. The way to use time is to start something serviceable today. Use every minute in advancement—improvement. If you make a start today you will know a lot next year that you don't know now, and won't know next year at this time if you wait. Wise is the person who realizes the value of Time.

The world today stands in need of warm, sympathetic hearts. It doesn't need so much of skill as it does of character. It is too full of bigotry, avarice, bitterness, bloodshed, abasement, abandonment. We do not lack ability but to large extent the world lacks purpose. We have the capacity to achieve but we fail in turning achievement solely to useful ends. The minds of the world are functioning, but the great heart of the world is dead. We need a great world awakening to the righteousness of living in peace and harmony among all nations.

Sweetness Of Temper

What happier world this would be if human beings would cultivate the characteristic of a smooth, sweet temper. If we permit our feelings to be ruffled and disconcerted in small matters, they will be thrown into a whirlwind when big events overtake us.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds its brightness on every-

thing. No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is a joy in business circles. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving, and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will find him employment. He will meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can.

When does a man feel more at ease with himself than when he has passed through a sudden and strong provocation without speaking a word, or in undisturbed good humor! When, on the contrary, does he feel a deeper humiliation than when he is conscious that anger has made him a fool; betrayed himself by word, look or action. It is the sharp grit which aggravates the friction and cuts out the bearings of the entire human machine.

Nervous irritability is the greatest weakness of character.

NATIONAL QUANDARY

Lift up your arms, protect our land!
 Unfurl the flag, strike up the band!
 Fight for the home of the brave and free!
 Make the world safe for democracy!

Or is it better to silence the gun,
 Roll up the flag, quiet the drum;
 Live in contentment from outside strife;
 Work for the better enjoyment of life!

—R. E. Trout, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

JULY FOURTH

By Anna Wenny

The fourth of July plays a memorable role in the drama of American traditions. On that day the United States of America was born, an event of such magnitude that it completely eclipses the memory of other historical anniversaries which, through the years, have gathered about the same date.

Nearly a century and a half before the Revolution, Roger Williams aroused the indignation of the Puritans of the Massachusetts colony by championing the cause of religious liberty. As a result Williams was banished from the colony, and on July 4, 1636, he founded the settlement of Providence, where all men could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

On July 4, 1776, a group of men meeting in Philadelphia as the Continental Congress adopted a declaration drawn up by Thomas Jefferson which dissolved all ties binding the American colonies to Great Britain.

War followed the Declaration of Independence. Five years later, to the day, General Cornwallis and his British troops evacuated Williamsburg and set their feet on the road to defeat. Three months later Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and America was free.

The nation was very young when Congress passed its first tariff legislation, the tariff act of July 4, 1789, which was designed to protect certain industries as well as to provide revenue. The measure was largely the work of James Madison, who was later to distinguish himself further by becoming President of the United States.

On July 4, 1804, Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of numerous romantic tales which have become American classics, was born in Salem, Massachusetts. Many of his books, among them, "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," are familiar to every schoolboy.

Twenty-two years later, on July 4, 1826, America's troubador, Stephen Collins Foster, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His songs have become a part of our musical tradition, and will live as long as the country endures—"Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," and others equally beloved.

Death came to John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, two of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence, while the nation was joyously celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of that historic pronouncement. Five years later, on July 4, 1831, James Monroe, fifth President, and framer of the Monroe doctrine, died.

July 4, 1804, inaugurated the first stage line running between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Exactly thirteen years later, work on the Erie Canal was begun. On the same day in 1828 the first rail of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid, each clang of the hammer tolling the death knell of the two modes of transportation whose birthday as well as whose place in the world the steam locomotive had usurped.

The United States Patent Bureau was created by act of Congress on July 4, 1836, through the efforts of Senator John Ruggles, who will always

be known as the father of the patent office.

The cornerstone of the towering obelisk erected in the nation's capital to the memory of our beloved first president, George Washington, was laid July 4, 1848.

The year 1861 ushered in the long period of bloodshed and tragedy, which was the war between the states. Only July 4, 1863, on the heels of the crushing, heartbreaking defeat at

Gettysburg, the Confederacy suffered another overwhelming blow when the long, bitter siege of Vicksburg ended and the city fell.

July 4, 1872, was the natal day of the first president to be born on the nation's birthday, the thirtieth president of the United States, Calvin Coolidge.

The fourth of July is truly a notable day in our history. It is haloed with memories, tragic and heroic.

THE HIGHEST PATRIOTISM

Our history has in it many thrilling incidents of ideal patriotism. The hangman's rope which finished the earthly life of Nathan Hale has become a golden girdle of fame. This twenty-year-old school teacher regretted that he had but one life to give his country. His last earthly requests were for a Bible and the services of a minister of the gospel, which they refused him. Down through the years this country has had other young men equally as dedicated to God and to their country's best interests. There are many in this generation who are filled with a great yearning to see their country attain to its God-ordained greatness. We want such idealists and they ought to be assured that their country has need of them. Let the cynic be thrown for the nuisance that he is. Let true patriot be encouraged for the blessing he may become.

What is a true patriot? Certainly not the man who only feels the thrill of patriotism when the drums beat, armaments are displayed, wealth boasts, the schools parade, classes wage a civil war, or deadly deeds are done in freedom's name. The zeal of a real patriot does not wait upon external excitement. He is most worthy of his country who loves it and refuses to live on it because he aims to live for it. The highest patriotism is that which seeks a land full of the knowledge of God and His Word, which derives therefrom a determination for justice between man and man, which fills the native air with the love of Christ, and makes it as much of the kingdom of heaven as praise and prayer can create. For that which would be most delightful unto our God would be best for man's estate. He serves his country best who serves the Lord with all his heart. In this attitude life's duties are consecrated to the common good, and such heroes of today are the builders of a great tomorrow. The permanent blessings in our nation's life are the result of noble Christian living.—Watchman-Examiner.

AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

By Rev. N. F. Schmidt

I am going to ask you a question. What, in your judgment, is the outstanding holiday in our national calendar? While you are thinking this over let me proceed. There are some, no doubt, who are quick to answer. The Fourth of July, because it commemorates the signing of that document which sets forth the two important principles upon which our national life is founded, viz, Liberty and Equality. And perhaps you are right.

Others, who are inclined to reason from cause to effect, will say: the 22nd of February, reasoning that if there had been no George Washington to translate those two principles into terms of national experience the signing of the Declaration of Independence would have remained a useless gesture. Perhaps you are right too.

Others, carrying that process of reasoning still farther, might say that Thanksgiving Day supercedes all, because it recognizes the Providential hand of God, without Whose will no nation has ever been born, and none shall ever die. I leave it, therefore, to you to make your choice.

In the opening month of this year Mrs. Blankenburg, widow of a somewhat recent mayor of Philadelphia, was addressing a group of women and electrified her audience by asserting that she had seen a document taken from an uncovered corner-stone in Virginia which stated that George Washington was born on the eleventh day of February, 1732. And Mrs.

Blankenburg was absolutely right. So are we right when we celebrate Washington's birthday on Feb. 22nd. The incongruity of these statements vanishes when you consider that in the year 1752, twenty years after Washington was born, there was a change made in the calendar. Up to that time the new year began about the 20th of March. In order to make the new year begin with Jan. 1st, that month and February was placed in front of March. You will at once see the plausibility of that statement when you think of the names of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months of the year, which from their Latin derivation, clearly indicate that they were once the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth.

The eleven days of March were gotten rid of by dropping them from the month of September. In the Museum at Pennsburg you will find an almanac, printed by Christopher Sower, which shows this fact plainly. On the September page it begins: 1st, 2nd and then jumps to the 14th and proceeds regularly to the 30th. You will note, therefore, that the entire year was short to the extent of eleven days. and when the anniversary of any date, prior to that year was to be observed eleven days had to be added to the original date.

In this year of Grace, however, which marks the 200th anniversary of the birth of the founder of our nation, is is no more than right that every holiday or celebration should be tinged with the color of his life and influence.

We honor Washington, not because he cut down a cherry tree and then averred that he could not tell a lie. That might be true again, perhaps not. There is a form of mind that cannot possibly account for, much less concede another's greatness without seeing in his youth a lad sporting two pairs of reversable wings and the aurora-borealis for a hat band. Witness the many fanastic as well as grotesque legends which have been woven around the boyhood of the Christ. The thinking world, however, is not looking for its leaders among those who have come into it wearing halos, but from those who have tasted its poverty and privations, its trials and tribulations and have been able to rise from its darkness to light and from its death to life.

Lately I ran across a story that will serve as a sequel to the one of cherry tree fame. It is to this effect: the parents of George found that their supply of soap for family use was running low so they decided to make a new lot. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the domestic. After the lapse of hours the servant reported that she could not possibly make any soap. "Why not, haven't you all the material?" "Yes," was the reply, "but there is something wrong." After investigating it was discovered that she had actually gotten the ashes of the little cherry tree that George had cut down, and there was no lye in it.

We honor Washington, not because he threw a silver dollar over the Rappahannock. I question whether he had the ability to throw anything that far, and I am convinced

that he had entirely too much common sense to throw away a dollar when there were many good uses to which it could be put. The only plausible excuse I ever heard for such unwonted extravagance was when some one facetiously remarked: that perhaps he was trying to teach a Scotchman to swim.

We do honor him, however, for his life and labors, his undying patriotism and his matchless character. It is true that there is not a virtue in his make-up that you cannot find duplicated, or even excellent, in the lives of other great men, but it would be difficult to find another with so many noble traits of character, so harmoniously blended, as to make of him an ideal man. This, above all, is his passport into the hearts of his countrymen, and of the world.

We honor him because he took the concepts of human right which impelled our forefathers to leave the old world with the hope of finding a place where they could think their own thoughts, live their own lives and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and fashioned them into the cornerstone of our national existence: Liberty and Equality.

"Whence came these new concepts of government and these new visions of human relationships? Not from reigning monarchs, not from the high and mighty on earth. Not from those who believe that governments derive their authority and power from blood and heredity. Far beyond all these we must go to the great Democrat of all the ages to find the author of the ideals of the Declaration of Independence. He was called the friend of publicans

and sinners because He stood for the common man. He braved the tyrant on the throne and gave the hand of fellowship to the downtrodden and despised. He was born in a stable, cradled in a manger and warmed by the breath of oxen that He might taste the sufferings of the lowliest of men. The heaven-born truths which fell from His lips were here to spring up after years of time. The Declaration of Independence and the American government would never have come into existence had it not been for the teaching of One who died for His fellow-man and for the Pilgrim Fathers who were definitely committed to His gospel."

We honor him because he gave us a new flag with new symbolism. Today there is woven into its folds all our national achievements both in war and in peace. When first unfurled to the breezes it stood for Liberty and Equality. In the war of 1812 it demonstrated to the world that here on this western continent there had arisen a nation, the decks of whose ships were as sacred as its soil. In the war of the sixties it demonstrated to all mankind that this Republic, founded on principle, could not be separated by sectional hatred or political prejudice, and in the war of '98, but more especially in the great war it convinced humanity that America, even at great cost, could extend the hand of an elder brother to the down-trodden and oppressed.

Some time ago a Jewish Rabbi gave a new interpretation of the Stars and Strips. He was addressing a body of immigrants in the Court of San Francisco who had applied for naturalization. Pointing to Old Glory, he said, that flag

is to teach you that America has stars for those who behave themselves and stripes for those who do not.

If there shall be flags in heaven, and some people think that there will be, the flag of honor will not be the Union Jack of England, nor the proud banners of France or Italy, nor the five bars of our sister Republic Cuba, beautiful as they all are, but the banner that will be the cynosure of all eyes will be the Cross of Christ, on which the Saviour of men died for the sins of the world, and nearest to it because next in importance will be the Stars and Stripes of American Freedom, the Red, the White and the Blue.

In one of our great battles a standard bearer rushed way ahead of the regiments and planted in a most dangerous position, Old Glory. The Commander shouted: "Bring back the Colors!" Little did that brave standard bearer think that he was making history when with unwonted temerity he shouted back to his commander: "Bring up the army!" That is the spirit we need on the part of those who have climbed the hillside of human progress and are willing to shout to those in the rear, Bring up the army of American civilization, bring up the purity of Columbia's institutions, bring up the standard of American manhood and womanhood, bring up the Church and State, bring up Capital and Labor, bring up everybody and everything that stands for God and Home and Native Land.

Our mission as a nation is one of worldwide democracy, which will result in universal peace. It is said the most impressive tomb ever designed for a soldier is the one, where

lies the dust of U. S. Grant. No armor is hung about him, no musket is stacked by his sepulchre, and no sword is laid at his side. While it was his hard lot to be a soldier, it was his glory to be a man of peace! Other nations have tried to conquer with the sword and are almost forgotten. If our nation ever conquers the world, and brings about the age of peace seen by the prophets, it will be by the program prescribed by the "Prince of Peace."

I love the words of Henry Van-Dyke, who had been our ambassador to the court of the Netherlands. While there he traveled all over Europe and saw much of her wealth and grandeur, her ancient architecture, her stately cathedrals, her outstanding halls of learning, but he also saw much of her poverty and superstition, her ignorance and above all her lack of opportunity and the thought made him home-sick, and going down to the sea shore with his

face towards his native land, he penned these words:

Home again, home again, America
for me.

My heart is turning home again,
and there I long to be,
In that land of youth and freedom,
beyond the ocean's bars

Where the air is full of sun light and
the flag is full of stars.

O London is a man's town, there's
power in the air,

And Paris is a woman's town with
flowers in her hair.

It's sweet to dream of Venice,
and it's great to study Rome,

But when it comes to living,
there's no place like our home.

So it's home again, home again, Amer-
ica for me.

I want a ship that's westward bound
to plow the rolling sea

To that blessed land of room-enough
beyond the ocean's bars

Where the air is full of sunlight and
the flag is full of stars.

THE NEW PATRIOT

Who is the patriot? He who lights
The torch of war from hill to hill?
Or he who kindles on the heights
The beacon of a world's good will?

Who is the patriot? It is he
Who knows no boundary, race nor creed;
Whose nation is humanity,
Whose countrymen all souls that need.

Who is the patriot? Only he
Whose business is the general good;
Whose keenest sword is sympathy,
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood!

—Frederick L. Knowles.

THIRTEEN REBELLIOUS STRIPES

Selected

On a dismal day in February, 1783, the inhabitants of London were greeted by a strange sight. There on the historic Thames River, docked at the London custom house, was a ship flying a flag which most people had never seen before, but which was easily recognizable. It was "Old Glory," with its "thirteen rebellious stripes." The ship's cargo was whale oil, and its captain was requesting the right of entry, to dispose of his merchandise and to load his ship with English goods for the folks back home.

Ordinarily a strange ship on the Thames would not be a startling sight. Ships kept bobbing up there from all corners of the world. But when we consider that a definite peace had not yet been signed, that the countries were technically still at war with each other, that feeling between the Americans and Englishmen was still strong and tense, then the appearance of the "rebel flag" in London was indeed a startling sight.

King George III had recognized the independence of America in December of 1782. Upon hearing the news, American merchants and traders began fitting out their ships again. For eight long years the traders of the northern Colonies had been prevented from sending out their vessels. Now, not being versed in the technique of treaty making, and knowing only that King George had recognized and acknowledged the independence of America, they sent their ships out to all ports of the world.

To set out for friendly though distant ports in France, Spain, and

Holland was natural enough; but to make a trip to the heart of the enemy's land was, to say the least, daring and surprising. Yet that is exactly what happened in the case of one Yankee ship. The "Bedford," fitted out in Massachusetts and commanded by Captain Moores, flying the Stars and Stripes, started straight across the Atlantic, headed for England.

Hence, on February 4, 1783, the "Bedford" was sighted off the coast of Gravesand, and two days later she reported with her cargo of whale oil to the London custom house. To add to the incongruity of the situation, the "Bedford" was within view of the famous Tower of London, where Henry Laurens and other Americans had languished as prisoners during the war.

The surprise of the Londoners was complete! Here was a rebel ship, proudly flying the rebel flag, in their own port, while the British and American envoys were still wrangling in Paris over the terms of the peace treaty. For days the "Bedford" was the talk of the town.

The number 13 in connection with American events was material for much English humor; 13 Colonies, 13 stripes, 13 this and that. The London Chronicle of February 7, 1783, surprised itself with its humorous description of the rebel ship:

"There is a vessel in the harbor with a very strange flag. Thirteen is a number peculiar to rebels. A party of prisoners, lately returned from Jersey, say that rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams a day. Sachem

Schuyler has a topknot of thirteen stiff hairs which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he gets mad. It takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one shilling sterling. . . . Every well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be major generals or members of the high and mighty Congress of thirteen United States when they attain the age of thirteen years. . . . and Mrs. Washington has a tomcat with thirteen yellow rings around its tail. His flaunting it suggested to Congress the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

This recalls the fact that the first flag of this country was not the stars and stripes. At the start of the Revolution different Colonies, or sections, had their own colors—and some of these displayed such striking designs and mottoes that they continued in service with modifications through a greater part of the war.

One was the "Pine Tree Flag" of New England, with the red cross of St. George and a green pine tree in the upper corner. Another was the "Rattlesnake Flag," which appeared in several designs—the most common being a rattlesnake in the center, coiled and ready to strike, and underneath the words, "Don't Tread on Me." A third was a blue banner with a silver crescent in one corner. New

York had a flag' showing a black beaver on a white field. Rhode Island had a white field with a blue anchor, over which was the word "Hope." The Grand Union, or "Cambridge" flag, hoisted over the camp before Boston, consisted of thirteen stripes with the British Union Jack in the corner.

George Washington felt keenly the lack of national colors when he took command of the forces. Legend has it that he confided his anxiety to Robert Morris, a financier, and George Ross, a member of the Continental Congress. As a result, this trio one day walked to the shop of Betsy Ross, an upholsterer, at Fourth and Arch streets in Philadelphia. George Ross had told his associates that if there was one woman in the city who could help them in this emergency, it was his capable niece.

Washington showed Mrs. Ross a rough design of a flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, and asked if she thought she could reproduce the same in bunting, and secure an effective arrangement of the red, the white, and the blue. She inspected it for an instant, and replied that she did not know, but would gladly try.

On the following day Betsy Ross had finished the first Old Glory, which was officially declared the national emblem by Congress June 14 1777.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.—Selected.

THE BIRTH OF A SONG

By Charles Flick

That's all of chior practice today, children," said Mr. Lowel Mason, choir conductor at Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. "Wilhelm Cruger, please stay. I have something to say to you."

"Yes, sir," Wilhelm replied with the eagerness of the newcomer.

"Where you from?" curly-headed Joe Wright, who sung a solo, demanded with juvenile directness.

"Pennsylvania," said Wilhelm, hoping to make friends. For he had been there only a couple of days and was lonely

"What's that funy-looking book you got there?"

Wilhelm offered the volume to his neighbor, as the other boys and girls began leaving. Joe took the book, glanced at it, and frowned. "What language is it?"

"German," said Wilhelm. Then hastily, as if to make an impression—"It has lots of good songs. You should hear this one. It goes . . ."

Losing some of his shyness for his new surroundings, he began humming the tune very softly, translating the words into English for Joe's benefit. Unnoticed, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Francis Smith, rector of the Park Street church, approached the two boys. He heard only the melody and stopped. "Why, where did you lads learn that?" he asked as if deeply intrigued.

"From this book," Wilhelm replied promptly with the stranger's anxiety to please. "My mother sent it 'specially for your library. She was told you read German."

"For me? Oh, thank you, lad." The tall, dark minister accepted the

manual with apparent interest. It was still open at the page where Wilhelm had been singing; now the man's head wagged slightly as he mentally kept time with the rhythm, too.

The choir conductor returned. "Mr. Smith, this is William Cruger, the boy with the golden voice. We must have him sing a song at our Fourth of July celebration if we can find one suitable."

"By all means," the rector agreed heartily. "I overheard him humming a very attractive scale from this book. It has an unusually patriotic verve to it."

"We have choir practice twice a week, Wilhelm," Mr. Mason informed the youth. "I hope you are going to like us."

"I do already, sir."

"That's fine—fine—"

Evidently absorbed in what he had discovered, the misister crossed to the organ.

"Come on, let's go," Joe Wright suggested. He began to lose some of the interest he had felt toward the new comer. He had always been the only member of the junior choir who possessed a strong and sweet enough voice to sing solos. He had been very proud of his accomplishment. But now his importance was challenged. Would Wilhelm he given his place?

The two boys moved along the aisle to the arched doorway. Just as they were about to go down the steps, strains from the organ rolled though the church. The minister was playing Wilhelm's song. Then his full, rich bass rose as if inspired:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—"

He paused; but soon he was repeating the lines and adding:

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride—"

Then he finished the stanza after another silence with one vigorous effort:

"From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring."

Joe looked at his companion suspiciously, for those were not the words Wilhelm had translated. "You tried to make a fool of me," he accused. "I won't talk with you any more."

Thereupon he ran down the steps and path to a group of children that had formed on the sidewalk. Wilhelm could see that Joe referred to him. Whatever it was he said, the boys and girls turned and looked at the solitary figure brooding with glances.

Perhaps Joe did not mean to be so severe. But he was vain of his singing ability and jealous of the German boy because his position was threatened. He just happened to be in that state of mind when he could easily believe Wilhelm tried to fool him so that he could not learn the song, too.

These were the exaggerated thoughts Joe openly disclosed to his friends without realizing how unfair he was to Wilhelm. The latter watched them, puzzled by their behavior. He could see they did not want him.

To complicate matters further, Joe was taken on an unexpected trip to the country by his parents for the holiday. Wilhelm did not have a chance to ask him what was wrong.

Wilhelm was not invited to join baseball and other games by the rest of the boys. They were full of talk

about fireworks and the Fourth, but the stranger was left out of it.

At choir practice and in Sunday school they treated him politely, but outside he was not welcomed as one of themselves. He was not shown any rudeness, but just left to himself.

This being the case, he thought time would solve the problem. However, three days went around and he was still alone. With the exception of Wright, and he received no definite rebuke; and at the Sunday school's picnic he ran races with them all and beat quite a few. Yet this did not break the ice.

One afternoon following choir practice, Mr. Mason confronted him. "Wilhelm, you don't show your former enthusiasm. Is anything wrong?"

Wilhelm was too deeply bewildered by what had happened to him to explain it. And he continued to feel so new here that he was afraid of being misunderstood again if he should make the attempt. There were so many things that were puzzling, especially the incident when the rector had sung peculiar words with that music.

"I'll sing better," he said. "You'll see." And so he did. For he had been unaware of his let-down; but now that it was brought to his attention he could overcome it.

On the morning before the Fourth he was passing the rectory of Park Street Church. The Rev. Mr. Smith hailed him from the porch. Wilhelm ran up the path curiously.

"Will you please take a message to Mr. Mason?" the minister asked. "You pass his house on your way home, I believe."

"I'll be glad to," the lad agreed readily. He was given some papers and started on his errand. Three

blocks further he met a couple of boys, who, in junior fashion, gave him a wide berth on the sidewalk. Another boy happened along at that moment and saw the incident.

"Don't mind those fellows, Wilhelm," he said. "I hardly think you'd lie."

"Who's lying?"

"Well, what Joe told us practically amounts to that. He said you translated the words of that song wrong so he couldn't learn them."

Stunned, Wilhelm at last knew why he had been shunned. He was on fire immediately to defend himself. But he was thwarted, or thought so. No one would accept his explanation with Joe absent.

"I'll be your friend," said the other. "My name's Edward Everett Hale. I'm ten. How old are you?"

"Eleven." Needless to say, Wilhelm's heart leaped with joy.

"Here. Have some ginger snaps," Edward offered. "I've got a whole bag full. I'm going out to the lot now and play ball. Want to come?"

Wilhelm hesitated as he chewed one of the cakes. His experience did not encourage him to think he would be accepted by the lads until he could prove his innocence. "I've got to deliver these papers to Mr. Mason," he said.

"Well, come along later, then." Edward pressed some more ginger snaps on his companion and they separated, vowing mutual friendship.

Wilhelm arrived at his destination and ran up the steps. The choir conductor himself answered his knock. "Why, hello, little warbler. What can I do for you?"

"I was passing Mr. Smith's house and he asked me to bring these papers

to you," Wilhelm revealed.

"That's very nice of you. Wait just a minute, please, while I read them to see if there is any reply."

Wilhelm watched the man's face lengthen in surprise. "What do you know, Wilhelm? Mr. Smith has written a patriotic song called 'America.'" But here, I shall let you read the note yourself, as it will interest you very much."

Wilhelm read:

"Dear Mr. Mason:

"Enclosed is a little effort of mine which I should like you to look over. It was inspired by some music in a book which Wilhelm Cruger's mother sent me. The melody so stirred me I had to write these words. I did not stop to translate the German verses in the volume at the moment, and it was only later I discovered I had used the English anthem, 'God Save the King'."

Wilhelm's blue eyes shone brightly. He could hardly believe Mr. Smith had found his book so useful.

"Come inside," the choir conductor urged. "We shall try this piece on my piano."

His heart beating rapidly at this unexpected honor, the boy followed through a wide hall into a cozy parlor, where an old-fashioned square piano stood against one wall. The man sat at the instrument immediately as if he was impatient to study the minister's composition. Then his fingers struck the keys. "All right, Wilhelm. Proceed—"

Wilhelm looked over Mr. Mason's shoulder at the lines. The tune he knew; soon his soft, smooth voice filled the room as he threw his whole energy into the words emphasizing their patriotic glamor. From the

opening phrase—"My country, 'tis of thee—" right through the first two stanzas to the third:

"Our father's God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King."

"Excellent!" Mr. Mason beamed. "You shall sing it at our Fourth of July celebration tomorrow. And what a surprise for Mr. Smith it will be."

"Yes, sir," Wilhelm agreed with honest enthusiasm. Yet his mind was dwelling on that fateful day when Joe Wright had misunderstood him. Now all the puzzling incidents were revealed in their true light. He could realize how Joe thought he had been misled. A well of happiness swelled within him.

"I shouldn't wonder if it is taken up by the entire country," Mr. Mason was saying, "and become a great national anthem."

On leaving the house, Wilhelm fairly bubbled with joy. Off he ran to the ball field. Arriving there puffing from his exertion, he sat for a moment on the stone wall fence, while he regained his breath and regarded the boys with rising hopes.

But one of the players saw him and hooted.

However, Wilhelm was now fortified with his sure knowledge of the circumstances. His diffidence dropped from him and he walked straight to Alfred Santele, who was the nearest player, he being an outfielder.

"What do you want?" Alfred demanded curtly.

"I wish to explain about the song." Wilhelm said quickly. "I told Joe the right words—"

"Hey there. Just a minute—"

Amazed, Wilhelm whirled at the command to see Joe himself standing on the stone wall in his new clothes as if he had just returned from the country.

Alfred demanded: "What brought you home so soon? I thought you were going to stay away over the Fourth?"

Joe said he didn't want to miss the Sunday-school celebration after all, and asked his parents to send him back. Then he jumped off the wall and confronted Wilhelm. "Were you talking about me?"

Wilhelm did not flinch now. "No, I just carried a note to the choir conductor from Mr. Smith. It said that song in the book my mother sent him, and that I hummed for you, inspired him to write new verses for it. Those were the words you heard him singing when you imagined I was fooling you."

This was a revelation, indeed. Joe moved uneasily, as the rest of the team, intrigued by Wilhelm's intense manner, came in off the diamond.

The boy who called himself Edward Everett Hale stepped forward. "Joe was jealous of Wilhelm, that's the whole trouble. I'm for Wilhelm and always will be."

Joe's friends waited for him to defend himself. But he was not such a dunce as to argue in the face of this opposition. "Aw—I really didn't mean anything by it," he mumbled. "Everybody took me up wrong at first, then I forgot to undo the damage before I went away."

"Maybe it was part my fault, too," Wilhelm offered. "We should forget it."

"That's the way to talk," Edward emphasized. "You two shake hands."

The Fourth of July was a glorious day for fireworks and any other kind of celebration. The Sunday school was crowded with happy throngs. Wilhelm sang Mr. Smith's song like he had never sung anything else. Now that he could throw off all care, his voice rang clear as a bell, filling every crevice of the edifice, as the congregation—young and old combined—sat spellbound at his rendition of "America". It was the first time it had been sung publicly, right there in the Sunday school of Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832.

Note: Of course, most of the above story is pure fiction. The facts were so arranged for the sake of plot. The historical references are best given from a special report of the Library of Congress:

"In February, 1832, as the Rev. Samuel F. Smith was glancing

through some children's books written in German, he ran across some music which he later found to be *God Save the King*. He was much impressed, and noticed that the words were very patriotic, but without endeavoring to translate or imitate them, he was led, on the impulse of the moment, to write the hymn, 'America'. To his surprise, on the following Fourth of July, Mr. Lowell Mason, a choir conductor to whom he had given a copy, first publicly introduced it at a Sunday-school celebration at the Park Street Church, Boston. Edward Everett Hale, then a little boy of ten, who had spent all his money on ginger-snaps and soda pop, stopped at the church on his way home, and so was present at the first singing of the hymn, which is national enough to be called 'America'."

When John D. Rockefeller made his first million, he wasn't surprised. He had simply been faithful to a deliberately thoughtful program. When he was sixty years old, he made up his mind he would live to be one hundred. So he made a set of rules followed them with the same faith. These rules have now become the "ten commandments of health":

1. Never lose interest in life and the world.
2. Eat sparingly and at regular hours.
3. Take plenty of exercise, but not too much.
4. Get plenty of sleep.
5. Never allow yourself to become annoyed.
6. Set a daily schedule of life and keep it.
7. Get a lot of sunlight.
8. Drink as much milk as will agree with you.
9. Obey your doctor and consult him often.
10. Don't "overdo" things.—The Printed Word.

FAREWELL MESSAGE

By Catherine Herzel

General Washington was dead. The bell swung mournfully in the frosty air of the December afternoon as it tolled the passing of a hero. The old minister looked up from his book and gazed abstractedly out the study window. The tolling bell hung in the steeple of a church he served, here in the village of Humfries, far in the western part of Maryland. The tolling of the bell was a familiar sound to the village, for it was the only church bell in town and charitably mourned the deaths of all good Christians, be they Lutheran, Methodist, or Catholic. But never had its mournful sound impressed the listeners as today, when it recognized, with the death of the hero, the passing of an epoch.

Pastor Spengler was not alone in his emotion for the great warrior who had fallen. Remote from the political hatreds that poisoned the air of the federal city, the little village mourned simply and sincerely one whom it honored. Housewives told each other of the foreboding that had stirred uneasily when the messenger rode in on the pike from Baltimore. He had come at breakneck speed, hunched high on his horse, until he reached the outskirts of town. Then, where the houses began to stand closer together, he had reined in his lathered horse and entered the town solemnly, importantly. He had refused to answer the questions shouted to him by men standing on the street; he had held himself aloof from the customary exchange of news and banter; and an increasing crowd had followed him curiously. He dismounted at the

store which was also the post office and related his news first of all to the postmaster and after that to various other dignitaries of the town.

The news spread rapidly. People left their tasks, to talk, to exclaim, to listen to a survivor of the Revolutionary War talk of his commander; to hear the words of younger men who had never seen him. To them he was less a person than an abstraction, an inalienable part of the national heritage like Equality, and Work, and the West. Men reminded one another that Washington had come here when there was no village, only the fort, that he had shared the dream of the rest of them and had looked westward, visualizing a great highway across the Alleghenies, encouraging plans for the navigation of the upper Potomac. Yes, the great man had belonged to them also; one of their own had died.

So important did the event seem to Minna, Pastor Spengler's housekeeper, that she had come to his study door and knocked.

"Herr Pastor!"

Pastor Spengler had risen with a lingering glance at his book, prepared to leave the delights of that study for a call to one of his distant parishioners. It would probably be out to Contrary Knob, for Grandfather Kreuger was feeble.

In an earnest flurry of German, Minna had related the news of Washington's death. Pastor Spengler had gone back to his desk, but at odd moments he found a picture of Washington recurring, interfering with his sermon writing. Almost

twenty years ago he had stood on the sidewalk of a Philadelphia street to catch a glimpse of General Washington riding over the cobblestones. Even yet he could summon a picture of the strong, resolute face and Washington's soldierly bearing.

The next day the postmaster, Samuel Smith, came to see Pastor Spengler. He soon explained the purpose of his visit. Postmaster Smith felt that Humfries should have a memorial service for the great general. Did Pastor Spengler agree? Pastor Spengler did. Well, then, Mr. Smith would go ahead and call a meeting of the town notables to plan for it.

That same evening the meeting was held. It was quickly planned that Abraham Wills from Cranford should be the orator, and that the services, after the parade, should be held in the Lutheran church. That log structure was the only place in the village large enough to accommodate the crowd—and besides, there was the bell.

As they peacefully planned the parade Pastor Spengler said, "And at the end, Hans Greiner with the school children."

There was a moment of silence, then Samuel Smith cleared his throat. "Well, as a matter of fact, we were talking about that very thing before you came."

There was a movement of uneasiness among the men.

Edward Clark spoke up. "It seems to us that it's scarcely right that someone who fought against the general should be in the parade."

"Yes, folks feel so," agreed the men.

Pastor Spengler looked about the circle. No eye met his. Hans Greiner was a peaceable, genial old man. He had been a soldier with the Hes-

sian mercenaries in the Revolution, and, like many of his fellows, had deserted at the first chance. After the war he had wandered about until he came to Humfries, where he resumed his old occupation of school teaching, and conducted the little academy under the maples. Rarely did people remember that he had been on the opposite side during the war, and when they did they condoned his part in it, realizing that he had little choice about fighting, and that he had left the army at the first opportunity. Now, for some obscure reason, the old ill-feeling had flared up. Sentiments such as these may ferment a long time among men who have too little to occupy their minds, as was the case in this frontier village during the long winter.

Pastor Spengler said nothing for a minute. Then, "The academy is just across the street," he said gravely. "I want you to go there with me."

The man rose reluctantly, half-ashamed of their animosity, half-unwilling to go on this mysterious errand of the pastor. But the habit of obedience was strong, and they went.

Pastor Spengler reached over the door where the big key lay hidden and opened the door. The men followed him silently, and stood inside the doorway as he carried his candle to the front of the room. He held it high and it cast a circle of light on a picture, a portrait draped with an American flag. The steady gaze of Washington looked down upon them. One man coughed, another moved his feet. Pastor Spengler came back to them.

"Three years ago," he said seriously, "that great man said farewell to

the people of the United States, to leave the presidency forever. I have read and reread that 'Farewell Address.' So has Hans Greiner. There are some sentences I should like to repeat to you. 'Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. . . . It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.'

Samuel Smith broke the silence again. "Maybe we'd better go over and finish our plans for the parade." He coughed. "I guess Hans will see that the children are in line."

The other men looked relieved, and followed him out of the academy building. John Haines fell behind and walked with Pastor Spengler. "You are right, pastor," he said "We must not dig up old enmities."

The plans for the great day went apace, and on the morning appointed those who were to be in the parade met in front of Smith's General Store and Post Office. Samuel was master of ceremonies and buzzed about, trying to shape the unwieldy group into a procession. Gradually he made progress, and by ten o'clock the parade was ready to start. First of all came the soldiers who had survived the Revolution. They carried themselves proudly, aware that they were linked with the great man more intimately than others. Somewhere, somehow, they had contrived

a uniform that, although it had never seen service under the general, yet did him honor.

The musicians came next. Then the clergy, Pastor Spengler, the Catholic priest from Hagerstown, and John Hall, a local preacher. Hall represented the Methodists of the village in the absence of their pastor, a circuit rider from Virginia.

After the clergy, came the bier. The delicate question of choosing pallbearers had been diplomatically solved by using all the town officials, including the postmaster, who stepped into place after he had gotten the procession safely started. Less diplomatic was the selection of the sixteen young ladies who represented the sixteen grieving states. They had been chosen with an eye to social preeminence, a very unsettled matter in this community whose frontier days were not far behind. As a result, more than sixteen young ladies glowered from the audience at the chosen few who gallantly struggled with white draperies and wide bands of crepe worn over the heavy clothing the frosty air demanded.

The committee of arrangements and the speaker, Abraham Willis, walked after the grieving states. Samuel Smith had been torn between the desirability of walking with the committee and speaker, or with the pallbearers. His pride at being with the latter was somewhat dampened by the unaccommodating dictum of nature which prevented him from being in both places at once. Next walked the Masonic brethren, and at the end Hans Greiner, with as many of his pupils as could arrange some sign of mourning.

John Haines was there early, to speak to Hans and make some show of friendship. Samuel Smith paused in his worried rounds to welcome the schoolmaster. Gentle-hearted Hans glowed in the atmosphere of friendliness, and stopped Pastor Spengler to say to him, "Ah, this

America! Here my fellow citizens forget that I was on the other side of the battle, and allow me to do honor to the great general. It is a great nation, our America!"

And Pastor Spengler echoed heartily, "It is a great nation, our America!"

NEGRO HEALTH WORK

North Carolina's public health program for Negro population is carried on day by day, the year round, according to Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State Health Officer.

Since 1936 a Negro physician, Dr. Walter J. Hughes, has been connected with the State Board of Health in a full-time capacity, and his duties are to aid county, city and district health officers with relation to problems affecting members of the Negro race.

In addition to this, North Carolina has six Negro dentists, working in the public schools; thirty-eight public health nurses, and twenty-one Negro physicians, connected in part-time capacity with the various health units. Nine are connected with venereal disease clinics and twelve with maternal and infant clinics.

In other words, we have the largest Negro public health personnel, per population, in the entire country. The idea of National Negro Health Week is splendid. We will be glad when all the States have advanced to the point where they will not depend on any one day, or season, for calling this work to attention of the people but will, like North Carolina, make the problem one for year-round attention.—News-Letter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The steam-fitters have completed their work at the new cannery and it is now ready for use.

Part of the equipment for the new gymnasium has arrived and will soon be put in place. We will list this equipment in a later issue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby and daughter returned last Thursday night from a trip to the World's Fair, now being held in New York City. They made the trip in a trailer and report having had a good time.

Quite a number of the boys enjoyed a "dip" in the new swimming-pool during the past week, and from the looks on their smiling faces as they were leaving the building, we are sure they thoroughly enjoyed it. The report reached The Uplift office today that practically all of our nearly five hundred boys have been in the pool at least once to date.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Spofford, of Jacksonville, Florida, accompanied by Mrs. Guise Allen, of Concord, were visitors at the School last week. Mr. and Mrs. Spofford are members of the faculty of the Jacksonville Public Schools, the former teaching typewriting and shorthand, and the latter be-

ing a fifth grade teacher. While here these visitors were guests of Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse. Upon being shown through the various departments of the School, they seemed very favorably impressed with the work of the institution in caring for wayward boys.

The Training School folks were grieved to learn of the death of Robert E. Weant, last Thursday morning. "Uncle Bob" as he affectionately known here, had attained the ripe old age of eighty-two years. He was an expert craftsman, a carpenter, and had helped in the erection of most of the buildings at the Training School. By his friendly demeanor he made many friends here at the institution, both among the boys and officials, who will greatly miss him. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and other sorrowing members of his family in their hour of bereavement.

Messrs. A. C. Oosterhuis, of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, and director of the extension department of the Carnation Milk Company; Gaylord Hancock, superintendent of the Carnation plant at Galax, Virginia; F. R. Farnham, dairy specialist at North Carolina State College, Raleigh; J. E. Wilson, of Albemarle, Stanly County farm demonstration agent; and Roy D. Goodmaa, of Concord, Cabarrus

County farm demonstration agent, visited the School Friday morning. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they looked over the dairy, Swink-Benson Trades Building, the new gymnasium and swimming-pool, and other departments.

This group is touring North Carolina for the purpose of selecting a site for the location of another plant to be operated by the Carnation Milk Company. While no definite arrangements have been made, it is quite likely that it will be located in the Piedmont section of the state.

Felix Moore, of Kinston, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School August 10, 1926, called at The Uplift office yesterday morning. Upon returning to his home, Felix worked in a garage until May, 1927, at which time he enlisted in the United States Army for one year, during which time he was stationed at Fort Bragg. He then returned to Kinston, where he stayed for about five months. In October, 1928, he re-enlisted and was assigned to the Headquarters Company, 21st Infantry. He was stationed in Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands for two years and three months, and was then sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. At the expiration of his term of enlistment, Felix re-enlisted, and for the next three years continued at the same post. In 1933, he was married in San Antonio, Texas. After receiving his honorable discharge in November, 1934, Felix and his wife moved to Kinston, where he secured employment with the City of Kinston Water and Light Department, and has been working there ever since.

Felix, who is now thirty years old, seemed to be delighted to meet old friends at the School, this being his first visit here since leaving us. He stated that he had never regretted one minute of his stay at the institution, and that the training received here was a great help to him while in the service of Uncle Sam.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. George Pickard, pastor of the North Charlotte Presbyterian Church, and our old friend Gene Davis, who led the boys in singing.

Following the Scripture recitation and opening prayer, Gene rendered a vocal solo, "Speak To My Heart," in his usual pleasing manner. He then presented Rev. Mr. Pickard, who read for the Scripture Lesson the story of the young lawyer who came to Jesus and asked what he might do to have eternal life.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that we cannot love God and have hatred in our hearts for our fellow men. In reply to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" he told the boys that all mankind is our neighbor, and it is our duty to treat people as we would have them treat us.

Rev. Mr. Pickard then told the story of the Good Samaritan, but first called the boys' attention to the three classes of men who saw this poor fellow as he lay wounded along the Jericho road. These three types of men, said he, are the Beat-Em-Up, the Pass-Em-Up and the Pick-Em-Up classes. He told how this traveler

who went from town to town selling trinkets, made ready for a trip to Capernaum. Mounted on his donkey, carrying his goods, he started through a mountainous district which was infested by a band of robbers, the Beat-Em-Up type of men. They took his money, clothing, goods and donkey; beat him up terribly and left him for dead.

As the hot sun beat down upon the wounded man, he thought he was going to die, and called to passers-by to help him. The first to whom he appealed was a priest, all dressed up in his fine robes, on his way to the temple, but he refused to heed the suffering man's cry. He passed by on the other side. A Levite, also on his way to the temple, paid no attention to the wounded man, but also passed along the other side of the road. These men, said the speaker, belonged to the Pass-Em-Up class.

The wounded man became worse. His strength was fast leaving him. He was no longer able to cry for assistance. A Samaritan rode up, and,

seeing the poor fellow in distress, stopped and examined him. He gave him water to drink and dressed his wounds, after which he loaded him on his own donkey and took him to an inn, promising the proprietor that he would stand good for any expense incurred until the wounded man was able to return to his home. This Samaritan, said the speaker, belonged to the Pick-Em-Up class of people.

Rev. Mr. Pickard then told the boys that it was easy to do wrong, but to do right meant a hard battle, and the only to win is to have Jesus Christ on our side. By ourselves we can do nothing but by the help of the Master all obstacles confronting us along the pathway of life may be overcome.

In conclusion the speaker stated that we owe a great debt to God for the many blessings He has bestowed upon us. Because of the sins of men, His only Son, Jesus Christ gave his life to save them. This is the greatest debt of all, and the only way in which we can repay it, is to live according to Jesus' teachings.

BETTER DAYS

If you have faith in those with whom you labor,
 And trust in those with whom you make a trade;
 If you believe in friend and next door neighbor,
 And heed examples pioneers have made;
 If you expect the sun to rise tomorrow,
 If you are sure that somewhere skies are blue—
 Wake up and pack the futile sorrow,
 For better days are largely up to you.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending June 25, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Mack Collins 2
- (2) Clyde Gray 2
James Hodges
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 4
- (4) Leon Hollifield 4
Edward Johnson
- (4) James Kissiah 4
- (2) Frank May 2
- (4) C. L. Snuggs 4
- (2) Thomas Turner 2

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Jack Broome 3
- (4) Henry Cowan 4
Howard Cox 3
Clay Mize
H. C. Pope 3
- (3) William Whittington 3
- (3) William Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 2
- John T. Godwin 2
- (2) Julian T. Hooks 3
- (3) William Padrick 3
Nick Rochester 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Earl Barnes 3
Richard Baumgarner 2
- (2) Coolidge Green 3
- (2) Douglas Matthews 3
- (4) F. E. Mickle 4
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 3
Caulde Terrell
- (4) John Tolley 4
- (2) John C. Robertson 3
- (4) Jerome Wiggins 4

COTTAGE No. 4

- Homer Bass 2
- (3) Wesley Beaver 3
- (2) Paul Briggs 3
- (4) James Hancock 4
- (3) James Land 3
- (4) Ivan Morrozoff 4

- George Newman 3
- Fred Pardon 2
- (2) Forest Plott 3
- (2) Henry Raby 2
- (4) Hyress Taylor 4
- (4) Melvin Walters 4
Leo Ward 3
- (4) James Wilhite 4
- (2) Samuel Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) Grady Allen 4
- (3) J. C. Branton 3
- (3) Lindsey Dunn 3
- (2) A. C. Elmore 3
- (2) J. C. Ennis 3
- (4) Ray Hamby 4
William Kirksey
- (4) Everett Lineberry 4
Samuel Montgomery
- (3) Richard Starnes 3
Elmer Talbert 2
- (4) Dewey Ware 4
- (2) Marvin Wilkins 3
- (4) George Wright 4

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

- (4) John H. Averitte 4
- (3) Carl Breece 3
- (4) John Deaton 4
- (2) James H. Davis 2
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 3
- (4) Roy Helms 4
- (3) William Herrin 3
Raymond Hughes
- (4) Caleb Hill 4
- (4) Hugh Johnson 4
Lyman Johnson 2
J. C. Long
- Elmer Maples 3
- Arnold McHone 2
- Dewey Sisk 2
- Graham Sykes 2
- (2) Loy Stines 2

Alex Weathers 2
Edward Young 3
William R. Young

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 3
Jack Crawford 2
(2) Samuel Everidge 2
(3) Samuel Kirksey 3
(2) Charles Taylor 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 3
(2) J. T. Branch 3
(4) James Butler 4
(4) James Bunnell 4
(4) Edgar Burnette 4
Henry Coward 2
(2) Frank Glover 3
(4) C. D. Grooms 4
Osper Howell 3
(2) Harold O'Dear 2
(2) Eugene Presnell 2
(4) Lonnie Roberts 4
(4) Thomas Sands 4
(4) Preston Wilbourne 4
Thomas Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) James Eury 2
(4) J. D. Hildreth 4
(2) Lee Jones 2
(3) Vernon Lamb 3
(2) Jack Norris 3
(2) William Peeden 2
(4) Rufus Wagoner 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) J. C. Allen 4
(4) Harold Bryson 4
William Dixon
(4) Charles Frye 4
(3) Albert Goodman 3
(4) Earl Hildreth 4
(4) William Hudgins 4
(4) Clyde Hoppes 4
(4) Paul Mullis 4
Jesse Overby
(4) Fred Owens 4
Theodore Rector 2
(3) Thomas Shaw 3
(4) John Uptegrove 4
Julian Merritt

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 3
(4) Jack Batson 4
(2) Allard Brantley 3
(2) Ernest Brewer 3
(2) Howard Devlin 3
(4) Max Eaker 4
(2) Clarence Mayton 3
(2) Ralph Sorrells 2
(2) J. R. Whitman 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Frank Carter 2
(4) William Griffin 4
(3) James V. Harvel 3
Jack Mathis 3
(2) Irvin Medlin 3
(2) Thomas R. Pitman 3
(4) Alexander Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 2
Delphus Dennis 3
Audie Farthing
Troy Powell 3
John Robbins 2
Charles Steepleton 3
Howard Todd 2
Desmond Truitt 2
Harold Thomas 2
Garfield Walker 3
Junior Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson 3
Horace Branch 2
William Cantor 3
Clifton Davis 3
William Hawkins
Beamon Heath 3
R. J. Pace 2
Ira Settle 3
J. P. Sutton 2
William Wood 2
Earl Watts 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

(4) Warren G. Lawry 4
Filmore Oliver 3
Thomas Oxendine 3
Curley Smith 3
(4) Ross Young 4

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

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NO. 27

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SLOWLY GOD WRITES

Slowly God writes for us what He has planned;

Slowly, as He breaks the grains of sand.
Nor does He write on paper-leaves alone
Or plaques of bronze or tablets cut from
stone;

He writes for us in ways that all can read;
Nor race deny, or region fail to heed—
On pages gold, and with a golden pen,
God writes His Laws in the lives of men.

—James Z. George.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE END OF THE ROAD

It is not the beginning that matters so much,
The road may be quite rough in places;
Fair promising roads have often been such,
That lead along life's open spaces.

The going may tend to dishearten awhile,
And the footsore urge may come o'er you
To give up the task of the tedious mile.
Or the landscapes may terribly bore you.

It's the end of the road you must judge as you go,
And the kind of a place it will find you,
Quite likely at last, you will be happy to know
The worst of the road lay behind you.

—Alice Winters.

MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The July meeting of the Board of Trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School was held Thursday, July 6th, and was attended by the following members: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Messrs. Alex R. Howard and L. D. Coltrane, Concord, Herman Cone, Greensboro; Paul C. Whitlock, Charlotte; Mesdames George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy; W. C. Hammer, Asheboro; and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The special guests on this occasion were Mr. Hunter Marshall, Jr., of Charlotte and Mr. L. C. Campayner, of Concord. Mr. Marshall, is secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association. He presented the textile unit to the institution and the same was accepted by Chairman Hartsell. Mr. Campayner, and outstanding textile man, is superintendent of the Brown Mill, Concord.

Another item of special interest at this time was the acceptance of the PWA Docket, No. 1387-NC, the federal funds used in the completion of the swimming-pool, a most valuable asset to the institution, and the barns. It was also decided to dedicate the beautiful and most up-to-date swimming-pool with an appropriate program at the next meeting of the Trustees.

The members of this official body visited all of the new buildings, the infirmary, gymnasium, swimming-pool and others. They were pleased with the new additions and equipment. After reviewing all matters of finance and other activities of the institution since the last meeting, they adjourned, to meet again in October.

* * * * *

DOMINION DAY

It is interesting to note that the United States and Canada were developed in a strikingly similar manner. We are thoroughly cognizant as to the many activities of the pioneers of this country prior to the forming of the great nation we have today.

It was in 1497 that John Cabot, an Italian navigator, but an Englishman by adoption, sailed from England with the aid of the government of that country, hoping to find a shorter course to India. He landed at Nova Scotia, the eastern part of Canada. This part of country was first colonized by the French, leaving the far western part unmolested for the trappers who made fabulous fortunes selling furs. Later in 1867 the confederation of the Provinces was proclaimed by what is known as the British-North-American Act. There must have been some aversion to the word "kingdom" for after the Treaty of Peace in Paris in 1763, the beginning of the English rule, "Dominion Day," July First 1867 marked date when the provinces of Canada were united into a national jurisdiction. July Fourth, Independence Day in the United States, and July First in Canada, "Dominion Day," determine a new era in the history of both countries.

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HOW TO CURB CRIME IS THE QUESTION

Since the beginning of time crime has baffled the minds of men and women. There seems to be no let up for each day the front page

of papers reeks with reports of some kind of misdemaner, either large or small.

At first, punishment was meted out to offenders, hoping to put them back on the right road to correct living. Punishment did not bring results, it only seemed to harden the criminal, and especially so in the cases of youthful offenders. To incarcerate a youth for first offence placed him with hardened criminals, and that contact made conditions worse.

So the next step in the evolution of reformation, especially for young boys and girls, was a home with pleasant environments, confident of showing them a new life and keep them from every source of crime. This step was all right as far as it went, but not sufficient to cover the needs.

Instead of just giving pleasant pastime in home making, so to speak, the next step of progress was vocational training, preparing each and every offender of any degree of intelligence for a gainful trade. In this way all who have served a term in any institution have a chance of being returned to society as useful citizens. When able to contribute some service to the community any paroled inmate, young or old, will be more cordially received. Without a trade, or remunerative employment, those who have once served a sentence are very apt to return to their "old wallow", and sooner or later seek their old associates.

Vocational training is the cry of the times. It is imperative. The most fundamental of all higher activities is inner growth then followers outer creativeness. To create interest in any trade skilled leadership, one able to inspire love for the work undertaken, is absolutely necessary. One of the fundamentals to overcome increasing crime is to teach trades of all kinds.

* * * * *

LECTURES THE FATHERS

From Statesville Landmark.

When forty young boys, some of them repeating offenders, were before Judge Bicek in Chicago, on various delinquency charges, they expected the usual lecture about their waywardness and the usual pointing out where they would end if they did not change their ways, mighty little of which finds fertile and productive ground.

"I find that one of the outstanding causes of juvenile crime is parental neglect. By that I mean a failure to recognize that children have problems as well as parents. These problems must be solved and it is our job as fathers to see to it that these immature minds have help and sympathetic understanding in solving them.

"The job of rearing children is not a part time job. If done right, it is the most important business in the world. It pays the greatest dividends. Let me advise you. Get to know your boy. Live his everyday life with him. Love him and let him know it. Respect his ideas but try to guide him. That is the way, the only way to be a father."

Probably it had been many years since those forty fathers had been lectured about anything. One can almost imagine them squirming and fidgeting and shifting their weight on their feet as they listened. But they knew that what the judge was saying was true, and doubtless they went away vowing that they'd get closer to their boys and stay closer to them.

And if in the repeated telling of this incident other fathers may be inspired to help his son live his life, then probably there will be fewer youngsters in the police courts, and more of them headed upward and onward.

* * * * *

THE KING AND THE QUEEN

We all feel that Queen Elizabeth stole the show while in the United States. She had a real folksy way about her that caught the people's attention and interests. She has a personality that radiates a friendliness to those she meets. While passing through the World's Fair, Mrs. Grover A. Whalen, wife of the head of the show, heard Queen Elizabeth say to King George VI, "I wish the children could see all of this."

Mrs. Whalen caught the remark so later a diplomatic pouch with a dozen each of one hundred or more mementos and souvenirs of the Fair were sent to Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose in the Buckingham Palace. The gifts all bore the motif of the Trylon and Perisphere, the theme of the Big Show. Unless King George VI peeps up some he will be known as the husband of Queen Elizabeth.

THE LAND OF BIG BUSINESS

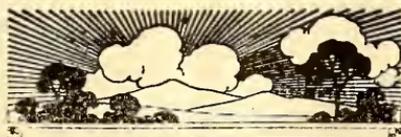
America is the land of big business. The telephone business gives proof of the broad statement, and fits nicely into the picture of big business. According to a statement taken from the East Boston Free Press, there are telephone wires in North America sufficient to tie the earth to the sun, 93,000,000 miles away, and start us circling around Old Sol like a pebble on the end of a string. Moreover, there are enough telephone poles in the United States to build a solid fence 30 feet high from New York almost to San Francisco, and the underground conduit for cables would make 51 small tunnels straight through the earth from pole to pole. The very thought is staggering, and makes one exclaim, that we are living in a wonderful country, and an age of great possibilities.

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SAFETY TIPS FOR A TRIP

For a trip, the National Safety Council offers the six suggestions following:

1. Don't overdo in exercise, exposure to sun or eating.
2. Check your car before the trip, especially tires, brakes and steering apparatus.
3. Take it easy on the road. Give yourself enough time. Don't speed or take chances in passing.
4. Don't drive if you drink.
5. Don't take anything for granted at railroad crossings.
6. Use common sense in swimming. Wait at least an hour after eating. Don't go in while overheated or if you have a weak heart. Don't show off by swimming too far out in dangerous waters.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

IN A GARDEN

"The kiss of the sun for pardon
The song of the birds for mirth,
You're nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

People who find themselves growing tall rapidly should eat shortening bread, and drink condensed milk.

The future of debt in like a thin stream—they are both shall owe."

It is astonishing how far a house fly can see you when you get a swat-ter in your hand; and also spy the bald head of a man across the room.

Even enemies have their place in the affairs of life. Friends furnish the praise to ruin you, while enemies furnish the criticism to save you.

There does not seem to be a possibility of the universe ever running down. Too many cranks in it.

We are told that one of the foreign nations has exhausted its supply of free labor. From reports from over there it seems it has also exhausted its supply of free people.

Young man you stand in your own light in telling a girl you are unworthy of her. She may believe it. If she does that seals your matrimonial doom.

In the public prints it is announced that drought is threatening many parts of the country. Dry reading.

Many people pay a good deal of attention to diets. It is well to do so, but the greatest trouble is in getting the diet. You must have that first before you can practice dieting.

The world might be better if people would practice their religion more assiduously. And stop worrying about the religion of other people which may not conform to their ideas of how they should live.

Some people hold that in playing cards when you win that's brains. When you lose that's the cards. Between these two points you have to bridge it.

An insectologist says a bee can carry three times its own weight. And when he sits down on you his weight seems to be several tons.

It has been often said that some girls are as fit as fiddles. That may be so; but they are more or less lonesome without beaux.

Politicians seldom take vacations. It might not help them any; but it would do the country a lot of good.

A lot of bad automobile accidents

happen because the driver tries to do sight-seeing and window shopping at the same time. Every driver ought to always stop when a pretty girl is crossing the street because the men on foot will be watching her instead of the cars, and the fellows driving will be eyeing her and not looking at any of the other folks afeot. So, be careful, and you will not have something to mourn over.

There is a good law of compensation in this world if people will just think it over. Things are fixed up better than some folks think. Many times there is a purpose in a thing that you can't see till you hunt for it. The early frost kills a heap of weeds before their seed get ripe. A bald head lightens your account at the barber shop. The mosquito stirs up lazy folks. If every stalk of corn had a big ear, you wouldn't have nubbins for the calves. The rheumatism makes you keep Sunday and stay at home at night. Yellow jackets can fling a heap of life in stiff-legged folks.

Fleas help to make a man discover when his religion needs half-soling. A poor field of corn helps next year's crops. An epidemic makes tramps mighty scarce. And so 'tis all round. The world is better laid off and better built than lots of folks believe. You mustn't complain too fast. Before you cuss a thing always see if there is not something wrapped up on the inside.

"Howdy-do, Marse James?" articulated Uncle Gabe, one of the old-time, before the war, negroes as he hobbled into my sanctum-sanctorum of song, mopping his expansive brow with a blue bandana. "How does you stand dis "soaderific" wedder? I guess it's de "humility" in de 'ar dat makes it so "soaderiferous" and causes us to "aspire" so copiously." He said he had "experimented" many such seasons and warm days, when every one said each hot season was the worst ever, and it "was entirely hot enough for him."

"There's a heap of consolation
 In the handclasp of a friend;
 It can wipe out desolation,
 And bring heartaches to an end;
 It can soothe a troubled spirit
 Like no magic in the land;
 Heaven? You are pretty near it
 When a good friend grips your hand."

—Selected.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

By Christine Ruth Grier

The catacombs, which are the most ancient monument of Christianity in Rome, are a vast network of underground galleries used by the early Christians as cemeteries and places of worship, and also as hiding places in times of persecution. Although similar catacombs are found in various other parts of the early Christian world, those of Rome are by far the most interesting and important.

There are about fourteen important groups of these catacombs within a three-mile area around Rome. One group often visited by tourists are the catacombs of Saint Sebastian on the Appian Way. That is one of the best known of the ancient military highways; it leads south and is of particular interest to us because Paul landed at the southern end of it, in the little town now called Pozzuoli and traveled along that road on his first journey to Rome.

The Church of Saint Sebastian is built over the entrance to the catacombs. Among the relics of the saints displayed there is the imprint of a human foot in a plaque of hardened clay which is supposed to be tangible proof of a vision granted to Peter. During one of the earliest persecutions of the Christians, Peter's followers persuaded him to save himself by fleeing from Rome. According to the legend, as he fled along the Appian Way, at the spot where the little church of "Quo Vadis" now stands the figure of Christ appeared beside him. Peter asked, "Domine, quo vadis?" (Lord, whither goest Thou?) Jesus replied, "I go to Rome to be

crucified again." Then He disappeared, leaving the mark of His foot in the road.

Peter accepted the report given him and returned to Rome, where he was indeed crucified, head downward. Perhaps, according to some accounts, he modestly requested this himself as being unworthy to imitate the exact manner of Christ's death; or perhaps this grotesque crucifixion satisfied the perverted sense of humor of the Emperor Nero. Peter was buried first on Vatican Hill, but in the middle of the third century, the Bishop of Rome transferred both his body and that of Paul to these catacombs of Saint Sebastian for greater safety. They remained there for a year and a half. Then Peter's remains were given their permanent resting place in the crypt of the great church named for him, while Paul's bones were carried to the basilica of Saint Paul's-Without-the-Walls.

To return to the catacombs of Saint Sebastian: as you prepare to descend into the underground galleries, the monk who acts as guide gives each visitor a slender little taper to light the way. He himself leads the procession with a large taper, as the line follows him single file through the narrow, winding passageway. At intervals in the stone wall on either side are the rectangular, hollowed-out niches in which the bodies rested. They rise, one above the other, from floor to ceiling, using all the available space. Now and then you pass a niche containing a few bones but most of them were removed during the ninth cen-

tury to a common grave in the Pantheon in Rome, known now as the church of Saint Mary of the Martyrs.

The galleries are fearfully cold and clammy. As you look ahead into the inky blackness beyond the feeble light of the tapers, you shudder to think what it would mean to be lost down there in that strange labyrinth, especially as this particular group of catacombs is said to cover thirty-four acres. No wonder they do not permit anyone to go down without a guide!

At intervals, the vertical rows of niches are interrupted by a door leading into a small rectangular room which was the burial vault usually of one particular family. In each wall is a table tomb, an oblong chest hollowed out of rock or built of masonry and closed with a horizontal slab. The recess above the table tomb is square in some cases, arched in others. Such tombs were used as altars for the celebration of the Eucharist or Holy Communion if they happened to contain the remains of a martyr. The walls all about the table tombs are honey-combed with niches for other bodies, either because all the members of one family wanted to be buried together or because as many people as possible wanted to rest near the remains of a noted saint or martyr.

It is interesting to trace the history of the catacombs through the centuries. Most of them undoubtedly began as the private cemetery of one fairly wealthy Christian family. A small square of ground was set aside for the purpose and an underground gallery was dug around the four sides, about eight feet high by three feet wide. In the walls were cut the

niches for the bodies. Gradually new galleries were dug, some at right angles, some parallel to the original ones, until the ground was honey-combed with an intricate network of them. When one level was completely filled, a staircase was cut to a lower level where a second series of galleries was excavated beneath the first. This was sometimes followed by a third, a fourth or even a fifth story of galleries. Gradually adjoining groups of catacombs were connected by galleries until one vast catacomb was made out of many. By this time, the original owners had ceded their cemeteries to the church in general, and they were administered by the bishops and deacons.

At first there was no necessity for hiding the location of these burying grounds. The Romans attached great importance to proper provisions for burial, and by a special decree of the Senate, authorized the formation of burial associations which were numerous in the first and second centuries. These were societies which provided members with a decent burial in return for a small monthly payment. The Christians were granted the same right as everyone else to be the lawful owners of their cemeteries, to have a common treasury and to meet together for ordinary business and to celebrate the festivals. The bishop had to register with the magistrate as president of the association.

Thus there were two contradictory attitudes toward the Christians on the part of the Roman government. As a new religion, the Christian Church was forbidden and its individual members were persecuted with more or less fury from time to time according to the popular

mood. But as a "funeral association" the church had the sanction of the law. Consequently the catacombs became refuges where the Christians could avoid arrest and where they could hold worship when their churches above ground were destroyed by order of the emperor. In some of the catacombs there are larger halls and connected suites of chapels, probably constructed for this purpose.

In these first two centuries the entrance to each group of catacombs usually opened from the main highway into a corridor which was often decorated by artistic designs painted on the roof and walls. In some, there was a dining room beside the corridor, where the brothers met to celebrate the funeral anniversaries by means of banquets. In the galleries, after a body had been introduced into a niche, the opening was carefully closed, either with a marble slab or with three huge tiles cemented together exactly. The epitaph was painted or engraved on the marble. The earlier ones are in Greek which remained the official language of the church at least into the third century; the latter ones are in Latin. The early inscriptions are very brief and simple, containing only one name of the deceased and some pious expression such as "Peace be with thee!" "Sleep in Christ!" "May thy soul rest with the Lord!" The dates of birth and death are rarely mentioned, or rank in life, because the Christians wished to preserve a strict equality between rich and poor, slave and free man. Later on, the epitaphs became more elaborate, containing expressions of regret or compliments to the dead, as well as the dates of his life.

In the cement holding the slabs in

place, a small glass vessel is often found embedded, containing the sediment of a red fluid which was at first believed to be the blood of a martyr. Tests have proved it to be the remains of wine left from the celebration of the Eucharist on the day of the funeral. It was evidently left there as a kind of religious charm.

Besides the inscriptions on the tombs, there were sometimes paintings, at first merely showing some Christian symbol such as the dove, the anchor, the olive branch, the fish, or the monogram of Christ. On later tombs, as well as on walls and ceilings, the artists often used the same designs as the pagans—artistic arabesques of flowers, birds and other winged creatures. Sometimes even mythological characters were introduced and given a symbolical Christian meaning. The latest paintings of all depict Old Testament scenes and a few scenes from the life of Christ. Some of the most popular were: "The Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Passage of the Red Sea," the histories of Jonah and of Daniel, "The Three Children in the Fiery Furnace," "The Magi Visiting the Christ Child," "The Cure of the Paralytic," "The Raising of Lazarus" and "The Miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes." Strangely enough, they never depict any scenes connected with Christ's crucifixion, almost as if they feared to terrify weak followers or to give scoffers a chance to ridicule.

There must have been constant activity in the catacombs during these first centuries. There were not only the funeral anniversaries, but also the celebration of the other sacraments of the church. Baptisms

must have occurred there since a number of baptisteries are still in existence, one of them at least being very beautiful. There are armchairs and benches cut out of stone in some of the chambers which lead scholars to think the bishops instructed catechumens there. It has often been said that the Christians used the catacombs as dwelling places in times of greatest danger. They certainly did hide there often, for days at a time, as there were innumerable nooks and crannies in which to escape pursurers. But no one could have possibly remained there for many months, according to modern physicians, because of the very nature of the stone in which the galleries are carved.

Up until the middle of the third century the catacombs were held inviolable under the sanction of the law, and the Christian activities in them were free from interference. By the middle of the third century, however, popular hatred became so violent that the persecuting mobs and officials lost their respect for these burial places and invaded them. Then the Christians had to close the main entrances with their oratories, feasting halls and open staircases, and had to fill up the front galleries. They made a number of secret entrances, usually through old sand pits which were numerous in the vicinity. Comings and goings had to be carried on furtively then, because even the use of the catacombs was forbidden by an edict of the emperor.

The question is often asked as to why the Roman government dealt more harshly with the Christians than with other foreign sects which it tolerated easily. The usual answer is that the very nature of Chris-

tianity was so uncompromising that, if logically followed, it would mean the destruction of paganism which was closely bound up with the whole imperial system. The Christians were considered socialist levellers of society. Every Roman citizen at this time was required to worship the emperor, if not as an individual, at least abstractly as the head of the state. Little statues were put up in the market places before which everyone transacting business there must offer incense. When the Christians refused to indulge in this blasphemy, they were regarded with suspicion as political traitors. This explains why even noble emperors like Trajan and Marcus Aurelius permitted their persecution.

Beside this, the ignorant mob was inflamed against them by all sorts of scandalous stories accusing the Christians of gross immorality in religious orgies, of eating children and of drinking blood at their feasts. This last rumor, no doubt, was caused by misunderstanding the figurative language used in describing the Holy Supper. They were said to hate all mankind. The Emperor Nero took advantage of this violent prejudice against the Christians when he accused them of starting the great fire which destroyed Rome in the year 64 during his reign. It is sometimes thought that he himself was responsible for the conflagration. Certainly he did nothing to check it, once it had started, but according to the well-known story, played his fiddle as he watched the spectacle.

Nero's shifting of the blame from himself to the Christians caused the first large public persecution to break out against them. Up to that time they

had been tolerated merely as a sect of the Jews. The Roman historian, Tacitus, tells how Nero turned their deaths into forms of amusement, having some wrapped in skins of wild animals to be torn to pieces by dogs, fastening others to crosses to be burned for the illumination of his own gardens at night. Even Tacitus, a pagan, speaks of the sympathy felt for the sufferers since people felt they were being tortured "merely to serve the cruel purpose of one man." Saint Clement, the third Bishop of Rome, tells how woman martyrs were dressed to represent characters in heathen mythology who had suffered horrible deaths. Some, like Dirce of the Greek tales, were tied between bulls to be torn to pieces, while others like the daughters of Danaus had to carry water night and day without rest to fill great bottomless vessels.

It was doubtless in this persecution that both Peter and Paul lost their lives, the former by the grotesque crucifixion already mentioned, the latter by being beheaded. The policy begun by Nero was continued under later emperors since it was henceforth taken for granted that all Christians were enemies to society. At first the officials tried to fasten some crime upon them as an excuse for punishing them, but soon they considered it a sufficient crime if a man acknowledged he was a Christian.

Yet some conscientious Roman officials were at a loss to know why they should punish men who lived such lives as those described in an "Epistle to Diognetus," an anonymous letter written during Trajan's reign. It gives the following beautiful account: "Christians are not marked off from other men by coun-

try, by language or by manner of life. . . . They live in their own country, but as so-journers in it; they have their part in everything as citizens, and bear everything as strangers; every foreign country is a home to them, and every home a foreign country. They obey the established laws and surpass the laws by their lives. They love all men, and are persecuted by all. Men do not understand them, and condemn them; they are put to death and find life thereby. They are poor, and make many rich; they lack all things, and abound in all. They are dishonored, and glory in their dishonor; they are slandered and are reviled and they bless; they are shamefully treated, and they pay respect. They do good, and are persecuted as evil; when they are punished, they rejoice as if life were given them. The Jews make war against them as aliens, and the Greeks persecute them; and those who hate them can not give a reason for their enmity."

The most illustrious victim of the persecution under the Emperor Trajan was Ignatius, the great Bishop of Antioch in Syria. He was condemned to be put to death by the wild beasts in the arena of the Coliseum, that great amphitheater of the Roman Circus where so many Christians were martyred. As he journeyed to Rome, tied and bound, guarded by ten soldiers, the crowds everywhere received Ignatius with awe. He himself was in a state of unearthly exaltation at the thought of his approaching martyrdom. He was even afraid powerful Christians at Rome might obtain his pardon and cheat him of the glory he felt awaited him. He wrote to them in words which are typical of the mood in which many

early Christians actually courted death in order to imitate Christ: "I bid all men know that of my own free will I die for God. Let me be given to the wild beasts, for through them I can attain to God's wheat and I am ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found pure bread. . . . Come fire and cross and grapplings with wild beasts—only let me attain to Jesus Christ."

Toward the close of the reign of Marcus Aurelius in the second century, Saint Cecilia, the patron saint of music, was martyred. She belonged to a famous Roman family and had been brought up a Christian since her infancy. She persuaded her young husband and her brother to be baptized also. At a time when some Christians had been put to death by the prefect of the city and were refused burial, these two men tried to secure reverent burial for the martyrs. For this they were arrested and led before the prefect. When they sturdily refused to deny Christ or to offer incense at the temple of Jupiter, they were beheaded. Cecilia buried them in the group of catacombs which her family had founded and which were known as the Cemetery of Praetextatus. For this, she in turn was arrested and brought before the prefect. She scorned to deny her faith and like her husband, spoke freely of the vanity of worshiping the pagan gods. As a result, she likewise was beheaded after the executioners had first failed in an attempt to suffocate her in a hot bath.

Almost a hundred years later, in these same catacombs of Praetextatus, a dramatic martyrdom took place. On the sixth of August, in the year 258, Xystus, the Bishop of Rome, was sitting in his chair in the ceme-

tery and teaching his followers, although an edict of the Emperor Valerian had forbidden the Christians to enter their cemeteries at all. A body of soldiers burst in to arrest him and carry him to the prefect. He was condemned at once and carried back to the spot where he had been holding his forbidden meeting. Here he was beheaded in spite of the efforts of his faithful followers to protect him. Four of his seven deacons perished with him. When the cemetery was reopened in 1848, there was still to be seen a rude drawing of Xystus seated in his chair with a disciple at his feet.

A fifth of his deacons, named Lawrence, escaped death for three more days.

He was in charge of the church's funds for maintaining widows and pensioners and was ordered to hand over the treasure to the prefect. Of course, he refused and was condemned to be tortured over a slow fire, possibly to give him time to renounce Christianity. But neither his faith nor his wit failed him. After he had lain on the grate over the hot fire slowly roasting for some time Lawrence calmly said to his torturers, "You can turn me now; I am done enough on that side."

The last and greatest persecution of the Christians took place in the year 303, following an edict of the Emperor Diocletian. Among the martyrs at this time was Sebastian, the very popular saint whose name was given not to the catacombs and church mentioned previously, but also to the city gate opening on to the Appian Way. He was a native of southern Gaul (now France) and became commander of one of the cohorts of the Praetorian Guard, a position in

which he was much loved by the imperial household. As soon as the Christian troubles began, Sebastain helped them in every possible way, coming to be regarded as protector of the church. Upon hearing this, Diocletian upbraided him for practicing a religion injurious to the gods and to the emperor. Sebastian replied he always prayed to Christ for the emperor and begged the God in heaven for the welfare of the Roman world, thinking it foolish to seek help from images of stone. At this statement, Diocletian commanded Sebastian to be tied up on the Campagna and shot with arrows. A company of archers made him their target until his body "bristled with arrows like a hedgehog." In spite of that, he recovered enough to appear before Diocletian once more to reproach him for his persecution of the Christians. This time Sebastian was taken to the basement of the palace and beaten to death with rods.

Finally in A. D. 306, Constantine, the first Christian emperor, came to the throne. With him Christianity became the official state religion and persecutions ceased. Then the catacombs had a period of glory. Damascus, Bishop of Rome, expressed the universal reverence for these burial places of the martyrs by making elaborate restorations. He cleared the passageways which had been filled up, identified the tombs of martyrs by placing inscriptions in verse upon them, building and decorating underground chapels as well as basilicas at the entrance. Until about A. D. 410, burials continued in the catacombs, through the desire of people to rest near the saints, but finally burials were transferred to sur-

face cemeteries.

At this time, the catacombs were the object of pilgrimages from all over the Christian world, especially on the feast days of famous martyrs. Contemporary writers describe the vast crowds which surged along the roads, jamming even the tomb of the martyr, they crowded to kiss the silver plate over the tomb, and scattered perfumes there while tears flowed from their eyes.

These pilgrims were in the habit of writing their names along the staircases and on the walls of the crypts, together with some short prayer for themselves or their loved ones, such as "Holy Martyrs, remember Dionysius," or "Ask that Verecundus and his people may have a happy voyage." In one crypt these words were written several times, "Sophronia, live in God!" Evidently then the writer prayed at the martyr's tomb and gained confidence, for on the exit side the same hand wrote, "My dear Sophronia, thou shalt live forever; yes, thou shalt live in the Lord!" These writings have been important in helping scholars to identify the most important martyrs' tombs, such as those of the fifty early popes in the catacombs of Calixtus. The pilgrims were all anxious to carry away some memento of their journey. There was even a queen who sent a priest to bring away oil from the lamps which burnt before the tombs of the saints.

In A. D. 410, Rome was sacked by the Goths under Alaric. As one barbarian invasion after the other swept over Rome through the succeeding centuries, all suburban buildings were destroyed, including the churches at the entrances to the various catacombs. The relics of the most noted

martyrs were transferred to the city to save them from desecration, the entrances were closed and the galleries filled up once more, especially at the time of the Saracen invasion in the ninth century.

From this time on, the pilgrimages ceased and the very existence of the catacombs seems to have been forgotten until the sixteenth century, when an Italian named Bosio started to explore them. Since then, various scholars have been working patiently to reopen and explore the

most important portions. When we stop to think that the united length of all the galleries has been estimated as anywhere from 350 to 800 miles, and the total number of burials as between six and seven millions, we can realize the almost endless possibilities which await further investigation. A great deal of interesting and important information about the early church in Rome may yet be uncovered in the catacombs, for their historical importance is enormous.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

Not what we have—but what we use!
 Not what we see—but what we choose—
 These are the things that mar or bless
 The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar,
 Not what we seem, but what we are,
 These are the things that make or break,
 That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true,
 Not what we dream, but the good we do!
 These are the things that shine like gems,
 Like stars, in heaven's diadems

Not as we take, but as we give,
 Not as we pray, but as we live—
 These are the things that make for peace
 Both now and after time shall cease!

—Selected.

STONE SLAB MAY SOLVE VIRGINIA DARE MYSTERY

The Monroe Enquirer

The roughly carved lettering of a granite slab that may prove to be the gravestone of Virginia Dare, first white child born in America, was disclosed last week by Dr. H. J. Pearce, president of Brenau college at Gainesville, Ga.

In addition to Virginia Dare, the stone bears the names of her father, Ananios Dare, and of 15 others presumably murdered by Indians in 1591, four years after they set foot on the new world. It is signed with the name of Eleanor Dare, mother of Virginia.

Dr. Pearce said that if the authenticity of this and a companion stone now in the Brenau college museum can be established, the mystery of Sir Walter Raleigh's famed "Lost Colony" will be near solution.

One stone was found on the bank of the Chowan river near Edenton, N. C., in 1937 by a tourist. Its inscription purports to be a message from Eleanor Dare to her father, Gov. John White, saying savages had slain all but seven of the colonists. It tells of the burial of 17 on a hill and refers to a stone at the burial site listing the dead,

Governor White had gone back to England for supplies soon after planting the colony in Roanoke Island at Raleigh's behest in 1587. European was delayed his return and when he sailed back four years later the colonists were gone and were never seen again by white men.

The first stone found its way to Brenau through Dr. Pearce's son, Dr.

H. J. Pearce, Jr., a historian at Emory university. Its reference to a burial stone spurred a search for the latter and the second stone, unearthed recently, also found its way to Brenau.

The Brenau president emphasized that the college makes no claims for the stones but is so impressed by their potential value to history that excavations will be undertaken soon in the vicinity where the second was found. The discovery of human remains, Dr. Pearce pointed out, would be another step in welding a hitherto missing link in the early history of America.

The carving on both stones is in what appears to be Elizabethan characters. On one side of the last discovered one appears the following: "Heyrlaeth Ananias Dare and Virginia.

"Father, Slvage murther al save seaven.

"Names wr'ten heyr. Mai God have mercye.

"Eleanor Dare 1591."

On the opposite side are 15 names:

"Sydor Boane Wican Birce Polle

"Carewe Boeman Spagne Tuckers

"Bolitoe Smythe Sakeres

"Holborn Winget Stoate."

One of the edges of the slab bore what may have been a message of Qeleanor Dare to her father telling the direction the seven survivors of the Indians massacre took. It says simply:

"Father, wee goe S.W."

Dr. Pearce said only six of the names on the stone corresponded to an old list of colonists made by Gov-

ernor White. These are the names of the three Dares, and of Polle, Smithe and Stoate.

"It may be," Pearce suggested, "that Governor White made errors in his list. Or it is possible that some of the colonists were not in good standing at

home and gave assumed names. Then, too, Eleanor Dare used phonetic spelling, increasing the possibilities for discrepancies.

"This point is going to be one of considerable discussion among historians."

CAUGHT IN THE CLOUDS

By Ruth Jean Canfield

Maribelle slammed down the car-trunk door, jerked on her slicker, and faced her companion impatiently. "Wait, nothing!" she said, "the car's all packed and we're going up over the pass right now!"

"But Maribelle—" Gwen said worriedly as she glanced up at the darkening sky.

"'But Maribelle'— who's giving orders around here anyway? What do you think mother pays you for? What I say goes!"

Gwen's reply fairly exploded from her mouth, "Why, Maribelle Bannick! If your mother—"

Maribelle tossed her head. "Well, I mean it. After all you are a sort of servant even if mother doesn't treat you like one!"

Gwen's face flamed. "If you think I'd ever take orders from a selfish brat like you—Oh, I didn't mean to call you names!"

But Maribelle had scrambled into the driver's seat. "No, I guess you didn't—but I'll tell mother about it just the same!" She drew on her gloves saying, "We are starting for Logan Pass right now, rain or no rain! Come on, get in! Don't stand

there gaping at the sky! Other cars are going up!"

But Gwen searched the skies with anxious eyes. It was already late afternoon, and while only a gentle rain was falling, the sky was threatening with clouds that seemed full of ready-rain. She sighed. They had arrived at the park that morning, having driven from Chicago. Both girls were good drivers and had taken turns driving. Now, after a tubbing and a good lunch, they were well refreshed to go on with their plans. Only, the weather didn't co-operate.

"Well, I can't very well let you go by yourself," Gwen said resignedly over the motor's loud purr as it started up. She got into the coupe in no adventurous mood, thinking to herself, "I'll have to tell Mrs. Bannick she can just find some other girl in need of a job, to tutor-pamper her spoiled darling." She settled down with a sigh.

And Maribelle, her good nature restored at having gotten her own way, began to chat happily. "You see, we are only following out our schedule: first a bath and lunch; then the Drive to the Sun; then—"

Gwen looked exasperated. "That

would be quite all right," she said, "only where's the Sun you are driving to?"

"Oh, don't be so literal," Maribelle replied brightly, "it'll likely clear up when we get to the top of the pass!"

But Gwen, who knew this country well from several years' residence in it with her aunt, was not so optimistic. "It is more than likely that it won't clear up," she said, "at least not today, anyway. I only hope it won't get worse. I certainly don't want to get caught in a mountain storm, especially if it turns into an electrical one!" She puckered her brow at the thought. "We should have waited at the hotel until morning!"

Maribelle shifted, preparatory to the long climb ahead. She gave an exaggerated sigh, saying, "Wonder how in the world mother ever thought you'd be so fine to go on this trip with me! I could have gotten along much better by myself than with a kill-joy!"

Gwen made no reply. The girls drove silently for awhile, the car climbing slowly but surely. Gwen stared out at the drizzle, her thoughts gray as the sky "How can I hang onto this job for another year?" she thought dismally. "Yet I'll have to if I want to go on to college! Her mother is so sweet, how can Maribelle be so ornery?" A car passed them, spattering mud just before they reached the arch.

Maribelle slowed down, pulled aside and exclaimed enthusiastically, "I'm going to stop here and get a picture of Mt. Evans through the arch! You know Rosemary got a dandy shot here, and she used it for her Christmas cards."

"You can't get a decent picture in this drizzle, and you know it," Gwen

spoke impatiently.

"No harm to try," Maribelle replied blythely. "Maybe I can get a different effect with the rain. Anyway I want to try out a new kind of film I brought along!"

She sloshed in and out of the arch leisurely. Several other cars passed them, and Gwen fumed helplessly at the delay. When Maribelle finally got back into the car, she swished her wet slicker carelessly as she said, "I didn't take a picture after all; you just wouldn't believe the poor visibility. Ho hum," she said cheerfully, "I can probably get a good one when we come down again." A few minutes later she said, less cheerfully, "Why, I do believe it's raining a little harder, my dear kill-joy!"

There was no doubt that it was raining considerably harder. And they were still quite a ways from the top when the clouds literally opened up and the deluge came. "Why I can hardly see through the windsshield!" Maribelle gasped as the windshield wiper pushed back and forth energetically through an endless stream.

"Nobody can see through anything in this rain," Gwen replied and added disconsolately, "This is such a beautiful drive in decent weather, it seems a shame to drive up here and see nothing but rain! Oh! she gasped at the sudden flash of crackling lightning, a flash that revealed too clearly the depth of the chasm and what a plunge downward would mean.

"Suppose some car ahead stops, or skids! I couldn't stop in time even if I did see it! And that awful embankment—" Maribelle voiced Gwen's thoughts, and both girls shuddered.

Gwen took hold of herself and said

quietly, "If you'll pull to the side a bit, I'll drive."

But Maribelle only gripped the wheel tighter. "Oh no!" she cried. "I won't stop! Not on this terrible hill! Suppose the brakes won't hold—or another car bumps into us! It's getting' darker and darker!" There was no let up to the rain and Gwen tried to calm the younger girl, using a calmness she did not feel herself. Gwen was mentally upbraiding herself for not being more firm, for not in some way inducing Maribelle to wait at the foot of the pass. Mrs. Bannick trusted her judgment so implicitly, Gwen hated to admit defeat and discouragement before the trip had fairly started.

"I think we're almost to the top," she said encouragingly a little later. "And I'm sure the rain is letting up a little." The rain was letting up some, but a thick fog was settling over the pass.

And then, "Here we are on top of the world!" Maribelle said exultantly, then added in a relieved voice, "I wouldn't care to go through that again! I was most scared to breathe!"

"I just prayed all the way up myself," Gwen admitted.

"Huh! It wasn't your prayers that got us up. It was a good car and a good driver!" Maribelle boasted, now that they were safely up. Then she added, "Let's hurry right on to the Chalet!"

"No!" Gwen replied firmly, "we are going to stay right here until the fog lifts a bit. It can't be very late!" She glanced at her watch. It was only five thirty, but they had had to have the lights on practically all the way up. Maribelle switched them off.

"It's just like being caught in a cloud," Maribelle said presently. "It's such a gorgeous view from here, and I can't see a thing," she sighed.

Gwen didn't answer her just then. She caught at Maribelle's chance phrase reflectively. Caught in a cloud! It did seem as if she had been caught in a cloud for nearly a year now. Her aunt's sudden death, the acute need for just bare living expenses, let alone any money for school. She couldn't see her way clear through the maze of clouds that seemed to hover over her very existence. And Maribelle seemed caught in a cloud too, a cloud of willfulness, of carelessness. Oh, we are both caught in a special cloud of misunderstanding, Gwen thought unhappily. Maribelle has her good points, if I could only make her like me, make her understand I'm trying to help her. If I could feel that I'm accomplishing something—money isn't all the pay for a job—

"You know, Maribelle," Gwen started impulsively, "I do believe we are caught in a cloud, but a cloud of our making, and—"

"Oh, don't start to preach at me!" Maribelle said crossly, "here I'm trying to think up beautiful thoughts, and you want to preach at me! The time for preaching was before we ever started up the pass. If mother had been along, we wouldn't have come up!"

Gwen wondered if the girl were deliberately trying to be as exasperating as she could be. The air in the car was stuffy. She tried to lower her window, but the rain beat in too much. The girls sat and sat and sat. Some time later, Gwen tried to get some fresh air, other than a little

crack. This time no rain came in, though it was still falling.

"I believe the wind is shifting," she said.

"Maybe she'll blow clear, as my uncle used to say," Maribelle replied hopefully. "Let's be on our way."

Gwen peered out. "No let's wait. The fog is lifting somewhat, or being blown away, but it's still raining. There might be any kind of freak weather on a mountain top you know." She felt that she and Maribelle were alone there up on top of the world. The fog was definitely lifting, but the rain was coming down harder. And now lightning flashes were coming with an increasing frequency. Any other cars that had been coming up the pass when the girls had started, had apparently gone on, for no other car was about in the broad parking space atop the pass.

The wind was whipping up, and soon broke out in a fury. "How can it change so quickly?" Maribelle wailed. Lightning flashes about them revealed only the forbidding mountains and bent trees that bowed even lower to the furious elements. "How can it go from a fog to an electric storm like this?" Maribelle demanded. She covered against Gwen and whimpered. "We should have gone on, instead of just stopping here and waiting for this terrible storm. Oh, I'm afraid," she cried as the thunder drowned out her voice.

"We're much safer here than we'd have been trying to find our way in that fog," Gwen said, trying desperately to make herself believe that too. She shrieked her last words over the thunder.

"Suppose the lightning strikes us!" Maribelle said.

"A steel car is in itself a protection," Gwen said, although she was fully aware of the danger of lightning, particularly in the mountains. It was Maribelle's first experience in a real mountain storm and Gwen knew what the girl was sensing.

"But it has to stop sometime; this lightning and thunder can't go on forever," Gwen said as she was comforting herself as well as Maribelle. She added irrelevantly, "I'm getting hungry!"

"So'm I. We must have been here for hours and hours," Maribelle said in a small scared voice.

Gwen put on the dashlight. "Hardly an hour, all told, since we reached the top. The storm might let up soon," Gwen said with determined cheerfulness.

But the rain pouring in sheets didn't look like an immediate let-up. Maribelle put her head down on Gwen's shoulder at a long drawn out ominous clap of thunder. "I'm not really a coward," she defended herself, "but what good is all this lightning and thunder?"

Gwen smiled in spite of herself. "Did it rain when you and your mother were in the park last year?" she asked.

"Not a drop. It was perfectly gorgeous weather. That's how I got the idea of getting mother to agree to my hiking trip here this year. But I won't do much hiking if this old rain doesn't let up—"

"Isn't there a can opener in the car pocket?" Gwen asked suddenly.

Maribelle sat up straight. "Sure—but our food's all in the trunk!"

Gwen laughed. "Not quiet all," she said. "When we stocked up for the hiking trip, I put a can of tomato

juice and a small box of crackers back on the window under that little blanket. I just thought of it now." She busied herself with can and opener.

The girls ate and drank appreciatively. "Just hits the spot, doesn't it?" Maribelle said by way of thanks for Gwen's thoughtfulness.

Gwen turned on the car radio. The unearthly noises that came out of it seemed to blend in with the distraught universe. She turned it off quickly. "It might have been the voice of Hades," she said, "instead of merely static."

"Do you think we'll have to stay here all night?" Maribelle asked presently.

"Looks that way," Gwen answered with assumed cheerfulness. "Put your head on my shoulder and try to get some sleep," she added. And as Maribelle snuggled down, Gwen pulled the little blanket as best she could over both of them. The storm seemed to go from bad to worse and then back again.

Once in a lull they thought they heard something in the shrubs. "Do you suppose a grizzly bear or something terrible will pounce on us?" Maribelle whispered as they listened intently.

Gwen laughed nervously. "There won't be any animals prowling around in this storm if they can help it," she assured both Maribelle and herself. They were sheltered from the storm, somewhat cramped and fairly warm. Maribelle yawned, and soon slept.

Outside the wind tore. Gnarled old trees almost hugged the rocks as they resisted the storm. Rain, wind, thunder, and lightning seemed to be

determined to do their worst. Gwen blamed herself remorsefully for their plight. Maribelle's silly insistence of keeping to their schedule, she thought. As if she, Maribelle, hadn't hiked and camped enough summers to know that any plan must have some elasticity to it. "Still that's no excuse for me," Gwen told herself, "her mother depended on me and I'm a flop."

Maribelle roused at a lightning crackle that struck too near for comfort. But she soon dozed again, and Gwen sat up in the night wrapped uncomfortably in her self-accusing thoughts. "What a nightmare of a night," she thought as the minutes ticked by. "Of all the places in the world to have to sit out a storm!" It was pitch dark, relieved now and then by lightning flashes. A bad electrical storm invariably starts some fires is such a big forest, and Gwen hoped fervently that the lightning wouldn't strike near them.

Later, much later, she dozed. When she awoke, it was still dark, although the storm seemed to have about worn itself out. Gwen moved her free shoulder restlessly, unbent her cramped knees as well as she could. "Even if it cleared off and the stars came out, it would be too risky to leave here tonight," she thought wearily, "there might be wash-outs, or we might run into a fire, or most anything." She couldn't see what time it was, but she thought dawn couldn't be far off. She dozed again.

"Huh? What?" she said drowsily in response to someone tapping on the car window at scarcely daybreak. She looked surprisedly into the face of a very much surprised forest ranger. Rousing Maribelle, both girls climbed stiffly out of the car.

"You been here all night?" the man asked incredulously; "must have," he answered his own question as his sharp eyes swept around. The rain had thoroughly obliterated all tracks of the night.

"All night, and such a night." Gwen stretched and then went on, "We sort of got caught in the clouds coming up; then the storm came on, and we thought we better sit tight until it was over."

"Probably the best thing you could have done," the man replied. "Look-out's reported several fires down on the other side. They'll be under control in no time, but—" he stopped to sniff—"get that smoke?" There was a breath of smoke in the clear air.

Maribelle had been walking about to relieve her cramped legs. "Not a forest fire?" she asked, coming back to the car.

"Not alarming ones," the man answered. "Feel all right to go back down?"

The girls exchanged glances. "Gwen's taking care of our schedule from now on," Maribelle laughed sheepishly, "I know when I'm licked."

Gwen drew a deep breath. She glanced around at the storm-torn area, looked at the trees bracing up and eager for the sun's first warm rays; she saw snow glistening on a high

peak. Gwen smiled and straightened her shoulders—it was a serene world. "Well, Mr. Ranger," she said gaily, "we are not going down. We are going on! First we'll get some food and some real rest, and then we'll do some hiking, if the weather will let us. I have a hunch we are going to be very respectful of the weather—for the rest of this trip at least."

The ranger laughed. "You can get good guides in the park, you know," he said, and added, "I believe it," to Gwen's and Maribelle's united assertion that they could take care of themselves. "Well, good luck to you," he said as he went on his way.

The girls stood silently a few moments after the man had left. Then Maribelle said hesitantly, "Do you really want to go on with our trip? You aren't really mad at me for letting us in for that awful night?" Gwen laughed with newfound assurance, and Maribelle went on in a diffident, low voice, "You weren't the only one who prayed when we were coming up, and I—Oh, Gwen I want you to stay with us—and to like me!" She seized the older girl's hand, saying, "I knew what you meant when you said we were both caught in a cloud—but I think we can get out of it, don't you?"

"Sure, Gwen agreed, "aren't we on top of the world?"

Remember that throwing stones only makes the road ahead of you that much harder to travel.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Gwendolyn Dill, of Spartanburg, S. C., a teacher in the public schools of the city, was a visitor at the Training School last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Presson, officer and matron in charge of the Receiving Cottage, left the other day for their annual vacation period. During their absence Mr. William Carriker is in charge of the boys in that cottage, and Mrs. Pearl M. Young is acting as matron.

Although the recent rains seem to have missed this particular section and dry weather has affected most of our crops, the School has been blessed with a fine crop of early tomatoes. Aside from supplying our cottage kitchens with an abundance of tomatoes, quite a few have been sold to local dealers.

The Law Library of Columbia University, New York City, recently requested that copies of our biennial reports, from 1932 to 1938, be sent to that institution. They also asked that they be placed on our permanent mailing list to receive future issues. We were glad to comply with this request

Amos Newsome, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1932, was a re-

cent visitor here. Upon leaving us Amos went to live with a Mr. Maness, in Randolph County, and has made his home there ever since. For about two and one-half years he assisted Mr. Maness with his farm work. He then secured employment in the merchant marine service, where he stayed for about one year. For the past two and one-half years Amos has been employed in the McCurry Hosiery Mill, near Asheboro, and reports that he is getting along fine.

On Thursday night of last week our regular weekly motion picture show had to be called off because of a severe electric storm. This was the first time our weekly entertainment had been interfered with since the installment of the sound equipment, more than two years ago. The feature picture on this week's program was "Love and Hisses," featuring Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. They are hoping that electric storms in the future will visit this community at a time other than Thursday.

Last week we carried a little personal note concerning the visit of Mr. A. C. Oosterhuis, of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and party, but made no comment as to Mr. Oosterhuis' estimate of our herd of Holstein cows. Mr. Oosterhuis is president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, and his opinion of the quality

of a herd of cattle means a great deal. Concerning the Training School herd he was very highly pleased, and remarked several times that we should be proud to own such fine cattle. The School officials were more than pleased at the re-action of Mr. Oosterhuis and his party on their visit here.

Coming to The Uplift office was a letter from the Division of Documents, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., stating in part as follows: "We have recently received two numbers of 'The Uplift', issued by your school. We are very glad to receive this publication, and are wondering if it would be possible for you to send us volume 27, numbers 1 to 17, and would appreciate it if you would place this library on the permanent mailing list to receive volume 27, number 20 and all succeeding issues."

In addition to complying with this request we were very happy to send last year's issues of our little magazine, volume 26, complete with the exception of one issue, feeling highly complimented that such a widely-known national institution as the Library of Congress would take notice of our literary efforts.

Superintendent Boger recently received another letter from Hassell Shropshire, former house boy at the Receiving Cottage, who has been in the United States Army since December, 1937, during which time he has been stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Hassell stated that since they have

hot weather in that country all the year, he had acquired a fine sun-tan. He further wrote: "Good old J. T. S. has done things for me that I can't quite express. I was there about three and one-half years and don't regret a single day of my stay. If the boys who are there now could see things ahead as I now see them, they certainly would be lot better off. Will return to the States in November, at which time I hope to be able to visit the School."

This lad also requested that copies of the Uplift be sent him occasionally in order that he might keep in touch with the work of the School and read about old friends among the members of the staff of workers.

George Bristow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School about seven years ago, wrote us the other day. For the past two and one-half years, George has been employed in a steel mill in Winston-Salem, says that he enjoys his work and is getting along nicely. He has been married about two years. In writing us he very proudly announced the birth of a son, William Franklin, on May 8th. He is still very much interested in the School and its work, and requested that a copy of The Uplift be sent him occasionally.

Clyde Bristow, a brother to George, who left us April 1, 1927, continues to post-card us frequently. For several years he has been driving a truck for the Roadway Express Company, Newark, N. J., operating between New York City and Atlanta, and would stop in and see old friends at the School once in a while. His latest

card informed us that he is now driving through the Middle West, and would have to forego stops here until he is placed on another run through the Southeastern States.

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 22nd chapter of Matthew, calling special attention to the 21st verse: "Render therefore unto Ceasar the things which are Ceasar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Tuttle spoke to the boys concerning the manner in which the scribes and Pharisees tried to trap Jesus. They attempted to cause him to make some statement by which they could bring serious charges against him, and put him to death, but the Master answered them in such a way as to defeat their purpose, and they left him and went their way.

It being near the Forth of July, the speaker talked to the boys on the real meaning of patriotism. He tried to impress them that it was not necessary to gain fame on the battlefield to be listed as a patriot. Any man, said he, who does his duty at all times wherever he may be stationed in life, is a patriot. Although we may never hear much about him nor see his name in screaming headlines, he is just as much a patriot as the general who marches at the head of thousands of soldiers.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Tuttle pointed out that the best of all was

for us to be true Christian soldiers. He then told the boys that at West Point, on American battleships, military posts and other places of that nature, there is only one flag which is permitted to fly above Old Glory. During church hour in these places, the Church flag is hoisted above the Stars and Stripes which proves beyond all shadow of doubt that the best soldier of all is one who is fighting for the great Christian principles as taught by Jesus Christ.

The Fourth of July was a most enjoyable occasion for the Training School lads. Upon assembling near the Cannon Memorial Building at the regular time in the morning, Superintendent Boger addressed the boys briefly on the real significance of Independence Day, stressing the fact that in order to perpetuate the ideals of true Americanism as handed down by our illustrious forefathers, it is necessary that every boy take advantage of the opportunities offered him, and strive to live a clean, honest, upright life in order that he might develop into the highest possible type of citizen. He stated that a nation can only be as great as the quality of its citizenship permits.

Mr. Boger then announced a holiday, only the necessary chores to be taken care of. At nine-thirty we assembled at the little lake near the dairy barn for the purpose of seining same. Mr. Tom Query, of Harrisburg, one of the most enthusiastic fishermen in the county, brought up his net and, assisted by about twenty officers and boys, proceeded to try their luck at seining the lake. Although the catch

was not as good as in former years, about fifty pounds of fish were caught. These were issued to those who helped with the seining.

We then assembled near the giant oak tree, near the textile building, where delicious lemonade was served in abundance. For dinner the boys enjoyed a feast of that very popular American article of food known as "hot dogs," the only dog that has never been known to bite the hand that feeds it—taking a number of bites itself without even growling the least bit.

At one o'clock, beginning with Cottages Nos. 1 and 2, all the lads enjoyed a swim in the recently erected swimming pool. This was followed by baseball games between various cottage teams, listening to radio broadcasts of major league games, and other forms of recreation. Shortly before the supper hour lemonade was again served to the youngsters. After supper some of the cottage teams indulged in brief games, thus bringing to a close a safe and sane, but thoroughly enjoyable Fourth of July.

WORDS

We might have left unspoken
 Some of the things we said
 If we had just remembered
 That words can't be unsaid—
 If we had been reminded
 That be they harsh or kind
 Our words don't die, but always live
 To echo in the mind.
 Ill thoughts give way to better ones
 Bad deeds can be amended,
 But the sting left by a bitter word
 Is never, never ended.

—Evelyn Ostund.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending July 2, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Clyde Gray 3
- (2) James Hodges 2
- (5) Gilbert Hogan 5
- (5) Leon Hollifield 5
- (2) Edward Johnson 2
- (5) James Kissiah 5
- Robert Maples 3
- (3) Frank May 3
- (3) Thomas Turner 3

COTTAGE No. 1

- Rex Allred 4
- Robert Coleman 2
- (5) Henry Cowan 5
- (2) Howard Cox 4
- B. C. Elliott
- Bruce Link
- (2) H. C. Pope 4
- Jerry Smith 2
- Everett Watts
- (3) William Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 2

- Arthur Craft 2
- Floyd Lane 2
- (4) William Padrick 4

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 3
- Robert Atwell 4
- (3) Earl Barnes 4
- Earl Bass 3
- James Boone 3
- Herman Cherry 3
- Frank Crawford 3
- (3) Coolidge Green 4
- Bruce Hawkins 3
- Harley Matthews 4
- (5) F. E. Mickle 5
- Jack Morris 3
- John C. Robertson 4
- George Shaver 3
- William T. Smith 3
- (3) Harrison Stilwell 4
- (5) John Tolley 5
- Earl Weeks 2

- (5) Jerome Wiggins 5
- Louis Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 4

- (4) Wesley Beaver 4
- (5) James Hancock 5
- John King
- (4) James Land 4
- (5) Ivan Morrozoff 5
- Edward McGee
- (2) George Newman 4
- (2) Fred Pardon 3
- (3) Henry Raby 3
- Robert Simpson 3
- (5) Hyress Taylor 5
- (5) Melvin Walters 5
- (2) Leo Ward 4
- (5) James Wilhite 5
- (3) Samuel Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) Lindsey Dunn 4
- (3) A. C. Elmore 4
- (5) Roy Hamby 5
- Donald Holland
- (2) William Kirksey 2
- (5) Everett Lineberry 5
- Paul Lewallen
- (2) Samuel Montgomery 2
- Richard Singletary
- (5) Dewey Ware 5
- (3) Marvin Wilkins 4
- (5) George Wright 5

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 4
- Robert Bryson 2
- Eugene Ballew
- Fletcher Castlebury 4
- Martin Crump 3
- Robert Dunning 4
- Thomas Hamilton 2
- Canipe Shoe 3
- Joseph Tucker 3

COTTAGE No. 7

- (5) John H. Averitte 5

- Cleasper Beasley
 (4) Carl Breece 4
 (5) John Deaton 5
 (3) James H. Davis 3
 (3) Donald Earnhardt 4
 George Green 2
 Robert Hampton
 (5) Hugh Johnson 5
 (2) J. C. Long 2
 (2) Elmer Maples 4
 (2) Arnold McHone 3
 Ernest Overcash 2
 Carl Roy
 (2) Dewey Sisk 3
 (3) Loy Stines 3
 (2) Alex Weathers 3
 Edd Woody

COTTAGE No. 8

- Lewis Baker
 Clyde Hillard 4
 Edward J. Lucas 2
 Charles Presnell 3
 (3) Charles Taylor 4

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) J. T. Branch 4
 Clifton Butler 4
 (5) James Butler 5
 Roy Butner 4
 (5) James Bunnell 5
 (5) Edgar Burnette 5
 Carrol Clark 3
 George Duncan
 (3) Frank Glover 4
 John Hendrix 3
 (2) Osper Howell 4
 (3) Harold O'Dear 3
 (3) Eugene Presnell 3
 (5) Lonnie Roberts 5
 (5) Thomas Sands 5
 (5) Preston Wilbourne 5
 Luther Wilson 4
 (2) Thomas Wilson 4
 Horace Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 10

- Walter Cooper 2
 Elbert Head
 (3) Lee Jones 3
 Jesse Kelly
 (4) Vernon Lamb 4
 (3) Jack Norris 4
 (3) William Peeden 3
 (5) Rufus Wagoner 5

COTTAGE No. 11

- (5) J. C. Allen 5

- (5) Harold Bryson 5
 (2) William Dixon 2
 (5) Charles Frye 5
 Baxter Foster 4
 (4) Albert Goodman 4
 (5) Earl Hildreth 5
 (5) William Hudgins 5
 Andrew Lambeth
 Ballard Martin 2
 (5) Paul Mullis 5
 Edward Murray 4
 (5) Fred Owens 5
 (2) Theodore Rector 3
 Julius Stevens 2
 (4) Thomas Shaw 4

COTTAGE No. 12

- Odell Almond 3
 (5) Jack Batson 5
 (3) Allard Brantley 4
 Jay Brannock 3
 (3) Ernest Brewer 4
 William C. Davis 2
 William Deaton 4
 (5) Max Eaker 5
 Everett Hackler 3
 Woodrow Hager 3
 Joseph Hall 3
 Charlton Henry 4
 Hubert Holloway 3
 Richard Honeycutt 3
 S. E. Jones 3
 Tillman Lyles 3
 (3) Clarence Mayton 4
 James Mondie 3
 James Puckett
 Howard Sanders 3
 Avery Smith 4
 (3) Ralph Sorrells 3
 George Tolson 3
 (3) J. R. Whitman 4

COTTAGE No. 13

- Arthur Ashley 2
 (3) Frank Cotter 3
 Merritt Gibson
 (5) William Griffin 5
 (4) James V. Harvel 4
 Douglas Mabry 2
 (3) Irvin Medlin 4
 (3) Thomas R. Pitman 4
 (5) Alexander Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 3
 Monte Beck 3
 John Church
 (2) Delphus Dennis 4

- (2) Audie Farthing 2
Feldman Lane 3
Charles McCoyle 3
- (2) Troy Powell 4
Richard Patton
- (2) John Robbins 3
- (2) Charles Steepleton 4
- (2) Howard Todd 3
- (2) Desmond Truitt 3
- (2) Harold Thomas 3
Jones Watson
- (2) Junior Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 4
Howard Bobbitt 2
Ray Bayne 2
- (2) William Cantor 4
Sidney Delbridge
- (2) Clifton Davis 4
Aldine Duggins 2
Clarence Gates 3

- Hoyt Hillifield 3
Dallas Holder 2
- (2) William Hawkins 2
Albert Hayes 3
- (2) Beamon Heath 4
Eulice Rogers 2
- (2) Ira Settle 4
- (2) J. P. Sutton 3
Richard Thomas 2
- (2) Earl Watts 3
Arvel Ward
James Watson 3
William Young 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Philip Holmes 3
- (5) Warren G. Lawry 5
- (2) Filmore Oliver 4
- (2) Thomas Oxendine 4
- (2) Curley Smith 4
- (5) Ross Young 5

IT'S BETTER

It's better sometime to be blind
 To the faults of some poor fellow being,
 Than to view them with visions unkind,
 When there's good we ought to be seeing.

It's better sometime to be dumb,
 Than to speak just to be criticizing,
 Though it seems to be given to some
 To recall traits both mean and despising.

It's better sometime to be deaf,
 Than to hear only lying and pander,
 For there's nothing so low as theft
 Or a good name destroyed by slander.

—Author Unknown.

JUL 17 1939

CAROLINA RO

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 15, 1939

NO. 28

THE DAY'S WORK

Use well the moment; what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power;
And what thou best canst understand
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.
Art thou little, do that little well,
And for thy comfort know
The biggest man can do his biggest
Work no better than just so.
Like the star that shines afar,
Without haste and without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

—Goethe.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE DAY AND THE WORK

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way;
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail;
And so, if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie for an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our brains with the high debate.
It is given to look on life once, and only once to die;
One testing, and then at a sigh we go out of the sky.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting; it has waited through ages for you.

—Edwin Markham.

THE SCHOOL'S MINATURE TEXTILE PLANT

This institution has been the recipient of many gifts that suggest great interest in the development of splendid citizenship. One of the latest contributions for this cause is the textile plant—the gift of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association.

This act upon the part of these industrialists is to be highly com-

mended. They are men of big business, but halted long enough in their personal affairs to give thought relative to the welfare of their under-privileged brother.

Doubtless the time given to working out this manufacturing unit was a delightful recreation for each who participated actively in the project. Besides their souls were enriched by contributing to the cause of the wayward child, and that is sufficient reward for these fine citizens who have a vision.

Those who worked and piloted the plant to a finish were Messrs. Hunter Marshall, Jr., Charlotte; Alex R. Howard, of the Cannon Mills, Concord; Herman Cone, of the Cone Mills Co., Greensboro; and L. C. Campayner of the Brown Manufacturing Co., Concord.

It was in the year of 1936 the idea of doing something for the Jackson Training School was suggested. And at the quarterly meeting of the trustees, July 6, the climax to the three years work was realized. The plant as a finished unit was officially presented to the school by Mr. Hunter Marshall, secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association, and accepted by Chairman L. T. Hartsell of the school board.

The theme of Mr. Marshall's presentation remarks was "opportunity." In his brief presentation he expressed the desire that this manufacturing unit was made possible specifically to train the boys in the rudiments of a great industrial interest so that they may be elevated from the realm of dependents to independent citizens. That the spirit of the men who were so interested wished to lend a helping hand in converting the delinquents of the State into citizens capable of earning a livelihood, and furthermore becoming valuable assets to society. The entire plans devised by the finest type of manhood is most graciously received by the superintendent and others who are interested in the boys who have had but few opportunities to make good.

* * * * *

JULY EVENTS

The personnel of The Uplift takes great interest in tabulating the noteworthy occurrences according to months and the years when the events took place. This month carries the date of the American

Declaration of Independence as one of several events of national and international significance. With this as another international date that should be observed with world-side repentance—July 24, 1914, when the World-War began, and by November 11, 1918, it cost fifteen nations actively engaged in the battles nearly ten million souls along with other casualties and one might say these were worse than death. Not yet has the morale, broken down by the World-War, been restored, and it is not likely that it will ever be what it once was. The monetary values involved by the different countries, individuals and charitable organizations are excessive, but time can make amends for such, but the most terrible loss of all is the utter demoralization of an entire generation of people. The task of bringing the morale back to normalcy in an insurmountable task.

* * * * *

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Miss Eve Currie, daughter and biographer of her distinguished mother, Madame Marie Currie, has been in the States something over a month and during the time has renewed acquaintances and made new friends. She was in this country with her mother when sixteen years old. At that time Miss Currie recalls that her mother was the central figure of distinguished crowds wherever she went.

Like all broad visioned and intelligent people the daughter of this distinguished mother, travels with an abandonment of racial or national prejudice. She gives expression to remarks, showing that she thinks highly of the States in every sense and finds our people have sentiment with ideals that are suggestive of constructive progress.

"The opinion prevails," this distinguished daughter writes, "that the Americans are ultramaterialistic people completely absorbed in money making, but that such an opinion was far from true." She further states that the culture of the Americans exceeds the opinion of masses of people in the European countries. That wherever she went she found a high appreciation of the best music, art and the classics of literature.

She marveled at the reception given her while in the States. She thoroughly understood much of the recognition was given on account

of her mother. In a humble way she accepted the cordial welcomes, saying "My mother was a permanent center for people's interest, but I am not a pale reflection of her." But she is proud to be the daughter of Madame Marie Currie.

* * * * *

ANYTHING BUT THAT

Cherished among the many legends of the Spanish-American people of New Mexico is the story of San Ysidro.

It seems that San Ysidro was plowing his garden one spring day, when an angel appeared and said to him, "The Lord wants to see you, Ysidro. Come with me."

Ysidro plowed on. "I can't go now," he answered. "You tell the Lord that I'm late getting my corn planted and that I'll see Him later when I've finished."

The angel nodded and disappeared.

Soon another messenger hovered about San Ysidro's plow. "The Lord wants to see you right now," he said. "And if you don't come at once, the Lord says He'll send hot winds and drought to wither your corn."

Ysidro paused only long enough to wipe the sweat from his brow. "I've had hot winds and droughts before, and they don't bother me," he said. "I can carry water from the river. Tell the Lord I can't come now, but will see Him when I have my corn planted."

Baffled, that angel, too, vanished.

A few moments later a third angel, larger and sterner than the other two, tapped Ysidro on the shoulder. "The Lord doesn't like your attitude," the heavenly courier said. "He says if you don't come with me right now He'll send a plague of locusts to devour your corn from the top and a plague of cutworms to eat its roots.

"That doesn't frighten me," answered Ysidro, turning his plow and starting back. "I've had plagues before, and with fires and hoeing and hard work, I've saved my corn. You tell the Lord I'll see him tomorrow."

And so the third angel flew away.

San Ysidro had plowed several furrows before the fourth messenger glided to earth.

"The Lord isn't going to argue any more" the angel announced, flapping his wings hard to keep up with the stubborn plowman. "He simply said that if you don't come with me right away, He'll send you a bad neighbor."

Instantly San Ysidro stopped his mule and wrapped the reins around the plow handle. For the first time there was fear in his eyes.

"A bad neighbor!" he shouted. "No, no! I can stand hot winds and droughts, locusts and cutworms—I can stand anything but a bad neighbor. I'll go with you right now."—Rotarian Magazine

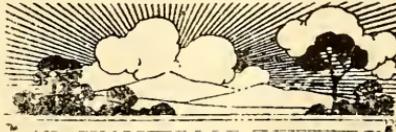
* * * * *

THE BIBLE LEADS THE VAN

Despite the anxious times, especially during the period of history when the Christian churches were struggling to hold the vantage ground realized through years of most strenuous efforts, the Bible has maintained its place as the world's best seller in the past year.

There are times when the workers for the church feel as if they are making but little progress, but all things done In His Name finally appear bright and as glorius as the sun after the storm clouds disperse.

In Europe, however, the Bible sales increased, reaching an all time high of one million and three quarters and more. This sale included the distribution of His Word throughout the many countries of Europe. It is evident the Word of God holds first place and still speaks to the hearts of men.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

MINUTES OF GOLD

"Two or three minutes—two or three hours,
 What do they mean in this life of ours?
 Not very much if but counted as time,
 But minutes of gold and hours sublime
 If only we'll use them once in a while
 To make someone happy—make someone smile.
 A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
 An hour sweep aside trouble of years;
 Minutes of my time may bring to an end
 Hopelessness somewhere, and bring me a
 friend."

Christianity is a wonderful way of life. The way individuals interpret it is what counts.

A Nebraska town has passed a law forbidding barbers to eat onions during working hours. Some scents in that order.

Most towns do not make a flurry over what may be seen in them. But what you hear in them creates the biggest agitation.

In these days of auto-mobility many people suffer from an entirely new ailment. Eye-strain, looking for a place to park.

If you think you are good, people will find out whether you are or not. Goodness cannot be hidden. It will make itself known.

It is surmised that the depression is lasting longer than any other in our history because it is the only one paid

to stick around. Well let's stop paying on that score, and bid depression a happy adieu.

Why worry about what people think of you. Few there be that do. And then what some think may not be conducive to your peace of mind.

Psychologists say that if we talk plenty, get our families to talk plenty, and assume the attitude of plenty, it will be forthcoming. If this will work with individuals, why not with the nation at large?

A lot of people think they are too smart to be fooled by other people, and at the same time they are only fooling themselves. They jump at plausible conclusions, and find that they land in a pit. 'Tis a pity.

The analogies in this life gets one confused oft times. We build houses with windows to let in the light, and then put up curtains with shades to keep the light out. We have radios to entertain us at home, and get auto-mobiles to take us away from home. So it goes and we go along with it.

The more I study the various remedies for dull times, given by so many people who profess to know just how to overcome them, I am not at all surprised that times are dull, and if many had their own way they would

become duller. The wits of the people need sharpening.

It has always been a puzzle to me that many people who claim to know how to settle race questions, and are continually instructing the South on the matter, live in sections of the country where there is only one race. They are not close enough to the real situation to know the real elements in the matter. Their advice goes with wind.

We are told that world prosperity will return when people have more money to spend. Where are we to get the money? The governments cannot keep on eternally supporting the nations. A reversal of present conditions is bound to come. We either go broke, or support the governments instead of the governments supporting us. The inevitable is ahead.

All you have to do is to read the newspapers fairly regularly and you will run across some interesting examples of the credulity of mankind. In the Port of Spain they are telling of a girl who has showers of stones to fall about her, the pebbles being marked with crosses. African sorcery, pure and simple. Nobody with common sense believes in such mysterious "goings on." There are, however, many people, as in older days, looking for a sign. Superstitious under the thin veneer of civilization, human beings yearn for portents, voices and the supernatural. The craving takes

strange forms in different localities and every once in a while there are signs that indicate its existence in various sections of the United States.

Americanism

We Americans, in these days when foreign influences are seeking to undermine our confidence in the American way of doing things, especially along governmental lines, stand more in need of what might be termed "positive Americanism."

So many of us appear to be content with "negative Americanism." Just satisfied to defend our American institutions when they are assailed by subversive influences; content to apologize for any weaknesses of government that may have developed under our democratic system.

This is not the way to combat those influences which seek the overthrow of our nation. It is not safe to be content with a defensive attitude. There is only one "ism" in which American citizens should be interested and that is Americanism. We should place communism, facism, nazism, and all other "isms" on the defensive in this country by continually preaching Americanism, boasting of it, worshiping it if necessary, instead of making apologies for it or half-heartedly defending it.

Once we begin a campaign of real Americanism we won't have time to bother about any other "ism," and no other "ism" is going to bother us very much.

When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL IS GIVEN TEXTILE PLANT

Charlotte Observer

As the climax of three years work, the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association yesterday turned over to the board of trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School, near Concord the equipment the association obtained in establishing a complete textile plant at the institution.

Hunter Marshall, Jr. of this city, secretary and treasurer of the association, delivered to Luther Hartsell of Concord, president of the board, a legal paper stating that "in consideration of a glorious opportunity to serve mankind by lending a helping hand to the boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School who have been denied some of the privileges of life, the association does hereby assign, set-over and transfer unto the school, all of those pickers, slubbers, intermediates, fly frames, spinning frames, looms, roving cans, heating plant and other equipment for the manufacture of textile products now located in the textile building on the school grounds."

"The said North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association," the paper continues, "does further assign to the Stonewall Jackson Training School the opportunity to train these under-privileged boys in the rudiments of a great industry in order that they may be better equipped to face the problems of life and be elevated from the realm of dependents upon the State of North Carolina to independent men capable

of earning their livelihood and paying their debt to society."

The school project began in September 1936 when the question of installing a loom or a spinning frame in the institution was brought before the board. From this idea grew the plan of the association to install a complete textile unit in order that the boys might learn everything connected with working in such a plant and be prepared when they left the school to earn a living in this type of work, should it interest them.

A committee composed of Mr. Marshall, Alex Howard of the Cannon Mills company, Herman Cone of the Cone Mills company at Greensboro, and L. C. Campayner of the Brown Manufacturing company of Concord worked for months to get together the equipment needed and to have it installed. Various mills co-operated by giving machinery. Alex Davis of the Saco-Lowell company's branch helped in planning and supervising installation and Erwin Darrin of the Draper corporation saw that looms were provided and installed five. The plant is equipped to produce ticking, denim shirting, and sheeting. The boys grow the cotton on the school's farm, have it baled, take it to the mill where it goes through every process necessary to transform it into finished cloth. Then it is cut into articles needed at the school and these are made. Mr. Marshall has in his office here

a shirt made at the school. The shirt, he said, has been examined by various experts and described as an excellent piece of work.

Mr. Marshall said the miniature textile mill is running every day and that the boys at the school are very much interested in it.

When a man does not know what harbor he is making, no wind is the right wind.—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA'S EXHIBIT AT WORLD'S FAIR

North Carolina Labor And Industry

North Carolina's \$125,000 exhibit at the New York World's Fair is a streamline and graphic story of the state's history, geography, and opportunities. The theme of the exhibit is "North Carolina, the Colorful and Balanced State."

The problem of the North Carolina World's Fair Committee was to present a large state, with a bewildering array of features, in a simple and unified manner. There has been achieved a coherent, readily understanding presentation of North Carolina, which includes all general phases of the state, yet avoids the cluttering of a multitude of details.

The exhibit occupies three thousand square feet of floor space in the **Hall of State Buildings**, is semi-circular in shape and is designed along heroic lines. Twelve Norse-God-ish figures **symbolizing the opportunities for industrial and agricultural exploitation of the state's undeveloped resources** line the outer wall, while a smaller inner circle contains a vast twelve-foot-high revolving panorama depicting in the state's recreational attractions.

The symbolic representation gives a **many-sided picture of the entire state** with emphasis on the opportunities North Carolina offers for recreation, agriculture, and industry. The exhibit depicts North Carolina as a land of opportunity rather than a land of fulfillment.

The exhibit comprises three main divisions—the "Theme Exhibit," the "Court of Tourism," and the "Hall of Development." The "Theme Exhibit" structure is coated with mica, an important North Carolina mineral and has inscribed the thesis of the exhibit—"North Carolina, the Balanced and Colorful State." A rotating sphere, projecting from the structure, represents primarily the balance of the state, with its mica coating reflecting a kaleidoscopic rainbow of colors, represents as well the "colorful" phases of the theme.

The "Court of Tourism" employs an entirely new exhibition device, called the **Triorama**, to portray more effectively the recreational advantages of the state as a "variety Vacationland." The Triorama is essentially an

animated travel poster, presenting three magnificent panoramic views of three distinct sections of the state: Mountains, central, and coastal. The Triorama is twelve feet high and approximately forty feet long, and is divided into seven different panels. Each panel is three-sided, revolves on its own axes. All seven panels revolve slowly at the same time, presenting to the visitor an ever-changing view of the distinctive atmosphere, scenic beauties, and pleasure activities of the state. The three enormous panoramas have smaller figures superimposed upon them, suggesting some particular recreational activity, or some distinctive feature of the region pictured by the panorama.

In the "Hall of Development" the twelve symbolic figures give a dynamic representation of the state's economic accomplishments and developmental opportunities. They represent respectively: Climate, timber, agriculture, waterpower, minerals, textile, tobacco, manufacturing, transportation, people, education and government. No particular products are named, and no particular regions designated in this section—the exhibit is entirely general for the whole state. Each of the twelve figures is set on a broad panel to itself, separated from the adjoining figures by a slight partition. In the lower portion of each of these panels is a "Robophone," a device employing recordings and a loud-speaker which

tells pertinent facts about the state in a clearly audible voice, yet not loud enough to interfere with the adjoining panel. Underneath each figure is a small translucent panel on which is projected a series of slides offering terse facts about the subject. Each figure in the "Hall of Development" emphasizes some factor favoring exploitation of the state's undeveloped resources. Climates, for instance, is presented here not as a tourist attraction, but as a valuable adjunct to industrial activity.

At one end of the exhibition hall is a large historical exhibit, containing a scale model of the original airplane of the Wright brothers, a historical vignette memorializing the establishment of the first English settlement in the New World on North Carolina's Roanoke Island, etc. There is a huge relief map of the state, the biggest relief map of a single state ever built, and the only state relief map at the Fair. Another panoramic picture and map depicts the extent and far-flung magnificence of the Blue Ridge Parkway; hunting fishing, hiking, touring and camping opportunities of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Thoroughly impressive in its structure and design, North Carolina's exhibit is expected to attract some five million visitors during the summer months.

"Action without forethought may result in disaster; forethought without action won't result at all."—Selected.

YOUR BREAKFAST COFFEE

By Lois Snelling

When you drink your cup of fragrant breakfast coffee, do you ever think of all the hard work, interesting history, and vast territory that lies behind it? To the incurious, coffee is just a dry powder that one gets at the grocer's, and by aid of hot water, transforms into a liquid that tastes good and refreshes.

But to an inquisitive mind it goes back, back into the centuries. According to legendary accounts, it anchors its beginning on a hillside in Africa. Here a goat-herder, observing his charges eating the leaves and berries of a certain tree, was astonished at their reaction to the food they swallowed. They became so frisky and full of pep that the wondering herder decided to investigate. He too ate some of the red berries, chewing up the big seeds which they contained. Presently he was as frolicsome as his goats. News of the tree with the refreshing berries spread, and from far and near people came to gather the fruit. The tree, which was the coffee tree, was in a wild state, but now they began to cultivate it on their own premises.

The coffee tree is native to Abyssinia, Arabia and West Africa, but is now naturalized to many tropical countries. Outside of the tropics it cannot survive, for frost is deadly to its tender nature.

Neither coffee nor the coffee tree was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. We first hear of the beverage being used in Arabia in the fifteenth century. We know that in the 16th century, the Arabians introduced it into Egypt and Constantinople. The

drink immediately became popular, and coffee houses began to make their appearance. London's first coffee house was opened by a Greek in 1652. The first one to be established in France was at Marseilles in 1671. In the seventeenth century a Dutch burgomaster sailed from the Arabian port of Mocha with some coffee plants in his possession. These were planted in the botanical gardens of Amsterdam, and later one single tree from this stock was sent to the botanical gardens of Paris. Many a cup of coffee can trace its descent from this tree in the Paris gardens, for it was the mother of the coffee industry in the West Indies. In 1720 layers from the Paris tree were taken out to Martinique for experimental purposes. Here they thrived so well that in a few years it was possible to supply all the West Indies with young trees.

In 1774 an enterprising merchant of Southern Brazil began to wonder about the rich soil and warm climate of his country. Why wouldn't coffee trees do well there? He departed for Africa in search of coffee plants. On the return trip with his precious trees, the ship suffered an accident which resulted in a scarcity of water on board. Each passenger was limited to one quart a day. The merchant day after day sacrificed his quota to the little coffee trees, but in spite of the sacrifice the water was insufficient. One by one they died. When he arrived home, he had only two live trees. These two survivors were carefully planted, carefully tended, and to his joy they thrived. Many a cup of coffee can also trace its descent

to these two trees, for it was from them that most of the Brazilian plantations have sprung. When we consider that Brazil now has more than 2,000,000,000 coffee trees, we can understand the importance of these two trees. The merchant who wondered if his country would not be suitable to the growth of coffee trees was right, for seventy-two per cent of the world's supply of coffee comes from Brazil. Most of the coffee consumed in the United States is produced in Brazil, and this alone constitutes a tremendous quantity. In the year 1928-29 our coffee importation amounted to \$308,268,000. We are, indeed, the greatest coffee-drinkers in the world.

In its wild state the coffee tree grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet; in cultivation it is kept within shrub proportions, not being allowed to grow more than ten feet high. It has only a few branches, and the leathery leaves are evergreen. The flowers are small, pure white, and fragrant. The oval-shaped berries, when ripe, are dark red and about the size of a cherry. The seeds within this red berry are what we call the coffee beans. There are two of them in a berry, their flattened faces pressed together.

Each of the seeds is covered with a thin skin, and together they are enclosed in a tough membrane.

A coffee tree begins bearing when three years old, and has an average life of forty years. A crop from one full-grown tree will amount to about two pounds of beans. The plantations are always situated on sunny hillsides, the young trees being propagated from seeds in a nursery. The trees begin blooming in December, the flowering season lasting for several weeks. In April the berries start ripening, and the harvest begins. This work is usually carried on by women and children, the soft berries being placed in baskets.

Weeks are required for drying the coffee beans. First the pulp and membrane must be removed, and this is accomplished by running them through rollers. Then the beans are winnowed free of impurities, and graded for size. Placed in big bags, the beans are finally ready for shipment. They are roasted in large cylinders at the factory. It takes about an hour and forty-five minutes to roast the beans, after which they are ready to be ground and sealed in the container which the ultimate consumer buys at the grocer's.

LYING

There are numerous ways of lying—all of them bad, some worse.

We can lie by saying nothing. When silence gives consent to something false, we must speak up or share the falsehood.

We can lie with looks, gestures, attitudes: There is the innocent appearance of the experienced deceiver, the ostentatious salute of the traitor, the wise pose of the ignoramus.

We can even lie by telling the truth—that is, by telling a piece of the truth instead of the whole truth, thus giving a wrong impression.—By Henry H. Crane.

THE STORY OF THEODOSIA BURR

(Dare County Times)

In 1869, when the old time summer resort of Nags Head was in the hey-day of its glory, and the soundside was filled with cottages and had its pretentious hotel that was the social summertime center of all eastern North Carolina, an old woman by the name of Mrs. Mann, was stricken ill in her cottage in the hills.

Neighbors went down to the resort on the soundside and sought a doctor. The famous old Doctor Pool of Elizabeth City went to the old woman's bedside. She had no money but willingly gave the Doctor the well executed painting of a beautiful woman that hung on the wall, and which the cultured eye of the doctor had quickly espied.

Years later art experts discovered it was a painting of the beautiful Theodosia Burr Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr, wife of the Governor of South Carolina, who set sail from her home in the Palmetto State on December 30, 1812, for a visit to her father in New York. She was lost at sea, and the story is another of the unsolved mysteries of the Carolina Coastland.

But old Mrs. Mann, who was the wife of one of the old time Tilletts of Nags Head, who had belonged to the early aristocracy of the coast told the story of how she came by the picture. She said during the war of 1812 and when she was a very young girl, and while Mr. Tillet was courting her a pilot boat came ashore at Kitty Hawk in a storm. As was customary in time of wrecks, and seeking rich prizes, the men had gone out to her. They returned to report

the vessel a nameless, empty one, with all sails set, the helm tied down and no creature on board save a little black and tan dog. The cabin was in great confusion, trunks broken open and ladies garments and other feminine effects strewed over the floor.

The portrait of the beautiful woman hung on the wall, and when the boys divided the spoils, Tillet claimed the picture which he gave his sweetheart, as well as a number of feminine objects which the old lady had kept secretly in her trunk.

Dr. Pool took the picture to Elizabeth City where it was kept for several years, and later his widow sold it to the MacBeth Art Gallery of New York where it now may be seen.

In 1850, an old man named Frank Burdick, who claimed to have been one of a crew of pirates, insisted upon his death bed, that he had been one of a crew that captured the ship Patriot, on which Mrs. Alston sailed. He said he held the plank, while the beautiful lady was forced to walk over the side, very calm and dressed in white, although she begged them to send word to her father and husband.

Calm, impressive, with eyes closed, she waved farewell, crossed her hands upon her breast and walked into eternity. Once they saw her face again when she came to the surface and then sank with piteous outstretched hands.

Then the pirates plundered the good ship Patriot and left her going under full sail. Old Frank told

there was a picture of a beautiful woman in the cabin and a little black and tan dog. And this story seems to bear out the story told by old Mrs. Mann at Nags Head.

It was also told that the Patriot was captured by a celebrated West Indian pirate named Dominique You, alias "Babe". The entire crew had walked the plank. There were numerous confessions some five years afterward, and two sailors in Norfolk, who claimed to have been members of a gang of wreckers on Kitty Hawk, said they killed the crew and looted the ship, after she had landed on the beach.

Tragedy seems to have marked the life of the Burr family. Back in 1785, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton were wealthy and prominent lawyers in New York City. Little Theodosia Burr was then two years old. Her mother died and left her when she was ten or eleven years old, and she and her father were drawn more closely together. They lived in the greatest style, and entertained the most wealthy and notable personages of the day.

At the age of 17, Theodosia had many suitors, but young Joseph Alston, a brilliant, soft-spoken Carolinian met her in New York, and she later married him, although she said she had nothing more than a sincere friendship. However, his earnest courtship induced her consent and while newly married in 1801, they saw Aaron Burr inaugurated as Vice-President of the United States, he having missed the presidency won by Thomas Jefferson, by only a few votes.

In May 1802 she named her little son Aaron Burr Alston, and subsequently was in poor health and

spirit, and finally recovered after trips to the northern resorts. Aaron Burr during this time conceived a dream of forming a new country, and becoming king of Mexico. He was indicted for treason, and arraigned before Justice John Marshall of Richmond, Va. He was bitterly fought by Thomas Jefferson and imprisoned pending trial. His daughter came with her little son and spent the night with him in the penitentiary.

In spite of a tremendous array of witnesses, the government failed to prove its case, and he was freed while the Republicans his friends, held great celebrations in his honor. But enraged mobs were at the same time hanging him in effigy in Baltimore. He fled secretly to New York, concealed himself under the name of Edwards and sailed for Europe June 9, 1808, where he remained for about four years.

In 1811, Alston had been elected Governor of South Carolina. In 1812, Colonel Burr returned to America, wrote his daughter from New York, and received a letter in which they advised him her beloved son had died of fever at the age of 11 years.

Governor Alston wrote Colonel Burr, that the boy was the "one who was to have redeemed all your glory and shed new lustre on our families—We saw him dead, yet we are alive—Theodosia has endured all that a human being could endure, but her admirable mind will triumph. She supports herself in a manner worthy of your daughter."

And the heartbroken Theodosia wrote her father. "There is no more joy for me. The world is blank. I have lost my boy—May heaven by other blessings make you

amends for the grandson you have lost—Of what use can I be in this world—with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered. Yet I will endeavor to fulfill my part—though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns.”

Theodosia Burr, ill and needing comfort and anxious to see her father had set sail without her husband, who was not permitted by law to leave the State during his term as Governor. And from Georgetown she sailed on the ill fated *Patroit*. She was a privateer, richly laden for New York. The captain had hidden her guns, painted out her name, and discharged her crew of privateers. The Governor feared for her safety among the dreaded pirates and wreckers along the coast.

In a few days she fell in with the

British fleet off Hatteras, but was given free passage. Col. Burr waited and hoped in New York, but never again saw his daughter. Mr. Alston finally wrote him: “My boy, my wife both gone, the end of the hopes we had founded—what have we left?”

There have been other stories that Theodosia Burr came ashore, a very ill woman, and died and was buried somewhere among the high green shaded hills of Nags Head. It is just another tale of the grim tragedies, the gripping romance, the appealing and frightful adventures that have told and retold by the dozens on the Dare County coast. Nowhere else is there such a land of interest to humankind.

At least, it is one of many stories that have not been solved and never has lost, nor ever will lose its interest to humankind.

Lord Balfour in praising waiters that served him in Washington tells a story that any southern man who knows and appreciates the negro will enjoy and stamp as the real article. Here is Lord Balfour's story:

“I was at a hotel where all the waiters were colored men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu and gave the waiter a coin.

“‘Just bring me a good dinner,’ I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan a fortnight.

“When I left my waiter said to me, “Goodby, sah, an' good luck, and when yoh or any of yoh frien's come here what can't read the menu, jes ax foh Calhoun Clay.”

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE KING OF CANADA COMES

Canadian Baptist

To-day I climbed a high stand, under a threatening sky, to sit on a plain plank for two hours to see the King of Canada and his beautiful queen. And twenty-six miles of streets were jammed with a cheering million five hundred thousand people, many of whom had been sitting on camp stools, boxes, tables, step ladders or perched on roof tops since dawn awaiting the gentleman and a charming Scottish lady—his wife.

All excited for a quarter minute appearance of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Guests of Canada? Would it not be correct to say that they had come home for a month to another of their great possessions, another empire over which they rule.

In the vast throngs greeting them everywhere there was little military display. Not that Canadians lack the fibre of which valiant soldiers are made. Have they not demonstrated that beyond question at Vimy Ridge, Hill 60 and scores of other hard fought fields recalled by the terrible four years. But Canadians are first and foremost a nation of peaceful citizens; war is only a dire emergency; it is not the "thing of beauty" that some parts of the world proclaim. Canada desires more than anything else peace and good will among all peoples; that is what she plans and prays for constantly.

So when her King and Queen came home it was not to appalling lines of grim soldiers, armed to the teeth to the rattle of big guns through the streets and an endless parade of tanks and similar types of death dealing

machinery. No. It was a welcome by men and women who want nothing so much as good will among all nations and who will take up the sword only when every possible hope of milder measures have vanished.

Perhaps there is a heart-warming in the fact that our King and Queen rule a quarter of the population of the earth; perhaps there is some satisfaction in the fact that 'Britain rules the waves'; undoubtedly there is rejoicing that in the years gone by the great Empire has stood forever boldly against wrong and injustice—whether the sufferers were men of importance or "lesser breeds without the law."

But I suspect that the heart of Canada was stirred as never before in its history because our royal visitors were of such noble character. They represent democratic monarchy at its best and finest. King and Queen these two people are—surrounded by so much of ceremony and pomp—yet they have not forgot for one moment that theirs is a career of eternal service and sacred devotion to the good of all those who royalty is given them. A kindly gentleman of another allegiance wrote me one day this sentence after studying a fine picture of the King and Queen and their two little girls: "I like those two; they look just like the kind people I could welcome into my family circle." That little home of his was his treasure, but he had no hesitation in saying that he could open its doors gladly to the King and Queen and their children. He knew quite well just what they were—a family that had not allowed the glories and the

glamour of their exalted office to rob them of some vital principles of life. **A family that loved God and sought to do His will daily, that gave of their very best to the duties of each hour, that never lost sympathy with those whose doors were hounded by hard times, distress, sickness and poverty.**

They have sought to live each day after the pattern of another King who "went about doing good." Their deep goodness of heart is revealed by such royal actions as that of the King in personally escorting back to her place the representative of the war mothers of Canada and the Queen was never seen more royally than when she hugged and kissed the five Dionne babies when they were presented to her. Perhaps, almost certainly, she was thinking at that moment how she would like to feel around her neck the arms of the two little princesses of England. Or as they stepped out into that sea of humanity in Ottawa the other day to spend a few minutes in an absolutely unrehearsed informal contact with the crowds present on the occasion.

It takes more than a glittering crown and a golden sceptre to make

a King and Queen; they may have all these and fail dismally.

It is hearts and not crowns that make real monarchs.

And Canada has a Queen and King whose hearts are full of kindness and sympathy for every member of the vast domain.

So when they came to the Dominion we needed no vast armies to protect them from any threat of danger; our only fear is that in the exuberance of greeting we may be too welcoming.

From their landing at Quebec until they set sail for Motherland again they are the guests of a loyal, devoted Canada, of a people who regard them as their own King and Queen, of men and women who know well that a godly family lives in the palace, to rule in love and justice and truth.

In this visit Canada has caught another glimpse of two Great-hearts who rule by love, not force, and whose aim in life is to promote the well-being of their nation and good will among all peoples,

So Canada welcomes

Our King and Queen.

God save the King and Queen.

"FAITH"

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."—Shakespeare.

"Until belief becomes faith, and faith become spiritual understanding, human thought has little relation to the actual or divine."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear."—MacDonald.

"Faith is a higher faculty than reason."—Bailey.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Hebrews.

"Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right.

By these we reach divinity."—Donne.

THE STREETS OF AMERICA

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Main Street has long since become the traditional symbol of your town and mine. Common usage has associated the phrase with the principal thoroughfares of our largest cities and with the main streets of our smallest villages and hamlets.

The streets of America—city streets and town streets alike—are the chief arteries of the nation's trade, traffic and daily life. Some of them are busier than others, of course. Some of them have a charm all their own. Some are more famous than others, being familiar to Americans everywhere.

Broadway and New York City, for example, are synonymous terms. Mention the first and you at once associate it with Manhattan's crowded isle. The same is true of Beacon Street and Boston; of Canal Street and New Orleans; of Michigan Boulevard and Chicago; of Hollywood Boulevard and Los Angeles.

Some of the nation's streets are noted for their pulsing traffic stream, some for their lofty buildings, some for their tourist appeal and others for their literary associations. A few have witnessed events of great historic importance in the making of America. Many of them have seen the chief figures in American life pass along their pavements at some time or another.

A song gave widespread renown to the "sidewalk of New York." No less famous, however, are many of the streets in America's largest city.

Indeed, New York City probably contains more streets familiar to the

country at large than does any other American city. Some of these traverse veritable canyons of stone, steel and concrete, with sky-scraping buildings as the canyoned walls.

From the standpoint of automobile and pedestrian traffic, Broadway is perhaps the busiest of all streets in the country. Certainly it is the best known, from any standpoint.

Electricity made it a "Great White Way" without equal among the world's busy thoroughfares. Dazzling electric signs, some of them a block long, line Broadway for the twenty-seven blocks between Times Square and Columbus Circle. Altogether these signs contain 111,000 incandescent lamps and more than twenty-two miles of neon tubing.

When they are all in operation they use more than 3,250,000 watts of electricity an hour. That is easily enough to supply all the electrical needs of an average city of 12,000 persons!

Historic Wall Street is the financial center of the country. The volume of business transacted along this narrow street each weekday affects the daily lives of all parts of America.

Perhaps few streets in the United States enjoy a finer setting than Riverside Drive, with its parkway, its statues and its memorials of one kind and another. Beyond the parkway flows the Hudson River and beyond that the wooded ramparts of the Palisades rise sheer above the Jersey shore.

No street in Colonial America was

more famous than the High Street in William Penn's Philadelphia. Along its course passed almost all the figures prominent in the cause of the Continentals. Here history was made in a swift succession of events that transformed a group of colonies into a closely-knit republic destined to take its place in the forefront of nations.

Washington, Franklin, Lafayette walked along the High Street; so did Jefferson, Hamilton and Morris. Here marched the ragged Continentals, tired and weary but undismayed. No real American could walk the pavement of the High Street today without reflecting on the past!

Few streets are now more cosmopolitan than Grant Avenue. In its brief journey across downtown San Francisco it traverses a section of the city's shopping center, pierces the heart of the largest Chinatown in America and enters the famed

Latin Quarter that is more generally known as "Little Italy." Two cathedrals—one Chinese and one Italian—flank Grant Avenue in its crosstown journey.

Busy Main Street in downtown Los Angeles was just that in the old days. It was the first street in the village of Los Angeles a century and a half ago, its houses peopled by Mexicans and Spaniards. The Mexican quarter is still there, lined with the same sort of shops that might be seen in any Mexican town; its people costumed in typical Mexican garb.

A city has grown up around this particular Main Street, but a century and a half of change have failed to alter its aspect in the Mexican quarter. This part of the street is just as it was when Franciscan padres built the first of their California Missions.

THE RED VELVET HAT

By Mabel Williams German

Beth Mason looked with longing eyes into the little millinery shop window at the red-velvet hat which held the center of interest in the display. It was such a lovely shade, and the graceful brim was held in place with a jaunty quill. It was just what Beth needed to redeem the somberness of the two-year-old black dress, the only thing she had that was fit to wear to the class anniversary dinner the following week. Even the little touches of red which she had tried to brighten up the neck and sleeves of her good gown had not made it pretty. But with that hat to set it off she

would feel quite like the other girls. Of course she could not have it, that was perfectly clear, but it would do no harm to ask the price and try it on.

Beth entered the store and the young milliner herself came forward to wait on her. "I was looking at that red-velvet hat in the window. How much is it?"

"Oh! that is such a lovely hat, and only two ninety-eight. Won't you try it on?"

Beth took off the old dark-blue one. She had tried to change the shape a bit and had turned the faded ribbon, but it still looked shabby. Yes, the

red velvet perched on her dark curls was perfect—front, back and side views were all correct—but with a sigh she took it off. “Yes, it is lovely, but I can’t have now. Perhaps a little later—”

“But Miss, it will probably be gone by that time. See, it was five dollars, but we are having a sale this week, and this is a special. It is very reasonable. Would you like to pay a deposit on it and get it a week from now?”

“No; I know I could not do that. It is very nice but I can’t have it.”

She reluctantly put on the old one and slowly left the store mortified that she could not afford to buy it and blaming herself for wanting it so intensely.

Beth was bound on a distasteful errand, and at twenty-two unpleasant things loom large. The savings bank held the two thousand dollar mortgage on their little home, and the interest of fifty dollars was due today. There was only thirty dollars in Beth’s purse to pay on account, and that had been accumulated by dint of much stretching and skimping.

Now she was on her way to the bank to ask an extension of time, and she dreaded the interview. Her sensitive soul rebelled at telling of their financial straits, and she would not plead her illness or the large family or the increased cost of food as an excuse. But she could show the paid tax bill and tell how the terribly cold winter was making sad inroads on the coal bin. With father in the Perrysburg Hospital vainly trying to get well, and mother working from eleven o’clock to nine in the Family Cafeteria, Beth could not be spared to earn anything herself. She was the oldest of five. Jack and June, the twins, were twelve and still in the grade school;

Paul, sixteen, had two years more to go to high school and little Beatrice, just turned nine, was a sweet, delicate little creature whom Beth must give a great deal of care and love lest the dreaded disease which father was fighting be passed on to her.

Five years ago the Masons had been in very comfortable circumstances. Then father’s office work had proved too much for his weak lungs and he had been obliged to take out-of-door work at a very small salary. When the City Clinic ordered him to Perrysburg, mother felt that Beth should not be the only wage earner—that was her responsibility. So Beth gave up her work in a store to stay at home. She never complained, but sometimes she did long for the pretty things and the good times that other girls enjoyed. To be sure there was one advantage of mother’s working in the cafeteria; every night when the counters were cleared all the unsold food was for sale to the employees at greatly reduced prices, and mother usually brought home almost enough to feed her hungry brood.

Beth had been the secretary of the Helpful Bible Class for three years, and the understanding teacher, Miss Alexander, had asked her to accept a complimentary ticket to the annual dinner as a slight return for her faithful services. Beth was too sensible to refuse to go because her clothes were shabby, but on this, their twelfth anniversary, she was almost tempted to decline. It would be held in a fine downtown hotel and she knew some of the fifty-two members would wear formal evening gowns, although the majority must wear their “best dress” and hat. Oh if she could only have that red-velvet hat for this one great occasion!

As she neared the bank she saw Dot Hammond coming toward her and greeted her with a smile. "Hello, Dot. Are you home from college at this time of year? I thought you were at Ann Arbor."

"Well, I was last semester, but dad could not see his way clear to letting me go back. You know the depression has knocked the jewelry business sky high and his investments all went wrong, and two of his houses are vacant, and—"

But Beth was not hearing her—her eyes were fixed on what was happening right at the curb in front of the bank.

A magnificent limousine had stopped and the chauffeur was bringing forth a folding wheel chair which he set right beside the car door. Both recognized the occupant as the wealthy Mrs. Bently. Everybody in the town knew her—brave soul. She had been crippled by a fall in her own home five years before and was destined never to walk again. Did that crush her? No, indeed! After the first shock was over she began to plan her life on a different basis. Her keen mind refused to be warped or handicapped by her physical infirmities and, although she might not travel as she had in years past, there was still much for which to live at fifty-eight, and her valiant spirit sought to prove that she could rise above her difficulties.

A large car had been secured for her, and a clever device was arranged in the back space. By it a small leather seat was raised and made to swing outward. The faithful chauffeur had only to turn a crank a few times and out came the little lady from the car and was safely deposited in the wheel chair. Then the chains

were detached from the seat and she was wheeled wherever she wished to go. Mrs. Bently always dressed in white, from the becoming felt hat and the ermine coat to the dainty slippers on her small feet, and as Beth watched, Tommy spread a white fur rug over her knees. Evidently she was going into the bank, and Beth wanted to get a closer view so she said a hasty "goodby" to Dot and moved nearer. Just then a ragged little urchin, dragging behind him an overloaded cart, came from the opposite direction. It was piled high with broken wood and boxes—fuel for the stove in some poor home. Beth thought with gratitude that her brothers had not come to that yet, and she prayed they never would.

As Tommy turned Mrs. Bently's chair around to draw it up the two steps into the bank, the small boy, who was not noticing where he was going, but trying to steady the tottering load with one hand, walking backward, ran headlong into the chair. Beth, on the other side, hastened forward just in time or Mrs. Bently, chair and all, would have landed on the sidewalk. As it was there was a grand spill of boy, boxes, cart and wood. In a moment a crowd gathered and a policeman rushed up and took hold of the boy. Then Mrs. Bently spoke. "Please, officer, there is no harm done. Do not frighten the child. I did not quite go over, thanks to this young lady. Let the little chap go. I'm all right."

The policeman touched his cap. "Well perhaps it is all right, but these kids are so careless. Where'd did you get that stuff, anyhow Steal it?"

"Naw, I didn't. The A.&P. store down on the Terrace lets me git a lot every time I go there. They're glad

to git rid of it.

"Where you takin' it?"

"Home—Smith Street."

Mrs. Bently said, "Well, if that poor child is dragging that load all the way from the Terrace to Smith Street he at least deserves to go in peace. I would rather see you try to help him gather it up than to arrest him."

"If that's the way you feel about it, madam, all right." And the officer of the law walked away. The boy was righting the flimsy wagon and piling on the scattered wood again. Beth leaned solicitously over Mrs. Bently. "Are you sure you are not hurt?" she asked.

"My dear, I am not hurt, but I have you to thank that I am not."

"Oh, no. Don't thank me, Mrs.—Bently. Thank the red-velvet hat," laughed Beth.

"Hat?" she said inquiringly, looking at the girl's shabby head covering.

"Yes. You see, if I had not stopped to try on that lovely hat at Fraden's I would not have been right here when you needed me."

"Did you want the hat? And did you buy it?"

A shadow crossed the girl's face as she answered, "Well, yes, I did want it, but I did not buy it."

"Why not?"

Beth did not have time to answer, for Tommy was trying to draw the chair up the steps, and in an instant the girl's strong arms were ready. She laid her worn purse in Mrs. Bently's lap and taking hold of the lower wheels aided in getting the chair into the bank. Tommy thanked her, and with a nod and a smile she was turning away when Mrs. Bently said, "I do not know who you are, but you look like someone I have in my memory. Who is it?"

"Perhaps it is mother. She works as cashier in the Family Cafeteria. You may have seen her there."

"No, my dear; I've not been in a cafeteria since I was hurt five years ago. Your father? Do you look like him?"

Beth blushed. "They say I do, but he is very good-looking man—or, he was, before he was taken ill."

"Is his name Mason?"

"Yes; he is Franklin Mason. Do you know him?" But the woman asked another question.

"Did he ever work at a gas-filling station at Amherst and Elmwood Streets?"

"Yes. For over a year after he had to give up his office work, he took that out-of-door job, hoping he would get well; but it did not help him and now he at Perrysburg."

"Oh! how sad. I'll tell you why I remember him so well. I never forget a face, and I never forget a kindness either. When I was hurt I felt as if life would not be worth living if I had to stay shut up in the house all the time. I had always been so active, traveling every winter all over Europe or the Orient, and to sit still and do nothing for the rest of my life seemed tragic. My dear son was living then, and he and a machanic worked out this device for the car so that I could get around. It was very cleverly done. One hot summer night I was returning from a long trip with Chauffeur Tommy and he wanted gas and there was something that needed to be fixed at the rear of the car. He drove into the garage and a fine-looking attendant came to the window and called me by name and asked if the journey had tired me. Tommy went across the street to get some stamps at a drug store, leaving the door open, for it

was very hot inside the car. I sat there alone while the man was working at the back. Then he must have gone after a tool when a rough-looking fellow came swaggering in and said: "This that new-fangled car what grabs the lady up and swings her into a chair, ain't it? Let's see how it works." He reached in the door and began to turn the handle. I was terrified, for it was new then and I was helpless to defend myself and it was dark.

"I called loudly, and it must have been your father who came running to me. The man had already swung me out of the door, but your father gave him a push backward and said, 'Here, Mike, get away from there; do you want to hurt Mrs. Bently?' So Mike stumbled off mumbling something about wanting to see how the thing worked.

"Your father was very kind. He brought me a glass of water and a bottle of smelling salts. When Tommy returned, explained that when he went inside to get a wrench, the telephone rang and he had to answer it. That half-witted Mike would never have ventured into the garage had not your father been out of sight.

"I have never forgotten the name nor the face of my rescuer. And now, child, tell me why you did not buy the red-velvet hat."

Beth laughed. "I had not the price—two ninety-eight was quite beyond me, for I'm here now to ask for an extension of time on our mortgage interest. Fifty dollars is due today, but I have only thirty toward it."

"Did you want the hat for some special occasion?"

"Yes; my Bible class anniversary dinner comes next Tuesday. I am secretary and they are kind enough

to invite me in return for my services."

Mrs. Bently seemed to consider a minute and then she said, "I have some influence here at the bank. I think I can fix the extension of time for you if you will go with me to Mr. Davis' desk."

She turned to the chauffeur, "Tommy, over there to the mortgage department." As Beth walked beside the chair she said: "It is strange how apparently unimportant things really affect our lives. As you have said, it was the red-velvet hat that delayed you this morning, so I find myself indebted to you as well as to your father—to say nothing of a hat." Then she added with a smile, "Well you sit here for a minute while I go in and talk with Mr. Davis?"

Beth sat in a large armchair near the door of the luxuriously furnished office. Perhaps the dreaded interview might not be so bad after all if Mrs. Bently paved the way. And while she waited a brilliant thought came to her. She had reluctantly promised to be on the program committee for the dinner. Could this talented woman be induced to come and speak to the class on that great occasion and tell them about her varied travels in foreign countries? Perhaps she could bring a message of cheer and fortitude in adversity and give the girls a picture of what real courage was. Did she dare to ask another favor? Well, she was surely brave enough to try. Then Tommy beckoned her into the room and an elderly man rose to greet her.

"Mrs Bently has told me some of the circumstances, and we are inclined to be lenient when illness or misfortune prevents our clients from meeting their obligations on time. I see by your record that this is the

first time you have had to ask an extension, and that your taxes are paid promptly. I will give you three months longer. Would that help a little?"

Beth tried to stammer her thanks as she offered the carefully hoarded thirty dollars on account. She was trying to thank Mrs. Bently, too, when that good lady drew from her purse a five-dollar note. "Here, Miss Mason, you are to run along now and buy that hat. It would never do to let it adorn a less worthy head—and get a nice pair of gloves to go with it."

Beth shook her head. "I really could not accept it and use it for myself when I owe it to the bank."

Mr. Davis interrupted, "Don't let that worry you. If Mrs. Bently says you should have a new hat, of course you should."

Still the girl hesitated. "I—I really did nothing to earn it, and now you see—there is something I'd rather have than the hat—I mean—if you want to do something for me—not as pay, for I did nothing for you, but just as favor—would you, or could you, come to our anniversary dinner next Tuesday and tell us something of your travels and about your brave outlook on life? It is to be at the Fairfield Hotel at seven o'clock and I am on the program committee. We would love to have you—"

"My dear, you have paid me a charming compliment and I accept with the greatest of pleasure. I love young people, and it is an inspiration to look into their interested faces. Any girl who would rather have an invalid for a speaker than a new hat is mots unusual. You helped me in time of need and so I want to do something now for you. No kindness is ever wasted. It is like every other invest-

ment and must draw a sort of interest. Perhaps the one who receives the kindness can never repay the giver but the debt remains the same. It may be passed on to someone else and the longer the time, the greater the debt. I cannot return your father's kindness to him, but I can give you a red-velvet hat. Now you go and buy it before someone else snaps it up and the next time you see a cart full of boxes, look around for a helpless woman to save."

Beth said laughingly, "Please do not ask me to take the hat instead of the pleasure of having you speak to us, and I cannot accept both. Thank you so much for all you have done for me, and I hope to see next Tuesday at seven. Goodby."

Mrs. Bently reluctantly put the money back into her bag and said to Mr. Davis, "That girl deserves a halo as well as a new hat."

Strange as it may seem, just as Mrs. Mason was leaving the house the next morning she saw a delivery boy coming up the steps but she had no time to find out what was inside the big box he was bringing. When Beth opened it she found not only the red-velvet hat but a pair of gloves and a frilly lace collar, and with them Mrs. Bently's card, which bore the simple words, "From the one who is delighted to call you friend."

So Beth went to the dinner looking as nice as anybody and Mrs. Bently charmed all the girls with her talk on Egypt and the Holy Land and her trip to Russia and Norway. But the happiest moment Beth had was when she wrote a long letter to her father and told him how the kindness he had rendered a customer four years before had been passed on to her "with interest."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Query and the Indian Cottage boys have been working at a pretty rapid pace all the week, giving all the boys of our large "family" of nearly five hundred a neat hair-cut.

We recently noticed the farm boys getting ready to plant our Fall gardens. Such produce as turnips, beans, tomatoes, late "roastin' ears", cabbage and other green Fall crops will be planted.

Our textile plant is temporarily at a stand-still, due to the fact that the supply of warps is exhausted. The beams are being re-filled at Cannon Plant No. 6, Concord, and our looms will be running again in a few days

The barn force has been busy for the past few days gathering Irish potatoes. They are being stored in the new work barn. Due to the extreme dry weather, coming at the time the young potatoes were forming, **this year's crop is considerably smaller** than was expected.

Our new cannery is now in operation. Some government equipment, recently secured through the North Carolina Highway Department, has been installed. This is being operated by steam, coming from a boiler located in the building, and is a decided improvement over the old method used here for many years.

Preparations are being made for carrying out the annual typhoid vaccinations among the boys. There will be about two hundred boys to take this treatment, beginning next Mon-

day. Dr. Bethel and other members of the Cabarrus County Health Department, assisted by Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse, will administer the vaccine.

Since the 10th of July, the date set for the boys to go home or other placements made, twenty have been allowed to leave the School on conditional release. Fifteen of them were allowed to go during the first two days of this period. Quite a few remain on the approved list, and all of them have a "whether eye" cast toward the office for the signal to get ready to go.

Last Thursday night the feature on our weekly motion picture program was "Sergeant Murphy", a Warner Brothers production. This was the story of a horse, which was tried out in various branches of military service, but, failing to qualify, was given training for the race track, finally winning several big events, both at home and abroad. Boys are great lovers of animals, and it is needless to say that the lads at the School thoroughly enjoyed this picture.

News was received at the School yesterday that Jack Carter, formerly of Cottage No. 10, was drowned in a pond near Shelby. He and another lad were fishing last Wednesday, when Jack decided to take a swim. According to his companion, Jack went under immediately after diving in, going out of sight before help could get to him, his body being recovered about one o'clock Thursday afternoon. We were very sorry to hear of the

fatal accident to this lad, and wish to take this opportunity to convey our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing members of his family.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the parable of the talents, as recorded in the 25th chapter of Matthew, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Why Wrong Is Wrong."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Hughes stated that there are two great questions which come to every boy: (1) Why do we have law?; (2) Why are there right and wrong things? When a boy asks why a certain thing is wrong, he is quite often told that it is against the law or that the Bible says it is wrong, but such answers are not very satisfactory.

Speaking of law, said the speaker, we first see it as it applies to little babies. The right sort of mother is always training her child not to be allowed to have its own way. A little baby has not come to understanding of things; it always wants things it should not have. As a tot, it is like a little grasping animal, but it later grows up and develops a human spirit. When we grow and learn that others have rights and keep that idea in mind, we do not need the laws as we did as children.

There are lot of human beings in the world, continued Rev. Mr. Hughes, and it is necessary that we have laws to govern them. When people do as they please, they become selfish—they care nothing for the rights of others. A foreigner, com-

ing to make his home in this country, may wonder why we have such a set of laws, but he soon learns that it is for his own good that he is compelled to abide by them. After he thoroughly understands this, he doesn't need laws. Right here in this School, said the speaker, in the school room, at work or on the athletic field, there must be certain rules to guide the boys, showing them how to live right, or else the work of the institution would amount to nothing. Boys must be trained that they cannot be selfish, but must think of their fellow men if they are to become good citizens.

There are two kinds of wrong-doing, said the speaker. The first comes under the heading called viciousness, which means vice or evil-doing. It means that we place ourselves in this class when we want to follow the animal spirit in us; that we are reverting to type. He then told of an American, visiting in Russia, who noted how slowly the Russian people worked, in this instance it was in a ship-yard. He said that a group of Americans could work so much better and quicker, and persuaded the Czar to let him bring in a group of his countrymen to do the work. The request was granted, but these Americans, seeing others taking it so easy, soon reverted to type, and became just as lazy as the Russians. When we fail to go forward toward the right, we revert back to the animal in us, and sometimes commit most vicious deeds. These are sins of commission.

The next class of people is called the good-for-nothing class, said the speaker. They are like the man in the Scripture Lesson who did not use his talent. This kind of wrong-

doing is called sins of omission. Boys right here in this School have various talents. If they try to develop that talent for certain kinds of work, they will be sure to establish a very good record while at the institution, and upon leaving, are bound to develop into citizens of the highest type. Such boys are the ones who do not hide their talents.

Another great thing in the development of youth, said the speaker, is what we call team-play. In a baseball game when eight men play and one does not, the game is spoiled. When all players forget the people in the grandstand; forget self

and work for the team, everything will be all right. They will either emerge victorious or make the opposing players know they have been in a real game.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that the worst failures among people today are those who have talents and do not use them. We see the government taking care of thousands who are just too lazy to work. When we have talents and fail to use them, we are committing sins of omission; and when we just wilfully defy all law and do as we please, we are guilty of committing sins of commission.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending July 9, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Quentin Crittenton
- Thomas Fields
- (4) Clyde Gray 4
- (3) James Hodges 3
- (6) Gilbert Hogan 6
- (6) Leon Hollifield 6
- Frank Johnston
- (3) Edward Johnson 3
- (4) Frank May 4
- (2) Robert Maples 4
- Oscar Smith
- C. L. Snuggs 5
- (4) Thomas Turner 4

COTTAGE No. 1

- Clinton Call
- (2) Robert Coleman 3
- (6) Henry Cowan 6
- William Freeman 4
- (2) Bruce Link 2
- (2) Feldman Lane 4
- (3) Troy Powell 5

- Horace Journigan
- Clay Mize 2
- (2) Jerry Smith 3
- Lee Watkins
- Edward Warnock 3
- Latha Warren 2
- (2) Everett Watts 2
- William Whittington 4
- (4) William Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 3
- George Cooke 3
- J. W. Crawford
- John T. Godwin 3
- Julian T. Hooks 4
- (5) William Padrick 5
- Nick Rochester 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 4
- (2) Robert Atwell 5
- (4) Earl Barnes 5

- Wayne Collins 3
 (2) Herman Cherry 5
 (4) Coolidge Green 5
 Douglas Matthews 4
 (6) F. E. Mickle 6
 Grady Pennington 2
 (4) Harrison Stilwell 5
 (2) John Robertson 5
 (6) Jerome Wiggins 6
 (2) Earl Weeks 4

COTTAGE No. 4

- (6) James Hancock 6
 William C. Jordan 2
 (2) John King 2
 (5) James Land 5
 (6) Ivan Morrozoff 6
 Edward McGee 2
 J. W. McRorrie 2
 (3) George Newman 5
 (3) Fred Pardon 4
 (4) Henry Raby 4
 (2) Robert Simpson 4
 (6) Hyress Taylor 6
 (6) Melvin Walters 6
 (3) Leo Ward 5
 John Whitaker
 (6) James Wilhite 6
 (4) Samuel Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 5

- J. C. Branton 4
 Collett Cantor 3
 (5) Lindsey Dunn 5
 (4) A. C. Elmore 5
 J. C. Ennis 4
 Monroe Flinchum
 (3) William Kirksey 3
 (6) Everett Lineberry 6
 Ivey Lunsford
 (2) Paul Lewallen 2
 (3) Samuel Montgomrey 3
 Wiliam Nichols 3
 Richard Starnes 4
 Elmer Talbert 3
 (4) Marvin Wilkins 5
 (6) George Wright 6

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 5
 (2) Martin Crump 4
 Columbus Hamilton 2
 Leo Hamilton 2
 (2) Thomas Hamilton 3
 Randall D. Peeler 3
 Melvin Stines 2
 (2) Joseph Tucker 4

- Carl Ward 2
 George Wilhite 4
 William Wilson
 Woodrow Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 7

- (5) Carl Breece 5
 (6) John Deaton 6
 (4) James H. Davis 4
 (6) Hugh Johnson 6
 Robert Lawrence 2
 Graham Sykes 3
 (2) Carl Ray 2

COTTAGE No. 8

- Jack Crawford 3
 (2) Clyde Hillard 5
 Samuel Kirksey 4

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 4
 (4) J. T. Branch 5
 (2) Clifton Butler 5
 (6) James Butler 6
 (2) Roy Butner 5
 (6) James Bunnell 6
 (6) Edgar Burnette 6
 (2) Carrol Clark 4
 Henry Coward 3
 (4) Frank Glover 5
 C. D. Grooms 5
 (3) Osper Howell 5
 (6) Lonnie Roberts 6
 (6) Thomas Sands 6
 (2) Luther Wilson 5
 (3) Thomas Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 10

- (4) Jack Norris 5

COTTAGE No. 11

- (6) J. C. Allen 6
 (6) Harold Bryson 6
 (6) Charles Frye 6
 (2) Bazterae
 (2) Baxter Foster 5
 (6) Earl Hildreth 6
 (2) Ballard Martin 3
 (2) Edward Murray 5
 Julian Merritt 2
 (6) Fred Owens 6
 (2) Julius Stevens 3
 (5) Thomas Shaw 5

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 4
 (6) Jack Batson 6
 Ben Cooper 3

- (2) William C. Davis 3
- Howard Devlin 4
- (2) Woodrow Hager 4
- (2) Joseph Hall 4
- (2) Charlton Henry 5
- (2) Richard Honeycutt 4
- (2) S. E. Jones 4
- (2) Tillman Lyles 4
- (2) Avery Smith 5
- (4) Ralph Sorrells 4

COTTAGE No. 13

- (4) Frank Cotter 4
- Jack Foster 2
- (2) Merritt Gibson 2
- (6) William Griffin 6
- (5) James V. Harvel 5
- James Lane 2
- (2) Douglas Mabry 3
- Jack Mathis 4
- (4) Irvin Medlin 5
- (4) Thomas R. Pitman 5
- (6) Alexander Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Monte Beck 4
- Mack Coggins 3
- (3) Delphus Dennis 5
- (3) Audie Farthing 3

- John Kirkman
- (2) Richard Patton 2
- (3) Charles Steepleton 5
- (3) Howard Todd 4
- Garfield Walker 4
- (3) Junior Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Howard Bobbitt 3
- Horace Branch 3
- (3) William Cantor 5
- (2) Sidney Delbridge 2
- (3) Clifton Davis 5
- (2) Clarence Gates 4
- (2) Hoyt Hollifield 4
- (2) Albert Hayes 4
- (3) Ira Settle 5
- (3) Earl Watts 4
- (2) James Watson 4
- (2) William Young 4

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 2
- (2) Philip Holmes 4
- (6) Warren G. Lawry 6
- (3) Filmore Oliver 5
- (3) Thomas Oxendine 5
- (3) Curly Smith 5
- (6) Ross Young 6

Horace D. Pickard, recognized father of the nation wide traffic safety patrol system for school children in the United States, will be remembered as the sponsor of a youth movement as wholesome and constructive as the Boy Scouts. In only a few years under the encouragement of the American Automobile Association, the highway patrol has reached into 3,000 communities for an enrollment of 275,000 active school pupils, who, through actual policing services and as educators in the rudiments of highway safety have undoubtedly assured the safety of thousands of their schoolmates.

In its broadest signification, the youth patrol is laying the foundations of civic responsibility, striking a contrast between peaceful ways of public service and the militaristic training of the younger generation with rifle and bayonet. The nation's attention being riveted these days upon the "world of tomorrow," the modern youth movement assumes vast importance as a primary step toward building safety into "the highways of tomorrow." During the last year thirty-five governors have publicly commended the work of this junior safety army—a striking tribute to the manly young fellows in white belts who see their smaller schoolmates safely across the streets and to the man who launched this excellent activity.—Selected.

JUL 24 1939

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 22, 1939

No. 29

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LOOK UP

I saw a little muddy stream
That turned to fairest blue,
Because the surface caught the gleam
Of heaven's azure blue.
And so this life, whate'er it be,
Might turn to heaven fair,
If we would lift our eyes and see
The beauty everywhere.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

ADEQUATE SLEEP A NECESSITY

Sleep is nature's way of breaking up our body's everlasting activities and thus replenishing the tired-out organs with new energies.

When the body manifests fatigue, it is an indication that the blood stream is laden with poisonous matter. In order to eliminate this accumulated poison from our body, sleep as an interval of rest, furnishes that opportunity.

Thus rest and sleep are the only two things that will restore to the body its original buoyancy and alertness. Fatigue may come from over-work, hard work, poor ventilation and lack of fresh air, over-heating, speed-up and a weakened system due to illness. Whatever the cause of fatigue may be, rest and sleep must be looked for as a first aid.

Nervous exhaustion is apt to occur partly because of a very active brain. In order to spare our nerves and not fall a prey to a complete breakdown, we should sleep the normal eight hours every night and sleep well. Besides the elimination of poisonous matter from our body during sleep, the digestive system requires rest and takes it best while we sleep.—Selected.

ROTH BUILDING

The dedicatory exercises of the Roth Building carries us back to 1909, Walter Thompson, superintendent, and this occasion was of unusual joy especially for those who were struggling to carry the institution beyond the experimental stage. This building served as the industrial unit up to the time the Swink-Benson Trades Building was made possible by the generosity of W. J. Swink, China Grove, Rowan County, but a son of Cabarrus County.

The Roth Building served its day, and many boys were trained to manipulate the linotype machine, also directed in "shoe-fixery" under a skilled workman and the machine shop was supervised by A. R. Johnson, who was a distinct honor to the craft. Besides one room was

used as a school room, having at that time no other place to teach the boys the fundamentals of an education.

If possible to throw the many scenes on a screen as fast as they come in mind one would readily see and know the hazardous task of building an institution of this kind.

The preliminary work prior to the gift of the Roth Building makes an interesting story. The Uplift, the mouth-piece of the school carried a short article as to the needs of such a building, and the closing thought of the appeal was—"we know that there is some one in the state who will give funds for the same", or words to that effect.

Shortly thereafter Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin, N. C., appeared and announced, "we read your appeal and are here to help in this magnificent work." Was there joy in the camp? My! the joy written in the faces of the superintendent and others could not have been greater if the gift had been ten times larger.

To make a long story short, we take this opportunity to relate that the Roth Building has come into its own, answering the purpose for which it was intended. It is the textile unit where many boys will be taught the rudiments of one of the greatest industries of this period of history.

The gift of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth was the first gift to the school, and it gave hope for the future of the institution. Since, Mr. Roth, the gentle spirited gentleman that he was, has passed to his reward, but Mrs. Roth has been spared, serving wherever duty calls. We welcome a visit from her so that she may see the fruits of her most generous spirit.

* * * * *

BASTILLE DAY

This day to all French people is suggestive of a great change in the history of France. The bastille speaks of the prison life of a certain class who were subjected to punishment for the least provocation. All French people, and especially in Paris, celebrate "Bastille Day", July the fourteenth. This year will carry elaborate festivities due to the fact it is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the fall of the bastille in the year of 1789. A short, but very informative story of the fall of the bastille is carried in this issue of

the Uplift. The story makes most interesting reading, telling conditions of France over a century past.

The following resume taken from an exchange tells that on May 5th, France began a three months' celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the French Revolution. Tourists will witness the revival of the songs, poems, games and dances of 1789, also rich exhibits of revolutionary documents and other relics.

Where the "Liberty Oaks" were planted one hundred and fifty years ago in every French city and village there is great rejoicing wherever a surviving tree stands.

Five great national celebrations "will be staged to mark the outstanding dates of the great summer of 1789.

The date of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man", June 23rd, which owed its inspiration to our "Declaration of Independence"; then July 14, Bastile Day" is significant of our Fourth of July.

The "Declaration of the Rights of Man" means the attempt to abolish social and class inequalities, but the question now is—how about the closed doors to a certain race looking for homes. Are we practicing just the thing we preach?

* * * * *

ART TREASURES GIVEN

The National Art Gallery made possible by the gift of \$15,000,000 from Andrew W. Mellon received from Samuel H. Kress a collection of art treasures that experts think will make the new national art gallery one of the world's outstanding centers for the study of Italian masters. The gift has been estimated to be worth from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

S. H. Kress, New York merchant, one of the wizards of the five and ten cent stores throughout the land has spent years quietly studying and collecting works of art of the Italian schools. It has been announced by competent judges that the Kress collection represents the true art of the Italian schools.

These pictures were taken from the Kress home, the thought that prompted the gift was that the paintings would be preserved to the end of time by having a permanent home.

While Kress was making his millions he was obsessed with a vision for the beautiful, and the desire to make the world better by having

lived in it. This gift is proclaimed by President Roosevelt as "a decided step in the realization of the true purpose of the national art gallery." This gift marks the first important step toward achieving Mellon's objective of setting up a monument to art that would attract the donation of other works held in private homes. Kress has given an example which may well be followed by others of our countrymen, who have in their stewardship art treasures which might also happily find a permanent home in the art gallery.

* * * * *

TO CONVERSE WELL IS AN ART

To be a smooth conversationalist is an art and a real joy to any social gathering. It is not the diction that always attracts, but the art of choosing subjects that are both pleasing and uplifting. Moreover, another most valuable asset to enhance a pleasing personality is to emphasize the beauty and big things of life. Those who see only the weak and untractive things lose out socially. They are not sought.

We illustrate as to the way things are seen by different persons in the story of the geologist, the artist and the flapper who visited the Niagara Falls. The geologist saw enough to write an interesting book, the artist drank in the beauty of the place and painted a lovely picture and the flapper gave out all that was in her narrowed vision, saying "Gee! ain't it cute?" The latter viewed things microscopically, seeing neither the grandeur, the power nor the beauty of the largest cataract in the world.

If we know anything of child life at all we understand that the elephant of the circus, the biggest thing of the show, always gives the child a thrill. Again the little child teaches a lesson. He sees the big things and they always attract attention.

If interesting to others, we have to be interested so as to transmit the worthwhile things to the elimination of all that counts for naught. Another bore to society is the egotist, one who talks of self all the time. This class usually monopolizes the conversation just to attract attention, but it is the sort of attention that politeness compels one to endure.

The egotist brings to mind the story of the flea and the elephant that walked side by side crossing the bridge. After passing over

the bridge, the flea said to the elephant, "boy, we sure did shake that thing." Well, variety is the spice of life. Society is made up of all kinds and conditions of people. Therefore, the world is a stage and all of us play some part in the drama of life.

* * * * *

THE PRESENT TROUBLE IN THE WORLD

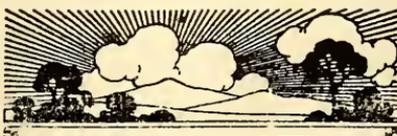
Some unnamed person is credited with saying that the cause of all the trouble in the world is in the hands of 1,200 or 1,500 men. That these men were in a position of responsibility and authority, and that they held the policies of the world in their hands today. Also, that this power was wielded for personal advantage, in spite of the desires of the two classes of people, one representing democracy and the other totalitarian government, each desiring universal peace and prosperity. The best way to settle these disputes is to put the 1500 leaders of unrest in the battle front with bayonets. There would be less talk of war, and peace without guns would prevail.

* * * * *

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE

This is what the Asheville Citizen states concerning the sweet spirit exhibited by a Catholic Orphanage:

North Carolina will be proud of the fact that an orphanage within her borders was the first in the country to come forward with a wholesale offer to take in two hundred refugee children. If the pending legislation permitting the entry of German orphans in the United States in limited number passes, the Catholic Orphanage at Raleigh will open its doors regardless of the religious creed of the children cast out by the Nazi terror. The sight of such a universal concept of love must be pleasing to Heaven.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

IF I KNEW YOU

"If I knew you and you knew me,
 'Tis seldom we would disagree;
 But, never having yet clasped hands,
 Both often fail to understand
 That each intends to do what's right,
 And treat each other 'honor bright,'
 How little to complain there'd be
 If I knew you and you knew me.
 How little to complain there'd be

The more the grass grows the
 mower pushing has to be done.

One of the hardest things in life is
 trying to say something you cannot
 say.

"Change all around I see," except
 in the pockets of a great many peo-
 ple.

A man's sins may be forgiven, and
 forgotten, but they will surely find
 him out if he runs for office.

Many people who are "just tickled
 to death" generally live after the
 tickling is over, without ill effect.

A novelist says that "women love
 babies still." There are a great many
 people who love them that way, too;
 but they so seldom are.

When some people come to the con-
 clusion that they are fooling other
 people, they are only fooling them-

selves, and turn out to be the biggest
 fools of the whole business.

It is stated that the burning ques-
 tion at Washington now seems to be
 whether to take relief out of politics
 or politics out of relief. I would sug-
 gest that they do both.

Being poor has its compensations
 as well as the joys of the rich. One
 is the thrill you get out of finding a
 dime in the pocket of an old suit. It
 is a cheering omen.

Some people, when things are con-
 tinually going wrong with them, be-
 moan their fate and call themselves
 Jonahs. They should remember that
 Jonah came out all right.

A newspaper says that "When a
 man removes his hat while talking to
 a lady—well, he's got something
 there." Either a fine head of hair, a
 bald pate, or trying to head her off in
 argument.

"I will try" is a good motto for any
 one. But leave off the word "try" and
 you make better by one hundred per
 cent. Follow it up and you come out
 more than conqueror in what ever you
 do.

The longer you live the more you
 will be convinced that there is no such

thing as getting something for nothing. The more it is attempted the greater will be the disillusion to those who try it.

There is an old saying that "if you make a better mouse trap than any body else you'll have a path to your door." You don't have to make mouse traps to do that now. Just neglect to settle those easy payments and you'll soon have a well-beaten path to your door.

If you are not interested in your job, and perform it half-heartedly, something is wrong somewhere, even if the job is of an humble nature. It is possible that something is not in the job, but in you. Always strive to do your best, under all circumstances, and see where that renewed interest leads you. To better things.

Some people are greatly mistaken in believing that the world owes them a living. They owe the world a living. And it must be paid in working—by the sweat of your brow. People who rely on collecting from the world without work will some day wake up

to find they are working for those who do not have that idea and are getting somewhere because they are hustling.

I Know What I Know

I do not profess to know everything. There are many things I think, others believe, but there are at least three vital things I really know, and believe to be as sure as that I am living today.

I know it is always better to do right than to do wrong. Under all all circumstances and in any world this truth abides.

Furthermore, I know it is always better to be kind than to be cruel. It is better to love than to hate. All kinds of people will respond to love more readily than to hate.

Finally, I know it is always better to believe than to doubt. Better to believe in conditions, in our leaders, in church and state, in our fellow-men. And best of all, it is better to believe in God and His superintending care than doubt Him and His providence. Jesus Christ believed in God and in His fellow-men. In that faith He lived and died, and in that faith He will ultimately conquer the world.

YOUR BETTER SELF

Every man is his own driver. When his Better Self keeps the reins, Ability and Talent are checked up and he moves ahead at a brisk pace.

But if he allows his weaker self to do the driving, the pace slackens—he begins to take it easy—discouragement creeps in—he gets so he "doesn't care" and soon heads for the bow-wows.

—Selected.

STATE UNIVERSITY IS PART OF CONSTITUTION OF 1776

By Dr. Kemp D. Battle, President of the University 1876-1891

The University of North Carolina is part of the constitution of the state adopted in 1776. The mandate was imposed on the general assembly, "All useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." It is a wonderful proof of the sagacity of our ancestors, that, amid the direful stress of war, they should provide for future generations.

Naturally during the anxieties and privations of the revolutionary period and unsettled times immediately succeeding, and then the absorbing struggle attending the adoption of a common government the university provisions slumbered. But when in November, 1789, after securing the promise of certain amendments which some considered necessary, North Carolina entered the American Union, the friends of higher education concluded to act. The chief of these patriotic men was William Richardson Davie, distinguished in the revolutionary war, afterwards governor and special ambassador to France, aiding to avert war with that powerful nation when guided by the genius Napoleon.

On December 11, 1789, a charter was granted, but no money. Gifts of certain claims were made, probably because the general assembly despaired of reducing them to money. One was "arrearages due from sheriffs and other officers" prior to January 1, 1783, none less than six years old, and some more.

Escheats were also granted, among

them land warrants voted to soldiers of the continental line, i. e., regulars, where the soldiers died without issue or did not appear to claim the bounty. There was a very large number of these, but there was a formidable difficulty in the way. The warrants were to be located in west Tennessee and the land on which they were to be located was claimed by the Chickasaw Indians and also by Tennessee—at first a territory and in 1796 admitted as a state—claimed all the lands in her borders. By sending Judge Murphey to interview her general assembly, and by the employment of able lawyers, the university after many years received over \$200,000 by way of compromise, part of which was secured at an earlier date and expended in erecting the Old West building, in adding a story to the Old East, and repairing the South building. The residue constituted the endowment lost in the wreck of the Civil War.

An informal meeting of the board of trustees was held, the speaker of the senate, Charles Johnson, presiding, on December 18, 1789. One of the trustees, Benjamin Smith, afterwards governor, through General William R. Davie, donated to the university warrants for 20,000 acres of land, part of which belonged to him as a Revolutionary soldier and the rest he had bought. They were unavailable for securing money, however, until the United States bought out the title of the tribe of the Chickasaw Indians, and Tennessee allowed

their location. These lands were sold in 1834 for \$14,000.

Successful steps were taken to raise money by subscription, the total receipts being \$6,464.76. The largest subscribers were Judge Alfred Moore of Brunswick and Willaim Cain of Orange, \$200 each. In December, 1791, the general assembly, by the powerful advocacy of Davie and others, was induced to lend the infant institution \$10,000 afterwards converted into a gift. It should be remembered that in those days, before railroads were invented and the dirt roads were even more execrable than now, money was excessively scarce.

On August 1, 1792, there was a well-attended board of trustees meeting brought together by special notice that the location would be made. It was resolved to select by ballots the centre of a circle 30 miles in diameter and locate the university in that circle. The winning point was Cyprett's (now Prince's) bridge over New Hope, on the road from Raleigh to Pittsboro. The committee of location was chosen by ballot. They were Fred Hargett, chairman, of Jones, William Porter of Rutherford, John Hamilton of Guilford, Alex Mebane of Orange, Willie Jones of Halifax, David Stone of Bertie, William H. Hill of New Hanover, James Hogg of Cumberland, (afterwards Orange). Hargett, Hill, Mebane, Stone and Jones acted. Only Cary and Haywood could be considered formidable rivals of Chapel Hill, which was chosen because of the more liberal donations of land, amounting to 1,280 acres, of which over 800 acres were in one body.

The cornerstone of the first building, the Old East, was laid with Masonic ceremony by Grandmaster William Richardson Davie, on October

12, 1793. The address was by an eminent preacher and teacher. Dr. Samuel E. McCorkle. A large and distinguished company was in attendance. On the day the lots in the village, which had been previously surveyed and plotted, were sold at auction for \$3,168. No descendant of any of those purchasers now owns a foot of land in the village.

Davie was imbued with prejudices against the business ability of clergymen. Other trustees agreed with him and as there was no laymen available it was resolved to have no president of the university, but only a presiding professor. Rev. David Kerr, an alumnus of Trinity college, Duplin, who had been a successful teacher and preacher in this state, was chosen.

The doors were opened for the reception of students January 15, 1795, and Governor Spaight with other state officers came to honor the occasion. It was a dismal time for there was a cold winter rain, and not one student.

Detained by the bad roads and swollen streams the first student came on the 12th of February. This was Hinton James, afterwards an engineer on the lower Cape Fear and member of the legislature from New Hanover. A fortnight later came two sons of Judge Alfred Moore, Maurice and Alfred, three sons of Robert H. Burton of Granville, Rutchins G., Robert H., and Francis; John Taylor, son of the steward, and Richard Eagles, a cousin of the Moores. By June the number was swelled to 40, and it became necessary to employ a tutor.

This tutor, Charles Wilson Harris, was a graduate of Princeton with high honor. He was a man of talents and polished manners. In a few

months he was elevated to the professorship of mathematics, and when Dr. Kerr resigned was made presiding professor. Dr. Kerr's enforced resignation was because he had imbibed infidel opinions, and was open in expressing them. When he had exchanged the ministry for the law, he was appointed by Jefferson, judge of the Mississippi territory..

Harris resigned, settled in Halifax, and was admitted by Governor Davie to a share in his large practice. With flattering prospects, he died early of pulmonary consumption. Before he left the university he induced the trustees to elect professor of mathematics, Joseph Caldwell, tutor in Princeton, a man of learning, ability, perseverance, and undaunted pluck.

Caldwell reached Chapel Hill on November 1, 1796, and until his death in January, 1835, was the soul of the university. Even when in 1813 upon his urgent request the trustees made Rev. Robert Chapman, of New York, president, he was the power greater than the president. On Chapman's resignation in 1816, the presidency was again passed upon him although he preferred his professorship of mathematics, his favorite study. From want of money and from the wild spirit of the age invading the student body even in what was called by William Dukinfield, "This remote and dormitory part of the universe," he had reverses, yet he had triumphs as well.

President Polk, Vice-President King Francis S. Hawks, Bishops Otey, Cicero Hawks, and Green, Dr. Robert Hall Morrison; Chief Justice Pearson, judges of the supreme court, Murphey, Toomer, Daniel, Battle, Rodman, Manly and Ashe; United States Senators Graham, Bedford Brown,

Mangum, Branch, Haywood, Clingman, Benton, Blair, King, Eaton, Nicholson; Cabinet officers, Morehead, Graham, Manly, Winslow, Clark, Polk, Aaron Brown, Mosely, Thompson, Eaton, Rencher, and many others, eminent in all professions and pursuits, were products in the part of his wise guidance and lofty example. He gathered around him professors of eminent merit; for example, William Bingham, the elder, founder of the Bingham school; Archibald Murphey, afterwards judge; Denison Olmsted, afterwards professor and author at Yale; Ethan A. Andrews, Latin scholar and author; Hentz, authority on insects, especially the Arachnidae; Elisha Mitchell, author and explorer; James Phillips, acute mathematician; Wilker Anderson, afterwards chief justice of Florida. Near the close of his life he built the first astronomical observatory connected with a university or college in the United States—abandoned after his death. He was an able pamphleteer in advocating the building of railroads and inauguration of the public school system. He was the scientific expert in tracing the boundary line between North Carolina and South Carolina. Having been trained at Princeton, Dr. Caldwell naturally caused the adoption of the ways of that college, and hence imported what is called the Latin, Greek and mathematics curriculum, superseding the scheme drawn up by Davie. This Davie scheme allowed free election of studies and is substantially in operation in the university at the present day. It was about 20 years in advance of Jefferson's at the University of Virginia, but Jefferson's was permanent—ours lasted less than 10 years.

David Lowery Swain succeeded to the presidency in 1836, and held it until

1868. He was for a short while a student of the university, had a brilliant career at the bar and in the legislature, was state solicitor, judge, and governor, and then at the age of 35 had charge of the university. He was eminent for a bright mind, pleasant, tactful manners, supplemented by a strong will, great kindness of heart and retentive memory. His knowledge of state history and family annals was a great help to him in his new duties. Careful and successful in the care of his own business, he carried economy into the management of the university. He gave the preference to the erection of new buildings rather than to the purchase of new books and apparatus for instruction. His policy, aided by the opening of railroad lines throughout the land, and the absence of Southern universities acceptable to the people, led to marked increase of numbers in the university. After 20 years there were nearly 500 students, 185 of whom were from other states. Then the disastrous war came on and the students rushed into the service with all the clan of southern temperament. The extent of this enthusiasm is indicated by the fact that of the younger alumni, from 1850 to 1862, 842 out of 1,528 entered the army, or 57 out of every 100. The university had in service one lieutenant general, one major general 50 colonels, 28 lieutenant colonels, 40 majors, 46 adjutants, 71 surgeons, 254 captains, 155 lieutenants, 38 non-commissioned officers, and 365 privates. Of these, 312, or 34 percent, lost their lives.

Out of a faculty of 14, six volunteered in the army, the others being clergyman or too old for service.

Notwithstanding these losses President Swain induced the trustees to

keep the doors open throughout the bitter struggle. The privations endured by the professors, on account of the depreciation of the currency with which their salaries were paid, were pitiable. In the fall of 1862 flour was \$18, in 1863 \$35, in 1864 \$125, and in March \$500 per barrel, and other necessities in like proportion.

After the war, though the resolution of President Swain was as strong as ever, matters grew worse rather than better. The insolvency of the Bank of North Carolina, in which the university owned stock, destroyed its investment and left it in debt \$110,000. The salaries of the faculty were paid in part. The professor of chemistry, Colonel W. J. Martin, was forced by necessity to resign. The professor of rhetoric (Hepburn), before the end of the war, for like reason, took charge of a congregation in Wilmington. Almost the only means of support of the faculty was tuition fees and there were few students. Even in the darkness President Swain resolved, as if by an object lesson, to bring the university again before the public. He induced the president of the United States, Andrew Johnson, with Secretary Seward, Postmaster-General Randall, and General Sichler to attend the commencement of 1867, as he had procured visits from President Polk in 1847 and President Buchanan in 1859. President Johnson, in answer to the speech of welcome, told how, when a lad, on his way to Tennessee on foot, he tramped through our main street and begged food and lodging in the dwelling of James Craig, and how the kindly Scotch-Irishman welcomed him to bed and board, and next morning filled his bag with savory viands to refresh

him on his long journey. Craig was entertaining not by any means an angel, but the executive head of the great republic of the world. His dwelling still stands, a modest reminder of the old days, at the west end of the village.

The final catastrophe was at hand. The reconstruction laws went into operation in 1868. The new constitution dispersed the old trustees and gave the nomination of the new trustees to the board of education, controlled entirely by Governor Holden, an enemy of the university as constituted. They promptly declared vacant the chairs of the faculty. President Swain was spared the humiliation of being forced to vacate his residence by meeting with a fatal accident from a runaway horse, dying August, 29, 1868. His wife removed to Raleigh and erected a handsome monument over his grave in Oakwood cemetery. His name and service were accorded the chief place in the stately Memorial hall commemorating the great men of the university.

Six months afterwards the new trustees elected a new faculty: Solomon Pool, who had been assistant professor, president; Alexander McIver, who had been professor of mathematics in Davidson college, to the same position at U. N. C.; Davis S. Patrick, a teacher in Arkansas, professor of Latin; Fisk P. Brewer, teacher of a Negro school in Raleigh, an ex-tutor in Yale, professor of Greek; John A. Martling, professor of English, and George Dixon, professor of agriculture. The session's exercises began in February, 1869, but the patronage was so meagre, principally of boys not of university acquirements,

that in 1870 the trustees closed the doors.

The faculty, with the exception of President Pool, who had a position in the revenue service, under the general government, soon sought other work. Professor McIver, a first honor graduate, who had become superintendent of public instruction, endeavored to resuscitate the institution by securing the resignations of the trustees and placing the management in the hands of the alumni, but the scheme proved impracticable. A constitutional amendment in the hands of the alumni, giving the election of trustees to the general assembly, was essential. This amendment was submitted to the people and adopted in 1873.

The general assembly in 1874 elected a new board of 64 trustees—in 1877 increased it to 72 and in 1884 to 80. These proceeded to organize, but Governor Caldwell took the ground that the constitution conferred on him the power of appointment of trustees as well as other officers and that therefore the election was void. Pool followed the governor and refused to surrender the buildings, grounds, books apparatus. Suit was instituted which was decided by the supreme court in January, 1875, in favor of the new board. But the difficulty of reviving the university seemed hopeless to all except a few stout hearts.

The land scrip granted the state for the establishment of a college in which, in addition to the classics and sciences usually taught, special instruction should be given in the branches relating to agriculture and the mechanic arts. was vested in the university with instruction to carry into effect the act of congress. The scrip was sold and

\$125,000 of the proceeds was invested by the late board partly in valid state bonds, but chiefly in special tax bonds, which had been repudiated. The act of congress provided that the state should repay any loss of the funds.

The first step taken by the new board was to ask the general assembly to pay the university \$7,500 a year, the interest on \$125,000. An act was passed to this effect and the trustees then proceeded to elect a faculty and to open the doors for students September 6, 1875.

(Dr. Battle's account closes here. From that point, the outline of the University of North Carolina's history continues):

The work of regeneration began in the spring of 1875. Kemp P. Battle was appointed chairman of a committee to solicit funds, and in six weeks he reported donations of \$19,000. The reopening was formally celebrated September 15. In June of the next year, 1876, Battle was elected president. He continued in the office until 1891.

For 20 years after the reopening of the university, the village of Chapel Hill, in its appearance and in the mode of life of its population, was not far different from the village of half a century before. After the war, while the north and the west grew in prosperity, the south struggled under a load of poverty. The university had to be satisfied, for a long time, barely to keep its head above water. And of course the life of the village took its complexion from the university.

Although the university's greatest physical expansion and scholarly attainments have come during the last 25 years, the institution had attained great eminence before the war, between the states and was making its

influence felt throughout the country. Many of the best families of the south were represented in its enrollment and more than a third of its students came from other states.

While the university's most rapid development has taken place during the last 15 years, the transformation was beginning to get under way in the nineties. In his address on University Day, 1900, speaking of the quarter of the century then closing, President Francis P. Venable said:

"The University grew until from a handful of professors and a few dozen students it has come to be recognized as a leader among educational institutions in the south, it is overflowing with students taught by an able and enthusiastic faculty seven times as that 25 years ago. In the last 25 years its matriculates have been 2,896, its graduates 562."

Now just 39 years after President Venable made that address, the resident enrollment of the university at Chapel Hill in one year is greater than the whole number he mentioned as having registered in the preceding 25 years. Today the enrolment courses given off the campus through the extension division is almost as great as the resident enrollment, and the summer school registration numbers more than 2,200.

Another way of gaining a concrete idea of the growth in resident enrollment is to point out that in 1918 it was 1,000 as compared with 2,500 this year.

Eight buildings stood upon the campus in 1895. Now there are more than 50. The value of the university plant at Chapel Hill is estimated at approximately \$19,000,000.

Most of the institution's support has come from state appropriations

and alumni gifts. Its endowment today is less than \$1,000,000.

Today one finds in Chapel Hill a real university in the modern sense of the word, with the manifold and complex tasks of a modern university. "All useful learning" cannot be provided in a single school, so the university has constantly broadened out in its endeavor to live up to the charge lead upon it by the framers of the constitution. Whereas, in the beginning, there was only the college of liberal arts, the university is now a composite of 11 schools and two other major divisions.

Dr. Edward Kidder Graham followed Dr. Venable as president in 1914. Dr. Graham's brilliant career was cut short by death in 1918, and he was succeeded to the presidency by Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase. When Dr. Chase resigned in 1930 to accept the presidency of the University of Illinois, he was succeeded by the present incumbent, Dr. Frank P. Graham, whose administration to date has been characterized by a healthy program of expansion, intergration, and consolidation.

The 1931 legislature passed an act providing for consolidation of the institutions at Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro into a greater university. It has been Dr. Graham's task—one of the most difficult jobs that ever faced any college president—to translate into actuality the terms of this consolidation. That he has been able to make so much progress in this program at such a minimum of friction has been the marvel of educators everywhere.

With a frequency that must be gratifying to the people of the state there has come manifold evidence that

the university's work is attracting wide-spread and favorable attention. Its admission to the association of America universities and its election to the presidency of that body (made up of 30 universities usually regarded as the foremost in America); its gift from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller memorial foundation for the investigation in social and economic problems because it seemed clear that the university has the men and the spirit to profit by such an opportunity; an editorial statement in the *Manufacturers' Record* that the university was serving the needs of the people better than any southern institution it knew; a statement by Dr. Edwin Mims in his book on the "Advancing South" that "all in all, the University of North Carolina, has now a larger and better academic faculty and a better graduate school than any other institution in the south"—these are but the samples of impressions the university has made on others.

In the course of a chapter in his book that he devoted to the university, Dr. Mims made the observation that the University is an institution of all-around excellence, maintaining a level of high quality. That is the ideal towards which the University has always striven. It has never sought to build up one department at the expense of another.

Like other institutions throughout the country, the university was hard hit by the depression. Its appropriations were cut 50 percent, the salaries of its faculty were slashed 50 percent; but, despite offers from elsewhere running from three to four times that way they were getting here, most of its professors elected to weather the storm at Chapel Hill, even

at great financial sacrifices to themselves. They demonstrated a devotion and loyalty that probably has few parallels in the history of American education.

The present-day university takes just pride in its rich heritage, its priceless tradition of 144 years of fine, service to the state and nation. It has ever been mindful of its glorious past, but it has never lost itself in the mere contemplation of that past. It would never be content to rest on its laurels, well earned though they were. It has always been animated by a genuine spirit of service to state and nation.

Although its 20,000 living alumni

are scattered to the four corners of the earth, the greatest percentage of them live in North Carolina and they are to be found among the leaders in all walks of life.

Today the state's chief institution of higher learning is pushing forward with a zeal and influence that is limited only by the utilization of every resource at its command. There is no end to what it can do, so long as it is provided with the means with which to do. And it claims as its most valuable asset the confidence of the people of the state in its ability to carry out that high mission with which it has been entrusted.

GIVE ME THE FLOWERS TODAY

I would rather have one little rose
 From the garden of a friend,
 Than to have the choicest flowers
 When my stay on earth must end.

I would rather have the kindest words,
 And a smile that I can see,
 Than flattery when my heart is still
 And this life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
 From friends I know are true,
 Than tears shed around my casket
 When this world I bid adieu.

Bring me all the flowers today,
 Whether pink, white or red,
 I'd rather have a blossom now
 Than orchids when I'm dead.

—Selected.

MAPS

By Julia W. Wolfe

Who made the first map? That is not answerable. The Greeks claim that Anaximander, 560 B. C., was the first map maker, but, there is evidence of maps being used in Egypt about 1500 B. C. It was not, however, until the days of Aristotle that it was discovered that the earth had not a plane surface.

It is certain that the Chinese had maps at a very early date. One Chinese historian has written that in 227 B. C., the prince of the State of Yen sent his son to the court of Prince Ching with a map of the district of Tu Kang. The map was carved on wood, and under it was a dagger which was intended to kill Prince Chang. Fortunately for the latter, the plot failed.

We know that the greatest Roman map maker was Ptolemy, A. D. 150, who made maps of the Roman Empire. They were quite good, but the Romans made but little progress in this art. Their surveys were limited to lands they conquered or sought to conquer.

Ptolemy's maps of the British Isles were made about A. D. 140. It remained in use for nearly fifteen hundred years, there being records of its reproduction in 1475 for the benefit of travelers. Some of the towns in the southern portion can be easily recognized, but the north is sadly distorted, Scotland appearing as an eastern extension of northern England.

It was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that any really serious attempt to make an accurate map of England took place. History tells us

that Christopher Saxton was the first map maker of note. Before his day Bartholomew Columbus, a brother of Christopher, had brought to England a crude map to illustrate his brother's theory respecting a western continent. This was in 1489. Saxton made his first map in 1574. Soon afterwards he set out to tour the countryside with the object of making maps of England. He was given a royal "placart" or permit, stating that every justice in towns visited must be responsible for conducting him to any tower, castle, or high place or hill he wished to visit for this purpose.

Saxton's maps appeared in 1579 in atlas form and with the title of "Anglis." One of his old maps may be seen in the public library in New York City. It includes parks, chases, bridges, rivers, types of work castles, etc., but there was no attempt to show any highways. In the margins there are shown coats-of-arms; also there are drawings of dolphins and other fish in the streams he drew. In the British Museum there are many of Saxton's maps to see. These old maps are reproduced today and make interesting collections for those interested in this art.

About 1675 John Ogilby produced the first road maps in the world, and in 1775 Ramsden invented the theodolite. This brought about a great improvement in methods then used in map making.

Early American settlers brought from England a number of those first Saxton and Ogilby maps and then went to work on American towns

and countryside. If ever you have seen old geographies you will laugh at the crude charts and maps. Many of them were mere guesses at the shape of the land surfaces.

There are many "famous" maps, but one of the most interesting and well-preserved is that one known as the "Mappe Mundi." It hangs in the Hereford Cathedral, England, and was made in 1305 by a monk. The monk combined his own religious opinions with his knowledge of geography, for he has carefully placed Jerusalem in the center of the map and grouped the other countries of the world around it in ecclesiastical importance. The pictorial decorations are also unique and interesting. The Garden of Eden is complete with Adam and Eve. The Egyptian pyramids are shown as Joseph's granary,

mermaids disport themselves merrily in the Mediterranean Sea, monkeys prowl around Norway, and weird-eyed Ethiopians wander about in Africa. America is not on the maps. Instead we see a great ocean where our country stands in the sun.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to present-day map makers. The accuracy, the details, are oftentimes marvelous, especially those one-inch-to-the-mile maps issued by the government. They are so thoroughly reliable that one may travel in any out-of-the-way place and not get "lost." Of course, they are not printed on parchment, or carved upon rocks, as prehistoric man made his "maps," but they are so available to all of us that we are thankful for them.

HE BEGS NO MORE

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold;
He spent the shinning 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, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed and crowned with
Blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

—Persian Philosophy.

MOLLIE HAS A DREAM

By Jean Muir

The King's Daughters, who led the service once a month at the County Infirmary, were starting in Jim Hadley's bus from the church one Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Snyder's usually bright face clouded as she saw but four daughters of the King waiting to get into the bus. Turning to the minister's wife on the parsonage porch, she said: "Oh, Mrs. Blair, do come! There are so few to go, and it means so much to those poor, forsaken folks out there." With a sigh, Mrs. Blair removed her big kitchen apron, put on her hat and got into the bus.

"Who is to speak?" asked Fanny Krimbler.

"Oh, Mrs. Watts was to have spoken, but she phoned she had one of her sudden headaches," answered Mrs. Snyder.

Nothing more was said until they got to the infirmary. There Mrs. Snyder, with tears in her eyes, pleaded with Mrs. Blair to talk to the fifty unfortunate men and women gathered in that upper room. Mrs. Blair hesitated a moment, then, with a prayer for strength, told them the story of Mollie Brown's dream.

Mollie Brown was discouraged. Everything had gone wrong for weeks, and, to top off the load with the last straw, Jim had been hurt. Mollie sat crouched in the old, worn haircloth chair that she literally hated. She had wanted a new one for eleven years. Every fall she had planned that by spring she would have a pretty, green cane chair placed by that window where she did

her mending. She felt that mending would seem easy—even glorious—if done in a green cane chair. The whole house for years had been one great need—new carpets, beds, curtain, and they had actually got down to but one cup that boasted a safe handle; two others were cracked so that no one dared lift them by the handles.

Yes, this was the last straw—Jim's falling off the ladder and breaking his ribs when he was patching that hole in the roof. Mollie could not remember when she had not been disappointed, even as a girl. Her mother had noticed it, too, but she always said: "Well, never mind, Mollie; your time is coming. You'll surely get a crown some day." But somehow it never came her time.

Jim had seemed so full of life and ambition when they were married twenty years before. Mollie had dreamed of a neat, bright, comfortable, happy home all their own, with a thrifty garden, flowers and children—all that makes a real home. But somehow Jim hadn't made a success. They never even owned the little unpainted cottage in which they lived. Mollie's dream of beauty and cheer was never realized. She had grown thin and peevish. The children, six in number, were all sickly. And now Jim had broken his ribs!

Mollie felt that hope was dead. Tears fell from her tired eyes; she moaned in her very hopelessness. Putting a wet towel over her eyes, she dropped into the despised old chair and fell asleep. Then came Mollie's

dream.

Mollie had died, and was standing outside the heavenly city. Her thoughts so often had gone out to that time when she knew everything would be made right there. She was the one who always had been kept back and made to wait, ever since she could remember, for the things she most longed for. As a child, she was made to wait till others were served or got clothes or had a trip; and her soul had longed for the heavenly home, where she felt she surely would be first.

And now Molly was sure the time had come. She saw the big gate of pearl, and hesitatingly she touched the gemmed knob. The gate swung back, revealing the most beautiful sight her wildest flights of fancy ever had imagined. She started to enter, but a man wearing a crown of gold and bearing a banner, with the name "Peter" on it, pushed her gently back, saying: "Not yet. There are others to come first." Just then strains of music fell upon her ears, and she saw a great company bearing banners of all the colors of the rainbow. They carried also gorgeous masses of flowers. The heavenly gate swung open, and the great company of richly dressed people marched in. The gate closed!

Mollie's heart sank. No entrance for her! Soon hope revived, for the sound of music came again from over the green hills beyond, and Mollie in her eagerness to enter the heavenly gate pressed forward. She now caught sight of another company, with costly robes, long, waving plumes and banners of gold and silver, with the words "Conquest and Victory" emblazoned upon them. The

gate swung open again, and Mollie with swift feet tried to gain an entrance ere the victors should come. But once more Peter gently held her back, saying "Not yet, not yet!" Catching the gemmed gate-knob in her frantic grasp, Mollie sobbed. "Will I always be left out?" Then, remembering her mother's words, she said: "I'll stand and wait patiently. My time surely will come."

Just then the soft tones of a flute fell upon her ear, and a great company came in sight. The people wore garments less costly and walked more slowly. The banners they carried were few, but as they came they scattered flowers by the way. "Oh," thought Mollie, "now I'll surely get in!" and, pressing once more up to the gate, she tried to gain an entrance. But again Peter restrained her, saying: "Not yet, Mollie, not yet!" She fell back, a feeling of despair coming into her soul. "When, oh, when, can I enter in?" she sobbed.

On a wonderful instant Mollie heard music—music such as she had dreamed of, but never before had heard. It was soft and sweet, like the crooning of a child upon its mother's breast; sweet as the sound of a brook after the winter's frost has been broken by the spring sunshine. Like a harp in the hands of an angel came the music. Then followed a small company of people wearing robes of the purest white, carrying white banners, upon each of which was a deep red cross, and over the forehead of each one, "Jesus Our King."

Slowly they marched up the long, green hillside, the soft music from the harps filling the air. And Mollie, poor, weary Mollie, now afraid to go too

near, feeling her own sense of unworthiness, stood aside to let this holy company pass—longing to touch just the hem of a robe or the string of a harp. Then, to her great joy, Peter reached his hand out to her, and, drawing her inside, said: "Mollie, your time of waiting is over. Here is your place."

Mollie moved along with the company until she heard a voice, deep, strong and musical: "Let those who have come up out of great tribulation come before their King!" And lo! Mollie's company was led close to the great white throne. Again the voice of the King spoke: "These have come up out of great tribulation, through years of patient service and persecution and joyful self-sacrifice; and they have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. These are my treasures," The King stepped back; the companies passed in review before the great white throne once more. When Mollie's company passed, the King Himself came down, and, touching each one's forehead, put thereon a beautiful white stone with a new name on it.

With a start Mollie awoke. Jim was calling her. The sun was setting behind the maple tree in the yard. She stood up, and, with tears in her eyes, took her Bible, and read that wonderful chapter from the Book of

Revelation, vowing, by God's help, that she would be patient. Again she looked at the old chair beside the sunny window, resolving to fret no more because others were first or had more than they. Jim's fall seemed sacred now, and the old chair a sanctuary.

So the minister's wife ended her recital of Mollie's dream. The last hymn was sung and a prayer offered; then the men and women, many with tears in their eyes, came up to thank Mrs. Blair. Old Mrs. Driscoll, who selected the hymns, exclaimed: "Oh, I've always longed so to play an organ, but never had one. Seems, some days, I just must! But now I can wait, better content."

Old Mrs. Birby, whose sight was gone, said: "I've longed for years and years to see a parade or to go to a circus, but it won't be so hard now not to go." And poor, half-witted Millie Howard said: "I've longed for a baby doll an' a silk unbrell', but I guess now I'll be better to wait, patient-like."

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Blair. "We can well afford to wait and suffer here, like Mollie, in order to gain entrance to our King's palace over there."

As the King's Daughters rode home in the fast-fading daylight, the sun slipped like a golden ball into the woods back of the hill. They rode in silence.

The man with a chip on his shoulder always carries an unnecessary load.—Selected.

THE HOME LIBRARY

Baptist Standard

Who can estimate the value of books? Who can compute the value of the printing press? Writing and printing may carry into every home golden truth, the wisdom of the ages and stir the spirit of accomplishment to the highest degree. Children coming up in the home should be constantly urged to read good books. When a child does not have sufficient, nourishing food and its body is weak and its development retarded that child deserves pity from any heart capable of human sympathy. But, if a child does not have mental food, or if the mental food it gets is laden with poison, it is deserving of even greater sympathy and pity. The evils running here and there especially in a city are enough to alarm anyone desiring the continuing of civilization and the welfare of humanity. One very great counteracting power against such evils is good books in the homes of the people.

There is no good literature like the lives of noble men and women. The Bible is very largely the teaching of moral and religious principles, but far more space is given to the activities of men and women from Adam to John the apostle than is given to anything

else. The Bible gives illustrations of morals by the lives of multitudes of people. Precisely the same thing should be found in the libraries of our homes. There is no human power greater than the careful study of the life of a noble man or woman. Every home where there is a girl ought to have the life of Frances E. Willard. The Acts of the Apostles should be read over and over again in every home. It sets forth the activities of those men who laid the foundations of the civilization we enjoy today.

There should be a great awakening concerning the value of good literature and home libraries should be everywhere. Every neighborhood should have enough books so that boys and girls might read from their own libraries and from others where they can borrow books and thus effectively scatter information and appeals to noble living. Preachers should urge the people to buy books, recommending those that are worthwhile. A family with limited means should be very careful to buy no books except the pure and good and to bring into the home only books which inspire and strengthen the appeal for high and noble living.

The best way to get rid of a hot-head is to give him the cold shoulder.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our new cannery continues to operate daily. The latest report coming to The Uplift office was to the effect that more than 2,500 gallons of vegetables had been canned, and that it was necessary to put in an order for more containers.

In a recent report, for the year ending June 30, 1939, made by Mr. J. H. Webb, librarian, we noticed the following: Number of books 4,302; number books borrowed 9,719. The magazine list included thirteen of the leading periodicals, such as National Geographic, Readers' Digest, American Boy, Colliers, Boys' Life, Open Road For Boys, Popular Mechanics, etc.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Russell R. Black, of Shelby, a few days ago. Mr. Black was a former employee of the Training School, holding a teaching position, and with his wife, had charge of Cottage No 15 for about two and one-half years. He left here January 30, 1930, to take a position in the post office at Shelby, where he remained until the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and little daughter, aged five years.

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, made a trip to Raleigh last Thursday. They met with the members of the State Budget Bureau in regard to some adjustments being made, also to discuss plans for carrying out next year's program. They also visited the State Hospital at Raleigh, in search of some canning equipment for

our new cannery. We are hopeful of getting some serviceable material that has been discarded at the Raleigh institution on account of the installation of larger equipment.

The first cantaloupes of the season were gathered last Wednesday, at which time the official count was 229 dozens. On the same day a large quantity of grapes were gathered, enough to supply each cottage with a nice helping. The grapes are of excellent quality this year, probably the best we have ever raised. If the boys were to be consulted, we believe the unanimous opinion would be that the cantaloupes are also very fine. The boys' specialty—watermelons—have not yet matured sufficiently to reach the feasting stage, but the prospects for an early feast are pretty good.

Our school principal announces the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1939, as follows:

First Grade—William Burnette, highest average and most improvement; Second Grade—Edd Woody, Douglas Mabry and Richard Freeman, highest general average; Third Grade—Ballard Martin and Joseph White, greatest improvement in spelling and writing; Fourth Grade—William Wilson and Edward Murray, highest general average; Fifth Grade—Henry Raby, greatest general improvement; Sixth Grade—Theodore Bowles and John Kirkman, best spellers; Seventh Grade—Carrol Clark, best in history.

The Franklin Mill team and the

Training School boys engaged in a six-inning game last Wednesday afternoon, the local lads winning by the score of 15 to 2. Davis attended to the pitching duties for the School boys, holding the visitors to three hits. He issued only one free pass to first base and caused nine batters to strike out. His team mates gave him perfect support, not a single error being charged against them. The two scores marked up by the boys from Franklin were the result of a base on balls to Mauney and a home run smash by Whittington.

Whittington and Strube were the pitchers for the visitors, and the School boys found their offerings very much to their liking, banging out ten hits, including a home run by Liner in the first inning. Both of these hurlers would have fared much better, however, had their mates given them good support, eight miscues being responsible for most of the runs chalked up by the local lads. Liner, with three for five, and Warren with two for five, led the School boys with the stick. The score:

R H E

Franklin 2 0 0 0 0—2 3 8

J. T. S. 2 1 1 0 5 6—15 10 0

Home runs: Mauney, Liner.
Stolen bases: Mauney 2, Boger, Smith. Struck out: by Davis 9; by Whittington 6, by Strude 2. Hit by pitcher: by Whittington (Davis). Losing pitcher: Whittington.

Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 49th chapter of Genesis, and in his

most interesting and impressive talk to the boys, he used the fourth verse as his text. In explaining the statements preceeding this verse, Dr. McLarty told of the old man, Jacob, pulling himself with a final effort to the side of his bed for the purpose of blessing each of his twelve children. Reuben, the oldest, received the blessing first. According to the custom of that period, he was to receive a double portion of his father's goods and also become head of the tribe. But Jacob's prophesy was not such. Instead, he says, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." We note according to later history that the double portion of the goods went to Joseph and his sons, and that the priesthood went to Levi.

The speaker then pointed out that we often fail to realize just how much anxiety we cause our parents. This prophesy was perhaps not one that Jasob would have wished to make for one of his sons, but he had studied his boys and seen their traits, thus being well aware of their characteristics. One of Reuben's was unsteadiness.

Dr. McLarty then told the boys that if we pour water into anything it will take the shape of its container. Some people are just like that, said he, they take on the traits of the crowd of which they are a part.

Reuben had some good traits, said the speaker. He saved Joseph's life when the other brothers planned to kill him. He had protected Benjamin's life with his own on a trip to Egypt at the call of Joseph. But he failed to use his talents at all opportunities. He needed to be stable; to learn to stand on his own feet; to be able to discipline his hands and mind, and to learn to say "No".

It might have been appropriate for many of us of today to have been named Reuben, because we have so many of his characteristics, and the term "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel", could be cited as the reason for so many failures today.

In conclusion Dr. McLarty told the boys that to learn to be stable they must call to their aid the strongest help ever known—the supporting arm of God. That's why He sent His only Son down to earth, that we might learn to know His ways and learn to follow as He directs. At the close of the service, Dr. McLarty prayed that we should not pour out our talents on the ground, but that

we be made able to discipline ourselves, using our talents at all times for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth and the betterment of mankind.

Although Dr. McLarty, is not scheduled to visit the school regularly, we were delighted to have him with us on this occasion, and wish to take this opportunity to tender deepest appreciation, from both boys and officials of the institution, for the most helpful and inspiring message delivered last Sunday. We also wish to assure him that a hearty welcome awaits him whenever he may find it convenient to visit us again.

THE ANTARCTIC

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd has been commissioned by the United States government to make another trip to the Polar regions and chart out the lands of ices that he discovered and lay claim to them in the name of the United States. It is a mammoth undertaking. The land is vast and frozen. The value of it is problematical and yet finding is keeping and the territory belongs to the United States by virtue of having been discovered by Admiral Byrd. There is a possibility that there is value there. Alaska seemed only a frozen waste and yet was rich in gold and the waters teem with fish. It may be that the country about the South Pole contains minerals and the waters fish. Any way there is much territory there that has never been charted and the world has become too small to allow any part of it to remain a place unknown. It is a big undertaking and a big man is needed to head the enterprise. Such a man is Mr. Byrd. He has proven his right to lead the expedition and years have a way of passing. It is a job for a young man and Mr. Byrd will not be a young man, always. The United States is not the only country that lays claim to parts of those regions. Others have ventured into those regions and laid claim in the names of their countries. None however have done anything that remotely compares with the work of Mr. Byrd. It will be easy to get volunteers for the work. There is high adventure in it and the spirit of daring is still alive in the souls of the youth of America.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

(NOTE: The figure following boy's name indicates the number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette 6
 George Green 6
 Leo Hamilton 4
 Robert Hampton 2
 J. D. Hildreth 2
 Jack Harward
 Loy Stines 5
 Jerome W. Wiggins 6
 Thomas Yates 6

—B—

James Boone
 Clinton Call 5
 Dillon Dean 6
 Harold O'Dear 3
 Marshall Pace 2
 Elroy Pridgen 2
 Eugene Puckett 3
 Landreth Sims 6
 Edward Thomasson 3
 Fred Tolbert 5
 James C. Wiggins 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cleasper Beasley 5
 Donald Britt 3
 John Davis 4
 Noah Ennis 4
 Garland McPhail 6
 Carl Moose 5
 Richard Patton 4
 Melvin Stines 5
 Arlie Scism 3
 Eugene Watts 4
 Edd Woody 3

—B—

Raymond Anderson 3
 John Baker 4
 Eugene Ballew 2
 Lacy Burleson 4
 Jack Crawford
 Clifton Davis 6
 Robert Deyton 4
 Eugene Edwards 6
 Monroe Flinchim 2

Charles Frye 2
 Richard Freeman 2
 Roscoe Honeycutt 3
 Douglas Mabry 4
 Henry McGraw 4
 Roy Mumford 2
 Jesse Owens 2
 Hubert Smith 6
 Edwin Thomas 3
 Carl Ward 5
 J. R. Whitman 5
 Louis Williams
 Junior Woody

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Delphus Dennis 3
 Frank Glover 2
 Ballard Martin 5
 George Newman 3
 Joseph White 5

—B—

Howard Bobbitt
 Carl Breece 3
 Robert Bryson 5
 Osper Howell
 William Kirksey 4
 Randall D. Peeler 5
 Garfield Walker

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Paymond Andrews 4
 B. C. Elliott 5
 Bruce Kersey
 Edward Murray 6
 George White 3
 William Wilson 2

—B—

William Cantor
 Lewis Donaldson 5
 Everett Hackler
 James Jordan 2
 Jack Mathis 6
 Weaver Penland 2
 Dewey Ware 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

James Butler 3
 Wilbur Hardin 4
 Gilbert Hogan 4
 Henry Raby 3
 Thomas Wilson 3
 Alexander Woody 3

—B—

George Duncan
 Calvin McCoyle 3
 J. W. McRorrie 3
 Charles Smith 5

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 5
 Edgar Burnette 4
 Fernie Medlin 2
 Donald McFee 3
 Thomas R. Pitman 3
 Lonnie Roberts 4

—B—

J. C. Branton 3
 John Deaton
 Roy Helms
 Vernon Lamb 4
 Floyd Lane 2
 Jordan McIver
 Filmore Oliver 3

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Rex Allred 3
 Clifton Butler 4
 Charles Davis 4
 James Nicholson 2

—B—

Grady Allen 2
 William Brothers 4
 Clyde Hoppes 4
 Irvin Medlin 2
 Thomas Shaw 6
 Edward Young 2

 IT'S GREAT TO BE AN AMERICAN

It's great to be an American, it's great to be so free,
 It's great to be a citizen of this land of liberty.
 It's great to walk our country lanes, or our city streets.
 It's great to know our countrymen, simply can't be beat.
 It's great to have the stars and stripes flying overhead.
 It's great to know it flies for us, as well as heroes dead.
 It's great to be in dealing with our friends and fellow man.
 It's great to know it was our men who built this God-blessed
 land.
 It's great to live in this land, which is so sweet and true.
 It's great to live on the land, meant for me and you.
 It's great to know that men have died, to see our justice done.
 It's great to know that we're still fighting—fighting 'til we've
 won.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending July 16, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (5) Clyde Gray 5
- (4) James Hodges 4
- (7) Gilbert Hogan 7
- (7) Leon Hollifield 7
- (4) Edward Johnson 4
- (3) Robert Maples 5
- (5) Frank May 5
- (5) Thomas Turner 5

COTTAGE No. 1

- Jack Broome 4
- (7) Henry Cowan 7
- Eugene Edwards
- Porter Holder
- (2) Clay Mize 3
- H. C. Pope 5
- Arlie Scism
- (2) Lee Watkins 2
- (2) Edward Warnock 4
- (2) Latha Warren 3
- (5) William Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 2
- (2) George Cooke 4
- Arthur Craft 3
- (2) Julian T. Hooks 5
- Frank King 2
- Floyd Lane 3
- Forrest McEntire
- Donald McFee
- (6) William Padrick 6
- (2) Nick Rochester 4
- Oscar Roland
- Charles Smith
- Landreth Sims 3
- Raymond Sprinkle 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 3
- (3) Robert Atwell 6
- (5) Earl Barnes 6
- Richard Baumgarner 3
- James Boone 4
- (3) Herman Cherry 5
- Frank Crawford 4

- (5) Coolidge Green 6
- Harley Matthews 5
- (7) F. E. Mickle 7
- (3) John C. Robertson 6
- (5) Harrison Stilwell 6
- John Tolley 6
- (7) Jerome Wiggins 7
- Louis Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Briggs 4
- Lewis Donaldson 2
- (2) William C. Jordan 3
- (3) John King 3
- (6) James Land 6
- (7) Ivan Morrozoff 7
- (4) George Newman 6
- (5) Henry Raby 5
- (3) Robert Simpson 5
- George Speer 2
- (7) Hyress Taylor 7
- (7) Melvin Walters 7
- (7) James Wilhite 7
- (5) Samuel Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 5

- (7) Everett Lineberry 7
- (4) Samuel Montgomery 4
- (2) William Nichols 4
- (2) Richard Starnes 5
- Hubert Walker 4
- Dewey Ware 6
- (5) Marvin Wilkins 6
- (7) George Wright 7

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 5
- Robert Bryson 3
- (3) Fletcher Castlebury 6
- (3) Martin Crump 5
- Leonard Dawn
- (2) Columbus Hamilton 3
- (2) Leo Hamilton 3
- (3) Thomas Hamilton 4
- Leonard Jacobs 2
- Hubert Smith
- Canipe Shoe 4

- (3) Joseph Tucker 5
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 7

- Cleasper Beasley 2
- (6) Carl Breece 6
- (7) John Deaton 7
- (5) James H. Davis 5
- Donald Earnhardt 5
- James Jordan 4
- (7) Hugh Johnson 7
- Lyman Johnson 3
- J. C. Long 3
- Elmer Maples 5
- (3) Carl Ray 3
- Edd Woody 2

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cecil Ashley 4
- (2) Jack Crawford 4
- J. B. Devlin 2
- (3) Clyde Hillard 6
- Edward J. Lucas 3
- John Tolbert 3
- Charles Taylor 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

- (7) J. C. Allen 7
- William Dixon 3
- (7) Charles Frye 7
- (7) Earl Hildreth 7
- Clyde Hoppes 5
- Andrew Lambeth 2
- (3) Ballard Martin 4
- (3) Edward Murray 6
- (2) Julian Merritt 3
- (7) Fred Owens 7
- John Uptegrove 5
- N. C. Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Burl Allen 5
- Odell Almond 4
- (7) Jack Batson 7
- Jay Brannock 4
- Allard Brantley 5
- Ernest Brewer 5
- William Broadwell 3
- (2) Ben Cooper 4
- William Deaton 5
- (2) Howard Devlin 5

Max Eaker 6

Norwood Glasgow

Everett Hackler 4

- (3) Woodrow Hager 5
- (3) Joseph Hall 5
- (3) Charlton Henry 6
- Hubert Holloway 4
- (3) Richard Honeycutt 5
- (3) S. E. Jones 5
- (3) Tillman Lyles 5
- Clarence Mayton 5
- James Mondie 4
- James Puckett 2
- Howard Sanders 4
- (3) Avery Smith 6
- (5) Ralph Sorrells 5
- William Suites 2
- George Tolson 4
- J. R. Whitman 5

COTTAGE No. 13

- (7) William Griffin 7
- (6) James V. Harvel 6
- (3) Douglas Mabry 4
- (2) Jack Mathis 5
- Jordan McIver
- (5) Irvin Medlin 6
- Joseph White
- Marshall White 2
- (7) Alexander Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 4
- (3) Monte Beck 5
- John Baker
- John Church 2
- (2) Mack Coggins 4
- (4) Audie Farthing 4
- John Ham
- Marvin King
- (2) John Kirkman 2
- (3) Feldman Lane 5
- Norvell Murphy
- Henry McGraw
- Roy Mumford
- Charles McCoy 4
- (4) Troy Powell 6
- (3) Richard Patton 3
- John Robbins 4
- Charles Steepleton 6
- (4) Howard Todd 5
- (2) Garfield Walker 5
- Jones Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 15

- Raymond Anderson 5
- (3) Howard Bobbitt 4

- (4) Clifton Davis 6
 (3) Hoyt Hollifield 5
 (3) Albert Hayes 5
 Beamon Heath 5
 Eulice Rogers 3
 (4) Ira Settle 6
 Brown Stanley 3
 J. P. Sutton 4
 (4) Earl Watts 5
 Arvel Ward 2
 (3) William Young 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Raymond Brooks 3
 (3) Philip Holmes 5
 (7) Warren G. Lawry 7
 (4) Filmore Oliver 6
 Early Oxendine 3
 (4) Thomas Oxendine 6
 (4) Curley Smith 6
 (7) Ross Young 7

 JULY

I am for the open meadows,
 Open meadows full of sun,
 Where the hot bee hugs the clover,
 The hot breezes drop and run.

I am for the uncut hayfields,
 Open to the cloudless blue—
 For the wide, unshadowed acres,
 Where the summer's pomps renew.

Where the grasstops gather purple,
 Where the ox-eyed daisies thrive,
 And the mendicants of summer
 Laugh to feel themselves alive.

Where the hot scent steams and quivers,
 Where the hot saps thrill and stir,
 Where the leaf-cells' green pavilions
 Quaint artificers confer;

Where the bobolinks are merry,
 Where the beetles bask and gleam,
 Where, above the powdered blossoms,
 Powdered moth-wings poise and dream;

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure
 In the grass roots green and dun.
 Life is good and love is eager
 In the playground of the sun!

—Charles G. D. Roberts



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 29, 1939

No. 30

U. N. C. Library
Collection

KEEP SMILING

It doesn't cost any more to wear a smile
Than it does to wear a frown;
The smile will make your life worth while,
While the frown will keep you down.

So what's the use of doing a thing
That will drive old friends away;
When a smile is always sure to bring
You new friends day by day.

—Edgar Nye.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING
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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

ABUNDANCE

*There isn't much of worldly goods, I know,
That I can claim or really call my own;
But I'll be rich wherever I may go,
Because I've had a friend, and I have known
A peaceful joy that some one trusted me,
That some one cared because I suffered pain.*

*I'm rich because I'm privileged to see
God's earth, to see the sun and feel the rain.
My wealth is greater than a miser's gold;
And so, at last, as life will onward wend,
I'll find a treasure, all that I can hold,
For I have faith in God, and have a friend!*

—Christine Grant Curless.

ICE CREAM—NOT A LUXURY—A NECESSITY

A common expression of the famed humorist, Will Rogers, was "I only know what I read." Therefore, we only know that this year marks the 88th anniversary of manufactured ice-cream, because we read it in some periodical. The term "manufactured ice-cream" doubtless differentiates between the home made delicacy and that manufactured in some plant with modern devices and then shipped to different places. The first cream, other than the home-made in a freezer turned by hand, was known to the writer as the Baltimore cream. Like all youngsters the term "Baltimore-cream" was accepted without knowing the significance of the name or from whence came the delicacy.

It does not matter whether the delicious dessert comes from the home or the factory we think of it as a necessity, and a summer without a big saucer of ice cream is no summer at all, because one is suggestive of the other. The two go together.

Last summer the Jackson Training School boys were given ice cream every Sunday. The milk and other ingredients were furnished by the school and one of Concord's most representative citizens paid for the freezing of the cream at the Cabarrus creamery. Few realize just how much the boys appreciated having ice-cream on Sunday. So far no plans have been made for this Sunday treat of cream. Our boys enjoy such delicacies the same as other boys. Every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, high or low, wants his share of this delicious dessert in the summer season. In fact it is not fair to subject them to such a self denial.

The best solution of the question is for the school to own its own machine for making ice cream then there would be no quibbling about the boys having one of the necessities of good living. We have been informed that a plant of this kind will cost about \$1,200. That would be a nice gift to the school, and a real joy for the boys. All of us know how to reach a man's heart. Well a man is nothing more than a grown up boy. The same treatment for mankind applies to boys.

The Old North State has many fine citizens, men of big hearts as well as big fortunes. Who can tell, there may be some one in the state who thoroughly understands the boy's problems and donate the sum necessary to install a machine for freezing ice-cream. Just as surprising things have happened, and why not have a hope? In fact it is not fair to the delinquents if provision is not made for them to have ice cream, a delicacy with the best food values, once a week at least.

* * * * *

THE LESS PRIVILEGED GIRL FORGOTTEN

There is a discrimination when it comes to making provision for the less privileged girls to have a vacation with the privileges given the boys of the same class. From observation it is easy to see that the under-privileged boys receive more consideration than the girls who are much in need of similar outings with the fine sports. In

every town or city, if time were taken to look for young girls in need of recreation, a goodly number of worthy and appreciative girls could be found who never get farther from home than the picture show.

Not only do the camps provide healthful recreation, but the camp life stresses sanitation and order—lessons that are frequently neglected in the homes of the less privileged girls and boys. Why the less privileged girl seems to be forgotten in this program of summer activities is not hard to understand. The thought has never occurred to any one. When the thought has once been projected there will be some wide awake person, especially to the needs of the less privileged girl, who will put the proposition over with little trouble. It is a fine work for some Woman's Club. A unit of workers, well organized, can just about do anything in reason with splendid leadership. Let us hope that next vacation the less privileged girls will share honors with their less privileged brothers.

* * * * *

AN APPEAL

This appeal as stated in the following should take lodgment in the minds of all people, and the contents studied, so as to be more familiar with conditions at home and abroad:

Dr. Robert E. Speer recently issued an appeal to Congress, signed by sixty-nine clergymen who represent many others, asking for an embargo on the sale of war supplies to Japan. This group carefully defines its purpose by saying: "We are not asking in this petition for a general boycott of trade with Japan. We do not desire to harm in any way the Japanese people who are controlled in their relation to China by the domination of a military party." This appeal is fortified independently by a letter from Madame Chiang Kai-shek to a Wellesley College classmate, in which the wife of China's leader describes the recent bombing of Chungking, and urges: "Do what you can to make your people realize that this death and havoc come to us with the help of American gasoline and oil, and materials for bombs. . . . Also it should be realized that isolationism is not going to keep the Americans from meeting a similar fate, in another generation perhaps."

SHORTAGE OF SKILLED LABOR

We have frequently stated, in this magazine, that much harm has been done by implanting the idea that any boy may some day be President of the United States.

The consequence is that nobody wants to learn a trade. Everybody wants a white-collar job. A Cleveland newspaperman found that 90.3 per cent of the city's high school pupils are preparing themselves to enter the white-collar or professional field, while that field engaged only 9.3 per cent of the city's working population. Only 9.7 per cent of the high school pupils are training themselves to do the type of work which occupies 90.7 per cent of the working population.

Right now we have the situation everywhere in this country of great numbers of unemployed youths, and severe shortages of skilled labor.

One of these days we hope the valedictorian of his high school class will startle us by announcing that he intends to become a carpenter. That might make the front page of the newspaper and turn the minds of the boys and girls to realities.—(Imperial Magazine).

* * * * *

A "MULE TALE"

The Progressive Farmer republishes and thereby revives a piece of foolishness that has caused laughs over a period of several decades. It's well enough, during these strenuous times, to read anything that's worth a laugh—better, perhaps, than much of the news that causes us worry. Here's the old "mule tale":

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule, drawing a plow. Said the man to the mule: "Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched up together, year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Verily, I think it is a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work hard as you do, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating, we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much work, per leg, as you do.

"Soon we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord, one-third goes to you and the balance is mine. You consume all of your portion with the ex-

ception of the cobs, while I divide mine among seven children, six hens, two ducks and a banker. If we both need shoes, you get 'em.

"Bill, you are getting the best of me and I ask is it fair?"

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone, must cut, shock, and husk the corn, while you look over the pasture fence and he-haw at me.

"All fall and most of the winter, the whole family, from Granny to the baby, picks cotton to raise money to pay taxes, buy a new harness and pay the interest on the mortgage on you, and what do you care about the morgage? I even have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your touchy ungrateful hide.

"About the only time I am your better is on election day, for I vote and you can't. And after election day I realize that I was as great a jackass as your Pa.

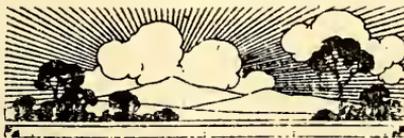
"And that ain't all. When you are dead, that's supposed to be the end of you, Bill. But me? I've still gotta go to hell."

* * * * *

PAPA DIONNE

Papa Dionne is not unlike many other sorry daddies, exploiting at the expense of their chilren. Such a procedure upon the part of a parent as is related in the following clipping is hard to understand, but, again we are reminded of the terse but true saying "money is the root of all evil:"

Papa Dionne, father of the famous Canadian quintuplets, keeps up his pursuit of starting legal proceedings now and then in regard to the care and management of the five little girls. This time he starts a lawsuit to have all the money coming into Dr. Defoe's hands properly accounted for. If Papa Dionne had been given his way about the quintuplets they doubtless would have been dead before now and there would have been no moneys coming in. Let us hope the quintuplets have more sense when they grow up than their numskull daddy.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

MY PRAYER

"When I pass on
 It would delight my soul
 To feel that I had done
 Some little thing
 For someone other than myself;
 That by a book or word or deed
 I might have helped some weary soul
 To bear a burden that I felt was
 Greater than my own.
 This my prayer, God grant it so to be
 When I pass on."

Every young man in North Carolina who is courting a girl in North Carolina virtually goes to the world's fair.

Women going around with holes in the toes of their shoes, experience some of the feelings of men who go around with holes in their socks.

One of the saddest experiences, in this life, with many of us is, that we want something, and before we can raise money to get it—we don't want it.

The once famous "share-the-wealth" program that was so popular some years ago, has completely died out. They couldn't find enough wealth to share.

The real enjoyment of going on a vacation, is getting back home again, and not have to spend money every time you turn around, and not have enough to get around.

A rumor is current that England will resume the payment of her war debts in December. I believe it will be a mighty cold day when she thus resumes—if she resumes at all.

"When better cars are built," I don't see how the salesmen will describe them. They have about used up all the adjectives in describing those already built.

It has been often said that "Woman pays and pays." I am not at all surprised at that. She is about the only one at home when the bill collectors come round.

It is a known fact that some people acquire the reputation for being contented and happy. If the real truth was known, some of them are too lazy to complain, or whisper a murmur.

State bankers hear that North Carolina has made better recovery from depression lows than all but two States of the union. That is a report to be happy over, and a straw to show which way the financial winds are blowing.

My casual opinion is that the best way out of the present situation at Washington, is for Congress to adjourn, and go home. They are not doing the country much good as it is, and if they stay through a hot

spell, such as Washington can have, they might do worse in a hot wrangle, in hot weather.

Editing a Weekly Paper

The editing of a weekly newspaper in this fast moving age of things in general is no utopian job. It makes one feel like a trailer behind a fast-moving automobile. The news, and public-concerned subjects, like the automobiles and airplanes, travel so swiftly you can hardly keep up with it, in a weekly, to be abreast with the dailies, or even the semi- and tri-weeklies.

You write an editorial on some subject and by the time it comes out in print, the subject is almost forgotten by the public and something else is being discussed; and the weekly editor is often "cussed" for not being more alert, when he is not endowed with unction from on high to part the futurity veil and impart

coming events, even if their shadows do precede them.

The daily editor is a unique character. He must know. Be alert. Be accurate, and swift to make the sparks fly from the newspaper anvil of thought. His work is done at the setting of the sun; or when you arise with the rising sun, and look for your morning paper, which probably has been blown away by the wind, or swiped by some passer-by.

But it is a great job, when you can get it—this editing of a paper, of any kind. It is an interesting and responsible job of dropping your thoughts into the minds of hundreds of thousands of readers at the same time. Thoughts that may influence others for good or bad.

And those thoughts should be as "pearls of great price," enriching the minds of the readers, instead of contaminating them!

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet seeming to divine a purpose. There is one thing we do know: man is here for the sake of other men—above all, for those upon whose well-being our own happiness depends—and for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day do I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow-men, both living and died, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavy from the work of other men.—Albert Einstein.

CANADA—COUNTRY OF CONTRAST

By Aletha M. Bonner

If variety is the "spice of life", then our northern next-door neighbor—the Dominion of Canada—may be described as a veritable "spice-box" of charm and glamor, of history and humanities. It is a country vast in area and varied in geography and a land of many people, likewise varied in character and habits.

Its diverse features startling contrasts. To the northward stretch a colony of snow-capped mountains, ruled over by Mount Logan, North America's second highest peak, and Canadian Rockies. Here, too are found ice-carpeted prairies and glacier-choked valleys of barren bleakness; while southward, fruits and flowers, grains and grass flourish in a balmy setting of climatic contrast.

In this amazing land there are sections of lakes, including four of the five "Great"; Lake of the Thousand Islands; Lake of the Woods, and lovely Lake Louise. Here too stretch out a network of rivers dominated by the McKenzie, the Columbia, the Nelson, the St. Lawrence and the Niagara. The two last-named streams issue from Lake Ontario—the St. Lawrence winding its way upward from its lake home, forming a northeastward boundary between Canada and the United States; while the Niagara traverses its river-steps southward and downward to enter another of the greatest falls in the world—rightly named by the Indians in early day, "Thunder of Waters," or Niagara.

A remarkable variety of valuable minerals, together with fish, furs and forestry, add moneyed weight

to the land, while cities of commercial sky-scraping heights, and educational and cultural depths, give further power and prestige.

Our neighbor's area is larger than our own, the country being divided into provinces (each of which has authority to legislate upon its own affairs) and carried a population of more than ten million. This population, however, is largely concentrated along the southern and eastern sections, or the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

The first-named province was established by the English-speaking British colonists in 1791. It was first called "Upper Canada" and embraced lands lying west of the Ottawa River; and to the east of this boundary river was Quebec, of early French settlement. The former province has been called "the heart of Canada," for here is to be found Ottawa, the capital city of the entire Dominion, where all home and foreign affairs are carried on, and where the Parliament Buildings of magnificent Gothic structure lift stately heads, as though proudly conscious of the wealth of historic documents stored within their walls.

High up in the Peace (or Victory) Tower—a central spire that climbs skyward beside these buildings of state—hangs a great carillon of fifty-three bells, ranging in size from ten pounds to a like number of tons. These pour forth a veritable tidal-wave of tuneful melodies, or ring out the hours of the day and night in majestic tones. Housed as well within this mighty monument to

Peace, is Canada's Altar of Remembrance, where is to be found a large volume—a name record of all Canadian sons whose lives were sacrificed in the tragic World War.

Legion are the distinguished sons and daughters who have devoted their lives to the promotion of music, art, science, literature and the like in the land of their birth; and Canada is willing to share her children of consequence and achievement with the world in general and the United States in particular. She has no good reason however to resent the complacent manner in which Americans overlook the Canadian birth of certain present-day men and women of distinction, such as Edward Johnson, head of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, Mary Pickford of cinema fame, also the late beloved Marie Dressler, together with others—the list is too lengthy to name.

Southward from Ottawa lies Toronto, the capitol of Ontario, a city that had beginning in 1749 when it was founded by the French and called *Fort Rouille*. The English 'took it over' four decades later when a town of some eight hundred inhabitants, naming it "Our Royal Town of York," to honor the Duke of York; but with the cycle of another forty years and an increase in population to nine thousand, its name was changed to Toronto—which in the Huron tongue mean "place of meeting."

Today it continues to be a place of meeting, particularly for all interested in education, for here is located the largest univeristy in the British Dominion, a seat of learning with one hundred and ten years of educational service to its credit. Toronto too leads as a publishing center, as

from its roaring presses come more books and magazines than are printed in all the rest of Canada.

One longs to linger indefinitely in this city of churches, schools, libraries and other interesting centers of power and culture, but there is a northward call to the province of Quebec, and to its quaintly-individual city of the same name. The rocky height of this old French capital marks the historic vicinity where was staged in 1759 the great struggle between France and England, under the gallant rival commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm. Much of this struggle for supremacy is related in the lines of the National Hymn—a song which, as the emblem of the Dominion, the maple leaf. Written by Alexander Muir the first stanza reads:

"In days of yore, from Britain's shore,

*Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's*

On Canada's fair domain.

Here may it wave our boast and pride,

And flourish here to see

The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined—

The Maple Leaf forever!"

Now forestry and farming, two great mainstays of prosperity for the province, emphasize the happy fact that swords have been beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks!

Eastward from Quebec lies Nova Scotia, and here in a peaceful valley, now famed for its apple orchards, History and Romance march hand in hand—for this is none other than the "Evangeline Country" where in the long ago "Columns of pale blue

smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, rose from a hundred hearths,—the homes of peace and contentment. Where dwelt together in love the simple Acadian farmers"; such being Henry Longfellow's poetic description of old Acadia, as Scotia on the Atlantic was once called.

Montreal, the largest city of the Dominion, Manitoba, Winnipeg, these and many other cities hold open pages of fascinating history, that he who travels, slowly or swiftly, over the vast region may read. Vancouver, in British Columbia and the metropolis of western Canada, together with Victoria, Banff, and other sister cities of this region all have their narratives of life and adventure, of progress and achievement.

Summing up these stories that are to be found in each section of the Land of the Maple Leaf, is to speak of the discoveries and settlement of the country by those brave explorers who first penetrated the silent untrodden regions, and to pay tribute to them—five intrepid ones: England's John Cabot, who discovered the coast of North America off Labrador in 1497; Jacques Cartier, the French navigator that discovered in 1535 the gulf of St. Lawrence and the river up which he sailed as far

as the site of Montreal; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who made the first English settlement in 1583, though it was afterward abandoned; Samuel Champlain, who first planted the fleur-de-lis of France on the heights of Quebec in 1608, and the last of the quintet, England's staunch-hearted Henry Hudson.

Reading down the centuries, through fruitful years, to 1934, another story had beginning—and one of intimate home life, the chief characters being the five lovable little Dionne sisters of quintuplet birth in Calander, in the year as named.

As we read Canada's story we are impressed with the fact that while more than half of the population of the land comes from British stock, a quarter from French and the remainder from other nations, yet Canada is not English; is not French; is not American. She is Canadian and possesses a national individuality all her own—such an individuality as stands out prominently in the religious, social, cultural, and economic world. They are a wholesome, God-fearing, conservative, respectable, cultured people, and we, as Americans, are happy indeed to call them "Neighbor"!

GOD'S CHANNEL

I loved the house I built
 By thought and work and prayer,
 I loved the garden too,
 I planted with such care.

But back of my desire
 These transients to possess,
 Was just my spirit's urge
 God's beauty to express.

WHITE MAN PAID INDIANS FOR THEIR LAND

Selected

Many have contended that the white man stole the land of the Indian. Confronted with deeds showing that the white man actually bought the lands, these contenders say that, since the Indian could not read or write, the deeds were mere subterfuges for swindle. In other words, they say, the Red Man would agree to sell a small piece of land, but, unable to read the deed, would actually sign away great areas to the white man.

Evidence to the contrary has been discovered by R. A. Edwards, clerk of Isle of Wight County. A few weeks ago, the Smithfield man discovered, in the raft of old papers in the new clerk's office of Isle of Wight Court House, a deed which is almost sure to refute the claims of those who say the white man swindled the red man. In this instance, at least, the Indians knew what they were selling.

The basis for Mr. Edwards' belief is the fact that one of the Indians signed his name, not with his "mark," but in his own hand-writing. All the other Indian signers, as on all other known Indian deeds of the time, were signed by a white man, with the Indian's mark beside his name. The signing in his own hand-writing by one Indian is proof enough that this red man could write.

But could the Indian read? His name—Robert Scholar—indicates that he could. Indians are known for adding to their companion's name words describing them, even giving a man a full name according to his person or actions, as Running Deer, Sitting Bull, Running Water.

Since this Indian was named "Robert Scholar", it is likely that the "Scholar" part of his name was tacked on either by his fellow warriors or by the white man, because of his scholarly accomplishments. There is indication, therefore, that Robert Scholar was able to read the deed and inform his companions full as to what they were about to sign.

From present day real estate values, it would seem that Robert Scholar was either drunk at the time or couldn't read so well after all, for he and his fellows sold 390 acres of land for 15 pounds, or \$75—19 cents an acre. But after all, there was plenty of land to the west, and \$75 would buy the Indian many a bead, to say nothing of quite a few drinks of "fire water."

The deed was dated March 24, 1737. It was nine years later, however, that it was duly recorded at the Isle of Wight County courthouse, February 12, 1746. The nine-year delay is probably explained by the fact that in those days time, like land, was not at the premium it is today.

The drafters of the deed, took care to insure its legality by prefacing it with a reference to "one Act of the General Assembly made at a session lately held at Williamsburg in the Eighth year of the reign of our Lord George the Second King of Great Britain, instituted an Act to enable the Nottoway Indians to sell certain lands therein mentioned . . ."

The exact location of the land conveyed in the deed is not known, though it is thought to be along the present

line between Isle of Wight and Southampton Counties. A land mark given in the deed is "a white oak on the east side of the Atsamoosock Swamp." This Swamp lies partly in Southampton County, which at the time of the deed's signing was a part of Isle of Wight County.

This indenture, tripartite made the twenty-fourth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven between King Edmunds, James, Harrison, Peter, Wanoak Robin, Frank Wanoak Robin, Jr., Robert Scholar, Sam, Cockrous Tom, Sherino, chief men of the Nottoway Indian of the first part, John Simmons of Isle of Wight, Thomas Cocke and Benja. Edwards of the County of Surry, Gentn: of the second part and Col. John Simmons of the County of Isle of Wight of the third part. Whereas, by one Act of the General Assembly made at a session lately held at Williamsburg in the Year of the Reign of our Lord George II. King of Great Britain constituted an Act to enable the Nottoway Indians to sell certain lands therein mentioned and for discharging the Indian interpreters. It is among other things enacted that the Chief Men of the Nottoway Nation are empowered to make sale on all or any part of a certain circular tract of land of six miles diameter lying and being on the North side of Nottoway River in the Country of Isle of Wight. By and with the consent of the said John Simmons, Thomas Cocke and Benja. Edwards who are by the sd. Act appointed Trustees to see the said Act duly executed. And after any agreement made for the sale of any part of the sd. land, so as such part do not exceed four hundred acres to any one person. It

shall and may be lawfull for the said Chief Men together with the Trustees afores'd. or the survivors or survivor of them to seal and deliver a feafment to the purchaser who immediately after the execution thereof shall pay down to the s'd. Chief Men the purchase money for which a receipt shall be likewise endorsed on the deed and any feafment so executed and perfected and afterwards acknowledged of proved by the oaths of three witnesses and recorded by the Court of the s'd. country of isle of Wight where the lands lye shall be sufficient in law to pass the purchaser or purchasers thereof his or their heirs or assigns shall forever hold and enjoy the same free and discharged from all claims of the Nottoway Nation and their posterity anything in an Act of the General Assembly made in the fourth year of the Reign of the late Queen Anne; instituted an act for preventing of misunderstandings between the Tributary Indains and other of his Majesties subjects of this Colony and Dominion and for a free and open trade with all Indian whatsoever or in any other Act of the General Assembly Contained to the contrary hereof in anywise notwithstanding as in the s'd. Act among other things more fully is contained. Now This Indenture Witnesseth, that the said King Edmunds, James, Harriason, Peter, Wanoak Robin, Frank, Wanoak Robin Junr, Robert Scholar, Sam, Cockrous Tom and Cherino. The Chief Men of the sd. Nottoway Indians by and with the consent of the sd. John Simmons, Thomas Cocke and Benja. Elwards; (testified by their being made parties to these presents) for and in consideration of the sum of Fifteen Pounds

curr't. money to the s'd. Chief Men in Hand paid the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged. Have, Granted, Bargained, Sold, Ensealed and Confirmed and by these presents do Grant, Bargain, Sell, Enseal and convey unto the s'd. Col. John Simmons his heirs and assigns, Three Hundred and Ninety Acres arcell of the said circular tract of land, bounded as 1- loweth: eginning at a white oak on the East side of the Atsamoo-sock Swamp a corner of No. 1, thence by the line of No. 1, East three hundred thirty-six pole to a hickory thence North one hundred and forty pole to four hickory saplins, then West, three hundred ninety-four pole to a live Oak by the side of Atsamoosock Swamp aforesaid and down the various courses of the run of the said Swamp to the beginning. It being No. 2 as by the survey and platt of John Allen Gent. surveyor of the said County of Isle of Wight doth and may appear. And all the Estate, Right, Title and Interest of the said Nottoway Indians in and to the some. To have and to hold the s'd land with the appurtenances unto the s'd. Col. John Simmons his heirs and assigns. To the only use and behoof of the s'd Col. John Simmons. His heirs and assings forever. Yielding and paying to his Majesty his heirs and assigns, the yearly quit rents due for the s'd land.

In witness whereof the said Parties have hereunto set their hands

and affixed their seals the day and year above written.

Test:

THO. DAVIS, JAMES STANTON, J. GRAY, KING EDMUNDS, JAMES, HARRISON, PETER, SAM, WANOAK ROBIN, ROBERT SCHOLAR.

Memo. That on the twenty-fourth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty—sent peaceable and quiet possession and seisin of the land within mentioned was had and taken by the Chief Men of the Nottoway Nation mentioned and by declared to hold to him his heirs assigns forever, according to the form and effect of the within mentioned indenture.

Recd. of the within named John Simmons the just sum of fifteen pounds the purchase money within mentioned.

TO. DAVIS, JAMES STANTON, J. GRAY, KING EDMUNDS, JAMES, HARRISON, PETER, SAM, WANOAK ROBIN, FRANK, WANOAK ROBIN, ROBERT SCHOLAR.

At a Court held for Isle of Wight County, Feb'ry 12, 1746, and Indenture of Feadment with livery and seisin and receipt thereon indorsed from the Chief Men of the Nottoway Indians of the one part and John Simmons Gent. of the other part was proved by the oath of Thomas Davis James Stanton and Joseph Gray, the witnesses thereto and ordered to be recorded.

“The pain that lasts is not the pain you suffer, but the pain you cause.”—Selected.

MAKE A TREE BOOK

By Julia W. Wofle

Young people who are keenly interested in growing things out of doors will find delight in tree study. With a camera it is easy to make a beautiful and valuable picture story of the modes and methods of their favorite tree.

Take pictures from various viewpoints. Begin when the tree is leafless—perhaps in February, the trees' "sleeping time." Catch your tree when it is waking; in the summer time activity; in the repose of autumn.

Perhaps some morning it will be found transformed with soft, fluffy snow-wreaths or glittering with icy jewels. By March most trees are on tiptoe with expectancy; April brings the bursting bud; May, June—the tree is a-flutter with tender, green young leaves. There is a difference in trees in respect to these things—the oak, for instance, is a slow grower, but the climate marks the steps. But watch—the signs are plain, the stages from dormant bud to twinkling leaf need not be missed.

Photograph a twig, of twigs, each time a picture of the tree is taken. A page devoted to the tree picture with twig pictures grouped about it is a pretty arrangement, avoids confusion, and shows at a glance the stage in bud development at the time this picture of the tree was taken. Follow the same plan with pictures of fruits (acorns, apples, cones, maplekeys—whatever the fruit of the tree may be), and with the blossoms. All trees have blossoms. You will need to be "broad-awake" to catch

some of them, however. Date the photographs.

Take a picture of the trunk alone, to show the style of bark weaving. There is a marked difference among trees in this respect. The beech wears its Quaker-grey suit with perfect neatness, a quality not characteristic of all trees. Learn all you can about the tree and record the facts in the tree book. From textbooks information regarding the roots may be gathered, preferred soil, favorite location, methods of growth. Ascertain the commercial value of its lumber and its special uses. Get the color of the buds—the pictures will show their shapes and the manner in which they dot the twigs. Mention if they are waxy, smooth or rough. Note autumn tints; how the leaves fall—whether they separate from the leafstem. Study the leaf-scars on the twigs. Leaf-scars are very unlike in different species. The horse-chestnut wears a beauty. Slice open a twig—lengthwise—and study the pith. Piths are interesting and distinctly characteristic. The pith of the butternut is something to see. Hunt out the lavender, red, orange, of the bark. What tint is found emphatic depends largely on the species of tree studied—but no bark is just plain grey.

A group of young people, each with a special subject, can work together with zest, and the interest will be increased by variety in trees studied. Some trees for book-making—such as the flowering dogwood, so especially lovely, decked out in the velvety, squatty, box-like winter buds;

or witch-hazel with its indifference to custom and laugh-provoking ways. The tamarack is a northern traveler. It has other prominently characteristic traits, and one season of exquisite loveiness—when pea-green leaf tufts and rosy buds mingle along the twigs.

“Give me of yours roots, O Tama-

rack!” sang Hiawatha. No tree, not even the black spruce, is more defiant of arctic rigors; and when it reaches the limit of tree growth—a boundary beyond which even the tamarack dare not venture—though stunted, it is still erect—the black spruce beside it a shuddering sprawl upon the ground.

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

God gave us the gift to think,
 How are you using that gift?
 Are you thinking good or bad?
 Remember you are the man you think.
 Do your thoughts control your body,
 Or your body control your mind?
 Are your thoughts of others good,
 And are your thoughts of others kind?
 It's the helm that turns the rudder,
 It's the helm of brotherhood.
 Are you doing deeds that injure?
 Are you doing deeds of good?
 Every thought has its reflector,
 That reflects the man you are,
 Every act has its reaction,
 They may make or they may mar.
 Who is standing as your Tiler?
 Who commands your thoughts and deeds?
 Is your life producing flowers?
 Or a mass of stifling weeds?
 You are the man that controls yourself.
 Master your thoughts they master all.
 When you learn to command your thoughts you have
 won.
 And remember that thoughts are things.

Lee P. Middlestetter.

BEATING BACK AT 82

(The Jackson News)

How old does a man have to be to be too old to be of any use in the world?

It was reported not long ago in the daily papers that S. S. McClure is about to revive the magazine which made his name famous around the world. Mr. McClure is only 82 years young. He has never stopped writing and lecturing and teaching people how to be good Americans, since he came to America.

Sam McClure has no old-age pension. He has nothing, and never had, but what he has earned by his own work. A boy on an Indiana farm, he wanted to go to college. There was no money in the family to send him to college, so he set out to earn it any way he could. He tramped the country roads with a peddler's pack on his back, selling everything from cheap microscopes to books. He found people eager for good reading, and tried to get them books that would do them the most good.

He earned enough in this way to go through Knox College; then he

married the college president's daughter and she shared his poverty until he had gained the top of the ladder.

He got the idea of buying the newspaper rights to the best current and popular literature, and established the first newspaper syndicate. He became a friend of the great writers of forty, fifty years ago. He thought there was a need for a popular, low-priced magazine, and started the first of its kind, McClure's Magazine. For many years it earned great profits and Mr. McClure enjoyed a huge income.

He was not a good business man, however and the competition of new magazines modeled upon his own was too much for him. By 1914 he was broke, and had to take a newspaper job at an age when most men would have felt that the end of all things had come for them.

Now, at 82, S. S. McClure feels young and has gained the confidence of a new generation who are backing him getting a fresh start.

There is nothing more painful than an ingrown talent. We know a man who can make money—for himself—almost while you wait, and never gets tired when he's doing something for himself. But let his town or his church call on him for something that he thinks he won't get anything for himself out of, and he has the worst case of paralysis you ever saw.

—Exchange.

ONE MIDSUMMER EVE IN DALCARNIA

By E. Mark and Rhoda Philips

I have the butter molded for tomorrow's smorgasbord, Mother; four great mounds of it. Now I go to bring up the herring."

Gudrun, her crisp gray skirt and her crisper white apron billowing before her, came in from the butter house and reached for two of the shining copper pans hanging on the scubbed walls of the great kitchen.

"The pickled, and the smoked for boiling, and that to be garnished with onions, will be enough," her mother said, and went on cutting out the rectangular shapes from the thin layer of rye dough that would come from the oven, crisp, delicious knackebrod.

"Oh, but Mother, surely also some that is preserved in tomato sauce and some in the anchovy sauce." Gudrun, her pans in her hands protested so urgently that both Flu Asker and Lotta, the rosy-cheeked young servant girl, cutting up potatoes and onions into a deep, yellow bowl, looked up at her.

"There is you know, the smoked and dried eel, the filet of trout, cold sausages, the boiled salmon and the sardines," the former said gently, "besides the pickled vegetables and salads, the cold cuts and hot dishes."

"But all that we might have for just an ordinary smorgasbord. and here it is so near the Eve of Midsummer Eve, surely we should celebrate a little. Besides," and here the color in Gudrun's soft cheeks deepened; even the blue of her eyes seemed bluer, "we would not want this fine

nephew of Herr Eriksson to think that we here in Dalcarnia are too poor to set a good table."

Fru Asker unconsciously looked through the open, gingham curtained windows out across the colorful garden to the huge red barn, to neat fields bordered with red fences and reaching to Lake Siljan on one side and the dark forest on the other.

"Perhaps he would not think that, Gudrun," she said, and sighed within herself at the cause of her only child's deepened color. "But, do as you like about the herring. Besides," with studied indifference, "Nils Kerstin will be here to eat with us, as well as the Erikssons, and herring prepared in any way is his favorite smorgasbord dish."

Gudrun only tossed a thick, flaxen braid over her shoulder with great disdain and hurried out.

It was foolish of her mother to think that she could still be interested in that clumsy Nils. What did it matter that he was said to be one of the best farmers in Dalcarnia and him only twenty-seven, and had his own cottage and barns and tilled field? He could not be compared with Herr Ericksson's nephew from America, Johann, who was so handsome and dressed so beautifully and had such lovely manners.

Just because now that she was eighteen and everyone had expected Nils would speak on Midsummer Eve, as young men so often did speak to their choice on that day, was no rea-

son why her mother and father should look so reproachful at the way she was treating him. Perhaps, and her heart sang at the thought, Johann himself would speak before the festival was over.

Perhaps he would when he saw what a bountiful table the Askers set and what a good cook she was. With her family she had gone to eat with the Erikssons after Johann had come to spend the summer with them, and Britta, who was her best friend, had brought him to drink coffee with them. And he had come with Britta when all the young people had gone to some neighbor's great barn to practice their special folk dances for the coming festival. She knew the more than liked her.

If only Nils were not to be her partner in their dance. But he had asked her weeks before Johann was to be her partner in the lancers that

Certainly, when Johann Eriksson arrived with his uncle and aunt and his cousins to eat with the Askers he could not have failed to be impressed.

With pride, Gudrun saw his eyes dwelling on the long, heaped up smorgasbord table pushed back into the alcove, on the heavy silver covered dishes that she and Lotta later handed around.

"He can see that I am well worth the having," she thought with a toss of her head, around which she had wound her golden braids like a coronet.

Once, standing beside her at the end of the alcove while they filled their plates, Johann, looking at her smooth braids, said in a low voice:

"They tell me the Swedish girls still wear their golden crowns when they are married. Yours is already made, eh, Gudrun?"

Gudrun's heart had pounded and the quick color rushed to her cheeks. Then she looked up and met Nils' serious gray eyes and turned away, quickly, a little angrily. What right did Nils think he had to spy on her?

When the meal had come to a close, she and Johann might walk down to the lake alone, without Nils' eyes watching

every word that Johann might say to her, as she knew they were doing now. It would be long past ten, but because the sun would still be high in the air, her mother could make no objection.

The dishes had been passed around for another bite, and Lotta was getting ready to serve the coffee, Gudrun's plan was spoiled.

Old Herr Lindegren, whose farm lay beyond the woods next to Nils' own place, stopped by to drink coffee with them and tell them some great news.

He had that day received a letter from his granddaughter, Maja, in America, who was being acclaimed there as one of the most promising of the young opera singers. Already she was on her way home to Dalcarnia. She would be there for the Midsummer Eve festival. It had been more than twelve years ago, when Maja was a girl of fifteen, that the great master at Stockholm had persuaded Herr Lindegren, her only relative, that her voice held great promise. Not since then had

she been back home.

And how splendidly her voice had fulfilled its promise. And how proud was everyone in Dalcarnia of this other Swedish nightingale and her triumphs in other lands. Now at last she was coming home.

All the older people sitting around the table there could remember something of Maja. And Nils, who had been her only neighbor, had known her well. Only Gudrun and Britta and the younger children had no recollection of her.

Johann, who had sat quiet while the little clatter of surprise followed by reminiscences went round the table, cleared his throat importantly when Herr Lindegren said to him: "You perhaps have heard my Maja sing, there in America?"

"Many times," Johann answered. "And have dined with her many times, besides. She is the good friend of a good Swedish friend of mine there in New York. I assure you she is a most charming and gracious lady as well as a great artist."

Herr Lindegren's old face beamed with pleasure. "I am going to engage a table at the inn at Rattrik for the day of the festival. You must join us. Maja will enjoy talking to a friend from America."

Gudrun's heart fell as she heard Johann's ready acceptance. Had he forgotten that the Erikssons and the Askers had already made arrangements to dine together at one of the inns on that day?

"No doubt she is a stuck-up piece," Britta whispered, seeing her friend's downcast face and thinking to cheer her. "I am sure she will be much too good for us here, and will be greatly amused at our old customs

and costumes of the festival."

But this brought little cheer to Gudrun. With great care she had laundered the red embroidered bodice, the red stockings, the striped apron and white felted cap of her province that she would wear. The heavy silver pin for her neckerchief and the silver shoe buckles that had belonged to her great grandmother were all brightly polished. Surely, Johann would like her in them, she had told herself, knowing how becoming they were.

Now she had her doubts. Johann, like Nils, and some of the other boys and men, had planned to wear a costume of yellow suede flannel breeches, bright-colored vest and buckled shoes. He would look so handsome in it, Gudrun knew. Now, when the conversation came back to the coming festival, she heard him say lightly that he had decided to go in his regular clothes. Something in his tone indicated that he looked on all of it as mere child play.

Somehow, Gudrun could not see it that way. Her people and Johann's and Britta's and Nils' people had been dancing these same folk dances at their festivals for many generations. They could not be silly. It was Maja's coming that had made Johann change.

Then, because at heart she was a generous little soul, Gudrun began to make excuses for him. After all, it was no small thing to be a friend of so famous a person as Maja Lindegren. Perhaps, because of Johann, after he had introduced them, she too could claim some small part of the singer's friendship.

Midsummer's Eve came at last. And, fortunately, it did not rain, as

it so often does during the summer in Sweden.

Lake Siljan lay blue and bright under a sunny sky when Herr Ask-er's long rowboat, filled with his own family and Lotta and the farm hands and their families, slipped across the water toward Rattvik on the oppo-site shore, where the church spire reached up beyond the birches.

Other long boats, filled with gayly attired men and women and children, were making bright splotches on the water, skillfully evading the huge rafts of logs coming down from the forests to the mills below.

Guðrun looked in vain for the Eriks-son's boat. Had they already gone? Would Johann be waiting on the shore to help her out?

Of course he was not. Nils, at least, might have been there, she thought resentfully. Then she re-mem-bered belatedly that Nils had said it would be late in the afternoon before he could get to Rattvik. Newborn calves on his farm would need looking after. That was like Nils, she thought scornfully, to put his old farm before everything else. Why, she might even be left without a partner for the festival dance. But, down in her heart she knew she was unjust to Nils. It was because of Johann she felt so cross with him.

And her feelings were not improved when they reached the old church, filled with tourists and sightseers as well as the home people, and she saw Johann in the Erikssons' pew, his eyes fixed on someone across the isle and a little ahead of him.

It was a tall, deep-bosomed young woman with such an air of assurance and smartness about her, sitting there in the little church pew. Guð-

run did not need to see Herr Lindegren looking so proud beside the stranger to know it was Maja.

How beautiful she was, Guðrun thought dismally. How stylish she looked in that plain, dark suit with the tiny hat perched on her high-piled blonde hair.

Guðrun, it will have to be admitted, heard but little of the morning's special service.

When it was over, she followed her parents slowly out into the church-yard where they were joined by the Erikssons—all except Johann—and made their way to the inn.

Dining at the inn was usually a very joyous occasion. Only on festi-val days did they do it. Friends from far and near would be dining there, too, in one of the inn's sever-al dining rooms. The long, drawn-out meal would be like a festival in itself. But for Guðrun today. Johann, with Maja and her grand-father, was even dining at another inn.

"But this evening there will be time for him to take me to her and then everything will be all right," she consoled herself.

But when evening came, and all the young people gathered around the tall, birch-draped pole on the green, and the older people and the visitors made a circle around them, Guðrun wished that something could have saved her from coming.

Johann seemed to have forgotten she existed. Close beside the tall, beautiful Maja he stayed, Maja who was the center of an ever-increas-ing, gay crowd.

When the time came for their own folk dance around the birch-draped pole, Britta, whose partner he was,

had to go and pluck him by the sleeve to get him away.

And Nils, to Gudrun's great mortification, came rushing up, red-faced and panting, at the last moment, to catch Gudrun by both unwilling hands and whirl her around for the first figure of their long dance.

Only because she knew them all so well that it was mechanical to her could she go through with the endless, intricate as well as simple figures that followed.

Always before, when they had been rehearsing, Johann's eyes had been for her more than for his own partner. When their hands met, as they wound through the dance, his fingers always lingered on hers until the last possible moment. Now she might as well have been made of wood for all Johann seemed to care. would have to pay some attention to his own partner then.

Still the lancers was to follow. He

And then, their part of the festival ended, she shook her arm free of Nils' big, possessive hand. She would join Johann. After all, she was to be his partner. They had stopped near Maja and her crowd of admirers, but that would make no difference.

Even as she turned toward Johann he was walking the narrow distance across the green to where Maja stood. Gudrun heard him say boldly:

"Of course you have not forgotten the steps of the lancers, Fraulein. Won't you honor me by being my partner for the next one?"

Gudrun felt weak with shame

and embarrassment. Almost she did not feel Nils' hand on her arm so impatiently shaken off.

Maja Lindegren's voice came clear and flute-like: "You will excuse me, Herr Eriksson? But these dances are so lovely I must not miss one moment of seeing them." Then her eyes had gone to Nils, standing beside Gudrun not far off. A warm, laughing look came into her lovely face.

"Nils!" she cried, and moved toward him, hand outstretched. "Were going to neglect me utterly? You who used to pull my pigtailed unmercifully, and dump me into snowdrifts when I tried to be a dignified young lady?"

Gudrun felt herself being propelled along toward the approaching famous singer. Presently, when Nils had introduced her, with such natural simplicity, the laughing Maja had taken both her hands into her own and said, quietly:

"My dear, you are so lovely. I watched you in your dance. Nils," looking up at him "is this why you have not yet chosen one from among all these fair daughters of Dalcarnia?"

Gudrun met the troubled, unhappy look in his dear, kind eyes. Nils, who would never forget her for another, who would never fail her. She smiled up at him, smiled up in a way that she had never smiled at him before, but he understood.

"Yes, Maja," he said slowly, happiness breaking over his face. "Yes, Maja. this is why."

It is painful to see someone make good use of opportunities we passed by.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

This may sound like too much repetition, but the fact still remains that our cannery is in operation daily, canning many gallons of tomatoes, beans, etc., for winter use.

Judge and Mrs. F. M. Redd, Dr. Julian Miller, editor of the Charlotte Observer, accompanied by a staff photographer, visited the School last week. They took pictures of a group of the finest cows in our herd of Holsteins, also one of the entire herd.

Continuing a custom of many years' standing, Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, sent out quite a number of fine magazines for the use of our boys. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Richmond for her kindly interest in the lads of the School.

The first watermelons of the season were gathered last Wednesday, about five hundred in number. We noticed them piled around the huge oak tree, near which watermelon feasts are usually held, awaiting the slicer's knife and the call for the boys to "come and get 'em." Dry weather early in the season interfered with the growth of these melons, but we were most agreeably surprised upon examining the pile, at the size and number of them.

Miss June Crouse, of Sparta, and her brother, Cad Crouse, of Hamburg, Iowa, were visitors at The Uplift office last Monday. The purpose of their visit was to take Ben Cooper, of Cottage No. 12, to live with them on their farm near

Sparta, they having been recommended very highly by the county welfare officials, to make a good home for Ben, for whom suitable placement was needed. They will spend a few days at Carolina Beach before returning to Sparta.

Quite a few of the workers and boys at the School have been busy during the past week, endeavoring to install the basketball and other equipment in the new gymnasium. In most any project of this nature there are mistakes to be corrected, and the equipment cannot be put in place without the necessity of having some alterations made. These problems have been worrying those in charge of installation for the past few days, but they have now reached the point where they can proceed without further delay.

No one likes to be robbed of good frying-size chickens, so here is the reason many of the boys and officers were considerably "het-up" last Monday morning. On Sunday night some stray dogs got among our flocks of young chickens, killing twenty-five. Do you blame us for a feeling of enmity toward the depredators who would rob the boys of this choice dish? We are passing this information on to our readers—there are now several dogs dead that were once roaming this old earth, thanks to the marksmanship of several of our workers.

Superintendent Boger recently received a card from James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been a

patient for some time at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, undergoing treatment for a bone infection. He reports that he is much better and expresses the hope that he will soon be back among the boys at the School. James also expressed his delight with both the quality and quantity of the load of cantaloupes recently sent to the Gastonia institution. He was especially pleased because of the fact that they were grown at the School, the results of the work of many of his young friends on the farm force.

It is our happy privilege to announce that the regular afternoon service at the School tomorrow afternoon, will be conducted by Rev. Jack W. Page, who is pastor of the Methodist Church at Broadway. We are proud to make this announcement because Jack is one of our old boys, having been at one time during his stay with us, a member of the printing class. Graduating from Duke University in June, 1936, he returned the following Fall to enter the Duke School of Religion, to begin his studies for the ministry. For almost a year he has been pastor of the Broadway Church and has been getting along very well in his chosen profession.

Talk about grapes! We believe that we have some of the nicest and most complete bunches grown in this locality. One gets a beautiful picture in looking over the vineyard. They are grown on an old red hillside that was once considered worthless. It must be admitted that for some time the grape-vines showed little promise. The vineyard was placed in charge of Mr. J. L. Carriker a few

years ago, with the privilege of using what he felt was necessary in the way of fertilizer, stock and implements. Now we are really pleased with the results of the past two or three years. This year's crop promises to be the best ever produced at the School.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Lyle C. Hooper, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School, February 1, 1937, returning to his home in Jackson County.

"Dear Mr. Boger: After a long period of time I am writing back to the school that helped me in so many ways. Since leaving there, I have been working and going to high school. Am now working for the United States government here in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, but only for the summer.

"I think the Training School is a grand place for unfortunate boys. May it long stand and continue to give the best, as it has in the past. I'll be in the tenth grade this year. Hope I can visit you soon. Best of luck to all the boys."

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Piercy, members of the official staff of the Maryland Training School, Loch Raven, Md., were visitors here last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Piercy is supervisor of education and his wife teaches the special and third grades at the Maryland institution. They were en route to Atlanta, Ga., where they will spend a few days, after which they will visit the Great Smoky Mountain National Park as they journey northward, making the trip by auto. During their stay at the School they visited some of the cottages and vocational departments,

and seemed very well pleased with the manner in which the work of the institution is being carried on. It was a real pleasure to meet these good folks from Maryland, and we regret that their stay with us was so brief.

Fred Stafford, a former house boy at the Receiving Cottage, who left the School, November 2, 1930, was a visitor here last Tuesday. Upon leaving the institution, Fred returned to his home in Durham, working, at odd jobs, it having been difficult to obtain employment during the depression years. In January, 1934, he joined the United States Army, remaining in that service until April, 1938. During this time he spent two years in the Panama Canal Zone; one year at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, N. Y.; and a little more than a year at Fort DuPont, Delaware. Returning to Durham after receiving his honorable discharge from Uncle Sam's service, Fred secured a position in one of the Piggly-Wiggly chain grocery stores, and is now assistant manager of one of these stores. He hopes to be promoted to the position of store manager soon.

Fred is now twenty-four years old and has been married twenty months, his wife being a native of New York City, whom he met while stationed on Governor's Island. Both she and Fred's mother accompanied him on this visit, and we were delighted to meet them. They spoke very highly of the School and its work, especially the elder Mrs. Stafford, who expressed her appreciation for what it had done for her son.

David Leary, formerly of Cottage No. 2, and a house boy at the Ad-

ministration Building, called on friends here last Sunday afternoon. This young man, who is now a little more than twenty-four years old, left the School March 27, 1931, going to live with his mother and brother on a farm near New Bern, his father having died while David was at the School. He helped his mother manage the farm for the next one and one-half years. He then went to New Bern, where he secured employment with an interior decorator, working there about four years. For nearly four years David has been living in Kinston, where he has been working as an automobile mechanic, working mostly on body repair and paint work.

Accompanying David on this visit to the School was his wife, they having been married one and one-half years. She was a very pleasant young lady, and it is our opinion that she will be of much assistance in helping David on to greater success.

David took great delight in going over the School grounds and seeing the many improvements that have been added to the plant since he was a boy here. In a conversation with one of the School officials, he stated that he did not regret a single day of his stay with us, but was sorry that the officials of his home county had not sent him here a year or two before they did. He said that with all the new things being added to the School, he could see no reason why a boy would ever want to go away from the institution.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn and

Scripture recitation by the boys, he turned the program over to Gene Davis, who led the lads in singing several numbers. Gene then introduced Rev. Ben T. Harrop, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Harrop used the First Psalm, and for the text of his talk to the boys, he selected part of the tenth verse of the third chapter Malachi: "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that, there shall not be room enough to receive it."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker said that he supposed most of the boys, on numerous occasions had tried to do something, such as learning how to swim or take part in some other sport. Perhaps there were standing by many other boys, who knew how to do that particular thing, urging them on, doubting their ability to do whatever they might be trying to do. Then we can hear some of the boys saying, "Just give me the chance or a little more time, and we'll show you how to get it done after a while." That's just the way it is with God in His dealings with men. He is giving them opportunity to let Him prove to them that He will fulfill His promises.

Rev. Mr. Harrop then called attention to the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison. As a boy, looking rather scedy, wearing a soiled linen duster, he approached the manager of a telegraph office in one of our large cities, asking him for a job as an operator. He was told to take a seat at one of the tables. A tele-

graph key began to click. It was the Associated Press report coming in. The man in a distant city, sending the messages, was the fastest sender in the business. Many operators had failed to take his messages. To test the boy, the manager told him to take it. For four hours Edison sat there, taking the reports as they came in, never missing a word. Upon noting his ability to receive messages accurately and write them out in a neat hand, the manager told him to report for duty in the morning. All Edison wanted was a chance. That is the way God appeals to us every day, continued the speaker. He tells us to give Him a chance, and there won't be room enough in our hearts to hold the blessings He will give us.

How can we give God a chance? asked the speaker. We can do so by trusting Him. We must have faith in Him, just as a child has faith in mother. Faith is that bridge that reaches from our hearts to heaven. It is the ladder by which God's messengers go up and down, ministering to mankind. Faith is the soul's intake; love is the soul's outlet. If we stop either of these channels, we stop the flow of life. We take the most expensive watch to a jeweler for repairs; we sit motionless for hours in order that an artist may paint our portrait; or we place our lives in the hands of a sea-captain and his crew in taking an ocean voyage. Why can't we give God the same chance as we give **men in the affairs of the world.** We all must take the journey into the unknown abyss of eternity. God is the only one who can take us on that journey in safety, if we will only let Him be our guide.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Harrop told the boys they could give God a chance by surrendering their hearts and lives completely to Him. The reason why He doesn't use us sometimes is because we have locked soul and heart behind an impenetrable

barrier. The only thing that will save us is to remove all obstacles and let the great flood of God's mercies and blessings into our lives. By so doing, we need have no fears concerning the journey into the vast expanse of eternity.

MARK TWAIN'S TELEPHONE

Mark Twain refused to wish Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, a New Year's greeting. It seems that the telephone had recently been invented, and the famous humorist was greatly tired in attempting to make practical use of the new convenience.

Professor Bell was anxious, of course to have such a famous man as Mark Twain find the telephone helpful. But the author felt so exasperated with his trials in getting the invention to work that he finally lost his temper, and in a public notice declared that everybody would get his New Year's greeting but Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone. He vowed to throw the machine out of his house.

Then it was announced that in a distant city there would be preached a memorial sermon over a near relative of Mark Twain's. The author was ill in bed at the time. Alexander Graham Bell knew of this. There came an offer from the inventor to connect Mr. Clemens' Hartford home with the church in Albany, where the sermon was to be preached. This offer was accepted. He lay in bed and distinctly heard every word of the sermon over the telephone wire, as we hear such things over the radio today. He was so pleased with this use of the telephone that he decided to keep the invention.

He then sent word to Professor Bell asking what the charge would be for that special demonstration. He expected a very large bill to cover the costs of the elaborate long-distance experiment.

But the response brought a surprise.

"I do not want any money," wrote the inventor. "But I do wish you would give me your best New Year's wishes in payment."

These, we are told, Mark Twain readily and gladly gave, for he was very thankful for the merits of the telephone which had been brought out in such a striking manner.—The Way.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending July 23, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) Clyde Gray 6
- (5) James Hodges 5
- (8) Gilbert Hogan 8
- (8) Leon Hollifield 8
- (5) Edward Johnson 5
- (4) Robert Maples 6
- (6) Frank May 6
- Oscar Smith 2
- (6) Thomas Turner 6

COTTAGE No. 1

- William Anders 2
- (2) Jack Broome 5
- Howard Cox 5
- (2) Eugene Edwards 2
- (2) Porter Holder 2
- Bruce Link 3
- (3) Clay Mize 4
- (2) H. C. Pope 6
- Jerry Smith 4
- (3) Lee Watkins 3
- (3) Edward Warnock 5
- (3) Latha Warren 4

COTTAGE No. 2

- J. W. Crawford 2
- (3) Julian T. Hooks 6
- (7) William Padrick 7
- (3) Nick Rochester 5
- (2) Oscar Roland 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- Wesley Beaver 5
- (4) Lewis Andrews 6
- (4) Robert Atwell 7
- Wayne Collins 4
- Arthur Lamar 3
- Douglas Matthews 5
- (2) Harley Matthews 6
- (6) Harrison Stilwell 7
- Claude Terrell 2
- John Robertson 7
- (8) Jerome Wiggins 8
- (2) Louis Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 5
- Paul Broome 2
- (2) Lewis Donaldson 3
- (3) William C. Jordan 4
- Hugh Kennedy 2
- (7) James Land 7
- (8) Ivan Morrozoff 8
- (6) Henry Raby 6
- (4) Robert Simpson 6
- (2) George Speer 3
- (8) Melvin Walters 8
- Richard Wiggins 2
- Cecil Wilson 2
- Thomas Yates 2

COTTAGE No. 5

- J. C. Branton 5
- Lindsey Dunn 6
- William Kirksey 4
- (2) Hubert Walker 5
- (2) Dewey Ware 7
- (8) George Wright 8

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 6
- (2) Robert Bryson 4
- (4) Fletcher Castlebury 7
- Robert Dunning 5
- Noah Ennis 2
- (3) Columbus Hamilton 4
- (3) Leo Hamilton 4
- (4) Thomas Hamilton 5
- (2) Leonard Jacobs 3
- Spencer Lane 3
- (2) Canipe Shoe 5
- (4) Joseph Tucker 6
- George Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 6
- (7) Carl Breece 7
- (8) John Deaton 8
- (6) James H. Davis 6
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 6

- Lacy Green 3
 William Herrin 4
 Raymond Hughes 2
 Robert Hampton 2
 (2) James Jordan 5
 (8) Hugh Johnson 8
 (2) Lyman Johnson 4
 (2) Elmer Maples 6
 Ernest Oveicash 3
 Marshal Pace
 (4) Carl Ray 4
 Loy Stines 4
 Alex Weathers 4
 Joseph Wheeler 2
 (2) Edd Woody 3
 Edward Young 4
 William R. Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 5
 Donald Britt 4
 (3) Jack Crawford 5
 (2) J. B. Devlin 3
 (4) Clyde Hillard 7
 (2) Edward J. Lucas 4
 (2) John Tolbert 4
 (2) Charles Taylor 6

COTTAGE No. 9

- Clarence Baker
 J. T. Branch 6
 Roy Butner 6
 Henry Coward 4
 Frank Glover 6
 Harold O'Dear 4
 Lonnie Roberts 7
 Thomas Sands 7
 Preston Wilbourne 6
 Thomas Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 10

- Aldine Brown
 Junius Brewer 2
 Matthew Duffy 3
 J. D. Hildreth 5
 Lee Jones 4
 William Peeden 4
 Torrence Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) William Dixon 4
 (8) Charles Frye 8
 (8) Earl Hildreth 8
 William Hudgins 6
 (2) Clyde Hoppes 6
 (2) Andrew Lambeth 3
 (4) Ballard Martin 5

- (3) Julian Merritt 4
 Paul Mullis 5
 (4) Edward Murray 7
 (8) Fred Owens 8
 Theodore Rector 4
 (2) John Uptegrove 6
 (2) N. C. Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 12

- (8) Jack Batson 8
 (3) Ben Cooper 5
 (4) Woodrow Hager 6
 (4) Charlton Henry 7
 (2) Hubert Holloway 5
 (4) Richard Honeycutt (C)
 (2) Clarence Mayton 6
 (4) Avery Smith 7
 (6) Ralph Sorrells 6
 (2) George Tolson 5

COTTAGE No. 13

- Wilson Bailiff
 Dillon Dean
 (7) James V. Harvel 7
 (3) Jack Mathis 6
 Paul McGlammery
 (2) Jordan McIver 2
 (6) Irvin Medlin 7
 (2) Joseph White 2
 (2) Marshal White 3
 (8) Alexander Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 5
 (4) Monte Beck 6
 (3) Mack Coggins 5
 (5) Audie Farthing 5
 (2) John Ham 2
 (2) Marvin King 2
 (3) John Kirkman 3
 (4) Feldman Lane 6
 (2) Norvell Murphy 2
 (2) Roy Munford 2
 (2) Henry McGraw 2
 (2) Charles McCoyle 5
 (5) Troy Powell 7
 (4) Richard Patton 4
 (2) John Robbins 5
 (2) Charles Steepleton 7
 Harold Thomas 4
 (5) Howard Todd 6
 Desmond Truitt 4

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 6
 (4) Howard Bobbitt 5
 Sidney Delbridge 3

- (5) Clifton Davis 7
 Clarence Gates 5
 (4) Albert Hayes 6
 (2) Beamond Heath 6
 (2) Eulice Rogers 4
 (2) Arvel Ward 3
 William Wood 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

- George Duncan 2
 (4) Philip Holmes 6
 (8) Warren G. Lawry 8
 (5) Filmore Oliver 7
 (2) Early Oxendine 4

 THE HAPPINESS ROAD

There is nothing mysterious about happiness; happiness is not only a condition, but it is also a result. Our heavenly Father may plant the flowers by our Happiness Road—by implanting in our hearts love for Jesus Christ—but it is not as if He said, "Now do your own cultivating."

Tell us why Marie was so happy last night, bubbling over with joy. Well, it is no secret, it is a result. She found a sensitive schoolmate crying bitterly. Edna's people were very poor and it was a careless remark about her only school dress that had started the tears. Myrtle comforted her and said: "My, but I have some good medicine for your hurt feelings, for teacher said today, "That dear little Edna will lead the class yet, she is so industrious." Might we not call Myrtle an Apostle of Good Cheer? Who said, "Be of good cheer?"

The Helper's Road and the Happiness Road soon come together. You have likely heard the old story of the little maid who said to a stranger who was looking for her father, "Father has gone down to the depot. If you care to go down there I can tell you how to find him. If you see a man helping someone that will be father."

Our neighbor's little girls fairly beg for the privilege of sweeping our sidewalk. Think of that, instead of coming over and saying, "Can I have an orange?"—or possibly one of our delicious Elberta peaches—they say, "Please let us sweep the sidewalk." Of course helpers are very likely to get rewards; for instance, we have a corner where we put all the papers that little girls delight to read, and then we say, "All the papers put in that corner are for you." So they come over to the house to smile on us, and gather up the papers with great glee.

Be a helper in small ways; why wait for some great thing to do? Do you remember what the servants of Naaman, the leper, said to him when he was indignant because Elisha had told him to wash in the Jordan seven times, and be clean? They said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee to do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" Be a helper in small things and your schoolmates and chums will soon perceive that you are walking in the Happiness Road.

AUG 7 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1939

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START THE DAY WITH A SMILE

Do not, I beg of you, insult the morning hour by talking of your backache. There are other and more important things to talk about. Do not contaminate a day as yet umsmirched by complaint that you did not rest well last night, and that, in consequence, you have a headache. Your head will ache the harder for your telling it. Do not blaspheme by snarling over your coffee about the price of coal, or the argument you had yesterday with a man who proved himself less than a gentleman. Treat the new day as becomes a gentleman, and the rewards of the hour shall be yours—Dr. W. E. Barton.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"BLEST BE THE TIE"

A beautiful story it told of the origin of the well-known hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." It was in 1772, in old England, when John Fawcett, a brilliant young minister and pastor of a small congregation in Yorkshire, was called to London to succeed the famous Dr. Gill. The call was so attractive that the young Rev. Mr. Fawcett felt he could not afford to reject it, although he loved his own people very much.

His farewell sermon to his people had been preached, and the wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for the departure. But his people were heart-broken. Men, women, and children gathered around and clung to him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John!" cried the wife at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!"

"Nor I, either!" replied the husband; "and we will not go! The wagons shall be unloaded, and everything put back in place."

The people were filled with intense joy. Fawcett at once dispatched a message to London explaining the situation, and then resolutely returned to his work with his beloved Yorkshire church at a mere pittance of pay.

John Fawcett wrote the hymn in commemoration of the event—a hymn expressive of sentiment so universal that it is one of the hymns immortal.

—Sunshine Magazine.

REV. JACK PAGE

The above caption gives the officials of the Jackson Training School unusual joy, because Jack Page, as he was familiarly called by the boys and officers, is one of the old students of this institution. He came here when eleven years old from Robeson County in 1927 and was paroled in 1928.

He was accepted as an orderly young fellow and interested in his studies. From his Sunday School teacher we learned that he could

always grasp the Sunday School lessons and frequently gave fine interpretations of different passages of Scripture. Who can tell? It is possible that it was here he climbed the heights and caught the vision of a finer life.

It is interesting to know that Jack Page is an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After leaving the Jackson Training School he entered Duke University and after graduation he entered the School of Religion where he studied for four years.

On last Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, this young minister conducted the service in the school auditorium. He spoke to the boys of the school as one of the old boys, telling them that many of them came from homes where the spiritual life was neglected and that is the reason many delinquents are today where they are,—in reform schools. His conception of a real home was emphasized. It was clear he deemed a home incomplete if the spiritual life was neglected. His statement is not only true but timely for never in the history of the world has there been a greater need for evangelistic work and the rebuilding of homes that reflect the **christian religion**.

It is indeed gratifying to have the Jackson Training School boys make return visits, and in this way show that they appreciate all this institution did for them. It was conceded by all who heard this young minister that he handled himself nicely in conducting the devotional, and his sermon was presented in a manner that held the attention of his audience. With more experience, or when seasoned, there is reason to feel that Jack Page will some day be recognized as an outstanding minister of the Gospel. And it is gratifying to know that Rev. Jack Page is one of our very own boys.

* * * * *

SOURCE OF DELINQUENCY

Judge Hill, presiding justice of the New York Juvenile Delinquency Court, and one of the country's foremost crime jurists, says that 70 per cent of the 6,000 delinquency cases which annually come before him are the result of godless home environment.

Judge Hill declares, "As a jurist who judges thousands of crime-broken boys and girls annually, I know that religious interests for young people are essential for their moral welfare and development into future worth-while citizens. Moreover, to make more effective

the spiritual teachings, a man or woman of deep religious convictions must be the ones to lead in this special work. The youths of the country are smart, and soon detect whether a person practices all he preaches."

Religion is necessary to the happiness of American youth, and both parents and teachers must be devout and sincere if their influence is effective. The every day life of adults has a most wonderful influence upon childhood. We should teach not alone by precept but by example for the child follows the example set by parents and teachers. The finer things of life, and those that satisfy, are those of the spirit. The need of the hour is the impelling power and influence of the Christian religion. We move heaven and earth, superlatively speaking, to find the source of infection that creates suffering to the human body, therefore, we should be equally as vigilant in removing the influences that retard enrichment of the souls of young people, the future citizens.

* * * * *

LESS CRIME

Information has been broadcasted, showing that the campaign against crime by enforcement of the law, along with the welfare departments, the reformation work and the interest of preachers of many denominations, has had a wonderful effect. The statistics issued by Winthrop D. Lane, penologist, who studies "what makes crime," show that 73 cities, according to the bureau of federal investigation, that between 1931 to 1939 the decrease in crime amounted to ten per cent.

During April, 1939, there were only 58 children held in the jails of the state, which is the smallest number reported in a long period of time as compared with past records.

Furthermore, the contributing causes of crime are, first, the practice of keeping small children with those who are adepts in crime, environment, broken homes, neighborhood conditions and other trends of the time. To know that crime has dropped about ten per cent is encouraging and a greater reason to be alert to the causes and remove the same when possible.

The most essential requisite for one engaged in overcoming the tendency to crime is to inspire to a new life by kindness, and not

by physical force. It takes the fellow of highest and purest ideals to impress the youth of the country. More good can be accomplished by kindness in all activities than by severe chastisement. If nothing more it is wisdom to observe the golden rule. We all know that "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

* * * * *

HONKING AND POPPING

From the Catawba-News the following is taken. The same old story of the unnecessary honking, popping and grinding of motor vehicles is told. At times in the best residential sections of Concord it is quite impossible to hear one's own voice. Misery loves company, so we note with interest that the same noise prevails in other places, and it seems impossible to do any thing about it.

We have shock-absorbers attached to automobiles, so we are hoping that some day some device will be attached to all motor vehicles to absorb noises. With open arms the world will hail the fellow who invents such a gadget, one that will be termed "noise-absorbers." The seemingly impossible sometimes happens. From the following we see that other cities protest against honking of horns and especially the popping of motorcycles:

Horn-honking mania brings to mind another nuisance—popping motorcycles.

Henry Ford once said that dirt is the greatest enemy of efficiency, and we believe the scientists, especially the psychologists and nerve specialists, will bear us out in saying that noise such as blating auto horns and eardrum-puncturing sounds that come from the exhaust of a motorcycle are the greatest enemies of the human disposition if not business efficiency and longevity.

It's something to think about. Especially when some of the larger cities of the United States have thought about it enough to ban the noises.

We suggest that horn-honking is a habit. And it's a habit that has its roots in some soil other than common courtesy.

As for the pop-cyclists, habit has but little to do with the racket. Motorcycles are not made with mufflers that muffle—but if the manufacturers of the machines had to listen to the noise of the

machines they make we are of the opinion they would figure out some method of putting a quietus on their product.

* * * * *

ANNE LINDBERGH COMES TO TOWN

The University of Rochester gave Anne Morrow Lindbergh an honorary degree at its commencement June 19. Mrs. Lindbergh captivated the audience which packed the Eastman Theatre to its capacity. She is a close friend of President and Mrs. Alan Valentine. When I first heard that she would be awarded a degree here, I was rather critical and said to myself, "Well, that's playing to the galleries," but on second thought after learning more of the circumstances, I felt differently about it. Sometimes one does wonder whether colleges and universities, by the awarding of degrees, are really seeking to recognize outstanding and faithful service or to gain publicity for themselves.

* * * * *

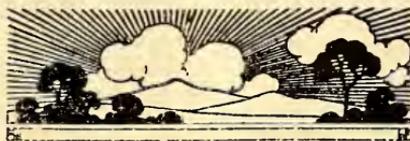
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT NORTH CAROLINA

The following are two interesting facts about North Carolina which maybe you didn't know:

First—North Carolina last week rose from fifth to fourth place among the States paying revenue to the federal government. We pay now \$310,317,955.53 to Uncle Sam. Only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois are ahead of us.

And—second—news from Raleigh says that with our general fund tax receipts exceeding estimates by \$2,117,164.64, Gov. Hoey says diversion from the highway fund will be unnecessary.

We are living in a good old State.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

HERITAGE

There's never a rose in all the world but
 makes some green spray sweeter;
 There's never a wind in all the sky but
 makes some bird's wing fleeter;
 There's never a star but brings to heaven some
 silvery radiance tender;
 There's never a cloud that murks the sky but
 crowns the sunset splendor;
 There's never a robin but thrills some heart, his
 dawnlike gladness voicing—
 God give us all some small, sweet way to set
 the world rejoicing.

A girl with \$100,000 in her own
 name has a good and attractive
 figure, always.

There are some people so dis-
 agreeable that even their food will
 not agree with them.

Prosperity is something you can-
 not buy. And there is no such thing
 as borrowing it, either.

A change in scenery is very bene-
 ficial to most persons, but it is not
 near so invigorating as change in the
 pocket.

Some people worry over what other
 people say about them. But that is
 a mere bagatelle to what they think
 about them and do not say.

If it "takes all kinds of people to
 make a world," as they say; just be-

hold what kind of a world they are
 making. Confusion worse confounded.

A man asking advice of a news-
 paper, wants to know "if a singer
 should avoid eggs." I should—say,
 Yes;—if they are over-ripe and pro-
 duced in an auditorium.

In the years when the grand old
 world was younger, many a boy got
 completely and beautifully tanned
 without even seeing a seashore beach.
 One of whom I was which.

The advice is given that the most
 important thing in telling a story is
 to know what to leave out. This is
 especially good advice to husbands
 when they are telling their wives a
 story.

There be some who complain of
 "living a dog's life." That is be-
 cause they have to cur-tail on some
 of their extravagances, I opine. But
 what do the dogs think that have
 to lead the people about?

We do not need to mix in any
 European war to provide our casualty
 list. This nation averages about 35
 murders a day, and kills nearly 100
 persons every 24 hours in automobile
 accidents. Isn't it an alarming state
 of affairs?

To notice the highway traffic it

seems as if a lot of automobilists are in a great hurry to get where they do not know where they are going. And do not seem to care how they get there, or whether they get there at all or not, alive.

A woman in Pasadena, California, worked as a man chauffeur for 23 years before her sex was found out. That's an example of how a woman can fool man. She married two women. That's how she fooled the females. Her name was Phipps, and at different times she married two others named Phipps. Guess it was all in

the family. As a chauffeur she has now only chagrin to "show for" it.

The idea of "taking things as they come" is rather a delusion. It is a philosophy of life that shows neither ambition nor progress. When the hustler gets his and what's left will be found going, instead of coming. You have to go after it. Waiting will not bring it to you. In waiting for your ship to come in will result in you finding out that in the end it is a hardship. Get in line and number yourself with the hustlers. They are the ones that overcome and succeed.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon.

1789 - BASTILE DAY - 1939

By Clara Louise Dentler

But this year the festivities will be more elaborate than ever, as it is the 150th anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in 1789, that momentous event that ushered in the dawn of a new day of freedom for France. The Bastille had once been a fortress, but at this time it was a hated prison where hundreds of innocent men had been confined and tortured.

Let us go back to the period of the last half of the eighteenth century, and see what led up to this epoch-making event of July 14, 1789. The people were divided into three classes or "estates" as they were called. In the first class belonged the clergy, from

the highest archbishop to the humblest parish priest; in the second class belonged the nobility with the King as as the Chief Noble; everybody else belonged to the third class.

All the privileges, pleasures, and happiness belonged to the two upper groups. The misery and the payment of all the taxes fell upon the poor, overburdened third estate. In addition to bearing this crushing taxation, they were not permitted to complain of their hard lot. The king ruled absolutely under the theory that he was divinely appointed, and could do no wrong. Taxes became ever heavier as the years passed; then something

happened in America that was to influence France tremendously.

We declared our independence from England in 1776, and the Revolutionary War broke out. There had been no great love between France and England for a long time, so France welcomed the opportunity to give us aid against her old enemy. The result was that General Lafayette came over here and volunteered his aid to General Washington, while the French nation borrowed \$1,300,000 in order that they might give us financial aid as well. This money eventually had to be repaid, and the only way to do it was to impose a heavier tax on the poor people of France.

Lafayette returned home with glowing accounts of our experiment in democracy, and his story found eager listeners everywhere. Here across the Atlantic was a country getting along well without a tyrannical king to direct its affairs. Matters had reached such a state in France that people were being thrown into prison without even the semblance of a trial. King Louis simply issued his Letters de Cachet—sealed orders of arrest—and into the dungeons of the Bastille went the hapless victims.

Pamphlets on democracy began to pour forth from the printing presses and scholarly men were writing books on the freedom that should be theirs. Sometimes the booklets were forbidden to be printed and those already in circulation were seized, but they soon reappeared under another name although containing the same cry for liberty and relief from oppression. Paris became filled with reformers and agitators.

A new assembly had been called and was now in session; that fact seemed to promise that matters would become

better, when suddenly a report was spread that Louis XVI was about to crush this body. Troops were being assembled, and more and more the people saw on the streets of Paris soldiers wearing strange uniforms. They had been called in from duty on the border for some very urgent reason.

On July 12th of the year 1789 the people of Paris learned that Necker, one of the best beloved and most popular men in the assembly had been dismissed from office and ordered to leave the country in haste. That was enough. Men began to gather in groups to discuss what should be done. Camille Desmoulins, one of the ablest newspaper men in the city, shouted to a crowd massed at the Palais Royal:

"There is not a moment to lose; we have but one recourse—to rush to arms, to wear cockades whereby we may know each other." When he asked them what would be their color, they replied, "Green! Green! for green is the color of hope." Desmoulins quickly twisted a bit of green ribbon around his hat and pulled some green leaves from a tree close by. Others followed his example and the spirit of the Revolution was born.

All through the night soldiers and city officials were helpless in any attempt to control the people. Shrieking mobs rushed up and down the streets, half crazed by the dangers that surrounded them. The next day things were more quiet, but it was the quiet before a coming storm. The leaders were making preparations to rouse the people to search the city for arms. How could they protect themselves from the king's soldiers if they were not supplied with weapons? On the morning of the memorable 14th,

the streets again rang with the shouting of the mobs.

From somewhere came the cry, "There is arms in the Bastille, and they have been refused the citizens." The very name Bastille was sufficient to make the blood run hot in the veins. They had heard of the tortures inflicted there, of the wives and the children starving because the husband and father was languished in a foul dungeon where no ray of sunshine ever penetrated.

Even the bravest of the crowd, however, had little hope that they armed only with swords, muskets, and pikes, would be able to gain an entrance. Between them and success towered walls ninety-six feet high and ten feet thick, and to reach the walls two drawbridges must be crossed—a hopeless and almost impossible task indeed.

When they besought the governor of the prison, De Launay, for the coveted arms, they met with a blank refusal as they expected. Not daunted, the mob, now joined by the rabble from Paris, offered many suggestions for storming the place. One shouted, "Let us go back to the good old Roman days and take it by the catapult." A major general begged them to besiege it. Even wild schemes of setting fire to it were heard.

The middle of the forenoon found nothing accomplished, but about ten o'clock the governor did permit one man, Thuriot de Larosiere, to enter the Bastille to speak with him. During the conversation De Launay gave his word that he would not turn the cannon upon the assembled crowds. Thuriot came out prepared to make known the promise he had received, and to beg the people to have patience.

To make his exit from the building possible, the drawbridge over the moat

had been lowered. Before he could speak to them, they, frenzied with the desire for weapons, rushed over the bridge and into the outer courtyard beneath the walls of the frowning gray fortress. The drawbridge rose behind them and then the guards opened fire upon the helpless throng. The rest of the crowd outside the moat fired upon the building, with no harm done to the men who were guarding it from within.

The governor's own soldiers who should have aided him in defending the Bastille grew mutinous and refused to intervene. They even plead with their chief to surrender to the people whose cries for liberty and freedom echoed in their own hearts. Poor bewildered De Launay did not know what to do. Word was brought to him to hold out because aid was being sent to him from the Royal Guards at Versailles; it was simply a matter of hours before it would arrive.

Then the entreaties of the soldiers suddenly became demands. What was he to do? "I will blow it up before I will surrender it," he said—then a pause, and against his own best judgment he ordered the bridge lowered. The Bastille had surrendered and the mob rushed in and took possession.

It is a pity that this victory could not have been the end of the violence on that July 14th, but it could not be so. All the fury that had been gathering through the years, all the hatred that mob action can breed, was let loose. The Swiss Guards who, faithful to their trust, had remained at their posts of duty, were horribly massacred. The same fate was meted out to Governor De Launay, who had surrendered to them. The royal Guards could not have treated him more brutally for having yielded to

the demands of the frightened soldiers.

The fall of the Bastille was a symbol to the French people of the downfall of the tyranny of the Bourbon kings; it meant the dawn of a new day; of the liberty of which they had dreamed. When the news spread through Europe, the common people of every country took up the song of rejoicing, led by the peoples of England, Russia, and Germany, although the monarchs of those countries trembled, for they saw that success of the French Revolution spelled their own doom.

Only King Louis failed to realize the significance of the event. When a messenger brought him the news of what had happened, he gasped, "why this is a revolt!"

"No, your Majesty," the man exclaimed, "it is a revolution," and it was. It would not cease until the King, Queen, and the leading nobles of France had forfeited their lives on the guillotine.

Today the spot where the Bastille

stood is called Place de la Bastille. White stones in the pavement trace the outline of the towers of the building, while the bridges across the Seine River are constructed of the stones taken from the ruined prison. Paris museums house the locks and various other things salvaged from the fallen structure.

But not all of the remainders are on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the huge keys of the Bastille may be seen today at Mount Vernon, for it was sent our President Washington in appreciation of the example of freedom and courage which this nation had given to France. It is significant that the 150th anniversary of the fall of the Bastille and of the inauguration of George Washington as our first President should be celebrated this year of 1939, when the world needs to be awakened anew to an appreciation of the true meaning and worth of democracy.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

SHOOTING THE STARS

By Harry C. Thomson

We ordinarily picture an astronomer as a man peering through a long telescope in a lonely observatory. Modern astronomers, however, do not spend much of their time looking through telescopes. They do not trust human eyes and nerves for accurate observations of the heavens. Instead, they rely on cameras. These mechanical "eyes" never become tired,

never blink, and always provide a permanent record of what they "see."

The cameras used to "shoot" the stars are able to see far more than the human eye. Many photographic plates in these cameras are sensitive to kinds of light which do not register on the human retina. Ultra-violet rays, for example, are too short to be seen by the human eye, but they show

up on photographs. In this way it is possible for astronomers to photograph the invisible!

Another advantage of camera astronomy is that the photoelectric plates can detect minute quantities of light if the plates are exposed for a long time. Unlike the human eye, the camera sees more the longer it looks, for the light "soaks in" on the negative. The camera used on the 200-inch telescope at Palomar Observatory in California is so sensitive that it will reveal a candlelight 3,000 miles away. If the earth were flat instead of round, it might be possible for this "electric eye" in California to see a candle atop the Empire State Building in New York City! The curvature of the earth, plus mountains and a cloudy atmosphere, make this impossible at the present time.

Moving the telescope is essential to the astronomer who cares to "shoot" the stars. As the earth turns during the night, the stars appear to move also. To keep the telescope continuously focussed on one star group, a driving clock is used. Gearing to keep pace with the stars, it slowly swings the giant eye across the heavens during the night.

No clock yet invented, however, is as accurate as the eternal rhythm of the stars. For help in securing the infinite precision required to record time exposures of the stars, the scientists turn to spiders. Every observatory is well supplied with these tiny creatures which spin such delicate threads in making their webs. A small guiding telescope is securely fixed at the side of the large telescope. The astronomer then stretches two of these spider threads at right angles across the lens of the guiding telescope. He then selects a

convenient star near the area he is observing, and focusses the guiding telescope on it. With unflinching attention, he keeps his telescope trained on the guiding star so that it is always at the exact intersection of the two spider-web strands.

With these "star cameras," the astronomer's work becomes extremely exact, but none the less difficult. On a single photographic plate there may be as many as a hundred thousand dots, representing stars or planets. Each of these must be carefully checked and compared with other photographs of the same sky area taken on earlier occasions.

Less than ten years ago the planet Pluto was discovered by just such photographs as these. Since planets move in regular courses, they show up on the camera negatives in a manner unlike the stars. In 1930, the discovery of the new planet was definitely announced. A careful check of photographs taken ten years earlier showed that Pluto was recorded at that time, but was such a tiny speck on the negatives that observers had not noticed it!

The Harvard Observatory possesses one of the largest collections of star photographs in the world, over 350,000 plates. So valuable are these considered that they are stored in steel cabinets in a completely fire-proof building. They are considered of more value than highpowered telescopes, for they could never be replaced if they were destroyed.

American astronomers in recent years have achieved world-wide recognition for the great contributions they have made to scientific knowledge by "shooting" the stars. The United States occupies a fortu-

nate position in this respect, for nearly one-third of all the observatories in the world are located here. In the size of its telescopes, the United States ranks first among the nations of the world.

The only creature that can go on a sit-down strike and still produce the goods is a hen.—Selected.

NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU ARE

By John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs

In "My Own Story," Joaquin Miller wrote: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to them (the Indians). I owe no white man any thing at all. The Indians are my true warm friends."

Joaquin Miller it was who wrote the poem "Columbus" which is recited by millions of school children and which was thus praised by Tennyson, representative poet of the age: "The greatest poem in the English language expressing a nation's destiny."

Ernest Thomson Seton has just now published a book. The "Indian's Bible." Every Indian home—indeed, every American home—should possess this book. Reading it, one can discover what it was that Joaquin Miller referred to. And recently, in a book dealing with British East India ("The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," by Frances Yeats-Brown) I have been led to the same type of thoughts.

These thoughts are worth speaking of because in part, what the American Indian once was he still is; in part the tremendous thing that he achieved and represented is a portion of the heritage of even the "Americanized" Ind-

ian—and a portion of the heritage of the Continent.

I recall what an American sociologist once wrote. He was the greatest of them all Lester F. Ward. But in "Pure Sociology," a book commenced on New Year's day of the twentieth century he laid down the proposition (a) that civilization is the sum of achievements in the control of nature and (b) that the ancient Orient, and the ancient American Indian had no place in the ultimate history of civilization. Because their civilization were surrenders to nature, not conquests over it; their genius had not been directed toward the mastery of nature. Something like what Ward meant, had been voiced a generation earlier by Sir Henry Maine in a famous dictum: "All that moves in the modern world is Greek in its origin."

For the sake of argument, let us accept Ward's partly incorrect notion that the Orient and the ancient American Indian did not contribute to conquest of nature. That very day when Ward wrote, most of the staples he consumed at the table were plants which the American Indian had do-

mesticated. And his country, under the elder Roosevelt's leadership, was just starting to waken the need of such comprehensive economic and engineering planning and execution, dealing with natural resources, as China had achieved four thousand years ago and in its later decadence, and to its ruin, had forgotten, and as Peru had achieved a thousand years ago; while on the side of the movement of world-building ideas and assuming China's and India's direct contribution to have been nothing, the German historians of Maine's own day were establishing the overwhelming debts of Hellas to the Orient.

But for the sake of argument, let us accept the Lester F. Ward and Sir Henry Maine ideas. And let us see what Joaquin Miller meant, and what Thompson Seton means.

Remarking first, that the profoundest achievements of China and India have been in the art of human relations; the shaping though deliberate disciplines, of human consciousness toward beauty and toward great love detached from personal passions, and the unification of religion with social practice.

And exactly these achievement were the achievements of the American tribal Indian.

Take the Iroquois. The Five Nations (later Six Nations) League was indeed an achievement of statesmanship. It was a successful political mechanism for cooperation between diverse groups, joined with intensified homerule for each, and fully prophetic of the United States Constitution and of the League of Nations of some future time. But how more than a political institution was the Five Nation's League! At its center, and producing and sustaining the in-

stitution, were ethical concepts and the purpose of a deep irresistible art life. Quoting J. N. B. Hewitt the acknowledged authority.

"The central teaching of Degana-wida was that out of the union of a common motherhood and fatherhood arise the daughtership of all women and the sonship of all men, and the rich fellowship of all mankind"

"The underlying motive of the League," (writes Mabel Powers in her fine book "The Indian as Peacemaker") was the universal well-being of all peoples. This was to be accomplished by the establishment of three principles, each of which was dual in expression. In Onandago they were 'Ne Skenno—Sanity of mind and health of body; Ne gaiwiyo—Righteous in thought speech and conduct; justice in adjustments of rights and duties.

Ne Ga shada—Physical strength and power, magic (spiritual) strength and power embodied in ceremonials and rituals (orenda)," Powers is quoting Hewitt. The italics are mine. "All who joined the Great Commonwealth must be equal shearers in the Great Living Goodness and have health of mind and body—and thus peace."

What I seek to convey by this Iroquois example is the universal presumption by the ancient Indian that social security and social salvation are possible only through the achievement of a high and distinguishing quality of life in each individual member of the society. And institutional operations, in Indian life, first and last were operations directed toward power and beauty vested in individual lives.

Because of a controlling social ideal, Indians through solitary vigils, through ordeals, through searching their dreams of night for their life clue and through long cycles of unre-

warded public service compelled their own growth and development toward personal greatness. And that is why today, among the old Indians of the Plains and of so many other tribes, and among nearly all Indians of some tribes with undestroyed wills and traditions, there is found so much of power and attitude of life, so satisfying a beauty of personality and of attitude, and (as experienced by fortunate white American and Europeans) such a remembrance of priceless values of bygone age, such reassurance as to what the physical quality of a far-future world may be.

There are many, who have taken part in the discussion of Indian matters, who think it is "romantic" or "sentimental" to pay attention to this aspect of the Indian. There are no competent students who deny the truth of what is here set down, but many are the worshippers of the machine, and worshippers of our fast-vanishing "modern" phase of social experience, and adherents to doctrines of acquisitiveness, who would say "Sentimentalism" and even would say "Heathenism." Thinkers of the age to come will not use these words. Indian, never forget what you are!

Fighting seldom accomplishes much; you get the chicken by hatching the egg, not by smashing it.—Selected.

RICH HERITAGE IN INDIAN NAMES

Selected

"There is no part of the world," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "where nomenclature is so rich poetical, humorous and picturesque as the United States of America. All times, races and languages have brought their contribution. Pekin is in the same state with Euclid, with Bellfontaine, and with Sandusky. The names of the states themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables: Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota and the Carolinas: there are few poems with a nobler music for the ear: a tuneful land."

The original English settlers, it would appear, displayed little imagination in naming the new settlements

and natural features of the land that they came to. Their almost invariable tendency at the start, was to make use of names familiar at home, or to invent banal compounds. Plymouth Rock at the North and Jamestown at the South are examples of their poverty of fancy; they filled the narrow tract along the coast with new Bostons, Cambridges, Bristols and Londons, and after used the adjective as a prefix. But this was only in the days of beginning. Once they had begun to move back from the coast and to come into contact with the aborigines and with the widely dispersed settlers of other races, they encountered rivers, mountain, lakes, and towns that bore far more engaging names, and these,

after some resistance, they perforce adopted.

The native name of such rivers as the James, the York and the Charles succumbed, but those of the Potomac, the Patapsco, the Merrimac and the Penobscot survived, and they were gradually reinforced as the country was penetrated. Most of these Indian names, in getting upon the early maps, suffered somewhat severe simplifications. Potowanmeac was reduced to Potomack and then to Potomac; Uneaukara became Niagara; by folk etymology, was tuned into Rockaway, and Pentapang into Port Tobacco. But despite such elisions and transformations, the charm of thousands of them remained, and today they are responsible for much of the characteristic color of American geographical nomenclature. Such names as Tallahassee, Susquehanna, Mississippi, Allegheny, Chicago, Kennebec, Patuxent and Kalamazoo give a barbaric brilliancy to the American map.

The influence of Indian names upon American nomenclature is obvious. No fewer than twenty-six of the states have names borrowed from the aborigines and the same thing is true of large numbers of the towns and counties. The second city of the country bears one and so do the largest American river and the greatest American waterfall and four of the five Great Lakes and the scene of the most important military decision ever reached on American soil. In a list of 1,885 lakes and ponds of the United States," says Louis N. Feipel, "285 are still found to have Indian names and more than a thousand rivers and streams have names derived from Indian words." Walt Whitman was so earnestly in favor of these names

that he proposed substituting them for all other place-names, even the oldest and most hallowed.

California, he said in "An American Primer," "is sown thick with the names of all the little and big saints. Chase them away and substitute aboriginal names . . . Among names to be revolutionized: that of the city of Baltimore . . . The name of Niagara should be substituted for the St. Lawrence. Among places that stand in need of fresh, appropriate names are the great cities of St. Louis, New Orleans, St. Paul."

But eloquent argument has also been offered on the other side, chiefly on the ground that Indian names are often hard to pronounce and ever harder to spell. In 1896 R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), a popular humorist of the time, satirized the more difficult of them in a poem called "The American Traveler," beginning:

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugaum
came

One evening in the rain.

I can find neither of these names in the latest report of the Geographic Board, but there are still towns in Maine called Anasagunticook, Mat-tawamkeag, and Wyttopitlock, and lakes called Unsuntabunt and Mat-tagomonis. But many Indian names began to disappear in the colonial days. Thus the early Virginians changed the name Powhatan to the James, and the first settlers in New York changed the name of Horicon to Lake George. In the same way the present name of the White Mountains displaced Agiohook; and New Amsterdam (1626), and later New York (1664), displaced Manhattan, which

survived, however, as the name of the island, and was revived in 1898 as the name of a borough. In our own time Mt. Rainer has displaced Tacoma (Tahoma). By various linguistic devices changes have been made in other Indian names.

Thus, Mauwauwaming became Wyoming, Maucwachooing became Mauch Chunk, Ouemessourit became Missouri, Nibhaske became Nebraska, Rarnerawok became Roanoke, Asingsing, became Sing-Sing, and Machihiganing became Michigan.

Love of gain, the attainment of great wealth and power, has been known to turn wise men into fools.—Selected.

THREE DIFFERENT LEAVES ON ONE TWIG

By Charles Doubleyou

There is a legend that, on his first voyage of discovery to the New World, when the spirits of Columbus and of his crew were at their lowest, there was wafted to their nostrils a delightful aromatic odor such as they were not familiar with in Europe; and, as a result, their morale revived, for they were convinced that land was near.

The tree of this legend is the sassafras, a member of the laurel family, and of which only two species are known—the North American and the Asiatic.

Partial to a sandy soil, the sassafras is found in North America from Ontario to Massachusetts, westward to Michigan and Kansas and southward to Florida and Texas. On the whole, it is a small tree, ranging from twenty to fifty feet; reaching its greatest height of 100 feet and widest width of six feet near the lower Mississippi River. Along a roadside, however, where it is found

in profusion, the sassafras is merely a shrub.

The bark of the sassafras is rough, and both bark and leaves possess aromatic odors. On the surface of its leaves, the sassafras is markedly peculiar, for on it one may often find three different kinds on the same twig! These are: the entire leaf (ovate); the two-lobed, which is the most common and is popularly called "mitten-shaped" because its smaller lobe bears a strong resemblance to the thumb on a mitten, and the three-lobed. It bears yellow flowers, followed by a dark blue fruit. The twigs are greenish in color and somewhat rubbery in their flexibility.

The fall of the year shows the sassafras at its best, for then the leaves turn a beautiful red.

The sassafras is readily propagated by seeds which spring up from its interminable slender root-stocks. These seeds and roots are apparently not favored by cattle, and hence

they survive, making the sassafras one of the first trees to reforest pastures that have a light, moist soil. This tends to make the sassafras tree a veritable pest to the farmer trying to keep his land clear, as the smallest piece of root-stock in the soil seems to send up a vigorous sprout. The roots of the sassafras, incidentally, dig deep into the soil, and this season it is practically impossible to transplant a desirable grown tree.

There was a time—when America was somewhat younger—when hardly a household but had its home-made medicines prepared from the sassafras tree. Sassafras tea, and infusion of young shoots and roots, was always a favorite remedy for colds, being a sudorific (producing perspiration). And in general its stimulating effect made it widely recommended as a spring tonic.

A concoction of the bark of the sassafras was considered so effective in curing the ague, that the sassafras, in many parts of the country, was known as the ague-tree.

So sought after were the sassafras roots for their medicinal quali-

ties, during early American history, that they brought three shillings a pound. They were, in fact, the chief object for which an English expedition landed in Massachusetts in 1602.

The bark and roots of the sassafras tree yield oil of sassafras, used in flavoring and in making soap and perfumery. Nor must we neglect to mention that that delightful summer beverage—root beer—is also a product of the sassafras tree.

The bark of the twigs and the pith are rich in a sticky substance that makes, on the one hand, a lubricant much favored by oculists, and, on the other, a yellow powder used by Southern cooks to thicken their wonderful Creole gumbos.

The leaves, too, are aromatic. Of them, Thoreau, the naturalist-philosopher, wrote: "The green leaves bruised have the fragrance of lemons and a thousand spices."

The wood of the sassafras is orange-colored. Too rough-grained in texture to serve for indoor construction, it is useful for posts and other wood structures which must be exposed to weathering.

VIRGINIA DARE LEGEND

(Dare County Times)

Legend has been busy with the name of the infant Virginia Dare, and the story of the White Doe is still told around the firesides of our coast people. According to this legend, the colony left on the Island when John White, its Governor, returned to England in 1587 to secure supplies for his people, was attacked by Indians led by

Wanchese, in revenge for the treatment accorded them by the men of Ralph Lane's colony. A terrible massacre ensued, in which only a few of the whites were left alive, among them being Eleanor Dare and her husband, Ananias, with little Virginia Dare, their infant daughter.

Manteo, the friendly Weronance

of the Croatans, so the legend goes hearing of the massacre, came to the terror-stricken survivors and offered them a home at Wokoken in Croatan, an offer they gladly accepted. Eleanor and Ananias died soon thereafter, and the babe was adopted by the Indians, who changed her name to Winona, and she grew up in their wigwams. Okisko, a young brave, fell in love with her, as did Chico, the old magician of the tribe. Fearing that Okisko would be successful in his wooing, Chico by magic rites changed the lovely English maiden into a white doe.

For years the gentle creature was seen wandering through the woods of Croatan, swimming the shallow sounds, roaming over the island and climbing the great dunes on Nags Head, from whose summit she gazed wistfully out across the Atlantic in unconscious imitation of her young mother, Eleanor Dare, who made of these hills a coning tower from whence she waited and watched for the white sails of her father, John White.

Many a hunter chased the White Doe, but she led a charmed life. No Indian brave was fleet enough to draw near her, no arrow true nor swift enough to reach her heart. Finally Wingina organized a chase to solve the mystery surrounding the White Doe. A number of the young braves joined in the hunt and among them was Wanchese, bearing with him a silver arrow head given by Queen Elizabeth while he was on his visit to her court. Okisko was also one of the party, having learned from a magician of another tribe, an enemy of Chico, that the White Doe was none other than Virginia Dare, or Winona, chang-

ed by old Chico's evil power into this quarry for the hunters.

Wenando, the magician, gave Okisko a magic arrow, promising the young warrior that if it could find the heart of Winona, she would return at once to her maiden form. The chase was on, soon the hunters started the frightened doe. She darted toward the water over the site of the ruined fort. Poising for a moment there, she was fair mark for the hunter's arrow. The silver arrow head of Wanchese sped to her heart, the magic arrow from Okisko's bow, found at the same moment the same mark. The graceful animal fell to the earth, and a white mist arose enveloping the spot where she lay, and then melting away, revealed the graceful form of the lovely Virginia, the Winona of her adopted people, cold in death.

Okisko tenderly bore the body of his beloved into the forest, wrapped his mantle around her, heaped high the gorgeous autumn leaves upon her grave, and turned sorrowfully away.

Between Jockey's Ridge and Engagement Hill, as the nearest dune to the south of the Ridge is called, lies a level grassy plain on which numerous cattle and banker ponies love to graze. These ponies, wiry tough little creatures whose progenitors are said by several historians to have been cast ashore on the banks when some ship, laden with Arab steeds for the Spanish Dons in South America or Florida, was driven upon the banks. A lovely vista of Roanoke sound is seen between the two tall dunes, and also a glimpse of the historic little island of Roanoke, around whose shores are woven the romantic stories of Virginia Dare, "The White Doe," and of the Lost Colony.

THE OTHER SIDE

By Floy Crosby Smith

"I'm never going to invite Hazel Blair anywhere again. She makes me tired. I just don't like such highhat people."

Lila emphasized her remarks by throwing her schoolbooks into one chair and herself into another.

Grandmother looked up from her sewing in surprise. "Whew!" she said. "Better back up a little and begin over again. Aren't you getting your cart before your horse? Who is this Hazel, and why the weariness, and what terrible thing has she done? Begin your story at the other end and tell me all about it."

"Oh, Hazel is that new girl who moved here a few weeks ago. We liked her at school and tried to be nice to her, but she doesn't seem to appreciate it one bit. Dotty Davis invited her to a party at her home and she said she couldn't possibly go. Then today when I asked her to go with me to the concert tonight, she thanked me and said she couldn't go. Right off like that and never gave one bit of a reason. I suppose she thinks she's too good to be seen going around with us girls. Well, she won't get any more chances. We don't need her at all."

"Whoa, back up; your running away again. Seems to me I heard that same story once, forty years ago." Then grandmother added with a laugh, "Maybe she needs your help with her chickens."

The peevish look on Lila's face changed to one of mingled surprise and curiosity as she said, "Seems to me you're getting the cart before the horse this time. What on earth do

you mean?"

Grandmother laughed again. "Did you ever hear of Marcia Thornton?" she asked.

"Yes, you often speak of her as one of your best friends, and she writes you those lovely letters from Florida."

"When I wasn't much older than you, Marcia moved into our neighborhood, a stranger and rather shy. Hallie Peck, who was my particular friend just then, came to visit me one day, very indignant. She had called upon Marcia and had been received very graciously, but when on a sudden impulse, she had invited her to go with her to the entertainment on the last day of our school, Marcia had declined. Later Hallie had invited her to a Fourth of July celebration, and she declined again without giving any reason whatever. To say that Hallie was angry would be putting it mildly. She said all the things you've just said about Hazel, and a good many more. Marcia had been raised in the city; had never lived on a farm until her marriage two years before, and, of course, she felt too good to associate with us country girls. At least that was Hallie's way of looking at it.

"By the time she went home I had decided I didn't want to meet Marcia at all. We planned to tell the other girls in the neighborhood, and we would show her that country girls could hold their heads high, too. I am afraid we felt rather proud of our so-called independence. But funny things happen sometimes.

A few days later I had to drive in-

to town twelve miles away. My father was very busy on the farm, and the only horse he could spare was a colt that had not been driven much. But I was used to driving, so I hitched him to the 'top buggy' and made the trip early one morning. When I started home in the afternoon I noticed that heavy clouds were gathering in the southwest. We sometimes had terrible storms in the summer, but I urged the colt into a rapid trot and thought I could reach home before the storm broke. He seemed uneasy too, and did his best, but the clouds piled up blacker and blacker and the lightning came almost continually. We were still two miles from home when the storm came with a perfect deluge of hailstones. The colt was so frightened when the hail began pelting him that he shook his head and started to run. I knew I couldn't control him, and I tried to think what I should do. We were just passing the lane that led to the Thornton house and, in desperation, I turned him into it. Marcia Thornton was at the barn shutting some little chicks into their coops. When she saw me coming she ran to open the barn doors. It was one of those big, old-fashioned barns with the horses in one end and the granary in the other and a big driveway between. My horse dashed into this shelter and Marcia tied him to a post before I could climb out of the buggy.

"It's lucky you got here," she panted. "Just listen to it hail! And Joe's out in it somewhere. He was plowing corn clear over on the other side of the place. Oh, I'm so frightened!" and she clung to me while we listened to the rattle and roar of the storm. "Let's make a run for the

house," she said, "it's only a few steps to the back porch." So hand in hand we ran as fast as we could through the driving storm. A moment later we saw Mr. Thornton coming from the fields, riding one horse and leading the other.

"It had been a warm day, but by the time it stopped hailing the ground was white with ice and our teeth were chattering with cold. Then it began to rain, and how it rained! The water came down in sheets till the yard looked like a lake. Then we saw Mr. Thornton coming through it carrying a bushel basket. "Let me in, quick, Marcia," he called. She opened the kitchen door and we went inside. He tramped across the spotless floor with water running in little streams from his clothes and spouting from his shoes at every step. He emptied the basket on the floor beside the stove—young chickens, chilled and nearly drowned. "The rain flooded all the coops, and I guess they're about done for, but I'll bring them in and we'll see," and he was gone.

"Oh, what shall I do?" Marcia wailed, but I had helped in such emergencies at home before. She had been baking, so the room was warm and there was plenty of hot water. It took only a moment to get the wash-tub and pour in some water as warm as we dared. Then we bundled the chickens into it, placing the weakest ones so we could keep their heads above water. Some of the smallest ones were beyond help, but the others soon responded to the warmth and our rubbing. Marcia opened the oven door, laid an old blanket on the bottom, and as fast as we wiped the little fellows dry we put them in there. We had not finished when Mr. Thorn-

ton dumped another basketful on the floor and went back for more. Poor little birds! soaked and chilled, some motionless, some moving and gasping feebly, and a few peeping faintly. We put warmer water in the tub and began on them. I don't know how long we worked for basket after basket of them came in. There seemed to be thousands of chickens, but there were probably only a couple of hundred. At last we finished and stopped for breath and looked at each other across the tub, sitting on the muddy kitchen floor with our clothes wet and dirty; chickens to right of us, chickens to left of us, all wrapped in blankets and old clothes and grouped around buckets and bottles filled with hot water. Those in the oven were coming back to life and protesting loudly. Beside us was a pile of little chicks that had been too chilled to revive, and Mr. Thornton gathered them into his basket and carried them away.

"I think I was on the point of giggling at the absurdity of it all when suddenly Marcia's head went down into her hands and she began crying bitterly. I must have said something in surprise for she sobbed, "I can't help it. I've worked and worked for those chickens and planned what I'd buy when they were big enough to sell for fryers. And now I can't, and the hail has ruined the corn and there won't be any money for me, and I can't go anywhere nor do anything." After a bit she grew quieter and explained. She had had no new clothes since her marriage, for the drouth had taken the crop the year before. This year she had built her hopes on that bunch of chickens and many of them were gone. She added, "I've

just one summer dress left, and it got torn down from the neck so I can't wear it, and Hallie Peck was so nice to ask me to go out with her and get acquainted with the neighbors, and I can't go for I haven't a thing to wear and I can't tell her that."

"Well, I demanded to see the torn dress, and by the time we had decided how we could put in a yoke made from a piece of embroidery that I had and make it look presentable, the rain had stopped and the sun was looking through the clouds upon a water-soaked world.

"Mr. Thornton moved the chicken coops to higher ground and carried the chicks, then quite dry and lively, to their anxious mothers.

"I drove on home feeling that the storm and the chickens had brought me a new friend, which proved true. And weren't Hallie and I ashamed of ourselves and glad we hadn't told the other girls, when Marica in her fixed-over dress went with us to a picnic.

"It dosen't pay, Lila, dear, to judge people too hastily. There may be good reasons that you don't know why this Hazel—what did you say her name is? Blair? Blair—where have I heard that name lately? Blair Oh, I remember now Dr. Merrill's wife was telling me about the family a few days ago. The girl is just getting well from tuberculosis and has been so far behind in her studies that the doctor finally consented to her going back to school on condition that she goes to bed before eight o'clock every night. It has been such an unhappy experience that probably she doesn't wish to talk of it to you girls."

"Thank you, Grandmother," Lila said thoughtfully. "I think I'll ask Hazel to come over here next Saturday afternoon and invite a few of the girls in to get better acquainted with her."

Leisure is time for doing something useful. Employ your time well, if you want to gain leisure.—Selected.

LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE

By Elihu Burritt

Knowledge cannot be stolen from you, it cannot be bought or sold. You may be poor, and the sheriff may come into your house and sell your furniture at auction or drive away your cow or take your lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelery of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you have enough of it to fill a million minds.

I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose now, that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor anything that shone in the black brow of night and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear, amid all the tempest that should brood upon this lower. Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of human being on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose that a million could come one by one to you, and light each his lamp by yours: would they rob you of any light? Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your lamp burn

more dimly for lighting a thousand millions.

Thus it is, friend. In getting rich in the things which perish with using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness. "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your mind with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule and obey this law: Keep what you give, and give what you can.

The fountain of knowledge is filled with its gifts. Not by its gifts. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps which I have given you, was not the light of thousands of millions which were lighted on yours as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light? Remember this parable. And when ever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have just completed painting and making repairs to the porch floors at several cottages.

"Romance on the Run," a Republic production, was the title of the feature picture at the regular weekly show in our auditorium last Thursday night, and it made quite a hit with the boys.

Although the weather is still hot, we notice the appearance of several footballs among the boys on the campus, which reminds us that the season for struggles on the gridiron is "just around the corner."

Mark Witty, former house boy at Cottage No. 2, who left the School several years ago, was a visitor here last Sunday. He is now living in Greensboro, where he is employed in the meter reading department of the Duke Power Company. He was accompanied by his wife and baby.

The boys thoroughly enjoyed three watermelon feasts during the past week, more than six hundred melons having been consumed. This year's crop of melons has been unusually good, both as to number and quality, and prospects for several more feasts are quite promising.

William Tobar, of Cottage No. 11; Eugene Smith, of Cottage No. 5 and Charles Smith of Cottage No. 2, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital Gastonia, last Thursday, for a general check-up. These lads received treatment there some

time ago and were taken back for observation.

Luther Wilson, of Cottage No. 9, was given his conditional release and allowed to return to his home in Winston-Salem, last Thursday. We hope he gets along well as he again takes his place in society.

A new metal sink, the product of our sheet metal, shop has been installed in the kitchen at Cottage No. 2, Messrs. Alf Carriker and Scarboro and their groups of boys doing the work. This sink is of the large type, such as is generally used in restaurants, and is an important addition to the kitchen equipment.

Mr. Shearón, of Raleigh, who is employed as canning expert by the State Highway Department, recently visited the School for the purpose of assisting us in getting the new canning equipment in operation. However, he did not stay with us as long as he had planned, being called home on account of the death of a relative.

A Happy Occasion

The Jackson Training School auditorium was the scene of a most unusual occurrence last Sunday afternoon, and we are extremely happy to pass on to our readers an account of events on this occasion. For the first time in the history of the School, one our former students, Rev. Jack W. Page, who has become an ordained minister of the Gospel, returned to the institution for the purpose of conducting a religious service.

After leaving the School in 1928,

Jack completed a high school course. He then entered Duke University, and, following his graduation four years later, he enrolled in the School of Religion in that splendid university. For the past year he has been pastor of the Methodist Church at Broadway, N. C.

Following the singing of the opening hymn at last Sunday afternoon's service, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, prominent textile executive and one of Cabarrus County's outstanding Christian laymen, made a beautiful prayer. He then presented Jack, as his many friends here like to call him, as the speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Barnhardt has long been active in the interest of Training School boys, showing a most kindly attitude toward their welfare in many ways. In his brief introductory remarks he stated that he considered it one of the happiest moments of his life to have the privilege of presenting to the boys of this institution, one of their own, who had come back to them as a regularly ordained minister—the highest calling to which man can attain.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. F. N. Barber, Pastor of Rocky Ridge M. E. Church, after which Mr. Barnhardt introduced Mr. Alex. McCutcheon, a ministerial student at Columbia Seminary, Decatur, Georgia, who is acting as supply pastor at the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, during the summer months.

Next in order was the reading of the Scripture Lesson and sermon by Rev. Mr. Page, or Jack, as we shall call him hereafter in this article. For the lesson he read the story of the Prodigal Son, as recorded in Luke 15:11-32. At the beginning of his

remarks Jack stated that none could guess the extreme satisfaction he was experiencing at that moment, that of having the opportunity of coming back to speak to the boys and to renew old acquaintances among the men and women who helped to guide him along that part of life's journey as a lad here. Just eleven years ago, he told the boys, he was seated right where they were, and at that time he never dreamed of occupying the speaker's platform in front, but added that he was very happy to do so.

Having been one of them, Jack told the boys that he had a special reason for talking to them on the story of the Prodigal Son. This young man, said he, could no longer endure what he considered the hardships of home life; he had reached the place where he could not live up to the fine ideals for which his father stood. He looked afar off—became interested in things at a distance. Finally, he decided that he was going to have a fling at the world, so he asked his father to divide his property and give him the share that would be his at the old gentleman's death.

His father complied with his request, and the young man journeyed into a far country. He wanted to have what is known today as a "big time." After a time of riotous living, his money was gone; he became hungry, finally hiring out to a man and being given the humble task of feeding hogs. Presently he came to himself, realizing that even the servants in his father's household were faring better than he. It was here that he made a most important decision, saying, "I'll go home and

apologize to dad, and will be satisfied for him to take me back as a servant. I'll not ask him to consider me his son, for I am unworthy to be called such."

The boy who came back, said Jack, was a far different lad than the one who went away. He placed special emphasis on the fact that the world owes no man a living, and the person who thinks so and goes out to collect, will find the world to be a very poor paymaster. Jack urged the boys, as they took their places out in society after leaving here, to forget the idea of seeing how much they can get out of life. Instead, he told them to see just how much they can give—looking at life as an opportunity for service rather than keeping their minds on receiving something. He also told them that the Christian life is not made up of soft, emotional sentimentality, but is the most challenging thing in the world, and that only a real man could live that kind of life.

Unless things had changed since he was here, Jack stated that he supposed the uppermost thought in each boy's mind was, "When am I going home?" and then spoke to them on the real meaning of home. A place where a family resides is not always a home, said he, but a true home is made up of the finer spiritual qualities. It is a place where we live and love; where we co-operate with other members of the family for the common good of all; where we learn to be unselfish. When all of these rules of life are observed, a home becomes a place where boys and girls develop into fine manhood and womanhood.

The reason most boys come to the Training School, stated the speaker,

is because they have not received the proper training at home. They become side-tracked and the purpose of the institution is to get them back on the main line. The home was incomplete because of lack of Christian teaching, the love of service and other high ideals, consequently it was but natural for the boys to become influenced by the so-called attractiveness of evil habits, thus starting on the downward path.

Jack then gave the boys some excellent advice as to what they should do upon returning to their homes. First of all, he said they should leave here determined to let their best selves shape the course of their lives, living according to the teachings of the Master. He next called their attention to the fact that they would meet snobbish people who might look down upon them because they had been at the School, but assured them they need have no worries concerning the opinions of such folks. The thing to do, he continued, is to hold their heads up high, feeling that a great future was in store for them; taking no guide for their journey through life except a loving Father in heaven, who is always ready to keep His children in the right way.

In conclusion, Jack told the boys it was his fervent prayer that, upon leaving the School, they might lead such fine Christian lives that their influence would lead others to God. He urged them to let the finest Christian ideals be their guiding star, regardless of what vocation they might follow, as they were the future men of the state and nation.

To say that last Sunday was a happy occasion for both boys and officials of the School would be a mild expression. Those of us who

knew Jack as a boy here, were indeed proud of him, and predict a great future for him in his chosen profession. It was a pleasure to note his earnestness as he talked to the boys, and from their attitude, it was easy to see that he was making a good impression as he strived to point out lessons that would be beneficial to them. Jack and Mrs. Page arrived at the close of the Sunday school hour in the morning and spent

most of the day with us. For dinner they were guests of the boys and officers at Cottage No. 2, after which they spent some time looking over improvements made at the School in the past few years. We were especially impressed by the charm and personality of Mrs. Page, and feel sure she is just the type of helpmeet to inspire a young minister to attain the greatest possible heights.

THE CHILDREN'S POET

(Selected)

Of whom do you think when you think of fairy tales? The brothers Grimm of course ("Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs")—and certainly Hans Christian Andersen, whose "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Constant Tin Soldier" you surely have heard about and have probably read by now.

Odense, one of the oldest towns in Denmark, was the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, called "the children's poet." There he was born in 1805 to a poor shoemaker and his young wife. The cobbler died when Hans was only 11 years old. His mother almost destitute, the youngster was unable to continue his schooling and spent much of his time building toy theaters and fashioning clothes for puppets. At the still tender age of 14 the boy journeyed to Copenhagen. His mother expected him to become a tailor—he had his heart set on becoming an opera singer. Children everywhere are thankful that he became neither one nor the other.

After four years of unsuccessful striving along musical lines the

youth, aided financially by friends, began to travel. He wrote of his wanderings and soon found that his life work should be writing.

During his lifetime Andersen wrote much and in variety—novels, plays, poems and travel stories—but his fame rests almost solely on his enchanting fairy tales, the first collection of which he published in 1835. Strange to say, this spinner of wonder stories never thought a great deal of the fables that made him world renowned. He spoke of them disdainfully as his "sleight of hand with fancy's golden apples," and originally began writing them at the suggestion of a friend who urged him to write down the stories that he invented for the entertainment of neighborhood children. Andersen himself was unmarried and childless. Perhaps the charming tales that so delight boys and girls were his imaginative attempt to make up for this lack of love in his life by giving enjoyment to youth far and wide.

The great writer died in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark at the age of 70 in the year 1875.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

WEEK ENDING JULY 30, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Quentin Crittenton 2
- Mack Evans
- Thomas Fields 2
- (7) Clyde Gray 7
- (6) James Hodge 6
- (9) Gilbert Hogan 9
- (9) Leon Hollifield 9
- (6) Edward Johnson 6
- Frank Johnson 2
- (7) Frank May 7
- (2) Oscar Smith 3
- (7) Thomas Turner 7

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Jack Broome 6
- (3) Eugene Edwards 3
- (3) H. C. Pope 7
- Howard Roberts 4
- Arlie Scism 2
- (4) Lee Watkins 4
- (4) Edward Warnock 6
- William Whittington 5

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 4
- James Blocker 3
- William Burnette
- George Cooke 5
- Arthur Craft 4
- (2) J. W. Crawford 3
- (4) Julian T. Hooks 7
- Frank King 3
- Donald McFee 2
- Henry Phillips
- (4) Nick Rochester 6
- (3) Oscar Roland 3
- Raymond Sprinkle 3
- Charles Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (5) Lewis Andrews 7
- (5) Robert Atwell 8
- Earl Barnes 7
- Earl Bass 4
- Richard Baumgarner 4
- Grover Beaver 2

- James Boone 5
- Frank Crawford 5
- Coolidge Green 7
- (3) Harley Matthews 7
- F. E. Mickle 8
- George Shaver 4
- (7) Harrison Stilwell 8
- John Tolley 7
- Fred Vereen 3
- (3) Louis Williams 7
- Allen Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 6
- (9) Ivan Morozoff 9
- Edward McGee 3
- (9) Melvin Walters 9
- James Wilhite 8

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) J. C. Branton 6
- Collett Cantor 4
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 7
- A. C. Elmore 6
- J. C. Ennis 5
- Everett Lineberry 8
- Sam Montgomery 5
- James Page
- (3) Hubert Walker 6
- (3) Dewey Ware 8

COTTAGE No. 6

- (3) Edward Batten 7
- (3) Robert Bryson 5
- (5) Fletcher Castlebury 8
- Martin Crump 6
- (3) Leonard Jacobs 4
- (3) Canipe Shoe 6
- (5) Joseph Tucker 7
- Carl Ward 3
- (2) George Wilhite 6
- William Wilson 2
- Woodrow Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 7

- Cleasper Beasley 3
- (8) Carl Breece 8

THE UPLIFT

- (9) John Deaton 9
- (7) James H. Davis 7
George Green 3
- (9) Hugh Johnson 9
- (3) Lyman Johnson 5
- Robert Lawrence 3
- (3) Elmer Maples 7
Arnold McHone 4
- (5) Carl Ray 5
- (2) Loy Stines 5
- (2) Alex Weathers 5
- (3) Edd Woody 4
- (2) Edward Young 5
- (2) William R. Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

- Lewis Baker 2
- (4) Jack Crawford 6
- (5) Clyde Hillard 8
- (3) John Tolbert 5
- (3) Charles Taylor 7

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 5
- (2) Clarence Baker 2
- (2) J. T. Branch 7
- James Coleman 3
- (2) Henry Coward 5
- (2) Frank Glover 7
- C. D. Grooms 6
- Wilbur Hardin 3
- John Hendrix 4
- Osper Howell 6
- Mark Jones
- (2) Harold O'Dear 5
- Eugene Presnell 4
- (2) Lonnie Roberts 8
- (2) Thomas Sands 8
- (2) Preston Wilbourne 7
- Horace Williams 3
- Luther Wilson 6
- (2) Thomas Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Matthew Duffy 4
- James Eury 3
- Elbert Head 2
- (2) J. D. Hildreth 6
- (2) Lee Jones 5
- Jesse Kelly 2
- James Nicholson 3
- (2) William Peeden 5
- Oscar Queen 2

COTTAGE No. 11

- Harold Bryson 7

- (3) William Dixon 5
- Albert Goodman 5
- (9) Earl Hildreth 9
- (2) William Hudgins 7
- (3) Clyde Hoppes 7
- (3) Andrew Lambeth 7
- (5) Ballard Martin 6
- (2) Paul Mullis 7
- (5) Edward Murray 8
- (4) Julian Merritt 5
- (9) Fred Owens 9
- (3) John Uptegrove 7
- (3) N. C. Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 6
- Odell Almond 5
- (9) Jack Batson 9
- Jay Brannock 5
- Allard Brantley 6
- Ernest Brewer 6
- William C. Davis 4
- Max Eaker 7
- Norwood Glasgow 2
- (5) Woodrow Hager 7
- Joseph Hall 6
- (2) Charlton Henry 8
- (3) Hubert Holloway 6
- (5) Richard Honeycutt 7
- James Puckett 3
- (5) Avery Smith 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- Arthur Ashley 3
- (2) Wilson Bailiff 2
- William Goins
- (8) James V. Harvel 8
- George Hedrick
- Bruce Kersey 2
- (2) Paul McGlammery 2
- Thomas R. Pitman 6
- (3) Marshall White 4
- (9) Alexander Woody 9

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) Raymond Anderson 7
- (5) Howard Bobbitt 6
- William Cantor 6
- (2) Sidney Delbridge 4
- (6) Clifton Davis 8
- (2) Clarence Gates 6
- Oakley Lunsford 3
- Ira Settle 7

J. P. Sutton 5
 George Worley 3
 James Waston 5
 (3) Arvel Ward 4
 (2) William Wood 4
 William Young 6

INDIAN COTTAGE
 Raymond Brooks 4
 (2) George Duncan 3
 (9) Warren G. Lawry 9
 (3) Early Oxendine 5
 Thomas Oxendine 7
 Curley Smith 7

SILENCE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The Christian Science Monitor has written the following description of silence and we are mute amid its charm:

"Silence is a net which holds many things. There is a moment after a song is sung, when silence seems full of music; when the thought remembers the sounds' wonders.

"Silence is so much more than the absence of all sound. In a green valley, the silence is a kind of golden dream in which the imagination lingers. But in the high places, where the mountains lift their heads above the clouds, silence is a cool hand laid on the heart, a deep river seen far off. On the vast desert, under the dome of the stars, silence is a deep well in which we gaze. On the blue sea silence is full of rhythm, and the eyes follow the tides, and seek the pathways hidden from the sun,

far below the water-surface where an unknown silence dwells.

"Silence broken can be a lovely thing. The brittle snow breaking under the foot breaks the silence of the winter day, and in the sound is the echo of frost and the music of cold. In autumn, one leaf falling wakes the stillness, and drifts through the blue shadow of smoke like a quiet word said. In summer the white fountain makes a pattern of sound against the dark stone, against the languid hour. And in spring the first bird-note wakes the heart, after the long silence of the winter season.

"Silence is a gift offered for solace. When the world's music breaks too much upon the sense, silence offers its healing interlude. With no texture, no color, no sound—silence is a net which holds many things."

THE UPLIFT

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CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1939

No. 32

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MAJORITY NOT ALWAYS RIGHT

We settle things by a majority vote, and the psychological effect of doing that, is to create the empression that the majority is ity is sure to be wrong. Think of taking a probably right. On any fine issue, the major-vote on the best music—jazz would win over Chopin. Or, on the best novel—many cheap scribblers would win over Tolstoy. And any day a prize-fight will get a bigger crowd, lager gate receipts, and wider newspaper publicity than any new revelation of goodness, truth, or beauty could hope to achieve in a century.—Dr. Henry Emerson Fosdick.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A CHILD

A child am I, yet in me lies
Part of the future of the race.
A child, in whom the good and ill
Of ages past have left their trace.

A child, with right to dream and play,
To grow just as God's flowers do.
A child, look deep within my eyes
And you can read God's message true.

Protect me now, that I may keep
The Flag of Freedom floating high;
Protect me, that the alter fires
Of Truth and Justice may not die.

Protect me, for the Master said,
"Let little children come to Me.
And yet whate'er ye do to them,
Ye do it also unto Me."

Protect me, ye of 'larger growth,
Hear my appeal. Please take my hand
And lead me safely through the days
Of Childhood into Grown-up Land.

—Olive G. Owen.

WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE?

The question is often asked after the passing of a great man, skilled in his profession—who will take his place? It is generally conceded that there is always some one to step in and fill the place left vacant.

This reply could be modified in many instances by saying the vacancy can be filled in some sort of a way. We know there are no

two people who have the same vision, therefore, it is quite impossible to fulfill the dream of another life.

Since reading of the death of the last Mayo brother of the Mayo clinic and hospital of Rochester, Minn., the same thought arises as to who will fill the place of this master surgeon who devoted his life to curing diseases and the easing of human pain.

The two Mayo brothers many years ago when in the vigor of young manhood, both imbued with the spirit of service, established a hospital in Minnesota, beginning a long career of finest and most unselfish service to humanity. The last brother to pass over the bar was Charles Mayo, and he was heard to say:

"My one great ambition is to relieve all physical suffering possible during my life." It goes without emphasizing that this type of manhood never thought of his profession in terms of money. Again the question in mind—Who in spirit and truth will be qualified to take the place of the Mayo brothers, master surgeons, humanitarians and philanthropists?

* * * * *

LEST WE FORGET THE ERRAND

On the beautiful campus of Swarthmore College, an institution of learning situated near Philadelphia, sponsored by the "Friends," is a bronze tablet, even with the sward; and thereon is inscribed this significant quotation: "You are here to enrich the world, and you impoverish yourself if you forget the errand"

This excerpt was taken from an address on Founders Day, October 25, 1913, by Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States. The tablet marks the place where Woodrow Wilson stood when he gave utterance to the classic, evincing a clear understanding of the opportunities presented to students and instructors of any and all kinds of institutions.

Although this message was given over a quarter of a century ago, and despite the ceaseless march of time, it has lost none of its fitness to the file and rank of humanity. If these words take lodgment they will guide to the finer and safer ideals of life just as surely as the stars on a dark night give the stranded seamen assurance of reaching a safe port.

When such a privilege is given to "enrich the world," and then for-

got the object of the errand, means a lost opportunity. The sweetest and most complete life is when one serves freely without reward and even so much as praise. There is an old saying, but most comforting and true—"what we give we keep." When the lengthening shadows fall after a long and useful life, there is a peaceful halo that illumines the countenance of those who give a life of service just for the joy of making the world better.

* * * * *

CHARLOTTE WOMEN PLAN GIRLS' CAMP

The old saying, "great minds run the same channel," some times in many instances runs true to the statement. Just last week The Uplift wrote about the underprivileged girl as forgotten, and the boys of the same class were receiving much attention by providing a summer outing with sports of various kinds. Furthermore the forecast was that it would not be long till some woman's organization would sense the need of paying a tribute to girls similar to that of the boys. The prophesy has already been answered. The Business and Professional Women's Club of Charlotte has completed plans for sending sixty-five underprivileged girls to camp.

The Charlotte Observer relates what the women are doing, and you "may bet your boots" other cities and communities will soon be following the example set by the Business and Professional Woman's Club of Charlotte. Watch and see which will be the next place in the state to provide a summer home for the underprivileged girls of the respective communities. It is a much needed piece of real welfare work and women are to be commended for their consideration of their less fortunate sisters. This tells just how the women are going about placing the girls in a camp during the heated months, and we will give it so that he may run that readeth it:

Members of the Charlotte Business & Professional Women's Club will meet Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Thacker's Restaurant to check up on their almost completed plans for sending 65 underprivileged girls to camp.

The girls, selected on the basis of their need for a vacation, will spend two weeks at Camp Latta, beginning Aug. 12. Mrs. R. H. Long was chairman of the selection committee, and instructions have been given those chosen regarding physical examinations re-

quired by the YWCA, which operates the camp. The examinations will be given at the YWCA Aug. 10, and Miss Goldia Howell, a public health nurse, is in charge of the committee on that phase.

The girls are being outfitted for camp by the club. Mrs. J. A. Graney is general chairman of the camp committee, and she has announced that plans are nearly complete and that a large percentage of the needed funds has been raised. Those who wish to make contributions can mail them to Miss Minnie Hamlet at the Chamber of Commerce.

* * * * *

THE BAPTIST WORLD ALLIANCE

The attendance at the late session of Congress held by the Baptist denomination in Atlanta, Georgia, exceeded that of any church meeting ever held in this country. There were sixty nations represented and thirty thousand laymen and ministers present.

It is quite impossible to visualize such an assembly of Christian workers without thoroughly understanding that the power of the Christian church continues to be felt. This country has been signally honored to have such an august body meet on American soil. Furthermore, North Carolina should feel proud to know that Dr. George R. Truett, of the Baptist World Alliance, is a North Carolinian by birth, but now resides in Dallas, Texas. This large and active body of church workers contributes much to the building of churches and keeping the truths of the Gospel before the people of the land. Never in the history of the country has the call to the church been so pronounced with the hope of restoring a greater brotherly love and in this way have universal peace.

* * * * *

FACTS COMPILED

Facilities for attending to every medical emergency, from a finger scratch to childbirth, will be provided at New York World's Fair of this year. There are to be ten first aid stations on the grounds, a large corps of physicians and surgeons, nearly one hundred nurses, ten motor ambulances and mobile X-ray truck to speed to the scene of any accident.

Hitler is allergic to smoke. He permits no one to smoke near him. His air passages, rather delicate, highly susceptible, makes him sensitive to smoke. In early life he had lung trouble and later suffered from gas poison. Evidently the membranes of his nose and throat must be extremely sensitive. Along with this physical ailment he complains of some gastric disorder, compelling him to be almost a vegetarian. We, who hear him over the broadcast, know that he is a loud speaker and has the capacity for long speeches. Neither is his voice pleasing as a speaker..

* * * * *

Costa Rica—the land of peace—is the alluring invitation held out to travellers by the tourist board of that little country in Central America. In this place one day of each week is set aside as beggar's day. On this day the beggars make their rounds asking for alms. No one escapes, including homes and business places. The usual procedure is to give five cents. But if a hundred beggars were to make their approach upon the same person that would average up five dollars per day. The scriptures read true wherever one goes,—“the poor you will have at all times“, or words to that effect.

* * * * *

There are anti-kissing leagues in the United States, France, Russia and Austria. Members of these leagues are opposed to kissing for hygienic reasons. The best places to see gushy kissing scenes is in the movies. In Samoa, one of the South Sea Islands, the kiss is nothing more than a sniff. A sniff would be easy for some who esteem themselves highly.

* * * * *

America owes its greatness to “manifold contributions made by men and women of different race, creed, and tongue,” according to Luther B. Harr, City Treasurer, of Philadelphia. “To be a true American is difficult,” Mr. Harr told Boy Scouts at Camp Delmont recently. “It requires intelligence, tolerance, generosity, courage and strength.”

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

GET IT DONE

It isn't the job we intend to do, or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the balance sheet; it's the work we have really done.
Our credit is built upon things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus, is the man who completes his work.
Good intentions do not pay bills; it's easy enough to plan
To wish is the play of an office boy, to do the job of a man.

People can escape a lot of headaches by letting all the rumors they hear go in at one ear and come out at the other.

Ready cash is as inflammable as sulphur matches. It will burn holes in safety-deposit boxes as well as in pockets.

The annual mean temperature of the globe, we are told, is 50 degrees Fahrenheit. There are a whole lot of people, in this world of many kinds, meaner than the temperature.

A job is a job, whether it be big or little. The job is one thing, and the way it is done is another. People will respect the man who is proud and earnest about even the smallest job.

The School of Experience never takes a vacation. Like the poet's brook, it just goes on forever. And

that reminds me that Old Satan, himself, never ceases from his work of going about seeking whom he may claim as his devotees.

We are told in the newspapers that a California senator is at work on a bill which he declares will "eliminate excess savings." Shucks, man; for the past six years we have had bills galore which have already eliminated the savings.

The secret of great undertakings are sought by many people who desire to find out its workings and profit thereby. The only satisfactory solution to this search is hard work and self-reliance. They are the keys that unlock the invisible doors to success.

Everybody talks about clothes at one time and another. Everybody wears clothes, but the beach bathers and those who want to get a good coat of tan. After all clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have been known to have gotten many a man a good job.

It strikes me that the world has had enough advice to last through several generations. Most of it has gone into cold storage, and frozen. Yet they still go on giving it as if we have never had any before. Advice is the one and only thing that some people

have to give away. And they give freely.

Every now and then a fellow comes along and talks to me about fishing. It awakens within me piscatorial pleasures I scarcely dream about. My fishing experience has been that I have seldom been able to get to the right place at the right time to make the proper connection with the right amount of fish. My lines have seldom been cast in successful waters, and my patience has been scantily rewarded.

A thunder storm was brewing. The thunder was rolling rather mildly, intermittingly. A little tot, for the first time hearing this disturbance of the elements, said to her mother: "Mom, don't you reckon they are moving the furniture about in Heaven?" Another little one, of tender age, hearing for the first time a hen cackle, rushed into the house and excitedly announced to her mother; "Mama, there's a chicken in the yard with a terrible bad

cold. I heard it coughing just now!" Innocent little tots—how close to you they get with their original sayings.

I often wonder, like other human beings, over many things that pass my understanding. One thing that grips my attention is, when day is breaking with such beautiful silence, and the coming dawn is stealing over the earth in such a solemn way, and you want to get the last sweet nap of the day, that people who are given to early rising, and pass along the streets, will talk in such loud tones, and laugh such huge hee haws; some across streets to each other, and often keep it up until they have almost passed out of speaking distance. Why? O, why? Thus disturb the innocent sleepers, and awaken them to such early daylight, when they revel in their early morning nap? It must be pure downright thoughtlessness and disregard for the feelings of others. And thoughtlessness causes a great deal of distress in this world, as well as sorrow.

THE CONQUEROR

Here's to the man who can hide with a smile,
 A day of ill-temper and words that are vile.
 Who can refrain from uttering words in a tone
 That may leave their sting when years have flown;
 Who is cautious and tactful not to offend
 His neighbor, or those who may be his friends.
 Here's to the man that can feign jollity,
 Whatever his trials and tribulations may be.
 When the tempest has passed and the sun starts to shine,
 Hats off to the man who has conquered his mind!

YOUTH YOKED WITH CHRIST

The United Presbyterian

George McDonald, in one of his charming books, tells of a little child who wished that he was an artist so that he might help God to paint His clouds and sunsets. We smile at the childish wish, but harbor the same desire; for who does not long to help God is some part of His wide work? The joy of it is that the desire may be gratified. Paul said, "We are laborers with God."

The first duty of every young person is to acknowledge the obligation of obedience to Christ as the Master of life. The heroic old prophet Jeremiah said, "It is a good thing for a young man that he bear the yoke in his youth." The "yoke" means harnessed for service. The ox that is not yoked will pull no load, nor will the horse that is not harnessed. When the prophet said that it was a good thing for a young man to bear the yoke in youth, he was thinking of the obligation which rests upon every young life. The master of every youth is Christ; the field of effort is the Church; the purpose of labor is the building of the kingdom of God in the world. The young person who acknowledges his obligation to Jesus Christ will be obedient to that universal obligation. The ship which is under control of the helm may be driven straight to the port in spite of wind and tide, but you can do nothing with a ship with a broken helm. You can do much with one who recognizes God's obligation, but those who do not feel this restraining hand are merely driftwood, tossed by the billows and dashed upon the rock.

Life must be unified by a great pur-

pose. A pile of steel filings may be of the finest quality, and may weigh tons, but these unrelated bits have no value until welded into a great shaft and attached to an engine. Then they will drive a steamship across the Atlantic in five days. Until a young person's life is pledged to definite work for Christ, it will be but a confused heap of impulses. But bind these together and they will make life mighty. The young person who floats along the line of least resistance, avoiding every thing that looks like hard work, is useless. He who has neither plan nor program for life, who follows a happy-go-lucky policy, is of little worth. Too many of our young people are like "Finnigan's" train, "off again, on again, gone again." Young people are red blooded, full of energy, always on the move, but until their lives are tied to a definite thing, their energy will be wasted and their lives will be but a mass of beginning and endings. They will be under full head of steam but bound nowhere.

Dean Swift had an appointment to a wedding. His train was delayed. It reached the city at the exact hour of the wedding. Rushing through the crowded depot he sprang into a jaunting car and shouted to the driver, "Drive like Jehu, I am late." The driver struck his horse a cruel cut across the head, leaving down the stony street. The Dean, a short fleshy man, had difficulty in keeping his seat, but finally noticed they were going in the wrong direction and angrily shouted to the driver, "Where are you going?" "I don't know, Sir. You didn't tell

me where you wanted to go, you told me to drive like Jehu and I am doing it."

Everywhere we find young people

of splendid ability who work like Jehu, but accomplish little because their activities are not concentrated upon some worthy object.

"The greatest service we can render another is to believe in him."

THE FRIENDLY MAN MEETS A LITTLE MAID AT SUNDOWN

(Methodist Recorder, London)

The evening was so still that every now and then I caught the sound of car wheels on the railroad, half a mile away. I was alone in a lane an hour before the sun went down.

At least, I had thought I was alone, till I stopped to listen to a childish voice.

"You know your own son? Truly a child sings—with no thought of creating an impression, but only for the sheer joy of singing? So this child sang; and when I turned the corner I came upon her as she sat on a green bank, a heap of cowslips in her lap, her head a little on one side, singing sweetly and softly.

She was not embarrassed when she saw me. "Did you hear me singing?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did you like it?"

"Very much."

"I'm glad. Do you like my cowslips?"

"Of course. And what a lot you've gathered."

"Yes, haven't I? They are for

the Sunday school anniversary tomorrow."

"Indeed?"

I sat down by the little maid—a pretty sight in her blue frock and white apron and her brown hair. "And are you going to take them with you?" I asked.

"Yes. You see, most of the boys and girls will take flowers from a shop, or eggs, or fruit, or things, only we can't afford any now that daddy's gone to heaven. So mummie said I could stay up late tonight, and gather lots of cowslips. I shall give them to Miss. Smith, and she'll put them in a vase, and they'll stand near the pulpit. Afterwards I shall take them to Mrs. Potter. She's been ill for years, only she never grumbles." She sighed. I hope we have a good collection," she added irrelevantly.

"I hope so, too," I said. "I'm sure you'll have a fine day."

"Yes, I think so. I have a white frock, and I shall stand in the front row. I'm in the Primary. And I have a hymn to sing all by myself."

"The one I heard you singing as I came up the lane?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I think it's lovely—and you were singing it ever so sweetly. Would you like to sing it to me now?"

"Yes—but you'll pretend it's a real service, won't you?"

"I will."

I lay back on the grass and closed my eyes—or nearly closed them, for I saw her put down her cowslips, straighten her frock, put her hands behind her, and look up at the sky as she sang her hymn.

I have listened to more than one famous singer, and I have heard many famous preachers, but I do not think I have ever been more deeply touched by singing or more stirred by a sermon than I was by this little maid as she lifted up her voice in that cathedral out of doors, the golden sunshine like a halo round her head—

"Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;

Growing every day more true
Unto one another."

As she sang there in the stillness of the evening I caught again the faint roar of traffic on the high-road—the noisy world going by while God's small voice reached my heart.

I did not speak for a moment or two after she had finished. Then I said, "You love that hymn?"

"Yes," she said, gathering up her cowslips, "and my daddy loved it, too."

So we walked along the lane together, she with her cowslips and I with my thoughts; and just before we parted near the village I slipped a piece of money into her hand. "I'm sure you would like to put this into the collection tomorrow," I said.

Then I hurried off; but like Wordsworth I could have said—

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

CONTENT

My heart is so full
Of the blue of the sky
And the green of the leaves
And of summer's glad cry,
So full of rose petals,
All dewy and cool,
And of the deep peace
Of a quiet wood's pool;
So full of a waterfall,
Mistily sweet,
That with all else excluded,
This day is complete.—Selected.

THE YEAR'S NECKLACE

By H. M. Hobson

JULY'S RUBY

*"The Ruby's fiery glow should
adorn*

*All those who in July are born.
For then they'll be exempt and
free*

From Love's doubts and anxiety."

From ancient times the ruby has been the beloved birthstone of those who are born in July. So firmly was it established in the hearts of July's people, that a few years ago, when the Jewelers' Association exchanged the December turquoise for the seventh month's flaming gem, the change was entirely ignored. The ruby still represents July's blazing heat with its own fiery flame.

This lovely "child of the sunne" comes from the Orient, the finest, the rare pigeon-blood, being found in Burmah. The pomegranate-red is a native of Ceylon; the dark garnet-red has its happy growing ground in Siam. In all these lands the ruby is venerated and valued, and regarded as the king gem. In Burmah the jewel "whose blaze symbolizes the flame that knows no end," is not only the ruling precious stone, but the precious stone that rules.

For many centuries only very poor rubies were known to the world outside of Burmah, because it was a strict law in that country that all rubies over a certain weight belonged to the government. The king of Burmah was known as the "Lord of the Rubies." When a rare stone was discovered, high officials of the court went forth on gaily bedecked elephants, to meet the gem, accept it

for the royal treasure, and bear it to a safe abiding place. To steal one of these rare gems when it was found, or to sell one out of the country, was a high crime whose punishment was death. The great mines near Mogok, the capital of the District of Ruby Mines in Upper Burmah, were so strictly guarded that despite many desperate efforts to abduct a great ruby, only a few fine gems ever crossed the frontier into another country.

In its native home the ruby is known as the *lychnis* of lamp stone, whose light was placed in its heart countless ages ago, and which the hand of man can never dim. Countless legends cluster about this king of gems, the Burmese people claiming it is of truly royal origin. They say a great serpent came to Burmah near creation's dawn. It laid three lovely crystal eggs. From one of the eggs there emerged a king, from the second came an emperor, and from the third came the glowing pigeon-blood rubies.

The meanings of July's jewel are **many, all of them are strong and constructive.** It stands for courage, power, and protection from all danger. It was believed to remove evil thoughts, to reconcile enemies, to dispel disease. One who wore a rare ruby could dwell among wild animals in perfect safety. His fields would be protected from damage by storms, his home, family and orchards guarded. So firmly did the people of Burmah believe these ancient traditions, that soldiers often had small rubies inserted in the

flesh of their arms and shoulders, sure that the tiny stones would give them protection in battle.

Next to the people of its own home land, the Hindus appreciate and value July's ruby. They pay enormous prices for rare rubies. Centuries ago they gave them two names that reveal their love for, and recognition of, the loveliest of all precious stones. They call the pigeon-blood ruby, The Ratnaraj, and The Ratnanayaka, the first signifying "the king," the second "the leader," of precious stones. They claim the blazing fire in the heart of a pigeon-blood is an inextinguishable flame, placed there by the divine hand, and that it cannot be hidden, but will glow even through many heavy wrappings.

July's jewel, which is also the gem of summer, is spoken of many times in the early writing of both the Jews and the Christians. In an old book by a Jewish scholar the ruby is called "the most precious of the Twelve Great Stones that God created when He created all creatures and all that is." Another Jewish tradition says, "By God's own command was the Ruby, the stone of fire, placed upon Aaron's neck, because it was the Lord of all Gems: the Highly Prized; the

Dearly Beloved, so faire was it with its gay color and its living Light." The ruby is the special jewel of the tribe of Judah, "meaning praised." From Judah sprang the royalty of Israel.

The great writers have all known and valued July's birthstone, and have paid it tribute in their poem and prose. Chaucer speaks of "Rubies! Red as fire sparkling!" Scott tells of a bonnet "all crimson fair, buttoned with a Ruby Rare." Shakespeare says, "These be Rubies! Fairy favors."

July's flowers are the water-lily and the larkspur.

The ruby is Tuesday's special jewel, and those born on that day will be "bairns with a soul full of grace." It is the gem of the fifth hour of the day, and of the fortieth wedding anniversary. No gem in the year's lovely necklace of rare stones has a higher or more thrilling history than July's ruby. To follow it through the centuries, in ancient and modern history, in prose and in poetry, will give one some high and holy things to store in the mind's treasure house.

*"No other gem than a Ruby upon
her breast—*

*To the timid, doubting heart can
bring—faith and rest."*

Days that are past are gone forever, and those that are to come may not come to you; therefore, enjoy the present without regretting the loss of what has passed, or depending too much on that which is not here. This instant is yours; the next still belongs to futurity, and you do not know what it may bring forth.—Dandemis.

HOW NAGS HEAD GOT ITS NAME

(Dare County Times)

Unusual as are the names of Nags Head, Kitty Hawk and Kill Devil Hills, the names themselves are overshadowed in this regard by the manner in which they came into being.

The legends of Kill Devil Hills have already been printed in an earlier issue of this newspaper, and ere many weeks pass we'll give you a story on the naming of Kitty Hawk, but today our writings deal with the way Nags Head came to get its name.

Many years ago, before summer vacationists ever dreamed of using this section as their favorite watering place, there lived on the barren coastland opposite Roanoke Island an unusual group of people. Some were quiet, home loving, God fearing, and hard working folk; others were rowdy braggarts, and drunkards; and still others were thieves and outlaws, gaining a livelihood in any way they could, crooked or otherwise. The only common bond between the inhabitants of the Dare banks at that time was the fact that the great majority of the people were seafaring folk, who had been shipwrecked on this coast.

While the good people were at home in bed, and while the rowdy people were out carousing around, a group of the thieves banded together and were oftentimes making preparations for big and profitable hauls.

This group of robbers used tactics comparable in audacity and boldness to those employed by modern racketeers. Their plan was simple, yet effective, and consisted simply of tying a lantern to the

neck of a hobbled horse and having one of the members of the gang lead her up and down the beach, with the light swinging to and fro in front of her. These excursions were made only on those nights when ships were liable to drift in too close to shore, and the swinging lantern was employed to give the mariners the idea that it was a lighted buoy floating on top of the constantly moving waters. Thinking that the floating buoy marked deep water, and unable to see the nearby shore or shallow reefs, they would head their ships in closer and wreck in the surf. At this point the entire band of robbers would assemble on the beach, and as those members of the crew who were lucky enough to survive reached shore, exhausted from their swim through the surf, the bandits would ruthlessly muder them. When the seas abated somewhat the band would board the wrecked vessel and begin carting away the more valuable parts of her cargo and the jewelry and money of the crew members and passengers.

When the story began spreading to the surrounding hamlets and settlements and when more people started coming to this section of the coast the name "Nags Head" was more often applied to it, until today we use the name lightly, referring to it in an offhand manner, and seldom remembering that behind that name is one of the most unusual stories that has ever originated from the North Carolina banks.

TIN CAN HISTORY

By Ada M. Morgan

The lowly tin can—that is the way we usually think of the container that plays such an important part in our daily lives. Yet if we take time to inquire into the past of the tin can, many surprising and rather exciting things are to be discovered.

First, perhaps, is the discovery that "tin" cans are about ninety-eight per cent steel. That, of course, leaves only about two per cent tin. Also, the "can" part of tin cans is actually only a shortening of cannister, the name given to these containers when they were first invented.

Then, how do we get the common name "tin can?" When cans were first used, people remarked that the food was "tinned" or "put up" in cannisters. From that came the name "tin can."

Another interesting fact is that tin cans are quite young. We think little about the importance of the many healthful and perfectly preserved foods that we may keep indefinitely after taking from the grocer's shelf. Think back a mere one hundred and forty-two years. That is a comparatively short time back into the past, yet it was not until then that food preserving became a success and started the need for containers.

So began the manufacturing of

"tin plate cannisters," the ancestors of our modern stream-lined tin cans. Our modern industry's output from huge automatic machinery is 180,000 cans a day. Sixty cans, per person, a day was an enviable record during the early days in this manufacturing field. Then, each can had to be made by hand. An expert tinsmith carefully cut the oblong piece of material from tinned iron sheet. A hand soldering iron was used to fix the curved sides together, and then the round bottom piece was cut and soldered on. The top piece could not be put on until after the food stuff was placed in the can. After the cooking period the soldering iron was again used, for a small hole had to be left open in the top to allow the steam to get out, and

"safety-valve" was soldered up only when the cooking was done.

If those first efforts seem crude and slow, remember the years of experimenting and trial and error that had to follow to give us our modern tin can and method of sealing food in it. Perfection and refinement has come in the tin can and canning industries—and a great share of the development has been accomplished right here in our own country. Another bit of "history" for which we should be proud.

"Get into the habit of feeling pleasant, looking pleasant, acting pleasant, and you will be surprised at how quickly the right conditions will be drawn toward you which will make your life pleasant."

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

(Morganton News Herald)

In an address before the recent Institute of Public Health Dentistry at Chapel Hill, Col. John D. Langston, of Goldsboro, former newspaper man and prominently identified for years with civic affairs in North Carolina, declared that a health campaign throughout the schools of North Carolina over a ten-year period would eliminate an estimated \$3,000,000 annual loss to the state school budget through retardation of pupils suffering from bad teeth and tonsils.

"I think I may safely accept 150,000 as the minimum number of annual repeaters in our school system," the speaker said. "This would represent an annual loss to the school budget of \$3,000,000, or more than the liquor tax, or nearly as much as the sales tax.

The best medical and dental minds agree that at least 50 per cent, possibly 60 per cent of these repeaters can within a ten-year period be eliminated by a vigorous continuous health campaign."

The annual cost of such a campaign would not exceed \$250,000 and "the expenditure of this amount would more than be repaid the first year in the elimination of repeaters and the saving to the school budget would increase annually as a new crop of children come into the schools," Colonel Langston said.

Pointing out that only a small percentage of repeaters (about 15 per

cent) is the result of inherited mental weakness, Colonel Langston said "the remainder is definitely traceable to preventable physical troubles and infections that occur in early childhood and which bring about diseased conditions that continue their devastating effect upon the child mind during the successive school grades.

"In the second place, the largest contributing cause is the teeth," he said. "Regular school examinations, and clinics carried out in all districts with the same thoroughness that they have been carried out in some districts will remove this cause to a larger extent and constitute a fine educational course as well.

"Why should the state lose several millions annually to save an annual outlay of \$250,000? Then, too, the saving would increase from year to year while the outlay would tend to decrease as physical conditions improve."

Public health work in the schools has already made notable advances, and it has been demonstrated that the school is one of the most effective places for the discovery and remedy of preventable physical handicaps. An extension of this work may prove, as Colonel Langston suggests, a means of eliminating a terrific and unnecessary cost to our school systems.

In the shadow of every prosperous business you will find a serious, hard-working man.—Exchange.

BETSY DOWDY'S RIDE AN EPIC OF THE CAROLINA COAST

By Richard Benbury Creecy

The winter of 1775 was a dark and gloomy one for the Revolutionary patriots of North Carolina, Governor Tyron had left his palace in New Bern, secretly and hurriedly, had taken refuge on board the armed schooner Cruizer, and was stationed at the mouth of Cape Fear River, issuing orders fortifying the Tory feeling in the Colony, and inciting the slaves to servile insurrection. Lord Dunmore had been driven from Williamsburg, Virginia, by popular indignation, and had gone down to Norfolk, and entrenched himself there. From this position he was annoying the people of the adjacent section of Virginia by hostile raids, and was expected to make excursions into the adjacent sections of North Carolina. The death of John Harvey of Perquimans County in June 1775 had cast a gloom over the colony, and especially over the northeastern colonists where his patriotism and manly virtues were best known. But the fires of liberty were kept burning. Dunmore, with a few regulars who had accompanied him in the flight from Williamsburg, Va., had ravaged Suffolk and some other places and was preparing to extend his ravages to the Albemarle section of North Carolina. Our leading men were on the alert, and couriers were keeping them in close touch. John Harvey of Perquimans had joined his father's across the great divide, but his mantle had fallen upon his kinsman and con-

nection by marriage, Gen. William Skinner of Yeopim Creek, and he was watching every movement of Dunmore. Col. Isaac Gregory of Camden was hurrying with a small militia force to meet the enemy at Great Bridge in Virginia. Tom Benbury of Chowan, then speaker of the lower house of the Assembly had left his luxurious home at "Benbury Hall," that overlooked the sound and was hurrying to join troops under Howe with commissary stores. Excitement ran high, and the expected invasion of the Albemarle Counties, and the probable collision at Great Bridge where Dunmore was entrenched, was the universal subject of conversation. Howe was pushing by forced marches to the aid of Virginia with some regulars and the Hertford County militia under Col. Wynns of that county. Public expectation was on tip-toe.

Joe Dowdy and old man Sammy Jarvis lived on the banks opposite to Knotts Island. They were near neighbors and intimate friends. Early in December, 1775, Jarvis went to the mainland to hear the news of Col. Howe's movement toward Great Bridge. When he returned home late in the evening he was greatly excited. He was impressed with the dangerous situation of the dwellers by the sea. He was constantly saying "Dunmore and them blamed Britishers will come down the coast from Norfolk and steal all our banks stock and steal our horses, ding 'em."

After a short rest and a hasty bite of supper, old man Jarvis went over to Dowdy's to tell him the news.

Dowdy was a wrecker for the money that was in it, and a fisher for the food that was in it. He was always watching the sea; he was a devout man who always prayed for the safety of the poor sailors who were exposed to the perils of the deep, and who always closed with a silent supplication that if there should be a wreck it might be on the Currituck Beach. He had prospered in the business of wrecker, had saved many lives and much wreckage and money. His visible store of chattels, was beef cattle and banker ponies. He herded them by the hundreds.

Uncle Sammy came in without ceremony and was cordially received. "Well, Uncle Sammy," said Dowdy, "What are the news, tell us all."

"Well Joseph," said Jarvis, "Things is fagerty. Gregory—Col. Isaac—is hurrying up his Camdem milish to join Howe, and Tom Bembury of Chowan is pushing on his wagons of commissaries. If they don't reach Great Bridge in time to bear a hand in this fight; they'll hurry on to Norfolk to drive Dunmore out of the old town. But if Dunmore beats our folks at Great Bridge, then our goose is cooked and our property is all gone; all the goods and gold saved in our hard life's work and our cattle and marsh ponies."

"You don't tell me," said Dowdy.

"Yes, it's so, just as sure as old Tom. The only thing that can save us is General Skinner in Perquimans and the militia, and he is too far away. We can't get word to him in time.

As Jarvis said these words, slow-

ly and with emphasis, Betsy Dowdy, Joe Dowdy's young and pretty daughter, who was present with the family said:

"Uncle Sammy do you say the British will come and steal all our ponies?" "Yes," said he, She replied: "I'll knock them in the head with a conch shell first." Betsy soon left the room. She went to the herding pen and Black Bess was not there. She then went to the marsh and called loud; "Bess Bessie, Black Beauty." The pretty pony heard the old familiar voice and came to the call. Betsy took her by the silken mane, led her to the shelter, went into the house, brought out a blanket and also a small pouch of coin. She placed the blanket onto the round back of the pony, sprang into the soft seat and galloped over the hill and far away on her perilous journey. Down the beach she went, Black Beauty doing her accustomed work. She reached the point opposite Churches Island, dashed into the shallow ford of Currituck sound and reached the shore of the island. On they sped, Black Bess gaining new impulse from every kind and gentle word of Betsy. The wonderful endurance of the Banker pony never failed, and Black Bess needed no spur but the cheering word of her rider. "Bessy, pretty Bess, my black sleek beauty, the British thieves shan't have you. We are going after General Skinner and his milish. They'll beat 'em off of you." She almost sang to the docile pony as they went on their journey. Thru the divide, on thru Camden, the twinkling stars her only light, over Gid Lamb's ferry, into Pasquotank by the "narrow," now Elizabeth City, to Hartsford, up the high-

lands to Perquimans, on to the Yeopim Creek, and General Skinner's hospitable home was reached. The morning sun was gilding the tree tops when she entered the gate. She was hospitably welcomed and when she briefly told the story of her coming, cordial kindness followed. The General's daughters, the boast of the Albemarle, Dolly, Penelope and Lavinia made her at home. He listened to her tale of danger and promised assistance.

Mid-day came, and with it Betsy's kind farewell. Filial duty bade her and she hied her home. As she neared her sea girt shore the notes of victory were in the air. "They

are beaten, beaten, beaten, they are beaten at Great Bridge." The reports materialized as she went. The battle of Great Bridge had been fought and won. Howe had assumed command of the Virginia and Carolina troops, upon his arrival and was in hot pursuit of Dunmore toward Norfolk, where after a short resistance Norfolk was evacuated by the British troops, who sought refuge on board their ships, and after a few cannon shot in the town, they departed for parts unknown.

Then, and long after, by bivouac and campfire, and in patriotic homes was told the story of Betsy Dowdy's ride.

ROAD TO HAPPINESS

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find,
You walk ahead serenely
And leave your cares behind.

A word of cheer upon your lips
A ready hand to give,
A smiling face, a snatch of song
Will help you well to live.

The love you give to others
The good that you may do,
The helping hand you proffer
Will bring happiness to you.

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find,
It's what you do for others
That brings true peace of mind.

—Grenville Kleiser.

GEORGE STUART AND THE FLY

N. C. Christian Advocate

We should keep in mind the gifts of this evangelist and pastor of a few years ago. George Stuart was a humorist, but his mission was not to make people laugh. He could tell a story as few men were able to do, but he never allowed himself to degenerate into a mere story teller. He could paint word pictures, but he did not permit himself to become ensnared by mere word painting. He was an actor who knew just how far to exercise this gift for the best results as preacher and lecturer. All these rare gifts were used by him for the one great end of serving God and man, and this he did as few men have been able to do.

We quote a brief excerpt from a newspaper article on the fly to illustrate the versatility of this gifted man:

"For forty years I have longed to get a chance at the fly; and now that he is up for discussion and his picture has been in the Sentinel, I have a chance to get my views in the paper on the general ground that some

newspapers will publish a scandal or anything.

"The fly is non-productive. The worm makes silk, the bee makes honey—he makes nothing but periods, and always puts them in the wrong place. He has no business. The dirt daubers are masons, the bee is a manufacturer, the spider is a weaver, and the ant is in the storage business; but the fly is a natural born vagabond—he is as idle as a tramp. I never saw him do anything but walk around and eat. He builds no homes; but the fly just sleeps round anywhere night finds him. He never sits down at his table, he eats around wherever he finds victuals exposed to the appetite. He pays no attention to his family. I never saw a fly out on a cool afternoon walking with his family. He has no social habits. I never saw a company of flies sitting around talking together; they sit around one in a place, like Indians, except where there is something to eat, then they will crowd around like newsboys at a supper."

"To know, love and serve childhood is the most satisfying and soul filling of all human activities. It rests on the oldest and strongest and sanest of all instincts. It gives our lives a rounded out completeness found in no other service. No other object is so worthy of service and sacrifice, as the fullness of the measure in which this is rendered; it is the very best of a Nation, of a Race or of a Civilization.—G. Stanley Hall.

THE GOLDEN FURROW

By Theodora Marshall Inglis

At the end of the long, black furrow, horses, plow, and girl made a slow turn, then came to a standstill.

The horses were big and bony, the plow was heavy, and Hilda, whose roughened hands gripped the plow handles, was a tall, overgrown girl of seventeen. As she rested a moment, her heavy shoes sank deep into the soil, but Hilda stood oblivious, her frowning gaze upon the weedy acres still to be plowed.

"Whee!" she muttered, "I never seen such a big field, and I'm dead tired of trampin' back an' forth in these black, sticky furrers." Two tears rolled suddenly down her cheeks, and she stumbled forward, leaning against Dan, the big horse nearest to her.

Dan had heard complaints and had felt Hilda's tears before, but his sympathy could always be counted upon. He whinnied softly and laid his nose against her shoulder. Just then, to make matters worse, a gust of wind flared by, bringing with it a huge ball of dried tumbleweed. This prickly bundle struck Hilda as it passed, and she threw up a defensive hand. But the tumbleweed blew merrily on its way, and Hilda found herself clutching a sheet of crumpled paper.

"I'm not carin' for any of your old rubbish today, Mr. Tumbleweed. Just take it along with you." Nevertheless, she sat down by the freshly plowed furrow and spread out the tumbleweed's offering. Only a bit of big poster, but the first few words caught her eyes, and she read through carefully to the torn and incomplete end,

going back to the lines which had dried her tears and wiped the sullen discontent from her face.

"A larger world,
A farther goal,
A keener mind,
A richer soul!"

"Do you wish all this to come true? Do you wish to be a more intelligent, better-trained girl than you are?"

Did she? "Of course I do?" cried Hilda sitting there in her old blue overalls on the black earth furrow, like Cinderella in her ashes. Then she would have read farther, hoping to find out how all these wonders might be accomplished, but fascinating words in the first sentence caught her eye.

"WORK, STUDY, PLAY."

"Play!" Why Hilda could scarcely remember playing, save during the noon and recess periods of the winter school. All work and no play had life been for Hilda, yet work had not dulled her mind. She grasped easily the possibilities of that entrancing sentence. Play, yes, but there were those other wonderful words—"work" and "study." The very sound of them seemed to hold a promise of their achievements.

Yes, and she would have them all, too—work, study, and play. Hilda's chin squared itself, and her blue eyes shone resolutely, gleaming with strangely new ambitious fires as she read once more—

"A larger world,
A farther goal,
A keener mind,
A richer soul,"

and on to the last word in that **first**

sentence, "Play." Only seventeen, and never any playtime! No wonder that Hilda's blue eyes lingered long upon this word! She had never dreamed that there could be so many ways of playing. Her eyes rested upon them, enthralled.

"Hikes, week-end parties in a mountain camp, picnic suppers in the canyon. Picnics followed by stories told around the campfire, while all the time the bright moon peeped through the tops of whispering pines! Hilda sighed unconsciously, in sheer delight. Moonlight and pine trees! She knew moonlight, of course, but in all their wide expanse of flat farming country there was no such thing as a pine tree.

But to play, it was necessary to work, and Hilda read on, finding out that, in this wonderful place, wherever it was, she might work at part-time employment, and have the remainder of the time for her own use. Certainly part-time work must mean housework, but Hilda liked housework and only wished that her young stepmother would exchange housework for field work now and then.

"Work, study, play!" Hilda had neglected the important word, "study."

And there, in a neat little row, were all the things she might study. She might attend the grade or high school, and she might take special courses in millinery, dressmaking, and other fascinating arts such as—but alas! right here the poster was torn across, and any added information as to further courses or where Hilda should apply to find them, was missing.

Ambition had been aroused, however, and Hilda refused to be discouraged. Her new prospect swam before her in a golden glow.

"Mebbe—oh, mebbe"—Hilda breathed—"mebbe I could learn to make a pale blue organdy dress with little ruffles trimmed with lace like Miss Schmidt's niece from Denver wore when she visited Miss Schmidt last summer. Then I guess Oscar 'ud think I looked pretty nice, too."

Oscar, big, brown-eyed, upstanding Oscar, who spent his summers on his uncle's farm and his winters at the State Agricultural College, never knew it until long afterwards, but he helped to settle this momentous life question for Hilda.

Oscar and the dressmaking, millinery, and a chance to go to school! Who would have asked for one more incentive? The chance to go to school, to bob her hair, to wear cute little hats like Miss Schmidt's niece, and pale-blue dresses with lace-trimmed ruffles, and then some day to meet Oscar accidentally, of course, and to catch his broad, admiring, and astonished smile, when at last he would discover this beautiful and stylish creature to be no less than his old farm friend, Hilda! Hilda of the plow, of the overalls and the dirty, coarse shoes! Well, that would be worth much, even if no play went along with it!

Hilda's lips set again in a firm line. She would get her father's consent to go to the city if possible, but if not, she would run away. Yes, and she would go early enough to get a character reference from old Mr. Bigbee, the country-town station agent from whom she would buy her railroad ticket. Only to think of living, working, and advancing, all at the same time! Then to this, add pretty clothes and, yes, she barely whispered this to herself, "Mebbe—mebbe meetin' up with Oscar!"

Folding the poster, Hilda tucked it in her pocket and buttoned the pocket flap. Then rising to her feet, she grasped the plow handles once again. But it was no longer a clumsy, old-fashioned implement with which Hilda turned up a long, black furrow of sticky earth, clogging her feet as she trudged along. If she stumbled, she never knew it, for her plow had turned to magic blade and, fast as Dan and Jon, could pull it along, it upturned golden opportunities and possibilities. Hilda smiled down upon them. When she turned finally, at the field's far end, she faced about, still smiling. Her eyes rested upon fresh furrow, but how different it was from all the others! Mucky black earth—well possibly—but to Hilda, with the noon-day sun shining upon it, the furrow had turned to a golden path leading straight to the land of her heart's desire.

However, if it had not been for the old grandmother's speaking up and out, Hilda might not have been sitting in the train that next Monday morning bound cityward, with her character reference in her purse and old Mr. Bigbee's advice in her mind, to go straight to the Y. W. C. A. boarding home. But grandmother had broken into wrathful speech and, holding her knitting needles and half-finished sock aloft, she had made pronouncement like an angry oracle of old.

"Axel, you are my son, but you have not been fair to Hilda. Now she shall go to the city and for herself make the chance which you from her have kept. She shall go and money from my socks shall for the railroad ticket pay. Hilda is a big girl now and knows the right from wrong, and she shall go to the nice place that Mr. Bigbee tells about."

Thus it happened that Hilda sat on a beautiful red-plush car seat, bound for the city. And Hilda, young, and fair to look upon in her fresh blue gingham dress, with her bluer eyes and friendly smile, her cheeks pink with excitement, drew more than one pair of tired eyes her way that Monday as she journeyed to the city.

As she left the train a woman stepped forward.

"Are you Hilda Sundstorm?" she asked kindly. And at the girl's nod, she explained, "Your discription was wired to the Travelers' Aid this morning by the station agent at Wray."

Thus from the very beginning, thanks to old Mr. Bigbee's kindly interest, Hilda found friends and protection. Soon after this she secured part-time work in a good home. Here she worked industriously, watching the clock only to make sure that she reached school in time. She completed the high school course in three years, besides taking a course in sewing and millinery at a wonderful place called The Opportunity School. All the while she absorbed every little personal nicety and refinement that came her way.

Long before this, Hilda had discovered that the magic poster, brought by Sir Tumbleweed, had been issued by the Y. W. C. A. and in this friendly organization Hilda found help and companionship. As she herself progressed, she assisted the younger girls.

During the summer seasons she always went home for a few weeks, taking gladness and information with her. Even her father, despite his firm resolve, finally displayed his pride and interest in her work, while grandmother waved another half-finished sock in the air and exulted:

"Axel, you had nutting to do with this fine come-out for Hilda. My socks set her feet on the road, and that was all she needed."

"Veree vell, veree vell, for you an' your socks, but now, ven Hilda needs a little extra help, she know vell ver to come, to her old dad of course. By the vay, Hilda, too bad that Oscar Schmidt comes no more to work for his uncle, I hear he have a steady yob teaching at the school where once he goes. I tink mabbe you like to see your old frien, Oscar—eh, vat?"

"Oscar—Oscar Schmidt? Why, I'd almost forgotten Oscar. You see, Father, I know more than one nice boy now."

But, Oscar! In her heart, Hilda knew that she had never met so fine a boy as Oscar. It was tragedy that during her first year in town he had called upon her when she had been out. Perhaps it was well, for had she seen much of Oscar, it might have disturbed her purpose, which was to become a social welfare worker. Hilda's ambitions were rising.

During her fourth year in town she confided this purpose to Miss Tillson, the sympathetic head secretary of the Y.

"Hilda," Miss Tillson had responded smilingly, "girls like you are a delight to me, and now I am prepared to warn off any young men who threaten to alter this purpose of yours."

An almost forgotten little pain burned in Hilda's heart, but she smiled bravely. "No danger! Young men

are not upon my horizon, unless," and she laughed merrily, "I meet one now on my way to the concert. Don't you observe, Miss Tillson, that I'm all dressed in my Sunday best?"

"Her Sunday best"—not the pale-blue organdy with lace-trimmed ruffles of her early dreams, but a navy-blue tailored suit with pretty scarf, a close little blue hat over shining blond curls and neat brown hose and slippers. Best of all, was Hilda's face, with its own wild-rose coloring, its beauty of outline, and something finer than mere facial charm! Many admiring eyes followed her down the street.

Inconsistently enough, Hilda had temporarily forgotten all about her purpose and, girl-like, was wondering if any special young man ever would appear upon her horizon. Just then it happened—a young man, of course! A tall, broadshouldered, brown-eyed, fine, upstanding young man, hurrying so purposefully along that only indistinctly he heard his name called. "Oscar—Oscar Schmidt!"

Oscar came to a sudden standstill. For a moment he gazed vaguely down into Hilda's glowing face. Oh, would he not know her?

"Hilda! If it isn't Hilda Sundstorm!" With this, Oscar took both her hands in his, and all that the farm girl had ever dreamed of, on that far-away day when she upturned the golden furrow, now shone in his eyes and sounded in his voice.

"Hilda! Hilda!"

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, is himself a knave.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The work on the outside accumulates so fast during the canning season and the fall gardening calls for so much extra work that we hardly have time to eat watermelons. This is more of a problem than those not familiar with conditions might imagine.

The terracing machine, owned by Cabarrus County, has been in use at the School, building up more solidly the terraces made last year. Terraces means much to the preservation of land, but they require a lot of care and attention to keep them in shape.

Our canning department has been running at an unusually rapid pace for several weeks, taking care of tomatoes, butter beans, corn and okra in soup mixture, many gallons having been placed in storage for winter use. In addition to this, grape juice, tomato juice and large quantities of tomatoes alone have been canned.

We recently received a card from Charles Mizzelle, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who has been away from the School about a year. Charlie is now enrolled in a CCC camp, located in California. He reports having been to the San Francisco Fair, where he had a fine time. We are glad Charlie is doing so well out there on the Pacific Coast, but from the tone of his message it would seem that he still prefers the Old North State.

Amos Ramsey, who left here about nine and one-half years ago, stopped in for a few minutes the other day.

He was on his way to Charlotte to re-enlist in the United States Army for duty in Hawaii. He recently completed one term of enlistment, during which he was stationed at Fort Bragg and the Philippine Islands. Amos is now a well-rounded physical specimen of young manhood, and his travels and army training have developed him mentally, as he talks intelligently and interestingly of his various trips to other parts of the world.

We have almost reached the point when the Training School boys are about ready to yell "enough" on the watermelon proposition. More than two thousand fine melons have furnished a number of enjoyable feasts to date, and have supplied city and county officials, members of the police and fire departments, local ministers, and other friends of the School. In addition to these, a truckload of melons was taken to North North Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Wednesday. The returns from our watermelon patches this year have been rather surprising, for we thought the yield would be limited, due to extreme dry weather early in the season. Had weather conditions been more favorable, we would have had "Methodist measure" on the season's yield.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Dermont Burkhead, a former member of our printing class, who left the School January 4, 1933.

For the past two years Dermont has been in a CCC camp, located at

Blachly, Oregon, but he is now in the United States Navy and is stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. He writes in part as follows:

"I have been in the Navy here at Norfolk since July 13th. Had intended to write you sooner and let you know how I came out, but from the moment of my arrival, I have been as busy as a bee. All our drilling, dormitory cleaning, etc., is done on a competitive basis. We have in our group seventy men, forming a platoon, and we are trying to beat all others by having the best-disciplined platoon and the nicest and cleanest dormitories. There are points to win and when a platoon heads the list a certain number of times, the members are credited with another day's leave at the end of the three-months' training period. At that time we will be granted leave to visit home before being assigned to duty aboard a ship. It certainly keeps us on our toes from the time we get up until bed time to try to keep ahead of the others. The first three weeks we are kept in quarantine and are not allowed liberty. I still have a little more than a week to go.

"I want to thank you for all you did to help me get in the Navy. I know I can advance in learning here, and by the time my six years pass by, I will have obtained a greater education. After the first tough period is over and I have more time, I'll write and tell you more about Navy life."

In the absence of Rev. R. S. Arrowood, last Sunday afternoon's service at the School was conducted by Rev. Robert Cox, pastor of Bayless Memorial Presbyterian Church, Con-

cord. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mack Readling, Miss Helen Armstrong, and Mrs. Mack Readling, Miss Helen Armstrong, and Mrs. Boyce Frye, who also took part in the service. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr. Cox called on Mr. Readling to make the prayer. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus and the rich young ruler, as found in the tenth chapter of Mark. We then enjoyed a soprano and alto duet, delightfully rendered by Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Readling. Mrs. Frye played the piano accompaniment for these and all the musical numbers of the afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Cox talked to the boys on that part of the Scriptures as had just been read. He told how this young man came to Jesus and asked, "Good Master, what shall I do in order to inherit eternal life?" This man was so concerned about the problem that was troubling him that he ran to Jesus. Although he was a man of wealth, yet he was humble enough to kneel at the Master's feet. He was concerned about eternal life. It was plain to him that this was the life that counted most. He went to Jesus as a wise man who answered questions—not recognizing him as the Savior.

In reply to his question, Christ told the young man of the ten commandments, but he said that he had kept them from his youth up. Jesus then looked at him and loved him because he saw in that young man some one who might be used in his service. He told him he lacked one thing; that he should go his way, sell what he had and give to the poor, and then come and take up the cross and follow him. Here was a choice the young

man had. He had plenty of money, but was unwilling to use it as the Master wished. That was the one thing he lacked in an otherwise good life. When he was called upon to choose between Jesus and his worldly possessions, he went away sorrowing, deciding to follow that which had become his master, rather than follow Jesus.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Cox told the

boys that same thing is the cause of all the trouble in the world today. Because people have what they consider more valuable than Christian living, the world is now in a most restless state. An outbreak of violence between nations may come at any time—just because people all over the globe are not willing to follow the advice of Jesus—to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

GOLDEN RULES

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others.—Chinese.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Grecian.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires from one's self.—Buddist.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending August 6, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Quentin Crittenton 3
- (2) Mack Evans 2
- (2) Thomas Fields 3
- (8) Clyde Gray 8
- (7) James Hodges 7
- (10) Gilbert Hogan 10
- (10) Leon Hollifield 10
- (7) Edward Johnson 7
- (2) Frank Johnson 3
- Robert Maples 7
- (8) Frank May 8
- (3) Oscar Smith 4

COTTAGE No. 1

- Lacy Burleyson
- Robert Coleman 4
- Howard Cox 6
- (4) Eugene Edwards 4
- Horace Journigan 2
- Bruce Link 4
- (4) H. C. Pope 8
- (2) Arlie Scism 3
- Jerry Smith 5
- (5) Edward Warnock 7
- Latha Warren 5
- William Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) George Cooke 6
- Robert Keith
- (2) Frank King 4
- Forrest McEntire 2
- (2) Donald McFee 3
- (5) Nick Rochester 7
- (4) Oscar Roland 4

COTTAGE No. 3

- (6) Lewis Andrews 8
- (2) Earl Barnes 8
- (2) Richard Baumgarner 5
- Wayne Collins 5
- A. C. Lamar 4
- John C. Robertson 8
- (8) Harrison Stilwell 9

Jerome Wiggins 9

- (2) Allen Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 7
- Paul Briggs 6
- Paul Broome 3
- Lewis Donaldson 4
- (10) Ivan Morrozoff 10
- (2) Edward McGee 4
- Forrest Plott 4
- (10) Melvin Walters 10
- (2) James Wilhite 9
- Sam Williams 6
- Cecil Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Collett Cantor 5
- (3) Lindsey Dunn 8
- (2) J. C. Ennis 6
- Donald Holland 2
- (2) Samuel Montgomery 6
- (2) James Page 2
- Richard Starnes 6
- (4) Hubert Walker 7
- (4) Dewey Ware 9

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Edward Batten 8
- (6) Fletcher Castlebury 9
- Robert Dunning 6
- Spencer Lane 4
- Randall D. Peeler 4
- (4) Canipe Shoe 7
- (2) Carl Ward 4
- (3) George Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 7
- (2) Cleasper Beasley 4
- (9) Carl Breece 9
- (10) John Deaton 10
- (8) James H. Davis 8
- Donald Earnhardt 7
- Lacy Green 4

THE UPLIFT

- (2) George Green 4
- William Herrin 5
- Robert Hampton 3
- James Jordan 6

- (2) Robert Lawrence 4
- J. C. Long 4

- (4) Elmer Maples 8
- Marshall Pace 2

- (6) Carl Ray 6
- (3) Alex Weathers 6
- Joseph Wheeler 3

- (3) Edward Young 6
- (3) William R. Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Lewis H. Baker 3

- (5) Jack Crawford 7

- (6) Clyde Hillard 9

- (4) John Tolbert 6

- (4) Charles Taylor 8

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Holly Atwood 6

- (3) J. T. Branch 8

- (2) James Coleman 4

- (3) Henry Coward 6

Robert Gaines 7

- (2) C. D. Grooms 7

- (3) Frank Glover 8

- (2) John Hindrix 5

- (2) Osper Howell 7

Alfred Lamb 2

- (3) Harold O'Dear 6

- (2) Eugene Presnell 5

- (3) Lonnie Roberts 9

- (3) Thomas Sands 9

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 8

- (2) Harold Bryson 8

Joseph Christine 2

- (4) William Dixon 6

Charles Frye 9

- (2) Albert Goodman 6

- (10) Earl Hildreth 10

- (3) William Hudgins 8

- (4) Clyde Hoppes 8

- (4) Andrew Lambeth 5

Franklin Lyles

Calvin McCoyle

- (5) Julian Merritt 6

- (6) Edward Murray 9

Donald Newman

- (10) Fred Owens 10
- Theodore Rector 5
- Henry Smith

- (4) John Uptegrove 8

- (4) N. C. Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Arthur Ashley 4

- (3) Wilson Bailiff 3

Merritt Gibson 3

William Griffin 8

- (2) William Goins 2

- (9) James V. Harvell 9

- (2) Bruce Kersey 3

William Lowe

Douglas Mabry 5

Jack Mathis 7

Jordan McIver 3

- (3) Paul McGlammery 3

Irvin Medlin 8

- (2) Thomas R. Pitman 7

- (4) Marshall White 5

Joseph Woody

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 6

Monte Beck 7

John Baker 2

Mack Coggins 6

Audie Farthing 6

John Ham 3

Marvin King 3

John Kirkman 4

Feldman Lane 7

Norvell Murphy 3

Henry McGraw 3

Roy Mumford 3

Charles McCoyle 6

Troy Powell 8

Richard Patton 5

John Robbins 6

Charles Steepleton 3

Howard Todd 7

Desmund Truitt 5

Garfield Walker 6

J. D. Webster

J. C. Willis

Junior Woody 6

Jones Watson 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Raymond Brooks 5
 (3) George Duncan 4
 Philip Holmes 7
 (10) Warren G. Lawry 10

- (4) Early Oxendine 6
 (2) Thomas Oxendine 8
 Charles Presnell 4
 (2) Curley Smith 8

NIGHT BIRD

Out of the darkness, out of the night
 The mocking birds' songs arise,
 Liltng with sweetness, sorrow and light
 They drift as the clouds in the skies;
 Up to the silvery moon's bright height,
 Up to a glistening star,
 The notes of the songsters heard in the night
 Are the cries that come from afar.

Caught on the waves of the Summer's soft breath
 Some notes are those of a thrush,
 That tell of the Autumn and Summer's quick death
 And the snow with its deadening hush;
 And some are the cries of a gull as it flies
 In circles o'er ocean and river,
 On night winds that lift in the moon's soft drift
 To set the sweet marshes aquiver.

This music that floats from the mocking birds' throats
 Is a composite cry of the years,
 From birds that have flown and hearts that have grown
 In a garden that's watered with tears;
 But sweet are the sounds through the night's long rounds,
 And precious the thoughts that they bring,
 For night has its morn and day has dawn,
 And Winters are followed by Spring.

—By Maude Waddell.

AUG 21 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 19

NO. 33

(Orange County)

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THINK

Oh, you who live by woods and sea,
Among the summer joys,
Think of the city tenements,
Crowded with girls and boys.

No trees, no grass, just sun and brick,
And alleys where they play;
'Twould seem like heaven to most of them,
The country for a day.

Make some poor child your tiny guest;
Each little helps, you know,
To send a child from some hot street,
Out where the flowers grow.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE HOME

No matter what of change the years may bring,
Let this remain, the family's gathering-place,
Where voices join to talk and laugh and sing,
And happy face looks into happy face;
Where tender memories may store the mind,
To bloom again in future dreaming hours,
As when, between book-pages, one may find
Forgotten sprays of treasured azure flowers.

Home for the weary! More than sheltering walls
And place for body's food and rest and ease;
A benedicite of spirit falls
With intermingling human pleasantries:
Let this remain, among all changing things,
Home, where the weary spirit folds its wings.

—Rosamond Livingstone McNaught.

THE CONCORD PUBLIC LIBRARY A NECESSITY

The Concord Public Library has continued to remain open for the benefit of the public despite the fact that the library appropriation, \$2,000, one cent of the tax levy, was cut from 1938-40 municipal budget. This was done after the city attorney read a recent opinion of the North Carolina Supreme Court that city libraries are not considered "necessary expense."

The sentiment of the citizenry of Concord is molded in favor of keeping open the library doors for the benefit of the public. To the writer it seems that closing the library is a step backward, and progress was never made by going backwards.

The Concord Public Library has served a fine purpose since July 8, 1902, when opened with no funds at all, but by the untiring ef-

forts of just a few women who solicited money, books and furnishings from the generous people of the city. This date marked the experimental stage of the public library, but since it has proved to be a necessity by the large clientele, and a most valuable contribution to many, many families without books. Most naturally the conclusion of the whole matter is that when the public is given a chance to vote for the tax levy to maintain the library this institution will be established on a firmer basis than previously.

The librarian, Mrs. Richmond Reed, states the library will remain open, the incidentals for the same and the purchasing of children's books will be met by rental money and fines for overdue books until the public is given a chance to say whether the library is "to be or not to be."

We are proud to note that Concord is famed for beautiful homes, well kept lawns, modern and splendidly equipped schools, lovely churches, a hospital comparable to any in the state, also extensive industrial interests under the supervision of superb leadership. But with all of these expressions of progress if Concord were to lose the public library there would be a missing link, and a most valuable one, in the chain of progress of this busy city that looks to the uplift and welfare of childhood.

There is nothing that can supply the place of good books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness or affliction. There is nothing that can compensate for the good they impart. It is quite impossible to visualize Concord without the public library.

* * * * *

GOGGLE FISHING

To many goggle fishing is something new in the world of sports, because it dates back to olden days. Just last summer this sport was brought forth in Beaufort, a North Carolina seaport town. This season, the summer of 1939, marked the date of the first tournament in Beaufort for goggle fishing. This event brought to gether many outstanding sportsmen who have taken part in the first tournament of this kind. Therefore, Beaufort, the conservative old city of liberty loving people from the earliest period of history, bids fair to become known as the goggle fishing kingdom.

This point marks another play ground in North Carolina for the leisure class of the country.

The stores of Beaufort are thoroughly equipped with goggles, spears and other things for underwater fishing. The men who dive for underwater fishing are fitted out with goggles to protect their eyes from the salt water and a javelin to spear the school of fish. These sportsmen watch from some vantage point for the school of fish and make a dart down into the water with the swiftness of a sea gull. We naturally presume the fellow who spears the greatest number of fish is the one who wins the trophies of the tournament.

One of the first local men to publicise underwater fishing was Dr. Herbert F. Prytherch, director of the United States Fisheries Laboratory at Beaufort. Although he never had any experience in this type of sport till last summer, he is now an enthusiast and an expert in this modernistic sport but olden days sport.

The play grounds of North Carolina continue to expand, they are found in every section of the state. The climate, cool but not extremely cold in the winter months, the scenic beauty along with the natural resources are attracting people, who desire a delightful place to rest, from all points in the United States and beyond the states.

* * * * *

BOOKS

Many of the finer things are to be found in books if we profit by the opinions of learned people. The following expresses the estimate of a few writers as to value of books:

Channing said: God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heir of the spiritual life of the past ages. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us our most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

Carlyle said: All that mankind has done, thought or been, is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Emerson said: Give me a book, health, and a June day, and I will make the pomp of kings look ridiculous.

Philip Brooks thought that four kinds of books should be in every

library. Memoirs, biography, portraits and letters. Good books cost you little in money, but they may cost you years and decades of toil and labor and energy if permitted to pass through life without knowing the finer ideal of life revealed in books. All of these estimates endorse the value of a public library.

* * * * *

A BIG EVENT

The dedicatory exercises of the Smoky Mountain National Park will be attended by a large crowd of people. President Roosevelt will deliver the main address and this will be about the middle of September. After the dedicatory exercises the park will be turned over to the government for supervision and continued improvement.

While in Asheville the President will visit Marvin McIntyre, one of his secretaries, who has been ill for some time. From the mountains of North Carolina President Roosevelt will move towards San Francisco, California, and is dated to speak at the World's Fair. The physical endurance of men of national and international affairs is beyond the understanding of the human mind. But when they begin to fail in health the break is similar to a piece of worn out machinery after constant use—the collapse is fatal, there is no possible repair to bring it back to normalcy.

No picture is more pathetic than to see a man of fine poise, strong and alert, begin to walk with measured tread and drooping shoulders. These conditions tell that there is some insidious cause for the physical slump.

The machinery of the human body wears out regardless of class, and when such becomes noticeable it is plain that the best days of service are a thing of the past for such mortals. These conditions are learned from observation as well as experience.

* * * * *

UGH!

A word to the wise is sufficient. The caprice of childhood can never be reckoned with, for that reason Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, gives a concrete picture of the danger of sticking gum under chairs and

tables. This is a warning to all public eating places. The managers will truly have to check up daily for there are many who are guilty of the charge—sticking gum in secreted places:

Doctor Carl V. Reynolds, North Carolina state health officer, declares he will advocate lowering the sanitary ratings of public eating establishments which permit wads of chewing gum to accumulate on the underside of tables and chairs. Doctor Reynolds brands the practice as “nauseating, repugnant, and a potential source of danger.”

One day I was seated in a depot restaurant waiting for my dinner when a man and a woman and a little boy entered and took their places at a table next to mine. After they had been there a few moments, I observed what might, figuratively speaking, be described as a dotted line running from the eye of the woman to the mouth of the little boy. Letting my eye follow the line, I saw that the little boy’s jaws were working vigorously.

“Where did you get that gum?” demanded the woman sternly.

“Under my chair,” replied the little boy naively.

* * * * *

In Russia, silk stockings cost as much as \$45 a pair, according to a news item. Imagine what a run for their money the Russian dames get!—From Bunkie (La.) Record.

There isn’t much to see in a small town—but what you hear makes up for it.—From Kitchener Record.

The American Bible Society reports that the Bible has now been translated into one thousand languages. But none has been found yet which some governments can understand.

—From Springfield Republican.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

COMMON THINGS

Joy is found in common things
 That each passing season brings:—
 Winds that tip-toe through the grain;
 Slanting lines of silver rain;
 Poplar blooms that brush the sky,
 Fireflies flitting softly by;
 Hollyhocks beside the wall,
 And the meadow lark's first call;
 Summer's green-gold loveliness,
 Maple trees in autumn dress;
 Winter's cosy firelight glow,
 Moonlight on new fallen snow,
 There is wealth in common things,
 More than worldly wealth of kings.

Capping the Climax

Women who paint their finger nails and their toe nails red have carried the painting of human nails to extremes. But to cap the climax a rumor comes from Paris that it is fashionable now to paint their knee caps red. If that mode gets over here many an old codger will be casting his eyes around. It may be possible, when the red knee cap comes into vogue over here, and I have a spare eye to cast, I may cast one myself.

European-Minded

Americans seem to be becoming European-minded tinged. The young men and boys of Durham, like many other places, I imagine, are becoming possessed of the idea, and are carrying it out, of wearing the Chinese tuxedo shirt waist, a loose kind of a

jacket that abounds outside of the pantaloons waist belt, and takes a delight in flapping in the breezes. It appears to be the idea to have a "nese," whether it be Chi or Japa style. Some of them are more colorful than the famous "Joseph's coat of many colors."

There's an oft-quoted expression that "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." But that is a light skirmish to what comes when Japanese meet Chinese, and vice versa. It is horror most direful. They say that the Japanese wasps eat up the Japanese fly, which abounds over here. So they have ordered several hundred thousands of these wasps to exterminate the fly in America. If the Jap wasps accomplish that desired result, what will they do when they get out of fly food? What will they begin on next? It would be fine if they could be induced to tackle the boll weevil, the tobacco worm, the fruit moths, and such kindred pests.

Deserve Commendation

Kind words are like apples of gold in silver plates. They are good to give and good to take. Kind words are also like seed, which, when dropped by chance, spring up flowers. They are worth more than money.

There is one special group of fellow-service human beings who de-

serve hearty commendation, and yet how often do we neglect to give them credit for their achievements, or speak a word of praise to them in behalf of their loyalty to duty and their success in the lines of safety of life.

They are the drivers of all kinds of machinery—locomotives, stationary engines, buses, taxies, automobiles, and all who work with moving machinery. Their work is taken for granted, and seldom do we speak to them encouragingly, and make known our appreciation of their care, caution and solicitude for safety, to their own ears. It is the omission of a thoughtless public. The words of encouragement and commendation are the principles of love and appreciation—an emanation of heart which softens and gladdens the work of others and should be encouraged in all our intercourse with fellow beings.

Have kind words of appreciation for all drivers of all kinds of machinery, moving and stationary, and do not hesitate to give expression to them so their ears will hear them. They are a sweet savor to life.

A Lot Of "Lifting" Needed

Beauty parlors and permanent wave shops are women and men made devices to try to improve on the pattern the Great Creator has issued. Some of the patrons of these beauty dispensaries are benefitted. Some think they are. All feel a pleasure in this kind of treatment. Why mar their gratification? Some body is always spoiling the enjoyment of some body else.

Some have their faces lifted. There are many faces in this world that need lifting. Lifted from a condition of so much down-heartedness. Lifted towards the sunshine—to the "Son of Righteousness." Lifted to the beauty of twinkling stars, instead of ever muck-raking and gathering the sordid things of earth that make for unhappiness. Some need not only their faces lifted but their hearts and dispositions permanently waved out of the canker of scowls, complaints and discontent. We all need a lifting, in our entirety, to "higher planes," not only our faces, but our entire beings, heart, soul and body.

Some careful observer of life has constructed a "Worry Table." He has classified various types of worries, and through considerable research has determined which are the most popular among the large number of professional worriers:

1. Worry about disasters which, as later events proved, never happened—40 per cent.
2. Worry about decisions in the past that cannot be recalled or remedied—30 per cent.
2. Worry about possible sickness that never came—12 per cent.
4. Worries about children and friends—10 per cent.
5. Worries that have real foundation—8 per cent.

—Sunshine Magazine.

'THE BEAR' PRIMED FOR ADVENTURE

(Selected)

A barnacle-smudged old barkentine was being dandied up today to take a man with "itching feet" back to the frozen Antarctic where he once cheated death in the polar darkness.

She's "The Bear," of Oakland, rugged veteran of the ice fields, which the United States government has commissioned, with two other craft, to take Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and an expedition "way down under" to claim for this country lands already charted by the explorer and transatlantic flyer.

She's no beauty, as ships go. But she's still fit, despite almost 70 years of punishment as a sealer, a watchdog of the coast guard among the ice packs, and most recently, the running mate of the flagship Jake Ruppert during Byrd's last expedition to the South Pole in 1933-1935.

If they could tell tales, her ancient planks of honest Scottish oak would speak of death and daring, of high adventures smacking of yarns spun by the men who ploughed the seas in clipper ships.

Scrubbed clean on the surface today, her decks have been wet with the blood of men and animals. For the Bear, fresh from the ways at Dundee, Scotland, in 1874, got her baptism at sea in what mariners call the bloodiest hunting in the world—sealing in the treacherous north Atlantic.

Where workers flock her masts today, armed with paint pots, weather-roughened sealers once scanned the icy wilderness, and yelled above the smashing of the floes—

"White coats ahead!"

Her steel-plated prow still bears the tell-tale scars of years among the ice jams, some of them mementos of the time, in 1884, when she was called by the Navy to sail into the Arctic to help rescue Army Lieut. A. W. Greely, who had been lost with an exploration party of 25 men for three years.

True to her name, the Bear clawed through the packs, leading a fleet of whalers in the search. In the midst of a howling blizzard, the black rocks of Cape Sabine rose out of the ice and snow, and there the searchers found a message from Greely — dated nine months before—saying he had gone into camp four miles away with "food for 40 days."

It was a small boat from the Bear which effected the rescue of Greely and six of his men. These, and a grisly cargo of frozen dead were brought to the rescue ships, some of them to be borne by the Bear back to the states.

Switching to the revenue marine (later the coast guard) in the following year, she began a generation's career as a combination policeman and Good Samaritan in Alaskan waters.

She became the terror of butchering poachers who were slaughtering seals illegally. She brought serums and medical aid to remotest settlements. She ferried Alaska's first reindeer from Siberia so that Eskimos might have a new supply of food.

When the call of the Klondike brought wild-eyed prospectors by the thousands in quest of gold, the Bear and her crew often were the only law

in the roaring camps. At St. Michael alone, were 2,000 "tender-feet" mingled with hardened sourdoughs and gamblers, the old ship replaced the rule of rifle and harpoon, and "held the fort" in a riotous town until the United States infantry took over.

There was seldom a dull moment when you shipped on the Bear. One day you might be heading into the packs to rescue the crew of a trapped whaler. The next, you might be transferring Eskimos from a famine-stricken island to one where fish and game were abundant.

Nor was all the adventure aboard ship. Once a party from the barkentine trudged 1,500 miles over mountains and frozen tundra to bring reindeer as food for a group of whalers whose ships were imprisoned by ice off Point Barrow.

Laughing at the years and the gales, the rugged craft became almost a legend in the country which was growing up off her bow. Her tour of duty ranged from aiding survivors of an island buried by a volcano's eruption to transporting destitute theatrical troupes back to the States.

She once aided famed Explorer Amundsen to bring his disabled vessel back to the mainland, and she gave 'taxi' service to members of an expedition headed by Hubert Wilkins. When she was decommissioned in 1926 and replaced by the trim "Northland," she had made 34 yearly trips to Point Barrow.

Like an old sea dog basking in the glory of yesteryear, the Bear lived an idle life as a museum ship in the city of Oakland until Byrd bought her for his 1933 polar expedition. Once again

she fooled critics who said the ice had licked her.

Today, eager hands are turned again to the face-lifting job for the new venture, including the installation of a diesel engine to augment the power derived from her bellying sails.

And, not the least active among the men scurrying around her decks are a score of grimy high school and college lads—a few of the thousands of "children" who sought to follow Byrd when he, like a modern Pied Piper of Hamelin, piped his song of adventure once again.

Even when the old craft lay idle these last few years, it was safer to wager that she would return to the ice barrier than to say that the admiral himself would.

For it was on that last venture that Byrd, although hardened by many adventures, underwent an experience that might well have led him to hang up his furs and chaps and call it quits.

Alone for months in the "advance base" far south of Little America, he was close to death from carbon monoxide fumes given off by the tiny stove which heated his shack in away-below-zero weather at the birthplace of the storms.

So grim was that experience that he waited almost four years before he would tell of it in detail. He returned from that expedition a tired man. Doctors advised a complete rest for a long period, and though he went on a lecture tour, he was silent about the future. There were many who believed he finally had become a homebody.

But when the government, concerned over possible claims by foreign lands to the polar territory,

broached the subject, Byrd was eager to say that another expedition was necessary to seal this country's rights to lands where he, and others explorers, had planted the flag.

The new trip will get under way in the fall, to insure America's boundaries and possibly establish bases for

future flights.

But Byrd, who might have been a poet if he hadn't chosen aviation may also have some other ideas—

"I want to clear up that large white space at the bottom of the globe for the school children," he says.

If you feel that you have no faults—that makes another one.—Exchange.

OUR ENEMY, NOISE

By Eugene W. Nelson

All the noise which has been made about unnecessary noise during the past few years has been regarded by many people as something entirely new and totally different from anything which ever occurred before in the history of the human race. This is far from the truth, because in 720 B. C. the cultured Greeks who inhabited the town of Sybaris in Southern Italy passed a law which prohibited all noise in the residential districts. There have been other famous noise haters in the past, too. Carlyle made himself a noise-proof room in which to work; Schopenhauer called noise "the true murderer of thought"; and Herbert Spencer claimed that a man's intelligence could be accurately measured by the degree to which he tolerated unnecessary noise.

These men, although they realized that noise was undesirable and had some sort of **bad effects upon the human system**, did nothing about it and it has remained for modern

science to attack this problem from several angles. Just what explicit evils can be blamed onto noise has been rather definitely settled by various experiments. Statistical evidence proves that in New York City (which has been given the uncomplimentary name of the world's noisiest city) the majority of taxi cab and automobile drivers are partially deaf and that the percentage is increasing. The same condition has been found to hold true among the men who work in factories and machine shops where they are continually exposed to loud noises.

Noise is also blamed for the steady increases of deaths due to heart diseases. The explosion of a fire-cracker will raise the blood pressure; the ringing of a phone bell noticeably speeds up the heart rate; and the popping of a blown-up paper bag increases the pressure inside the brain to four times normal. All of these things put an added burden on the heart which eventually results in its reaching a

state where it is dangerously over-worked. Further laboratory experiments have also proved that constant exposure to loud noises causes one to fatigue easily, retards growth, decreases the appetite, and destroys sleep.

So much for the direct effect of noise. How can we help ourselves? What can we do to get rid of this pest which has been growing up with our civilization and is now threatening to become like the Old Man of the Sea in the story of Sinbad? One of the first persons to realize that noise is really an impurity and should be treated as such—measured and then eliminated—was Dr. E. E. Free, a consulting engineer who has extensive laboratories in New York City. He it was who took the portable noise meter—or acoustimeter as it is technically called—and perfected it to its present state of utility, as well as making the scientific world familiar with the word “decibel.” The meter itself consists of a high precision microphone, radio amplifiers, and a meter for recording electrically the intensity of the sound entering the microphone.

The decibel, or unit for measuring noise, may be defined as the smallest increase in noise which the average unaided human ear is able to detect. Absolute silence—if it could be obtained—would register zero decibels; while a reading of 130 decibels would indicate a noise so loud as to be physically painful. Decibels increase in the intensity of the sound recorded ten times for each ten decibels. Thus, fifty decibels of sound as shown on the meter—comparative quiet—really indicate a volume or intensity of noise 10,000 times as great as ten decibels.

Many interesting things have been

learned about the volume of noise emitted by various machines and animals. A country residence produces about thirty decibels. A tiger, when roaring, gives vent to about eighty-two decibels, but were he to do his roaring in a New York subway station he would be drowned out by the racket produced by the clanging of five turnstiles. They make ninety decibels of noise. If you stand five feet from an airplane engine while it is running, you are exposing yourself to 120 decibels; and many automobile horns have been measured at 109, which is loud enough to be extremely painful to the ear.

It has been a little over ten years since Dr. Free took his portable noise meter and set forth on his crusade against unnecessary noise. Since that time, numerous laboratories for the study of the problem of eliminating noise in everyday life have been established in all parts of our country and the agitation against this common foe has spread to England, Germany, France, Italy, and other foreign countries. Although the contribution of the American engineers have been of the highest order and of extreme value, American city officials have been very backward about pushing through ordinances which would reduce noise in cities. This has not been so in certain of the countries across the sea. A very spectacular bit of action was taken in London in 1934 when the sounding of auto horns in thickly populated districts was prohibited between 11:30 P. M. and 7:00 A. M. After a week this plan had proved so satisfactory to all concerned that the ban was extended to cover the whole of England and has been in effect ever since. Little protest has come from

the motorists. Similar regulations have also been adopted in both Rome and Paris.

Although the city officials have been so slow about following the advice of the technicians in this matter, the findings of the scientist have been put into use in the manufacture of everyday appliances. Automobiles have been quieted sufficiently for most purposes, although when Dr. Free started his work they were among the noisiest of our modern tools. Many mechanical devices for the home such as refrigerators, fans, and automatic oil burners have been made much less noisy in response to the demands of an aroused public, and even more progress is in sight. Silent milk cans and quieter milk wagons have been perfected and are now being used in London and New York.

Three general ways to reduce noise have been discovered by the noise fighters. First is to keep the noise

from ever being produced, as has been done in making automobiles. Second is to absorb such noises as may occur in a room and which have a tendency to echo and multiply. This is done by using sound-deadening materials in the construction. Third is to use insulating materials in the walls and floors in order to keep noise out of places where quiet is desired.

This is where the fight against our common enemy, noise, stands today. Much has already been done, especially considering the short time which has elapsed since Dr. Free started his agitation as compared to the centuries which have elapsed since the citizens of Sybaris passed their anti-noise ordinances. Of course, there is still an enormous amount of work to be done but a start has been made and in years to come it will undoubtedly be another triumph for science in making our lives safer and more worth living.

AIM, GOAL, CREED

To walk Life's road with shoulders square,
 To keep a vision true and fair,
 And spread contentment everywhere—
 Is my aim.

To constantly improve my mind,
 To strive through effort hard to find
 Success, yet keep my spirit kind—
 Is my goal.

—A. M. Barr.

CURE-ALL WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

By Charles Doublyou

Held in high regard by the Chinese as a cure-all for nearly every disease the human falls heir to—and particularly as a tonic for exhaustion of body or mind—is the sweet and aromatic yellow tap-root of ginseng.

The word ginseng (pronounced jinseng) means, in Chinese, likeness of a man, because, by permitting the imagination wide play, in the oddly shaped root can be seen the human body. All ginseng roots command high prices in the Chinese medical market; and a root most nearly resembling the human form is held in such reverence by the superstitious Chinese that it will actually sell for its weight in gold!

Oddly, the major share of ginseng, and of a superior quality, is produced not in the Far East but in the United States. Long known in the Orient, where, in addition to China it was also grown in Korea and Manchuria, the discovery of far better quality of ginseng in this country was welcome news indeed to the superstitious Chinese.

The inferior ginseng of the Orient was cultivated under extreme difficulties. The American ginseng was found growing wild and in wide profusion, particularly in the Allegheny highlands, but also as far west as Minnesota and as far north as Ontario and Quebec. The persistent demand and the high prices the Chinese market offered for this highly desirable tap-root in time exhausted our natural supply, and then American farmers began to look into the

problem of cultivation. They found it a problem indeed, for many years passed before the art of ginseng production was mastered. It was not until 1885 that the hazards of cultivation were overcome to the point where ginseng showed a profit commensurate with the time and exacting labor involved.

The time element is indeed a factor, for it takes about six years for the ginseng plant to reach maturity. The plant is usually about a foot high, with a three-branched stem, each branch bearing five leaflets. It produces greenish-yellow flowers which eventually change to scarlet berries. The plant thrives best in a soil which is rather loose and well-drained, rich in humus, potash and phosphoric acid, but not in nitrogen. The loss due to disease while ginseng is under cultivation is very high. In addition, exposure to the full heat of the sun is disastrous. To overcome this problem, ginseng is protected by lattice work which diminishes the sun's heat about fifty per cent.

After the many problems of ginseng cultivation are mastered, its production is profitable, for a tap-root, usually weighing about two ounces after drying, brings as high as eight dollars per pound in the United States market.

The ginseng supply of the Orient is not only inferior in quality, as already stated, but is inadequate. Practically the entire American output, grown largely in New York, Wisconsin, Missouri, and Ohio, is

exported to China, although a small amount is used here, principally among our resident Chinese.

Although held in such reverence by Chinese, Occidental physicians scoffingly acclaim the marvelous medicinal qualities attributed either to Chinese or American ginseng as the

height of superstition. The most that they will acknowledge for it is its properties as a demulcent, capable of soothing an inflamed mucous membrane or protecting it from irritation, much in the nature of glycerine or olive oil.

“There isn’t enough darkness in the world to extinguish the light of one small candle.”

THE STORY OF A LOG CHURCH

N. C. Christian Advocate

Back of all the Duke benefactions, those of Washington Duke, Benjamin N. Duke and James B. Duke and their loyalties to the Methodist church stood a little log meeting house, 30 by 35 feet, covered with rough boards. Wooden shutters took the place of glass windows and instead of a stove there was a huge fireplace in one side of the church to warm it in winter. This church was erected in 1840 and named Hebron.

The man who gave the land and built the house was William J. Duke, at that time 37 years of age, and who later in life came to be called “Square” Duke by joining his title as magistrate with his upright dealings with his fellowmen. He was also known in later years as “Uncle Billy of the Old Ship” on account of his delight in singing “The Old Ship of Zion.”

“Uncle Billy of the Old Ship” and the builder of Hebron church was 17 years the senior of his brother, Washington Duke, who was 20 years of age when this church was built.

But Hebron became the house of worship for him and his sons, Benjamin and Buchanan, till they moved to Durham in 1873, when Ben was 18 and Buck 16 years of age.

In this little log Methodist church where the circuit rider came and preached and where Washington Duke sat in the “amen” corner and “lifted” the tunes, these two boys of his attended church through the impressionable years of their lives and got the anointing which has made them Methodism’s and the world’s greatest benefactors.

Brawny arms of plain yoemen put the logs in place for the first church just 99 years ago. But now building stones, equal if not superior to the best in Solomon’s Temple have gone into a perfect Gothic structure fashioned by an architect of renown, and every part of the structure reflects credit upon the builder.

But will the glory of this latter house surpass in glory that of the former house, is a question that both old and young might ask.

WATER FOR LOS ANGELES

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Few great cities have been faced with the problem of bringing in an adequate supply of fresh water from so great a distance as Los Angeles.

The average rainfall in Southern California is so light that it cannot possibly store up enough water even for a city much smaller than Los Angeles. There are no rivers or lakes near by that are large enough to draw upon for such a purpose.

As a result, the people of Los Angeles and other Southern California cities had to look beyond their orange groves to the distant Sierra Nevadas for an adequate and dependable source of supply.

Some time ago the Owens Valley Aqueduct was built at a cost of \$25,000,000, bringing water into the city from the Sierrra's snow-packed slopes. When the population of Los Angeles and the surrounding district increased to three million, the Owens Valley project proved wholly inadequate to supply all those people with their daily water needs.

Again engineers looked elsewhere. This time to the mighty Colorado River. But the Colorado was 340 miles away from Los Angeles—and thereby hangs a tale of engineering achievement that has few, if any parallels anywhere in the world.

Tremendous obstacles had to be overcome in building the Colorado River Aqueduct. Great natural barriers had to be surmounted, mile upon mile of solid rock had to be bored through, barren desert stretches had to be spanned.

Its total cost is \$200,000,000. Altogether the job has given employment to 45,000 men under the direction of 300 engineers. When it is completed in the summer of 1939, the Colorado River Aqueduct will stand as a mighty monument to American engineering skill.

One of the chief tasks was lifting the Colorado River higher than any river has ever been lifted before. This meant taking one billion gallons of water a day from the Colorado and lifting that water 1,600 feet above the stream before it could be transported 340 miles into Los Angeles. That is comparable to lifting a portion of the Hudson River half as high again as the roof of New York's lofty Empire State Building!

The intake of the Los Angeles pipeline is at Parker Dam on the Colorado River, some one hundred and fifty miles south of famed Boulder Dam. Five pumping stations raise the water over or through the mountains. Altogether there are thirty-eight tunnels totaling 108 miles in length. On the rest of its journey the water intended for Los Angeles and twelve neighboring towns flows mainly by downhill gravity.

The last of the tunnels has been bored, the Cajalco Reservoir stands ready to receive its storage supply of water, and by mid-summer of 1939 the engineers expect the precious liquid will be flowing from the faucets of several hundred thousand homes in the Los Angeles region.

RELIGION IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Selected

Mr. Hoover responded while in the White House to the training he had received as a boy in Iowa when he "attended Friends' Meeting." The "pacifism" exhibited by him was no more potent, we believe, than were the church principles other Americans have made evident while in the White House. The Father of our Country was something of an aristocrat. He could trace some of his membership in the Anglican Church up to and partly including the Revolution.

When Anglicanism was adapted to our government and titled Protestant Episcopal, he went along as an active layman. Thomas Jefferson, while not the atheist he is sometimes charged with being, was frankly familiar with such "liberalism" as came with the French Revolution. John Adams was a Massachusetts Calvinist.

Abraham Lincoln was a self-made Christian, so to speak. He never was baptized and there is no reliable proof that he at any time in his life publicly confessed his faith in Christ or his determination to express his faith in our Lord by Christian living. He was in fact the God-given exponent of moral and civic justice at a time when the influence of such a personality was most needed.

Rutherford B. Hayes deserves the commendation given him by his fellow Methodists. James A. Garfield very obviously responded to convictions and habits of analysis that reflect the Christian communion to which he was deeply attached, the Disciple (Christian) Church. Grover Cleveland was unmistakably the product of a Presbyterian manse. Taft was a

Unitarian. These people, who deny the deity of Jesus, have often created good will for themselves by their generous participation in humanitarian and interdenominational affairs. Woodrow Wilson's early life was spent in a Presbyterian manse in a southern state and with parents who witnessed the Civil War and suffered from the post-war invasion of Northern "carpet-baggers." His short, incisive pronouncements, "Peace without victory"; "A war to end wars"; and "Make the world safe for democracy" have roots in the religious-civic experiences of himself and his parents. It is a pity that three European "big shots" at Versailles did not discern the well-grounded statemanship of his theories of peace.

Because religion of the President is so definitely a factor in his administration of his office, we deem parochial education inefficient. It may in fact be completely though subtly interwoven with the tenets of some segment of Christianity that is out of harmony with our government. It is the misfortune of the Roman Catholic Church that it has so emphasized its hierarchical principles in its schools as to make a wall of partition between its members and their fellow citizens. They are parochialized. America has fought and bled for the wider conceptions of civic duty that were brought here by the colonists. They have been carefully cultivated until now. They should not be sacrificed to the lesser virtue titled Tolerance. They should remain.

TEMPER

(The Orphans' Friend)

It is the opinion of some sound philosopher, name unknown, that every person should have a stout temper and never use it. Nothing without temper from emotion to steel is worth much. Namby-pamby folks with passive good nature that bogs down in emergency are in their way as great drawbacks to society as are scrappers, for scrappers do have a way of getting things done. So it is fortunate that men have tempers, but it is extremely unfortunate that they turn them loose too often on the slightest provocation.

Edged in between more lengthy reading matter in a magazine was found this description of a man's predicament after he had indulged in an orgy of irascibility:

"Every time I get angry it makes me ill. A cynical, sarcastic chap made some cutting remarks to me on the street. The mistake I made was to notice him. One remark led to another, and we had a heated argument. All afternoon I felt cheap and disgusted with myself. When I went to bed I recalled our disagreement, thought about replies I could have made to him, and my sleep was disturbed all night. The next morning my head was in a whirl. I decided that I would be happier and be able to accomplish better results if I would practice some of the rules I know about poise and mental control."

The identity of this gentleman who uses the "I" with frequency was not disclosed. Nevertheless one reads be-

tween the lines that he is normally a quiet sort of fellow with fine instincts. He speaks for a multitude of men who wake up the morning after with headaches induced by irrational conduct.

We know from medical science that anger and other upsetting emotions do not at all conduce to equilibrium. The reactions are bad physically as well as emotionally. After exhibitions of bad temper, some people lash themselves into perspiration and tremble with weakness; many have seismic disturbances and throw overboard the remains of the last meal; those prone to apoplexy put the heart on the spot and play havoc with the blood-steam. In these instances, the reasoning processes are exhibited and sanity flees.

"I decided that I would be happier—if I would practice some of the rules I know about poise and mental control," concludes Mr. "I" the morning after. It is a fact of life, a cold, hard fact, that indulgence in an orgy of wrath "cost more than it comes to."

No one can overstate the value of poise or mental control. Concentration and analysis are conditions precedent to good performance whether it be a question of making the best mousetrap or selling the world a noble idea. And it is well known that concentration cannot take place under conditions of storm and stress. The mind must be undisturbed by irrational outbursts which, if much yielded to, set up permanent complexes.

BIRDS ARE FRIENDS

By Edith Brandis

Buddy was always interested in the birds from the day when he watched a meadow lark soar and made up this little song:

"Away up high,
In the sky,
Flies a bird."

Mrs. Sandusky saw to it that very early he knew the common birds at sight, and later on some of the rarer ones. She also taught him to recognize a few of the migratory birds, seen only in spring and fall.

He watched the robins pick up worms and insects from the lawn. He watched the birdbath at noon, when a pair of orioles usually took their splash, and at sundown, when many of the other songsters seemed to prefer to bathe, and he saw birds waiting quietly on the clothes line, ready to take their turn.

"They are very polite," he once told his mother. At another time he said, "They seem like friends to each other, like Bob is to me. He waits while I have my bath."

"The birds are friends to each other," his mother answered, "and they are also friends to boys and girls and men and women. They do friendly things. Watch them and see what they do to help."

The town in which this family lives has many beautiful walnut trees. In midsummer, that year, the tent worms began to hatch upon the tender leaves near the ends of the limbs and to eat the leaves. It was not very long before every walnut tree was becoming bare, and Buddy felt much disturbed about it.

He asked his mother if anything could be done to destroy the tent worms, but she told him that the trees were too high, and there were too many of them, and not even workmen from the city with their special apparatus could reach and burn all the tents.

So she and Buddy agreed that since they could not help what the worms were doing, they would look at the other trees every day where no tent worms had yet settled.

Then one day in July, came a few moments of hard rain, and then a half hour of bright sunshine, and following that, into the town flew hundreds and thousands of swamp blackbirds. They streamed over the towns from the north, they chattered and chirped and sang, they circled the tall trees.

Buddy called his mother and together they watched the thousands of jabbering birds settle into the trees. The birds fell upon the tent worms, they gobbled them up, and when a half hour later they went away, there was scarcely one tent worm left on any walnut tree.

Buddy said, "Mother, I wondered how birds could be friends to people, but now I have seen it and know it for myself."

Mother said, "Seeing for yourself is the best way to learn anything. Now let us watch our trees and see for ourselves if the little leaves come out again on the bare limbs."

And they did watch them, and after a week or two, there were leaves again.

JACK LOSES A GAME

By Theodore K. Finck

Yeah, I admit you ought to go to Sunday school on general principles. Your folks want you to; you're brought up that way; it can't do you any harm. But what I'm saying is, you don't really get anything out of it. So far as Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday are concerned, it doesn't matter whether you go or not."

The speaker was a young high school lad, just at that lovable and difficult age when he was beginning to think for himself without quite knowing how. He was standing not far from the door of Jennie McClay's home, about to depart. It was Saturday, and Jennie and her friend Marguerite had been trying to persuade him to go to Sunday school with them the next morning.

"Why, Jack, I don't know what you mean," said Jennie. "I like to go to Sunday school. I always get something out of the lesson. I think Mr. Owens is a fine teacher. All the boys and girls like him."

"Sure, I know," conceded Jack, shifting his stance to the other foot. "You girls are all alike. You sit chewing gum and razzing Mrs. Fenstermacher's hat to each other under your breath, and then at the end of the class you grin like Jiggs' wife and say"—here Jack's voice took on a tantalizing falsetto—"My, wasn't that just the most wonderful lesson!" But what I'm talking about—"

What Jack wanted to talk about was never to be known, for hot-tempered Jennie, having sprung from her chair, stamped her foot, and shrieked, "You can't talk that way to me! I don't chew gum in Sunday school and

you know it, you mean, insulting—"

"Now, Jennie," Marguerite interrupted, "keep cool and let him rave. These budding young men can be so enlightening," and she flashed sarcastic eyes in Jack's direction. Marguerite was the youngest of the three, only a sophomore, little in figure and quiet in manner. Much of her talking she did with her eyes. "I'll tell you what, Jack," she went on, as that young man, outwardly brazen, was trying to shrink a little nearer to the exit from the room, "you come with us to our Sunday school class tomorrow, just once if you wish, and make a test. See if you don't get something on Sunday that will help you through the week. Is it a bargain? We'll look for you here before Sunday school. Is that okay with you, Jennie?"

"Yes, if Jack will be decent," agreed Jennie reluctantly, having somewhat subsided.

"Be sure to have a good supply of chewing gum on hand," was the only consent Jack would give, as he hastily beat a retreat from the McClay home.

"What do you think that means, Dick,"—it was the teacher, Mr. Owens, addressing one of the boys in a senior department class in St. Bartholomew's Sunday School—"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another?" The words in Romans 12:10 had come up in the lesson for discussion.

"I suppose you might say, do a good turn to the other fellow, even if it isn't so easy," contributed Dick.

Jack was there, sitting between Jennie and Marguerite.

"That's about it," said Mr. Owens. "Isn't there many a time when someone needs a little lift, a little encouragement, and we could do something to help? Suppose it does hurt us a little, or give someone else honor! Is that what St. Paul means by 'in honour preferring one another'? It is the way Jesus taught His followers—even to lose life oneself in order that others may find life brighter. Be kind to the other fellow.... Now, Jennie—"

And Jennie flushed; for she had just whispered to the girl on her right, "I don't see why that Jordan girl doesn't get someone else to select her hats!" Jennie answered Mr. Owens, but out of the corner of her left eye she caught a sarcastic grin on Jack's face.

"School's out for this week!" The happy yell issued from a dozen throats, as a group of high school boys, on the following Friday, went from the school building to the baseball field.

Among them was Jack, who generally played third base. Walking with him was a taller boy whom the others called Skinny. "Are you playing this afternoon, Skinny?" asked Jack.

"No, of course not," answered Skinny, discontentedly; "I never get a chance to play. There are always certain fellows who are known to play a good game, and that shuts the rest of us out of a chance."

"Maybe that's so," said Jack, "but as a matter of fact, the fellows who play regularly don't have much to do with it. The coach tells us to play and we play."

"Yes, of course," said Skinny. "I

know it isn't your fault, but I have the feeling that I could play a good game, too, if I had the chance."

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it," responded Jack—but just at that instant there flashed through his mind, for the first time since Sunday, the Sunday school lesson in Mr. Owens' class. Jack could hear the teacher's voice: "What does it mean to be 'kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honour preferring one another'?"

Jack took hold of Skinny's arm. "Look here, Skinny," he said abruptly, "I think you've got something there. The coach hasn't seen me this afternoon. I am going to duck off the field. And instead of my making excuses to him myself, you go to him and say: 'Jack told me to tell you that something important has come up to keep him from playing this afternoon. He said he thought I could play third in his place, if it's all right with you'.... Go ahead, Skinny! This is your big chance!"

Skinny was still standing and staring, as Jack left his side, walking away with rapid strides. As soon as Skinny came to, he carried out Jack's instructions, and as a result played the entire nine innings at third base. He played a pretty good game. He made a hit, but in the eighth inning, with the score close, a hot grounder went through him near third. The other team scored two runs, and the game was lost.

"Well, we'll have to chalk up this game against third baseman Jack," said the coach in his final words to the team that afternoon. "We needed him right there at third. You played a pretty good game, Skinny, and we may try you again. But I

believe if Jack had been there, he would have stopped that grounder. . . .

All right, boys, we'll do better next time!" And the group broke up with Skinny walking somewhat dejectedly toward home.

On Saturday evening Jack was once more in the McClay home, talking to Jennie.

"You see, Jennie," he said, "I have been as good as my word. I had a chance to put into practice what we heard in Sunday school last Sunday, and it didn't work out at all! I tried to do a good turn to that Johnson boy—we call him Skinny. I gave him my place at third base, because he hadn't had a chance to do much playing. The sum total result was that he made the error that lost the game. So the high school loses, the coach loses, Skinny loses, and I lose! And what is there to gain?"

"About all I can say," responded Jennie, "is that you will find that Marguerite is very much pleased. You know Skinny is Marguerite's boy friend."

"Hm, I didn't know that!" said Jack. "Well if she gets some kick out of it, that's better than nothing. I still say, however, that I might just as well have played myself. Since Skinny made that error, he'll feel worse about it than if he hadn't had a chance to play at all. I'll bet he's half sick over it."

"I admit," replied Jennie, "that things sometimes seem—"

Just then there was a ring at the door, and a rap besides, and in came Marguerite the sophomore. She was all smiles. And when she saw not only Jennie but Jack," she said cordially, "I can see that you're an A-1 Sunday school scholar! You certainly have been living up to the

spoonful of religion you had time to swallow last Sunday."

Jack was nearly speechless with surprise. "Why, what do you mean?" he stammered. "I haven't done anything. What little I tried to do was a total flop! I still say you can't live up to what you learn in Sunday school!"

"That's what you think!" said Marguerite, with beaming eyes, "but it's not what I think, and it's not what Skinny thinks. Skinny was happier today than I have seen him for a long time. He is ready to worship the ground you walk on, Jack. He says the last fellow he ever expected to do him a good turn gave him a chance. He certainly is happy over it."

"Something sounds wrong there!" interjected Jennie. "Your stories don't mix! Jack says Skinny lost the game and everything is worse than it was before."

"Oh, I know Skinny muffed that grounder," replied Marguerite. "He told me all about that. But he feels that for once he had a chance to play, and played a pretty good game at that. He says he won't be licked because he made one error. He shows a lot of self-confidence. I think you did him a big favor, Jack. It has made a big difference to Skinny."

"Well, I guess I have to go," said Jack, turning toward the door. "Have it your own way, Marguerite. If you think Skinny is any happier, I'm glad I let him play. . . . So long, girls! See you Monday!"

"Oh, no, you don't," chimed both girls together. "You'll see us before then, you'll be in Sunday school tomorrow morning!"

Marguerite continued: "You not only lost your baseball game, Jack,

but you lost your point of last Saturday. You have been able to live up to your Sunday school lesson. You'll have to come with us tomorrow again!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Jack.

"If I did any good to Skinny, it's certainly worth going to Sunday school for. See you tomorrow, then! And—" Jack was out on the steps now; the door had nearly closed—"don't forget the chewing gum!"

THESE WOULD I KEEP

These would I keep: My faith in men,
Though one may stumble now and then—
A faith which helps me still to see
What God intends a man to be.

A cheery heart, in spite of fate;
The strength to work, the patience to wait;
A hand that lifts a brother up
And shares with him the bitter cup.

A spirit calm, despite the storm,
Which sees through clouds, the stalwart form
Of Him who stilled the maddened wave—
Is ever near to help and save.

The optimism childhood had;
The simple trust that made me glad;
The beauty of life in its crimson dawn—
These would I keep as I journey on.

—Lida Marie Erwin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making new doffing boxes for our textile plant.

Fall turnip-sowing is now in order with our farm forces. The first seeds were sown about ten days ago and are now making a very good showing.

A new tin can sealing machine has been added to the equipment in our cannery. We have been in need of this machine for some time. The reports coming from officers in charge state that it is working nicely.

H. C. Pope, of Cottage No.1, who recently spent some time in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where he was treated for a slight attack of pneumonia, has returned to the School. He is now convalescing in our new infirmary.

Mr. John A. Burges, of Atlanta, Georgia, chairman of the sub-committee on parole and pardon in juvenile institutions in that state, was a recent visitor at the School. He came here for the purpose of observing the management and working of our institution. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, Mr. Burges looked over the various departments here, and expressed himself as being high-

ly pleased with the Jackson Training School.

James Butler, of Charlotte, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who was allowed to leave the School about a month ago, was a visitor here last Wednesday afternoon. He stated that he had been getting along well since leaving us.

Our farm manager reports that this year's crop of watermelons numbered about 12,000; cantaloupes 15,000; grapes 10,000 pounds. This is a record crop at the School and has made possible many feasts for both boys and officers.

Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, who is also a member of the Cabarrus County Board of Commissioners, recently returned from a three day's visit to Wrightsville Beach. He attended the sessions of the annual conference of county commissioners and accountants, at which sixty-five of the state's one hundred counties were represented.

Due to some misunderstanding, the minister who was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, failed to make his appearance. The boys, however,

assembled in the auditorium at the usual hour, and after the singing of some of their favorite hymns, Superintendent assumed charge of the service. He made an impromptu talk on the First Psalm in a most helpful and interesting manner, pointing out many ways in which the truths contained in this portion of the Scriptures could be applied to our daily lives.

We recently received a card from C. Keith Hunt, who was a member of our printing class more than fifteen years ago. This young man is a good printer, proof of which is the fact that he has carried a union card for several years, but unlike most of us who once get the smell of printing ink in our nostrils, he gets away from the hum of the high-speed presses occasionally.

Since leaving us Keith has become somewhat of a globe-trotter, having visited many foreign ports. Sometimes he secures employment in print-

ing-offices aboard ocean liners, while at other times he goes as a member of the crew. His experience along the latter line has won for him the ownership of a second mate's papers. Usually upon returning to the good old U. S. A., he manages to visit old friends among members of the School staff.

Not so long ago we were thinking it was about time for Keith to come around, when just a few days later we received the card mentioned above. It was mailed in Glasgow, Scotland, August 2nd. He wrote: "I think this is the last trip to sea, as I've finally got things for the shop together. Have swallowed the anchor for good." It would seem that Keith is making plans to enter the printing business for himself, since he has intimated in talks to us on previous occasions that it was his desire to do so whenever he could refrain from listening to the call of the sea. Wouldn't be surprised to see the old sea-dog come shambling into The Uplift of some of these days.

Over a hundred years ago a poor girl lay dying of consumption. She asked her pastor why the church had no place where other poor girls like her could go to die without suffering in the midst of noise and dirt. He comforted her as best he could, prayed with her, and then when she died she left him one dollar to start a fund for poor girls after her. He told her story Sunday morning in church and the people rose up and gave their dollars with hers to build a house where poor girls could go, not only to die, but to get well and live. From that small beginning has grown St. Luke's Hospital, New York City
—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates the number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette 7
 Charles Cole
 Leo Hamilton 5
 John Ham
 Earl Hildreth 4
 J. D. Hildreth 3
 Leonard Jacobs 2
 J. W. Jones 2
 Spencer Lane 2
 Tillman Lyles 5
H. C. Pope 4
 Loy Stines 6
 George Tolson 3
 Jerome Wiggins 7
 Thomas Yates 7

—B—

Clarence Baker 4
 Clinton Call 6
 Dillon Dean 7
 William Dixon 2
 Peter Jones 2
 Harold O'Dear 4
 Marshall Pace 3
 Elroy Pridgen 3
 Landreth Sims 7
 Edward Thomasson 4
 James C. Wiggins 4

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cleasper Beasley 6
 Donald Britt 4
 Paul Briggs 6
 Fletcher Castlebery 2
 John Davis 5
 Noah Ennis 5
 Robert Gaines 5
 Lacy Green 4
 Mark Jones 5
 Hugh Kennedy 5
 Thomas King 5
 Wilfred Land 3
 A. C. Lamar 5
 Carl Moose 6
 Richard Patton 5
 James Puckett 4
 Arlie Scism 4

Eugene Watts 5
 Jones Watson 4
 Horace Williams 3
 Joseph Woody 2
 George Worley 3

—B—

Raymond Anderson 4
 John Baker 5
 Eugene Ballew 3
 Aldine Brown 2
 William Broadwell
 Clifton Davis 7
 Robert Deyton 5
 Eugene Edwards 7
 Richard Freeman 3
 Milton Koontz
 Everett Lineberry
 J. C. Long
 Douglas Mabry 5
 Roy Mumford 3
 Jesse Owens 3
 Eugene Puckett 4
 Carl Ray
 Fred Tolbert 6
 Carl Ward 6
 J. R. Whitman 6
 Louis Williams 2
 Wallace Woody Jr. 5

THIRD GRADE

—A—

George Newman 4
 Randell D. Peeler 6
 Joseph White 6

—B—

James Blocker
 Robert Bryson 6
 Henry Coward
 Osper Howell 2
 Carl Speer
 Garfield Walker 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Raymond Andrews 5
 Lewis Donaldson 6
 B. C. Elliott 6
 Everett Hackler 2

THE UPLIFT

James Jordan 3
Edward Murray 7
Jack Sutherland 4
Jack West 2

—B—

Collett Cantor 2
Floyd Crabtree 3
Mathew Duffy
A. C. Elmore
Jesse Kelly
Bruce Kersey 2
Jack Mathis 7
Weaver Penland 3
Theodore Rector 3
Eulice Rogers
Hubert Walker 2
William Wilson (Cott. No. 1)
Charles Ziegler 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

George Duncan 2
Wilbur Hardin 5
James Lane 6
Calvin McCoy 4
Raymond Sprinkle 2
Alexander Woody 4

—B—

John H. Averitte 4
Donald Earnhardt 3
Gilbert Hogan 5
Donald Holland 5
J. W. McRorrie 4
Henry Raby 4
Charles Smith 6
Brown Stanley 6
Thomas Wilson 4

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 6
John Deaton 2
Vernon Lamb 5
Floyd Lane 3
Donald McFee 4
Thomas R. Pitman 4
Edward Warnock 2

—B—

Elbert Head
Leon Hollifield 4
Lonnie Holloman 3
Ferne Medlin 3
Sam Montgomery 2
Charles Presnell 3
Eugene Presnell 2
Lonnie Roberts 5
Latha Warren 3
James Wilhite

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

James H. Davis 2
Albert Hayes
Clyde Hillard 3
Ivan Morrozoff 4

—B—

Robert Coleman
Wayne Collins
Arthur Craft
Frank King 2
James Nicholson 3
Forrest Plott 3
Rufus Wagoner
William Young

LEARNING

“I have learned two or three deep and simple things about life; I have learned that happiness is not to be had for the seeking, but comes quietly to him who pauses at his difficult task and looks upward. I have learned that friendship is very simple, and more than all else, I have learned the lesson of being quiet, of looking out across the meadows and hills, and of trusting a little in God.—David Grayson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending August 13, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Max Evans 3
- (9) Clyde Gray 9
- (11) Leon Hollifield 11
- (8) Edward Johnson 8
- (3) Frank Johnson 4
- (2) Robert Maples 8
- (4) Oscar Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 1

- Jack Broome 7
- Clinton Call 2
- (2) Robert Coleman 5
- (2) Howard Cox 7
- (5) Eugene Edwards 5
- B. C. Elliott 2
- Porter Holder 3
- (2) Bruce Link 5
- Howard Roberts 5
- (2) Latha Warren 6
- (2) William Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 4
- William Burnette 2
- (3) George Cooke 7
- Arthur Craft 5
- (3) Frank King 5
- Floyd Lane 4
- (3) Donald McFee 4
- Henry Phillips 2
- Raymond Sprinkle 4
- James C. Stone
- Charles Smith 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- (7) Lewis Andrews 9
- (3) Earl Barnes 9
- Grover Beaver 3
- James Boone 6
- Kenneth Conklin 4
- Coolidge Green 8
- Bruce Hawkins 4
- (2) A. C. Lamar 5

- Harley Matthews 8
- F. E. Mickles 9
- Jack Morris 4
- Grady Pennington 3
- (2) John C. Robertson 9
- George Shaver 5
- William T. Smith 4
- (9) Harrison Stilwell 10
- John Tolly 8
- Fred Vereen 4
- (2) Jerome Wiggins 10
- Louis Williams 8
- (3) Allen Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Broome 4
- William Cherry
- (2) Lewis Donaldson 5
- Hugh Kennedy 3
- (11) Ivan Morrozoff 11
- (3) Edward McGee 5
- J. W. McRorrie 3
- Henry Raby 7
- Robert Simpson 7
- (11) Melvin Walters 11
- Richard Wiggins 3
- (3) James Wilhite 10
- (2) Sam Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 5

- Theodore Bowles 4
- (3) Collett Cantor 6
- (4) Lindsey Dunn 9
- A. C. Elmore 7
- (3) J. C. Ennis 7
- Paul Lewallen 3
- (3) Sam Montgomery 7
- Fred Tolbert 2
- (5) Hubert Walker 8
- (5) Dewey Ware 10
- George Wright 9

COTTAGE No. 6

- Robert Bryson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- (10) Carl Breece 10
- (3) George Green 5
- Lyman Johnson 6
- Hugh Johnson 10
- Edd Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 8

- (6) Jack Crawford 8
- (7) Clyde Hillard 10
- (5) Charles Taylor 9

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Holly Atwood 7
- (4) J. T. Branch 9
- Roy Butner 7
- (3) James Coleman 5
- (3) C. D. Grooms 8
- (3) John Hendrix 6
- (3) Osper Howell 8
- Mark Jones 2
- (4) Harold O'Dear 7
- (3) Eugene Presnell 6
- (4) Lonnie Roberts 10
- Cleveland Suggs 3
- Preston Wilbourne 8
- Thomas Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 10

- Junuis Brewer 3
- James Eury 4
- John Fausnett
- Elbert Head 3
- J. D. Hildreth 7
- Jack Harward
- James Nicholson 4
- William Peeden 6
- Rufus Wagoner 6
- Torrence Ware 2

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) J. C. Allen 9
- (3) Harold Bryson 9
- (2) Joseph Christine 3
- (5) William Dixon 7
- (2) Charles Frye 10
- William Furches 2
- (3) Albert Goodman 7
- William Harris
- (11) Earl Hildreth 11
- (4) William Hudgins 9
- Peter Jones
- (5) Andrew Lambeth 6
- (2) Franklin Lyles 2
- Paul Mullis 8
- (6) Julian Merritt 7

- (2) Calvin McCoyle 2
- (7) Edward Murray 10
- (2) Donald Newman 2
- (11) Fred Owens 11
- (2) Theodore Rector 6
- (2) Henry Smith 2
- William Tobar 2
- (5) John Uptegrove 9
- (5) N. C. Webb 5

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 7
- Odell Almond 6
- Jay Brannock 6
- Allard Brantley 7
- William Broadwell 4
- Ernest Brewer 7
- William C. Davis 5
- Howard Devlin 6
- Max Eaker 8
- Norwood Glasgow 8
- Everett Hackler 5
- Woodrow Hager 8
- Charlton Henry 9
- Hubert Holloway 7
- Tillman Lyles 6
- Clarence Mayton 7
- James Mondie 5
- James Puckett 4
- Avery Smith 9
- George Tolson 6
- J. R. Whitman 6

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Merritt Gibson 4
- (2) William Griffin 9
- (3) William Goins 3
- (10) James V. Harvel 10
- (3) Bruce Kersey 4
- (2) Douglas Mabry 6
- (5) Marshall White 6
- (2) Joseph Woody 2

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 7
- (2) Monte Beck 8
- (2) John Baker 3
- (2) Mack Coggins 7
- (2) Audie Farthing 7
- (2) John Ham 4
- (2) Marvin King 4
- (2) John Kirkman 5
- (2) Feldman Lane 8
- (2) Norvell Murphy 4
- (2) Henry McGraw 4
- (2) Roy Mumford 4
- (2) Troy Powell 9

- (2) Charles Steepleton 9
- Harold Thomas 5
- (2) Garfield Walker 7
- (2) J. D. Webster 2
- (2) Junior Woody 7
- (2) Jones Watson 4

COTTAGE No. 15

- Raymond Anderson 8
- Ray Bayne 3
- Howard Bobbitt 7
- Aldine Duggins 3
- Albert Hayes 7
- Oakley Lunsford 4
- Claude Moose 2
- Eulice Rogers 5

- J. P. Sutton 6
- James Watson 6
- Arvel Ward 5
- David Williams 3
- William Wood 5
- William Young 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Raymond Brooks 6
- (4) George Duncan 5
- (11) Warren G. Lawry 11
- (5) Early Oxendine 7
- (3) Thomas Oxendine 9
- (2) Charles Presnell 5
- (3) Curley Smith 9

 WHEN YOU COME TO KNOW A FELLOW

When you come to know a fellow,
 Know his joys and cares,
 When you've come to understand him,
 And the burden that he bears;
 When you learn the fight he's making
 And the troubles in his way—
 Then you'll find that he is different
 Than you thought him yesterday.

You'll find his faults are trivial
 And there's not so much to blame
 In the brother that you jeered at
 When you only knew his name.
 When you get to know a fellow,
 Know his every mood and whim—
 You begin to find the texture
 Of the splendid side of him.

You begin to understand him
 And you cease to scoff and sneer;
 For with understanding always,
 Prejudices disappear.
 You begin to find his virtues—
 And his faults you cease to tell
 For you seldom hate a fellow,
 When you really know him well.

—Selected.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

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TODAY

Why grieve o'er errors of the past?
Need such our future sway?
The past don't make us right or wrong.
'Tis what we are today.
Old "Yesterday" has lived its life
Why linger 'mid its sorrow?
It bears no part in future joy.
Forget it for—tomorrow.

—Jesse E. Campell

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A DREAM OF HOME

When the work is over and the care laid by,
For the day that is almost done,
When the crimson and gold in the western sky
Bid farewell to the setting sun,
I stand on the shore and watch the ships
Far out on the sparkling foam,
And I wonder how many a tired heart
Each ship is carrying home.

And I think of the friends who are waiting there
On the farther shore of the sea,
With hearts that are big with the love they bear
And of meetings that soon will be.
And in fancy I join in a happy throng
Where old friends gather round,
And I wonder if ever I'll stand on the deck
On a ship that's homeward bound.

For the lives of men are so inclined
That no matter how far we roam,
No distance can sever the ties that bind
Our hearts to love of home,
And ever the strains of that grand old song
Will quicken our dreams anew
And I wonder will ever the glad day come
When my dream of home will come true.

—Alex Tuer.

WILLIAM J. SWINK

William J. Swink, China Grove, N. C., a son of Cabarrus county, who died at the Rowan Memorial Hospital, Salisbury, last Wednesday morning, had rounded out a life of almost unsurpassed service to his fellow man.

He was known to his legion of friends and relatives of the city and community as "Bill Swink," having spent in Concord his boyhood and early manhood days, and those who were privileged to know him at all points admired him with an affectionate regard.

He was a typical product of the era of history in which fate destined him to live. Having passed through the heat of partisan fires of the 60', which tempered the souls of boys and men to work order out of the chaotic reconstruction conditions in the South, and leave the world better for having lived.

His first venture as a business man was that of merchandising, but typical of thousands of men of the Southland he branded out in the textile industry and by sheer force of character rose to eminence. Being of the mold of his forebears he was not left upon the shore as a bit of driftwood.

Although his career in the business of his choice demanded and received a full share of his time, he was never too busy to give thought to the appeals of the unfortunate and to the upbuilding of the civic, social and religious causes in the community in which he lived. Having an understanding of the hardships of life, he was sensitive to the cry of despair of struggling humanity, so never turned away with deaf ears.

He made periodical visits to the Jackson Training School and viewed with keen interest the program of activities of this institution. The country is richer for his life; poorer now that he has been called away. But the sweet recompense to his family and friends are the lessons his humility and life of service left,—an inspiration and a common heritage.

* * * * *

THE TRAGEDY OF PROGRESS

The person who has an appreciation of the old homes of the community has an aversion to seeing them razed to the ground and modern structures built on the old sites. When these buildings are torn down, the gaunt walls, glassless windows are but hollow skeletons of all the vivid life that once had taken place within the walls, and radiated joy to all who passed that way. The tragedy is little assuaged by the building of a modern home, because the spirit of the place continues to linger in the hearts and minds of

those who are familiar with the early history of such a home. But such is life,—daily we witness the old things giving way to the new and modernistic. There are few people with sufficient sentiment to keep intact the old things, but instead, if the building is not entirely destroyed, changes are made till there is not a semblance of the old structure.

Few know that it is impossible to make history within the time of one generation,—a greater reason for preserving antiques along with old homes. Happy were we to note that the old Jacob Stirewalt homestead, built in 1824, had fallen into the hands of appreciative descendants who endeavored to restore the ancestral home to its pristine form and beauty.

This old home with a colonial front, seven miles from Concord, has a most beautiful setting on a sloping hill, and is truly one of the show places of Cabarrus County. The walls, the wainscoting have been redecorated in the original colors, and many pieces of the furniture are the handicraft of the builder of the home,—Jacob Stirewalt.

We were led to the second story of the building by climbing a narrow stairway, and there were many curios, including a small pipe organ built by this pioneer citizen of Cabarrus county. He was a man of many attainments. Every thing indicated he was a person of culture, a skilled craftsman combined with a taste for the beautiful. The same Jacob Stirewalt built the pipe organ in the Old Organ Church, Rowan County, the first pipe organ built in this part of the country. In fact, there is no record of a pipe organ elsewhere previous to this one in Organ Church. We commend the descendants of Jacob Stirewalt who have revamped the old home and are living there surrounded by the beauties of nature with all of the modern conveniences of this period of history.

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THANKSGIVING A WEEK EARLIER

Both approval and disapproval have greeted President Roosevelt's decision to advance the observance of Thanksgiving Day one week. This change, thinks the President, is necessary due to the fact that Christmas and Thanksgiving are a little bit too close together. It does not matter which day we observe as Thanksgiving Day just

so we set aside one day for special thanksgiving for the multitude of blessings all of us enjoy. In fact we should give thanks daily, and not have just one day to give thanks, especially so since every day brings blessings.

Many different dates have been used since the Pilgrim Fathers celebrated the first Thanksgiving in 1620, and the traditional last Thursday of November, Thanksgiving Day, was established by President Lincoln. Dates are much like boundary lines, they are imaginary lines of demarcation, separating one state from another, but frequently we glide from one state to another and never know the difference unless our attention is called to the fact. Also, in the lapse of memory one will ask, "what is today, Wednesday or Thursday, or is this the first or second of the month?" So why worry? The President's proclamation is only binding in the District of Columbia and the territories belonging to the United States. We wonder though how this change will effect the 1940 almanacs and calendars that are already in shape for the press, we judge?

* * * * *

THE SKUNKS HAVE HELPED RUIN THE COUNTRY

The following taken from the Williamston Enterprise tells how the innocent have to suffer because of the dishonesty of many. When once stung by contacts in a business way we profit by the old saying a "burnt child dreads the fire." Frequently real deserving people receive the cold shoulder and are never given a chance to prove themselves. The first law of nature, "self preservation," is strictly observed due to the lack of confidence in our fellowman. To have a jittery feeling about every body and every thing is a terrible plight:

An invalid wanted to rent a typewriter in a big city, but the rules of the company refused because she lived in a rented room. She was not told in so many words, but the invalid knew that the company was afraid she would disappear with the machine.

The use of a typewriter might have meant life or death to the invalid, but because some skunk had rented a typewriter and disappeared the company had to make rules to deny those who were worthy of the rental service. And so it goes in all business. We

have to pay higher interest rates because some borrower wiggles out of his responsibility. We have to pay higher prices for nearly everything because some one who has enjoyed credit will not pay his honest debts. We have to pay higher insurance premiums because some whose property is insured will burn it up to collect the insurance.

And whether we get ready to buy or sell, there can be found some skunk trying to get something for nothing from both the buyer and seller. There are many, many exceptions, of course, but because the human skunk operates as he does, prices are either stepped up or stepped down to fit the occasion.

Slightly depressed, the invalid turned on her radio. From far across the sea came the message of King George. 'The great are always humble in spirit and the room that was too humble for the safety of a rented typewriter was not too humble for the voice of a king.

* * * * *

THE CHILD'S INHERITANCE—RELIGION

From a high church official of the United Lutheran Church of America, who is engaged in religious education comes this illuminating statement, as well as an alarming one, to this effect:

One hundred years ago Horace Mann called upon the American people to expand our public school system, with the prophecy that nine tenths of our crime would disappear. The American people have responded nobly and yet, in spite of our great school system, our crime has increased during the past hundred years more than 500 per cent

"Education to be effective must not neglect the most important phase of the child's inheritance, namely, religion. The cultivation of the intellect is not sufficient. Apart from religion, education, in the words of Cardinal Newman of his 'Idea of a University,' gives 'no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles.'

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

THE CHEERFUL HEART

"The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And, sorrow, with her troop of ills,
May threaten us while;
But still the cheery heart has power
A sunbeam to provide,
And only those whose souls are dark
Dwell only life's shady side."

Some children think they know more than their parents. To tell you the gospel truth, some of them do.

There is just as much good horse sense in the world today as there ever was, but it is mostly possessed by horses.

Next year is both general elections and leap year. Some men will be running for office, and some from the machinations of women.

"Two thirds of the world's population has no liberty at all," announces one authority. Surely he does not include married men in his estimate.

The advice is given that "when you get mad go immediately out and kick something." And let that something be yourself, as it will greatly relieve the situation.

The tendency of the times is large-ly given to converting luxuries into

necessities, and then people wonder why they do not get along so well. Too much luxury.

Many young ladies experience no little amount of pleasure in having a ring on the 'phone. But that is nothing to the thrills they get in having a ring on the finger.

The newspapers inform us that "Women are said to be ousting men as doctors in British hospitals." And one paper says "That might be a swell country in which to get sick." And stay sick too long.

A scientist says that bees "talk" by performing a kind of dance with their legs. The only bees that ever talked to me sat down suddenly on me. They were pretty warm, producing a very animated conversation on my part.

With some people keeping out of trouble is as much trouble as getting into trouble. I have often heard that if you don't trouble trouble, trouble will not trouble you. It's quite a trouble to do that.

A Misnomer

When you see a husband stirring around early in the mornings, and you should ask him "Why so early?" he will most generally say, "Wife's gone on a vacation, and you know

“When the cat’s away, the mice will play.” That is an aspersion on the wife. Hinting that she is a cat. Some may be but it is not good common sense to say so. Then you are likening yourself to a member of the rat family. Maybe you are an annoying husband, by gnawing on such expressions as the one quoted. You should be glad that she has a surcease from your rattlings.

You know I believe that separate vacations for man and wife are often beneficial to both men and women. It makes the heart grow fonder. The delights of presence is best known by the torment of absence. Many married people, sooner or later, always suffer more or less some domestic contrariness, or infatuation from which only a limited absence can set them free.

The Modest Little Trailer

I am a plain little Plebian automobile. I do not belong to the aristocratic class of trailers that furnish abodes for living purposes. But I

am just as useful, as I do a great deal of trucking, and at times take on a couple or two for pleasure, which affords a kind of out-doors rumble seat, that gives the couples a good shaking after taking.

I am very much attached to automobiles. I keep up with them assiduously. I am never allowed in front of a motor car, and therefore escape the liability of being bumped off, or run over. My only chance of being in front is when the driver of the car backs a long distance, or any distance, and then he shoves me in front going backwards. I only have two wheels, but I get wherever the car driver is going just the same as he on his four wheel vehicle. If my attachment is broken, or my coupling pin becomes uncoupled, I have the good sense to stop right there, and not rush on to greater danger. I am regarded as a serviceable adjunct to market places, but not a wheeling piece of junk. I just gaily roll along and enjoy my junkets in juxtaposition with all makes of cars.

It matters not if storm or sunshine be
 My earthly lot, bitter to sweet my cup.
 I only pray, “God fit me for the work!
 God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
 For the stern hour of strife!” Let be but know
 There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
 An eye that kindly watches all my path.

—Selected.

GLIMPSES OF THE SIX-FOOTED

By Alvin M. Peterson

Six-Footed? Yes, they have six legs and are known as hexapods, queer creatures in a wonderful world, some ugly, others marvelously beautiful, all interesting. We refer to the billions of insects to be found everywhere during the warmer months of the year.

Haven't you ever listened to the music of insects in late summer or early autumn, when the nights are calm and warm, and wondered about the authors of the various sounds you hear? Some of the musicians are near you, others farther away, but all of them are making music in their own characteristic way. And how many there must be, for united efforts produce a continuous humming that swells and dies down, a soothing, drowsy, peaceful lay. There is something sad and mournful about it also, for when you hear this great choir you realize that summer is far advanced and autumn and winter near at hand.

Insects have the strangest lives imaginable; some of them are extremely destructive; others are highly useful; and some are among the most beautiful of all creatures.

Since there are billions of insects of thousands of species, scientists have divided them into orders and the orders, in turn, into families. Thus we have the Orthoptera, or straight-winged insects—the grasshoppers, crickets, cockroaches, walking-sticks, and mantids; the Lepidoptera, or scale-winged insects—the butterflies and moths; the Hymenoptera, or four-winged flies—the ants, bees, wasps, and saw-flies; the

Coleoptera, or sheath-winged insects—the beetles; etc.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about insects is that there usually are four stages in their lives. First they are tiny eggs, next ravenously hungry larvae, then queer lifeless-looking pupae, and finally fullgrown winged insects. Most insects can fly, though the adults of a few species are wingless at least part of the time. The ant is a good example of an insect that usually is wingless, but which sometimes develops wings and flies about. The tiny eggs of insects do not look at all like the hungry larvae; the larvae are quite unlike the lifeless-looking pupae, and the adults do not look like either the larvae or pupae.

One is likely to think of birds' or hens' eggs when thinking about insects' eggs, but insects' eggs are quite unlike either. Insects' eggs usually are small, often no larger than a pin-point; they are of many shapes and colors; and many ribbed, pitted, and otherwise ornamented and look more like small jewels than eggs. And what possibilities for good or evil most of them contain!

Larvae hatch from the eggs of insects. The larvae of flies usually are known as maggots, those of beetles as grubs, and those of butterflies and moths as caterpillars. A few insects like the grasshopper skip the larvae stage, their young being known as nymphs. The young nymphs look much like their elders, but have no wings. Insects that have four stages in their lives are said to undergo complete transformations, while those that pass

through but three have incomplete transformations. Butterflies are common and excellent examples of the former, grasshoppers of the latter.

The third stage in the life of most insects is known as the pupa stage. Most moths pass this stage in silken cocoons, whereas butterflies then are queer objects known as chrysalids. Also, most insects eat continually during the larva stage but little or nothing during the third. The nymphs of grasshoppers and some other insects naturally are hungry all the time. The third period or stage usually is a time of rest and quiet, though wonderful changes then take place within the bodies of the insects, the full-grown, obnoxious, dangerous house fly, the busy ant, the useful honey-bee, the beautiful moth or butterfly, or the clumsy beetle, as the case may be. And, strangely enough, the fly, bee, ant, butterfly, moth, or beetle is full-grown as soon as it emerges and does not grow and become a larger fly, bee, or beetle. True, several sizes of flies are often to be seen, but these are various species, not large and small flies of the same species.

Most of the small but queer and interesting creatures you run across from time to time are insects, whether these be bugs, beetles, flies, ants, bees, or caterpillars. A notable exception is the spider, of which there are many species. Spiders differ from insects by having eight legs and no wings. True, we have ballooning spiders, but these spin silken threads which carry them long distances before the wind. We speak of tomato worms, cabbage worms, cutworms, and parsley worms, but these creatures are caterpillars and not worms—the larvae of insects. An excellent example of a true worm

is the earthworm. Most of the other creatures we call worms are grubs, maggots, or caterpillars, their common names to the contrary.

Insects usually are harmful during the second and fourth stages of their lives, though some are harmful during the second and harmless during the fourth, or vice versa. Many also are highly beneficial during the second and fourth stages of their lives.

The potato beetle is an excellent example of a destructive insect—a voracious creature that does much harm during the second stage of its life but little during the fourth, devouring the leaves of potatoes and seriously injuring the plants unless it is destroyed by arsenate of lead or Paris green. Another is the striped beetle, which is more slender of build but striped much like a potato beetle. This insect is destructive during both the larva and adult stages of its life, the adult beetle feeding upon the tender leaves of young cucumber, melon, and squash plants, and the larvae attacking the roots.

The common squash bug is destructive from the time it is hatched until it perishes. Young squash bugs are smaller but otherwise resemble their parents somewhat and look more like nymphs than larvae. They have no wings and change slightly in color and form after each molt. After the third and fourth molts, they develop more and more noticeable wing pads, and, after the fifth, become winged adults. Squash bugs pierce the tender leaves of squash plants by means of sucking beaks, live upon their juice or sap, and sometimes destroy all the plants in a patch before autumn arrives.

Then there are the aphids, plant lice, or green flies—little “animated

drops of sap on legs"—of which there are many species. These little pests are true bugs and have incomplete transformations. Young plant lice look much like the adults but have no wings. Strangely enough, some plant lice are born alive, while others are hatched from eggs. The mothers of the former are known as stem mothers. Many plant lice are wingless, though, late in the summer, or when the host plants give out earlier in the year, a winged generation is born that is capable of migrating to greener pastures. The winged mothers lay eggs, many of which remain over winter and perpetuate the species. Plant lice have sucking beaks and are very destructive, living upon the sap of the plants they infest. Strangely enough, it is these tiny pests we also know as ants' cows, since the latter secure a transparent fluid from them known as honey-dew. Plant lice have many enemies that prey upon them and reduce their numbers: predacious beetles, the aphid lion, both the larva and adult of the ladybird, and tiny parasitic insects that lay eggs in their abdomens and thus kill billions of them.

The common, white cabbage butterfly is an excellent example of a destructive butterfly. This insect lays its eggs upon the leaves of cabbage, cauliflower, and related plants. The eggs produce hungry, light green caterpillars that eat the leaves and leave filth and destruction behind them. Eventually, the caterpillars reach their full growth, transform and become chrysalids, from which emerge other white butterflies, which, in turn, lay their eggs on other cabbage plants.

The rose chafer and clothes moth are two common but destructive in-

sect pests most folks know to their sorrow. The former is the beetle that does so much harm to the roses one has blooming in the yard, crawling about them, eating their leaves and petals, and marring their beauty. The clothes moth lays its eggs in furs, woolen cloth, and garments of many kinds. The eggs hatch and produce a host of voracious caterpillars that eat and thus cut holes and do much damage in a short time.

These are but a few of the destructive insects one might mention. There are scores of others, and the damage they do amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars yearly in the United States. Fortunately, the birds destroy countless millions of them; toads, frogs, and other creatures devour many; while man himself sprays and poisons and takes a heavy toll. Furthermore, some insects are among the worst enemies of other insects, checking many an insect invasion after it has reached huge proportions and nipping many others while they are in the bud.

Useful insects may be divided into two classes because of the way they work and destroy other insects. Some insects attack, kill, and devour other insects bodily, much as a cat catches and eats a mouse, or catch them and suck their lifeblood by means of sucking beaks. Such insects are known as predacious insects. Others we know as parasites—these live upon other insects more the way a flea lives upon a dog, for—

*"The little fleas that do us tease,
Have other fleas that bite 'em,
And these in turn have other fleas
And so ad infinitum."*

The dragon-fly is an excellent example of an insect that attacks and devours other insects bodily. It is to

be found in the largest numbers about ponds, sloughs, and streams, where it takes after flies, gnats, mosquitoes and other insects and captures them on the wing, being the swallow among insects. Mosquitoes not only are very annoying, but some species carry the germs of malaria and other dangerous diseases from the sick to the well. Not only do dragon flies capture and eat the winged adult mosquitoes, but their nymphs, which live in water, devour untold numbers of mosquito wrigglers and pupae.

Ground and tiger beetles are predacious insects that run over the ground and about trees and plants and devour many plant lice, caterpillars, and other insects. The larvae of tiger beetles have large, flat heads with formidable jaws and live in vertical burrows in the ground. They lie in wait at the entrances to their burrows, their heads neatly closing the holes and their great jaws ready to grasp the first unsuspecting insects that come along. The prey is dragged far down the burrows where it may be devoured at leisure. Soldier bugs suck the life-blood from their victims, killing many plant lice, potato larvae, web-worms, cabbage worms, and the like; whereas ambush bugs crawl into flowers and hide there, waiting for butterflies and moths to come for nectar so they can catch and feast upon them.

No doubt the best known of the predacious beetles is the little ladybug, lady beetle, or ladybird, the little red or orange insect with black dots on its wing covers. Ladybirds and their larvae are of much help to us because they destroy untold numbers of plant lice and scale insects.

Perhaps the best known and most

interesting of the parasitic insects are the ichneumon flies, of which there are many species. One of these ichneumon flies has a marvelous hair-like drill by means of which it drills tiny needle-like holes in the wood of trees. The hole may run an inch or two into the wood, until it reaches the burrow of a destructive grub that lives within it. This ichneumon fly also has a long hair-like egg-laying organ by means of which it lays an egg in the burrow. The egg hatches and produces a tiny larva that fastens itself to the grub occupant, lives upon and eventually destroys it.

Another parasitic fly lays its eggs in the bodies of tomato caterpillars. The eggs hatch and produce larvae that live upon the body tissues of the caterpillar, but avoid the vital organs so as not to kill the hosts until the proper time. The larvae soon get their full growth and then make their way to the outside, where they spin and fasten cocoons to the skins of the caterpillars. Caterpillars thus parasitized are frequently to be found. They look very queer indeed, as their bodies usually are covered from end to end with tiny elongated whitish cocoons.

Another parasitic fly lays its eggs in the abdomens of plant lice, where the parasitic larvae live and grow, transform to pupae, kill the plant lice, cut their way out of their bodies, and emerge as full-grown flies. Only the skeletons of the plant-lice victims are left, and these have neat, clear-cut holes in them where the flies made their exits and flew off to see the world and lay their eggs, in turn, in the abdomens of other plant lice. There are large numbers of such parasitic insects, which work in many and varied ways, some even laying their

eggs within the eggs of other insects and thus destroying millions of them. When insect hosts are few in numbers, the parasitic species are scarce, but when the former are numerous, the latter also are many, unless, as sometimes happens, the parasites themselves are attacked by still other parasites. Strangely enough, the eggs of some of these tiny parasites do not produce one larva but many, much as if a bird's egg were to yield a hundred or more tiny baby birds.

Insects are highly useful in other ways also, for large numbers of them aid in the cross-pollination of plants, carrying pollen from the stamens of one set of flowers to the pistils of other. Butterflies, moths, bees, and bumblebees do much good this way. The bumblebee, for example has a long tongue and almost unaided is responsible for the cross-pollination of red clover. The honeybee, on the other hand, not only aids in the cross-pollination of millions of flowers but produces honey worth millions of dollars each year.

Some insects have such interesting lives and habits that they should not be overlooked for this reason alone. A good example is the ant. Ants

live in colonies composed of a queen, many drones, and a host of workers, and have cows, slaves, and soldiers. The soldiers engage in war and fight pitched battles to protect the nest, secure possession of some coveted territory, and capture slaves. Ants also build mounds or hills, some of which are very large. The foraging ants of South America sometimes migrate in great armies, drive human beings from their homes temporarily while they pass, and kill and devour other insects, mice, and even rats. The driver ants of Africa are still more ferocious and sometimes kill and devour snakes of considerable size.

Some insects are among the most beautiful of all creatures. A good example is a small golden beetle to be found upon the bindweed or wild morning-glory. However, the best examples of beautiful insects are the butterflies and moths. The wings of butterflies are of many shades and nearly always are brightened and decorated by bars, bands, spots, and splashes of many other colors. More beautiful still are some of our large moths—the cecropia, luna, polyphemus, promethea, and others.

Nothing is impossible with those who will. There are ways that lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will, we should always have sufficient means. It is often merely for an excuse that we say things are impossible.

—Francois Rochefoucauld.

RAILROADING THE MODERN WAY

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

There's something very fascinating about a train. We like to see the giant engine as it pulls to a halt at the station. We admire its big wheels, its stream-lined lines and we look, almost with awe, at the engine driver. Perhaps, though, if we are quite blasé with having done a lot of commuting or traveling from place to place, we do not give quite so much thought or admiration to trains, being more concerned with their punctual arrival and departure. Everyone knows that train time is on the dot and there's a reason for it. **Trains** have to run on schedule, and a few seconds either way might disrupt the entire service, even if it did not cause an accident.

Time and the telephone have both had their effect on speeding up the service, making it more efficient. The romantic and exciting period in rail transportation history which inspired the ballads about Casey Jones, the Wreck of Old '97, and other melodramatic episodes has passed forever. History has been made in railroading in recent years, everything being keyed to the tempo of our modern times.

The dispatcher's job is one that carries big responsibilities. The lives of hundreds are in his hands, yet he is miles and miles away. Let us look at the workings of a railroad and see just what happens. When the Broadway Limited thunders by one of the block towers, the operator there immediately communicates by telephone with the **division dispatcher** so that an accurate record, down to the quarter

minute is made as to the exact time that particular train passes. Of what value, you wonder, can that be, other than to report the progress of the train. You perhaps think that knowing the speed of the train, its progress could be figured by dead reckoning, but railroads do not work on blind figures. Facts have to be known. Supposing some emergency happens, there is a washout on the line and the Broadway Limited doesn't turn up on schedule at a certain point in the line? The division dispatcher doesn't have to wonder where the train can be located. He knows that it passed a certain block tower at such a time, that it didn't put in an appearance on the track at the next block tower. The rest is simple and he can take immediate action.

Suppose for any urgent reason it becomes necessary to stop a train. The division dispatcher merely picks up his telephone and orders the train halted by the block tower it is approaching. Both speed and safety have, therefore, been increased by the use of the telephone.

Let us look into the days of early American railroading when for long distances only a single track existed. Those were troublous times and anything could happen—and often the most unexpected did happen. But in ordinary daily operation **there were** innumerable waits, for the prevailing rule then was that certain trains, termed "inferior," were required to wait an hour at designated passing points if a "superior" train had not yet arrived.

At the expiration of the required

waiting period, if the "superior" train was still behind time—and that very frequently happened—the conductor of the "inferior" train would have to start his flagman off on foot to the next station, with his train following slowly ten minutes later. If the "superior" and "inferior" trains met, then the one nearest a siding was required to back up or the "inferior" train was, by rule required to back up.

This dilly-dallying along the tracks was all altered with the advent of the telegraph. The first telegraph circuit was installed between Baltimore and Washington. Shortly afterwards the telegraph became standard with all the railroads for dispatching trains.

The next forward step was in 1875 when officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad became interested in, and saw the advantages of, the telephone. Here was a speedy, reliable means of communication which would facilitate the handling of train traffic. Two years later, trials were given the telephone in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, shops. Shortly thereafter the telephone was adopted as official with the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was not long after that it became standard equipment with all the railroad companies. Today, the Pennsylvania Railroad owns and operates the largest railroad private telephone and telegraph plant in the world. With equipment manufactured by Western Electric Company the Pennsylvania Railroad Company handles 99,800,000 local and 18,600,000 long distance telephone calls a year. To handle this tremendous number of calls it maintains ninety-four private branch exchanges and

20,070 telephone instruments. Needless to say, virtually all the train dispatching on the Pennsylvania Railroad is handled by telephone, which has almost entirely superseded the older telegraphic methods. Besides speeding up the operation of passenger trains, the telephone installations have made possible a fifty per cent faster operation of freight trains than was formerly practicable.

There are a lot of things a passenger on a train doesn't see or even know anything about. The recording of the passing of each point is just one of those almost automatic items in trainman's life about which the passenger has no knowledge. Of course, the passenger is fully aware of the signal system, but how it is controlled is beyond his ken.

The dispatcher maintains constant touch with his block operators by telephone, giving any necessary orders for the switching of trains onto sidings or for the holding of other trains at certain points. In addition, the system of telephonic communication includes an exclusive circuit between each block tower and the next tower in either direction. Thus a block operator is able to convey the time of passing trains to neighboring towers, and the other operators can restore switches and signals to normal after the train has sped out of their territory.

Another, and very interesting, telephone service is that performed by the track telephone. Placed in a specially-designed box beside the track at intervals of usually less than a mile apart, these telephones enable the conductor of a train, or the foreman of a track gang as the case may be, to get into immediate

communication with the adjacent block operator. By connecting the block circuit, the call can immediately be switched to the dispatcher.

Everyone, whether or not he has traveled on a train, has noticed the gasoline motor cars which speed along the tracks. Each of these carries a portable telephone outfit which can be connected with the wires paralleling the track through the medium of an extension pole. By hooking the contacts at the end of this pole over the telephone wires, the track foreman is constantly in touch with headquarters concerning the movements of trains and other matters which might affect his work.

The Pennsylvania Railroad employs a second major type of telephone exchange, the extra-divisional, intra-yard or shop exchange, which is used exclusively for telephone communication within a limited area. These exchanges handle a tremendous amount of operating detail and special wires are available at all times for rush business. One feature of the private branch exchange provides telephone service on limited trains before their departure. Passengers in New

York boarding the Spirit of St. Louis, for example, have available until the train departs, public telephone service to all parts of the United States. Businessmen who have last minute instructions to give their office, and others, who for sentimental reasons want to make a last minute call, greatly appreciate this special service.

To maintain the entire telephone system installed on the Pennsylvania Railroad properties has taken some 160,000 miles of wire, 358,000 poles to support them, 427 miles of underground conduit, and 2,000 miles of lead sheathed cable, most of which has been supplied by the Western Electric Company to which organization much credit is due for developing a safe and speedy means of reliable communication for the quicker dispatch of trains and for the general operation of the road.

Railroading the modern way by telephone has greatly lessened the possibility of accident, has speeded up the service of both passenger and freight trains and has served to bring a rapid means of transportation in line with the times.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.

—Nathaniel Cotton.

THE CENTENNIAL OF BASEBALL

By E. M. Muma

This year marks the centennial celebration of the great national game—baseball. To perpetuate the memories of baseball's great personalities and the history of the game, the Baseball Writers Association of America^o has sponsored the erection of a National Baseball Museum and Hall of Fame (dedicated June 11th) at Cooperstown, New York, where in 1839 Abner Doubleday invented the sport that has become so famous and popular.

The first diamond (originally called a "square") was laid out with bases ninety feet apart, and each team had eleven players, including two shortstops and two second basemen. The first team to score twenty-one runs was the winner, and it was not until 1857 that the nine-inning game was established. In 1845 Alexander Cartwright formed the Knickerbocker Baseball Club, and soon afterwards they were challenged by a team known as the New Yorks, and this first official game was played June 19, 1846, at Hoboken, New Jersey. At that time the Knickerbockers gave no thought to uniforms, but by 1849 they were all wearing colorful blue woolen trousers, white flannel shirts and straw hats. However, this wind-blown headdress was discarded in 1855 in favor of mohair caps. As for other accoutrements, Charley Waite, Boston first baseman, received much good-natured ridicule when in 1875 he first appeared on the field wearing a leather glove. The catcher's mask and mitt were introduced in 1877 and 1890, respectively, and shin guards were not used until 1908.

The popularity of the game spread rapidly with teams being organized in various localities. In 1858 representatives of twenty-five of these clubs established the National Association of Baseball Players with William H. Van Cott as president. In order to raise money for their treasury, the Association decided to stage a series of games and charge admission. The first of these was played July 20, 1858, on Long Island between the Manhattans and Brooklyn. The admission was fifty cents and 1,500 people attended. The first team to go on tour was the Brooklyn Excelsiors in 1860.

The Cincinnati Red Stockings was the first team to assume professional status in 1869, and in 1871 nine clubs founded the National Association of Professional Players. The present National League was organized in 1876, and the American League in 1900, and there are also other minor associations. College baseball came into vogue in 1859, and the initial game was between Amherst and Williams at Pittsfield, Mass., on July 1st of that year.

The annual World Series contests were inaugurated in 1903, when the Boston Red Sox of the Americans defeated the National Pittsburgh club five games to three. And the popular All-Star game between chosen players of the two major leagues had its inception in 1933, and was the idea of Arch Ward, Chicago sports editor. Night baseball is a comparatively recent innovation. On May 6, 1930, Des Moines and Wichita staged the first regulation game under lights

at Des Moines, but it was not until May 24, 1935, that an evening game was played by major league teams.

During the century of its growth, baseball has gained more than nationwide popularity. In 1874, A. G. Spalding engineered the first trip of selected players to England, and since then the foreign tours of major leaguers have greatly popularized the game in other countries.

Even the blind now participate in a unique form of baseball which was devised by R. V. Chandler, superintendent of a home for the blind in Oakland, California. In this game each team consists of nine fielders and a catcher, with one pitcher serving both teams. The fielders line up in a kneeling position between bases, and the umpire who acts as eyes for the team, directs all the players by a system of bells and buzzers. The game is played on a regulation size softball diamond, equipped with yard-square bases and yard-wide carpeted baselines. The ball contains a bell which jingles as the pitcher rolls it on the ground toward home-plate, and guided by the sound, the batter hits at it, using a hockey stick for bat. If the ball is struck, a buzzer operated from behind the plate, informs the fielders near which base it has been hit, and they try to scoop it up and roll it across the path of the runner before he reaches base. The batter feels his way around the

bases on the carpeting, and if a fielder succeeds in rolling the ball in front of him before he reaches base, it scores a put-out. Three "outs" retire the side.

And so from sandlot to college campus and the big leagues, baseball is the great American game—a game which is a challenge to skill and good sportsmanship. It is estimated that last year more than 25,000,000 people witnessed American baseball games, either in professional, collegiate or amateur competitions. From time to time the new Baseball Hall of Fame will add to its roster the names of famous players; those included thus far are Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Hans Wagner, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Larry Lajoie, Cy Young, Grover Alexander, George Sisler, Eddie Collins and Willie Keeler.

And did you know that Abraham Lincoln was the first president to become an enthusiastic baseball fan—and amateur player? An amusing anecdote is related of how in 1860 when a committee went to Lincoln's home to notify him of his nomination for the presidency, they found him engaged in a baseball game. Upon being told of the committee's arrival, he replied, "Inform the gentlemen. I'm glad they're here, but they'll have to wait a few minutes while I make another base hit."

The earth is the place where God is ever seeking to grow souls. Its true wealth is soul wealth, its true honor is spiritual honor, its one and only valuable product is human character.

—Percy C. Ainsworth.

THE MARCH OF MUSIC IN WALES AND MERRIE ENGLAND

By Aletha M. Bonner

*"Men of Harlech, in the hollow
Do ye hear, like rushing billow
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?"*

Men of Harlech—Song of Wales.

Britain's early bardic poetry was all fiercely patriotic—and the "March of the Men of Harlech," the battle-song of the Welsh, proves no exception. Against her background of militancy, famous in history, Wales is equally famous in the gentler field of song.

In musical culture the land's art holds seniority over England; and it was the Welsh bard who instituted the old custom of wandering from place to place and telling a musical story to the accompaniment of the six-stringed crewth, the first European instrument to be played with a bow.

The Irish harp was introduced to the Welshman in the eleventh century, and this instrument gave rise to "penillion singing"—a choral form in which a company of singers extemporized words to fit a certain melody played by the harp performer, *The Eisteddfod* (ees-ted-fod), a national music festival, was instituted in 1076 and upon attending this annual event one's admiration of native choral skill knows no bounds.

Tradition names Davydd Gareg-wen (David Owen, in English) of Wales, as the greatest harpist of ancient times; according to legend his music was so beautiful that the fairies would come from hill and glen to hear him

play. History credits Owen with the authorship and scoring to that love-liest of folksongs, "All Through the Night."

Another Welshman, of a more contemporary century, won the honored sobriquet of "chief of Welsh minstrels," such being John Thomas (1826-1913), who served Queen Victoria for some three decades as court harpist.

Going from Holyhead, the port city in north Wales, in a southeasterly direction, one traverses a section of country rich in natural beauty; in fact, the scenery along the Holyhead Road through the Snowdonia region of crags and peaks and azure lakes beggars description.

To the southward, and high on a hill overshadowing the sea, stands the historic old Harlech Castle—the stirring national song, already mentioned, was written in commemoration of the capture of this massive bulwark by the Yorkist in 1468.

In crossing this country of "chorales and castles," one passes through the birth towns of Thomas S. Lovette (1877-1926), the internationally-known Welch pianist; and Daniel Prothero (1867-1934), world-famous composer and singer (Dr. Prothero was born at Y Stradgyniais). Continuing now eastward through townships modern or antique; over stone bridges spanning swift-flowing rivers, the Central Wales boundary line is reached, and one crosses the border and enters the motherland of that great-

est of all bards, William Shakespeare, who wrote,

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, This England!

It is a rare privilege to visit a country so rich in musical memories, as is "Merrie England." In this land of legend and allurements, lived and died those faithful minstrels of the art who—

*Twanged their harps in tuneful lays,
And sang of knighthood's golden days—*

Here roamed the rollicking Robin Hood and other legendary heroes. The land where music drew first breath of polyphonic (many-voiced) life, through the writings of John Dunstable (1370-1453), and where the pen of musical progress traced in indelible writings other colorful and important art events of the marching years.

In England, as in Wales, songs have sprung spontaneously from the lips of the country folks, and every event in life has been given a musical interpretation; in the cities, however, music's voice has been lifted high in expressions of classical dignity. While the English music lover appreciates and appropriates the best in modern melody, yet throughout the length and breadth of the land there exists a national fealty to the music of other days, consequently the works of the older masters are given preference.

One need not leave London, the metropolis of the world, to find the birthplaces of certain of the nation's outstanding fathers of composition; such

as, Thomas Tallis (1520-1585), "The Father of English Cathedral Music"; William Byrd (1538-1623); Thomas Morley (1558-1603), whose "First Book of Aires" contains the lilting "It Was a Lover and His Lass"; Henry Purcell (1658-1695), called "the originator of English melody", Thomas Arne (1710-1778), who wrote the stirring song "Rule, Britannia"; Sir Henry R. Bishop (1786-1855); Frederick N. Crouch (1808-1896) famous for his ballad "Kathleen Mavoureen"; Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900), English pioneer in light opera and the composer of the majestic "Lost Chord", and the worldsong "Onward Christian Soldiers" (the words to the latter song being written by Rev. Baring-Gould)—these and other early composers wrought many mighty musical works.

In this world's largest city have been born eminent musical sons and daughters of the modern school: W. S. B. Mathews (1837-1912), distinguished for his "Standard Graded Courses"; Liza Lehmann (1862-1918), singer and composer, best known for her song cycle, "In a Persian Garden"; Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912); Granville Bantock, eminent composer and compiler; Arthur Bliss, and Eugene Goossens; with Harold Bauer, Myra Hess, Ethel Leginska, and Katherine Goodson, forming a contemporary quartet of widely-toured concert pianists, though the last two artists are not of London, but are of English, birth.

The historic old city on the Thames also boasts one of the world's finest opera houses, Covent Garden; here, too, is the famous Queen's Hall, once called the "holy of holies of British music"; while The London Symphony Orchestra, the String Quartet, The

Royal Choral Society, and the British Broadcasting Company Orchestra are certain of the nation's best-noted music organizations.

British Royalty have been loyal patrons of the art. Henry VIII was a composer of no small ability; Queen Victoria was educated in music, and her royal Consort, Prince Albert, played exceedingly well. A fitting memorial to the Prince-Consort is the Royal Albert Hall in Kensington, the largest of England's music halls, and it possesses one of the largest organs of the world.

Under such regal patronage court musicians have ever been held in highest favor. An early "Master of the King's Music" was Nicholas Lanieri (1588-1666), composer and singer, who was first to introduce *recitative* (musical declamation) into England.

Another to hold this honored post, in more recent years, was Sir Edward Elgar (1857-1934), often called "England's Grand Old Man of Music," and a composer in varied form of classical expression. His stately-metered "Pomp and Circumstance" march is as characteristically English, as the stirring "Stars and Stripes Forever" march by our own John Philip Sousa, is typically American!

Old in her civilization the nation is rich in folklore and lyrics. The famous Maypole, and the Morris dance had beginning here. A land of battle-songs and quaint ballads, of peaceful carols and inspiring cathedral music, of dashing ditties of the Cavaliers and colorful chanties of the sea—truly has many-voiced England given to the world music that will never die.

"Shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals."

WHEN GRANDMOTHER CARRIED A BANDBOX

By Julia W. Wolfe

"You look as if you had just stepped out of a handbox," was an old saying. Undoubtedly it came about when our grand-mothers carried handboxes, for it was into such affairs they packed their poke-bonnets, ruffles and hooped skirts when they traveled. Of course, being prudent, they packed their wardrobes with the greatest of care. Not only women carried

these gay boxes, for in museums one may see handboxes fitted with lines for carrying men's beaver hats—lines for high crowns and curved brims. The present-day hatbox, with all its proper compartments, evidently was the offspring of those early boxes.

When my early American lady went traveling in stagecoach or in the family carriage, she encased her band-

box in a covering of "water-proof," a material such as raincoats were made of. As all "bloomin' luggage" was piled on top of conveyances in those days, and the bandboxes were such lovely affairs, they had to be well taken care of and protected.

Indeed, those boxes were lovely. Such delicate colorings! Such beautiful scenes as were printed on the hand-blocked paper that covered the boxes were surely decorative.

As a rule the bandboxes were round, but occasionally they were octagonal in shape. In size they ranged from a two-quart measure to a bushel basket. The tops and bottoms were made of board, usually a thin pine, and were about one-half inch, or less, thick. The sides were of very thin board, so thin that they could be bent into an oval shape which seems to have been much in vogue. About 1850 cardboard began to be manufactured, and the sides of boxes were made of that material.

Antique collectors highly prize these old boxes, and it is getting almost impossible to find one. One collector in New York City has dozens of them; one may say he "cornered" them. A few may be seen in museums. Some of these boxes have historical value, since pictorially they reproduced quite faithfully certain landmarks now extinct, and almost forgotten historical events. They are as alluring as old prints and old wall papers. Their soft colors of yellow, old blue, dim pink, olive green, and lavender form the backgrounds for the designs. These designs were printed painstakingly from hand-wrought wood-blocks. Sometimes four or five impressions were necessary to make a clear and lasting design. This ac-

counts for the remarkable clarity of the decorations.

The class of designs was mostly pictures of historical places. These subjects were in great favor. A particularly favorite subject with New York and New Jersey bandboxes was "Old Castle Garden," when it was still an island. "Views of the Capitol at Washington," reads one caption; another, "Scenes at Mount Vernon." The stately old capitol at Albany, with its environs, spread itself over another box. Boston made good use of the Old South Church and the Common. Washington's ride through Pennsylvania and New Jersey for his first inaugural appears on many a one, too. The first deaf and dumb asylum in America is shown on a box. In those days young America took her new institutions seriously.

A very interesting one is the windmill and railroad design. This illustrates the beginning of the American railroad system. It is a model of the first steam engine, with its open cars behind, and a primitive windmill in the background—the old and the new. About this time balloon flights were a favorite subject with block printers, for we see ascensions taking place at country fairs and on highlands. One illustration reads, "Clayton's Balloon Ascent—A great feat." Another popular subject, and historical, too, is the Sandy Hook lighthouse with a full-rigged ship coming in. Among the purely decorative subjects we find the American eagle, usually resting among laurel leaves. Also we see parrots, palm trees, gay ladies with wide hooped skirts tripping over the bandboxes. The pastoral scenes were happily chosen with old-fashioned gardens, trees and shrubs. An amus-

ing scene shows a flock of geese and farmyard scene, something like a Currier and Ives print. Many were the views of Old New England, horses with gay trappings at races, noble riders with gaudy coats. The hunter was not negelected. His dull red coat is fascinating. From the Orient came such subjects as camels with riders in Oriental costumes, ruined temples in dull pink and green or blue backgrounds.

These boxes were made in a number of New England towns. There was also a factory in Lancaster, Penn-

sylvania. In Godey's Lady's Book, the editress, Mrs. Hale, gives a Miss Hannan Davis of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, a good write-up" of her "daring enterprise." Miss Davis used to make these bandboxes by the dozen, even cutting the pieces of wood by a small machine. When she had made a quantity of them in summer she piled them in her buggy and peddled them throughout New England. Providence, Rhode Island, seems to have had a small bandbox factory about 1810. So if you possess one of these old pieces of luggage, cherish it.

THE SMALL TOWN

"A small town is a place where we don't brag about our faiths, hopes or our charities, where reputation and character mean the same thing, where concrete backing is more esteemed than front, where we stand up for our rights rather than sit down for them, where a neighborhood is 100 miles long and neighborliness 100 miles deep, where a friend indeed dosen't wait for your need, where we are like Judge Billy's boy who went to the city . . . not because he made a million dollars . . . but because he came back still Judge Billy's boy; where the telephone directory is Who's Who," the U. S. census the social register, a man's financial rating is based upon not what it takes in but what he puts out and we have a four hundred because the population is just that; where the mayor and the town bum know each other by their first names; where they don't carve anything on your tombstone that they wouldn't say to your face; where we go out with our own wives and like it; where stranger's a stranger only because he wants to be; where a ham is something you serve with chicken and Broadway is where the school play came from 20 years ago; where the sheriff inquires about your wife's sciatica as he takes you to jail; the judge will loan you 20 dollars to pay your fine and the neighbors are glad to see you back when you've served your time; where you don't tip the barber because he's a member of your bridge club, and you don't cheat your opponent at poker because he attends your Sunday school class; and where a newspaper man can make a living writing what everyone already knows."—Selected.

AUTUMN

By M. Louise C. Hastings

"Oh, dear! I'm tired!" sighed Robert. "No, I don't want to go to the woods, and I don't want to collect leaves or anything else. I don't like autumn. It tires me."

"What do you mean, 'tires' you? The very idea of being tired so early in the season! You haven't been working so very hard at school. Autumn is the most glorious time of the whole year," said his sister Grace.

"No, it isn't the most beautiful time of the year! It's a sad time and it's gloomy, and it makes you feel that way, too. William Cullen Bryant wrote about it, and he knew what he was writing. He is called the poet of autumn, just as James Russell Lowell is called the poet of June, and John Greenleaf Whittier is called the poet of winter. These are the very words he uses in 'The Death of the Flowers':

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.' We read the whole thing in school today, and then we discussed it. Gee! I'm all tired out!" and Robert slumped down in his chair as if nothing interested him at all.

"Well, for goodness sake!" exclaimed his sister. "We read it, too, but our teacher told us that Bryant was describing the English autumn and not the autumn which he really knew. Our autumns are glorious! Even after all this wonderful mass of color goes, there are the beautiful brown oaks and the evergreens. And just think of the autumn skies! Is there anything more beautiful? It's all right to read Bryant's autumn

poetry, but you should understand his point of view. It was a literary autumn that he was writing about—the kind of autumn that the older poets had written about—and those older poets were all across-the-water poets. They didn't know our autumn in this country at all.

"In the first place," continued Grace as she saw Robert was beginning to show a little interest, "our autumn isn't a rainy season; in the second place, the bluejay hasn't left the shrubs, for he stays with us all the year round, and it is in the late autumn and winter that his beautiful colors show up the brightest; and the robins do not all go South, but if they did there are plenty of winter birds to keep things interesting."

"Well, that may be, but nobody else has ever written about autumn. I never saw any other poem except Bryant's," remarked Robert.

"Here is one Miss Greene gave us today to paste in our blank book," replied Grace. "Listen to this, It's great! And there's nothing melancholy about it either. It's by James Whitcomb Riley, one of our great American poets:

"'Oh it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best . . .
They's something kind o' hearty-like about
the atmosphere

When the heat of summer's over and the
coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the
blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds
and the buzzin' of the bees
But the air's so appetizin'; and the land-
scape through the haze

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the
airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin'
to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the
fodder's in the shock!"

"That's some poem. That makes a fellow fell glad. Why didn't my teacher tell us about Bryant's point of view, and read us such a poem? I thought Bryant was a great poet," said Robert when his sister had finished.

"He is," called mother, who had been an interested listener to the conversation. "He is called 'The Father of American Poetry.' He is our great American nature poet, but through all of his poetry there often runs a touch of sadness. You should both read his great Forest Hymn. In it are some of the most beautifully expressed thoughts in literature. A good thing for you to do, Robert, is to take my copy of Bryant's poems and really get acquainted with him. I'll allow you to mark any passage you like. You'll find some marks already there, for I always read with my fountain pen in my hand. I have done that throughout my life. I'd be glad to have some of your marks, too. It is really too bad that you have gotten a wrong idea of Bryant's place in literature. He has given to the world serenity and the cooling refreshment which comes

from a love of nature. It would take a long time to tell you how much Bryant has meant to me."

"Come, Grace," exclaimed Robert unexpectedly, "I'll go to the woods with you. My tired feeling has disappeared When I get home from our hike, I'll make a list of the glories of the season, and show them to my teacher tomorrow. Maybe I can convince her that autumn isn't so mournful after all."

"It is really a time of rejoicing," said mother. "Most people, after reading Bryant's poem, are impressed with the fading, dying year. They do not stop to realize that life is only sleeping for a time, and that leaf buds are formed, ready to burst forth in the springtime at the first call of Mother Nature. The earth is full of life, not death. Nature sleeps for a while, but she always repeats and repeats the beautiful story. Bryant says in another poem:

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever.'"

"Good-by, Mother," sang out Robert and Grace, as they went out into the sunshine of the beautiful out-of-doors. "We'll bring some of the autumn back with us!"

Let us remember that force creates hate. The only satisfactory way to make people do things is to make them want to do them. Enemies are never truly conquered until their friendship is won.—Wilfred Peterson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Recent reports from our gardener stated that the late garden crops, consisting of kale, collards, spinach, Chinese cabbage, turnips and other winter vegetables, show promise of a good yield.

Last week our printing department printed two thousand information blanks for the division of institutions and correction branch of the State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, which is under the supervision of Mr. W. C. Ezell. Part of this order was reserved for the use of the school, the rest being sent to Raleigh.

Here's another note from our textile plant. Just a few weeks ago, the mill changed its operations from producing hickory shirting to that of making goods for white dress shirts. To our surprise, Mr Blume, the textile instructor, announced the other day that 2,100 yards of white shirting had already been woven. The supply of both kinds of material was taken to the Kerr Bleachery, Concord, where the hickory shirting was sanforized and the white material bleached and sanforized.

Lewis Tarkington, aged 19, of Elizabeth City, formerly of Cottage No. 5 and a member of the carpenter shop force, was a visitor here last Wednesday. He was allowed to leave the School in January, 1936, and, upon returning to his home, secured employment with the Foreman and Dirkson Veneering Company. Lewis reported that he is still employed by that firm and now holds the position of sorter, inspecting each sheet

of veneering as it comes from the machines. He said that he liked the work very much and had been getting along very well since leaving us.

Sixty-three boys have been granted conditional release since July 1st. To remove sixty good boys from the total enrollment, replacing them with a like number, certainly lowers the morale for some time. Quite a few heads of departments have complained about taking their trained boys and substituting those who have had no training as being a handicap to the smooth performance of their respective units, but the School exists for the purpose of sending out a finished product and taking in raw material with which to carry on its work. All the work carried on at the institution is not for profit, but for the training of the boys.

These columns are supposed to carry news of the various activities at the School, and we cannot truly do this without repeating about the work being done in our new cannery. Nearly all the boys at the School have been called upon to help with this work during the past week. Some were busy gathering butter beans, corn, tomatoes and okra, while others were shelling beans and preparing these various products to be turned over to the canners. Still another group of workers sorted the tomatoes, silked and cut the corn, cut up the okra, and delivered the same to the cooking squad, after which it was placed in huge boilers and cooked for about one and one-half hours. Our canning shed is now crowded with filled gallon

cans, ready for winter consumption. Included in this supply may be found a fine soup mixture, tomatoes, string beans, butter beans, tomato juice and grape juice. This amount of caaned goods, sufficient for our large family over a period of several months, represents a vast amount of labor.

Our friend, William Henry McGarrahan, an evangelist-singer, who has visited the School a number of times in company with Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, who has had charge of services here on the fourth Sunday of the month for many years is about to embark upon the sea of matrimony. Several days ago an invitation came to some of the members of our staff and to the boys, requesting their attendance at his approaching marriage, which will take place in the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., on September 2nd. This invitation is greatly appreciated, because all the boys and everyone connected with the School remember pleasantly the song services Bill has conducted on his many visits, and he has become quite a favorite here.

Our ancient rivals from Harrisburg visited the local diamond last Saturday afternoon and were defeated by the Training School lads by the score of 8 to 6.

Davis started on the mound for the School boys, but was relieved by Liske in the fourth inning, after he had allowed the visitors to pile up an early lead, scoring five runs on six bases on balls, six hits, and two errors. Liske allowed but one run and two hits during the remainder of the game, and was given credit for the victory.

With the score standing at 6 to 2

against them going into the eighth inning, the local lads put the old ball game on ice, ten men batting in this frame. A hit batsman, a free trip to first base, one error, and three safe hits allowed them to chalk up six tallies.

"Vic" Harris, with a home run and a single to his credit, was the only visiting player to get more than one hit. Liner led the School boys with the war-club, banging out three hits in four trips to the plate. Warren, with two singles, was the only other local batter to hit safely more than once. The score:

	R H E
Harrisburg	002301000—684
J. T. S.	00020060x—893

Two-base hit: B. Harris. Three-base hit: Johnson. Home run: V. Harris. Stolen bases: B. Alexander. Harris. Stolen bases: B. Alexander 2, Davis, Price, J. Alexander. Struck out: by Davis 4; by Liske 2; by Gray 4; off R. Lambert 1. Winning pitcher: Liske. Losing pitcher: Gray.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 20th chapter of Matthew, beginning at the 20th verse, and as a text for his very good talk to the boys, he used the 28th verse: "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life as a ransom for many."

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that as we read this incident in the life of Christ, we realize that even his dis-

ciples had longing for personal favors. It is true that they did not go and ask Jesus for this special honor, but their mother did so for them. Here we see James and John, outstanding disciples, just a week before Jesus' crucifixion, seeking prominent places in life. After the resurrection of the Master, they began to realize what life really was, but it was the reply they received on the occasion of seeking personal honor that caused them to really find themselves.

The speaker then told the boys that the experience of these two disciples gives us something to think about concerning our own lives. The secret of the whole thing may be found in the text. Here we learn that Jesus' sole aim was not to rule, but to live a life of service. That is just what the world needs today. We must not think of ruling or gaining power, but strive to serve our fellow men.

Today men are only beginning to realize the power of Jesus, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. They are just beginning to feel the truth of Christ's statement: "He that would be great among you, let him be your servant." The speaker then pointed out that down through the ages there have been men of great power, ruling over nations, yet they have passed on and we cannot even recall their names. Their lives were as rulers—not as men of service. Service is the secret of success in life, and if we would be remembered by those who follow after us, we must forget self and live for others.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner urged the boys to forget about striving for positions of honor without deserving them. He told them to put all selfish ideas out of their minds and think only of service, the greatest joy in life.

FAITH

Faith believeth the Word of God. Unbelief questioneth the same.

Faith sees more in a promise of God to help, than all other things to hinder. Unbelief, notwithstanding all of God's promises, sayeth how can these things be?

Faith will help the soul to wait, though God defers to give. Unbelief will take snuff and throw up all, if God makes any tarry.

Faith will give comfort in the midst of fear. Unbelief causeth fears in the midst of comfort.

Faith makes the greatest burdens light. Unbelief makes light ones unbearable and intolerably heavy.

Faith brings us near to God. Unbelief puts us from God, when we are near to Him.

Faith puts a man under grace. Unbelief holdeth him under wrath.

Faith purifieth the heart. Unbelief keepeth it polluted and impure.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending August 20, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (4) Mack Evans 4
- (10) Clyde Gray 10
James Hodges 8
- (9) Edward Johnson 9
- (4) Frank Johnson 5
Frank May 9

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Clinton Call 3
- (6) Eugene Edwards 6
- (2) B. C. Elliott 3
- (2) Porter Holder 4
Clay Mize 5
- (2) Howard Roberts 6
Arlie Scism 4
Edward Warnock 8
- (3) William Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Thurman Lynn 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) James Boone 7
- (4) Earl Barnes 10
Richard Baumgarner 6
- (2) Coolidge Green 9
Roscoe Honeycutt 3
- (3) A. C. Lamar 6
Douglas Matthews 6
- (2) F. E. Mickle 10
- (2) Grady Pennington 4
- (3) John C. Robertson 10
- (2) George Shaver 6
- (10) Harrison Stilwell 11
- (2) John Tolly 9
- (2) Fred Vereen 5
- (3) Jerome Wiggins 11
- (2) Louis Williams 9
- (4) Allen Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 8
- (2) Paul Briggs 7
- (2) William Cherry 2
- (3) Lewis Donaldson 6
- (2) Hugh Kennedy 4
- (12) Ivan Morrozoff 12

- (4) Edward McGee 6
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 4
George Newman 6
- (2) Henry Raby 8
- (12) Melvin Walters 12
- (4) James Wilhite 11
Cecil Wilson 4
Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- (4) Collett Cantor 7
- (5) Lindsey Dunn 10
Donald Holland 3
William Kirksey 5
Everett Lineberry 9
- (2) Paul Lewallen 4
Richard Starnes 7
- (6) Hubert Walker 9
- (6) Dewey Ware 11

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Robert Bryson 7
Noah Ennis 3
Columbus Hamilton 5
Leo Hamilton 5
Leonard Jacobs 5
Randall D. Peeler 5
Joseph Tucker 8
Ronald Washam
Woodrow Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 8
- Cleasper Beasley 5
- (11) Carl Breece 11
John Deaton 11
James H. Davis 9
Donald Earnhardt 8
William Herrin 6
- (2) Lyman Johnson 7
- (2) Hugh Johnson 11
Robert Lawrence 5
Elmer Maples 9
Marshall Pace 3
Loy Stines 6
Alex Weathers 7
Joseph Wheeler 4
Edward Young 7
William R. Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

- Lewis H. Baker 4
- (7) Jack Crawford 9
- J. B. Devlin 4
- (8) Clyde Hillard 11
- Wilfred Land
- Harvey Ledford
- Edward J. Lucas 5
- John Tolbert 7
- (6) Charles Taylor 10

COTTAGE No. 9

- (4) Holly Atwood 8
- (2) Roy Butner 8
- Frank Glover 9
- (4) C. D. Grooms 9
- (4) Osper Howell 9
- Alfred Lamb 3
- (5) Harold O'Dear 8
- (5) Lonnie Roberts 11
- L. B. Sawyer
- Thomas Sands 10
- (2) Cleveland Suggs 4
- (2) Preston Wilbourne 9
- (2) Thomas Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 10

- Matthew Duffy 5
- (2) James Eury 5
- (2) John Fausnett 2
- (2) Elbert Head 4
- (2) J. D. Hildreth 8
- Lee Jones 6
- Jesse Kelly 3
- James Martin
- (2) William Peeden 7
- (2) Torrence Ware 3

COTTAGE No. 11

- (4) Harold Bryson 10
- (6) William Dixon 8
- (4) Albert Goodman 8
- (12) Earl Hildreth 12
- (5) William Hudgins 10
- (7) Julian Merritt 8
- (8) Edward Murray 11
- (3) Theodore Rector 7
- (6) John Uptegrove 10
- (6) N. C. Webb 6

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Burl Allen 8
- Jack Batson 11
- Ernest Brewer 8
- (2) Woodrow Hager 9
- Joseph Hall 7
- (2) Charlton Henry 10
- Richard Honeycutt 8

- (2) James Mondie 6
- (2) Avery Smith 10
- (2) George Tolson 7

COTTAGE No. 13

- Dillon Dean 2
- (3) Merritt Gibson 5
- (4) William Goins 4
- (11) James V. Harvel 11
- (4) Bruce Kersey 5
- (2) Douglas Mabry 7
- Irvin Medlin 9
- Paul McGlammery 4
- Jordan McIver 4
- Alexander Woody 10

COTTAGE No. 14

- (3) John Baker 4
- John Church 3
- (3) Mack Coggins 8
- (3) Audie Farthing 8
- (3) John Ham 5
- (3) Marvin King 5
- (3) John Kirkman 6
- (3) Feldman Lane 9
- (3) Roy Mumford 5
- (3) Henry McGraw 5
- Richard Patton 6
- (3) Troy Powell 10
- John Robbins 7
- (3) Charles Steepleton 10
- (2) Harold Thomas 6
- Desmond Truitt 6
- (3) Jones Watson 5
- (3) J. D. Webster 3
- J. C. Willis
- (3) Junior Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 15

- Clifton Davis 9
- Sidney Delbridge 5
- (2) Albert Hayes 8
- (2) Claude Moose 3
- (2) Eulice Rogers 6
- (2) J. P. Sutton 7
- Charles Tate
- (2) James Watson 7
- George Worley 4
- (2) William Young 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (5) George Duncan 6
- Philip Holmes 8
- (12) Warren G. Lawry 12
- (6) Early Oxendine 8
- (4) Thomas Oxendine 10
- (3) Charles Presnell 6
- (4) Curley Smith 10

SEP 4 1939

CAROLINA RC

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1939

NO. 35

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OUTDOOR TRUST

Trees seem to speak on windy days.

Sometimes I think they say,

"Though shadows ever come round us.

We look up and away."

"We love the stars and the beaming sky;

We never look below;

We trust in heaven to send us rain

And sun enough to grow."

—Norman T. Schlechter.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WASTEBASKETS

Wastebaskets are for junk. The average home or business office harbors enough junk to start a bon-fire—and that is what it should be used for, instead of cluttering up the home or the office.

Mental wastebaskets are for junk, too. Everybody should have one. Into it each of us should throw the mental rubbish that clutters up our minds and makes us inefficient. Fear, worry, discouragement, defeatism—this junk should go!

When a thought which we don't want enters our mind, we have the power to toss it into our mental wastebaskets and forget it. It is not easy, but psychologists tell us it can be done. Mental junk in our minds is a chief cause of failure and unhappiness. By sweeping this junk into our mental wastebaskets, we keep our minds open for constructive thinking.

—The Jaqua Way.

LABOR DAY

Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a holiday, a time when all toilers take a rest, also is an occasion for directing one's thoughts towards the worth and rewards of labor. This legal holiday was set aside over fifty years ago at the instance of organized labor, not to create disorder, or unrest, but with the hope of aspiring to finer accomplishments and a compensation commensurate for services.

“Never be ashamed of your business,” is a wholesome proverb. Toil is manly if it be that of a bootblack. Remember that with health and strength to back one, life simply means work, and hard work, if success is attained. There are some who think of work in the terms of manual labor, but any profession, or any

craft is work, it requires either mental or physical efforts if the peak of success is reached.

Theodore Roosevelt said many years ago: The law of a worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful efforts, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

Such words bear a message of hope for better things as we pass through this era of unrest. A person without work has a chaotic mind, a restless temperament for only a busy mind and active body can bring happiness. Stephen Girard's testimony was as follows: "The love of labor is my sheet anchor, I work that I may forget, and forgetting, I am happy." No normal person can be happy without some kind of work so that time will pass smoothly and quickly. If an artist, musician, teacher, agriculturist, brick-mason or carpenter, it is work, and hard work in either case.

The objective of Labor Day should be to encourage to a finer craftsmanship so that in every calling, it matters not what the vocation may be, efficiency and not salary alone be the aim of life.

* * * * *

THE DIGNITY OF WORK

A noted English clergyman was out calling on his church members one day. Approaching a home where he purposed making a visit, he saw the mother of the family out cleaning the front steps. She did not see him until he was within a few feet of her. When she recognized him she arose greatly embarrassed. She tried to apologize for being seen by her minister performing such humble labor. She expressed the wish that she might have known when her pastor was calling so that she could have received him in a proper manner.

He knew she did not have the money to hire a servant, and he told her she was doing her duty as a good housewife, and tried to impress on her at the same time something of the honor and dignity of work.

About his visit to this home the minister remarked to a friend later, "I thought she looked more beautiful with a pail beside her than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion."

It will be a sad day when we come to feel it is a disgrace to labor with our hands, even in a humble way; and that can never happen so long as we remember that Jesus was a carpenter, Peter a fisherman, and Paul a tentmaker. No book could dignify toil more than the Bible does, and the third commandment, while enjoining on us the duty of resting on the Sabbath, makes it clear that the other days are to be given to labor.—Young Folks.

* * * * *

THE FOUNDER OF OSTEOPATHY—A VIRGINIAN

Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, the founder of osteopathy, was no ordinary man. He was well versed in anatomy, probably better than any other doctor of his time. It was in Mark Twain's home town, Hannibal, Missouri, in the early 80's that he settled and first practiced medicine. He was appreciated for his generous and attentive interest in his patients. If they could pay, the fee was accepted, but gave the same attention to the poor and needy, he gave those in better circumstances.

Dr. Andrew Still was born on August 6, 1828, at Jonesville, Lee County, Va., but died in Kirksville, Missouri when nearly 90 years of age. When Dr. Still first made known his idea of healing the sick he was hooted at and on one occasion was sued. But due to the fact that he lived longer than most men he saw his idea accepted and himself honored. He was one of the few men who was privileged to see in his life time a marker erected to honor him. After unbelievable hardships and difficulties he established the first American School of Osteopathy in 1892 at Kirksville, Mo.

There is at some point on the public square Kirksville, Missouri, a bronce tablet that tells of this man's work as a citizen and physician. Now, just 22 years after his death he will soon be honored in his native state of Virginia, for on August 26, there will be unveiled in Lee County a marker placed by the Virginia Conservation Commission commemorating Dr. Still and his work.

It reads: "Andrew Taylor Still, physician and founder of osteopathy, was born two miles southwest, near the Natural Bridge of Lee County, August 6, 1828. Dr. Still served in the War Between the States. He established the first American School of Osteopathy in 1892 at Kirksville, Mo. He died there December 17, 1917."

GRANDMOTHER HONORED

It is interesting to know that another day to be observed is Grandmother's Day. The National Grandmother's Club, a national organization, was incorporated in the State of Illinois, April, 11, 1938, and now has 339 members. Most of the members live in Chicago and Illinois, but almost every state in the Union has a few members. The one object of the organization is, to glorify Grandmotherhood, to assist in child welfare and establish a National Grandmothers Day.

The first Sunday in October has been selected as National Grandmothers Day. This organization has a symbol, a round gold pin, and from the pin is suspended a gold bar significant of the number of grandchildren.

This organization will sponsor Grandmothers Day at the World's Fair, September 9th, and the one who brings the largest number of grand children, the youngest grandmother as well as the oldest one will receive prizes. The Grandmothers Club solicits a large and representative attendance on the 9th of September.

* * * * *

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The name Francis Scott Key brings to mind the national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner. This writer was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 9, 1780, and died in Baltimore, January, 11, 1843. When the British fleet in 1814 approached Fort McHenry at Baltimore, Francis Scott Key was on board one of the ships. He had gone aboard to intercede with Admiral Cockburn for the release of Dr. William Beanes.

Key watched the battle from his own ship during the whole night, and did not know till morning, when he saw the American flag still floating that Fort McHenry had not capitulated. Immediately, fired with zeal of a victory "The Star Spangled Banner" was written. The words were written so they could be set to music of an English air, "Anacreon In Heaven."

In 1859 a volume of Key's poems was published by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Taney, but only one other received universal recognition and that was the hymn, "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee".

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST

Compared with any other country on the face of the globe the United States is the best place to live.

For instance, in the matter of automobiles, France shows one car to 25 persons, England shows one to 25, Germany one to 55, Italy one to 109, and the United States one to every five persons.

We in this country own 60 per cent of the telephones in the world.

We own 44 per cent of the radios.

We have twice as many homes per thousand of population as compared to the most cultured countries in the world.

The amount of insurance we have in force in our country is double that of the rest of the world.

With only 6 per cent of the world's area and only 7 per cent of its population, we consume 48 per cent of the world's coffee, 53 per cent of its tin, 56 per cent of its rubber, 21 per cent of its sugar, 72 per cent of its silk, 36 per cent of its coal, 42 per cent of its pig iron, 47 per cent of its petroleum.

These facts and figures argue more strongly for the American System than the eloquence of the most silver-tongued Fourth-of-July orator.

* * * * *

EXCERPTS FROM DR. TRUETT'S ADDRESS

1—The right of private judgement is the crown jewel of humanity.

2—Religious liberty is the nursing mother of all liberty. Without it all other liberties must soon wither and die.

3—There is a wide difference between toleration and liberty. Toleration implies that somebody falsely claims the right to tolerate. Toleration is a concession, while liberty is a right. Toleration is a matter of expediency, while liberty is a matter of principle. Toleration is a gift of man, while liberty is a gift from God.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

IF I COULD MAKE A FRIEND

"If I today a friend could find
Amid the labor and the stress,
Some toiling brother, kindred mind,
Some hand to clasp in tenderness,
It would not matter what reward
The hours had brought me on the way
If I could say, 'I thank Thee Lord'—
I know I made a friend today."

Woman, we are led to believe, was first made from the rib of a man. And it seems that she has been a bone of contention ever since.

The majority of men are not as good as they could be. And in the opinion of many women they are meaner than they ought to be.

It used to be a saying, in years back, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." They know now—and have to foot the bills.

One of the greatest blows to confidence in human nature is lending money to a friend. The tendency is, that they are so liable to forget all about it.

Those fellows who are given to strong drinks, and boast that they could "take it or leave it alone," generally leave it alone when it burns them out.

A speaker in a talk on radio control,

shouted that "the air belongs to the common people." It's no use to make a great to-do about it. The common people are getting it these turbulent days.

The great trouble about this thing we call freedom, and peace and dignity of nations is, too much of it is given to the wrong kind of people. They know little or nothing about how to use it.

The inscription on a man's tombstone is not going to be a passport in the day of judgment. It is often the case that a man lies under the tombstone, and the tombstone lies over the man.

I firmly believe that a general campaign of good old-fashioned consideration of others would practically solve our present day traffic accident problems. It is worth trying more universally.

It is somewhat astonishing how many people, all over the country, die of heart failure. And then, again, so many are living of head and heart failures. They give up, and never get up.

An Awkward Situation

There is one occasion in a fellow's life—not only a fellow but every one who experiences it—when you feel

right foolish, and even act foolish. It is, when hurrying along, you suddenly meet a person, and side step to let him or her pass, and he side steps the same way to let you pass. Then both side step and chase from side to side, like a woman trying to stop a fretful old setting hen from going through the barnyard gate. The way you decide to go, the other decides to go, too. The way he thinks he will go, you think you will go that way also. There you are, both of you, bobbing obliquely before each other, and if you think of it, you may say, "Which way are you going?" and he may answer by replying, "Which way are you going," It is a foolish-feeling situation. It often happens to the best of us.

A Golden Month

Yesterday was the first day of September. Golden month with golden days. September stands upon the earth like a goddess of might and glory.

As Longfellow, in "Evangeline," says; "Wild with the winds of September wrestle the trees of the forest." September brings its rich store of golden grain and ripe, red mellow fruit. October gazes upon the harvest garnered in. The skies are deep sapphire blue. Trees in the forests will soon be aflame with vivid fire—grasses murmur softly of sleep on the bronze bosom of Mother earth—and mankind will look upon his work of spring and summer and be content. The season of contemplation is at hand—of meditation and rest from the burning zeal of sowing and reaping. But those were the days of serious labors. These are the days of gratitude, of assembling and assorting, of taking heed of one's hours and one's resources and preparing for bleaker hours when life's garnered store grows meager. Summer has had its fling. Now we get back to work again.

STONEWALL" JACKSON'S MOTTO

"You may be whatever you resolve to be."

That was the motto of "Stonewall" Jackson, who died a lieutenant-general at thirty-nine. The meteoric soldier found that sticking everlastingly at it was what put the solve in resolve.

"Stonewall's" maxim means that you can do what you try to do if you try hard enough. M. Farve found that out forty years ago when against obstacles supreme and penalties of \$1,000 a day for failure he pierced the St. Gotthard tunnel through the Alps.

That stupendous work cost eight times the original estimates of ten millions, but it was done and done to the everlasting glory of human pluck.—Selected.

THE CHILD AND HIS PEOPLE

(The Connie Maxwell)

The experience that we have had at this institution apparently harmonizes with that of many others engaged in institutional work. At one time we had the idea that it was wise to take the child away from relatives and if possible cut every connection with them. That does not seem to prevail today. There seems to be agreement among child welfare workers that only in the most rare and exceptional cases should this complete break be made.

It has been observed that for some years the organizations that have functioned in the placing of children in private homes have not had the attitude towards this principle that prevailed many years ago. Certainly at the institutions, with whose work we are most familiar, there has been decided change of opinion. A child may have come from very poor people and they may have been illiterate and even depraved but still looks upon them as his own people. Those who are capable of judging the environment of a home situation may all speak in condemnation of it but the child regards those poor folks as his folks.

It has been found that one of the most difficult things in the world is to break any individual clean away from his ancestry. Now and then we hear that some person 25 or 30 years of age, reared as an adopted child, starts out with the greatest determination to trace his people and find who they were. He may have come into the adopted home as a tiny infant, in which case he has no possible recollection of anything antedating his foster home. But something surges in

his soul and will not be allayed. He is determined to find out about it even if he finds the worst. Sometimes he does find the very worst possible type of a situation, but just the same he wants to know.

Children may come to a fine institution with modern equipment, all modern comforts and conveniences and live with high class people who have had scientific training and are well prepared to lead, guide and direct young people. The home from which he came may have been pitiful for its poverty and the relatives he left behind may be disgusting for their lack of refinement and even marked for their vulgarity; but just the same there is a tie that binds the child to folks that he left. It seems to be an ineradicable tie. At this same institution, so progressive and excellent in its setup, the child's poor kin may come to visit him. His heart beats with a thump at the announcement that some of his people have come to see him.

The child and his folks present a topic that we may well think about in a more thorough way than most of us have done. All this brings us to realize the timeliness of some of the discussions we are now having in conferences among children's workers. We see much more plainly now than a long time ago that one can hardly touch a child's situation without getting into a family situation. These skillful workers that we now have are able greatly to help all the institutions in this connection. Most of them, it will be noticed, are quite solicitous to try to help the family if possible.

In helping the family they may be restoring it so that it may be rehabilitated. There are many cases just like this. Many of our children's workers have helped to build up the broken family so that in course of time the child may go back and have a normal place with his own people. This is a very much more sound piece of philosophy than that we formerly cherished in thinking that our sole obligation to a child related to his personal care and training. Our responsibil-

ity reaches beyond this attitude and it is encouraging to know that there is an evidence of its acceptance by our institutional workers generally. This really means that in many a case we do not have to keep a child at the institution indefinitely. After the storm has passed he may return to his own folks, be absorbed by them and lead a normal life among them: Which of course is not to deny that there may be exceptions to this rule.

FORGET, BELIEVE, HOPE

A man reaching 70 usually has achieved most of such philosophy and wisdom as is likely to be his. Most of life's experiences have by then touched him and made their mark upon him. He has had time to think, opportunity to feel, leisure to reflect. Such men, if natively wise, are worth listening to.

Such a man is Peter Witt of Cleveland, a worker points out. He is one of those men of whom every town fortunately has one or two, who have devoted a great deal of time and thought to the affairs of men, and to the general well-being, as well as to their own.

"Forget yesterday, believe in today, hope for tomorrow," says Witt. "Live your life in your own way, wholly unmindful of what others think or say.

"Forgetting yesterday means no worrying about the past. What's done cannot be undone.

"Believing in today gets the most out of the present. It is the only thing we can be sure of.

"Hoping for tomorrow is what makes for progress, even though most of the dreams all born of hope, never come true."

Wise words, and a man who has reached at 70 so simple and so sensible a point of view has not lived in vain. Why does it take most of us so long to achieve wisdom as crystal-clear and eminently sane as that?—Selected.

JAPANESE CHILDREN

(Selected)

Being a child in the Land of Cheery Blossoms is lots of fun! Beginning with babyhood, when one rides pig-a-back on mother's or big-sister's back in a doll-sized hammock, right up to the very day one is grown-up, Japanese life is arranged especially to make every boy and girl as happy as possible.

One grows up faster, too, for in Japan New Year's Day is a national birthday for everyone, and, as in China also, even a little December baby would become one year old on January first. There are no birthday cakes, but bright red rice instead, and gifts such as every birthday child the world over loves to receive.

Gay colors belong to children in Japan, for the grown-ups generally wear only very sober kimonos of dark blue or gray or black. So even the grammar school children look like bouquets of flowers, girls wearing bright colors and pretty designs. Perhaps you would be surprised, however, to see many school children in suits and frocks very much like your own.

The very furniture in their homes seems to have been planned for the children's use, for the tables are no larger than a doll's and everyone sits on cushions on the floor, where games really are the most enjoyable anyway. There is never any scolding about

muddy tracks on mother's nice clean floor, for in Japan one's clogs—which are wooden sandals, with straw toe-bands to keep them on securely—are always left outside on the doorstep.

Certain days have been set aside, as the children's own holidays. The Feast of Doll's is the girls' festival; the Feast of Kites the boys'. Toys that belong to one's grandparents and great-grandparents are unpacked carefully and made the "guests" of each home on these holidays; and just each home on these holidays; and, just for the day, the boys and girls are the hosts and their parents their guests, dignified as possible for the occasion.

Their everyday games are very like our own, baseball, for instance, being a very popular game in Japan. Japanese children occasionally see moving pictures and sometimes learn games of other countries from them. Indeed, the Emperor, whom every Japanese respects very much, has ordered that all the boys and girls learn Western-style gymnastics to help them grow big and strong.

If you should look at a Japanese newspaper, you might see one of your favorites in the pictures, as Mickey Mouse has traveled all the way across the sea and is as delightful a friend to children in Japan as he is on this side of the world.

Life will be less sordid and more interesting when people begin to realize that the only person who makes a success of running other people down is the elevator boy.

TRANQUILITY

(Zions Herald.)

Quiet down! This is the command we all need to hear. Modern life is a hurly-burly of din and confusion, feverishness and hurry, anxiety and worry. Existence has been speeded up like our motor cars at a terrific rate, until, in the occasional moment that permits a little reflection, we wonder whether there is after all any meaning or significance to be gleaned from the rapidly passing years. We become automatons. We are caught in the vast mechanism of the world in the midst of whirling wheels and fast-flying belts. Spirit is submerged and stifled by mass and speed. We need to withdraw from the rush of things and spend a little time on the cool grassy banks of the pool of tranquility.

We are caught in the rushing stream of life whose tempo has been alarmingly speeded up in these times of activism. Reflection, meditation, are out. They have been superceded by practical aggressiveness. We want to accomplish something greater than has hitherto been achieved. We are ambitious to outstrip our rivals.

What has brought about this vast change from the period when thinking and worship were so highly prized? The cause lies deep in a radical modification of our underlying philosophy. In the old days we magnified God; in these days we magnify man. In ancient times we cried, "God can do all things;" in modern times we declare, "Man can do all things." It is true that we are making breath-taking discoveries, building vast cities, mastering the sea, the earth, and the air, plunging headlong into war, re-

drawing the map of the world. But we are restless—terribly restless. We have lost our passion for beauty and truth in our zeal for things and big human accomplishments. Says Evelyn Underhill, the spiritual mystic: "Fuss and feverishness, anxiety, intensity, intolerance, instability, pessimism, and wobble, and every kind of hurry worry—these, even on the highest levels, are signs of the self-made and self-acting soul; the spiritual parvenu." Self-centered! We need a new center in God.

We have been following—rather, rushing after—our own plans. In tranquility we learn that mighty truth so searchingly preached by Horace Bushnell, that God has a plan for every man's life. We may follow it or depart from it, as we choose, for we are free. Most of us, alas, have substituted again and again our own half-baked, selfish plans for the great divine plan through which only we can come to true self-realization and really please God. But the heavenly Father is patient and long-suffering. He still has his plan for us—modified again and again as the years have come and gone, because of our indifference, our stubbornness, our pride, our self-sufficiency, our ignorance, our sin, but still the one plan that can bring peace and power to our souls. He waits for us to pause long enough to hear him speak, to sense something of the glory of the path he has marked out for us since the beginning of the world. Let the Creative Spirit of the Almighty have a chance at your life.

GOD RULES AND OVER-RULES

By W. Graham Scroggie, D. D.

Ours is a God who turns swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, who converts instruments of destruction into implements of salvation. In Christ the blast becomes a blessing. By means of destruction comes deliverance. Out of desolation arises a new prospect.

Peace comes by way of conflict, new vigor springs out of human weakness, hope shines from despair, as stars glow in the darkness of the night; rapture becomes the fair flower of agony, and what seemed ignominious defeat is turned into glorious victory.

For every handicap there is a compensation, and for every disability there is a reward. We cannot prevent the storm, but, like George Matheson, we may "trace the rainbow through the rain." Our handicap may become our equipment, and seeming disaster may become the shining way to sovereignty.

Take the case of Joseph. I will not recount the story, but you remember that after the father was dead the brethren feared lest Joseph would take vengeance upon them for their treachery and cruelty. But he said, "It was not you that sent me here, but God." Have you ever considered that statement? Is Joseph not speaking the truth? Did not the brethren send him into Egypt? Did they not sell him to the Ishmaelites, wickedly, cruelly, heartlessly? Yes, and yet he says, "It was not you that sent me here, but God." In effect, he says, "I am not concerned with secondary causes, but am occupied only with the primary cause." In the amazing and merciful providence of God the

cruelty of the brethren over-ruled for their preservation. In the days of famine these brethren came down to Egypt, and the brother of whom they had got rid, as they thought, became their saviour. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong, sweetness."

Take the case of Moses. In his enthusiasm and rashness, moved by patriotism, he committed murder. Then he had to flee the country. Leaving the palace he went into the back of the desert, exchanging the multitude for loneliness. I have no doubt he had trouble with his conscience many a day, and yet he was being prepared to be the deliverer of Israel out of Egypt. In the palace he would never have learned about the wilderness; he learned about it in his loneliness, and it was through that wilderness he had to lead his people. While his sin is inexcusable, God over-ruled it, and "out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong, sweetness."

Take the case of Job. Think of his domestic tragedy, his children dead, his wife with lost courage, his friends coming and articulating their little philosophies, trying to crush his case within their formulas. He got angry not only with them, but also with the Almighty, and yet in the end God vindicated Job, and the last scene is one of domestic happiness and felicity. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong, weakness."

Think of Elimelech and Naomi. They go into the country of Moab, and there tragedy overtakes them. Elimelech dies, and also his sons,

who had married heathen women and the three women are left. You know how Naomi, longing for the hills of Judea, returns, Orpah at her suggestion remains in Moab, but Ruth clings to her. Her protestation of affection is one of the most moving passages in world literature, and the Moabitish woman became the great-grandmother of David and the ancestress of Jesus Christ. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong, sweetness."

It seemed an unmitigated calamity that the mighty missionary, the Apostle Paul, should be taken prisoner, and kept in bonds in Rome, the man who gave the Christian message to that first generation in the church's history. But was it an unmitigated calamity? The people who are rushing up and down the world are not the thinkers, the writers of immortal literature. Seclusion is required for that, and time for contemplation, and Paul had that in his imprisonment, and out of that enforced seclusion came Ephesians, and Philippians, and Colossians—priceless documents which could never have been written while he was touring Asia Minor, sweeping on his missionary course from Jerusalem to the far West.

Think of John, that aged disciple, taken from Ephesus and dumped down with a herd of criminals in Patmos, there in his loneliness to listen to the water lapping the shore. But there he hears the Voice that is as the sound of many waters, and he catches

the vision of things that are yet to be—glory after glory, vision upon vision, and so we have the Apocalypse, which has lighted the way of the Christian church for eighteen or nineteen hundred years.

It seemed the cruelest thing that Bunyan should be incarcerated in Bedford jail, but there he dreamed dreams and saw visions, and out of that incarceration has come the book which in Christian literature stands next to the Bible itself.

And what shall we say of Calvary, the tragedy of history, and yet out of that exhibition of hate there has flashed forth the love divine. Out of that agony has come atonement, out of that darkness has sprung an unquenchable light, and out of that death has come everlasting life. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong, sweetness." We derive inspiration from this great message.

I want to say only one or two things further in conclusion. Behind all men and things and events is God. The outstanding message of our age is that God is Sovereign. The essential thing in Calvinism is being re-emphasized because it is being re-discovered in our time. Behind all men and things and events is God. He is the ultimate reality. God not only rules over, he also over-rules. The frequent defeats of the true Christian are only apparent, they are not real.

The deep spiritual meaning of life is struggle, hardships, endeavor. The chap who quits work becomes soft, flabby and weak. It is the one who uses his talents who gets on in life, who actually lives.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE 'STAR-SPANGLED BANNER' REACHES ITS 125TH BIRTHDAY

By Herbert Hollander

This is the 125th anniversary of the most humiliating episode in American history—and of another which is remembered with a thrill of pride, and which gave the United States its national anthem.

Exactly a century and a quarter ago this week the British captured Washington and burned the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, and other public buildings after the rout of the militia at Bladensburg.

But the disaster of this defeat was to be retrieved gloriously a few short weeks later when, on September 13 and 14, the Americans defending Baltimore successfully stood off the powerful British fleet at Fort Mchenry.

And a young man named Francis Scott Key, who had been present at the shameful rout at Bladensburg, and had witnessed the smoke and flames of the burning National Capital, was on a British ship in the harbor of Baltimore and saw "by the dawn's early light" that "The Star Spangled Banner" still waved triumphantly over the shell-torn fort and its gallant garrison.

It is significant commentary on the changes time brings that these anniversaries are marked but a few months after the precedent-making visit of the British King and Queen to these shores. In Washington they spent the night at the White House, fired 125 years ago by Admiral Cockburn's orders; and held a reception in the Capitol which on that hot August day in 1814 had been heaped

high with furniture and hangings and plied with a dozen eager fire-brands.

Francis Scott Key is the one upon whom those weeks were to bring the greatest fame.

Poor General Winder, whose raw militia, although outnumbering the British, were no match for seasoned veterans who had defeated Napoleon, never forgave himself for that day, although the fault perhaps was scarcely his. Fiery Commodore Joshua Barney was stymied by orders. The fact was, Secretary of War Armstrong had scoffed at the idea of the British leaving the Patuxent to capture Washington, which, he said, had little strategic value, and virtually no preparations had been made for the defense of the city.

When the British did make a thrust at Washington, all was confusion. A stand, and only a brief one, was made outside the city at the village of Bladensburg. General Winder, an inexperienced soldier, was handicapped by the presence on the field of battle of President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe, and other officials, all of whom took a hand in the disposition of the troops, and who narrowly escaped capture.

At Bladensburg the British met little resistance and Key, along with the rest, headed back to Washington and Georgetown—and some retreated as far as Frederick, Maryland. President Madison and his wife, the famous Dolly, also left ground until the British were near the very doors of

the White House. She cut out of its frame the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington and carried it with her.

The capture of Washington was followed by two days of burning and pillaging. It must be said that the British General Ross was opposed to the burning of the public buildings, but irascible Admiral Cockburn was determined to "level to the ground this sink of democratic iniquity." General Ross was respected by the hapless Washingtonians for his fair-minded attitude and, in the words of a contemporary journalist, "because of his gentlemanly conduct toward the females." But Cockburn they reviled with rather greater vehemence than they had shown at Bladensburg, and laughed incontinently when he appeared in the mire of Pennsylvania avenue mounted on a white mare followed closely by a hungry black colt.

A violent thunderstorm of that intensity for which summer storms in the Capitol and vicinity still are noted, helped to quench the incendiary flames, but not before much damage had been done, necessitating extensive rebuilding of both Capitol and White House. The newly constructed Navy Yard had been burned by the Americans themselves. Dr. Thornton — whose design had been accepted for the Capitol Building — managed to save the Patent Office from destruction by placing himself in front of it and declaring: "Are you Englishmen or vandals? This is the Patent Office of the United States, depository of the inventive genius of America, in which the whole civilized world is concerned. Would you destroy it? If so, fire away; but let the charge pass through my body."

That is one version of the story; and although it sounds apochryphal the fact remains that the British did not burn the Patent Office.

After satisfying themselves that Washington could offer no further resistance, and that the American attack on Canada had been sufficiently avenged, the British moved on, happy to take leave of the tropically hot, bemired village which served as the National Capitol. Their next objective was Baltimore—and there the story would be far different.

Key saw the brave and successful defense of Fort McHenry from a British ship because he had visited the fleet prior to the attack to secure the release of a friend, Dr. William Beanes of Upper Marlboro, Maryland. His request was granted but the British decided to hold Key until after the attack for fear he would divulge their plans and movements.

On September 12 a skirmish took place at North Point. Neither the British nor the Americans gained an advantage, but the invaders did retire to their ships after capturing scores of "young men of good families" and killing several hundred militia. But there was no further action against Baltimore by land — and the set-to gave the city its Old Defenders' Day.

The brilliant climax came on September 13 and 14, when Major Armistead and Captain Nicholson and their garrison, firing away under the folds of a huge American flag, kept the British fleet at bay despite a terrific bombardment and finally caused it to withdraw.

Key, his friend Dr. Beanes, and Colonel John S. Skinner, who had been placed aboard a small boat and towed to a position within range of Fort McHenry's guns, saw the entire en-

gagement. And Key, who had been through the defeat at Bladensburg, the humiliation of the burning of the Capitol City, and had witnessed the flight of virtually the entire Government from Washington, thrilled to the fearless resistance of Baltimore's defenders. Shot and shell and bombs fell all about the tiny boat in which Key watched, and his friend was not certain that he had not exchanged hanging for an even less pleasant death.

And then when dawn came, Key saw that huge American flag still floating in the breeze. Then it was that he began to write the song which has become our national anthem; wrote it because, he is quoted as having said, "if it had been a hanging matter to make a poem, I must have made it.

Roger Brooke Taney, later Chief Justice of the United States, says that Key told him that he began the poem "on the deck of their vessel, in the fervor of the moment, when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships, and looked at the flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened; that he had written some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in calling them to mind, upon the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket; and for some of the lines, as he proceeded, he was obliged to rely altogether on his memory."

Later that morning, as the British withdrew, the little boat with Key and his companions aboard was brought to shore. That night at the Old Fountain Inn in Baltimore, Key transcribed his notes into his deathless song.

In Washington today there remain treasured tangible evidences of these

stirring episodes. The Capital whose few public buildings were smoking ruins 125 years ago has no relics by which it sets greater store than these.

The original flag which flew over Fort McHenry and which inspired Key's immortal lines is carefully preserved at the Smithsonian Institution. It is the identical scarred banner which "still waved" despite the hottest fire the British fleet could fling against it.

This flag was presented to Lieut. Col. George Armistead, who commanded the fort during the bombardment, and had been made especially by Baltimore citizens for use at McHenry. Later the flag became the property of his daughter, Georgianna Armistead, and the National Museum acquired the precious relic through the courtesy of her son, Eben Apperson. The flag had been guarded and preserved by the Armistead family for more than 100 years before it came into the museum's possession.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is one of the few United States flags in existence the design of which consists of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. This was the regular design of the flag from 1794 to 1818, when the number of stripes was reduced to thirteen and the number of stars was made to agree with the number of States in the Union. The flag, about 28 by 34 feet in size, was quilted to a backing of linen by museum authorities for permanent preservation.

The manner in which Francis Scott Key's stirring verses—which were set to the tune of an old English song—rose steadily in popular favor and became the national anthem, is revealed in a priceless collection in

the possession of the Library of Congress. The bulk of this collection of first and early editions of "The Star Spangled Banner" was brought together by Joseph Muller, of Closter, N. J., noted authority on musical Americana. This collection has been acquired permanently by the library.

The center of interest is the library's copy of the first edition, only two other copies of which this far have been discovered. The very existence of this edition was unknown until recently.

Documents establishing the priority of this first edition and explaining the circumstances of its publication are in the hands of the Knowles family, of Yardley, Pa., direct descendants of the original publisher, Thomas Carr, of Baltimore.

The original manuscript of Key's immortal verses is owned by the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. According to these documents, it was Carr who adapted the Key's lines to the melody of the old English "Anacreontic Song." The adaptation, assurance is given by Carr's daughter, was made in Key's presence, at his request and with his approval.

After Key wrote out the poem at the Old Fountain Inn it was printed as a handbill the following morning. By September 20, when The Baltimore Patriot reprinted it, noting prophetically that it was "destined long to outlast the occasion and outlive the impulse which created it," Key already had left the city. His interview with Carr, then must have taken place on or about September 15.

To judge from the slovenliness of Carr's edition, no time was lost in engraving the music: "Adapted. '& Arrd. by T(homas) C(arr)," it is

headed "The Spangled Banner—A Patriotic Song."

Carr did well to bring out his edition promptly, for his fellow publishers were quick to give him competition. Blake of Philadelphia apparently was the first to follow. This enterprising publisher's catalogue already included one patriotic song to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," so the task of adding Key's new words to the old plates was a simple one.

Joseph Hutton's, "The Battle of the Wabash," written in honor of Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe and published first in 1812, accordingly was republished with the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" printed on a blank page. The song is described as having been "sung with great applause by Mr. Hardinge, at the theater, Baltimore."

If Carr's original edition of our national anthem is a rarity, the revised edition is even more so, and the library's copy is believed to be unique. Printed from original plates, this revised edition differs from its predecessor only in its title, which has been altered to read: "A celebrated patriotic song, The Star Spangled Banner, written (during the bombardment of Fort McHenry on the 12th and 13th Sept. 1814) by B. Key, Esq." Still another Carr edition, published in 1821, is ornamented with "a handsome vignette of the bombardment of Fort McHenry."

Later editions reflect changing fashions in American sheet music publishing, the substitution of lithography for engraving, and the introduction of the colored title page. Bacon of Philadelphia, about 1815, was the first to head the song with an engraving of the Star Spangled Banner itself. Firth and Hall, of New York,

were the first to break away from the original musical arrangement; their edition was published sometime between 1832 and 1839. Numerous other interesting editions follow. One of the most vivid is that published in 1861 and represents on the cover in full colors the defense of the Capitol by a Union officer and his company of troops.

Also in the library's possession is a facsimile of the act of Congress making "The Star Spangled Banner" the national anthem, approved by President Hoover, March 3, 1931. This act did not pass without opposition, and even now there are some who are unreconciled. Several objections have been leveled against the song. Some protest it is unseemly that the melody of the national anthem should be that of an "old English drinking song." Others argue that the melody itself is "unsingable." Still others insist that the sentiments expressed by Key's verses are "too bloodthirsty."

As a matter of fact, "The Star Spangled Banner" really was not made the national anthem by an act of Congress. All Congress did was to confirm generations of national feeling.

The National Capitol, which contains the original flags and the earliest editions of Key's verse, has memorialized the author by giving his name to a handsome bridge which connects the city with Virginia. The Washington end of the bridge is in quaint Georgetown and nearby is the house in which Francis Scott Key once lived.

A mansion in which Key spent many happy weeks is still one of Washington's show places, and now is owned by Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of State. It is Woodley, built in the first years of the nineteenth century by Philip Barton Key, Francis Scott Key's uncle.

THE STURDY OAK

If the tall, sturdy oak, that all admire so much, could tell us its life story, we should learn the way of life. This we know, the great oak had its beginning in a little acorn, and its fight for life was a hard one. The little acorn may be dropped in the middle of a field, where, one may think, it could be free to grow to mighty strength without molestation. But even as a sapling, the little oak wages a battle with the grasses for its existence. And if it succeeds in growing up out of the reach of the grasses, the horse or cow may nibble it off, or trample upon it. If it is fortunate enough to survive, then come the dangers of the elements—extreme heat and drought, the storms, the lightning. As with the oak, so with humans. Only the fit survive the struggles, and attain a ripe old age.

—Sunshine Magazine.

FINDING COURAGE

By Cora Achorn

Lila Brundage turned off the main road, on to a path leading to the little one-room schoolhouse. The main road wound on around the hill, below the school, disappeared up the canyon and beyond to the next little mining town.

Lila looked at her wrist watch. Eight-twenty. She must not be late the very first day. She hurried along the path between the low scrub oaks, caught a glimpse of girls and boys with books tucked under their arms and standing near the steps, waiting. She wondered why they didn't go inside the school-room.

Smiling a cheery, "Good Morning," Lila fairly flew up the steep, narrow steps, hurried across the small porch to open the door.

But the door was locked!

Turning in wonder to the children crowding close to her heels, Lila almost whispered, "Why—it's locked!"

"Yes, mam, my Mom said it would—" Crissie Small gave her little sister a none too gentle poke. The sentence choked in her throat. Dismayed, Lila asked: "Do any of you know where I can find the key?"

"It's down to the store." They all answered in unison. "The Store" stood, big and square, just across the road, at the foot of the hill where one turned off to take the short-cut to the school.

Lila drew her smooth forehead into a frown. "You children wait here while I go down and get it."

She hesitated as a speeding car ground to a stop and a young man came bounding up the steps. "Here's the key. Sorry to have kept you

waiting." He unlocked the door, threw it open, watching the children as they filed noisily into the room.

"Thanks a lot. Saved me a trip down that rough path," Lila spoke pleasantly.

"The path is rough, and I'll see that it is fixed, now that school has opened."

"That will be fine, and thanks again." Lila turned to enter the door.

"I'm Matt Clevenger, Miss Raymond, and I wish you good luck with the school. If there's anything you need, just let us know."

Silence followed. Lila listened to the voices of the children inside the room. Then with a wry smile, "I'm not Miss Raymond. I am Lila Brundage."

Matt stared, a light of understanding in his wide-open eyes. He was in for it now, rushing up here with that key. Just wait until his father found out about this!

"So—o, that is why the door was locked?"

"Yes," said Lila slowly, "I suppose it was."

Matt, tall and lean, stood looking down at Lila's five-foot-two with a quizzical expression on his serious face. "Someone at the store said the school was locked, but I didn't ask why; just grabbed the key and brought it along. But tell me, why did you come here? Surely you know that the Clevengers run this place and everything in it? There hasn't been a Brundage here since your granddad left, years ago."

"Well there's one here now." Lila

stood erect. Matt saw laughter in her eyes. Then suddenly she sobered. "The teacher who was assigned to this school was taken suddenly ill. I was sent in her place. This is my first school. I had to come, don't you see?" Lila bit her lip to keep back a sob.

"Yes, I guess I do," said Matt slowly.

Lila, glancing down the hill and over the tops of the low trees said, musingly: "Pleasantville! Not a very appropriate name for a place where an old feud has been kept alive for goodness knows how long."

For a second Matt hesitated. "It hasn't been alive for a long time, but now, with you here—well, we've got to go through with it, all over again!" A moment later he was gone, without another word or a backward glance.

Wednesday morning the pupils came quietly and took their places at the desks but now at the roll call ten answered. Two had already dropped out. Only ten, when there should be thirty.

At recess Lila rose, moved over to the open window and watched the children outside. There were half a dozen strange boys, shouting and playing with the others. They had been there all the morning but refused to come in when she called them.

Her eyes half closed in thought. Her fingers grasped tightly the pencil in her hand. Something must be done, and done quickly, but what? Lila noticed a man coming up the path toward the school. He wasn't one of the workmen, taking the short-cut through the school yard to the road beyond, for he was too well dressed for that. His clothes were

different. They somewhat set him apart, as a man of means. He walked with a sure, slow step.

Maybe he was the County Superintendent! Her heart beat against her side. Here was help she needed! Just when she needed it most!

As he reached the top of the steps she hurried to welcome him, flushed with a new-born hope in her troubled eyes. He was tall and dark with narrow shoulders and stared hard-eyed at Lila as he strode past her into the room. Lila's quick mind told her something was wrong. This man wasn't here to help her!

His first words chilled her. "I'm David Clevenger," he began in a slow drawl. "There's something you don't seem to understand about this town." Then hesitated, watching Lila from under lowered, bushy brows.

Suddenly Lila realized that she could hear no sound from the children in the yard. She tried to think of something to say but he didn't expect an answer as he continued—"Folks with your name haven't lived here for a long time and why you have come is more than I can understand."

To the surprise of even herself, Lila straightened her shoulders and answered in a steady voice: "I explained all that to your son Matt when he brought the key. I just had to come. It means everything to me—my job—my future as a teacher. I can't give it up now. Why—I've just started!"

Lila's blue eyes, in her small pale face, shouted defiance. The hot dust from the play-yard blew in through the open window. Clevenger laid his hat on the desk, putting his hand in his pocket. "Now listen; nobody puts anything over on me. I run

this town, and what I say, goes. So out you go!" And then to Lila's bewilderment, Clevenger placed some money on the desk beside her.

"Here's a month's pay," he drawled, pushing it toward her, then took his hat, preparing to go out. As his hand reached out to open the door, he heard a determined voice say: "I'm staying on. Running away never settled anything!"

David Clevenger's face went blank with surprise. With his hand on the doornob he turned, trying to control the anger in his voice. "So you want to stay?" he sneered. Then slammed the door behind him and clattered down the steps.

Curiously Lila peered through the window as he stalked back along the path and into the old road. Once he halted abruptly as though about to turn back, then kicking a loose rock out of the pathway hurried on.

The children came trooping in, and for the rest of the day Lila, busy with their lessons, almost forgot her troubles. But after they had gone she laid folded arms on her desk, resting her weary head upon them. It was almost sundown when she left the school.

Alone in her room that night she heard muffled voices through the thin walls. A man's slow drawl and a woman's low murmur in answer. She found the owner of the boarding house waiting for her the following morning. Twisting her apron in her nervous hands, she lowered her tired eyes as Lila stopped beside her. "I'm sorry, Miss Lila, but I've got to ask you for your room. I'll be needing it tomorrow."

Lila showed no surprise, but sick with dread moved slowly toward the little school-house. She noticed how

like a hungry dog it looked, hunkered down on the side of the hill with its leg-like supports underneath, fairly clutching at the edge of the road as though waiting and watching for an excuse to leap growling down into the canyon below.

Climbing wearily up the narrow steps she entered the empty, cheerless room. She felt beaten. Clevenger would turn the whole village against her. She would have to tell the pupils there would be a new teacher to take her place.

She pulled out the drawer of her desk mechanically reaching in for her books. She must gather strength for the task before her. Reading would start a new train of thought; she opened a book and began to read.

Presently, with an excited flush in her cheeks she reached for a piece of chalk and started to write on the blackboard, copying from the book she held in her hand. "Courage is resistance to fear; master of fear—not absence of fear." "It takes courage to be laughed at, ridiculed, or misjudged—to stand alone with all the world against you." Hastily thumbing the leaves, again her hand fairly flew across the smooth surface of the board.

"If you but smile, another smiles.

And soon there's miles and miles of smiles.

And life's worth while

If you but smile."

Dusting the chalk from her fingers, she gazed at the clear white words. All during the day, and after the children had tip-toed out on their way home, the written words gave her comfort and strength.

She cleared her desk and was putting the last of her papers away when the door was hastily opened. For a

moment Lila simply started. "You've come again?" she said a little breathlessly. She rose, with one hand clutching the edge of her desk. For a moment she forgot the message of hope on the blackboard. But Clevenger, facing her, glanced at the words. "Huh—you write that?" he asked, rubbing his smooth chin with long, slim fingers.

"Yes," Lila answered, without looking up.

"Courage. I suppose you think that you have courage?"

"Perhaps. At least I'm not afraid of anything you could do."

"I can close this school—put you out of a job."

"Yes, I know that, but you won't."

"What makes you think I won't?"

"Because," answered Lila, glancing at the blackboard, "because—you haven't the courage to be laughed at."

Clevenger, with a surprised expression in his keen eyes, laughed then his face sobered, as he silently turned this over in his thoughts.

Presently Lila spoke again: "Before you go any farther, perhaps you'd better look at this." Reaching in her desk drawer she brought out a large envelope. The contents she spread open upon her desk. "I sent for this just in case it should be needed. It came this morning. I'm sorry it had to be done this way."

Clevenger drew in a long breath as he bent over, resting both hands on the desk. For a moment there was no sound save the crackling of the paper as he smoothed it over as though his eyes deceived him.

A new boundary line between the old Brundage and Clevenger homesteads, marked in bright red ink,

appeared to leap out from the white surface of the paper.

"What does this mean?" He spoke in a rough, dull voice.

"It means—" smiled Lila, a perfectly sure and deliberate Lila, "that the surveying instruments of today are a little more accurate than when the line was merely stepped off years ago, someone taking long steps so as to include the much desired spring and creek on the Clevenger side of the fence."

"That's not possible. You're just making that up!" he shouted.

"Heere's a record of it." And she brought out another legal document and spread it before his startled eyes.

"Your father knew this." He stated, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, he knew," Lila nodded, "but the place is mine now."

David Clevenger swallowed hard. "It's a long way back through the years," he said, and it seemed to Lila as if he reached into the past, remembering a small boy, dragging another and much smaller boy, from the depths of the big spring. Then threatening to whip the smaller boy if he ever told of it—afraid to be laughed at—because he'd saved the life of a Brundage!

Clevenger bowed his head, walked slowly to the open window, a painful, silent struggle distorting his face. He looked upward for a moment, staring into the setting sun.

Presently Lila stood beside him. He gazed at her blankly for a short moment, then, as though the words were forced out between his tightly drawn lips: "I've not only been a fool, but an insufferable nuisance as well."

The two regarded each other steady-

ly. Lila held out her hand to the man who stood so humbly before her. "We have found courage together."

"I wish I could tell you how sorry I am," he said.

Lila smiled up into his troubled eyes, "Just send word to the boarding house that I'm not leaving."

"But you are!" he said deliberately.

"What?" blurted out Lila.

"You're moving up to our house. There's a room there waiting for you. You stay right here. I'll send Matt

and my daughter Dorothy up after you. You'll like Dorothy, and I want her to know you." These last words he said with great pride as he turned toward the door, but Lila called to him: "You are forgetting the month's pay that you left on my desk."

"I don't want it. You keep it. Get yourself a new desk and some new chairs. This place needs fixing up a bit." With these words he went out, gently closing the door behind him.

WHITTLINGS

The worst eye trouble is the "I" trouble.

The sure sign of the little man is the bighead.

Most anarchists are made before they are nine years old.

The modern church prefers a live wire to an inflated tire.

Oftentimes a cheerful "hello" is the best dispeller of tearful woe.

Six syllabled words are too often the exhaust of a one cylinder man.

Man's love for "wet goods" is matched by woman's love for dry goods.

The newest thing in some churches would be a sermon on the old gospel.

Too many parents are sticklers for obedience—in other people's children.

Nature gives every man two cheeks but never meant for any man to be all cheek.

Life's greatest tragedy is a man with a 10 x 12 intellect and a 2 x 4 soul.—Dr. L. R. Akers.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys are deploring the passing of a grand summer luxury at the Training School—that of feasts of watermelons and cantaloupes.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, our dairyman, made a trip to the Mills Home, Thomasville, last Thursday, to get a fine male calf from the excellent herd maintained by that institution.

Messrs. W. M. White and L. S. Kiser went to Raleigh last Wednesday for the purpose of securing some additional steam cooking equipment for the cannery. It will be installed at once.

Mr. J. M. Scarborough and his group of boys have completed the installation of a new hot water tank and renewing all water pipes in the basement of Cottage No. 1. These pipes had been in use for thirty years and were in very bad condition.

Our textile unit has woven sufficient cloth for our needs in making shirts for the next year, and preparations are now being made to make such changes in machinery as will be necessary to weave cloth for bed linen and other articles of such material. It is expected this will take several months as our requirements along this line are quite heavy.

We are now listening to the clatter of mowing-machines as they go about the usual Fall task of cutting lespedeza. There are 200 or more acres of lespedeza on our farm, which was sown with the grain crops. While this crop will not be so heavy this

year, it is much better than was anticipated during the extreme dry weather in July. Recent rains have caused considerable improvement and more than a third of a crop will be gathered.

Lawrence Grimes, of High Point, known among his old friends here as "Grouchy", recently visited the School. He is now twenty-five years old, is married and has two children. His wife accompanied him on this visit. Upon leaving the School in 1929, Lawrence secured employment with the High Point Paper Box Company, and has been with the same firm since that time. This young man was high in his praise for what the School had done for him, stating that the training received while here had helped him immensely.

Charles Hefner, of Hickory, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who left the School in July, 1935, called on friends here the other day. Upon leaving the institution, he entered a CCC camp near Mortimer, about forty miles from Lenior. After spending six months in camp, Charles returned to his home and went to work for his father, who is a brick mason. He told some of the School officials that for some time he has been in business for himself, erecting rock houses and other buildings for the public. Charlie stated that he had been a regular attendant at church and Sunday school since leaving us, having never lost the habit acquired here. He is now a nice-looking lad of eighteen years and seems to be getting along very

well. Charles said that he would always be proud of what the School had done for him.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis, who led the boys in the singing of several new choruses. Rev. George Pickard, pastor of North Charlotte Presbyterian Church, who has spoken to the boys on several occasions, was also present. On this occasion he served in a new capacity, that of pianist. He also rendered a very beautiful piano solo, which greatly pleased the entire assemblage.

Gene then presented as the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. E. Gillman, a native of London, England, who now makes his home in Toronto, Canada. Rev. Mr. Gillman is secretary for the American branch of an organization known as the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, with headquarters in Charlotte. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of Hebrews, beginning at the 1st verse.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker complimented the boys on their singing. He said that he had heard large groups of railroaders sing; had listened to entire regiments of British soldiers raise their voices in song; in fact, he had heard group singing in all parts of the world, but it was his opinion that the singing of the Training School boys was the most inspiring music it had been his privilege to hear.

As the text for his remarks to the boys Rev. Mr. Gillman used Hebrews 12:14—"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." His sermon was a story about how that text affected

the life of a little African boy. He asked the boys to let their minds wander to the coast of Africa; take the steamer up the Nile River as far it is navigable; to leave the boat at Khartum, taking up the journey on foot, through the jungle, until they came to Belgian Congo, the land called "The Heart of Africa."

The speaker then told how some of the people lived in that country. Some of them are still cannibals, and may be recognized because they have their teeth filed to sharp points. One of the saddest things about this land is the leprosy among the people. Here two or three million people live in forests, and once this dread disease gets started, it spreads like a prairie fire. The only thing the white men have done was to round up all lepers and drive them, like beasts, out of the villages into the forest. Here the sufferers get along as best they can and are never allowed to return to their native villages.

Rev. Mr. Gillman then told the boys the following story: In the section of the country called "The Place of the Leper" lived a small boy who had heard about God and had come to believe on Him. When driven to a place in the forest with other lepers, this lad held services every day, trying to teach these poor unfortunates about Jesus and his love. The boy heard that six miles away was a Christian mission, where people preached the Word of God to the heathen, so he secretly visited it. Keeping out of sight, he heard one of the missionaries, a white lady, reading the Bible, and the part she was reading was the Scripture Lesson read at the beginning of the service. He was especially impressed with the statement, "Holiness, without which

no man shall see the Lord", for all the converted natives wanted to go to "God's village", as they called heaven. At night, the lad knocked at the door of the missionary's hut told her that he wanted to see God some day, and wanted to learn more about Him. She told him that God saved men, and that holiness meant living a life that would be pleasing to Him. This kind lady also taught him the chorus of a hymn.

The boy went back to his fellow lepers, and after several days, hobbled back to the mission, taking with him several others who wanted to learn how to get to "God's Village." The missionary talked with them and they returned to the colony. This leper boy was used by God to bring hundreds of others to the mission and they became Christians. Crippled as he was, both feet having been lost because of the disease, this boy journeyed to other leper colonies. He told

the people there the things he had learned about God and brought them to the mission. He continued to do this for a long time, winning hundreds of his people to Jesus. When the lady of the mission returned to England she received a letter that the boy had died, and she was sure that he had started on the journey that had long been his goal—going to "God's Village."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Gillman told the boys that while none of them were laboring under such handicaps as this little African boy, they had the opportunity to accept the same God, and then help others to find the Christian life. He urged them to make up their minds to take advantage of the opportunity at hand at the present time whereby they might develop into the highest type of Christian citizenship, and lend every effort to those about them who have not realized the advantage of right living.

COULDN'T BE MORE EXPENSIVE!

They said he was "impractical." He preached a gospel which men called too idealistic. He said: "Love your enemies."

Practical men have scoffed at His teaching. They have said: "In a competitive world you must be armed to fight your enemies. That is the safe way, the inexpensive way."

Practical men made and run the World War.

Do you know how much the World War cost? Its total cost to all participants was equivalent to \$20,000 for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born.

The next war will be far more costly. It will probably result in the wreck of civilization.

Practical men have had their way for many generations. It would be worth while to try His way. It couldn't be more expensive.—Bruce Barton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending August 27, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Quentin Crittenton 4
- (5) Mack Evans 5
- (11) Clyde Gray 11
- (2) James Hodges 9
- Gilbert Hogan 11
- Leon Hollifield 12
- (10) Edward Johnson 10
- (5) Frank Johnson 6
- (2) Frank May 10
- Thomas Turner 8

COTTAGE No. 1

- William Anders 3
- Jack Broome 8
- (3) Clinton Call 4
- (7) Eugene Edwards 7
- (3) B. C. Elliott 4
- William Freeman 5
- (3) Porter Holder 5
- H. C. Pope 9
- (2) Arlie Scism 5
- (2) Edward Warnock 9
- Latha Warren 7
- (4) William Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 2

- Arthur Craft 6
- Frank King 6
- Floyd Lane 5
- (2) Thurman Lynn 3
- Forrest McEntire 3
- Henry Phillips 3
- Nick Rochester 8
- Oscar Roland 5
- Charles Smith 4
- Clyde Sorrells
- Raymond Sprinkle 5

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 10
- (5) Earl Barnes 11
- Earl Bass 5
- Grover Beaver 4
- Wayne Collins 6
- Kenneth Conklin 5
- (3) Coolidge Green 10
- Bruce Hawkins 5

- Roscoe Honeycutt 4
- (4) A. C. Lamar 7
- Harley Matthews 9
- (3) F. E. Mickle 11
- (4) John C. Robertson 11
- (3) George Shaver 7
- William T. Smith 5
- (11) Harrison Stilwell 12
- (3) John Tolley 10
- (3) Fred Vereen 6
- (4) Jerome Wiggins 12
- (3) Louis Williams 10
- (5) Allen Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

- (5) Collett Cantor 8
- (6) Lindsey Dunn 11
- Monroe Flinchim 2
- (2) William Kirksey 6
- (2) Everett Lineberry 10
- (3) Paul Lewallen 5
- Eugene Smith
- Sam Montgomery 8

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 9
- (2) Robert Bryson 8
- Fletcher Castlebury 10
- Martin Crump 7
- (2) Noah Ennis 4
- (2) Leonard Jacobs 6
- (2) Joseph Tucker 9
- William Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 9
- (2) Cleasper Beasley 6
- (12) Carl Breece 12
- (2) John Deaton 12
- (2) James H. Davis 9
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 9
- George Green 6
- Lacy Green 5
- Raymond Hughes 3
- Robert Hampton 4

- (2) William Herrin 7
James Jordan 7
- (3) Hugh Johnson 12
- (3) Lyman Johnson 8
- (2) Robert Lawrence 6
J. C. Long 5
- (2) Elmer Maples 10
Arnold McHone 5
- (2) Marshall Pace 4
Carl Ray 7
- (2) Loy Stines 7
- (2) Alex Weathers 8
- (2) Edward Young 8
- (2) William R. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cecil Ashley 6
Donald Britt 5
- (8) Jack Crawford 10
- (2) J. B. Devlin 5
- (9) Clyde Hillard 12
- (7) Charles Taylor 11

COTTAGE No. 9

- Clarence Baker 3
J. T. Branch 10
- (3) Roy Butner 9
- (2) Frank Glover 10
- (5) C. D. Grooms 10
Wilbur Hardin 4
- (5) Osper Howell 10
- (6) Harold O'Dear 9
Eugene Presnell 7
- (6) Lonnie Roberts 12
- (2) Thomas Sands 11
- (3) Preston Wilbourne 10
- (3) Thomas Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Matthew Duffy 6
- (3) Elbert Head 5
- (3) J. D. Hildreth 9
Jack Harward 2
- (2) Lee Jones 7
- (2) Jesse Kelly 4
Thomas King
Vernon Lamb 5
- (3) William Peeden 8

COTTAGE No. 11

- J. C. Allen 10
- (5) Harold Bryson 11
- (7) William Dixon 9
- (13) Earl Hildreth 13
- (6) William Hudgins 11
Andrew Lambeth 7
Paul Mullis 9

- (8) Julian Merritt 9
- (9) Edward Murray 12
- (4) Theodore Rector 8
- (7) John Uptegrove 11
- (7) N. C. Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Burl Allen 9
Odell Almond 7
- (2) Jack Batson 12
Jay Brannock 7
Allard Brantley 8
William Broadwell 5
William Deaton 6
Howard Devlin 7
Max Eaker 9
Norwood Glasgow 4
Everett Hackler 6
- (3) Woodrow Hager 10
- (3) Charlton Henry 11
Hubert Holloway 8
S. E. Jones 6
Tillman Lyles 7
- (3) James Mondie 7
- (3) Avery Smith 11
Ralph Sorrells 7
William Suites 3
J. R. Whitman 7

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Dillon Dean 3
- (4) Merritt Gibson 6
William Griffin 10
- (5) William Goins 5
- (3) Douglas Mabry 8
- (2) Irvin Medlin 10
- (2) Jordan McIver 5
- (2) Paul McGlammery 5
Thomas R. Pitman 8
- (2) Alexander Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 8
- (4) John Baker 5
- (2) John Church 4
- (4) Audie Farthing 9
- (4) Marvin King 6
- (4) Feldman Lane 10
- (4) Henry McGraw 6
- (4) Roy Mumford 6
- (4) Troy Powell 11
- (2) Richard Patton 7
- (2) John Robbins 8
- (4) Charles Steepleton 11
- (2) Desmond Truitt 7
- (3) Harold Thomas 7
- (4) J. D. Webster 4

- (4) Junior Woody 9
- (4) Jones Watson 6

COTTAGE No. 15

- Raymond Anderson 9
- Howard Bobbitt 8
- William Cantor 7
- (2) Sidney Delbridge 6
- (2) Clifton Davis 10
- (3) Albert Hayes 9
- (3) Claude Moose 4
- (3) Eulice Rodgers 8
- (3) J. P. Sutton 8
- (2) Charles Tate 3

- Vernon Tate
- (3) James Watson 8
- (2) George Worley 5
- William Wood 6
- (3) William Young 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 7
- (6) George Duncan 7
- (2) Philip Holmes 9
- (13) Warren G. Lawry 13
- (7) Early Oxendine 9
- (5) Thomas Oxendine 11
- (4) Charles Presnell 7

 THAT'S NO BUSINESS FOR A CAT!

In 1877, a certain Belgian had a grand idea. It seemed so good and so feasible that, when he interested others in it, a society was readily formed for the purpose of putting it into execution. Let's see what this marvelous idea was.

It was based on the fact that a cat's sense of direction is extraordinary. It is well known that a cat that has been carried a long distance in a bag and then released in a strange neighborhood, will find its way home. Why, reasoned this Belgian, not profit from this homing-instinct of the cat just as the pigeon's homing-instinct was profitable? The society was therefore formed for the purpose of training cats in the duties of carriers.

A host of cats—thirty-seven of them—were assembled in the city of Liege and taken in bags twenty miles out into the country, where they were liberated at two o'clock in the afternoon. At 6.48 that same day, one of them returned home. Within twenty-four hours, all the rest of the felines had been accounted for. Following this trial run the originator of the scheme urged that the society go into the proposition seriously and establish a system of communication by cat-carrier between Liege and the surrounding villages. The project, however, came to naught. The good citizens of Liege may have decided that the services of the cat were more valuable in another—and more natural—field. There are rats in Liege, as there are in the rest of the world.—Charles Doubleyou.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 9, 1939

NO. 36

(Orange County)

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Carolina Collection

A KIND WORD

How little it costs, if we give it a thought
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go, our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little, I wonder why
We give it so little thought.
A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch,
What magic with them is wrought!

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITY

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
And men said as they saw its beauty,
"It never shall know decay,
Great is thy skill, O Builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised the unceasing efforts,
None knew of the wondrous plan
But the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eye of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumpled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust,
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll;
For the beautiful, unseen temple,
Was a child's immortal soul.

—Author Unknown.

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

Within a few days the streets will be echoing with the tramp of the feet and chatter of merry voices of young people who are making their way to some school building with hope of preparing for a life of service. Our schools under the supervision of competent and conscientious teachers wield a much a wider influence upon the youth of the land than the masses realize. They are a

first aid to the homes in shaping or molding the best ideals in the minds of the youths of the land. In instances where the homes fail to function properly the duties of teachers are two-fold,—the home training has to be combined with the class room work.

The teachers' load is not alone in numbers, but the greatest responsibilities that rest upon the teacher are to teach according to adaptability and keep in mind character building.

From a reliable source the information is that Cabarrus county has 10,000 children enrolled in the public schools, and to care for this number properly 300 teachers are employed. Visualize the number! If assembled in a unit one could readily understand that we are marching either forward, or backwards, upon the feet of the youth.

Moreover, it is interesting to know that in the Old North State there are 900,000 school children, and the number of teachers for the whole system is approximately 35,000. Having an understanding of the school population it is not difficult to see that the system is a big business, and is of greater value than all other business combined. The schools do not give dividends that represent money, but dividends of the finest citizenship which will brighten to all eternity.

* * * * *

MUSIC

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," said one. But music does much more than that. Marcus Bach in the Christian World tells what music is in the following:

"I am the tongue of angels, the voice of nature, the universal language of man. I spoke to Moses and the children of Israel. David and Hezekiah heard my tongue and rejoiced. On the first Christmas night I appeared in all my glory—with a sound of joy and flashes of light. I came—the darkness fled. I spoke to shepherds in the field, and they were glad. And later, when Jesus the Christ rode through Jerusalem's gates, I came again and thrilled the hearts of all who followed him. Then, after the Holy Supper, when the Twelve sat at that feast, where Jesus took the bread and cup before they went unto the mount, yea, I was there. I am the tongue of angels.

"In the beginning, when God created heaven, earth, and stars, I was at hand. I lived within the waves as the Red Sea stood aside. I was in the murmuring of the breezes and in the nodding of the reeds when evening came. I sojourned in the melodic thunder peal, and in the rhythmic beat of hail I found retreat. I dwell in the fowls of the air, and in the clouds I take abode. I am the voice of nature."—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

* * * * *

THE LOST COLONY

This makes the third season that Paul Green's "Lost Colony" has been shown not only to the natives and those of nearby communities, but people from the four corners of the country have treked their way to Roanoke Island. The editor of "The Dare County Times" is quite sure that the "Lost Colony" has proven to be of inestimable value to that section of the country,—one time presumably lost, but within a very short time was found by over one quarter of a million of tourists who have seen, appreciated and benefitted by the dramatization of the "Lost Colony."

It is easy to understand that the drama was the attraction, but without the united interests of the home folk, great and insignificant, poor and rich, this institution would have been a flop. Otherwise the papers publicized the "Lost Colony," the hotels emphasized the best for the guests, in fact the entire community threw their personality into the project to make it a success. Some one has paraphrased the old Benjamin Franklin couplet in this way:

"Early to bed, and early to rise
Keep on working and advertise."

The latter is exactly what the Dare county people did, keeping before the public the attractions of the drama, "The Lost Colony." Those who witnessed the play pronounced it well presented, and most instructive, telling a story of the hardships of the early pioneers that has previously been a myth to the masses. We only appreciate the things that we know.

* * * * *

Under cover of the poultice of silence that has been clapped on the doings of Father Divine and his angels during the last few

months, the "Harlem god" has been enlarging his "promised land" quite materially. In Ulster County (New York) alone, the cult has accumulated property since 1935 to the value of \$250,000, with improvements since added to \$100,000 more. The Herald-Tribune (New York) recently published a detailed list of twenty-five acquisitions, including the much publicized 550 acres at Krum Elbow. If certain gifts and concessions, like the last named, and the more recent offer of the Newport property and the Chester County estate, should seem to be apart from regular legal purchases, they still provide a splendid chance for Father Divine to obtain greater heavenly glory from his devotees by a complacent suggestion that "he maketh the wrath of man to praise him." However, the tax collectors are unhappy in the presence of this growing mass of property. Dense mystery surrounds the ownership of these miraculous riches. Only a petty \$3,000 has so far been found collectible during the last two years, and Father Divine has yet to pay a cent on property or income. He who possesses nothing taxable in that state of divinity in which he knows "no competitors in the Universal Mind Substance where I AM," is yet omnipotent in his control of all these possessions. The answer is simple. Ownership is occasionally located among his followers, but he owns the owners. In that may be found at least one measurement of his alleged divinity.—Selected.

* * * * *

WATER PAGEANT

From The Orphans' Friends and Masonic Journal we clip the following item. We note with interest that the Orphanage accepts the swimming pool of that institution not only as a recreation, but other than this, the boys and girls are trained by an expert swimmer to save lives:

Extensive preparations are being made for the water pageant that will take place at the swimming pool Friday night, September 1, at 8:00 o'clock. Mr. Regan and Miss Parrish have had charge of a larger class than usual with the result that sixty awards will be made through Life Saving Certificates. There will be beautiful lighting effects and the program provides for an abundance of swimming, diving and other aquatic features. With the music

that will be rendered, the occasion will be one of the finest pageants yet held.

These programs attract notable outsiders and many people from Oxford. The Potentates of the two Shrine Temples in North Carolina are expected to be among the distinguished visitors. They are Potentate Lee Gravely of Sudan, and Potentate A. J. Cocking of Oasis. It will be remembered that the swimming pool was jointly given the Orphanage by these Temples.

Many regard the swimming pool largely as a form of recreation. It is all of that, but it is much more. Besides this value and that of promoting health it has the additional practical value of training boys and girls to save lives from drowning. Each year dozens of pupils receive Life Saving Certificates and the qualified list grows with the passing of years.

* * * * *

TAKE DEFEAT ON THE CHIN

Good Sportsmanship is the theme of an interesting article of a magazine, "The Boy's Banner," an institutional paper, published monthly by the class in printing of Boy's Industrial School, Birmingham, Alabama. The term "good sportmanship" is understood by many to apply only to the athletic field. Otherwise, it is one of the human elements that influences to playing the game fair as a neighbor, or in a business of any kind. In all interests the disappointments or losses, the manner in which either is taken, shows up the person.

Life is a contest in which every body must take part, therefore, losses must be taken with a grace and when victories are achieved a good sport accepts them modestly. A good sport never takes undue advantage in business or any other interests, but is content with the assurance the game was played fair.

If true to oneself there is not the least danger of being untrue to any one, or words to that effect. The slogan of a good sport is "play fair." and never push the other fellow under so that the person in authority may swin.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

THE GREATER STRENGTH

"I do not want
The bravery of those
Who, gun in hand,
March forth to slay their foes,
Not hatred, greed,
Or glory of conquest
Would I find rooted
In my human breast.
But this of God I ask:
'Please make me strong
To offer Love to those
Who do me wrong.'"

A lot of people can get along without a dimple if there is sunshine in their smiles.

When a young man proposes marriage to a young lady, what flower does he represent? As'er.

A well known axiom has it that all men are created equal. But then some are not equal to very much.

Many husbands should be chary about criticizing the bargain-hunting proclivities of their wives. That may have been the reason she picked you up.

There are some people in this world who are so busy telling us of their troubles that we are unable to talk about our own, and that helps us to forget that we had any troubles worthy of note; or compared to theirs.

Some people never listen to the whisperings of conscience until it begins to shout to them in trouble. Then it often makes cowards of many.

A lot of people sometimes think they are not appreciated. If you feel this way just try resigning from some organization that needs your money.

I am of the opinion that a great many prayers are not answered because the prayer asks for what he wants instead of what he needs. Man's needs must come first.

An economist says that he finds "many signs of returning common sense in this country." It's the returning dollar that I am much more concerned about.

It is told that a New York judge ordered a motion picture actress to tell her real age. That just fixed it for that actress to show her rage, if she didn't tell her age.

There is no doubt about the world being full of troubles and sorrows. Much of it is from wickedness, but the majority of it is from downright stupidity.

I have never yet seen a man too old to brag about something. It will

be so far back in the past that his hearers cannot tell whether he is telling the truth or not. Bragging, you know, stretches a long distance.

Many a warm friendship is jeopardized by the loan of money. There is an old saying that "money makes the mare go." And it makes the friend go, too.

A Durham near artist was exhibiting the picture of a horse, which he styled "The Horse and Buggy Days." "But where is the buggy?" he was asked. "Why the horse will draw it," he replied.

Many a man in these days has a deficit, and very often he does not know that he has it. A deficit is a very peculiar thing to have. It's what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing.

Said a city spouse to her parsimonious one-fourth, "My dear, I have something I want to talk to you about." And he replied, "Good! You usually want to talk to me about some something you haven't got." The brute!

A boys and his dog are pals—inseparable allies. I opine that is so because the dog is the only thing around the house that does not find fault with him, and at times scold him right severely. There is a good old Scotch saying, "Love me; love my dog." It is sentimental and romantic.

Sensible people try to settle their big problems to the accompaniment of laughter. The Eskimos employ laughter in peace negotiations. When alien chiefs meet, comic entertainment is provided. If hearty laughter is produced, friendly relations are immediately established. If the troubled and confused foreign nations would come together with a smile and little more laughter in their deliberations, instead of frowns, wrinkled brows, aversion, hatred and malice in their hearts, it is possible they would settle upon peace measures more readily, to the satisfaction and great joy of the nations, and give them a rest from war's alarms and frights. Laughter is a tonic, too. There is a fundamental reason for the popularity of the funny departments in newspapers. I hope and pray they will secure peace by the best means.

In the midst of a recent rehearsal, Hans Richter, the Viennese conductor, was suddenly startled by a loud and unplanned-for blast from the bass trombone. Richter tapped on his stand indignantly and called the offender forward. "What do you mean by blowing that note when there is nothing to blow?" he barked. The musician was all mystified innocence. "It's here," he protested, "the note is right here in my score!" Richter reached down to take the sheet of music, when suddenly the note disappeared. "Why," said the trombonist, "I've played a fly!"—Selected.

IT'S A GREAT GAME

By Laurence Leonard

When the sport of goggle fishing was first started is a matter of uncertainty, but this thriving little North Carolina seaport town bids fair to become known very soon as the capital of the goggle fishing kingdom.

Although the sport is relatively new in this country—this is the second year of it here at Beaufort—there is a belief among some of the goggle fishermen that they are repopularizing a sport that may have been one of the combination games which meant both fun and food to primitive man centuries ago.

Guy Gilpatrick is being credited with the new flurry of interest in goggle fishing. But where "Goggle Guy" did his goggling on the French Riviera and with an assortment of instruments in addition to the generally used spear the fellow who should be credited with making the sport so popular here is Aycock Brown, conductor of the column "Fishing and All Outdoors" in the Daily News each Sunday.

It was Brown's idea to make this fishing-spearling sport a North Carolina enterprise and, although he has done most of his work behind other fronts, when the real facts are bared it is this picture-taking, sports-loving newspaperman who engineered the goggle fisherman to this place today.

The natives of Guam are considered the most adept fishermen in the world. Travellers who have stood on shipdeck in that Pacific ocean area and watched the natives go fishing-hunting at great depths while wear-

ing watertight goggles of their own creation say that the skill of these goggle fishermen is nothing short of miraculous. A fish had better stay its distance away from the spear-men Guam hunter or the results will most likely prove tragic—for the fish.

Not so with the average fisherman who is entered in this tournament. Although this event has its share of experienced fellows who have been having a lot of fun with their spears and javalin-like daggers none of the three score contestants is sure of a hit on each attempt. In fact, the waters around Cape Lookout have come in for a lot of churning this week-end as some of the rookie goggle fishermen speared and speared with no luck.

Dr. Herbert F. Prytherch, who is director of the United States Fisheries laboratory on Pover's Island, here at Beaufort, is another of the group of men who have been working with Brown in making his first tournament a success. Although he had no experience in this type of underwater fishing before last summer, the active fisheries director is now the community's best goggle fisherman.

It was early last summer when Beaufort first got its actual taste of goggle fishing. Maj. W. A. Farrell, of the United States Marine Corps, was the first man to try the sport here, seeking to spear sheephead near the Lookout breakwater. After watching Maj. Farrell and catching some of the enthusiasm he showed for the sport many others here start-

ed searching for equipment to begin goggle fishing.

Among the most successful of the locals was Dr. Prytherch, who has continued to follow the fascinating underwater pastime ever since. Several of the other boys at the fisheries bureau learned the method from Director Prytherch and one can find goggle fishing equipment at almost any of these places now, whereas a year ago, the goggle and spears were hard to find. Prytherch is chairman of the tournament which is being held here this week-end.

Just as the ordinary fisherman has his own ideas about his equipment so the goggle fisherman has about the special equipment he uses in following this sport. As far as the spear is concerned there is nothing standard about these. Some of the contestants here are using ordinary frog-gigs. Others have jagged spears that have been especially built for this type of fishing, while some of the fishermen are using spears that are built along the general line of an Indian arrow head, with a notched surface to keep the fish from getting off, once he has been speared.

Some of the fishermen, who get close to the fish by swimming along the surface and looking below for schools of fish and then going into a quick dive toward the finny tribe, use spears with handles about seven feet long. Others, relying on their ability to shift the direction of the spear quickly when near a fish, have their spear shortened to four or five feet.

There is a wide assortment of goggles represented here. Most of the ones used by the contestants from this section have been secured through Aycock (Goggler) Brown and are of

American make. Several of the New Jersey boys who are here have brought along foreign makes of goggles, but, after all, the only important thing about the goggles is whether or not they will keep the water out of the wearer's eyes.

Most of the goggles seen here carry with them a pair of bellows to blow out the water that accidentally seeps in around the corners of the goggles. And these rubber-bladder bellows are very worthwhile as all goggle fishermen will agree, for it becomes very irritating to be in pursuit of a big sheepshead and just about ready to make the diving lunge with the spear—only to find your vision (and comfort) impaired by salty sea water.

Karl Andrews, the robust gentleman from Pinehurst whom you see at most of the golf tournaments in our section, has been taking in the goggle tournament. Karl is here at the Club Edgewater for the summer and thrives on conversation about his favorite sport—golf.

"You've been seeing a lot of Dick Chapman this year in the important tournaments," said Karl with a degree of pride because he helped Dick build up his confidence last spring. It all began when Karl started Dick singing in his Pinehurst night club.

Chapman since won the French amateur title, succeeding Bobby Dunkelberger, and only last week won the New York State amateur championship. Karl thinks the bigger things are ahead for him.

"Dick is playing fine golf right now," explained Karl. "I think," he added, "that he's really just beginning to win important tournaments. He's playing golf as well as he sings and you know that's good."

EDUCATED NOSES

By Ada M. Morgan

We know that when blindness comes to a person the other active senses sharpen to a remarkable degree to help compensate for the lost power. The senses of hearing and of touch are astonishingly true and sensitive in blind persons. But have you thought of one other sense that is also often trained to a high degree—not only in blind persons, but by various others who know it is more acute than any of our other senses—the sense of smell?

Not long ago a new, blind friend made his first call at my home. I was very surprised and much interested when, in the course of our conversation, he commented upon the many fine old books lining the walls of the room.

"How did you know?" I asked.

He smiled as he answered, "My nose told me. You see, it's an educated one." He then went on to tell of other things in the room: A dog lying perfectly silent under my desk, a bowlful of flowers, an open paste jar, several apples on a dish. In fact, the blind man "saw" a good part of the room "through his nose." A high degree of "smell-accuracy" allowed him to recognize, segregate, and identify odors of which the several other persons in the room were entirely unconscious!

We know that almost any highly trained, well-developed power brings rewards, but what about this one—excepting for those blind? Well, the highest trained olfactory organs bring their owners high wages. Very choice "smellers" are demanded by the perfume industry, where chemists

must have nasal educations that allow them to recognize the odors of ordinary fruits, animals, flowers, and many chemicals.

The desire to eradicate objectional odors started interests that brought about some of our great scientific discoveries.

In our daily lives a trained sense of smell can tell us many things. A good woodsman always utilizes keen senses of sight and hearing. The best woodsman adds the power of a third sense to help him—that of smell. Various odors of the forest, the different scents of trees, can be identified by his trained nose. Odors of live animals can tell him a story.

The sense of smell is a very delicate "instrument" when analyzing odors, and whether trained or not, is very important to us. The main equipment of this sense is a brownish-yellow patch, about dime-size, in the upper region of the nasal cavity. The membrane (sensory epithelium) is the area over which the olfactory nerves run, then join into trunk lines that connect with the olfactory lobe of the brain in an extensive manner.

Scientists tell us we do not taste most substances we smell; and that what we think of as taste is, in reality, smell. If doubt arises as to the truth of that, try eating onion and apple with your nose closed tightly. Can you tell which is which? And all of us have heard the old admonition "Hold your nose and get it down" when some unpleasant concoction had to be taken!

In animals the sense of smell is really *used*. In man, this sense is

generally allowed to remain in its original untrained state, a habit which permits a certain sector of life's business to be only faintly known to us. Happily, however, this mysterious sense is coming to be better understood and more importance attached to its care and training.

BETTER TO CLIMB AND FALL

Give me a man with an aim,
 Whatever that aim may be.
 Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
 It matters not to me.
 Let him walk the path of right,
 And keep his aim in sight,
 And work and pray in faith alway,
 With his eye on the glittering heighth.

Give me a man who says,—
 "I will do something well,
 And make the fleeting days
 A story of labor tell."
 Though the aim he has may be small,
 It is better than none at all;
 With something to do the whole year through
 He will not stumble and fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
 For the feet of those who stray
 With never a thought or care
 Where the path may lead away.
 The man who has no aim,
 Not only leaves no name
 When this life is done, but ten to one
 He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
 Is filled with ambition's fire;
 Who sets his mark in the start,
 And keeps moving it higher and higher.
 Better to die in the strife,
 The hands with labor rife,
 Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
 And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb,
 And never reach the goal,
 Than to drift along with time,
 An aimless, worthless soul.
 Aye, better to climb and fall,
 Or sow, though the yield be small,
 Than to throw away day after day,
 And never to strive at all.

—Author Unknown.

WHERE THERE IS NO VISION

By Mrs. Mabel Ingold Pierce

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Proverbs xxviii.

So said the ancient sage, and the centuries have proved the wisdom of his words. Mighty empires have flourished and have sunk into oblivion. Great cities are but moldering relics of their magnificent past because nations and men have lost their vision. Whose are the names that have defied oblivion? Theirs are the sturdy pioneers, the patient scientists, the daring reformers, mighty heroes and leaders, brave missionaries of the gospel—not the smug, complacent revelers of an hour, blind to all but the sensuous gratifications of the flesh. When a man achieves his ideal, and is satisfied with himself, he is doomed.

Are we a world of blind nations? A nation of unseeing individuals? Have we lost our vision, or are we still capable of being stirred mightily by a noble challenge? Are we aware of the unlimited opportunities that are ours? Rich harvests are awaiting the reaper with the vision first to sow. Do we, like Kipling's Explorer, hear the whisper of "Something's lost beyond the ranges," blaze the trail and seek the hidden; or are we like Hawthorne's pessimist who darkened glasses that he might not see the beauty everywhere about him? Tennyson's Ulysses, undaunted even in old age, purposed to "Sail beyond the sunset." Browning gave utterance to that longing in the soul of man when he penned the immortal words, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Our own Southern Lanier

cried out through the voice of a mighty river:

*"I am fain for to water the
plain,
Downward the voices of Duty
call—
Downward to toil and be mixed
with the main."*

The greatest American poets have always been those who have exalted idealism: Longfellow in "Excelsior," Poe in "Eldorado," Holmes in "The Chambered Nautilus," Whitman in "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" and Lanier in "The Song of the Chattahoochee." And like them in inspiration is Hawthorne's story "The Great Stone Face," for did not Ernest, by gazing ever at his lofty ideal, develop into its likeness? Who can read unmoved the lines: "Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul. As the swift seasons roll"? It was for the pioneers to utter:

*"All the past we leave behind—
Fresh and strong the world we
seize,
World of labor and of march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"*

Let the rabble deride or call us a blind dreamer. So they called Columbus, Curie—who had the vision to see in radium the possibilities for salvaging human life, Elizabeth Fry—as she launched the movement for prison reform, the Wesleys—who dreamed of religion something more than a garment of formalism, and

even Christ, the humblest yet mightiest of them all.

Dare we accept the challenge of the ideal and "follow the gleam" though it penetrate but faintly the darkness ahead? Are we leaders of a noble cause or herds of contented cattle grazing on the plains of idleness? Perhaps there are no mountains to discover, but there are yet other kinds of ranges to explore. There is the national crime problem, the solution of which should challenge the best that is in us; there is poverty and oppression; throughout the world disease stalks rampant, baffling the skill of science and medicine; war threats darken our horizon; thousands die daily in spiritual darkness. Are these not challenges to the most daring?

If we would but cease to grope in the shades of the valley and would climb the mountain peaks, what limit-

less vistas of opportunity would unfold before us. The trivial, temporary things would lose themselves in the oneness of a vast creation; opposing rivers would become silver threads interlacing the green of fields and forests; and distant horizons, never before conceived of, would loom with a far away challenge. Let us pray earnestly for such a vision:

*Enkindle in our souls that spark
That lifts us from the sod;
Let man accept the challenge
Of vast regions yet untrod.*

*Teach us to shun the smug content,
That drags to darkest night;
Help us to catch the vision,
And to follow in its light.*

AN INDIAN PRAYER

Dear God, make me to win the fights I fight;
God, let the best of spoils all come to me
Who pray so fervently throughout the night.
Dear God, give me all good things by Thy might—
True love and friends, work, play, security,
A knowledge that there is eternity,
A passion for all loveliness and light.

But if I cannot have these things I seek,
Let me not cry at my unhappy plight
Nor weep for things that shall not ever be;
Give me the courage, though my heart be weak,
That I may keep the teardrops shut in tight
Until in some dark closet I find Thee.

—Ruth Lyanne Lovell.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

(Selected)

To all of us some time or other when we have wandered far from home and were surrounded by strange scenes and unknown people, there has come a heartache for the familiar place called "home." This was the case of Cardinal John Henry Newman.

Cardinal Newman had been visiting in Rome and various places along the Mediterranean and was again going to Sicily. It was while he was here without companions that he became ill with a fever. His servant nursed him and tried to help in every way possible. They finally got to Palermo, but all he could say was, "I am aching to get home." It took three weeks before he was able to get an old orange boat, bound for Marseilles, France, to get him at least that much closer to England. It was a warm Sunday evening in June when the clumsy boat was idling in the calm, sunny waters of the Mediterranean with the matchless Italian sky above, his mind troubled for many days, his soul searching for the light, his heart longing for home, that Cardinal Newman found expression for these emotions in the tender words of this hymn. This great man was born February 21, 1801, and was the son of a London banker. He was reared in the Church of England and was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford. Later he became a Roman Catholic, and at the age of seventy-eight was made a cardinal.

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the en-
circling gloom,*

*Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far
from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet;
I do not ask to see...
The distant scene; one step
enough for me.*

*I was not ever thus, nor pray-
ed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my
path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite
of fears, ...
Pride ruled my will:
Remember not past years.*

*So long Thy pow'r hath blest
me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag
and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel
faces smile, ...
Which I have loved long since,
and lost awhile.*

*Till then, along the path Thyself
hast trod,
Jesus lead on:
Be Thou my Strength, my help,
O Son of God,
Till heaven is won—
Till with Thy folded flock my
soul shall rest. ...
In that calm peace where all Thy
saints are blest.*

The beautiful hymn tune to which

the words are so well suited was written by the famous Dr. John B. Dykes of that great musical period of the middle nineteenth century. Looking over the numerous hymn tunes bearing his name will give some idea of the great contribution made to our hymnal by this beloved musician. The tune, "Lux Benigna," written for "Lead, Kindly Light," came to Dr. Dykes as he walked

through the busy streets of the Strand, London. What a contrast to the quiet in which the cardinal wrote the words! Yet how typical of the turmoil in his heart.

In this hymn the heavy heart finds solace and peace. It gives calm to the troubled spirit and guidance to the weary wanderers. It directs to him Who can "lead on" to the way of light.

"LITTLE PATCH OF BLUE"

Sometimes the rain keeps fallin'
 And the road seems mighty rough,
 And you just can't help a-thinkin'
 That this life is pretty tough.
 Just you smile and keep a-lookin'
 What I'm telling you is true,
 Somewhere peepin' thru the rain-clouds
 There's a little patch o' blue.

'Taint no use to keep a-frettin'
 Full of shadows, fear and doubt;
 Each path that's leading into trouble
 Has a path that's leading out!
 If your face is bravely smilin'
 Yes—I know it's hard to do,
 But you'll surely find that somewhere
 There's a little patch o' blue.

Someone has to keep a-similin'
 And a-singing, don't you see?
 For if everyone looked gloomy,
 What a place this world would be!
 Sure! you've had a heap of trouble—
 And I've had some trouble, too;
 But you'll find if you keep smilin'
 God's own little patch o' blue.

—Selected

A VENERABLE TREE

By Cora P. Emerson

The cypress, sometimes mentioned in the Bible as gopher wood, is one of the oldest trees known to mankind. It is and always has been an important commercial timber tree. We are told that Noah used the wood of this venerable tree in building the ark.

The Egyptians must have realized the lasting qualities of cypress for they used it in making their mummy cases. After resting in the ground for thousands of years, these cases are excavated and placed in museums. Search as we may, we can find no trace of decay in these ancient caskets.

The early Greeks understood the enduring qualities of this wood and used it for many purposes. We read that Plato, a celebrated philosopher of Greece, who wrote many of the Greek laws, ordered them to be engraved upon a slab of cypress, saying that this wood was "more durable than brass."

These early Greeks had an interesting myth about this old tree. The story was supposed to have happened on Delos, an island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was the tale of a handsome lad who through mistake shot his master's favorite deer. Shortly after killing the snowwhite doe, Cyparissus, the beautiful boy, died of grief. The following spring, a new tree sprang up on the island of Delos. It was a tall slender tree with fern-like leaves. Apollo, the master, named this tree, Cypress, in honor of the boy.

Cypress trees were often planted around the temples of the ancient Persians. These early people were

fire worshipers, and they thought that the dark crown of this venerable tree when silhouetted against the sky was symbolic of heavenly fires.

To the old Romans this tree was a symbol of immortality, an emblem of eternal death. Branches of this beautiful tree were used at funerals as an emblem of mourning. Many artists used the cypress to depict sad scenes and thoughts. Chief among these is the "Isle of Death" by Boecklin, a painter and poet. No wonder that Shakespeare wrote:

*"Their sweetest shade
A grove of cypress trees."*

Christianity for centuries has brought a decided change in our lives and our outlook upon things. Thus we find a sharp contrast in the paintings and writings of modern artists. Whittier says:

*"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cy-
press trees!"*

The Chinese have always revered the cypress. In the northern part of their empire nearly all of the quaint little pagodas are shaded by the cypress.

We are told that the oldest of these venerable trees is to be found at Somma, in Lombardy, Italy. It is said to have been a fair-sized tree at the time Julius Cæsar ruled over Rome. Napoleon would not cut this tree, so had to change the road over the Simplon Pass. This was two

centuries after Francis the First of France plunged his sword into it when he was defeated in Italy.

The great cypress doors in St. Peter's church in Rome lasted eleven hundred years without decay, before they were replaced with bronze doors by Pope Eugenius IV.

The New World cypress is commonly called the "baldcypress", a suitable name for a tree with such a scraggy growth as this tree has in the swamp lands of Florida, Louisiana, and Alabama. A strange thing about this tree is the "cypress knees" that it develops when growing in wet soil. Botanists do not agree upon the reason for these enlarged roots. Some say they are needed in the loose soil to hold the tall trees from being blown down. Others are certain that the tree could not breathe if it did not have roots above the water. One thing we do know for a fact is that this venerable tree can change its habits to meet its surroundings. When grown on high ground the cypress does not form "knees." It can be used with pleasing effect in shrubberies and gardens.

The trees that grow in and near the water do not have the symmetrical shape and dense green foliage of the trees that grow on higher land, but there is something quaint and appealing about them, to say nothing of their great commercial value. Picture a number of these great trees surrounded by bulging brown roots and you can imagine an army of giants surrounded by innumerable bald-headed gnomes. For the trailing mosses partly hide the upstanding

roots. We are reminded of a poem which reads:

*"Where shines the water lily,
like a star at eventide,
Upon the slough's dark water
with the lotus at its side,
Where the cypress trees, like
Trappists, stand patiently all
day."*

Cypress wood, when green, is so heavy that it will not float. So a year before the trees are to be marketed, they are deadened. That means they are cut about the spur enough to drain off the sap. By doing this the lumbermen are able to float or take the trees out on rafts.

Only the trunks of the trees are used for timber. They are long and straight. Sometimes the largest of the hollow "knees" are used by the natives for beehives.

The wood of the cypress is of a reddish color and pleasant to smell. It is a light, soft, straight-grained wood, easily worked. It is durable in contact with the ground, so makes good fence posts and railroad ties. It is an attractive wood for interior finishings in homes and is a favorite material for musical instruments. It is almost imperishable when used under water so is in demand for boats and cisterns.

Lawson cypress, used mostly in boat building, is a native of the coast mountains of Oregon and California. This piece of timber stretches from Point Gregort to the mouth of the Coquille River, a distance of some twenty miles.

The man who has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner.—Selected.

THE DOCTOR'S CHAIR

By James Binney

I suppose almost every town in the world has one of those genial men who never quite seem to succeed at anything, but who are, nevertheless, liked by almost everyone in town. Old Dr. Jones used to say that being liked was a sort of success in itself, but a fellow never should be satisfied with mere popularity. The old doctor was too frankly critical to be loved himself, but he usually cured his patients, which he said, was what he was supposed to do.

"Take yourself now," he told Lee Sturgeon. "I reckon there's no young fellow in town that's as popular as you are. And what are you going to do about it?"

"I am just a young fellow," Lee said pointedly. "I haven't had time to do anything."

The doctor adjusted his glasses. "I suppose you went down and got that job at the lumber mill."

"I went down and asked for it."

"And didn't get it," the doctor guessed. "I can just imagine why."

"Can you?" Lee asked anxiously. "Why?"

"Because you've got a reputation," Dr. Jones snapped. "Everybody in town knows you're a young chap with a fine personality, who never sticks to a job until it's finished."

Lee's eyes opened in amazement. "Why, doctor, I never even had a job."

"I know." The doctor's eyes searched his face. "Remember when you were just entering high school and seemed to be about to become the best cross-country runner the school ever had?"

Lee nodded.

"And then you decided to throw the discus." Dr. Jones smiled. "And then you gave up track for football and never made a letter in anything."

"I know," Lee admitted. "I lost interest in those things."

"H-m." The doctor coughed. "And one time you were going to start a school paper which fell through, and another time you were interested in debating but quit just when you were needed."

"But I dropped out of debating because I had a good idea I could win an essay contest." Lee explained weakly.

"That's so," Doctor Jones said kindly, "and you didn't win it."

"No, I didn't," Lee admitted. "Oh, I see what you're getting at—you believe I'll never be able to finish anything I start."

"No, I don't." The doctor was silent a moment, then he looked up and spoke earnestly. "Look here, Lee. I'm an old grouch, everybody says that, but I've seen fellows like you before. Fine fellows, honest, likable, but inclined to drift along with dreams. A wide interest in many things is often a mighty good thing, but you've got to stick to something—and you'd better get the habit young. Why don't you take interest in your father's furniture store and buckle down to work for a few years."

Lee shook his head. "There isn't enough business in this little town to keep one person busy let alone two."

"The town is little enough, but it's at the crossroads of a great industrial region." Dr. Jones raised his

hand impressively. "Ever notice how many cars pass the store every day."

"We used to sit here and pick a type of car and see who would have the most in a certain time."

"Hundreds of them every day," the doctor said. "Well, if I was in business I'd sell something tourists and commuters would buy."

"You couldn't make a living," Lee warned; "there are too many gas stations and lunch rooms as it is."

"Who said anything about gas or lunch?" Dr. Jones asked testily, "I have ideas, young man."

Geraldine, the doctor's daughter, came from the store at that moment. She smiled to discover her father so seriously concerned. "Now, Dad," she warned, "no politics. Saturday's your day to advocate civic reforms."

"I'm not talking politics," Dr. Jones protested. "Although I hope it may be a civic reform. I'm putting a bee in this young fellow's bonnet."

"Why?" Geraldine asked amazed. "Lee's a beehive of ideas already."

"I'm not sure of that," Lee returned. He grinned rather sheepishly.

"Good day to you," the doctor murmured sourly. He walked out and got in the car.

"You mustn't be offended by what he says," Geraldine said quietly. "He has a habit of saying exactly what he thinks. Really, I'm sure he's interested in you."

"I know," Lee agreed, "and he hasn't said so much. I didn't know myself."

Geraldine smiled and joined her father in the car.

Lee sat on the porch in front of

his father's furniture store and wondered what the puzzling old doctor had been driving at when he said he had ideas. "I suppose he thinks I'm going to turn out to be one of those fellows who are well liked by everyone, but never amount to anything in the long run. Perhaps Geraldine thinks so too." Lee's confidence in himself was becoming a little strained, although he still believed that what he was doing was waiting. He'd been out of school less than a year; people shouldn't expect a young fellow to do great things right away. In time he'd think of something; perhaps open a furniture store in a large town if—life held a lot of ifs, Lee thought—if he could ever raise enough money. He might even take some neglected old farm and raise poultry, or potatoes, or celery. A fellow out that way had succeeded pretty well with celery.

"Perhaps, I should do something right now." Lee was thinking aloud.

He heard his father's voice behind him. "Perhaps, you should, Lee. You said last week you were going to paint the porch and make the front of the store more attractive." Mr. Sturgeon chuckled. "We've got lots of paint."

"All right," Lee said willingly, "I'll paint."

He arose, went to the rear of the store and returned with ladder, brushes, and paint. He worked steadily for a few hours and managed to cover a considerable portion of the porch with a first coat of paint. All the while he thought of the doctor and his pointed observations. The idea of trying the poultry raising business began to appeal to him. He dipped his brush into the paint.

"People need eggs every day," he thought, "and they never seem to need furniture—at least, the people here never do.

"I could buy a farm cheap," Lee continued, "at least, I could if I had the money." He put down the brush and set the paint bucket in one corner. With the painting partly finished, he had a notion to go down to the station and talk with Jeff Henry. Jeff knew the poultry business.

Lee stepped from the porch and walked a block before he stopped. He laughed ruefully. "I'm doing just what the doctor said I always do." He returned to the store, took the brushes, and went back to work.

"I'm pretty impractical," Lee admitted to himself. "I don't know a thing about poultry and I couldn't buy a farm to start with if I did know the business." He tried to be cheerful but failed. He realized that he couldn't find a job, and that there was too little business at the store for him to be needed. "Well, I can at least finish this painting," he said quietly. He worked steadily for the rest of the day.

"Pretty good job," Dr. Jones decided several days later when accompanied by Geraldine he parked his car before Sturgeon's Furniture Store.

"Much better work than you did on the garage," Geraldine said, teasing her father.

"The boy has possibilities," the doctor said humorously.

"Not at painting houses," Lee replied; "there aren't many houses in town that need painting and there are four or five painters needing work. I'm strictly an amateur." He didn't tell them that he had been thinking of hiring a truck and hauling coal.

I've something I want you to do

for me," Dr. Jones informed him, "that is if it isn't too much trouble." He lifted a small chair from the car and set it on the porch.

"Want to trade it in?" Lee laughed.

"Humph!" Dr. Jones gazed at him sourly. "I got that chair in Grandmother Thompson's attic. She gave it to me for—well never mind what for. I need cash more than I need the chair, and I want you to sell it for me."

"Well," Lee said doubtfully, "someone might give you a half dollar for it."

"The price is ten dollars," Dr. Jones declared solemnly.

"Ten dollars!"

Geraldine smiled. "You see it's an old maple chair of the Empire period. It's a real chair."

"Looks sturdy enough," Lee observed.

"Young man, the chair is worth every bit of ten dollars. What do you know of old furniture?" Dr. Jones glared at him.

"Very little," Lee admitted.

"Well, you should. You're living in one of the oldest settlements in the state. I'm a doctor and get about some. I'll bet there are hundreds of attics in this end of the county crammed with old furniture of value."

"But who wants it?" Lee demanded. "We have no call for second-hand furniture."

The doctor growled. "Put this chair in the window where it can be seen and pin on a sign 'Maple Chair of Empire Period.' Sell it and take out your commission."

"All right," Lee agreed, "I'll try to sell it."

When his friends had driven away, Lee carried the chair inside, explain-

ed the matter to his father, cleared a space in the show window, and put the old chair on display.

"What's got into the doctor?" Mr. Sturgeon asked. "Ten dollars doesn't mean that much to him. Did you tell him we very seldom handled used furniture?"

"I told him," Lee replied. "I also told him that someone might offer a half dollar for the chair. But he said his price was ten dollars."

Mr. Sturgeon chuckled. "That's the doctor, all right. Always having his joke."

"It may not be a joke," Lee decided. "There are people interested in antiques."

"None around here," Mr. Sturgeon complained. "Seems to be more folks who want to sell than there are folks who want to buy. But let the chair stay there—won't do no harm."

During the following week Geraldine called several times to ask if the chair had been sold, and each time Lee informed her that it was still in the window. He wondered why the doctor was interested in selling a chair. One of his whims, Lee decided.

"Perhaps we should advertise," the doctor said a week later when the chair was still unsold.

Lee shook his head. "It'll cost more than the chair is worth."

"I'm going to sell that chair," Dr. Jones said stubbornly. "I'll advertise in the county papers."

Another week passed and not a single person had inquired about the chair. It still held its place in the store window gathering dust and arousing the curiosity of a few villagers who were amazed at the price tag. But a purchaser did not appear.

Lee had almost forgotten the chair,

for he did not believe it would be sold, and he was interested now in his own affairs. This week he was considering the possibility of studying electrical engineering by mail.

"Still not sold," Dr. Jones observed, staring at the chair in the window.

"You might as well forget it," Lee advised. "No one will buy it."

Dr. Jones scowled impatiently. "You think so," he stormed. "Well, I'm going to sell it. I'll advertise in the city papers."

Geraldine who was standing behind her father smiled indulgently. "He's a stubborn old dear—and he has his mind made up to sell the chair."

"I'll advertise in the city papers," Dr. Jones repeated.

For three days the doctor's advertisement appeared in the classified section of the city paper, but during the time no one appeared to inquire about the chair. Finally, on the fourth day when Lee had once again forgotten the chair, a brown coupe stopped before the store and an elderly man got out and came upon the porch.

"Is this the chair?" he asked Lee.

"In the window," Lee replied. "That's it. Would you care to examine it?"

They went inside and the stranger looked over the chair carefully. Lee watched him as he turned the chair upside down, twisted it about, and studied the rungs. "It's Empire period, all right," he pronounced, "but not in very good condition. Do you think there might be any more of the same set?"

Lee remembered what Dr. Jones had said concerning the attics about town.

"There might be," he said slowly.

"I'll give you a fair price for a

better chair," the stranger said. "I'll take this one as it is." He handed Lee a bill. "If you don't object, I'll leave it in the window until I return. Try to find another chair from the set."

"I'll do my best," Lee promised. The stranger gave him a card reading "Ronald Wilkerson" and left the shop. Lee called Dr. Jones on the phone but no one answered. He decided to visit Grandmother Thompson's attic.

"Certainly I remember the chair," Grandmother Thompson informed him. "Dr. Jones gave me ten dollars for it, although goodness knows it wasn't worth near that."

When Lee asked her if there were others in the set she informed him that there had been six but that three had been destroyed. In the attic they found two chairs and a table. One chair was in good condition.

"You aren't telling me that these are worth anything," the grey-haired lady exclaimed. "Why, they've been up here for years."

"That one chair, at least, can be sold," Lee told her.

"You can have the furniture then."

"You'll be paid for them," Lee said. "I'll have to arrange with Dr. Jones about that."

Grandmother Thompson smiled. "Young man, if you want old furniture why don't you see Mrs. Topkins over on the Ridge. The Topkins' attic's crammed full of old pieces."

"Thank—perhaps I shall."

Lee loaded the table and chairs on his father's delivery truck and drove to the office of Dr. Jones. He found the door locked, but Geraldine appeared on the porch of the doctor's residence.

"Father's away," Geraldine said. "He won't be back for several days."

"I sold the chair," Lee explained. "Perhaps I could leave the money with you." Geraldine nodded and he gave her the purchase money. "I have another chair to sell for him since he started the affair. I don't know what to ask for it."

"You're his agent," Geraldine suggested, "why don't you use your own judgement?"

"I'd rather see him first."

Lee took the furniture to the store, unloaded it, and arranged it in the store window.

Two days went by but the doctor did not return, and one afternoon Mr. Wilkerson called to claim his chair.

"This is splendid," Mr. Wilkerson said, when he observed the second chair. "This bit is a good find—just about what I wanted. I'll take it. The third chair could be repaired and it is quite possible you might find a buyer for it. Now, let's look at the table." He examined the table and nodded approvingly.

"I'll give you forty dollars for the good chair and table. What do you say?"

Lee chuckled. "What can I say?"

"That's settled then. Can you deliver them to this address?"

Lee nodded. "I'll take them out in the truck."

Mr. Wilkerson paid for the furniture and offered Lee his hand. "I'll be keeping an eye on your advertisements."

"Advertisements?" Lee remembered that the doctor had advertised in the city papers. "Oh, yes, of course."

A day later Lee saw the doctor driving by in his car, and he lost no

time getting over to the Jones' home.

"Well, Geraldine gave me the money," Dr. Jones said. "I told you we'd sell the chair."

"I want to talk about the other furniture," Lee began.

"What other furniture?" demanded Dr. Jones.

"Well, Mr. Wilkerson, the man who bought the other chair, wanted another like it and in better condition."

"I had one chair for sale."

"I know, but I got more chairs and a table from Grandmother Thompson and sold a chair and the table to Mr. Wilkerson for forty dollars."

"I'd call that good business," Geraldine said, joining them.

"Since you did the advertising in

the first place, the sale was made for you," Lee said, speaking to the doctor.

Dr. Jones grunted. "I had one chair for sale. When you sold that, your business with me was finished."

Lee stared at him. "But this money—what—"

"Give Grandmother Thompson a fair share," Dr. Jones said gruffly, "and use your profit and your head. Hunt more furniture and advertise."

Geraldine laughed to see the look of amazement which spread over Lee's face. "It seems that you're in business," she said gaily.

"Yes, he's fallen into something."

"Fallen?" Lee asked. He laughed. "It seems to me that I've been pushed."

CONTENTMENT REWARDED

A wealthy man who spent a month at a hotel last summer had the same waiter during his entire stay. After each meal he gave George, the waiter, a tip of one cent. Such liberality would have been scorned by many a waiter. But George was not that kind. His service was always prompt, efficient, and courteous. In no way did he indicate dissatisfaction.

At the end of his visit the wealthy guest called George and said, "I've been giving you a tip after each meal, haven't I?"

Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

"Well, would you mind returning all of those tips?"

The waiter returned with eighty-two pennies. Mr. Man put the pennies into his purse. Then he gave George a check for eighty-two dollars.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. William D. Clark, plant engineer at the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, spent Thursday and Friday of last week at the School.

Charlotte News Publishing Company, being in charge of several presses in the job printing department, where he is well-liked by his employers and is getting along nicely.

From now until the appearance of early frosts one may see wagons loaded with lespedeza and other hay being taken to the barns. The acreage to be covered will be approximately two hundred acres.

Our textile unit is idle this week on account of making necessary preparations or changes in machinery for the purpose of producing an article much different from that formerly woven. Material for sheets will occupy the attention of the weavers for the next few months.

The complete equipment for the new gymnasium is now installed and is ready for use. Many visitors have examined the various articles and have pronounced our gymnasium as being one of the best-equipped they have seen.

As one passes along the highway just above the School, he could not help being impressed by the beautiful green coloring in one of our fields. While it is a beauty spot, it is nothing more than a large turnip patch, which will produce both greens and turnips to vary our late fall diet.

All the young people, members of families of various School officials, have either returned to their respective colleges or are making preparations to do so. Most of them are welcoming the day when school starts again.

The first of our late crop of string beans have been gathered and the entire school section has been requisitioned to prepare them for the cannery, where another group of boys are cooking and putting them up in gallon cans, after which they are placed in storage for winter use. Nearly 1000 gallons have been canned this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rochester, and young son, of Charlotte, recently called at The Uplift office. Edgar, a former member of our printing class, left the School a little more than ten years ago, and for the past nine years has been employed by the

Mr. W. W. Huss, of Albemarle,

supervisor of the Work Projects Administration for the district of North Carolina, visited the School last Monday. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, he visited practically all of the departments. Mr. Huss told us that he visited corrective institutions in the majority of the states, but was compelled to admit that the methods pursued here and results obtained were the best that had ever been brought to his attention.

Rev. W. R. Chapman, Ph. D. D. D., of Culpeper, Va., recently wrote this office, requesting a copy of The Uplift dated June 24, 1939, containing an article by Hon. R. O. Everett, Durham, entitled "War Between the States Ended Few Miles West of Durham." Dr. Chapman stated that he is writing "The Life and Campaigns of General Joseph E. Johnston" and wanted the article referred to because it contained information concerning the career of this military leader during the closing months of the struggle between the North and the South. We are very happy to comply with Dr. Chapman's request.

Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday. He was accompanied by Dr. David Oser, of the dental department of city schools, Miami, Florida, who is spending quite some time in this state, observing the work being done by its dental staff. The genial Dr. Branch has long been a favorite with the boys in the printing class and they

were delighted to have him call. He is a great booster for the Training School and its work, and when he has guests from other states, he never fails to bring them around to see us.

Dr. A. D. Underwood and Dr. G. B. F. Traylor, of the department of oral hygiene, State Board of Health, have been conducting a dental clinic among the boys of the School for the past two weeks. They report that their work is going along nicely. This is the first time these dentists have visited this institution, but by their good work and most pleasing manner, they have made many friends among both boys and officers. We were very sorry to learn from Dr. Underwood that Dr. L. E. Buie, who has been attending to the dental needs here for several years, is critically ill, suffering from a stroke of paralysis, and that it is hardly likely he will ever be able to resume his former duties.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Gloer Hailey, of Atlanta, Ga., were visitors at this institution last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Hailey is a member of the Fulton County Board of Commissioners and chairman of the committee on alms and juvenile correction. The purpose of his visit was to visit the various departments and observe the operations of the School, to see if some of the same activities could not be carried on at the Fulton County Training School for Boys, located at Hapeville, Ga. Both Mr. Hailey and his wife were favorably impressed by the

manner in which the work of Jackson Training School is being carried on, and were very enthusiastic in expressing their delight upon learning of the results achieved.

Some weeks back Mr. M. S. Lyles, distributor and Mr. T. B. Meadows, sales representative, of the Gulf Corporation, interviewed some members of the staff of the School as to whether the boys would be interested in receiving weekly the funny papers as made up by the Gulf Oil Company. Upon being assured that the boys would greatly appreciate a gift of these papers, they have been coming weekly for the past while. We do not know whether all boys are as crazy about funny papers as the boys at the School, but our boys really enjoy looking at and studying them. These gentlemen could not have hit upon anything that would claim the universal attention of the boys as the thought of supplying them with funny papers, and in behalf of the boys we are extending to Messrs. Lyles and Meadows, and through them to the Gulf Oil Corporation, the sincere thanks of each boy at the School.

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the sower as found in Matthew 13:1-9, which was also the subject for his most helpful and inspiring talk to the boys.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle began by saying that this is the simple story of a man

who went out to sow grain, pointing out that when seed is sown in good soil, a good yield will result; when the soil is worn out, the crop is not so good; and when sown on hard, stony ground, the birds get the seed.

This parable, continued the speaker, seems to mean just one thing—that God expects something from us. He expects us to take the lives He has given us and see to it that He gets something in return. We may fail from time to time, but like the care-taker of the barren fig tree, He will always give us another chance.

God has invested a lot in us, said Rev. Mr. Tuttle. He gave us life and all the things necessary for our use. What sort of a yield are we going to return to Him? What sort of soil are we? Are we going to give something really worthwhile back to our Heavenly Father or are we just going to be like a plot of barren land, producing nothing? He then told the boys to be gentlemen, giving this definition of that term: A gentleman is a man who puts more back into life than what he takes out. If this life is going to be worth living, we must return a good yield to God.

The speaker then told the boys that life might be compared to a passenger train. Just as there are people continually stealing rides on trains, there are some who are stealing their way through life. Such folks never amount to anything. They are bums. Then there are some who ride the train on passes. On the train of life they, too, are not of much value. They are continually taking, not giving. Still another group of people are riding trains on half-fare. This type of person is going through life just doing things half-way. They start some kind of

task, but never see it through to the end, making them of little value to themselves or anyone else. Then we have real people who always pay full fare. As these folks travel along the road of life, they give far more than they receive. They are the only really worthwhile people, those who are making this old world a better place in which to live. We should strive to be the sort of person who pays full fare, not follow the example of one who is always taking something and

never giving anything back.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Tuttle told the boys that God has put certain things into us and expects something in return. He stated that every person has the privilege of deciding what the returns are to be, and urged them to decide right now to conduct their lives according to the man who pays a full, honest fare, putting forth every effort in their power to see that they make such returns as will be pleasing in the sight of God.

AT THE CROSS ROAD

Along life's winding highway
 Where twists and bends the trail
 Where men pass on each weary day
 Some reach the goal, some fail.

Some wander on with little aim
 Just trust they're going straight
 Turn blindly wrong, then place all blame
 Upon an adverse fate.

Yet the road winds on, with living freight
 And it branches before the end
 And there are those who walk it straight
 But more, the wrong branch wend.

And those who struggle on to win
 They pass with footsteps brave
 While others o'er the rocks of sin
 Turn at the fork, to hopeless grave.

And there are those with stride grown weak
 Bent and blanched 'neath guilty load
 At doubtful turns, right markers seek
 As they pause at the forks of the road.

For them, Oh Lord, let the cross appear
 At the split of life's highway
 And point it's arms to the road that's clear
 So none may go astray.

—W. A. Drews.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending September 3, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (12) Clyde Gray 12
- (3) James Hodges 10
- (2) Leon Hollifield 13
- (11) Edward Johnson 11
- (6) Frank Johnson 7
- (3) Frank May 11
- (8) Thomas Turner 9

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) William Anders 4
- (2) Jack Broome 9
- Howard Cox 8
- (8) Eugene Edwards 8
- (4) B. C. Elliott 5
- (2) William Freeman 6
- Clay Mize 6
- (2) H. C. Pope 10
- Howard Roberts 7
- (3) Arlie Scism 6
- Lee Watkins 5
- (2) Latha Warren 8
- (5) William Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) Forrest McEntire 4
- (2) Nick Rochester 9
- (2) Oscar Roland 6
- Landreth Sims 4

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 11
- (6) Earl Barnes 12
- (2) Earl Bass 6
- Mack Evans 6
- Douglas Matthews 7
- (4) F. E. Mickle 12
- (5) John Robertson 12
- (4) Fred Vereen 7
- (5) Jerome Wiggins 13
- (6) Allen Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 4

- Homer Bass 3
- William Cherry 3
- (2) Quentin Crittenton 5
- Lewis Donaldson 7
- Ivan Morrozoff 13

- J. W. McRorrie 5
- Robert Simpson 8
- Melvin Walters 13
- James Wilhite 12

COTTAGE No. 5

- Theodore Bowles 5
- (6) Collett Cantor 9
- (7) Lindsey Dunn 12
- A. C. Elmore 8
- (3) William Kirksey 7
- (3) Everett Lineberry 11
- (4) Paul Lewallen 6
- (2) Sam Montgomery 9
- (2) Eugene Smith 2
- Hubert Walker 10
- Dewey Ware 12

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 10
- (3) Robert Bryson 9
- Thomas Hamilton 6
- (3) Joseph Tucker 10
- George Wilhite 8
- (2) William Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 10
- (3) Cleasper Beasley 7
- (13) Carl Breece 13
- (3) John Deaton 13
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 10
- (2) Lacy Green 6
- (2) George Green 7
- (3) William Herrin 8
- (2) Raymond Hughes 4
- (2) Robert Hampton 5
- (2) James Jordan 8
- (4) Lyman Johnson 9
- (4) Hugh Johnson 13
- (3) Robert Lawrence 7
- (3) Elmer Maples 11
- (2) Arnold McHone 6
- Ernest Overcash 4
- (3) Marshall Pace 5
- (2) Carl Ray 8
- (3) Loy Stines 8
- (3) Alex Weathers 9

- Joseph Wheeler 5
- Edd Woody 6
- (3) Edward Young 9
- (3) William R Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 7
- (9) Jack Crawford 11
- (3) J. B. Devlin 6
- Wilfred Land 2
- (8) Charles Taylor 12

COTTAGE No. 9

- Holly Atwood 9
- James Davis
- (6) C. D. Grooms 11
- (2) Wilbur Hardin 5
- Alfred Lamb 4
- (7) Harold O'Dear 10
- (2) Eugene Presnell 8
- (7) Lonnie Roberts 13
- L. B. Sawyer 2
- (3) Thomas Sands 12
- (4) Preston Wilbourne 11
- (4) Thomas Wilson 11
- Horace Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 10

- Junius Brewer 4
- Matthew Duffy 7
- (4) Elbert Head 6
- (4) J. D. Hildreth 10
- (2) Jack Harward 3
- (3) Jesse Kelly 5
- (2) Vernon Lamb 6
- James Martin 2
- Oscar Queen 3

COTTAGE No. 11

- (6) Harold Bryson 12
- (8) William Dixon 10
- Albert Goodman 9
- (14) Earl Hildreth 14
- (7) William Hudgins 12
- (9) Julian Merritt 10
- Calvin McCoyle 3
- (10) Edward Murray 13
- (8) John Uptegrove 12
- (8) N. C. Webb 8

COTTAGE No. 12

- (4) Burl Allen 10
- (3) Jack Batson 13
- Ernest Brewer 9
- (2) Max Eaker 10
- (2) Norwood Glasgow 5
- (4) Woodrow Hager 11

- Clarence Mayton 8
- (4) Avery Smith 12
- George Tolson 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) Dillon Dean 4
- (5) Merritt Gibson 7
- (6) William Goins 6
- (2) William Griffin 11
- (4) Douglas Mabry 9
- (3) Paul McGlammery 6
- (3) Jordan Melver 6
- (2) Thomas R. Pitman 9
- (3) Alexander Woody 12

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 9
- (5) John Baker 6
- (3) John Church 5
- (5) Audie Farthing 10
- John Ham 6
- John Kirkman 7
- (5) Feldman Lane 11
- (5) Henry McGraw 7
- Charles McCoyle 7
- (5) Troy Powell 12
- (5) Charles Steepleton 12
- Garfield Walker 8
- (5) J. D. Webster 5
- (5) Jones Watson 7
- Junior Woody 10

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 10
- (2) Howard Bobbitt 9
- Wade Clive
- (3) Sidney Delbridge 7
- (3) Clifton Davis 11
- Aldine Duggins 4
- Clarence Gates 7
- (4) Albert Hayes 10
- William Hawkins 3
- (4) Eulice Rogers 8
- Oscar Smith 5
- Brown Stanley 4
- (4) James Watson 9
- (4) J. P. Sutton 9
- Arvel Ward 6
- (4) William Young 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Raymond Brooks 8
- (7) George Duncan 8
- (3) Philip Holmes 10
- (14) Warren G. Lawry 14
- (6) Thomas Oxendine 12
- Curly Smith 11

THE UPLIFT

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NO. 37

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THE SEA

Mighty, boundless, restless, sea;
Responsive to each whispering breeze;
Great, majestic, vast, sublime,
Painter's copy, poet's rhyme.
When the winds in fury rave,
Answering back with mighty wave:
Rising mountains capped with snow,
Falling in vast depths below.
Spirit of God, draw near to me.
Teach me the lesson of the sea.
Whether Thy voice be great or small,
Make me responsive to Thy call.

—Loyal Morris Thompson.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"I WILL NOT DOUBT"

"I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me.
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
'I trust in Thee.'

"I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for which I yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed-believing
Undimmed shall burn.

"I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I shall yet see through my severest losses
The greater gain.

"I will not doubt, well anchored is this faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale;
So strong its courage that it will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
O, may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
'I do not doubt,' so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath."

—Selected.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

The Alamo, a fort near San Antonio, Texas, is where 188 Texans resisted 2,500 Mexicans, 1836, and nearly all perished. "Remember the Alamo," became the cry of the Texans in their struggle for independence.

It was during the administration of Andrew Jackson, that Sam Houston was sent to the vast, flat tract of land in Texas to quell the Comanche Indians. Houston was born in Virginia in 1793, but lived both in Tennessee and Texas. In the last two named states he carved out a remarkable career, evincing a splendid mentality as well as a strategist in military affairs. While in Tennessee he was adopted and reared by a Cherokee Indian. He enlisted in the army in Tennessee and served with honor, and finally was named governor of Tennessee for his loyalty and daring courage in defence of his state. While in the zenith of his political career in Tennessee he married a patrician beauty, but there seemed to be little in common in their lives so within a few months his wife deserted him. This was a sting that nearly led to a mental crack-up for Houston. By force of character he rose to eminence, and abandoned his home to return to the life of the Cherokees. He married soon thereafter an Indian wife, Tiana Rogers. It is pertinent here to state that Tiana Rogers, had two brothers, and generations later, a direct descendent of one of these Rogers men became America's most beloved humorist and philosopher,—Will Rogers. This made Houston a great-great-great-uncle, by marriage, to Will Rogers.

Living in the midst of Indians fitted him admirably for the appointment to Texas to work order out of chaos that existed at that time. Texas was a Mexican possession, and the Mexicans were oppressing some 30,000 American settlers from the United States. Mexico then had a dictator, Santa Anna. The first move of Houston was for a different government.

Houston was intent upon making Texas one of the states. He was made commander-in-chief at the outbreak of the Texan war. It was at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, he defeated the Mexicans.

It was the strategy of Houston, and not the number of soldiers in his command that brought the victory. His maneuvering kept the Mexicans guessing. So one day while the Mexicans were taking their siesta Houston with his men caught them unaware. He shouted, "Remember the Alamo." This battle, San Jacinto, is accepted as one of the decisive battles of the whole country.

However, Houston realized his dream for Texas was admitted to the Union in 1845.

SIMILAR HISTORY IN NORTH CAROLINA

In this issue of The Uplift is an interesting article with headlines, "A Master Craftsman," with dates and facts relative to one of the early churches of Pennsylvania. One naturally infers that the history of these two congregations, worshipping in the same edifice by appointment has been kept without a break.

This state has equally as much church lore, but we doubt that the history has been kept intact. Time and space does not permit one to enlarge here upon some church history of local interest. But North Carolina in the many years ago did have a "master craftsman," Jacob Stirewalt, who helped to build Organ church of Rowan county, also built and installed a pipe organ in the same church. Lately, the information was given out that this organ had been demolished, piece at a time, made into souvenirs and sold for a small sum. Too sad, if true.

If Organ church today had this old organ in its primitive condition it would doubtless be sought, and preserved with a brief history. This instance shows that we should cultivate a finer understanding as well as appreciation of the activities of our forebears and publicize the same with a reasonable amount of pride. It is so easy in this age of progress to pat ourselves on the back and feel that we are doing the only things worth recording. But the old fellows blazed the way for a better world under hardships and difficulties. Believe it or not.

* * * * *

THE COST OF CRIME

It is easy to see that the following editorial, taken from Young Folks, expresses clearly that the least cost of crime is the money invested to run down crime, and that the greatest loss to civilization is the number of youthful characters ruined. This article emphasizes that "crime does cost:

There are those who are the victims of criminals who will tell you what it cost them. The courts have a good idea of what crime costs. The government has to pay many of the bills and it knows what enormous bills crime incurs.

But all too often we are content to recite the cost in dollars and cents. We are wont to figure out how much of this or that could

be purchased with the money that represents the cost of crime in the brief span of twelve months.

But think of what it costs in anxiety to hosts of people who feel they may be in the path of a criminal who starts out to fill his pockets at enormous cost in money or life to someone else.

Think of the toll it takes out of those who could be as upright and manly as others if they were so disposed.

Think of the example of daring and death-dealing adventure it sets before the youth who need only that to turn them from right into wrong ways.

Think of the influence it exerts on those who are looking around to see where they can get hold of a handsome sum of money in a brief space of time and thus escape the necessity of slaving for years to eke out an existence.

The least part of the cost of crime is the sum of money that changes hands. Greater than that is the happiness it destroys, the fear it engenders, the example it sets, the influence it exerts, and the character it ruins.

* * * * *

THE LEGEND OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOM

Today the citrus fruit industry is one of the most important in our country. We partake of the fruit and juices not knowing one thing about the introduction of the fruit in this country. The first home of the orange was in southern Asia, later the plants were taken to Europe and thence to America. The sweet orange was brought to Europe from China in the fifteenth century, and finally to this country by Spanish priests who raised the fruit in the mission gardens of southern California and Florida.

But the legend of the orange blossom is of interest especially to the millions of brides who feel that the orange blossom is one of the essentials to make the wedding complete. The king of Spain, shortly after the Moors brought the orange tree to Spain, planted one in his garden which he prized greatly.

The French ambassador to Spain coveted the tree and wanted one like it. This fact, one presumes, was made known to the daughter of the gardener of Spain's king. The daughter in the quiet of the evening took a slip from the tree, and passed it on to the French

ambassador. There was a compensation for the same. The value received made it possible for the gardener's daughter to buy her wedding apparel. When married she wore the blossom of the tree which had brought her happiness. This tradition accounts for the brides wearing orange blossoms.

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DEFENCE OF THE DUTCH

We gave a short resume as to the old method the Dutch practiced when defence was necessary. Their present plans of defence are based upon the old way which is far better than shooting, bombing or taking a large toll of humanity by sinking ships. This plan of defence evidently is peculiar only to the Dutch where dikes are necessary:

When the Spanish were doing their best to impose the Hapsburg will on the Netherlands during the 16th century, the inhabitants had a most disconcerting way of breaking up the Spanish strategy by opening the dikes and flooding the land. Holland's present plans of defence are based upon the same procedure. The Dutch will do their best to stop invaders at their border, for which purpose they have developed a fine network of 60 m. p. h. roads. If however, retreat is necessary, trees, bridges and the highways themselves are already heavily mined to block advance by the enemy, canal banks and sea-dikes will be blown out to flood the land. Holland is taking no chances, and in the meantime is depending on no one but herself.

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It takes a highly intellectual individual to enjoy leisure. . . . Most of us had better count on working. What a man really wants is creative challenge with sufficient skill to bring him within the reach of success so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement. . . . Few people overwork; plenty overeat; overworry; overdrink. . . . Few realize the real joy and happiness of conquest. The basis of mental health for the average adult is more work, provided the work is not mere drudgery—Dr. Jay B. Nash, New York University.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

"O GOD! GIVE THE WORLD PEACE!"

"O God of Love, O King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give Peace, O God, give Peace again!"

"Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful words?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give Peace, O God, give Peace again!"

Changing Thanksgiving Day

It is a very difficult matter to suddenly change long established customs and habits. President Roosevelt has suggested that the observance of Thanksgiving Day be moved up one week—from November 30 to November 23, to give more time for Christmas preparations, as the time is too short between as it now stands. There is a comical idea in the suggestion. "A cat can look at a king," and an American can look at a President and disagree with him, if he wants to. That is the freedom of our Liberty. So far as I am individually concerned, one day for the assembling of the people en masse to give concerted thanks is as good as another, so that our thanks are genuine, hearty, and in the best sense religious. In reality it should not be just one day for saying grace at the table of eternal goodness. Every day should be a thanksgiving day, individually, for the great blessings we receive daily at the hands of a kind and loving Heavenly Father. The

change would work some confusion, but people would get used to it as they do in going to church, but now they are divided on the question as they are on a great many other questions. If the President sees fit, he can issue a proclamation and make the change and we'll follow his lead. With me I'm for it either way. My thanks are ready for the old date, or any date the President may set. The idea of Thanksgiving was established in America by the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Lincoln, the 16th president set the first date on the last Thursday in November. Why cannot the 32nd President, Mr. Roosevelt, set the date again, if he sees fit?

Labor Day Thoughts

Labor has had its one day of rest from toil. Hardy has said that "Labor is a great blessing; after evil came into the world it was given as an antidote not as a punishment." Organized labor has accomplished many things for itself, and the standards of living in this country are said to be the highest in the world, on account of enlightened public sentiment has demanded it. That is something labor should be proud of and cherish. It can do more by being unselfish in its claims, and living and let live. The best fruits of labor are those that make all living more pleasing, more agreeable, more harmonious, and that benefit the largest

number of people. The best fruits are unsought in a material way. The best work is the giving of self. The best worker toil for the common good of all. Laborers are judged by the fruit of their work. Their value to the community is measured by the way in which they work, and the quality of their work and the type of service which society receives.

Opportunity Ever With Us

One of the most absurd superstitions of the present day is the notion that only once in a person's lifetime comes a great, golden opportunity and, if not seized then, it is lost forever. "Opportunity," says the misleading proverb, "knocks but once." Opportunity's patience is amazing and inexhaustable. While we may sit mournfully in our homes, reciting tales of hard luck. Opportunity stands knocking-knocking-knocking. Sometimes you may go to see who it is, and you may be unimpressed with your caller. We dwell in a world of dazzling wealth. Forests rich with trees to cut down and fashioned into homes! Mountain ranges rich in deposits of iron, copper, silver and gold! Broad, fertile prairies rich in underground reservoirs of billions of barrels of oil! Opportunities every day to smile, make friends, scatter sunshine and cheer; to do good deeds, and receive the smiles and thanks of appreciation! It is certainly an exciting and thrilling experience to warmly grasp

Opportunity by the hand and invite him cordially into your life and home. Opportunity is ever with us knocking, knocking, to serve us with its beneficent administrations!

War For Aggrandizement

A state of war has been declared upon Germany, by Great Britain and France, over the former invading Poland territory. The world wants peace. Hitler wants piece—piece of other nation's territory. He is perfectly willing to fight to obtain his desires—killing innocent men, women and children, to gratify his lust for more territory and power. A dictatorial, blood-thirsty tyrant. We have often heard sung that beautiful song, "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." The world today is waiting for the sunshine of Peace—that Peace that cometh from God, and passeth all understanding. Waiting for grim-visaged war, and rumors of war, to smoothe out their wrinkled fronts, and return to the tenets of the Brotherhood of Man, and the Fatherhood of God. War is the corruption and disgrace of man; "the feast of vultures, and the waste of life," and even in a righteous cause, force is a fearful thing. God save the world from a holocaust of bloodshed! The World War to end all wars now seems to be a myth and a delusion. Instead of ending, Europe is now going into another era of carnage.

"Don't boast that you can't be fooled twice the same way; there are enough different ways to last a centenarian a lifetime."

SEA-GIRT NOVA SCOTIA

By John R. Scotford

At sea we yearn for the land; on land we yearn for the sea. Each whets our appetite for the other. In Nova Scotia both are ever with us: the landscape alternates between bays and headlands.

This new world namesake of old Scotland marks the final fading away of the Appalachian mountain chain into the Atlantic Ocean. Those ancient hills have been worn down into the sea to such an extent that Nova Scotia would be an island if it were not for a slender tongue of land, at one place less than fifteen miles wide, which ties it on to the North American continent. Not only is the peninsula nearly surrounded by water, but the sea goes in and out of countless bays and coves. Although only 280 miles long, Nova Scotia has a thousand miles of sea-coast. And even the interior is studded with lakes.

In most parts of the world tides are something which the almanac tells about, but in Nova Scotia they are events. Twice a day the ocean rises and falls at least five feet, while on the Bay of Fundy the difference between low water and high water is twenty, thirty, even forty feet. When the tide is out the bays and river mouths are empty of water, with such boats as are about lying over on their side in the mud. The ebbing and flowing of the sea is marked by a multitude of eddies and swirling whirlpools.

Only a sturdy and somewhat obstinate people would choose to live in such a rugged region. The first to arrive were the French. In 1605

—fifteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers made their way to Plymouth Rock—they came to Acadia, as they called it, and settled in the fertile region around Port Royal. Three times during the next hundred years the English raised their flag over these French farmers, and three times they traded Nova Scotia back to France in return for favors in some other portion of the world.

Not until 1713 did the British take over Acadia "for keeps." For many years the English control was a matter of military occupation rather than of real settlement. The French still held the fortress of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island and the citadel of Quebec. Naturally the Acadians were not over-loyal to the British. Out of this situation arose the incident which Longfellow immortalized in "Evangeline." In 1745 about half of the French settlers were taken from the region where they had lived for a century or more and scattered along the Atlantic seaboard from Boston to Louisiana.

This deportation did not exterminate the French from Nova Scotia. Today there are none at Grand Pre and even the cemetery at Port Royal is given over to the English, but further east the sixty-mile stretch from Digby to Yarmouth is a continuous French village. The old Acadians have never blended with the English. They have their own churches, their own communities, and live their own way.

England did not really undertake to settle Nova Scotia until 1749, when the city of Halifax was founded and

the hill above the town fortified. Here the British flag has flown continuously for 190 years. Our phrase, "Go to Halifax!" arose during the American Revolution when the English army sailed away from Boston for Halifax. But no foe has ever even attempted to "Go to Halifax!" The old citadel has stood through all the years untarnished by human blood.

It was the revolt of the thirteen colonies to the southward which led to the settlement of Nova Scotia by English-speaking people. The mayor of one of the towns described it in this way: "Our city was founded by soldiers of the American Revolution who had signed up on the wrong side and who did not dare to go home when the shooting was over!" When the colonies achieved their freedom some 20,000 loyalists found it expedient to abandon their homes in the United States and endure the hardships of pioneering in the "forest primeval" of Nova Scotia. The Canadians claim that these people suffered far more than did the Acadians who were exiled from Port Royal and Grand Pre. It is to them that Nova Scotia owes its English traditions.

To the French and the Loyalists was later added a large migration from the highlands of Scotland. Many of these people came from remote regions where the Protestant Reformation never penetrated, with the result that one finds communities which are both wholly Scotch and wholly Catholic, while the dignitaries of the Roman church often bear good Scotch names.

Life in Nova Scotia has never been easy. The winters are long and severe. The settlements are almost wholly along the coast. On the one

side the people face the sea, on the other the forest. Neither are very hospitable. No one has ever discovered an easy way of making a living in Nova Scotia. Many of the young people have been lured away to the United States or the western provinces of Canada by the greater opportunities which they afford. It is said that there are more Nova Scotians in Boston than in Halifax.

The sea is the dominating influence in Nova Scotian life. The homes of the people are small and snug—like the cabin of a ship—and shingled on all sides so as to resist the weather. As on Cape Cod, the houses cling close to the ground.

Fish is Nova Scotia's chief contribution to the rest of the world. Over one-fifth of her people secure their livelihood from the sea. As fishing and farming are both seasonal the two occupations are often combined. In such cases the soil provides food while the sea serves as the source of cash income.

Lobsters loom large in the life of Nova Scotia. The traps contrived of wood and net in which they are caught clutter up the landscape. During the open season these are baited with pieces of freshly caught fish and anchored in moderately shallow water along the rocky coast. One of the peculiarities of lobsters is that they must be kept alive until they are cooked. The larger ones are shipped alive to Boston, the smaller ones are thrown into boiling water and then canned for export to England. For the effort involved lobster-catching is the most profitable of Nova Scotian industries.

Thanks to "Captains Courageous" and other stories, much has been heard of the men who spend the

summer fishing for cod off the banks of Newfoundland. When the season is on men are very scarce in the fishing villages of Nova Scotia, while the fish drying on great racks in the sun is a familiar sight. One wonders who eats all the cod which are taken from the sea each year.

Swordfishing is a lesser known but more spectacular occupation. These are large fish which are harpooned when they come near the surface of the water. The more one can look down into the water the easier it is to find the fish—and so boats used in sword fishing have steering wheels at the top of the mast. From this vantage point the steersman both discovers the fish and maneuvers the boat close to them. Then the real work is done from the "pulpit," a seat out on the bowsprit which projects forward from the prow of the boat. From this perch the fisherman uses a long pole to plunge a sharp-pointed "lilly iron" into the fish. Attached to this is a rope which is fastened to a keg. Rope and keg are thrown overboard and the fish allowed to wear itself out thrashing around in the water. When the fish is near exhaustion a small boat puts off and gets it. One or two swordfish a day is regarded as a good catch.

Thanks to its fishermen, Nova Scotia has more boats per thousand people than any other country in the world. Most of these are wooden vessels of modest dimensions. Turning the trees of the forest into ships was once a great industry which is

far from extinct even today. From place to place along the shore one can see boats in process of construction. At the famous old port of Lunenburg, a saw mill alongside the shipyard cuts the lumber "to measure" as it is needed. Crooked trees are particularly valuable for ship-building trees. Beams with a moderate curvature are used to form the frame of the hull, while those with sharper angles are for braces. To watch the building of a wooden boat is a fascinating experience.

But what of the interior of Nova Scotia? The peninsula varies in width from fifty to a hundred miles. On the maps which the oil companies give away the names of the animals which the hunter might expect to find are substituted for the non-existent town. For anyone who likes to drive along intimate dirt roads the country is most alluring. In the United States a quiet woodland road usually ends in somebody's pasture in about two miles. Not so in Nova Scotia. One can drive through the forest for mile after mile and ultimately emerge at a town of some sort. And if you pass more than three or four cars an hour the traffic is getting heavy.

Blue skies; sparkling water through which one can see jellyfish, sea weed and rocks with perfect clearness; fragrant forests; weather-beaten fishing villages which smell of the sea—such is the charm of sea-girt Nova Scotia.

If you would win this great game of life, remember that the only fellow who can pull you through is the fellow who wears your hat.

BEYOND PURCHASE WITH MONEY

By Dr. H. F. Martin

We are living in a disillusioned age. We have given up Santa Claus; fairies and elves and pyxies and untenable fictions. We classify the sentiments and tender emotions as hokum and bunk. The high school boy and girl are blase, world weary, sophisticated. They have had all the thrills. There is nothing new for them under the sun.

The reason is clear and the answer evident. We have commercialized every emotion. We have dragged every sentiment into the pitiless glare of the Klieg lights until we can see clean through them. We have travestied the pure and lofty motives of men until now it appears that every thought, word and deed is susceptible of critical analysis, and can be proven innately selfish.

What are the finer things? How are we to make friends of the finer things? Is it worth while to cultivate such a friendship?

The finer things are the things of the spirit. Self instead of substance; the spirit within rather than the spectacle without. The treasury of the imagination; the wealth of the future prospect; the hope of the pure in heart; the inner urge that is in every soul for a grander vision, a better standing ground, a joy without regret, affection for a great cause, zeal in a worthy task.

Youth has sometimes confounded the finer things with sense satisfactions. The Puritan starved out these natural desires for pleasure and called them sinful. The Sybarite played them up and called them rightful heritage of men. Each was

wrong. There is no sin in pleasure if it is recreative rather than dissipative. There is nothing but sin in pleasure if it is used as justification for debauchery.

There are treasures of earth and sea and sky that may be had for the asking. But that asking must be continued, persevering, wholehearted, humble.

"Bubbles we buy with a whole
soul's tasking,
'Tis heaven alone that is given
away,
'Tis only God may be had for the
asking."

Until the cloud and flower and the sunset have been interpreted to the soul of man they are like the primrose to Peter Bell.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

Many of the finer things are to be found within the pages of books.

Channing said: "God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us the heirs of the spiritual life of the past ages. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours."

Carlyle says: "All that mankind has done, thought or been, is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of men."

Emerson said: "Give me a book,

health, and a June day, and I will make the pomp of kings look ridiculous."

Newell Dwight Hillis writes in the book, "A Man's Value to Society": "Kingsley approaches a stone as a jeweler approaches a casket to unlock the hidden gems. Geikie causes the bit of hard coal to unroll the juicy bud, the thick odorous leaves, the pungent boughs, until the bit of carbon enlarges into the beauty of a tropical forest. Some Faraday shows us that each drop of water is a sheath for electric force sufficient to drive an engine from Liverpool to London. Some Dana says, 'I will decipher the handwriting on the rocks, trace the movement of the ice plows, search out the influence of the flames, as they turn the rocks into soil for vineyards.' Some Audubon says, 'For you I will go through forests to find the life history of the winged creatures from the humming bird to the hawk and to the eagle.' Some Herschel says, 'You need your nights for sleep, but for you, I will give the years for the study of the stars and their movements.'"

Phillips Brooks thought that four kinds of books should be in every library. Memoirs, biography, portraits, letters.

Good books are pathways toward the throne of happiness along which the soul of man journeys. Good books gather the distilled wisdom of centuries of experience for the reader. Good books cost you little in money, but they may cost you years and decades of toil and labor and energy as you seek to realize the dream the books give you.

Fiction appeals to many of us. Here the imagination runs riot, the various characters can be made to

display all the emotions the nervous system can endure. Every humdrum event can be clothed with romance; the hero can be invested with all the virtues, and divested of all the vices. Such a glamor can be thrown about him that monstrous defections of character are smothered by the brilliancy of his repartee, and the buoyancy of his nature.

Some fiction is good. It may arouse the noblest sentiments and make a most powerful appeal to the better nature. Much fiction is waste, for it stirs up sentiments for which there are no outlets and they must be dissipated within the organism of our body. It were a thousand times better not to stimulate a sentiment at all than to arouse it and offer no worthy outlet.

In my opinion two types of books do not receive sufficient attention. The one is history, the other is biography.

Many of our great statesmen are readers of history. Roosevelt, Wilson, Beveridge, Fess placed much stress on history. Statesmen need history for it gives them opportunity for comparative judgments. If they would judge the future by the past they must know the past through the pages of history. They can predicate the march of events by reading of cause and effect in preceding generations.

It is my judgement that the type of literature most productive of human inspiration and achievement is biography.

"Lives of great men all remind
us

We can make our lives sublime."

Who can calculate the effect of the

life of Washinton upon the young Lincoln? The most sodden heart will skip a beat as the life story is unfolded of one who makes his way against great odds. The reader will take new hope, and the thought will be insistent that perhaps I, too, may break the chains of habit, lay aside the carelessness of years, and with nights of labor reach success in some worthy occupation.

One of the pleasant interludes in my connection with Midland College was a class in biography it was my lot to direct. Each member of the class was asked to read at least five books during the semester, out of some dozen available titles. The hour was devoted to the reading of choice selections from a book, a brief digest was given, questions were asked, and the philosophy of the author discussed. Some of the titles I recall are as follows: The life of Mary Lyon, Pasteur, Lincoln, Martin Luther, Frances E. Willard, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Woodrow Wilson, Carnegie, Jacob A. Riis, Edward Bok, Michael Pupin. What person could read and hear of these unconquerable souls, and not gain fresh resolution and high desire?

A second way of making friends of the finer things is by a stimulation of the feelings, sentiments and tender emotions of human heart through the avenue of the ear, the eye, the sense of smell, taste and touch.

A poet sings of "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." His words endow nature with a responsive soul, give it a personality, and make us hear and see and feel the expressions of nature like no dissecting needle could ever accomplish.

Henry Turner Bailey's son is hoe-

ing potatoes in a garden, and he sees a wild duck whirr its way across the sky. The boy stands a moment, then borrows the word of the poet to speak his thought.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless
air thy certain flight.
In the long way that I must
tread alone
Will guide my steps aright."

The father heard the boy recite the verse and asked him why he made use of it. The boy said, "You have taught me the verse, and I have come to associate many of the poems I have learned with the things I see and hear about me. Such associates always give me pleasure."

It was not until my days of graduate work in the University of Iowa that art took on new meaning for me. A member of the English parliament came to the university with a series of lectures. He counted himself most fortunate that he had been commissioned by a wealthy patron of the arts to purchase certain great works of art. He said that another man furnished the money and he received the pleasure. But he felt that the beautiful parks, flower gardens, shrubs and trees were open to the enjoyment of everyone, and that without cost. Mr. Nielsen interpreted to the students who came to hear him the motive of the artist. He pointed out the particular elements that distinguished one artist from another; he told what made the artist great, and wherein his greatness could be found. As he explained the Horse Fair, you could almost see the plunging steeds. The Angelus became the pitiful story of the poor, as

only a sympathetic soul could paint it. Turner's canvas breathed the fiery passion of a soul illumined by the matchless hues and glorious tints of the sky at eventide.

What beautiful, transcendent, thrilling moments are in store for the human soul who plays, whistles, sings, or listens to music by the masters.

It is said that every boy on the streets of Florence can sing the arias in the great oratorios. Why should not the great singers come from Italy?

We owe a debt of gratitude to the scientist who perfected the recording apparatus of the phonograph, an even greater debt to those who made possible the transmission by wireless of the great operas and symphonies.

We have only to mention names like Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Wagner, Grieg, to touch a chord of remembered melody in our souls.

We have only to hear again a favorite passage from some great oratorio to be transported to another world where pain and sorrow melt away in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

When we can look at a bird, a cloud, a tree, a sunset, a cathedral; when we can hear the glorious symphonies composed by those who have suffered and risen victorious; when we can be soothed from sordid thought by the rhythm of the poet; when we can see in the dull clod the beauty of the lily, then we begin to realize something of the reality of living; then we can understand what the poet meant when he said:

'We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a
dial,

He lives most who loves most,
Thinks the noblest, acts the best."

A third way by which we make friends of the finer things is to give rein to the imagination. Henry Ward Beecher says: "The imagination is the very secret and marrow of civilization. It is the very eye of faith. The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope. Michaelangelo, old and blind, gropes his way into the gallery of the Vatican, where with uplifted face his fingers feel their way over the torso of Phidias. One day Cardinal Farnese heard the old sculptor say, 'Great is the marble, greater still the hand that carved it, greatest of all the God Who fashioned the sculptor. I still learn, I still learn.'"

Milton has seen the gorgeous beauty of trees and flowers of England, but in "Paradise Lost" he told of an Eden fairer. Henry Clay hoeing corn saw crowds listening to him and hanging on his words. When Disraeli first spoke in the House of Commons he was laughed down, but he said, in firece resolution, "The day is coming when you will hear me," and that day came when every seat was filled when he spoke.

Christine Nilsson selling flowers at a county fair dreamed of a day when she would charm the listening crowds with her voice.

It says in the Bible, "Abraham endured as seeing him who is invisible." Again, "Moses went out not knowing whither he went," and in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, "These all died not having obtained the promises."

Imagination is God whispering to the human soul what shall be when time and the divine resources have

accomplished their perfect work in man.

Men have told us of a premonitory sense, a divinity that stirs within that shows us the glorious goal. Such an one can see completion where others see only chaos; fruit as others behold only the shriveled seed; waving grain, when others are depressed by cloud and rain.

The wisdom in books, the appreciation of the things that touch the soul, the great reaches of the imagination—these are the finer things. And as we have journeyed along the ways of life, the pathway of the finer things has crossed our road but we are too busy to make excursion in that direction; we were more concerned about the fiercer passion and the more brilliant coloring. We

pushed the better book aside that we might be inflamed by the more sensuous novel, we disdained poetry and art as the refuge of the dreamer, and the effeminate; we surrendered our imagination to the man who made us pay money for the privilege. Then before we were aware, age crept on, senses became dull, middle age engulfed us, and life spread before us as a barren waste. The finer things of the spirit have faded, the unfulfilled dream seemed only a hopeless quest, and our life that was meant to be rich and full and happy, stored with treasures of sound and sense is drab and dull and disconsolate because memory has stored nothing against that time when we must live in the days that are no more.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON"

I know of a land where the streets are paved
 With the things we meant to achieve.
 It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
 And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
 And many a coveted boon
 Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
 The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels, of possible fame,
 Lying about in the dust,
 And many a noble and lofty aim
 Covered with mold and rust.

And, oh, this place, while it seems so near,
 Is further away than the moon!
 Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
 The land of "Pretty Soon."

It is further at noon than it is at dawn,
 Further at night than at noon;
 Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
 The land of "Pretty Soon."

—Unknown.

A MASTER CRAFTSMAN

By George M. Jones, Jr.,

The congregation of Epler's Church in Bern Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, is at least two hundred years old. Although no positive date has been determined, it is thought to have been organized between 1727 and 1738. In the beginning, the congregation was Reformed, but later Lutheran services were also held in the church and it became one of the many union churches still to be found in Berks County with a Lutheran and a Reformed congregation sharing the same building.

Very early in the history of Epler's Church, while it was still a Reformed Church, the members decided that an organ should be installed in their sanctuary. We do not have the date of this decision, but it might have been in 1788, for in that year the congregation erected a stone building to replace the log church that had been erected at an unknown date in the early part of the century.

The committee appointed to purchase the organ had not far to go to find a suitable instrument. John Jacob Dieffenbach, a resident of nearby Bethel Township, had been building organs for several years. Accordingly the committee visited Dieffenbach. But instead of arranging for the construction of a new instrument, they were so pleased with the sample that they immediately purchased it.

The story of this organ which appealed so to the committee from Epler's Church and of its builder, John Jacob Dieffenbach, is one of the most interesting tales to be found in the history of colonial Pennsylvania. When Dieffenbach migrated from

Schoharie, New York, not long before the Revolutionary War, he settled in Berks County, close to the Blue Mountains. The new settler was soon busy plying his trade as wheelwright. He was not long content, however, to make such commonplace things as wagons and plows: he had a great ambition; and that was to be an organ buildtr. His trade had given him plenty of practice in working wood, and Dieffenbach was a skilled cabinet maker; but organ building required more than skill in cabinet making. It required a combination of many trades.

At that early date organ builders were so scarce in America that there was none to whom John Jacob could go for instruction. Instead, the ambitious wheelwright journeyed to Philadelphia, where a number of churches were equipped with organs imported from Europe. These Dieffenbach studied carefully, making drawings of the various parts. Upon his return home he started work on his first organ. This was in 1776. For the case he chose black walnut wood from trees grown in his own neighborhood. For his first keys he used bones of animals. The 231 pipes of the instrument, some wood and some metal, were all made in the locality; in fact every part of the organ was a product of Berks County.

Many were the difficulties and obstacles that Dieffenbach encountered in his work. Perhaps the greatest of these was when it was time to weld the seams of the metal pipes. At that time the art of welding was an almost secret process passed on

by one generation of metal craftsmen to the next. It was a secret that the would-be organ builder did not possess, and his work on the instrument that had been his ambition for years had to stop.

The solution of Dieffenbach's problem came in an almost miraculous way. A traveler from a foreign country stopped at the Dieffenbach home and was given food and shelter, according to the hospitable custom of the day. This stranger turned out to be a metal worker from Europe, and when he learned of his host's problem he gladly revealed to him the secrets of the welding process in return for his hospitality.

This was one difficulty overcome; others were to follow. The animal bone keys proved unsatisfactory and had to be replaced; but with what? Somewhere, somehow Dieffenbach procured a supply of elephant tusks. From these tusks he sawed and polished a new set of keys. Just how a backwood's wheelwright was able to secure elephant tusks during the Revolution is a mystery to be solved by students of colonial trade and commerce.

In 1777 the organ was completed. It was not large, a single row of keys and six stops completed its console. There was a pair of pedals to operate the bellows and a home-made dial to register the pressure produced. The boxlike case was not much larger than a modern grand piano, although it stood considerably higher.

The organ was well built, for Dieffenbach kept it in his home and used it as a sample to show prospective

customers. A decade later this first of the long line of Dieffenbach organs must still have been in excellent condition, for this was the organ selected by the committee from Epler's Church.

Dieffenbach continued to build organs throughout the remainder of his life, when he died the trade was followed by his son. For five generations the Dieffenbachs built organs for the churches of the surrounding country. The original instruments, completed by John Jacob Dieffenbach in 1777, furnished music for the congregation of Epler's Church for nearly a century. According to one account, the instrument was in use there for exactly ninety-nine years. When it was finally removed, sometime after the erection of a new church in 1851, it was replaced by another Dieffenbach organ, a larger and more modern one built by John Jacob's great-grandson, Thomas Dieffenbach. As part payment for his work, Thomas took back the old organ, which once again became a treasured possession of the Dieffenbach family, in whose hands it remained until it was placed in the museum of the Historical Society of Berks County in Reading, Pennsylvania.

The organ is apparently in good condition today. The blue pipes with their gilded ornaments are silent, but they stand firm and straight as though proud in the memory of the many years during which their music delighted and inspired the members of one of Berks County's oldest churches.

You can save yourself much trouble by not borrowing any.

WHATSOEVER THY HAND

By Anna Brabham Osborne

Alan Evans slipped into a white linen coat, settled his shoulders squarely into it, and smiled at his reflection in the mirror, of the sponge-and-tooth-brush case.

"Well, old boy, here we are," he apostrophized his reflected image, "a soda-jerker. To this does a college diploma lead."

He looked around, scowling a bit at the paper and peanut shells on the floor. Muttering, "Old Fred is late this morning," Alan went to a closet and took out a broom and began sweeping out the Universal Drugs Store. As he reached the pavement and began to flick the dirt across the street, a young man came up with slouching gait, but stopped in amazement at the sight.

"Wha-t-t—what are you—you doing?" he asked, with eyes agog.

"Earning an honest living," answered Alan, whisking away the last of the dirt and up-ending his broom.

"At the Universal Drugs!" incredulity swelled the other's tone, "What do you do?"

"Just now I've been sweeping out. Old Fred is overworked these days and he is late. My official title, though is 'Soda-Jerker.' But anything to serve. What can I do for you?"

"Well you are cheerful about it." There was a suggestion of a sneer in Gary Owen's tone.

"'Whatsoever thy hand—' Remember the baccalaureate sermon?"

"Yeah, mostly bunk," grouched Gary "Highest honor man in the class turns his hand to soda-jerking. It is to laugh."

"Well, why not?" defended Alan.

"Any job is a good job these days, I'm telling you! What are you doing?"

"I'm going to the city, where there is a chance," offered Gary grandly.

"Yes?" The rising inflection politely questioned.

"Well, I guess I won't be in the bread-line right away, if that is what you are hinting at," scowled Gary.

"Not while his grandmother's dole holds out," thought Alan. But he looked over Gary's shoulder and a smile flashed over his face. Aloud he said "Good morning" to a young girl entering the store.

Gary wheeled to confront Esther Loring. His hat came off. He bowed politely, "Good morning, Miss Esther."

The girl's eyes swept Alan's white coat and broom quizzically. "Is Mr. Mead in?" she asked. "It is grandmother's drops. Can I get this filled?" She held out a prescription paper to Alan.

"Mr. Mead is not in. He won't be down today. Rather he will be down for a good many days—down in bed. Doctor Nichols tells me he is a mighty sick man. In the meantime we want to carry on for him. I could fill this all right. But I'll call Doctor Carter, in order to fulfill the letter of the law. You know I majored in chemistry at Dexter. But not being a licensed pharmacist, I'll have Doctor Carter stand behind me."

"Are you working here?" asked Esther in surprise.

Alan smiled and Gary laughed disagreeably. "You didn't expect to find the honor man of Dexter turning up as a soda-jerker in a corner drug store in his home town, eh, Esther?"

Esther gave him a withering look and stood aside to wait for her prescription.

Alan and Gary had graduated from Dexter, a local college of high repute. Alan had dated Esther for the senior prom and the commencement ceremonies. And Alan's business outlook had been brighter in those days. But now things were just as they were. Instead of stepping into his father's business upon graduation, it transpired that Alan's father was forced to sign that business over to a corporation and accept a position as one of many employees. Meanwhile Alan took the first job that came to hand and was earnestly trying to live up to the advice of the white-haired old doctor who had preached the eloquent baccalaureate sermon on the text: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

At the drug store, Alan and Calvin Moran carried on with the help of old Fred Eisenbein, roustabout, bottle washer, et cetera. Mr Mead, the proprietor, was a young family man, buying a home and raising three youngsters. He was counting much on his good position with the Universal Drugs people, with its salary and commission on sales. Now he was stricken down, and worried lest he should be supplanted. But Alan, Calvin, Doctor Nichols and Doctor Carter were all in the conspiracy to keep things afloat until the sick man should again be able to assume control. Doctor Carter, an elderly physician who had retired and amused himself with experiments in his laboratory at home, was always within call when prescriptions came in at the Universal Drugs.

The store kept long hours. Open regularly from 9.00 A. M. until 9.00

P. M., occasionally the doors were open much later to accommodate late customers with a soda-fountain thirst. Now in this time of stress both young men were supposed to come on duty at 9.00 A. M. though by a gentleman's agreement they allowed each other an extra free hour on the mornings after they had been on duty late at night. At 4.00 P. M. one went off duty and the other stood by until the soda fountain customers thinned out. The next day the order of procedure was reversed.

Alan spent some hours of his free evenings with the old doctor in his laboratory. "What you ought to do," advised the aged physician, "is go down to State for a while, polish up your knowlege, fill in chinks, take the State examination, and come out a regular registered pharmacist. It is a good business, the way drug stores are run nowadays, with salary and commission on sales. You could soon have a drug store of your own."

"Yes, sir," agreed Alan. "I'd like that."

The summer slid by, with the soda fountain at the Universal growing in popularity. The counter couldn't accommodate all the customers, so they moved the magazines to the sidewalk at the front of the store. Then, under a canopy suspended by heavy iron chains, they placed little iron tables and chairs. With Alan giving much of his time to the pharmaceutical work, Calvin was hard pressed to take care of the fountain work. Alan's sister, Cora, who haunted the Universal, was pressed into service, and took to it like a duck to water. She wanted her chum, Esther, added to the force. So this was done.

"I can't tell rightly what you girls will get out of this," Alan confessed

to Cora and Esther. "But when Mr. Mead is on deck again he will take it up with the Universal people, and they are always fair."

The Fruit Growers' Convention convened in July. The second story of the Universal Drugs Building was a public hall. Here the fruit growers met for their lectures and lessons. In anticipation of the rush of business that this would bring, the young people added another girl to the staff—Agnes Starr, a friend of Calvin's. And all hands were busy and happy.

At the close of the first day's lectures in the upstairs hall the men came down into the Universal, intent on cooling drinks and ices. Several groups stood about waiting for tables to be vacated. Some gave up in despair and went elsewhere.

"Well, I like that—not!" pouted Esther.

"We'll have to have more tables," decided Cora.

"Where will we put 'em?" wailed Agnes.

Esther stepped out on the sidewalk that ran at unusual width along the side of the building. An awning here gave shade. "We'll put them out here," stated Esther succinctly.

"Let's put up some pillars and Venetian blinds. It will make an arcade," suggested Cora.

"We'll have to talk it over with Alan," said Calvin. "It would take some money."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Esther impatiently, "we have some porch pillars and Venetian blinds left from the remodeling of our house. I'll get daddy to lend them to us. You boys can do the work, and there will be only the tables and the chairs."

Labor hours set at defiance, the young men appeared the next morn-

ing at seven, armed with hammers and saws. The pillars and the blinds arrived on the minute. As the boys worked with a great din of hammers, Gary Owens lounged by. Learning the meaning of the activity he sneered, "Whatsoever thy hand—" Then he lounged off, but nobody missed him.

By noon there blossomed down the side of the Universal a jaunty arcade. Pillars reached from the canopy to the pavement. Blinds were partly drawn; tables and chairs set back under the shelter. Everything was ready for business. And the business came promptly. With exclamations of joy the men took possession, ordering liberally from the attractive menu.

Then into this busy hive there hopped a shrieking boy, one foot held up, and against the rubber sole of its sandal was pressed a board. He was Billy O'Brien, a small street vendor of newspapers. Throwing himself at Esther, he cried, "It's a nail. I jumped off the shed and see what."

"A rusty nail!" breathed Esther, gathering him close.

"Bring him in here," called Alan, putting his head out of the small enclosure dedicated to pharmaceutical work.

Esther led small Billy into the workroom while Cora and Agnes drew near in shocked horror. As Alan slipped off the sandal after having freed the board, he issued orders.

"Phone Doctor Nichols at the hospital. Find someone with a car to rush us there."

Agnes flew to the phone; Cora pleaded with the roomful of customers. A young man rose from the counter, leaving his banana-split melting. "My car is parked on Third," he offered. "I'll get it."

Alan probed the wound with a long, sharp-pointed instrument, bringing out a small disc of rubber. He washed the wound with alcohol and swabbed it out with iodine. Wrapping the foot in a section of tissue toweling, he picked up the small boy and made his way to the pavement, where a car swirled to a stop. In a trice they were away, a traffic cop standing on the running board clearing the way with his whistle.

After several days, when they were sure that the dreaded tetanus would not develop, Doctor Nichols looked at Alan speculatively through his spectacles. "Are you a registered pharmacist?"

"No, sir," promptly answered Alan.

"What is your status at the Universal Drugs?"

"Soda-jerker," said Allen. "Though since Mr. Mead's been sick I've been pinch-hitting at prescriptions, with Doctor Carter standing by to back me up. I have been working with Doctor Carter in his laboratory three evenings a week all summer," he added.

"Ever have pharmaceutical training?"

"Well, yes some. Though I didn't know it for that when I was taking it. I have had what Dexter offers in that line. Doctor Carter thinks it wouldn't take me long at State to fill in gaps, round off corners, take the State examination, and qualify as a registered pharmacist. Then I could take a drug store of my own. I'd like that, sir."

"I believe you would do well at it. Would you mind going to a Western state?"

"Oh no, sir," hastily rejoined Alan. "That would be all right."

"I've heard that the Universal Drugs people are putting in a new

store in a little up-and-coming town in Idaho this fall. They are looking for a bright young man to take charge of it. Winslow is nestled among sheep ranches, with rich mines back in the hills. It is a lively little burg. Well," mused the surgeon, "Mead will be back at the Universal pretty soon now. Suppose you go down to State and try out that registered pharmacist business. I'd like to recommend you for Winslow."

That night Alan told Esther all about it, ending with, "Suppose it all works out, would you go to Idaho?"

"You know I would—with you," Esther answered simply, her color mounting, her eyes soft.

And, indeed, it all worked out. Mr. Mead was delighted with the prosperity of the Universal. He wrote his superior all about it. Mr. Lansing came on to see for himself, and was charmed with the arcade.

"We'll make a regular feature of these in the new stores," he enthused. "In this one we are building at Winslow, Idaho, we'll enclose the arcade in glass and run the steam pipes out to it. It gets rather cold in Idaho, and the cold months outnumber the hot ones. The hot drinks and the sandwiches will make a hit. And this young Evans seems to be just the man for the place."

There was no trouble about the girls' salaries either. Agnes was taken on as a permanent part of the staff. Cora and Esther were glad to be released at the close of the summer. Indeed, they had other business. With Esther's engagement announced before Alan went away to State, they were swept into a plethora of parties and showers—showers of linen, of glass, of what not.

Mr. Loring accompanied Mr. Lans-

ing to Idaho, where he spent a mysterious length of time which was not fully explained until the young couple arrived in Winslow. Within an hour after their arrival a brisk young real estate man sought them out at their hotel. He wanted to show them a house just completed.

"Oh, we can't start with a whole house," objected Alan.

"Only come and look at it," begged the realtor. They agreed reluctantly.

"Oh-h, how beautiful!" exclaimed Esther with a little sigh of renunciation. "Why, it is exactly like the little house in the bungalow magazine that I admired so much."

It was, indeed, and with good reason. Cora had passed on where it would do most good Esther's dream of what a home could be.

"Well, now, isn't that fine," exulted the enthusiastic young realtor, his eyes sparkling. "You know the builder of this house wanted you to see it,

and if you liked it I was to give you this." With hardly repressed ecstasy, he placed a long, legal-looking envelope in Esther's hand.

Mystified, she opened the sealed and ribboned document. Alan peering over her shoulder, was the first to derive its meaning. "Why, Esther, it is a deed to the place from your father. That is what he was doing out here so long. Well, I must say he is some dad."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," cried Esther, dropping down on a built-in seat. "We'll have to make good with the Universal Drugs now."

"You bet we will," chuckled Alan. "And," he clapped the grinning young realtor on the shoulder, you are invited to dinner, one week from tonight, at—"and he looked inquiringly at his wife.

"The Little Gray Home in the West," quickly supplied Esther out of her dreams.

CARRYING ON

To carry on is more than to keep up your task; often it becomes a matter of duty to continue the work of another. "Mind the light, Katie!" a man said to his wife as he was borne off from his lighthouse to die in a hospital. For thirty-four years the faithful woman obeyed the injunction, being known to many as "Mind-the-Light-Katie."

It is fine to take up the tools that have dropped from some worker's stricken hands and continue his work. There may be a home to be kept up, church or Sunday school work to be maintained, or some useful niche in society to be filled. Whatever it may be, the world's work goes gloriously on as we catch the spirit of Mind-the Light Katie.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A new McCormick corn harvester has been in use at the School this week and has been doing nice work.

Mrs. Bessie Baldwin, of Albemarle, has entered upon the duties as resident nurse at the School, succeeding Miss Myrtle Thomas, who resigned last month.

Mr. Ritchie and his machine shop boys have been spending the past few days overhauling the grain drills, preparatory to the Fall sowing of small grain.

The boys in both morning and afternoon school sections were pressed into service for a few days, assisting the regular outside forces in picking cotton. The cotton grown at the School will be made into cloth in our textile plant. It is estimated that we will grow enough cotton to meet all the needs at the institution.

Mr. W. H. Maxwell, superintendent of the Fulton County Industrial School for Boys, Hapeville, Georgia, was a visitor at the School last Wednesday. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, he visited the various departments. The purpose of his visit was to gather information that might be valuable in the establishment of similar departments at

the Georgia institution. We were delighted to have Mr. Maxwell with us and trust he may be successful in carrying on the work of his school.

Forrest Plott, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who was allowed to return to his home in Murphy, a little more than a month ago, recently wrote one of his pals, who is a member of the printing class. He stated that he is attending high school and is in the eighth grade, where he is getting along well with his studies. Forrest is also a member of the football squad and is trying out for the position of right tackle on the first team. In addition to his school work, this lad is putting his spare time working in a theatre, making about \$3.50 each week.

Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, State Board of Health, visited us again this week. On this trip he was accompanied by Dr. J. Martin Fleming, of Raleigh, who seemed to take great delight in looking over some of the work of the institution. Dr. Branch, who has long been an enthusiastic supporter of the School, seems to have developed into a goodwill ambassador, for he tells us he is coming back next week, bringing with him several visitors from South Carolina. By his most pleasing personality the genial doctor has become a prime favorite with both the boys

and officials of the School, and we shall be delighted to see him any time he finds it convenient to call on us, also to welcome anyone he chooses to bring along with him.

Rev. I Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the prayer and reading of the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his usual interesting manner, told the boys the story of David Livingstone, one of the world's greatest missionaries.

About 130 years ago, said the speaker, on the bank of a river in Scotland, was born a boy whose father made a living by selling small packages of tea in that section of the country. This boy, David Livingstone, had a pleasing expression in the eye and a most characteristic stride in his walk. He began work at the age of ten years in a small cotton mill. With the first money earned he bought a Latin grammar.

His Sunday school teacher told him that he wished him to make religion his chief business. Soon thereafter, a German missionary from China came to the village where this lad lived. David made his acquaintance and after listening to his experiences in the Far East, he decided to become a missionary. Finishing his studies at the village school, young David went to a medical school, and after two years he volunteered to go to China to help his friend, the German missionary, but the London Mission Board decided to send him to Africa. He went back to school for two more years before starting for Africa.

Throughout the whole journey to Africa, which took many months, David Livingstone studied various interesting subjects, learning as many practical things as possible, and by the time he got into the heart of the country, he was a well-educated man. The first thing necessary after reaching Africa was to learn the language spoken by the various tribes. Then he had to get on good terms with the natives, and he soon found that in order to get on the good side of an African chief, it was well to do something good for his children. Working along this line, Livingstone soon made friends with the natives, and before long had gathered together a good congregation.

One thing other than strictly missionary work that Livingstone wished to do was to discover the source of the Nile River. In his travels over the "Dark Continent", he discovered many lakes, and wrote interesting records of his findings. But as evidence that the spreading of the Gospel of Christ always uppermost in his mind, we find that he established religious congregation wherever he went.

After many years of missionary work in Africa, Livingstone returned to his home, where he found himself to be a great hero, even Queen Victoria sent for him to have a special audience with her, in which he gave her first-hand information concerning the work among the savage tribes. As a result of his conference with the queen, he found that the British Government was willing to back him in another expedition.

Livingstone finally died in Africa, and his heart was buried under one of the trees in that country, near the

people he loved so dearly. His body was carried 1500 miles through the jungle by some of the native Africans who had learned to love this great man. Reaching one of the

harbors, Livingstone's body was placed aboard a steamer and carried back to England, where it was placed in historical Westminster Abbey.

PLAYING FAIR

A long time ago Shakespeare made the observation that they who play fair with themselves will play fair with others. "To thine own self be true and it will follow . . . that thou canst not then be false to any man," he said. Give yourself a square deal, and you will give one to others, for those very things that make us promote our own highest ideals, will be standards of helpfulness for every one.

Once in awhile we get the idea that we must hurry ahead, regardless of those on whose visions we may step, or whose gay, brave banners we may pull down from shining heights by so doing, if we would reach the Canaan of our dreams. But there is a rule, as old as the very first dreams in the Garden of Eden, which will not let us buy happiness at the expense of another, and just as truly there is another rule that brings the desired happiness to those who keep the faith and are thoroughly true to themselves.

Only the other day a woman, whom I know, was offered a very splendid position with a much larger salary than her present one. "I'd like to take it," she told the new firm, "but my present employers have been so fair with me I can't leave them." She thought the matter was closed. She wanted the other position, but she knew she would be untrue to her ideals of fair play if she took it. A few days later the new firm came back and doubled the difference between her present salary and the promised one, which they had offered her. She went to the head of her company, explained it to him, and he advised her to go to the greater opportunity. Because she had played fair when the challenge came with a strength that required another decision, she could make it readily. And she received the larger amount of money. But above all she kept faith with her ideals, and was true to herself and thus to her employer. Any investment that we make in faith and honesty is never closed. It will bring its reward just as surely as dawn follows the midnight and stars shine just after dusk.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR FOR AUGUST

(NOTE: The figure following boy's name indicates the number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

William Burnette 8
 Charles Cole 2
 Howard Cox 3
 Robert Dunning
 George Green 7
 Robert Hampton 3
 J. D. Hildreth 4
 J. W. Jones 3
 Tilman Lyles 6
 H. C. Pope 5
 Landreth Sims 8
 Loy Stines 7
 George Tolson 4
 Jerome Wiggins 8
 Thomas Yates 8

—B—

Clarence Baker 5
 Clinton Call 7
 Dillon Dean 8
 William Dixon 3
 Peter Jones 3
 Alfred Lamb 3
 Harold O'Dear 5
 Marshall Pace 4
 Elroy Pridgen 4
 James C. Wiggins 5

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Eugene Ballew 4
 Aldine Brown 3
 William Broadwell 2
 Lacy Burlison 5
 Clifton Davis 8
 Robert Deyton 6
 Monroe Flinchum 3
 Charles Frye 3
 Richard Freeman 4
 Milton Koontz 2
 J. C. Long 2
 Douglas Mabry 6
 Henry McGraw 5
 Roy Mumford 4
 Eugene Puckett 5
 Carl Ray 2
 Henry Smith 5

Hubert Smith 7
 Richard Starnes 3
 Fred Tolbert 7
 Carl Ward 7
 J. R. Whitman 7
 Louis Williams 3
 Wallace Woody, Jr. 6

—B—

Cleasper Beasley 7
 Donald Britt 5
 Paul Briggs 7
 Fletcher Castlebury 3
 John Davis 6
 Robert Dellinger 4
 Noah Ennis 6
 Audie Farthing 2
 Robert Gaines 6
 Clarence Gates 6
 Mark Jones 6
 Lacy Green 5
 Burman Keller 4
 Hugh Kennedy 6
 Thomas King 6
 Wilfred Land 4
 A. C. Lamar 6
 Harley Matthews 4
 Charles McCoyle 4
 Claude Moose
 Jesse Owens 4
 Richard Patton 6
 James Puckett 5
 Melvin Stines 6
 Arlie Scism 5
 Walker Warr 4
 Eugene Watts 6
 Jones Watson 5
 Horace Williams 4
 Joseph Woody 3

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Frank Glover 3
 Jack Haney
 George Newman 5
 Joseph White 7

—B—

Raymond Anderson 5
 Carl Breece 4

Howard Bobbitt 2
 Osper Howell 3
 Horace Journigan 5
 Randall D. Peeler 7
 Carl Speer 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Raymond Andrews 6
 Collett Cantor 3
 Lewis Donaldson 7
 B. C. Elliot 7
 James Jordan 4
 Jack Sutherland 5
 William Wilson (Cot. No. 6) 3

—B—

Homer Bass 5
 Ray Bayne 2
 Matthew Duffy 2
 Everett Hackler 3
 Vincent Hawes 3
 Edward Johnson 2
 Theodore Rector 4
 James C. Stone 2
 Hubert Walker 3
 Jack West 3
 George Wilhite 4

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Wilbur Hardin 6
 Gilbert Hogan 6
 Charles Smith 7

—B—

John H. Averitte 5
 George Duncan 3
 Donald Earnhardt 4
 Clyde Gray

Bruce Hawkins
 Calvin McCoyle 5
 Henry Raby 5
 Brown Stanley 2
 Thomas Wilson 5
 Alexander Woody 5

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 7
 Roy Butner 2
 John Deaton 3
 John Kirkman
 Floyd Lanes 4
 Donald McFee 5
 Thomas R. Pitman 5
 Edward Warnock 3

—B—

J. B. Devlin 3
 Elbert Head 2
 William Herrin
 Lonnie Holleman 4
 Vernon Lamb 6
 Jordan McIver 2
 Charles Presnell 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

C. D. Grooms 3
 Frank King 3
 James Martin
 Forrest McEntire
 William Young

—B—

Allard Brantley
 William Freeman
 Clyde Hillard 4
 Edward Young 3

This world, with its wonderful creations, its beauties, and mysteries may lead a child up to the father's throne, if his heart and mind are open to it. Fill the heart with goodness and there is no place for badness. Fill the soul with heaven, and there is no hell. And this delightful time will come when "God is all and in all."—Abbie E. Danforth.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending September 10, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Jack Cline
- (13) Clyde Gray 13
- (4) James Hodges 11
- Gilbert Hogan 12
- (3) Leon Hollifield 14
- (12) Edward Johnson 12
- (7) Frank Johnson 8
- (4) Frank May 12
- (9) Thomas Turner 10

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) William Anders 5
- (2) Howard Cox 9
- (9) Eugene Edwards 9
- (5) B. C. Elliott 6
- (3) William Freeman 7
- Porter Holder 6
- Bruce Link 6
- (2) Clay Mize 7
- (3) H. C. Pope 11
- (2) Howard Roberts 8
- (2) Lee Watkins 6
- Everett Watts 3
- William Whittington 6
- (6) William C. Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 2

- Arthur Craft 7
- Robert Keith 2
- Frank King 7
- Floyd Lane 6
- (3) Forrest McEntire 5
- Donald McFee 5
- William Padrick 8
- Henry Phillips 4
- (3) Nick Rochester 10
- (2) Landreth Sims 5
- Charles Smith 5
- Raymond Sprinkle 6

COTTAGE No. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 12
- (3) Earl Bass 7
- Richard Baumgarner 7
- Grover Beaver 5
- James Boone 8
- Kenneth Conklin 6

- (2) Mack Evans 7
- Coolidge Green 11
- Bruce Hawkins 6
- A. C. Lamar 8
- (2) Douglas Matthews 8
- Harley Matthews 10
- (5) F. E. Mickle 13
- Grady Pennington 5
- (6) John C. Robertson 13
- William T. Smith 6
- Harrison Stilwell 13
- John Tolly 11
- (5) Fred Vereen 8
- (6) Jerome Wiggins 14
- (7) Allen Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) William Cherry 4
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 14
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 6
- (2) Melvin Walters 14

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Theodore Bowles 6
- (7) Collett Cantor 10
- (8) Lindsey Dunn 13
- (2) A. C. Elmore 9
- Ray Hamby 6
- (4) William Kirksey 8
- (5) Paul Lewallen 7
- (4) Everett Lineberry 12
- (3) Eugene Smith 3
- (2) Hubert Walker 11
- (2) Dewey Ware 13

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Robert Bryson 10
- Leonard Jacobs 7
- Spencer Lane 5
- Canipe Shoe 8
- Woodrow Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- (4) John Deaton 14
- (4) Donald Earnhardt 11
- (3) George Green 8
- (4) William Herrin 9
- (3) Raymond Hughes 5

- (3) James Jordan 9
- (5) Hugh Johnson 14
- Arnold McHone 7
- Ernest Overcash 5
- Loy Stines 9
- Edd Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 8

- (10) Jack Crawford 12
- (9) Charles Taylor 13

COTTAGE No. 9

- J. T. Branch 11
- Roy Butner 10
- (2) James Davis 2
- Frank Glover 11
- (7) C. D. Grooms 12
- (3) Wilbur Hardin 6
- John Hendrix 2
- Osper Howell 11
- (8) Harold O'Dear 11
- (3) Eugene Presnell 9
- (8) Lonnie Roberts 14
- (4) Thomas Sands 13
- Cleveland Suggs 5
- (5) Preston Wilbourne 12
- (5) Thomas Wilson 12
- (2) Horace Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 10

- Aldine Brown 2
- (2) Matthew Duffy 8
- (5) Elbert Head 7
- Lee Jones 8
- (4) Jesse Kelly 6
- Thomas King 2
- (3) Vernon Lamb 7
- (2) James Martin 3
- William Peeden 9
- Rufus Wagoner 7

COTTAGE No. 11

- (7) Harold Bryson 13
- (9) William Dixon 11
- (2) Albert Goodman 10
- (15) Earl Hildreth 15
- (8) William Hudgins 13
- Paul Mullis 10
- (10) Julian Merritt 11
- (11) Edward Murray 14
- Theodore Rector 9

- (9) John Uptegrove 13

COTTAGE No. 12

- Odell Almond 8
- (4) Jack Batson 14
- (3) Max Eaker 11
- Joseph Hall 8
- Charlton Henry 12
- Hubert Holloway 9
- Richard Honeycutt 9
- S. E. Jones 7
- Tilman Lyles 8
- (2) Clarence Mayton 9
- James Mondie 8
- (5) Avery Smith 13
- Ralph Sorrell 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- Wilson Bailiff 4
- (4) Dillon Dean 5
- (7) William Goins 7
- (3) William Griffin 12
- (4) Paul McGlammery 7
- (4) Jordan McIver 7
- (4) Alexander Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 14

- (3) Raymond Andrews 10
- (2) John Ham 7
- Marvin King 7
- (6) Henry McGraw 8
- (6) Troy Powell 13
- (2) Garfield Walker 9
- (2) Junior Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Wade Clive 2
- (4) Clifton Davis 12
- (5) Albert Hayes 11
- Claude Moose 5
- (5) Eulice Rogers 9
- (5) J. P. Sutton 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (8) George Duncan 9
- (15) Warren G. Lawry 15
- Early Oxendine 10
- (7) Thomas Oxendine 13
- Charles Presnell 8
- (2) Curley Smith 12

One vicious habit each year rooted out, in time might make the worst man good.—Benjamin Franklin.

C 364

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 23, 1939

NO. 38

(Orange County)

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WHEN I AM GONE

When o'er my cold and lifeless clay
The last fond messages are read,
And friends and kindred meet to pay
Their last sad tribute to the dead—
Let none who love me here below
Their grief proclaim, or teardrops flow
Because I died.

But rather let my friends rejoice,
And gave my hand for others' good.
That while I lived, I raised my voice
Had dried a tear where'er I could;
Had raised the fallen, cheered the sad,
And made some suffering brother glad
That I had lived. —Alex Tuer

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

GOD'S WORKSHOP

I think of Life as God's workshop,
Where we each have our work to do.
To some are entrusted many tasks—
To others—only a few.
One man may rule a nation.
Or conquer a thousand foes.
One may just soothe a widow's grief;
Another—just plant a rose.
One man may climb Fame's ladder
Till he reaches Life's highest goal.
Another goes down to the gates of Hell
And brings back a poor lost soul.
But none shall be called unworthy
Who works as best he can,
For, lowly or high, each has a part
In the Master Workman's plan.
And I think when the Master Workman
Shall show us his finished plan,
It will be just a picture of God Himself,
The soul of a perfect man.

—Alex Tuer.

THE STORY OF BENEVOLENCE

To know that the Stonewall Jackson Training School has at last realized its dream, a swimming-pool, for the benefit and pleasure of the wayward boys, especially during this era of far-flung confusion and suffering, makes a delightful story, reflecting a kindly spirit and love for humanity. For a long time the superintendent of this institution has been obsessed with the ambition for a swimming-pool for the boys, knowing the benefits or value in such recreation. He constantly, but quietly worked

THE UPLIFT

to that end. He talked of the new project only to men who understood the boys' problems, and at the same time gathered information which was submitted to the architect who drew the plans for the present structure. These plans were approved by the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works, who sent resident engineer T. R. Owens, skilled in his craft as to technique of building, to assure that requirements and specifications would be carried out in every detail.

With this information, Superintendent Chas. E. Boger had something tangible to present in a clear and concise manner. The story in full was given to Herman Cone, who has served as a trustee of the School since 1917, taking the place of his distinguished father, Caesar Cone, who always showed interest and faith in the work of the institution by contributing many useful gifts for the development of the young manhood of the state.

This institution always carried an appeal, the forgotten boy, that touches the heart of the humanly kind. Herman Cone, like his father, is a man of this mold, and continues to stand, as did his father, firm in his convictions that an investment for the reclamation of human souls pays more satisfying dividends than those realized from big business of any kind.

It is a fitting and pleasant duty, for the benefit of those who compose our population and the future generations, as well as for the myriads who are anxiously watching the course and accomplishments of the institution, to make known the story of the benevolence of Herman Cone, who made possible the swimming-pool, as a memorial to his father, Caesar Cone, by donating approximately \$20,000.00 and the balance, about \$18,000.00, the amount of PWA funds received.

By this deed of Herman Cone, his mother and distinguished brothers, of Greensboro, N. C., the name of the Come family will be forever written in the history and achievements of the Stone-wall Jackson Training School, the home and hope of the wayward boys of the good Old North State.

On Thursday, October 5th, the date of the quarterly meeting of the trustees of the School, appropriate dedicatory exercises have been arranged. The guest speaker for this eventful occasion will be Dr. Frank Graham, president of the University of North Carolina. These exercises will be held in the handsome

gymnasium, where there will be ample room for all who wish to visit the School. This will mark another memorable date for the Stonewall Jackson Training School—another expression of universal interest in the boy without a chance.

* * * * *

THE WAR

The most discussed topic of the times is the disturbance in Europe, and it is a disturbance in the superlative sense. The effects of the same will be felt by all countries unless something unforeseen is brought to bear that will very soon restore peace. To an amateur in national and international issues it appears that man has made a botch of things by trying to solve humanity's problems apart from God. The great slaughter that is confronting us emphasizes the godlessness of the nations that have exalted force above the spiritual power. But there is one thing we know by experience of a quarter of a century ago that not one of us can escape the demoralizing effects of a war in any part of the world. And too well we know how long it takes to get back to normalcy. The thought is nothing short of a nightmare. The Christian Science Monitor sees it this way:

Over and over again it is being asserted that, with every appearance of the start of another world war, history is repeating itself. Those who remember 1914 are only too ready to acquiesce. It seems easy to recognize the same provocation, the same preliminary steps. But, before accepting the evidence at its face value, people should ask themselves: Is it really the same?

“For there exists excellent reason to believe that conditions are altered, especially conditions of thinking. The world has come a long way in the last twenty-five years. Listen to many of the favorite broadcasters of fast-moving events abroad. They are stating that there are notable differences in the march of today's events. Practically no excitements; quiet and assurance, soberness and determination; remarkably little hatred and fear. What of those leaflets which British airmen dropped upon the population of Germany, when bombs might as well have been let loose?

“No; it need not be the repetition of history unless men choose to let it be so.”

BELATED HONORS

It seems too bad that honors come to the deceased, too late for personal joy, but the genius, or the man obsessed with the desire to do constructive things, realizes great satisfaction when experimenting. Success in any project is sufficient compensation for men with visions. Although, as time beats its ceaseless march the "fittest survive" despite petty jealousies.

A brief review tells of the intended recognition the people of this country desired for John Paul Jones, America's naval hero during the war of the Revolution, even when many classed him as a pirate.

This is the story: In 1787, Thomas Jefferson, Minister to France, was commissioned by Congress to have a die made for the striking of medals to commemorate the victories of John Paul Jones. But the die was lost in the confusion of the French Revolution, and Jefferson returned without the cast, or form for the medal. Both the die and medals were lost at that time.

This is the proof that the "fittest survive." Strange as it seems just recently, August 19, Ambassador Bullitt informed Washington authorities that the lost had been found, the die and medal, in the museum of France's mint, and they had been placed with him.

Later these things will be placed with other memorials and attached to his tomb at Annapolis. The Americans honored John Paul Jones when his remains were brought to America and buried at Annapolis, so the lost tribute he should have received when in the flesh and blood makes but little difference anyway.

History relates that this hero was a wonderful advocate of the cause of America, and his capture of the sloop, Drake, was the first naval success for the Americans.

* * * * *

TEN POINTS FOR HAPPINESS

After a long and varied experience with the results of broken homes, and marriages that have gone on the rocks, a jurist who has presided over the Courts of Domestic Relations for twenty years called the many scenes he has witnessed in these courts "the nightmare world of domestic courts." He says:

"Ninety thousand people, who have come to the parting of the ways through bitter recriminations have stood before me to testify

of broken homes, sordid betrayals, and the unbelievable rancor which cause separations. I am told by social workers that no judge in the world has heard as many divorce cases as I. Not that I am in the way proud of it. But it does give me the experience to speak authoritatively.

“Out of my fifty years of married life and my twenty years as a divorce jurist, I have formed a decalogue for those who are married or are contemplating it, which I think would prevent at least ninety per cent of the marital smashups. I wish I could place a copy of it in the hands of every one of the 1,400,000 couples expected to marry during 1939.”

Here, to me, are the rules of a successful marriage:

1. Bear and forbear.
2. Work together, play together, and grow up together.
3. Avoid the little quarrels, and the big ones will take care of themselves.
4. Compromise. It is the anti-toxin of divorce.
5. Practice sympathy, good humor and mutual understanding.
6. Don't grouch before breakfast—or after it.
7. Respect your “in-laws,” but don't criticize them or take criticism from them.
8. Establish your own home, even in a one-room flat.
9. Fight for each other, but not with each other.
10. Build your home on religious faith, with love and forgiveness as the watchwords.

* * * * *

SEE THE HOLE BUT NOT THE POINT

This motto appeared on the menu of a well patronized eating place of a northern city:

As you ramble on through life, brother,
 Whatever be your goal,
 Keep your eye upon the doughnut
 And not upon the hole.

We hardly grasp the significance of the jingle but it is catchy at least. The hole is the only thing left (less money) after the doughnut has proven its usefulness as an item of nourishing food.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

A PRAYER

"Father, we thank Thee for the night
 And for the pleasant morning light,
 For rest and food and loving care,
 And for all that makes the world so fair;
 Help us to do the thing we should,
 To be to others kind and good,
 In all we do, in all we say,
 To grow more loving every day."

Warsaw saw war. And part of
 Po'land fell to the Reich.

Kind hearts are more than money;
 and simple faith than the greed to
 get it.

Too much power is like too much
 alcohol—it goes to the head and in-
 toxicates the brain.

Many people have an excellent aim
 in life, but they do not carry the right
 kind of ammunition.

Some men are loved for the enemies
 they make. But making enemies love
 you is a far better thing to inculcate.

One of the great blessings of life
 is that you are not compelled to be-
 lieve everything you hear; and every-
 thing other people tell you.

It has been said that most of us
 are serfs of heart. Possibly that is
 true to a certain extent. It is shown
 in the fact that a whole lot of people

like to do a favor for the kind of
 persons who think they are doing us
 a favor by asking us to do them a
 favor.

Some men are wise in their own
 conceit and make fools of themselves
 by rushing in to guess at a woman's
 age, when she says she is not as old
 as she looks.

A physician asserts that "A wom-
 an's heart is 20 per cent smaller than
 a man's." And a fellow at our el-
 bow says he knows some women who
 seem to have no heart at all. Guess
 he's been flirting with some of them.

Many professing Christians are like
 guide-posts—they point you the way
 but do not go that way themselves.
 Guess I ought not to judge them lest
 I myself be judged. But I am not
 stationary by the roadside—going on
 with those who are "pressing for-
 ward to the mark of high calling."

A Secret

There is an underlying secret be-
 hind all successes in life. They may
 not be observed by all people, and
 practiced by others. But the secret
 is there just the same. A prominent
 business man once said that the only
 reason he knew for his success was
 that he always did what he was paid
 to do, and then some. Those three
 words "and then some," were the sec-

ret of his success, even though he may not have realized it. Do you?

Love Must Rule

Love is the greatest thing in this world. Love that is far more than just fond feelings. The very Creator of the Heavens and the Earth, and all therein is a being of Love, and every individual created is a component part of that plan of governing all things, and rendering the greatest service to the Creator.

Love is an attitude toward life which employs the mind, the will and the imagination as well as the emotions. Love is the thing most needed in human relationships, for only Love can be trusted to respect personality, see the best in others and give that best its chance. There is no surer way to bring out the best

in others than by showing we respect them, believe in them, and want to share with them.

The great God of Love loves us and helps us not because of what we are but because of what by His grace we can be. Nation warring against nation, murder, greed, covetousness, hatred and malice destroys this universal Love which is the majesty of life, and what we live for, leaving in their wake sorrow, distress, despair and a world of monuments by perfidiousness of man.

If the world is ever to be ruled in peace and harmony, according to Divine laws, it must be ruled by Love! The world is moving into a realm of man-made power and principles, which is a highway to final destruction.

MORNING TOPIC

My son, remember you have to work. Whether you handle pick or wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. Don't be afraid of killing yourself by overworking on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit at 9 p. m. and don't go home until 2 a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to our slumber; it gives you a perfect appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the country is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it only speaks of them as So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know they are here. So find out what you want to be and do. Take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter your holidays, and the better satisfied the whole world will be with you.

—News and Observer.

CHRONOLOGY OF PHOTOGRAPHY

By Robert Walker

One hundred years ago newspaper readers in the United States sat up in surprise to take notice of an item that probably read something like this:

"Amazing discovery of Frenchman captures natural scenery like a mirror. Ingenious machine of M. Daguerre paints landscapes without a brush."

American readers sniffed knowingly, "Pictures of landscapes painted without brush or artist, eh? A good story! Almost as good as that 'moon' tale we swallowed hook, line and sinker a few years ago."

For it was August 21 to 31, 1835, that the New York Sun reported the amazing discovery by Englishman Sir John Herschel of life on the moon. Written in all sincerity, these reports told of an enormous telescope built by Professor Herschel with which he not only observed clearly the physical features of the moon, but also actually discerned the figures of man-like bats. And now, they said, here comes the latest edition of the famous "moon" hoax.

Indignant readers threw down their papers in disgust. They had been fooled once; never again.

As the year 1839 wore on, however, reports of the success of the daguerreotype process appeared with increasing frequency. By late summer it was rumored that several of the mechanical artists, "cameras" they were called, had reached the United States. Then early in September the first photographic pictures to be taken in America began to appear. Three New York photo-

graphers claimed the honor of taking the first picture, and today their claim is reasonable challenged by Robert Peter, Kentucky physician.

Thus, although in January 1839 not a single photographer had snapped a shutter in all the country, by autumn of that year at least four had succeeded in making pictures, while during January 1939 at least fourteen million camera fans took fifty million pictures in the United States. Such comparisons indicate the tremendous strides that have been made in the progress of photography since its discovery 100 years ago, but they do not reveal the many interesting years of development that led up to this discovery.

It is Aristotle who is credited with making the first observation along lines that were later to lead to investigations in photography. He noticed in 4 B. C. that light entering through a crack in the wall of a darkened room cast on the opposite wall an inverted image of whatever lay outside the hole. With fellow philosophers he is said to have made use of this phenomenon in observing eclipses of the sun, but centuries passed before later investigators made use of this principle in perfecting the camera.

The next person to study seriously this curiosity appears to have been Roger Bacon. In the thirteenth century he built the first contrivance with which to observe the phenomenon. It was nothing but a large dark room with a few choice cracks through which sunlight filtered to

stage the inverted image on the opposite wall.

The name "camera" comes from the famous painter and physicist, Leonardo Da Vinci, who began to describe such a dark room as camera obscura late in the fifteenth century. Then in 1553 Grovani Baptista Della Porta discovered Da Vinci's lost manuscripts and popularized the camera obscura in his book, "Natural Magic."

Now the camera began to be regarded as more than an interesting plaything. Draftsmen found they were able to secure a quick and accurate drawing of a subject by tracing its outline appearing in the camera obscura. Even magicians capitalized on the discovery. They astonished crowds by staging theatrical performances outside a large camera obscura in which their audiences gathered to view the projected image that appeared on the wall.

The next step in the development of the camera was to reduce the size of the camera so it could be carried about conveniently. Accordingly, a box was fitted with a lens at one end and a translucent screen at the other end. A mirror deflected the image to the top of the camera where it was visible to the observer on a piece of ground glass. This crude forerunner was still a long way from the candid camera of today.

Meanwhile, however, nothing had been done to preserve these images. They disappeared as soon as light was withdrawn. The first step in discovering the chemistry of photography was made by accident by John H. Schultze, a German physician. One day in 1727 he placed a mixture of chalk and nitric acid on a window sill of his laboratory. Looking at it some time later he was surprised

to see that it had changed color, becoming darker. When he made up a similar mixture, he was disappointed to find it did not darken when exposed to light. Then Schultze recalled that the nitric acid he used in the first instance had previously been used to dissolve some silver. Hastily he repeated the experiment—this time with acid in which silver had been dissolved—and rejoiced to see the same results he had first observed.

Schultze was able to find no practical use for his discovery. Although his work was carried on by others, as Josiah Wedgwood, noted English potter, and William Lewis, physician, little was actually accomplished until two Frenchmen, Joseph Nicephore Niepce and Louis Jacques Mandre Daguerre, formed a partnership which resulted in 1839 in the announcement of the discovery of the daguerreotype—the first practical form of photography.

Again chance seems to play a big part in the development of photography—by bringing together two men at the time when each needed the other's help.

Niepce was a timid, retiring sort of chap who worked quietly in his rooms in Paris. People knew him as an inventor, but none knew what he invented, that is, none but M. Chevalier, the optician from whom Niepce purchased the lens with which he experimented. Chevalier valued his customer and so kept the secret of the strange box which Niepce told of using to capture actual scenes from nature.

Then one day another inventor chanced into the shop of M. Chevalier. He was a different sort of person—bold, blustery—an artist, who told

of building some sort of machine to copy his pictures quickly. The optician made the sale, then he had an idea. Why shouldn't these inventors combine their efforts? Then, perhaps, they might really discover something and that would bring him more business. At Chevalier's suggestion Daguerre wrote Niepce. The result was that the two met, and a friendship formed which two years later ripened into a partnership.

With the two inventors working together, success was not far off. Niepce was successful in mastering the chemistry of the photographic, while Daguerre adapted the old-fashioned camera obscura to the needs of his partner's sensitized plates.

Then in 1833 disaster came. Niepce died, but Daguerre took into partnership his colleague's son, Isadore, and pressed on. Finally, in 1839, was agreed the time had come to reveal the discovery to the public. First, however, the inventors had to make certain they would be paid for their labor. Wherever they told of their discovery they were laughed to scorn. "What a silly idea," chaffed their listeners, "paint pictures without artist or brush."

Finally Aragon, the famous scientist, became interested in their story and persuaded the French government to advance the inventors a certain sum of money to demonstrate their discovery. As news of this arrangement spread interest increased. The man-on-the-street was as anxious as the scientist in his laboratory to see the new invention. August 19th was set for the exhibition. When the great day finally arrived all Paris was agog with excitement. The hall was packed, while a curious mob milled about the entrance for a

glimpse of the phenomenon.

Timing his appearance for effect, Daguerre stepped onto the stage and with characteristic showmanship dramatized his process of photography. Results were immediate. Before the sun set, according to one historian, opticians' shops were crowded with persons panting for the daguerreotype apparatus.

The daguerreotype was the sensation of the age. Never before in all history did news of a discovery spread so rapidly. First to Germany and Belgium, then across the channel to England, and finally across the Atlantic to America went the strange story of a box that did the work of an artist. The natural result was that everybody wanted to take pictures. Accordingly, Daguerre published a book describing the process of making daguerreotype pictures. These sold by the thousands, but reading the directions was one thing and actually producing daguerreotype pictures quite another. The process was a delicate one and depended in too many things upon favorable conditions. Even Daguerre himself could not always be sure of success.

So when news of the discovery reached America there was a scramble that has not yet been untangled. The question was and still is: who took the first picture in this country? Maybe it was Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, who one day early in the fall of 1839 posed his crude camera made from a cigar box on a window sill of the old New York university building. Fifteen minutes he timed his exposure, then rushed to an attic closet where he removed the silver-sensitized plate from the box and rotated it slowly in mercury vapor. Again and again he looked

at it anxiously. First, a faint outline appeared. It grew stronger until finally the photographer could distinguish clearly the features of the Unitarian church on Broadway. Excitedly he rushed out to show friends "the first daguerreotype made in America."

Meanwhile, however, at about the same time two other photographers in New York and one in Kentucky were beginning to make successful pictures. D. W. Seager, an Englishman, is credited by some with being the first photographer, while others favor Prof. John W. Draper, author of the famous picture of his sister—the oldest extant photograph of a human face known in the world today.

Recently, however, evidence has appeared to indicate the possibility that the first photograph in America may not have been made in New York at all, but in Kentucky. It is certain that Drs. Bush and Peter of Transylvania college were sent abroad by the city council of Lexington early in 1839 to purchase apparatus for the recently organized medical school. Thus they were in Europe when the announcement of the first daguerreotype was made and were so impressed with it that they included a complete outfit in their purchases. That same fall Dr. Robert Peter took with this camera the first daguerreotype in the South, a copy of the deathmask of Talleyrand, still in possession of the heirs of Dr. Peter.

American photographers did not bicker long over the distinction of "first" photographer. There was too much to be done in developing and perfecting the new invention. Daguerreotype shops sprang up like mushrooms in the larger cities, and

it became as much a vogue then to see your daguerreotype twice a year, as it is to see your dentist today. At first the price was \$25 for a very poor likeness of yourself. Then the price dropped from \$15 to \$10, and finally by the latter part of the century good daguerreotypes could be had for twelve and a half cents.

Meanwhile, the thousands of commercial photographers who had gone into the business were frantically attempting to keep up the price of their wares. To do this all sorts of exercises were indulged in. Life-size photographs were made—one photographer going his competitors one better by actually making a photograph of a New York businessman nine feet high and proportionately wide. Then up in Chicago an ambitious photographer built "the world's largest camera." It weighed 1,400 pounds, required fifteen men to operate it and took pictures measuring eight by four and one half feet.

Alert photographers soon realized that these improvements were not along the right lines. Photography as yet was not on a practical basis, for it was still nearly an impossibility to take photographs outdoors. It was the experience of an insignificant amateur photographer that finally led to the solution of the problem and the first great development in photography since its discovery.

George Eastman was a bank clerk in 1878, but he was also much interested in photography and began to save all the money he could in order to buy a camera. Finally, he was able to purchase the smallest, lightest outfit on the market. Taking his first opportunity away from work, he shouldered his new equipment

and started afoot for the country. He had hardly gotten out of town before his shoulders began to ache. His legs grew heavy and he was forced to stop often to catch his breath. At length he sank down on a log exhausted. "This is a fine state of affairs," he told himself, "here I am with a new outfit and can't even carry it where the pictures are."

He stared at the huge pack that slipped from his back. The "miniature" camera—the lightest on the market—weighed sixty pounds; tripod, five; nitrate bath, ten; water container, five; plates, fifteen; "dark tent", thirty or forty pounds. "Load enough for a good pack horse," grumbled Eastman.

As George Eastman surveyed the mass of luggage that the amateur photographer had to carry in that day he resolved to do something to make photography more of a pleasure and less of a task. Wasting no time, he began to experiment. During the next year he spent most of every night coating plates with different solutions in a small hired room over a store—working all day in the bank as usual.

His first success was the manufacture of dry plates. Before this the photographer had to choose the right instant when there was sufficient sun and no wind. He sensitized his plate in the dark tent which he was forced to carry for that purpose, rushed to the camera before it dried, exposed it, then dashed back into the tent to develop the plate. Meanwhile, much could go wrong. A speck of dust or an insect in the wrong place would ruin the plate and all the work would be in vain. Now, however, with the

dry plate he could do his sensitizing at home, take pictures on the field, and return home to develop them. Dry plates were a boon to the commercial as well as to the amateur photographer. For only after their invention were good outdoor photographs made.

Eastman wasn't satisfied, yet. Cameras were too bulky, and worst of all glass plates were heavy and breakable. It was no fun to spend the day taking pictures, then return home to clean the broken glass out of your plate carrier and wonder what the pictures might have looked like. What was needed, Eastman decided, was a flexible film that was unbreakable and could be rolled on a spool. There would be two advantages to this. First, it would save waste and disappointment of broken plates; second, it would mean that a small box could be used for the camera.

After many disappointments, Eastman introduced on the market late in 1880 the famous "Kodak." The word was coined by Eastman because he liked the sound of "K" in the alphabet and because, he claimed, it sounded like the click of a shutter.

The kodak proved a sensation that rivaled the announcement of the daguerreotype process. The professional photographer laughed at this lunch-box affair, but now for the first time in the history of photography anybody could take a picture. Soon Eastman's slogan was heard across the country and around the world; "You Press the Button, We Do the Rest." The camera was loaded with film at the factory and had to be returned for developing. Pictures were round, two and one half inches

in diameter, and the kodak was loaded for 100 exposures.

The real value of the kodak, however, was the impetus that it gave to the development of photography. Now picture taking became the pastime of school-boy and bank president alike. Some of the more daring ascended in balloons to take amazing "bird's eye views" of city and country. Commenting upon one of these early pictures of Boston, the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, called it "Boston, as the eagle and wild goose see it." Most amateur photographers were content to fill album books with family pictures and let it go at that.

Meanwhile, even before Eastman began his work, there had been much speculation as to the possibility of "moving" pictures. In 1872 Edward Muybridge went from England to California to practice photography because the sunlight was better. While at Palo Alto he was asked by Governor Leland Stanford to photograph the race horse Mahomet to settle a wager. The governor said that at one position in a horse's gait all four hoofs were off the ground. And he wanted Muybridge to take pictures to prove his assertion.

The assignment was a difficult one, but Muybridge finally devised a contraption that not only proved the point, but also became an historical document for artists. Before this the horse had been pictured with forelegs gracefully extended as if to strike the ground simultaneously. Then Muybridge made his historic photograph. He arranged twenty-four cameras in a row alongside the track with a string attached to each shutter release and stretched across the path of the horse. Down the straightaway raced

Mahomet. As he snapped the strings pictures were taken. Then artists were faced with the evidence that their pictures in the past had not been accurate, that in reality each of the horse's hoofs struck the ground at a different instant. Since then their drawings have been corrected in this point.

Then in 1889 came the discovery of a transparent, flexible film base. (Another anniversary, this a fiftieth, to be observed this year also by the motion picture industry.) Thomas Edison, who was working in his laboratory at West Orange to devise a machine that would reproduce motion visibly, heard of the discovery and sent his famous assistant, Dickson, to investigate. Dickson returned with a strip of the new substance. Edison looked at it a moment, then exclaimed, "That's it! We've got it!" He promptly perfected the first motion picture machine.

Other new inventions and perfections have come with the years, and today the camera is found in practically every profession and industry, while amateur photographers multiply by the thousands. Now pictures are taken in the stratosphere and under the ocean. Photographs in natural color are no longer rare, while that uncanny film sensitive to the mysterious infra-red rays makes picture taking easy on the darkest night. Nor has the ultimate yet been reached. New developments in photography come almost overnight, and amateur technique improves so rapidly that soon this country may harbor only "professional" photographers. The first 100 years of photography are passed—all hail the next 100!

IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard.

William Cowper (1731-1800) was one of the great Christian poets of England, and pre-eminently the poet of the affections. He has enriched sacred literature with many exquisite outbursts of poetic inspiration. Many of his hymns have a history back of them, but of the sixty-eight which he wrote, known as the "Olney Hymns," none was composed under circumstances of more awful interest than that one which belongs to the twilight of his departing reason. It is his best-known hymn beginning, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way .

Cowper was, sorrowful to relate, subject to periods of mental derangement, of utter despondency and of madness. The causes have never been fully explained, and probably never will be. They need not be discussed here. Seemingly it is simply one of those things for which there just is no explanation; or perhaps it is one of those tragedies mentioned by the Master in St. John 9: 2, 3. Suffice it to say that he suffered from three such mental derangements; the second was the severest, the most blasting and the most harrowing. An interval of eight years of angelic delight and peace followed his first derangement before his malady attacked him a second time.

In each instance he had the uncanny idea that he was lost, that the hand of God was against him, and that he should end his life. He made at least four attempts at suicide, but each time he was thwarted, either through some untoward circumstance, or through lack of will-power.

The second spell of mental derangement, and the worst, was accentuated through his appointment by a kinsman to a minor public office. He was required however, to appear before a group to answer questions regarding his qualifications. His timidity, lack of will-power, and irresolution came back upon him with increased violence, as they always did. In such a condition, a fit of passion sometimes seized him when alone in his chamber, so that he cried aloud and cursed the hour of his birth, and lifted his eyes heavenward in the hellish spirit of reproach, rancorous and blasphemous, against his Maker. He thought of every artful excuse for not appearing on the stated day to answer questions; he even looked upon madness as the only remaining avenue of escape.

There came again the terrible suggestion that he should destroy himself. He grew more sullen, more shy. He fled from society, shunned his most intimate friends, shut himself up in his chamber and ardently wished for death. He was not in the least shocked by the thought of procuring it by his own hands. He reasoned somewhat as follows: "Perhaps there is no God; and if there be, the Scriptures may be false; if so, then God has nowhere forbidden suicide. My life is my property, and thus at my own disposal."

Having made up his mind, nothing remained for Cowper to do but to put his intentions into execution. So one evening he rushed out and procured a bottle of laudanum; this he always carried in his inside vest pocket as a

convenience in case there was no other escape. The day before the ordeal, while at breakfast in a coffee house, he unfortunately picked up a newspaper containing a letter dealing in a laudatory manner with self-destruction. Cowper imagined the writer had him in mind, so he flung the paper aside and quickly rushed out, fully determined to commit the deed. Before he had walked a mile he changed his mind; for the thought struck him that he might yet spare his life; he would gather his few belongings and sail for France. While packing his effects, he again changed his mind and resolved once more upon self-destruction.

He now fancied it was the divine will that he should drown himself in the Ouse River. Procuring a coach, he ordered the driver to take him to the Tower Wharf, where he intended to throw himself into the river from the Customs House quay. He left the coach on the wharf; but on arriving at the quay he found the water too low—the tide was out; and, moreover, a porter sat on some goods there as if on purpose to prevent him from committing the deed. Returning to the coach, he ordered the driver to take him back to his lodgings. He tried to drink the laudanum on the way back; but God, he says, ordained otherwise, for twenty times, he says he had the bottle to his lips and every time received an irresistible shock; an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as often as he raised it.

After he was in his room he reproached himself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice for having suffered the fear of death to influence him. Once more he resolved to

swallow the laudanum, but with similar results. Then he was interrupted; and the interruption had such an effect on him and the horror of the crime he was about to commit made him shudder so that he indignantly flung the laudanum out of the window. He spent the rest of the day in stupid insensibility, undecided as the manner of death, but still bent on self-destruction as the only possible deliverance. Let's go on, this is getting gruesome—he eventually almost succeeded.

He was thwarted every time in his efforts to do away with himself. He had, however, succeeded in one thing; his chief fear was that his senses would not fail him in time to excuse his non-appearance before the examining group. In this he actually succeeded, for they now surely failed him. His connection with the supposed office was at an end.

Poor Cowper, he felt convinced that there was never so abandoned a sinner as himself. He felt that every chapter in the Bible condemned him; he was seized with the impression that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He felt "damned below Judas." At this time he wrote those "Sapphics" of hatred and vengeance, too painful to quote. His thoughts and expression became wilder and more indistinct; all that remained clear to him was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment. The man was mad, a fit subject for a madhouse, and to a madhouse he was taken—to St. Albans, where he remained eighteen months.

No wonder that after such harrowing experiences at self-destruction, Cowper could compose that powerful hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the
sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble
sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

This hymn, by the way, is one of his three hymns found in the "Lutheran Hymnal;" the others are, "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood" and "A Glory Gilds the Sacred Page."

Behind this hymn is to be found all the despair, all the gloom, all the reproach and blasphemy against his God that have driven many a person to and over, the brink of eternity. A sublimity of interest attaches to it besides its native grandeur and beauty; for there is an assurance that it was suggested and framed during the respite of his recurring darkness and insanity and based on the many harrowing experiences he went through.

And yet Cowper had the happy faculty of extracting melody from his madness. The dark delusion of despair hung over his mind virtually all his life long; but during the short intervals of a balanced mind and sanity he enriched sacred literature with many outbursts of poetic in-

spiration, to say nothing of his fine contributions to poetic literature in general. Many of his hymns have a remarkable and a personal history back of them, but none more than "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

There was nothing which could knock humanity out of him. Sorrow and solitude, madness and sadness in turn found him out and threw him and tormented him as did the devils of Bible lore their victims; but when they left him for a little while he rose from his misery as sweet and as human, as interested and as interesting as anyone could be. Cowper's soul was surely a meek and kindly one.

The last stanza of this hymn

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

contains his unfailing belief, and yet his closing hours are said to have ended in gloom, for he could not throw off the feeling that God had forsaken him. So his madness finally took the turn of believing that it was the will of God that he should destroy himself; but failing to do so he imagined he was damned everlastingly. Some would say that he died wretchedly and in gloom; others say **his end** was peaceful and calm. Let's hope so.

An honest man feels that he must pay heaven for every hour of happiness with a good spell of hard, unselfish work to make others happy.—George Bernard Shaw.

BEAUTIFUL SEPTEMBER DAYS

(Selected)

There is music in the air as the pulse throbs more quickly to the inspiring note of September. Each month has a rhythm of its own, but to me this September canto is one of the most delightful of all the twelve. Its text is illumined with the gold of the golden-rod, the royal purple of the aster, starring the woods beside a brook, and the cerulean blue of the fringed gentian; it is decorated with the fairy-like clematis, and the immortelle, white as curds, growing in old pastures and among the stumps of the clearing.

People hurry home from mountain and valley at the very moment when the world awakens from that curious lethargy into which it seems to fall during the August dog days. The hills step dark blue and splendid out of their sleeping tents curtained with smoky vapors. The rains fall and freshen the fields and woods. The birds, silent and hidden for an interval, begin to twitter and chirp in the trees and bushes. September is one of the most interesting months to observe bird life. It is also the favorite month for walkers, who find the summer days with their burning coil too warm for pedestrian exercise. It is the blue-and-gold month, when after the first touch of cold the hills gather their superb autumn tint—a blue palpitating into violet—with no defined color-line save when the direct sun-ray bring vivid spots of green, or the cloud shadows sweep broad and liberal in royal purple. The light streaks over the tree tops, but does not penetrate to those mys-

terious dark blue cells where the brooks are singing and the waterfalls rejoicing as they tumble from rock to rock.

Go this month up the Hudson, or into Berkshires, or over the splendidly picturesque regions of Pennsylvania, and you will perceive that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." The orchards and gardens are a sight to see. The apples are overloading the old trees, and just now beginning to blush and gather gold and russet. Plums take on the exact bloom of the hills, with a rich glow coming through their dusky cheeks. Grapes hang in heavy clusters on the vine, and suck up the sun and the dew to perfect the juices in their purple skins. The globed melon gathers the sweetness of honey.

How can the dull earth bring forth such miracles of beauty and goodness—the herb of the field and the fruit of the tree good for man—all having the stamp of the divine Artist, this iridescent rainbow glow of perfect loveliness? "While I mused the fire burned," says the psalmist; so while we played through our summer vacation the old mother was up and at it, toiling in the vineyard, sweating among the sheaves, nursing the fruits of the garden that in September she might offer us the delicious corn, the excellent tomatoes, the peach, the pear, all the richness and variety of her fruits. While the children of men are contending she holds out her full basket, obtained by twenty-four laboring hours in each day.

HAND TO HAND

(South Africa Masonic Journal)

Among some savage races the usual greeting between friends and kin is given by rubbing noses or foreheads together, and many other unusual forms are known and practised in different parts of the world, but amongst most civilized races today the grip or handshake is the more customary form of greeting. The hand has been a symbolic emblem in all races and times, and even in its crudest and most rudimentary form the handshake implies a truce between foes, hands clasping each other cannot hold or conceal a weapon, either of offense or defense.

Among the ancient Egyptians the hand was the symbol of the builder, signifying that all construction, all labour of any kind, was dependent on the hand, and the clasped hands adopted as a badge by some modern trade unions embodies the same teaching. In early art the Supreme Being was frequently depicted by a hand extending from a cloud in the act of benediction; and the symbolic form used to express benediction in the modern churches is still essentially the same as used in ancient days by Phrygian and Eleusinian priests, as well as in the early pictures already referred to.

A different symbolism was applied to the right and left hands, the right naturally being of greater importance. The right hand was a universally acknowledged emblem of fidelity while the left symbolized equity, "being more adapted to administering equity (justice) than the

right from the natural inertness and its being endowed with no craft and no subtlety." Our Sacred Laws contain an injunction cautioning us against permitting the right hand to know all the deeds and actions of the left hand.

Amongst the ancient Hebrews the giving of the right hand was a token of friendship or fealty, and the raising of the right was from the earliest times accepted as rendering an oath or promise binding. Among the Romans the giving of a hand clasp with the right hand was accepted as a pledge of mutual faith, and in our Bible St. Paul speaks of "giving the right hand of fellowship" to seal a compact.

The placing of the right hand on the Sacred Volume to seal an oath can be traced back to 500 A. D. All of these forms embodying the use of the right hand can be traced back to its earliest symbolism in which it was the recognized emblem of fidelity. The Roman goddess, or Fidelity, was depicted as having two right hands, clasped firmly in token of fidelity. Among the Persians and Parthians also, the joining or clasping of the right hands was esteemed as an inviolable pledge of fidelity.

The few instances cited serve to indicate the importance attached to the clasped right hands throughout all times and nearly all countries. It has been universally accepted as a symbol of sincerity, a pledge of fidelity, as a token of friendship.

CASE STUDY

(The Connie Maxwell)

The lawyers have cases and so have doctors. There seems to be a different basis for work in each case. The lawyer and the court seem to be concerned chiefly in fixing blame. It is their job to find who is guilty and who is not guilty. With the doctors, there seems to be no effort to fix blame, or to scold, or to punish. He comes in to go immediately to work upon a method of cure. One probably never heard a doctor, called in to give attention to a broken arm, begin to scold the child and tell him how many kinds of punishment he deserved. The doctor has no sentence to pronounce, but the judge, under the Constitution, does find it his duty to pronounce sentence of punishment. There is a special punishment for infraction of law—misdemeanor, felony, arson, murder, and whatnot. The attitude of the doctor with his case compels him to be a different sort of practitioner from the lawyer.

In dealing with children it has come to pass that more and more the system of the physician is followed in preference to that of the court. The hard, old time discipline that we read about, and that some of us very distinctly know about, did follow the philosophy of the lawyer in dealing with his case. An infraction of a rule called for a certain punishment. A small misdemeanor called for small punishment, and a more outrageous piece of misconduct demanded something very much more serious. But with the process of the years more wisdom has come to school teachers and all those who work with children.

We do not claim to be extraordinarily wise, nor do we imagine for a moment that wisdom will die with us., but, with no intention of speaking with boastful egotism, it may be stated as a fact that workers with children have been learning most profitable things by close study of children in more recent years. We are now definitely unwilling to punish in the same way every child who breaks a rule. Following the example set by the doctor, we engage at once to study the child to see just what he needs and what ought to be done for him. It matters little what he has done, but we want to know why he did it. Often when the child surprises us by doing something terrible, we are able to find that there was something back of it, perhaps some fault with ourselves for not having provided him with some amusement or other activity that will occupy him and make him happy. It may be that the infraction of a rule points to something that we ought to have done to him. The sympathetic study of a situation may bring us to see very clearly that the child is not a guilty human being but that it is somebody else's fault that he has not been properly directed and taught.

The physician's job is therapeutic. That is also the job of the social worker or the teacher in dealing with a child. The thing is to heal and help and not to fix guilt. The court has to think of society, of the law and the long repeated interpretations of the law. The person dealing with a child has to think only of

the individual. It is wise that we have developed in this direction, and it becomes us who deal with children to acquaint ourselves even more thoroughly with all the information, printed or otherwise, that will lead us to a better understanding of the individual child. It is only by this method than we will reach his insides, so to speak. We have for ages been dealing with the outside and,

therefore, we have not had the highest success. In other words, there is a great difference between the facts and symptoms. The lawyer has to search for facts, but the doctor may study symptoms. In dealing with the human beings we think the doctor has the argument on his side, and the modern idea in dealing with a child is without doubt based on a knowledge of his symptoms.

THE RETREAT

I carry in my mind a picture clear—
 A low and rambling house; its people dear.
 It nestles by a gently rolling hill,
 And though I'm far away I hear the trill
 Of red birds; hear a purling brooklet sing
 Along the broad lawn's edge—its source a spring.
 I see the willow with its outflung arm
 Stand sentry-like as though to guard from harm
 Here water cress grows satin green, and moss
 All those who would this crystal-clear stream cross.
 Like velvet sheathes its banks, and reaches where
 The Rose of Sharon marches tall and fair,
 Along the sloping pathway to the door.
 And inside there is peace, a goodly store.
 All mine from which to draw when nerves and mind
 Are taut and weary from the daily grind.
 Ah! soon, I'll leave the city and its noise
 To steep my heart in peace, regain my poise
 Among these friends who carry faith's torch high.
 Upon whose simple home God's blessings lie.

—Gertrude S. Dupper.

CHARACTER, THE CHURCH, AND THE NATION

(The Baptist Courier)

There is a subject that arises above the most serious economic and social questions today. That is the fundamental character of the people. The character of the people in a democracy is the corner-stone on which everything else rests.

In times of stress it is the character of the people which brings success or failure, victory or defeat. And the need of strong character never was greater than it is today. The successful, permanent solution of our present-day social problems must be founded upon moral and spiritual wisdom as well as political and economic wisdom.

I have often said that we must have a moral recovery before we can have an economic recovery. By moral recovery I mean the development of all those essentials of character such as honesty, decency, square-dealing, character, and faith in ourselves, in our fellow men, in God.

Political leaders in a republic or in a democracy must accept grave responsibility. But they can perform as the people accept their responsibilities as citizens. A nation shoulders its obligations only as the people shoulder theirs. National character and national leadership must of necessity be built on the character of the individual that makes a nation.

Now, the church and its leaders

must not think about character in solely evangelistic, idealistic and abstract terms. The ministry must think in practical, everyday terms. It is one thing to believe in fine ideals; it is another to live up to them and make them a part of the workaday world. Character-building must be made to fit the day of the automobile and the radio.

If the church is to perform the task of character-building, it must restore something of the former close contact with the home and the members of the family. It must continue to uphold the ideal of the family and family life, because it is within the home that character values must begin and mature.

If there is one thing that has been effectually demonstrated, it is that the home can not endure without the everyday use of Christian principles. Let me repeat to you a tragic story told me by a minister friend of mine. He took his turn one day to preach at our state orphans' home and he was actually asked to omit the Lord's Prayer. When he asked why, he was told that all but eleven of the more than 400 children were in the state institution as a result of homes broken up by divorce. It was feared that the children would get the wrong idea of God if associated with the word father. That is the kind of thing that happens when homes fail.

Never throw mud. It makes no difference whether you hit the mark or miss it—you still have dirty hands.—Selected.

RICHARD THE CONQUEROR

By Minnie Leona Upton

Richard Burleigh was picking blackberries over in the Hill Pasture by the river. It was very drowsy and pleasant and still. There was only the sound of the river, the rushing Scoggin, to be heard, for the birds were having their midday nap and resting their throats for their evening concert. You could almost hear the stillness!

Suddenly a new, strange sound made Richard straighten up quickly and look all round. It was a sort of large "Chr-r-r-r;" as if made by a mammoth harvest-fly, a harvest-fly as large as old Dobbin! Then it began to sound clattery, like old Tom Garrett's rattle-trap wagon. The sound seemed to be everywhere! Robert looked to the right, to the left, before him, behind him. Nothing strange in sight. Then he looked up. Ah, there it was; A great winged thing! He knew at once what it was, for of course he had heard all about airships, and the brave, quick-witted men called aviators who steer them. Indeed, he had been very anxious to see one of these strange "ships." and now he set his pail of berries down in a safe place to give his whole attention to this welcome visitor.

How he wished it would come down! And then, all of a sudden, it did! But not in the way the aviator would have liked! Wobbling and tipping, down, down, down, it fluttered and clattered, till—bump! It had landed right in the biggest and thorniest blackberry patch!

For a minute there was no sound except the rustling and rattling and creaking of the great wings settling down in the bushes. Then there was

no sound at all. And then, right across the stillest sort of stillness, came a groan.

Richard woke up! It sounded to him like a broken leg groan. He had broken his leg the winter before, and he knew just how it felt. He pushed in through the bushes. The aviator sat in his place, but his head dropped forward on his breast. He was very limp-looking. As Richard crackled through the bushes, he opened his eyes a little.

"I'll get a doctor!" said Richard.

"Please!" said the aviator, and his eyes closed again.

Richard got out of the berry patch, threw back his shoulders, and took a deep breath. It was quite a long way, and rough, up along beside the river to the bridge of the crossroad that farther on joined the long, long Ridge Road where Dr. Brown lived. Oh, if he only could jump the river!

Suddenly his eager eyes saw something to make him clench his fists. Away beyond the river, up the hill, on the high Ridge Road, was Dr. Brown, jogging along behind old white Betsy! Oh, if he only could jump the Scoggin! Then he could race up the hill and "head off" the doctor, and get him to drive back to the bridge, and then guide him to the hurt aviator! What a lot of time it would save! And the aviator was suffering so! And he was counting on him—Richard Burleigh!

But the Scoggin, though not very wide at that place, was too wide to be jumped, and so swift that Richard's mother had his promise not to go swimming there, though he could swim well in the Deep Brook Pool.

All these thoughts went through his head in about two seconds.

Suddenly his eager eyes caught sight of a clump of slender birches, close by the river. He remembered how, when he came with his father to get a Christmas tree, those very trees, loaded down with sleet, had bent over the river, away beyond the farther bank. He knew one of them would bear him up safely and swing him across, but—

Richard, who was a brave boy about most things, had always felt queer and shaky when he tried to climb high. It made him feel all shivery just to think of climbing up that slender birch far enough to bend it so it would swing him across.

He looked over toward the Ridge Road again. The doctor was almost out of sight.

Richard Burleigh threw up his chin. He spoke out loud, though there was no one but himself to hear:

"Father says I could beat that scared feeling—conquer it, he says—if I once just made up my mind hard! And now's the time to do it! I just must get across the river. I will!"

In almost no time he was far up in the tree. It bent—slowly at first, then a little faster, then much faster—he was close to the ground on the farther side—he had let go! Swish! Up went the tree again! Over and over rolled Richard. Then up he jumped, and though feeling a good bit shaken, and half as if he were dreaming, he raced off up the hill!

"Well, well, well!" said Dr. Brown, when he had heard Richard's story of the hurt aviator, told in short, quick sentences. "Jump in here, Richard—jump in! Giddap, Betsy! We'll soon have him fixed up all right! But your folks live the other side of Scogg-

in. How did you get across here boy?"

Richard told him.

"Hm—hm!" said the doctor. "But arn't you usually skittish about climbing high trees and the like?"

"I used to be," said Richard, very quietly, but his eyes were shining happily.

"Hm—Richard the Conqueror," said the doctor.

"That's what father said I could be," said Richard Burleigh—"a conqueror."

Soon they reached the place where the airship lay. "Quick work," said the aviator, smiling faintly at Richard.

"That's because Richard the Conqueror was your messenger," said Dr. Brown, as he set to work on the broken leg. For it had been a "broken leg groan," just as Richard had guessed.

When the aviator had been made as comfortable as possible, the doctor went to get help to carry him to a house where he could be cared for. Richard stayed for company.

"So you're Richard the Conqueror," said the aviator, eying him keenly, and smiling a little.

"I'm Richard Burleigh," said Richard, "and I don't know who Richard the Conqueror is!"

"Well, Richard the Conqueror was a very brave king," said the aviator, still looking very hard at Richard's red face.

"Oh," stammered Richard, "Dr. Brown is always joking me!"

"Um," said the aviator. "You look to me like a chap who would make a fine aviator, some day!"

"Oh, I'd like that, first rate!" said Richard, honestly and earnestly, and in great surprise.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Since the opening of our new infirmary, about two weeks ago, quite a number of cases have been handled. However, nothing of a serious nature has resulted, all of the patients having been treated for colds and minor ailments.

An old landmark at Jackson Training School has passed into memory. The old canning-shed, used for so many years, was torn down this week. Plans are being made to beautify this section of the campus, between the infirmary and the upper group of buildings.

Among the visitors at the School this week were Mrs. Louise Gattis, Mrs. A. E. Deyo and Mrs. A. D. Kaelin, all of Charlotte. These ladies are active members of the Church of the Seventh-Day Adventists in Charlotte, and were visiting this county in the interest of the work of that organization.

The feature of the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night, was the famous "Boy's Town," giving the history of Father Flannigan's School for Boys, in Nebraska, in a most interesting manner. In the opinion of the boys, it was one of the best pictures ever shown here. One of "Our Gang" comedies was also shown on this program.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith, members of the staff of the Industrial School for Boys, Grafton, West Virginia, were visitors here last Monday afternoon. Mr. Smith is supervisor in

charge of the live stock and his wife is financial secretary at the West Virginia institution. We were delighted to have these good folks with us and it was a pleasure to show them through the various departments here.

Among the many friends of the School throughout the state, it would be difficult to find one more loyal or more interested in the work of the institution than Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health. He frequently has visitors from this and other states, and always takes great pride in showing them the work being accomplished here. This fine friend of ours visited us again last Thursday, bringing with him, Dr. G. A. Bunch, of Columbia, S. C., director of the dental department, South Carolina State Board of Health, and Dr. T. H. Waddell, of Greenville, S. C., of the Greenville County Health Department.

Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they made a tour of the farm and visited practically all of the departments of the School. These visitors from our neighboring state seemed highly pleased with the manner in which the work in the interest of wayward boys is being carried on here. Dr. Bunch, an ardent camera enthusiast, snapped a number of pictures as he made the rounds.

We were delighted to have these fine fellows with us, and wish to take this opportunity to assure Dr. Branch that he and his guests will always find the old latch-string hanging on

the outside at Jackson Training School.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 15: 1-15, and in his talk to the boys called special attention to the 15th verse: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends."

What a wonderful thing it is, said the speaker, that Jesus is not far away from us. He is ever at our side. He is our friend, even when all others fail us. Nowhere in literature can we find a more beautiful life than our friendship with the Master. To be members of this circle, Christ requires of us as Christians that we love one another.

Jesus spoke these words while meeting with his friends in a rude upper room. They had gathered there to partake of a very simple meal. Outwardly there is nothing especially impressive about this scene, but the inward spirit in the lives of those people change it to one of great beauty.

As we look at the world today, continued Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, we realize, in the midst of turmoil, that this love is just what men need more than anything else. With all this hatred between nations being exhibited at this time, it is clear to us that there shall never be a lasting peace until these leaders and their people accept Jesus and follow his example.

The speaker then pointed out how this friendship with Jesus had a way of changing people, and cited the

following instances: Peter, the unstable and sometimes erratic person, became one of the Master's most ardent followers; Paul at one time persecuted Christians, but was changed by the friendship of Jesus, and became one of the greatest leaders in spreading the Gospel throughout the land. It surely follows that as we become friends of Jesus we will share that friendship with others and help them.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then briefly told the boys the story of the Christ of the Andes, as follows: The story concerns two South American nations, Argentine and Chile. Between these two countries are the high Andes Mountains. On account of their tops being covered with snow the year around, it had always been hard for these countries to decide the exact location of the boundary line. About forty years ago they disagreed as to who owned certain parts of the land, and since they could come to no satisfactory settlement, decided to go to war. Armies were organized, people were asked to give money to help outfit the soldiers; and a terrible conflict seemed imminent.

In the Spring of 1900, on Easter Sunday, as people were gathered in various churches in Argentine, the bishop asked them to stop building warships and drilling armies, pointing out that they could not gain anything by war. They would learn plenty of the horrors of war.

News of this sermon preached by the Bishop of Argentine went over into Chile, where the Bishop of Chile took up the cry, giving his people the same kind of message. As a result of the words of these two Christian men the rulers of the two countries got together. They decid-

ed that war was not what they wanted, and called upon the king of England to act as arbitrator. The king agreed to help and sent a committee to investigate. This committee found that both sides were partly wrong and partly right. They appealed to the people to agree to a peaceful settlement. A treaty was signed, whereby the people of both countries agreed to settle all future problems without going to war.

It was the fond hope of the Bishop of Argentine that Christ could be seen standing above the people of both countries. He started the movement to make a huge monument. All of the old gun metal was melted, and with the help of the women of Argentine, a great figure of Christ was made. A day was set for this monument to be placed on top of the mountain. It was taken as far as possible by railroad and then pulled up by mules. When the statue was to be raised, multitudes of people from both countries traveled great distances in order to be present at

the dedication. They spent a day and a night upon the mountain. There was much singing and great rejoicing as the people enjoyed the beauty of the statue. On this monument are inscribed these words: "These mountains will crumble into dust sooner than the people of Argentine and Chile will break the peace, which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have given their word to keep."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeier told the boys that through this Christian message two countries were brought to peace, all through the friendship of the people with Christ, and that lovely friendship is the only thing that will bring rulers and people of warring nations to their senses today, and put an end to the horrors of conflict. Peace can only be obtained when the people of the earth realize that the friendship of Christ is the only means by which may be brought about the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

"The world is in need of a more cheerful Christianity. There is no attractive power in gloomy living. But we cannot permanently cure ourselves by telling ourselves to be cheerful. A whole library of Sunshine Marys and Pollyannas will not hold our heads above the water when the floods are out. We must have a living source and security of joy in our own hearts."—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending September 17, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Jack Cline 2
- (14) Clyde Gray 14
- (5) James Hodges 12
- (2) Gilbert Hogan 13
- (4) Leon Hollifield 15
- (13) Edward Johnson 13
- (8) Frank Johnson 9
- Robert Maples 9
- (5) Frank May 13
- (10) Thomas Turner 11

COTTAGE No. 1

- (4) William Anders 6
- Jack Broome 10
- Clinton Call 5
- (3) Howard Cox 10
- (10) Eugene Edwards 10
- (4) William Freeman 8
- (2) Porter Holder 7
- (2) Bruce Link 7
- (3) Clay Mize 8
- (4) H. C. Pope 12
- (3) Lee Watkins 7
- Edward Warnock 10
- Latha Warren 9
- (2) Everett Watts 4
- (2) William Whittington 7
- (7) William C. Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 2

- (4) Forrest McEntire 6
- Richard Parker
- (4) Nick Rochester 11
- Oscar Roland 7
- (2) Charles Smith 6

COTTAGE No. 3

- Earl Barnes 13
- (2) Richard Baumgarner 8
- (3) Mack Evans 8
- (2) Coolidge Green 12
- (6) F. E. Mickle 14
- (7) John Robertson 14
- George Shaver 8
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 14
- Louis Williams 11

- (8) Allen Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Briggs 8
- Quentin Crittenton 6
- Lewis Donaldson 8
- (3) Ivan Morrozoff 15
- Edward McGee 7
- (3) J. W. McRorrie 7
- Henry Raby 9
- (3) Melvin Walters 15
- James Wilhite 13
- Samuel Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Theodore Bowles 7
- (8) Collett Cantor 11
- (8) Lindsey Dunn 14
- (2) Ray Hamby 7
- (5) William Kirksey 9
- (5) Everett Lineberry 13
- (6) Paul Lewallen 8
- James Page 3
- (3) Hubert Walker 12
- (3) Dewey Ware 14

COTTAGE No. 6

- (5) Robert Bryson 11
- Fletcher Castlebury 11
- Leo Hamilton 6
- Thomas Hamilton 7
- (2) Spencer Lane 6
- Joseph Tucker 11
- George Wilhite 9
- William Wilson 5
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 7

- (5) John Deaton 15
- Lacy Green 7
- (4) George Green 9
- (5) William Herrin 10
- (4) Raymond Hughes 6
- Robert Hampton 6
- (4) James Jordan 10
- (6) Hugh Johnson 15
- Lyman Johnson 10
- (2) Arnold McHone 6

- Marshall Pace 6
 Carl Ray 9
 (2) Loy Stines 10
 Joseph Wheeler 6
 William R. Young 8

COTTAGE No. 8

- (11) Jack Crawford 13
 Floyd Crabtree
 Harold Crooks
 J. B. Devlin 7
 Samuel Everidge 3
 Howard Griffin
 (10) Charles Taylor 14

COTTAGE No. 9

- Holly Atwood 10
 Clarence Baker 4
 Mack Bell
 (2) Roy Butner 11
 (3) James Davis 3
 (8) C. D. Grooms 13
 (2) Frank Glover 12
 (4) Wilbur Hardin 7
 Alfred Lamb 5
 (9) Harold O'Dear 12
 (4) Eugene Presnell 10
 James Ruff
 (9) Lonnie Roberts 15
 L. B. Sawyer 3
 (5) Thomas Sands 14
 (2) Cleveland Suggs 6
 (6) Preston Wilbourne 13
 (6) Thomas Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 10

- (3) Matthew Duffy 9
 (6) Elbert Head 8
 (2) Thomas King 3
 (2) Rufus Wagoner 8

COTTAGE No. 11

- (8) Harold Bryson 14
 William Covington
 (10) William Dixon 12
 (3) Albert Goodman 11
 (16) Earl Hildreth 16
 (9) William Hudgins 14
 (2) Paul Mullis 11
 (11) Julian Merritt 12
 (12) Edward Murray 15
 Fred Owens 12
 (2) Theodore Rector 10
 (10) John Uptegrove 14

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 11

- (2) Odell Almond 9
 (5) Jack Batson 15
 William Deaton 7
 (4) Max Eaker 12
 Everett Hackler 7
 Woodrow Hager 12
 (2) Charlton Henry 13
 (2) Hubert Holloway 10
 (2) S. E. Jones 8
 (2) James Mondie 9
 (6) Avery Smith 14
 (2) Ralph Sorrells 9
 George Tolson 9
 J. R. Whitman 8

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Wilson Bailiff 5
 (8) William Goins 8
 (4) William Griffin 13
 James V. Harvel 12
 Douglas Mabry 10
 (5) Paul McGlammery 8
 (5) Jordan McIver 8
 Thomas R. Pitman 10
 (5) Alexander Woody 14

COTTAGE No. 14

- (4) Raymond Andrews 11
 John Baker 7
 John Church 6
 Mack Coggins 9
 Audie Farthing 11
 (3) John Ham 8
 (2) Marvin King 8
 John Kirkman 8
 Feldman Lane 12
 Norvel Murphy 5
 (7) Henry McGraw 9
 Roy Mumford 7
 (7) Troy Powell 14
 Richard Patton 8
 Harold Thomas 8
 Charles Steepleton 13
 (3) Garfield Walker 10
 J. D. Webster 6
 J. C. Willis 2
 (3) Junior Woody 12

COTTAGE No. 15

- Raymond Anderson 11
 William Cantor 8
 (5) Clifton Davis 13
 Clarence Gates 8
 (6) Albert Hayes 12
 Hardy Lanier
 (2) Claude Moose 6
 J. P. Morgan

Fred McGlammer 2
 (6) Eulice Rogers 10
 (6) J. P. Sutton 11
 Oscar Smith 6
 William Wood 7
 William Young 11

INDIAN COTTAGE
 (9) George Duncan 10
 Philip Holmes 11
 (16) Warren G. Lawry 16
 (8) Thomas Oxendine 14
 (3) Curley Smith 13

A MOTHER WRITES TO HER SON

First, I must tell you how proud of you I was the other evening. I know that a chaperone must seem a wet blanket to a modern young man, especially when she happens to be his mother. But you were most tactful and considerate about it. The corsage was very thoughtful and the way you opened the car door and took my arm made me feel that, after all, gentility is not doomed to extinction. I felt this all the more on observing your courteous attitude toward Rosemary, who, by the way, is a very sweet girl. Your father was scarcely more courtly when he was escorting me to college dances.

But—and please don't think I'm nagging—there is one place where your conduct could bear improvement. That place is behind a steering wheel. It is sad, but true, that a gentleman on his feet often becomes a boor on wheels. A shot of gasoline can convert a flower of knighthood into poison ivy.

No woman can feel secure, or even comfortable, with a man who jerks her out of her seat every time he screeches up to a stop light, or tosses her on her side every time he careens around a corner, or scares her half to death every time he passes another car. No woman thinks her hair looks well standing on end. Don't believe that a girl's heart is easier to reach because it is in her mouth. An automobile, son, is one place where a girl does not like to be rushed. It's the oil of gallantry, not the gallons of oil, that smoothes out the high road to romance.

If I were to tell you that "Mother knows best," you would laugh at me as an old fussy-dudy. But before you laugh, answer this question: Why do records show that nearly one-third of all fatal automobile accidents are caused by drivers under 24 years of age?

You have the manners of a gentleman, son. Please don't let the automobile rob you of this heritage.

—From The Leader, Haskell Indian School.

OCT 2 1939

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPT

NO. 39

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KEEP HEART

“One of the hardest things in Christian work—in all work for that matter—is to get within one’s self the spirit which keeps the work from degenerating into drudgery. For that result it is necessary to have in mind a great and lasting motive. Sometimes we find that motive is the possible fruits of our work. A man with a keen imagination, which enables him to look beyond the present duty to the fruit that is sure to come if he remains faithful, may grow weary in well-doing, but he will not faint.”—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE MEN WE NEED

This is the day when the least resistance seekers are all about us. Not only do men seek the short cut but they clamor for the easy way. They are sailors brave and bold, but wind and tide must be with them. An urgent need of the times are men who will buffet the storms, who not only desire the big job, but who glory in the hard task. Dr. Timothy Stone said.

"The age and the church of Christ just now must have men who love to face hard problems and glory in them; men who despise easy chairs and smoking jackets; men who remove the sofas out of their studies and read, think, call, pray, preach, and study with strength and what our fathers called 'unction'; men who grapple with seen and unseen forces; men who wrestle against more than flesh and blood; men who are willing to 'wrestle against spiritual wickedness in high places.' Such men despise the life that seeks the job and place of 'least resistance.'"

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

A MEMORABLE EVENT

Thursday, October 5, marks the date of the quarterly meeting of the trustees of this institution. The outstanding event of this occasion is the dedication of the swimming-pool, a gift made possible by Herman Cone, a member of the trustees of the School, since 1917. This gesture of beneficence upon the part of this fine citizen is a practical demonstration of his endorsement of the work accomplished here for the boy who never had a chance. The dedicatory exercises will take place three o'clock P. M. in the handsome, new gymnasium. The following program has been arranged for this event:

Song..... "Carolina"School
Invocation.....Rev. Voigt R. Cromer

THE UPLIFT

Presentation of Pool.....	Herman Cone
Acceptance.....	Paul C. Whitlock
Song.....	"God Bless America".....School
Remarks.....	T. R. Owens
Song.....	"Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed".....Choir
Introduction of Speaker.....	L. T. Hartsell
Address.....	Dr. Frank Graham
Song.....	"Star-Spangled Banner".....School
Benediction.....	Rev. I. Harding Hughes

* * * * *

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

On certain days when at the Jackson Training School we visit the different departments to see just the character of work that is being done. Last week for a short time we lingered in the sewing room. There we found two most excellent women supervising the sewing. There were boys in training who could use the needle, thimble and manipulate the sewing machine as dexterously as their instructors. One could see instantly that the women in charge were not only qualified for the duties assigned to them, but that they were temperamentally fitted to meet the caprices of youth.

Woman's power in managing the youth of the land, boys or girls, is innate, God given in the creation of motherhood, and is irresistible. The soft touch and gentle voice of woman is most impressive and effective, and the influence wielded by such methods is far reaching and lasting.

There is little appreciation of all accomplished in the sewing room unless it is possible to see on the inside, and seeing is knowing how much time it takes to meet the needs of the School. The boys in the sewing room assist in making the shirts, night shirts, pillows cases, sheets, towels and other essentials for the comfort of the five hundred boys enrolled. Moreover, this story inspires greater interest, knowing most of the materials used in the sewing room are manufactured in the textile plant, a gift from North Carolina Cotton Manufacturer's Association.

It is gratifying to know that the boys here are kept busy, they know the value of work, and along with their duties their characters are molded to the highest ideals of correct living. With this pro-

gram of activities there is little chance of young people going wrong when taught the essentials for better homes, the crying need of the times. We feel that this institution is pushing forward all of the time by aspiring to greater and better accomplishments.

* * * * *

THE CARE OF PROPERTY EMPHASIZED

The problem of the child's emotional life continues to receive increasing attention which indicates a salutary trend. From experience and observation we know that the earliest impressions are the most lasting. Therefore, there rests upon the home and the personnel of schools a wonderful responsibility. The responsibility of the instructors in the schools is heavy for there is more than imparting to childhood the lessons of the text-books. The teacher's demeanor is a most important factor in forming habits.

The principal of the Beaufort school scored a fine point, and a most vital one, when to the parents and students on the day school opened, he emphasized he had no specific rules of discipline, that the students themselves would make the rules, but he said, "if property is defaced in any way, immediate attention will be given to this most deplorable demeanor."

We commend the position taken by the principal of this institution, for the youth of the land should know property values, and that their privileges stop when offensive to their neighbor. It is a safe bet that the head of this public school system will have discipline for he will meet every emergency, and order will be the watch-word of this disciplinarian.

We are happy to state that a regard for property has been observed in the Jackson Training School from the first day the institution opened. To permit youngsters to break windows, or tear down property in any way is vandalism of the worst form.

* * * * *

NAMES OF COLLEGES

This interesting information as to the origin of names of many colleges in America was found in an old scrap-book, and we here relate it for the benefit of our many friends who read The Uplift.

There are many things that we know in a way, but not in the way that we can talk with a certainty. Some one has said, or written, "that it is better to know much of a few things than a little of many things." This seems of interest:

Harvard College, the largest and oldest institution of learning in America, near Boston Massachusetts, was founded by the general court of the Massachusetts Bay in 1636. It was named in memory of John Harvard. He bequeathed his library of 300 books and half of his estate to the institution. Again a small gift, so to speak, tells of the majesty of little things.

Williams College, Williamston Massachusetts, was named for Colonel Ephriam Williams, the founder, and was chartered in 1793. Colonel Williams was a soldier of the Old French War.

Dartmouth College, Dartmouth, New Hampshire, chartered in 1769, was named after Lord Dartmouth who was honored as the first president of the trustees of Dartmouth College.

Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, received its name from Nicholas Brown. This college was founded in 1764, under the control of the Baptists. Nicholas Brown became very wealthy and gave a large endowment to the institution.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, was named for Governor Brown. It opened in 1802, and is controlled by the Congregationalists.

Yale College was named after Elihu Yale. It is in New Haven, Connecticut, and was chartered in 1701. Elihu Yale made very generous donations to the college that was given his name.

* * * * *

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

A very valuable motto for young men and young women of this day is to be found in these words: "Do not despise the day of Little Things." We are unconscious of the fact that trifles make up the greater portion of life, and the caring for such, or a close observation of all details, is a fundamental trait that leads to success. Therefore, the way is open to all kinds and conditions of people who have the desire to burgeon out a life that is worthwhile.

Few know the life of James Watt, a poor Scotchman, who made

known to the world the power of steam after man had worked hard with his hands ever since and before the building of the Pyramids of Egypt.

James Watt was born in Scotland in 1736. He came from a poor home, but most respectable and with the highest ideals of life. Poverty debarred him from college, but the best the father could do for his son was to apprentice him in a London shop where mathematical instruments, such as the compasses and chronometers, were made.

Accuracy was the word in these nautical instruments, and with these the master craftsman of the shop entrusted to his care this specific work and valued young Watt highly. He knew the technique of his profession.

His ability won him a place in the University of Glasgow as maker of these mathematical instruments. He was accepted as authority in his line and his opinion was sought far and wide.

The University of Glasgow while James Watt was there began the study of steam as a future source of power. In the institution was an old model of a small engine. To this Watt gave his undivided attention. Doubtless Watt then had dreams of a great hissing machine that would be propelled by steam. The experiments lead up to a realization of his dream, in 1764, when the world had a workable and practical steam engine.

This event marked the era of the "Age of Steam," and very soon afterwards England was recognized as the greatest of manufacturing nations. Gradually fame and fortune came to this once poor boy, but he continued unassuming in his manner of living.

Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist, said, "Watt was one of the kindest of human beings." And Wordsworth, the poet, paid this tribute: "I look upon him, young Watt, considering both magnitude and universality of his genius, as the most extraordinary man this country ever produced."

All the way down the line each country since the days of Watt has produced great men, coming from humble homes, who have contributed to the progress of civilization. "We never know," said one of our presidents, "what is buttoned up under the jacket of a small boy." The boy of today is the man of tomorrow, and you may need, when the years pile upon you, just the boy you scoff today.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

IF I COULD MAKE A FRIEND

"If I could have a friend tonight
I did not have at this day's dawn,
One hand that held my own as tight,
One breast that I could lean upon,
I would not need to calculate
The daily profit, worth of trade,
Tomorrow's gain to estimate,
If I could say, 'A friend I made.'"

The war is over—over in Europe.

Civilization is appearing to be a black-out in Europe. Is it the fore-runner of the fall of dynasties?

With everything presumably going up, there is a little "fall" in the atmosphere at this season of the year.

It is well for all of us to remember that when we find other people making mistakes, that we are not perfect ourselves.

Persons who think that women have no backbone have never visited the no backbone have never visited the 1939 bathing beaches.

The Texas rooster stripped of his feathers by a playful bolt of lightning is looking around to see what woman's hat they are adorning.

The most agreeable persons, in these disagreeable times, are those who know how much to know, and know how to not know too much.

The summer has passed and very few dust storms have been reported. That is well and good. Dust is a very poor nourishment, unless spinach is mixed in it.

The Liars club seems to have gone out of business. It, too, might just as well black-out, as war communiques are being written, and this is no time for the novice.

It is reported that New Jersey has a bumper crop of cranberries. Good; in view of the fact that we are likely to have two Thanksgiving days on our hands this year.

Senator Pittman declares that "Hitler has written his political death." The pity of it is that he is writing it, not in ink, but in the blood of thousands of innocent victims.

I see from the papers that in Denver, Col., a Mrs. Ann Bell Teer has obtained a divorce from her husband on the grounds of cruelty. She shed a Teer, but I'll wager she didn't cry.

A good deal is being said about the revival of the corset. Thought it was here all the time. But one thing is sure—femininity is here to stay, whether it be steel or whalebone.

Paris is said to produce a "Crisis Cocktail," which is nothing more than straight rye liquor. They say

it will give you a bigger headache than Europe has—and that will be some big.

It is reported that a San Francisco canary meows like a cat. Now if some place will produce a cat that looks longingly upon a canary, there will be a combination of the cat wanting a singing voice within him.

A biologist asserts that "It took nature six million years to make the man of today." And there are some women who think they can make him over in scarcely no time. And some do—make him overbearing.

It is said that a New York preacher was so shocked at the scant amount of clothing worn by girls in the World Fair's Aquacade that he visited it three times. It takes very little to shock some people.

A whole lot of people need to

remember that another person, who may belong to a different church, class, race, sex, nation, and even vote a different political ticket, is a human being and worthy of the respect given him by the Great Creator. A brother in the flesh.

A good running automobile is a beautiful piece of machinery. When it is all right, it is all together right, When it gets out of fix it is all together wrong, and like a stubborn mule, will not budge, with all the coaxing you can do. When a wreckage truck tows in a disabled car it is one of the most helpless looking things you ever beheld. It looks like a spider conveying a fly to its parlor. When rightly used automobiles are a great blessing and a pleasure. Yet they can be made an engine of destruction and ruin by reckless drivers. It is a good servant, but a distressing master.

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU

If your efforts are criticized, you must have done something worthwhile.

If someone calls you a fool, go into silence and meditate because he may be right.

If a dull day comes along, it gives you time to think out plans to make the next one brighter.

If someone has put something over on you, remember there are more than a hundred and twenty million people in America who have never played you a single nasty trick.

If you have tried to do something and failed, you are vastly better than if you had tried to do nothing and succeeded.

—Selected.

THE YEAR'S NECKLACE

By H. M. Hobson

SEPTEMBER

*A maiden born when September's
leaves
Are rustling in the Autumn
breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should
bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.'*

September's birthstone is regarded as the holiest of all the gems in the year's necklace of rare jewels. The sapphire is believed to be the oldest known gem. Traditions link it with the dawn of creation, claiming that it was the last drop of Amrita, "whose shadow is Immortality." In India Amrita signifies water of life, the last drop of which was stolen by a great bird. From this tradition come the fables of the phoenix, and of the fountain of eternal youth.

Another ancient story says that this earth rests upon a great sapphire, whose beautiful reflection makes the sky blue; "and since Nature has given the sky and the sapphire the same clear blue, this jewel should be regarded as sacred, and called the gem of gems." A tradition from the ancient Hebrews states that when Adam left the Garden of Eden a book was given to him by the angel Raziel. The separate parts of this volume were engraved upon sapphires, which in due time were placed in the care of Solomon who had them set in the walls of the Temple. From the same Hebrew source comes the statement that the Commandments of the Law, given Moses on the Mount, were inscribed upon sapphires.

In those ancient times the sky-blue

stone was regarded as sacred to angels, because it was said to be favored by all the powers of light. In the Old Testament the sapphire is mentioned many times, and is said to have dust of gold. An old Hebrew scribe states: "In both Exodus and Ezekiel the foundation of God's throne is described as resting upon a dark blue firmament, which with its golden stars, is compared to a floor inlaid with sapphires."

The lovely natal stone of September has been loved and prized down through the centuries, kings regarding it as a symbol of good fortune as well as a decoration of rare beauty and charm. Ancient rulers wore September's jewel about their necks "to guard them from jealousy and to attract divine favor." An early book on lapidaries says, in the quaint wording of its time, "Saphir is a comely stone appon a kynges finger. And moche is the Saphir holy and gracious to God. And ye buk tells that God counseled hym that greatly must he be himself chast if so vertious a stone he weare."

These early traditions clustered around the sapphire like a lovely frame formed of beautiful thoughts, until the twelfth century, when the gem received its greatest and lasting honor. Near the end of the twelfth century the sapphire was chosen from all other jewels as the precious stone most suitable for ecclesiastical rings. From then until the present day it has been the splendid diamond-encircled jewel, that is set in the great rings presented to cardinals when they are made princes of their church.

The early traditions and the later honors showered upon the sapphire no doubt grew out of its many beautiful and sacred meanings. September's gem signifies constancy, fidelity, purity, truth, chastity, fortitude, endurance, and courage. It is also said to banish blindness and to dissolve envy, falsehood, impurity, and spite. These things belong to the pure blue sapphire, which is:

*"The color of the air as seen on
high—
When not a cloud obscures the
tranquil sky."*

The sapphire is formed of the precious corundum, the hardest substance known to man, after the diamond. It comes in so many exquisite colors that it is said if all the other gems were removed from the earth, leaving only the sapphire, there would still be the full rainbow circle of jewels. The colorless sapphire is easily mistaken for a fine diamond. The loveliest and finest stones are those of a deep, clear blue, "like the heavens in its clarity." Such stones rank with diamonds and rubies and are often of greater price.

Among the world's most beautiful objects are the asterias, or star sapphires. These are, beyond all doubt, the loveliest things ever discovered by man. An asteria, is usually of a light bluish gray, so fairylike in tint and texture it seems a bit of cloud caught in a flower cup. When this gem is dome cut, it shows a moving, six-pointed star of light upon its crest. It was regarded with awe and reverence by the ancients. It is said that

the first lapidary to cut an asteria fainted when he saw the flashing elfin star beneath his fingers. When he recovered he ran to show the "miracle stone" to the high priest, and ever after was regarded as a man of super powers.

The asteria is known as the precious jewel, or the stone of destiny. Its amazingly beautiful star is formed of three lines of light, that are crossed by another three lines. The lines stand for destiny, hope and faith. The asteria is said to carry blessings to all who own it, and to continue blessing its original owner even after it has passed into other hands.

More than any other jewel has the sapphire been linked with religious history. It is the stone of Joseph, to whom was promised blessing from the heaven above and the earth beneath. It is the stone called "dear Saturn," and is the zodiacal jewel of Mercury, and of Jupiter or Jove.

*"Jove's presence at birth,
Means a long swath to mow;
For if born on Thor's day—
Thou hast far, far to go!"*

September's flowers are the aster and morning glory.

September's jewel is the gem of the tenth hour, the ninth month, and of autumn. It is said to bring beauty and joy wherever it may be found.

*"If a sapphire upon her brow is
laid—
Follies, sorrows, delusions flee,
afraid."*

PLAIN TRUTH BY A PLAIN MAN

(Winston-Salem Journal.)

Alvin York is known as the country's "outstanding hero" because he captured single-handed 132 Germans and 35 machine guns after killing 18 German troopers.

Not so long ago this plain Tennessee farmer "stole the show" on Tennessee day at the New York World's Fair, and he was "mayor for a day" at the San Francisco Fair—still the war hero to the thousands who cheered him.

But a Tennessee friend says, "His home folks know York as a peacetime hero, because he shares his corn crop with them, establishes a Bible school for them, lives with them and is as plain and unassuming as an old shoe."

We have a conviction, however, that this man is doing something else for his people which means most to them, and is, after all, the real secret of his great influence at home. He is sharing with them a philosophy of life that people everywhere would be fortunate, we think, to follow.

"We've got to get back to the old-time religion if we're going to save the world from those madmen that are getting the upper hand," says Alvin York. "And the best way to do it is to teach the Bible right."

And how do his home folks in Tennessee react to this plan of truth from a plain man? Well, here is what one of them thinks of it.

"After a little sophisticated snorting at this fundamentalist backwoodsman's doctrine," says The Chattanooga News, "it might be well if we admitted that what he says is exactly right."

"War is no longer desired by masses of people for reason of glory. War is not now so much an "attack on modern civilization" as a part of modern civilization, for war has become almost an economic necessity. There are excess populations, armies of unemployed, stagnant business, and only decimation of populations and artificial stimulation of business through rearmament seems to offer a way out. War has indeed become a part of what we call civilization.

"The Bible teaches us our duty to our neighbor, our obligation for sharing what we have, our need for banishing greed from our hearts. Religion is not any longer merely a matter of the soul, it is an economic necessity. And Alvin York is right in saying that only in accepting, at long last, the Bible as truth we can find the path for avoiding war."

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Ease come through toil, and not by self-indulgence. When one gets to love his work, his life is happy one.

—John Ruskin.

HISTORY OF OCRACOCK BEARS STRONGLY ON STATE HISTORY

By Alice K. Rondthaler, in The State

To the majority of North Carolinians who are at all acquainted with Ocracoke Island, it is merely a place for hunting and fishing. Some few may have heard that it was near Ocracoke two hundred years ago that the pirate "Blackbeard," whose real name was Teach, was captured. Some few know it as the place where the "banker ponies" have roamed wild for many years and where in late years each Fourth of July has featured a round-up and auction of these ponies. But few there are who know that behind all this lies a history bearing not only upon North Carolina, but upon the development of the young nation itself, in colonial days, in Revolutionary days, and in the decades preceding the Civil War. In fact as long as shallow-draft vessels plied the seas, Ocracoke Inlet was the commercial key to North Carolina.

Indeed Roanoke Island, with its claim of first white settlers on American soil, must share the honors with Ocracoke. Just as the Pilgrims of old disembarked at Provincetown on Cape Cod before their final settlement at Plymouth, Massachusetts, so in 1585 the Walter Raleigh Expedition under Captain Lane, before proceeding to its final site on Roanoke Island, first disembarked at Ocracoke. Hakluyt's history of the Raleigh expeditions testifies to this fact in the following statement: "At length, the preparations being completed, a fleet of seven vessels, all small however, and capable of enter-

ing the inlets of Virginia sounds, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, . . . set sail from Plymouth, England, April 9, 1585. After various adventures that caused delay the fleet passed the Cape Feare on June 23d and days later came to anchor at Wokokon (now Ocracoke), southwest of Cape Hatterask (now Hatteras)."

The gradual change of name from Wokokon to Ocracoke is interesting, but not as mysterious as legend has made it. Legend recounts that during the long night preceding his capture by Lt. Maynard, "Blackbeard," impatient for the dawn, cried out "O crow cock! O crow cock!" and that thence came the name Ocracock or Ocracoke. Actually, old maps of the North Carolina reefs show that long before Blackbeard's time the stretch of sand below Cape Hatteras was named Wokokon, sometimes spelled Woccocon or Wococock, a word apparently of Indian origin. By the year 1715 some lazy white man, scorning or misinterpreting Indian pronunciation, had dropped the "W" and we find the reef called "Occocock," sometimes spelled "Ocacoc," or "Ocacock." In one instance in a letter written by Governor Spottswood of Virginia to the Lord of Trade in England, it is spelled Oecceh. In 1795 it had approached nearer to its present spelling in Occacock and from that it was but a short jump to the present Ocracoke. This is now the name given not only to the inlet and the island, but to the little town of about six hundred inhabit-

ants situated near the island's southwest end.

As early as 1715 the colonial assembly, realizing the value of Ocracoke Inlet for trade, and at the same time realizing the danger to trade of the shoals outside and inside the inlet, passed an act for settling and maintaining pilots at Ocracoke Inlet. These pilots, so far as history discloses, were the permanent settlers, and as a matter of fact, the earliest history of Ocracoke is chiefly the history of the pilots and their activities.

Interesting stories are told however by present inhabitants of ancestors who came ashore from some of the many shipwrecks off the treacherous coast. Other ancestors undoubtedly came down the reef, escaping the rigid colonial laws of the Virginia colony. These lived along the ocean shores, existing by fishing and hunting and became known as "bankers." Yet so many of Ocracoke's present day family names are found among names of early North Carolina mainland history, that there is little doubt that most of the Island settlers came from the mainland counties bordering on Albemarle and Pamlico sounds.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the duty of piloting vessels in an out from ocean to sound through the treacherous waters of the inlet has been taken over by the U. S. Coast Guard. Prior to that was the life Saving Service and prior to that the independent pilots, who maintained a long and colorful tradition on the island. There are still a few of the older inhabitants of the island who in their early years served as pilots.

In the earliest days the pilots were

few in number; in the year 1795 the whole population of the island was but thirty families. The duty of the pilots was to bring ships over the bar, and so peculiar and shifting were the shoals and channels of Ocracoke Inlet, that the task did not lack danger. Pilot fees for every ship or vessel outside the bar into Beacon Island Road were two shillings proclamation money, and for every vessel drawing six feet or less, to Bath, thirty-six shillings. Life among the early pilots was not always happy, nor were they allowed to determine their own rates of collection. Furthermore it became necessary in 1755 for the General Assembly to enact a penalty fee of ten pounds proclamation money against any pilot at Ocracoke or Beacon Island who, on being signaled, neglected to go over the bar to bring in a vessel. The fee was payable to the master of the vessel detained outside the inlet for want of such a pilot. That laws were necessary to make the pilots attend to their business is evidenced by complaints to the colonial governor, such as the following to Governor Johnson in 1746, to the effect that when Captain Henry Danbus of the frigate *Granville* of London arrived outside the Ocracoke bar from Cork, bringing news of the defeat of the Scotch at Cloden, he lay exposed outside the inlet and in danger of privaters, the pilots failing to come to his rescue.

It is of interest that in those days, as in these, the forces of nature were constantly changing the contour of the Carolina reefs. In 1764 it was necessary for the colony to set aside more land for the homes of the pilots since the land originally used for the purpose had been washed away. A

commission was sent by the governor of the colony to lay off twenty acres, value same on oath, and pay valuation money to the owners of the island. It is noteworthy that the original owner was Richard Sanderson who in 1728 sold Roger Kenyon of the mainland, 2,110 acres of the land lying between Hatteras and Ocracoke inlets, and who in 1773, willed to his son, Richard, his remaining land on "Ye Island of Ocreecock."

In appropriating this land for the use of the pilots, the colonial assembly included in the Act of 1764 the requirement that no pilot should keep running at large any cattle or livestock "to the prejudice of the present proprietors." That this law was not obeyed is clear from subsequent history, since a notable annual event on the island has been for years the Fourth-of-July round-up of wild ponies and cattle, in fact, the old colonial law has long been forgotten, and has only within the past year or two been replaced by a new ruling of the Federal government outlawing unfenced livestock on the banks, in the attempt gradually to grass the reefs and develop them into a national seashore park.

Much has been written of the pirate Blackbeard. His capture in 1717 near Ocracoke Inlet freed the colonies from a real menace to their shipping. Like many of his adventurous kind he has become a sort of legendary North Carolina hero and his Ocracoke base is pointed out as one of the island's sights. Whether or not the old weather-worn frame building with its look-out tower was ever occupied by Blackbeard or not, it is well known that he had a home at Ocracoke as well as at Bath. The

place of his capture, near Ocracoke in Pamlico Sound, is now known as Teach's hole. His real name Teach was sometimes spelled Tach, Tack, or Thatch. At one time, along with other gentlemen devoted to piracy he was granted amnesty provided he would give up his nefarious business. This he accepted but evidently life proved to tame for his restless spirit and he was soon back on the high seas bringing in his spoils and dividing it with Tobias Knight, then secretary of the colony, and indeed with Governor Eden himself.

Since the Carolina colony failed to apprehend him, Governor Spottswood of Virginia determined to intervene and it was through his efforts and those of Lieutenant Maynard that Teach's vessel, the Adventure, was captured on November 22, 1717, just off the coast of Ocracoke Island. One should not omit the barnacled story, told now at Ocracoke, of how after Blackbeard's head been severed from the body and the latter thrown overboard, the headless body then swam defiantly around the ship seven times, or was it eleven. Contrary legend has it that the body was not beheaded, but was granted decent burial on the island, a skeleton of unusual height with brass buttons to suit having been exposed through the removal of sand at a site north of the present village of Ocracoke.

In 1747 the Spaniards made depredations on the island. Coming from St. Augustine with armed men, mostly mulattoes and Negroes, they landed at Ocracoke, Core Sound, Bear Inlet, and Cape Fear. Spanish privateers took possession of the inlet, seized the vessels there and then landed on the island. Several inhabitants were killed, ships were

burned, Negroes carried off the island, and cattle and hogs slaughtered and stolen. The enraged people made complaints to the governor with pleas for the building of forts. At this time the assembly passed its second act appropriating six thousand pounds for the purpose of erecting two large forts, one at Cape Fear and the other at Ocracoke. That at Cape Fear was begun but the building of the Ocracoke fort was postponed as it had been many times before.

In August 1750 there came an opportunity for the islanders to revenge themselves against the Spaniards, for five Spanish mercantile vessels were cast ashore during a terrific storm at sea. One vessel was lost at Currituck Inlet, one sunk at Cape Hatteras, one was beached at Ocracoke, one at Drum Head Inlet, and the fifth near Topsail Inlet. The cargoes were all valuable. That of the Nuestra Senra de Guadalupe, beached off Ocracoke, carried a cargo of a million pieces-of-eight. The captian, Don Juan Manuel de Bonilla, attempted to negotiate with the "bankers" for a loan of small sloops with which to carry off the silver; but they on their part, remembering the Spanish raids of 1747, threatened to pillage the ships. The Spaniards meanwhile became mutinous, falling out among themselves, finally put the silver aboard two "North Country" sloops, which came there accidentally and whose masters were entirely strangers to them. No sooner was one of these loaded than the master of the ship made off with a hundred or more chests of silver aboard; but before the others could leave, Governor Johnson had sent Colonel Innes to the

island, and finally what was left of the cargo was transferred to a man-o'-war and transported to Europe. Bonilla agreed to pay the Colonel and the Governor commissions on the silver thus protected and preserved.

Is it any wonder that, with these records of shipwrecks and cargoes lost along these reefs, there are those even now who are seeking treasure off Hatteras and Ocracoke?

In 1753 the colonial assembly passed an act to appoint a town at Ocracoke and a like act was passed for a town at Portsmouth across the inlet. Further plans were made for a fortification and a commission appointed, said fort to be called "Granville," but it was not until 1777 that the fort was built. Plans were to erect warehouses at Portsmouth and Ocracoke for the unloading of large ships coming from abroad, the goods to be there reloaded and shipped to the mainland on small boats.

The part played by Ocracoke Inlet in the Revolutionary War was vital indeed to the armies of General Washington. In spite of repeated suggestion from the royal governors, Dobbs and Tryon, and in spite of the fact that the money had been more than once appropriated, it was not until the year 1777, when the exigencies of the Revolution demanded it, that a fort was finally built. By this time shipping through the inlet had become extensive and was of great importance to the thirteen warring colonies, since British cruisers had closed the Cape Fear and Chesapeake Bay and were keeping rather close watch at Beaufort harbor. The merchants of New Bern, Washington, Edenton, and Bath sent vessels abroad with cargoes of tobacco and pork and in return received powder, am-

munition, salt, and clothing, which slipped in through the British blockade at Ocracoke, and were then re-shipped from Ocracoke in smaller vessels across the shallow waters of Pamlico and Albemarle Sound to the mainland, and thence by wagon overland to Washington's army in the north.

During the early part of the Revolution the British were unaware of the importance of Ocracoke Inlet—it seemed too small and insignificant to require a blockade. Moreover the shoals of the inlet were dangerous and it was practically impossible to get across the bar without the aid of the pilots living on the island. These, fortunately, were loyal patriots on the side of the United States and were therefore of great help in bringing in ships favorable to the States and leaving stranded outside the bar those favorable to England.

The erstwhile royal governor, Martin, though residing in New York, still claimed to rule in North Carolina, and in writing to Lord Germain said: "The contemptible port of Ocracoke has become a great channel of supply to the rebels. They have received through it very considerable importations." Apparently in response to this complaint, the British sought to close the channel through the inlet with cruisers, but the blockade was not effective. The many vessels continued to slip in with needed supplies, and privateers were constantly sallying forth to prey on British Commerce.

It is difficult today for those who know the peaceful somnolence of Ocracoke to picture the events of those Revolutionary days. Stirring stories are revealed through a study of the colonial records. There is

that of the vessel Polly, which, when bound on a voyage from Edenton to Madeira was captured on April 14 by one John Goodrich, commanding his Majesty's ship Lily; and of its recapture on the self-same day, together with the Lily by an armed sloop, Fincastle, evidently a privateer under the command of Lieutenant Wright, who plundered the Polly or her cargo and disarmed the Lily. Three days later both these vessels were captured by a number of armed men in five "whale boats" from Ocracoke and both vessels were taken to New Bern.

Then there is the story of the capture at Ocracoke of Robert Aitchison, a loyal subject of the Crown, whose ship Peggy was forced by accident into Ocracoke Bay by strong gales of wind. Aitchison was arrested and taken to New Bern.

Nor were the British inactive during this period. In September, 1777, we read in a letter from Joseph Leach of New Bern to Governor Caswell: "A few days ago we received an account from the bar that two English ships, one very large, the other mounting ten or twelve guns, were arrived within the bar and had taken several vessels, particularly a French brig. There were many vessels there (at Ocracoke) ready to go out but the chief of them escaped by running up into the rivers again. Captain Bowling in a schooner bound out for the West Indies has just returned, having had a narrow escape from being taken as he came over Occacock bar by two British brigs in the lower road. I begin to be apprehensive of their being troublesome to us this fall and winter."

Soon after this batteries were

placed at Lookout Bay and Ocracoke. The Sturdy Beggar of New Bern and the Penn Farmer, sixteen guns, sailed to clear the harbor. One of the row galleys brought from Virginia was maintained at Ocracoke, and the Caswell, commanded by Capt. Willis Williams, with a hundred and forty-five men on board was stationed at the bar.

Hostile activities on both the British and American sides in the inlet were checked only by the final victory of the Americans at Yorktown and the end of the Revolutionary War.

With the end of the Revolution, hostilities ceased and the young United States were able to settle down to the business of developing their commerce. This naturally brought continued activity to Ocracoke and the inlet, and in 1789 an act was passed by the assembly providing for the erection of a lighthouse at Ocracoke. Ten years were required for the completion of the picturesque structure and it remains to this day the most conspicuous landmark of the Island, and is now the oldest original lighthouse still in use upon the eastern seaboard. The brass framework of the large lens, likewise still in use, bears the firm name of "L. Saulter & Cie, Constructeurs a Paris." The oil lamps have naturally been replaced by electricity, and the light has been given an interval of intermittent flashing, five seconds on and twenty-five off, distinguishing it from all other lights on the coast and greatly reducing the old time hazard of confusion between the lights of Ocracoke and Hatteras.

There is a curious article published in 1795 by Jonathan Price, entitled "A Pilot's Guide regarding Occa-

cock Inlet, its Coasts, Island, Shoals, and Anchorages, together with a map and directions to sail and its environs as a center of trade" which mentions another center of the inlet trade near Ocracoke. This is Shell Castle Shoal, and island lying between Ocracoke and Portsmouth—today but a barren and in fact almost vanished bit of sand Upon Shell Shoal in 1790, John Gray Blount, Esq., of Washington and John Wallace built a castle of shell and rocks. The 1795 account states: "The last gentleman, John Wallace, resides on the island. Besides his dwelling and its outhouses, which are commodious, there are warehouses for a large quantity of produce and merchandise, a lumber yard and a warf, along side of which a number of vessels are constantly riding. A Notary of Public's office is kept there. Nature seems to designate this spot as the site of a commercial town which will one day serve as a common warehouse and place of shipment for all the produce collected on Neuse, Trent, Tar, and Roanoke, as well as on the former rivers and creeks which they receive. . . . The attention of the Federal government cannot be kept long from this spot as a proper place for the establishment of an office for the security and perhaps the collection of the duties—as a proper station for the vessels kept for the protection of revenues of the Union and the prevention of a contraband trade."

Woe to the prophets! This thriving trade continued for a brief period of years, but the great storm of 1810 the Castle, the wharves, and the warehouses all vanished beneath the waves of Pamlico Sound. That same year the owner and promoter of the in-

dustry departed this life and was buried at Portsmouth. Prophetic of the swift decline of Ocracoke and its enviroous as a center of trade for the eastern Atlantic seaboard was the epitaph engraved upon his tombstone:

“Shell Castle mourn! your pride
is in the dust,
Your boast, your glory’s in the
dreary grave,
Your sun is set ne’er to illumine
again
This sweet asylum from the At-
lantic wave.
Yes, here beneath this monu-
mental stone
This awful gloom amid the silent
dead,
Thy founder lies, whose sainted
soul we laid,
To heaven’s high mansion has
its journey sped.
Mourn charity, benevolence be-
wail,
Kind hospitality his lot deplore,
And own with one unanimous
acclaim
Misfortune’s sons will view his
like no more.”

The very Nature which might have allowed the inlet to continue to thrive, has through the changes wrought by time and tide changed all; indeed its boast, its glory’s in the dreary grave. Today we find no semblance of those bustling times.

The very pathway to the stone that marks John Wallace’s resting-place is now obscured with thorn and myrtle; the stone itself, bearing its strange lines, is now upheaved and nearly buried neath the sands of time. Shell Castle Shoal lies a mere speck of rock and sand, and other shoals are shifting in the flight of time. No longer can large vessels cross the bar. Only the faint “put-put-put” of the small fishing lanuch or occasionally the whirring of an airplane motor overhead is heard above the pounding of the breakers in the inlet.

But the village of Ocracoke and its island, stretching a narrow ribbon of sand between Pamlico Sound and the Atlantic, remains a favorite fishing and summering resort for those who love the simple life. This year, far more than in any other recent year, has the inlet come into its own again as a thoroughfare for coastwise sailing vessels; but this time not to bear supplies to the ragged but resolute troops of General Washington at Valley Forge. Instead, the vessels of 1939 come through on pleasure bent en route from Florida to New York’s World Fair. These twentieth century pleasure craft are piloted through the inlet not by the independent and sometimes uncertain pilots of old, but the Coast Guard, always on watch in the station tower, to a safe night’s anchorage in the harbor of Ocracoke.

If your employer is not treating you as you think he should, just ask yourself this question: “If I were the boss, would I hire or fire myself?”

PARTNERS WITH DAD

By Alletta Jones

"Joy! Joy Hathaway, wait!" Roma Weston, blond hair flying, rushed out of the neighborhood drug store where she was having a chocolate soda, and dashed down the sidewalk.

"Get your copy of Kodak Flashes yet, Joy?" she squealed, waving a magazine. Without waiting for an answer, she thrust it into Joy's hands. "Read that!" A finger indicated the first item under a column bearing the caption, "Contests."

Joy read: "Best scenic snapshot submitted by amateur . . . first prize . . . one hundred dollars." Rules followed, but Joy disregarded them. "Some prize!" she cried. Her steady grey eyes blazed with excitement.

"Some prize is right! You'll enter, of course, and so will I. And if I win that one hundred dollars you'll see little Roma taking snaps with a camera doin' gmovies in colors. If you win I can guess that's what I'll be seeing you doing. Righto?"

Joy shook her chestnut head firmly. "If I win you'll be seeing a new roof on the Hathaway ancestral mansion. Unless we get a roof before the next rainy season sets in we'll have to equip the bedrooms with umbrellas or wash tubs."

"Really, would you spend your prize money for a roof?" Roma questioned skeptically. "Well, I'd better be getting back to my soda before it's soda soup. Be seeing you."

Roma whisked off and Joy flew along Maple Avenue toward home, her feet lifted on air, as though she had suddenly acquired wings. That hundred dollars would go far in re-

roofing their rambling old white house. It would help erase those worry lines that were etching themselves in dad's face. Those lines haunted her.

Both girls had studied photography at high school, which they had finished at mid-year. They wanted, more than anything else, to go to college and specialize in it. Roma expected to, in the fall. Joy had considered it, too, planning to work her way, but she put the idea resolutely behind her. Things were hard at home. Dad's business was shaky, and, as if that wasn't worry enough, a stack of insurance was falling due; Vivian's tonsils must come out, and the roof leaked like a riddle. "I'm going to get a job and be partners with dad," Joy told herself. "College will have to wait. What good's a daughter who can't help her father when he needs it?" She had started blithely off in search of the job, but Hillview had no job to offer.

"I'll find something to do if I have to peddle newspapers on the street corners," she vowed to her mother one sunny day in late February when they were hanging the wash on the line back of the house. "In the meantime I'm going to take this yard in hand. It's a mess with its litter of dry leaves and flower stalks, and I'm the only one who has time to burn."

"I do wish you would," Mrs Hathaway replied. "The yard is untidy. The boys started to clean it up but they didn't get far."

"No wonder with all their school affairs," Joy said. "This yard's the

size of those ranchettes that garden man's always talking about over the radio."

She carried the clothes basket into the basement, hunted up an old scarlet sweater and marched out to the tool house in the garage after a rake and a wheelbarrow.

Across the street to the south Virginia Patterson was raking leaves in the Patterson gardens. "Hi, Ginny!" Joy called across and dug her rake into the brown coverlet on one of the flower borders where already crocus blossoms lifted sweet yellow and purple faces.

The pile of leaves grew high, and Joy paused to look about her. These two corner places, theirs and the Pattersons' with their wide oak and maple shaded lawns and big rambling house, were all that remained of what was once a fine old residential district in the suburbs. New houses had taken the places of the old ones, smart, small houses standing close together. Young children played on the pocket handkerchief squares of lawn or off them. There was Mrs. Carlson now, hustling her small Joan out of the street. "Children need a play yard with a fence around it," Joy reflected. Why!—why she had a yard with a fence around it—a thick green hedge!

The rake clattered to the ground, forgotten. Joy was off across the street like a March gale. "Ginny!" she shouted, "Oh, Ginny! I've got the most exciting idea! It hatched this minute while I was watching Mrs. Carlson drag Joan out of the street. I'm going to start a nursery-kindergarten for the neighbor children, and I want you to help me, please, Ginny. There's our big playground back of the house going to

waste, except for the tennis court, now that Vivian has grown too big for slides and teeters, and Lee and Neil play ball on the supervised playfield. And there's the playroom in the basement. Of course, it's been made into a game room since Vivian's out-grown dolls and teasetts, but the cabinets are still there chock-full of toys, and nobody uses the game room during school hours."

She paused for breath, and Ginny exclaimed, "I think your idea's grand. I'd love to help."

"I'm sure the neighbors will be willing to pay a small amount to know their children are safe and happy for several hours each day," Joy raced on. "They can afford to, and we've taken care of their youngsters ever since we started going to high school, so they won't be afraid to trust us."

The play school had gone over even better than Joy hoped. "Of course," she told herself at the end of the first two weeks, as she sat in the playroom bent over the records, "this isn't permanent. I'm not making enough to help dad. I'll make enough to take care of most of my personal needs and buy a few kodak supplies. Anyway that's something better, and it's a real opportunity for me to keep up with my photographic work, because child portraiture is the thing in which I'm most interested."

But as the weeks went by and nothing better materialized, there were times when her courage ebbed. It had been at ebb this afternoon when Roma flashed the prize announcement before her eyes. That had sent it flooding back.

Pausing only long enough to snatch her copy of *Kodak Flashes* from the mail box on the porch, she dashed upstairs to her room. Flinging herself

into a low chair she devoured every word of the announcement.

Still breathless, she jerked her picture files from their cabinet, and impatiently shoved them back after a quick thumbing. Not a scene worth a nickel in prizes. Well, there'd be Saturdays. This was spring, with loveliness everywhere.

But if spring was lovely the weather wasn't. Rain was its Saturday special. The first Saturday Joy scowled at the drenched windows above the kitchen sink, but proceeded to pull on her raincoat and galoshes. "I'll have to go, rain or no rain, Mother," she said. "The sun shines through a break in the clouds occasionally. I might get something worth while. I can't let Roma get ahead of me."

"Don't let this prize business spoil your friendship with Roma," Mrs. Hathaway advised. "Remember, only one person can win a prize, and Roma's particularly fine in outdoor photography. No prize is worth a broken friendship."

"It won't touch our friendship," Joy promised. "I'm not in the least afraid of Roma, even if she is such a whiz. Bye." She tucked her kodak under her arm and was off.

Roma was a whiz. Joy thought about it on the street car which was taking her out to the edge of town. "But I'm good at outdoor photography myself," she reflected. "Professor Hilton said so. I don't like it as well as child portraiture, but it's fun.

Off the car and splashing down a country road, Joy turned a curve and saw Roma sloshing along ahead. They had gone kodaking together since little girl days, and as yet, no thought of unfriendly rivalry had

entered her mind. "Yoo-hoo!" she called.

Roma turned and waited. "Quack! Quack! friend duckie," she chuckled. "Isn't it awful?" Joy laughed. "Got anything decent yet?"

"Not a thing. Too much rain."

It wasn't until the Wednesday before the contest closed on Friday that Joy printed a picture she sincerely liked—a storm hovering over a field, with a farmer and his horses hurrying home-ward. "It would have to be a storm," she mused, "that's all we've had for a month, but it's good. It has feeling. The lights and shadows are fine. I think it has a chance."

That was before she went by Roma's house and Roma stuck her mischievous head out the door and called, "Want to see my hundred dollar picture?"

"Sure." Joy laughed at the fun in Roma's voice and bounded up the steps and into the long living room where Roma's pictures lay on a table.

"This is it." Roma put into Joy's hands a silhouette of a sea gull swooping shore-ward above wind-swept water. A common enough subject, but it wasn't a common picture.

Joy gazed at it fascinated. "It's marvelous, Roma! Magnificent!" Then, as quickly as though someone had snapped off electric lights, the light died out of her face. Something that was like a sharp pain stabbed at her heart. This picture was to be entered against her own! She hadn't known Roma could take such a picture as this. Just what made it exceptional she couldn't tell, but the feelings it awakened within her assured her, without a doubt, that it was.

"There are so many sea gull pic-

tures," Roma said. "I wanted something else, but that was the best I could get with so much rain. What did you select?"

Roma shouldn't know how she felt. "Come over and see," she invited, trying to force enthusiasm.

"Oh, I like it Joy!" Roma squealed when she studied the storm picture. "It has loads of atmosphere. If I were out in that field I'd be hunting shelter mighty fast I can tell you. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if this picture did put a roof on your ancestral mansion." Her laugh gurgled up in a lilting tinkle. Joy laughed, too, but not joyously. Her picture might be good. It was good. But it didn't do things to you the way Roma's did.

"I wish we'd tie and they'd have to give us each a hundred dollars," Roma laughed, as she pulled on her raincoat, ready to go home. "But you can't tell a thing about judges. They're as likely to choose a field of sage brush for the first prize." Joy was somewhat comforted. It might be that after all the judges wouldn't be partial to sea gulls and wind-swept water.

In the wide hall Joy sat at the desk addressing an envelope to carry her carefully wrapped prize picture. The clatter of noisy feet on the porch sent her eyes scurrying in the direction of the doorway. Roma's small brother, Barth, stood there, a bunch of letters of assorted sizes in his hand.

"Hello, Barth! How are you?"

"Fine. Last day of school."

Joy grinned. "That is fine, isn't it? You want Neil, don't you? He's up in his room. Go on up if you like."

"Okay." Barth dumped the hand-

ful of letters on the table and took the stairs, two steps at a time.

Joy finished addressing the envelope, enclosed the picture and stuck it in one of the pigeon holes of the desk. Then she flew to the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes.

It was late afternoon when she returned to the hall. Her quick eyes picked out an envelope lying among the papers on the table. "Barth must have dropped it," she thought. "I'm on my way to the post office to mail my picture. I'll take it along."

She glanced at the envelope to be sure it was intended for mailing, and her glance froze into a stare. It was addressed, in Roma's handwriting, to the prize contest company. Roma's sea gull picture! "Lucky I found it," she told herself, "the contest closes at midnight." Or was it lucky? She'd have more chance of winning if she didn't have to compete with Roma. And win she must! In spite of the kettles and cans they'd toted to the attic to catch the drips, each rain brought new leaks. They'd have to have new bedroom ceilings if they didn't get a roof soon.

With a swift, irritable motion she thrust the envelope from her. It slid under the papers out of sight. "I've a notion to let you stay there," she muttered.

"Why not?" Joy started at the clearness of the voice from within herself. "Are you responsible for Roma's picture?"

Certainly she wasn't! Nor for Barth's carelessness. Roma had no business trusting him. Why didn't she mail her own picture?

The grandfather's clock ticked off solemn minutes while Joy wrestled with the persistent voice. When at last she left the house, Roma's picture lay

under the papers on the table. She had washed her hands of any responsibility concerning it.

Washing her hands, so to speak, contributed nothing to her peace of mind "It's the weather," she fumed. "A sultry day always makes me grumpy. As soon as I mail my picture I'll go to Barton's and get a soda."

The soda was tasteless, She left her glass half full and took her check to the cashier's desk Roma came in while she was waiting for her change, and pounced on her at once.

"Bet you've been mailing your picture," she cried.

"Bet you're right!" Joy strove for naturalness.

Roma wrinkled her nose ruefully. "I had to trust mine to Barth," she said. "Grandmother sent me a hurry call to come right out to the farm this morning, and dad said he'd drive me out before he went to work. There wasn't time to mail it before I left, and I thought I'd probably have to stay all night. Small boys are so careless I felt rather jittery, but Barth's sure he put it in the post office, so I guess he did."

"No doubt," Joy murmured. "I've got to run. Mother's away for a few days. I'm cook." She darted out the door, glad to get away from Roma, stopped at the meat market for a steak and hurried home.

"What's the matter, daughter? Dont you feel well? You're not eating your dinner." Dad was gazing anxiously across the dinner table at Joy.

"I feel all right," she said. "Sultry weather always takes my pep. Getting ready to rain some more."

"We could dispense with rain for a while." Joy noticed how tired he looked. If only she could get a real job. But just wait until she handed

him that hundred dollar check. They'd be partners, then. Somehow the thought failed to make her happy. Would dad want her for a partner—dad who was always square no matter what it cost? But she was square. she hastened to her defense. You didn't have to be somebody's goat to be square.

Joy was thankful when the dishes were done and she was free to curl up in a comfortable chair with a book. She couldn't keep her mind on the story, though, exciting mystery as it was. Sea-gulls kept flying between the pages.

With mother gone the family drifted off to bed at an early hour. By nine o'clock only Lee and Joy remained in the big living room. Lee turned off the radio and yawned. The room grew quiet. Lee broke the quiet with, "Sort of dull without mother. Guess I'll hit the hay, too."

Joy let him get as far as the door. "Wait," she urged, leaping to her feet. "I have a letter that simply must be mailed tonight. Mind walking to the post office with me?"

"Funny time to think of a letter," Lee teased. "No, I don't mind."

Fifteen minutes later they were coming home. Joy's heart skipped in time with her feet. Bad business kidding yourself you were being square when you knew all the time you weren't. She wanted no more of it.

"Look, Lee!" She caught sight of the house next their own. "There's a light in the brick cottage. Suppose it's rented?"

"Sold. Some people by the name of Anderson have bought it. They moved in today. Strange you didn't see the moving van."

"We had to stay indoors today, the grass was too wet. But how

come you know so much?"

"When I came in from school Mr. Anderson called me over to the hedge and ask me a few questions."

"Oh. Any children?"

"Two, about the ages of Neil and Vivian. They're visiting their grandparents."

"Shucks, why couldn't they have been tots?"

Joy found the Andersons pleasant neighbors, even if they had no children for her play school. One morning, after she'd taken a snapshot of Tommy Duncan, with her ever ready camera, she turned around and saw Mrs. Anderson watching her from across the hedge. "You like to take pictures of the children, don't you?" she inquired kindly.

"I love it." Joy's voice expressed eagerness.

"When you have the time will you show me your pictures?"

Joy would, gladly. "I'll bring them over after dinner this evening if you'd like," she promised.

"Please do." She turned toward the house but paused to ask, "Do you run your kindergarten all summer?"

"We're closing today. Most of the children are away and the others are irregular. I'll open in September unless I find a better paying job. If I do, Virginia will open it. She isn't planning on working away from home.

With the play school closed, Joy devoted herself to the garden. No word had come from the contest. Weeding a bed of rainbow snaps, Joy wondered if word would come. The telephone rang and she went in to answer it.

Roma's lilting voice floated over the wires. Joy's heart thudded down like lead. She knew. No need of

Roma's excited, "Oh, Joy, my picture won first prize. I'm so thrilled. Only I wish you could have won, too."

"Rah for you! That's grand, Roma!" Joy made herself say the words, hoping Roma didn't notice the break in her voice.

She stumbled back to the garden and crumpled in a heap beside the snapdragons. "I knew Roma'd win," she thought, "but I made myself hope." It didn't seem fair when all Roma wanted was an expensive camera she didn't need. There was that troublesome voice again, too:

"If you hadn't mailed..."

"Shut up! I won't listen!"

"I hoped you would."

Joy jerked around and saw Mr. Anderson laughing down at her. Hurriedly brushing her arm across her eyes she managed a weak grin. "I didn't mean to talk out loud," she said.

If she looked suspiciously near to tears, Mr. Anderson took no note. "I've come to talk business," he said, sitting down on the grass beside her. "We need a girl in our studios to learn the business from the ground up, of course, with a salary. You have a real gift for child photography. I believe you are the girl for the place. Would you like it?"

Joy blinked. "Studios? You—you wouldn't mean the Anderson Studios?"

Mr. Anderson grinned at her surprised face. "The very ones. I supposed you knew I was connected with them."

Joy shook her head, mute in her astonishment. The Anderson Studios were famous for their child photography. She'd never dreamed of her neighbor being that Mr. Anderson. What a glorious opportunity!

He was waiting for her answer. "How about it? Think you'd like to work with us?"

"I'd love to," Joy answered simply.

After a while Mr. Anderson went home. Joy flew to the house and began rummaging through the library

table drawers. Where was that roofing catalog she'd seen dad pouring over? "Daddy mine," she murmured, as she searched, "you don't know it yet, but you've got a partner. You'll find she's square as—as Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

If they would make the calibre of guns smaller, and the calibre of men larger, there would be less danger of war.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Daily rehearsals, under the supervision of Mrs. George L. Barrier, are being held, as the boys practice the musical numbers to be used next Thursday afternoon, when the new swimming-pool will be dedicated.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been erecting a platform in our gymnasium, to be used in the exercises during the dedicatory program to be held here on October 5th, which time the new swimming-pool will be officially presented to the School.

Under the supervision of Mr. Johnson the boys are receiving a much-needed hair-cut. During the extremely busy season of the past few weeks, this part of the work had to be postponed, with the result that quite a number of rather shaggy heads could be seen among the boys. Due to the tonsorial operations of the past week, the youngsters present a much neater appearance.

Mrs. Emma J. Eagle and her neph-

ew, Mr. Frank McGraw, of Concord, were present at the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Mrs. Eagle worked at the institution for many years, practically from its very beginning until just a few years ago. Most of this time she was in charge of the sewing-room. She was always most faithful in the performance of her duties and was courteous to all with whom she came in contact. It is needless to say that during her long period of service that she made many friends here, both among the officials and the boys, and always receives a warm welcome whenever she visits us.

During the recent building program at the School, arrangements were made for the housing of calves in a separate building which was erected near the dairy barn. In order that they may have advantage of more sunshine, Mr. Hobby, the dairyman, is now building attractive fences for lots in which they may be placed during the day. Aside from being attractive in appearance, these

fences serve also as a great benefit to the young stock.

When the new cannery was erected, it was placed on a sloping section of the campus, which necessitated some parts of the foundation to be built quite deep, while some of it would be above ground, making rather deep cuts on parts on each side of the building. A lot of grading has been done in order to make the setting more attractive. After ten hours' work with Mr. J. W. Propst's grading machine, a great improvement is quite noticeable. When this territory is leveled and a good grass sod is secured, it will be one of the School's beauty spots. The cannery is located just in the rear of the gymnasium and swimming-pool.

Superintendent and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger attended the annual meeting of officials of the various orphanages in the state, held at the Barium Springs Camp, which is located on the Catawba River, about eight miles from the orphanage. They report that the meeting was very interesting, and that a most enjoyable fish-fry was a feature of the occasion. Dr. Johnson, superintendent of Barium Springs Orphanage, served those present with some of the finest apples that have been grown in these parts. They were of the famous Delicious variety and certainly lived up to their name. Miss Porter, assistant superintendent of Samarcan Manor, the state's school for wayward girls, and Mr. Boger were speakers on the afternoon program.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School

last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation, led by Forrest McEntire, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. John Long Jackson, rector of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon, who talked to the boys on the value of "A Four-Square Boy."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Jackson told the boys that he had wanted to come and speak to them for several years, but every time Mr. Sheldon had invited him to come on the fourth Sunday of the month, some previous engagement had prevented his doing so. He also complimented the boys on their singing, saying that he had visited many institutions and had heard various congregations sing, but he believed the Training School lads sang better than any group he had ever heard.

The speaker began by telling of the babe born two thousand years ago in a most obscure place. Perhaps had he never been born there, we would never have thought about Bethlehem or Nazareth. While this was not the story of just another boy, we know very little of his boyhood life, in fact we are not very familiar with this particular character until he was thirty years of age. At the age of thirty, he went to hear his cousin, John, preach. From then on the Spirit of God led him, and for the following three years he lived in Palestine, going about among men, doing good. He owned no property, had no place that he could call his own, yet he was the best-known man in the world. He gathered around him common men—fishermen at first, others later—until he had gathered a group known as his apostles, some of whom were to be-

come among the world's greatest men.

This man, Jesus, continued the speaker, was always trying to help someone else. The four gospels tell what he did. They tell how he caused the blind to see; how he healed the lame, sick, dumb, deaf, and even how he raised people from the dead. Jesus also told people the good news of how to live and love one another. Men were led by the Holy Spirit, and because they felt the love of Jesus, they gave their lives to him, and have changed the world.

Rev. Mr. Jackson then quoted Luke 2: 52, which states: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." He was a four-square boy. The speaker then pointed four ways in which the boy of today can be a four-square boy, as follows:

1 Care for the body. Jesus worked in the carpenter shop with his father, and developed muscle. He increased in stature.

2 Grow in wisdom. We go to school today, not always because we

like it, but because we have minds, and should develop them. Jesus increased in wisdom.

3 Grow in favor with our fellow men. To do this, we must think of others, as Jesus did. If you want to be unhappy, just keep thinking only of self.

4 Grow in favor with God. Talk to Him in earnest. Try to follow Him. Make Him our pattern.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Jackson stated that the crying need of the world today is four-square men, those who grow in stature, in wisdom, and in favor with God and man, and he urged each boy within sound of his voice to strive to follow the teachings of the Master and try to develop into that kind of man.

We were delighted to have Rev. Mr. Jackson with us on this occasion, and wish to take this opportunity of thanking him for the inspiring message he delivered to our boys, assuring him at the same time that he will always be a most welcome visitor at the School.

TO GET THE MOST—

Simply memorizing is not the only way to get the most out of school. If that were true, everyone could do this at home and save the expense of having public schools. Teachers explain and answer questions, and pupils who listen carefully and who ask for an explanation of the things that puzzle them find the lessons much easier to understand and to remember than do those who are not interested in the lessons at school.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending September 24, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Jack Cline 3
- (15) Clyde Gray 15
- (6) James Hodges 13
- (3) Gilbert Hogan 14
- (5) Leon Hollifield 16
- (14) Edward Johnson 14
- (9) Frank Johnson 10
- (2) Robert Maples 10
- (6) Frank May 14
- (11) Thomas Turner 12

COTTAGE No. 1

- (5) William Anders 7
- (2) Jack Broome 11
- (2) Clinton Call 6
- (4) Howard Cox 11
- B. C. Elliott 7
- (5) William Freeman 9
- (3) Bruce Link 8
- (4) Clay Mize 9
- (5) H. C. Pope 13
- Arlie Scism 7
- Jerry Smith 6
- (4) Lee Watkins 8
- (2) Edward Warnock 11
- (8) William C. Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 2

- William Burnette 3
- George Cooke 8
- Arthur Craft 8
- Julian T. Hooks 8
- Frank King 8
- Milton Koontz
- Floyd Lane 7
- Thurman Lynn 4
- (5) Forrest McEntire 7
- Donald McFee 6
- (2) Richard Parker 2
- Henry Phillips 5
- (5) Nick Rochester 12
- (2) Oscar Roland 8
- Landreth Sims 6
- W. J. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Earl Barnes 14
- James Boone 9
- Jack Crofts
- (4) Mack Evans 9
- (3) Coolidge Green 13
- Bruce Hawkins 7
- Roscoe Honeycutt 5
- A. C. Lamar 9
- Harley Matthews 11
- (7) F. E. Mickle 15
- (8) John C. Robertson 15
- (2) George Shaver 9
- (3) Harrison Stilwell 15
- (2) Louis Williams 12
- (9) Allen Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 9
- (2) Paul Briggs 9
- (2) Quentin Crittenton 7
- Arlow Goins
- (4) Ivan Morrozoff 16
- (2) Edward McGee 8
- (4) J. W. McRorrie 8
- J. C. Nance
- (4) Melvin Walters 16
- (2) James Wilhite 14
- Cecil Wilson 5
- Thomas Yates 4

COTTAGE No. 5

- (9) Collett Cantor 12
- (9) Lindsey Dunn 15
- (3) Ray Hamby 8
- (6) William Kirksey 10
- (6) Everett Lineberry 14
- Ivey Lunsford 2
- (7) Paul Lewallen 9
- J. C. Reinhardt
- Richard Starnes 8
- George Wright 10

COTTAGE No. 6

- Robert Dunning 7
- (2) Leo Hamilton 7

- (3) Spencer Lane 7
- Canipe Shoe 9

COTTAGE No. 7

- Carl Breece 14
- (6) John Deaton 16
- Donald Earnhardt 12
- (5) George Green 10
- (6) William Herrin 11
- (2) Robert Hampton 7
- (2) Lyman Johnson 11
- (7) Hugh Johnson 16
- Elmer Maples 12
- (3) Arnold McHone 9
- Ernest Overcash 7
- (3) Loy Stines 11
- (2) Joseph Wheeler 7
- Edd Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 8

- (12) Jack Crawford 14
- (2) Floyd Crabtree 2
- (11) Charles Taylor 15

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Holly Atwood 11
- (2) Clarence Baker 5
- J. T. Branch 12
- (3) Roy Butner 12
- (3) Frank Glover 13
- (9) C. D. Grooms 14
- (5) Wilbur Hardin 8
- John Hendrix 8
- (10) Harold O'Dear 11
- (5) Eugene Presnell 11
- (10) Lonnie Roberts 16
- (3) Cleveland Suggs 7
- (7) Preston Wilbourne 14

COTTAGE No. 10

- (4) Matthew Duffy 10
- (7) Elbert Head 9
- Lee Jones 9
- (3) Thomas King 4
- James Martin 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- (9) Harold Bryson 15
- (2) William Covington 2
- (11) William Dixon 13
- Charles Frye 11
- William Furches 3
- (4) Albert Goodman 12
- (17) Earl Hildreth 17
- (10) William Hudgins 15
- (3) Paul Mullis 12
- (12) Julian Merritt 13

- (13) Edward Murray 16
- (3) Theodore Rector 11
- (11) John Uptegrove 15

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Burl Allen 12
- (3) Odell Almond 10
- (6) Jack Batson 16
- Jay Brannock 8
- Allard Brantley 9
- Ernest Brewer 10
- William Broadwell 6
- William C. Davis 6
- (2) William Deaton 8
- Howard Devlin 8
- (5) Max Eaker 13
- (2) Everett Hackler 8
- (2) Woodrow Hager 13
- Joseph Hall 9
- (3) Charlton Henry 14
- Hubert Holloway 11
- Richard Honeycutt 10
- (3) S. E. Jones 9
- Tilman Lyles 9
- Clarence Mayton 10
- (3) James Mondie 10
- (7) Avery Smith 15
- (3) Ralph Sorrells 10
- (2) George Tolson 10
- (2) J. R. Whitman 9

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) Wilson Bailiff 6
- (5) William Griffin 14
- (2) James V. Harvel 13
- Jack Mathis 8
- (6) Paul McGlammery 9
- (6) Alexander Woody 15

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 12
- Horace Branch 4
- Howard Bobbitt 10
- (2) William Cantor 9
- (6) Clifton Davis 14
- (7) Albert Hayes 13
- William Hawkins 4
- Oakley Lunsford 5
- (2) Hardy Lanier 2
- (2) J. P. Morgan 2
- (2) Fred McGlammery 3
- (7) J. P. Sutton 12
- (2) Oscar Smith 7
- Brown Stanley 5

- Arvel Ward 7
 (2) William Woods 8
 (2) William Young 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 9
 (10) George Duncan 11

- (2) Philip Holmes 12
 (17) Warren G. Lawry 17
 Early Oxendine 11
 (9) Thomas Oxendine 15
 Charles Presnell 9
 (4) Curley Smith 14

 APPRECIATION

Appreciation! What magic it will work! How little of it there is in this mad old world of ours.

Dollars and cents alone will not cause people to extend themselves to reach unknown heights, but appreciation will. Great artists are often inspired by the appreciation of a single individual.

And it applies to every person in the world regardless of the work that is being done. Tired workmen stagger home weary from the day's toil. Tired housewives struggle to make homes comfortable and happy, but there is no word of appreciation.

Artists create, and writers write, but we are too busy to say a kind word about their efforts. Preachers preach, and singers sing, but we toss a dollar onto the collection plate or buy a ticket and think that we have done our duty.

When the famous cook of a well-known southern colonel made one of her appetizing pies he used to call her into the dining room and compliment her, and Mandy would then place her hands on her massive hips, beam broadly and say: "Massa, ah wants to tell yo' that thar am nobody in this worl' that appreciates appreciation like ah do!" Then she would go back into the kitchen and strive to outdo all previous culinary efforts in order to gain another word of praise from the master that she served so faithfully because he was thoughtful.

The salesman who makes a good sale, the buyer who is efficient, the window trimmer who is capable, all become better in their work in proportion to the appreciation that is meted out to them when things have been unusually well done.

We have become too thoughtless. We are getting too selfish. We feel that we can buy good work with mere money. It cannot be done. There must be something more.

And the "something more" does not cost a cent. It is nothing more nor less than a sincere word spoken when it is deserved. Pay checks can be doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, but the increases, in themselves, will never pay the dividends in fine work well done as will an occasional word of genuine appreciation.—Selected.

OCT 11 1939

THE

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VISION

John Wanamaker, the great merchant whose vision went far beyond the world of mere material things, was once asked to invest in an expedition to recover from distant seas the treasures of sunken ships which had lain there many centuries.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "let me tell you of a better expedition than this, right here. Near your own feet lie treasures beyond measure; you can have them all by diligent study.

"Let us not be content to mine the most coal, to make the largest locomotives, to weave the largest quantity of carpets; but, amid the sound of the pick, the blows of the hammer, the rattle of bones and the roar of machinery, take care that the immortal mechanism of God's hand—the mind—is still full-trained for the highest and noblest service."—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

You can read all the books that have ever been written about swimming but you are no swimmer until you get in and swim. You may be able to discourse very wisely and learnedly about character and religion, but you do not possess either one unless you practice them, using their respective tools until you become skillful.

Practice and practice alone makes perfect. Would you be healthful? Then practice health with the tools of health. Would you become an artist of repute? Then practice art with all the tools of art. Would you be that splendid person that you have dreamed about? Then practice character and fine living with every good tool at your command, for a workman is known by his product whether or no. There is no escaping what we do or do not do with our tools.—Selected.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Frances Willard was an unusual child. From the time she could prattle she seemed to have interwoven in her life symphony a taste for serious verse instead of the childhood nursery rhymes.

She was born near Rochester, N. Y. September 28, 1838. Her preparation for life was for that of a teacher; she also wrote many articles for magazines and papers in connection with her teaching. Having been appointed in 1871 as president of Evanston College, Ill., for women, evinces the fact that she was accepted for her ability as a teacher and executive. She traveled in Europe extensively and that trip broadened her vision for service, both in civic, social and religious work.

She was very active in religious and temperance work and was known as an advocate of the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody who had a burning desire to help the underprivileged child,—the

first outstanding work of this world-wide-known christian character.

Frances Willard is known for her interest in the field for temperance. She was the first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was president from 1879 till her death, at New York, in 1898. Elsewhere in this issue of the Uplift is an interesting sketch of the life of this woman who gave her life for the cause nearest her heart, temperance.

Having a distinguished mother the home life of Frances Willard undoubtedly is a great factor in the development of her character. Her parents did not possess great wealth, but they had a passion for knowledge, brotherhood and the Christlike graces. Her ancestry on her father's side ran back to Major Simon Willard, founder of Concord, Mass. His posterity reveals many distinguished persons, among whom were two who occupied the president's chair at Harvard. Her mother's forebears were of New Hampshire and Vermont stock. This talented and devoted woman was later familiarly called "Madam" by the "White Ribboners" both in England and America. She was not only a wonderful mother, but through all the career of her distinguished daughter she was constantly counselor and advisor. No record of the achievements of Frances Willard would be complete that failed to bestow upon her mother a full meed of praise. Frances herself expressed it: "When weary with the cares of life, I would juse creep in with mother."

* * * * *

A UNIFORM PITCH NEEDED

After reading the following we are constrained to comment that if "A" is the dominant note that controls the unison of orchestral instruments it seems too bad that the acts of mankind can not be brought to harmonize by enriching their souls with the spirit of the Prince of Peace:

Musical harmony may yet decide the peace of nations. While governments continue to grow excited over the respective merits of democracy and totalitarianism, national defense and encirclement, colonies and the status quo, and the possible survival of present states in the event of war, the musicians of five European

countries—England, France, Italy, Germany and the Netherlands—have agreed to a momentous note of unison. At the sessions of the International Standards Association, meeting in London recently, the musicians of these countries decided that the “A” which controls the tuning of orchestras shall be pitched uniformly at 440 vibrations per second. Curiously enough, the standard settled upon has long been the American standard, so that our country (the musicians at least) has unconsciously offered the basis of peace—musically speaking—without the disturbing agitations of diplomacy that seem invariably to emanate from state departments. If the singers and musicians of five nations can attain to harmonic peace, why cannot the music that “hath charms to soothe the savage breast” project its healing harmonies into the body politic?

* * * * *

COUNTY FIRE PROTECTION

Along with the joys realized from living in the country there is considerable apprehension of destructive fires, but from the press the news is that Mecklenburg county by a contract with the city of Charlotte has met local conditions very satisfactorily. If a fire occurs in rural Mecklenburg, Charlotte fire department responds to the call just the same as if in the city limits. The expense of the trip to the county is met by the property owner and the county sharing the expense on the basis of fifty-fifty. The security of the firemen is guaranteed under the provision of a law enacted in the last legislature.

We learn that a similar move, fire protection of rural Rowan, has been made by city and county officials respectively in Salisbury and Rowan county. This is indeed a progressive step, the city and county officials join hands for the good of every citizen regardless of where one lives. This is strong inducement for people to seek the beauties of nature and the quietude of the rural districts when selecting a sight for a new home.

To feel that one has fire protection inspires a feeling of security to say the least. A fire, when living in the country, especially, so when the wind is strong, gives one a jittery feeling. We recall an instance when a fire was about to consume a home of the rural districts, and the dear old lady of this homestead threw a lovely

old blue bowl and pitcher out the window and calmly came down with a feather pillow under her arm. So you can see a fire out in the country gives one an abandoned feeling. Since Mecklenburg county has taken the initiative in giving the rural people fire protection other counties will soon fall in line and do likewise, and they should.

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WHAT CAN WE DO?

"What can we do," is the question put forth by a religious paper, the Baptist Standard. This query is made as to the attitude of people during the war, and the following taken from the same paper gives an antidote for evils of every degree: The excerpt emphasizes that it is impossible to be free of hatred and prejudices if devoid of love for our fellowman:

We are to pray constantly for God's people on either side of this conflict; that they may not be swept off their feet by the waves of bitterness; but that they may show the Christian spirit in these difficult times. They are under great provocation, and can be led to do things which hurt the cause of Christ. Pray that above everything else they may be loyal to him, and may so live as to adorn the doctrine of Christ.

Let us pray that whatever befalls may be for the futherance of the gospel. We know that God can make the wrath of man to praise him. We are not so much concerned about preserving the kingdoms of the world as about futhering the interests of the kingdom of God. If God shall choose in this way to show the folly of human wisdom and schemes, the madness of men when they forget God, the helplessness of men without Him, then men will turn to God in their helplessness. He says, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He shall come whose right it is."

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AN APPEAL FOR BOOKS

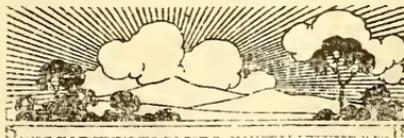
The superintendent of the Morrison Training School for negro delinquents has made an appeal for books, hoping for a generous response, knowing the value of good books.

The Morrison Training School for negro boys was established during the time when Hon. Cameron Morrison was governor of the state. This School elicited the interest of Governor Morrison so it rightly bears his name.

This appeal from superintendent of the Morrison Training School caught the attention of the editor of the Charlotte Observer. He calls attention to the need editorially in the Sunday's Observer. This editorial makes fine publicity for the cause, because the Charlotte Observer has an extensive clientele, reaching every nook and corner of the state. Besides the cause is a most worthy one. A good book with a good morale will not alone furnish profitable pastime for these wayward boys of Morrison School, but perhaps straighten out the twisted minds and inspire the negro youth to high ideals.

It is not unusual to see negro urchins, unkept, pass through the streets of every city and finally they fall into the hands of the law for some minor misdemeanor. They are happy in their ignorance. The only side of their lives trained is shrewdness so naturally they are adepts in snatching just the very object that appeals. It is expected that they ply their skill—let it be for good or otherwise. This phase of social service work carries a great appeal.

The Morrison Training School is a blessing for those fortunate enough to be sent there, and the neglected negro boys should be given books for not a better companion in life can be found than a book that carries an inspiring message.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

LINES TO REMEMBER!

"Many a heart is hungry, starving
 For a little word of love,
 Speak it then, and as the sunshine
 Gilds the lofty peaks above,
 So the joy of those who hear it
 Send its radiance down life's way,
 And the world is brighter, better
 For the loving words we say."

"Potes Pray for Rain," is a newspaper headline. Let them get up a picnic or a sociable on the church lawn.

If New York's Broadway does not warmly recognize the budding geniuses for the silver screen, it is possible Hollywood.

Over here in America the Nazis are having their troubles by the investigation of Dies. Over in Europe their trouble is dying.

We are informed that Texas produces 40 per cent of the world's pecans. I have often wondered where all the nuts came from.

Most unemployed men want work, not charity. If you can help them by affording employment, you should do your part. If not, don't criticize them.

The Golden Rule is still with us. And many there be who think it

would work if it were tried. But the trouble is, an innumerable host never try it.

It is a common observation that if you keep your mouth shut long enough somebody will suspect that you have more than the usual amount of common sense.

One trouble with the political world is that voters give their support to the men who promise them the most and then expect them to get it for them without increasing the taxes.

Pope's famous saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," may be modernized as applicable to reckless automobile drivers in this way: Fools rush ahead where cautious drivers hesitate.

Army experts of Europe say the use of gas on a wide scale is impossible. The 1940 presidential election is coming on and I opine those experts have never been in one of these campaigns.

This month we celebrate Columbus Day on the 12th, and on the same day there is an invisible eclipse of the sun. It is reassuring that Columbus left America where he found it, and that the laws of nature will not darken this continent. We have

many blessings to be thankful for.

Let Us Suppose

Let us suppose, just for the fun of the thing, that there were no printed books in the world and no records from the past.

Consequently, except for word of mouth recitals, the present generation would have no information whatever about the persons and events of former years.

Then, we imagine that somebody invents printing books and a method of handing down information about this generation to future ages. We would think, immediately, that the experience of the present will become available for future generations and men and women in the years to come, will be able to profit by our mistakes.

Well, so we would, but what of it? The records of the past are volumi-

ous. Brilliant minds in the years that have gone have considered many problems that puzzle human beings today. Governments have tried experiments which have failed. Much can be learned from studying them, and profiting from what those of the past have attempted to do and from what they have written about their generation.

How many of us ever attempt to take advantage of the legacy that comes to us from former generations. The records of the past are vast and it looks like something could be learned from studying them and profiting by the experience of other peoples. However, each generation faces all problems as if they never existed before and men and women continue to make the same errors that brought disaster to those who went before them.

DESTINY

There is no permanence in sorrow—

The weeping eyes so blinded now by tears
Will see all things with clearer view tomorrow—
With strengthened vision meet the coming years!

There is no reason for despairing,

Hopes rides with each of us to show the way—
As pearls increase in brilliance with their wearing,
So may our troubles strengthen us today!

There is no bark beyond dispelling—

All shadows fade before the ways of light—
The part that makes most stories worth the telling
Is of the overcoming of the night!

There is no grief that dares defiance—

The brave know this and laugh its way to scorn—
Courage and cheer and faith and self-reliance—
These are things to which a man is born.

—R. N. Livingston.

A WOMAN OF PURPOSE

By Aletha M. Bonner

It was Paul, Christian ambassador to the world at large, who coined a roteworthy phrase in the early days of the first century A. D. "This one thing I do," he said, and his vibrant words were caught up by those who followed in his train, and were re-broadcast in the lives of men and women of high ideals and steadfast purpose.

Among this group, and a contemporary of the 19th century, there is recorded the name of Frances E. Willard, who as a winsome little girl preferred the stirring stanzas of "A Charge To Keep I Have" to the usual childhood nursery songs.

This fine old hymn proved entirely prophetic, for in after life it was Miss Willard's delight "to serve the present age," and truly did she "all my powers engage to do the Master's will!"

Frances Elizabeth, as she was christened, was born September 28, 1839, in Churchville, (near Rochester), New York. Her mother, Mary Thompson Hill, and father, Josiah Flint Willard were of Vermont birth, and both were descendants of "rugged and righteous" New England ancestors.

The young Willard couple moved from Churchville to Oberlin, Ohio, for better educational advantages when their small daughter Frances, and her older brother, Oliver, reached school age. Mary, the younger sister, was born here, and here they remained for several years; but forced by the ill-health of Father Willard, the family started on a westward trek, in 1846.

Three white-hooded covered wagons

carried them over the prairie highways to settle at last on the banks of Rock River, near Janesville, Wisconsin. Here "Forest Home", a roomy cottage, was built; in which peaceful and comfortable surroundings were to be spent many happy years.

The charm and sincerity of such a cultured Christian home permeated the countryside. Educators themselves, Professor and Mrs. Willard were instrumental in establishing a school soon after their arrival in the rural community, and a small school-house was built in the woods near the Willard home, and Oliver, Frances, or "Frank", as she was called, and Mary, together with other children of the neighborhood, were given instruction.

Outdoor clubs were organized by Mrs. Willard, to study birds, flowers, trees and other subjects belonging in nature's school; and it was always Frances' task to formulate the rules of these "rambling" clubs, since she possessed a marked talent for writing.

She treasured her "scraps of scribbling", and woe unto any thoughtless member of the household who misplaced a single sheet of paper on her desk! Apropos such care of her pen-treasures, it is a matter of amusing record to read from a page in Sister Mary's diary: "Today Frank gave me half her dog, Frisk....and for her pay I made a promise, which mother witnessed, and here it is: 'I, Mary Willard, promise never to touch anything lying or being upon Frank Willard's writing desk.'"

In her fifteenth year Frances and this younger sister Mary attended a select school in Janesville. Oliver

was in college and two years later the girls were privileged to "go away to school", being enrolled as students in the Milwaukee Female College, where Miss Sarah Hill, their mother's youngest sister was professor of history.

The sisters became members of the student body of the Northwestern Female College, of Evanston, Illinois, in 1858; and Frank, as she was still called, was soon the acknowledged leader in college activities. Her writing tendencies proved a great asset, she was also a "born organizer", and possessed a keen wit and a magnetic personality.

To pass swiftly over the concluding student-day period of this young woman of brilliant mind and ambitious spirit, is to mention her graduation, with highest honors, from Northwestern, where she was later made a member of the faculty—for it was in 1862 that she was elected teacher of natural sciences in her alma mater.

Other years of teaching followed. In the meantime the death of her devoted sister Mary, and the passing of her honored father, were two chords of sadness interwoven in her life-symphony. A trip to Europe in 1868, with another teacher friend, Kate A. Jackson, proved a wonderful experience. It was through the generous financial help of Miss Jackson's father that the trip was made possible for the two young women.

On returning to America Miss Willard entered upon her work as an educator with great zeal. Seemingly her central trend of activity was summed up in a question, which she often asked: "What can be done to make the world a better place for women?" Yet as she later explained, it was a "humanity" question, rather than a wom-

an question that demanded an answer; and to find a solution to the problem became in time her life project. Fast becoming an outstanding leader in the world of education, she was elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies, in 1871, this being a rather unique institution in its day, with a board of women trustees, and a woman president, "who should confer diplomas and be recognized... as a peer of men in administrative power."

It was Miss Willard who introduced the self-government plan to college girls; and the first catalog of the Evanston College for Ladies contained a complete outline of the plan, which includes this pledge: "I will try so to act that if all others followed my example our school would need no rules whatever. In manners and in punctuality I will try to be a model, and in all my intercourse with my teachers and classmates I will seek, above all else, the things that make for peace."

In time the "College for Ladies" was made a part of the Northwestern University of Evanston, and Miss Willard was chosen dean of the Woman's College, as the new division was called. She served in this capacity with her usual brilliant efficiency, and was also professor of esthetics in Northwestern for successful years to follow—yet without realizing it she was approaching a widening path of service to humanity.

Eighteen hundred seventy-four was the birth year of the Woman's Temperance Crusade—a movement that spread over the land, motivated by three words: "Home versus Saloon." A surging wave of the crusade struck Chicago, then Evanston. Thoroughly in harmony with the re-

form, Miss Willard announced to the crusaders that she was with them "heart, mind, and hand." She was asked to speak in the interest of The Cause. This she did, again and again, successfully and convincingly. Her soul was stirred by the mental and physical misery that intemperance creates, and soon she was saying, "If only I had more time to give to this needful work!"

Her final decision to resign from the deanship of the Woman's College and devote her entire life to the betterment of humanity might be termed one of the most heroic deeds recorded in philanthropic history. Of such a decision she wrote: "Instead of peace, I was to participate in war, instead of the sweetness of home . . . I was to become a wanderer . . . ; instead of scholarly and cultured men and women, I was to see the dregs of saloon and gambling house and haunts of shame. But women who were among the fittest Gospel survivals were to be my comrades. . . . Hence I have felt that great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized crusade for 'God and Home and Native Land!'"

Following up her choice of a Christian worker's career she selected as her life motto the consecrated words of a Bible hero,—Paul and his admonition: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God. . . ."

Concentrating her marvelous powers of purpose upon the tasks at hand, she began making humanitarian history with startling rapidity and skill; engaging in constructive work for the Woman's Crusade and the International Council of Women. Growing

out of the crusade came an organization of united womanhood, which was later destined to become a strong uplifting power in the world, through its array against all forces of evil. Such a movement was called the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which had for its objective temperance and social purity, its insignia a bow of white ribbon, and its floral emblem the white water lily.

Miss Willard was made the world president of this great society in 1879, and following her election she started on a tour of the United States, speaking in the interest of The Cause in every city and town of ten thousand inhabitants. A stupendous project indeed, but one crowned with success.

Truly could it ever be said that in the lexicon of her life there was no such word as fail! She saw in this movement an educational agency for women, and an open door of religious opportunity. She instilled in women a new faith in their own possibilities and a deeper love for humanity.

Anna Adams Gorden, in her "The Life of Frances E. Willard," pays glowing tribute to this first national W. C. T. U. president, as well as to the organization itself, when she wrote: "Frances Willard had no equal as a promoter of all philanthropic and social reforms . . . her influence in allying so many other moral forces with the original crusade movement has made the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the most broadly comprehensive organization the world has ever known. Organized mother-love defines it . . ."

The tranquil passing of Miss Willard's mother occurred in August 1852 (the loved brother, Oliver, having preceded his mother in death by several years.) Several weeks after

Madam Willard's going away, the grief-stricken daughter sailed for England, through invitation of the British Women's Temperance Association, there to rest and recuperate as the guest of Lady Henry Somerset.

With a return of physical strength Frances Willard studied the various English organizations and institutions which had being in woman's life and work, and she was deeply impressed by the place of prominence given to women in the political life of the mother country. While in England she contacted many distinguished men and women, among them Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, also General William Booth, of Salvation Army fame.

Listed among her circle of friends in America were many personages of importance: Susan B. Anthony, John Greenleaf Whittier, the charming daughter of the poet Longfellow,

affectionately known to her friends as "Laughing Allegra", Dwight L. Moody and countless other devoted contemporaries.

Life's closing years were spent in her own land; her last public address was given on New York's Day 1898 at Janesville, the home of her childhood. Only a few weeks later came "one clear call" and after beautiful years of unselfish service to her fellow men, Frances Willard, educator, reformer, and Christian philanthropist exclaimed, in the "noon hour" of the night, February 18:

*"I am Merlin, and I am dying,
But I'll follow the Glæam!"*

"She made the world wider for women, and more homelike for humanity."

"I WILLS" FOR TODAY

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moments whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swamped by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll try to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach "your" duty and be more concerned with mine.

—Selected.

RADIO BREAKS SILENCE OF PITCAIRN ISLANDERS

By Jack Johnson in Boston Sunday Herald

Thanks to the scientific skill as well as the soft heart of an amateur radio man 215 British subjects who have lived for years and years in almost complete isolation on tiny Pitcairn Island, are now beginning to believe that the world is really a big place and that they are actually a part of it in some remote and vague way. The deep silence of the vast South Pacific which has enveloped them for generations has at last been broken by a voice which speaks to them from 7000 miles away, telling them of things they might otherwise never know about.

These colonists are the present-day descendants of the British sailormen and their Tahitian comrades who engaged in the mutiny of His Majesty's ship *Bounty* in 1790, one of the most shocking naval crimes of history. Their condition of isolation and hardship endured through the years would make it appear that they were not only living under the cloud of the *Bounty* crime but were being punished by their mother country for the ghastly acts of their forbears a century and a half ago.

Learning of their plight. Lewis S. Bellem, Jr., of Providence, R. I., one of the foremost radio "hams" in the United States, became deeply interested. He went to Pitcairn, erected a powerful short wave station which is now in operation, thus providing for these lonely islanders a means of communication with the entire world. He recently returned to the United States after sharing the life of the

Pitcairners for nine weeks.

Mr. Bellem was appalled by what he discovered there. "No British representative calls at Pitcairn," he said. "There is no doctor there, nor any protection against the possible ravages of an epidemic. No sanitation, no water supply except what is stored up from the torrential rains. For weeks on end the islanders fail to receive their supply of postage stamps and thus are denied the comfort and cheer of corresponding with unseen friends in far-off places. No effort is made by the British government to keep informed as to their welfare; that is left to the ships that happen by at uncertain intervals and charitably drop an anchor off the island. And, this is the islanders' only hope when medical attention is needed for a life that hangs in the balance."

Few Americans are unacquainted with the grim story of the *Bounty*. A series of cruelties by the master, Capt. Bligh, precipitated the mutiny. Bligh and some of his men who remained loyal to him were set adrift in mid ocean in a longboat. Some of the castaways died, the others miraculously survived the terrible ordeal and after many days of sailing finally touched foot on land. Bligh lived to see the crime avenged in a London court, where some of the mutineers were convicted. Meanwhile, some of the mutineers, consisting of nine British sailors, together with 18 Tahitian men and women, found a safe hide-out on Pitcairn, one of the Polynesian islands, a dot of land

two miles long and one mile wide, and practically unknown to seafarers at that time. There was dissension at first and various crimes and finally, a series of murders. Then the forlorn little group settled down to a peaceable and industrious routine. It wasn't until 1839 that the British crown took formal possession of Pitcairn.

Lewis Bellem became interested in the Pitcairners after reading an article in a radio magazine. The article told how Andrew C. Young, a direct descendant of a Bounty mutineer, had been trying, unsuccessfully, to establish regular contact with passing ships for his people, by means of a crude crystal set. The Providence radio man promptly got busy on a fine piece of philanthropic work. He obtained gifts of radio equipment, steamship passage, financial help. Finally after an 11-day voyage from Panama, Bellem landed on Pitcairn with four tons of donated equipment.

He supervised the erection of a short wave plant and formally opened it by transmitting an interview from the lonely island which was broadcast from coast to coast over the United States by one of the major radio companies.

And now, Good Samaritan Bellem sits beside his own high-powered radio apparatus at three o'clock in the morning and in neighborly fashion has frequent radiophone conversations with his Pitcairn friends, 7000 miles away.

Despite their privations the Pitcairn islanders today are an admirable lot, says Mr. Bellem. He describes them as people of strong character; God-fearing, strictly moral and highly industrious. No islander smokes or drinks. Crimes of passion never hap-

pen, stern punishment is imposed for petty offenses.

"Ever so often," the Providence man relates, "they exhibit something of the same courageous spirit of the Bounty mutineers. With no more than a compass to guide them, groups of 15 to 18 men and oftentimes a woman or two, set sail in longboats for the French island, Mangereva, to do their trading—a voyage of 300 miles over the open sea! Or, to the uninhabited Henderson islands, 100 miles from Pitcairn, for a fresh supply of wood to be used in carving boxes, canes and ornaments, which are bartered for canned goods, dishes and clothes aboard the steamers.

"Ever since John Adams introduced reforms and Seventh Day Adventism on the island, the intensely religious natives have tried to atone for the 'great sin' of the mutiny.

"All are Seventh Day Adventists except one, who is an atheist. All are completely loyal to the mother country.

"Their day begins at dawn. With empty stomachs, the little children assemble at school at 6:30 o'clock. Breakfast for the island does not come until 11. The elders resourcefully turn to their chores. The men go to the hills to work vegetable gardens or go fishing in dugouts in waters 130 fathoms deep. A bountiful soil sustains them, for there is an abundance of beans, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers, pineapples, oranges, bananas, water-melons and cocoanuts.

"The womenfolk, when their household chores are done, busy themselves at weaving baskets or at wood-carving. Such products are exchanged aboard the ships for medical supplies, canned goods and other necessities.

"Their houses are perched on posts to protect them from being undermined by the territorial rains. The island's only water supply comes from these rains, for every home has its corrugated roof to catch the drippings. The entire island is a slithery, sloppy mass of mud after a week of rains, and as the natives go barefoot every day except Sunday, they constantly run the risk of infection from the layer of foreign substances in the soil, due to discarded tin cans, etc. The crudely built floors have wide cracks through which chickens can be seen scratching on the ground.

"Every home on the island has its phonograph; in fact, the Pitcairners spend more money for records than for anything else. In an eager attempt at cheerfulness, the living room of one home has strings of tinsel and chenille extending from the center of the ceiling to the room, and year-round this is strung with Christmas tree ornaments. Pictures of pretty faces, which have been torn out of American movie magazines, and the framed photo of a friend or two in America that the homeowner has never met, adorn the walls. In all the island homes there are deck chairs and dining room chairs obtained from the ships, and crockery bears the imprint of a dozen or more shipping companies. The cooking is done over an open fire in an outhouse, while great stone ovens outdoors are used for baking."

Mr. Bellem comments that it is only by their steady industry, their native resourcefulness and staunch religious faith that the Pitcairners are saved from being plunged into madness by such a deary existence.

"They plod the day long, dark-fac-

ed, brooding; there is little laughter, little show of emotion. It is only when an alert eye detects a ship coming up over the horizon that the Pitcairner's pulse quickens. A cry goes up and is echoed by a hundred throats—"Sail ho!" Instantly the island is electrified with excitement. Chores are dropped on the spot. There is a frenzied rushing about, a business of grabbing this thing and that and all the while a constant stream of chatter, often lapsing into the strange Pitcairn-Tahitian jargon by which so much can be said in a shorter time.

"Down they scramble over the clay steps carved in the steep side of the island. The long-boats are hauled out of their thatch-houses. Men and women pile in. There is a pause as the great breakers crash the rocky shore, then the helmsman's level command, 'Go!' Three score of oars cleave the seething waters in a splendid show of seamanship and in a moment or two the boats are maneuvered through the perilous reefs to meet the long awaited ship.

"There is no greed or selfishness on Pitcairn island. The code is: one for all, all for one, in good fortune or hardships. Things brought back from the ship-bartering expedition are immediately taken to the island courtyard and there spread out to be divided on an equitable basis.

"The same practice applies to the fishing and farming harvests. Every tenth piece of produce is contributed to the church tithe. An occasional bit of money falls into the native's hands from the ship visits or the sale of oranges in New Zealand. The profit on the orange shipments is about 2 shillings (50 cents) a crate, but islanders must pay for the crates returned to them.

"It is not by custom, but necessity, that the Pitcairners go barefoot. The rope-soled, canvas-topped shoes they themselves make are reserved for use on the Sabbath. The men wear odd coats and pants or castoff uniforms obtained from the visiting ships. The women make their dresses from bolts of cloth bought from mail order houses. Children are attired in any nondescript things that happen to be handy."

The Pitcairners have a little knowledge of first aid. Injuries or ailments are still treated in crude fashion. When an islander cuts himself accidentally, he rips off a piece of cloth, makes a bandage and dismisses from his mind any other thought of the hurt. In case of serious illness the victim languishes until a ship's doctor can be landed on the island. A fever victim sits in a tub while hot water, as hot as he can stand it, is poured upon him, and then he is wrapped in blankets and put to bed. If it is a skull fracture or some other grave injury, the patient must lie in a coma while his kin or neighbors care for him as best they can. If the prayed for ship does not arrive soon, he dies.

"The marriage custom," relates Mr. Bellem, "is stern and practical. The young man does not pop the question to the girl, but first seeks out her parents to get their consent. Next, he goes to Chief Magistrate Richard Edgar Christian, descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, who is head man on the island.

"He pays 5 shillings to the chief magistrate to have the wedding banns posted on the front of the courthouse for 21 days. Meanwhile, should the young man change his mind, he has

the privilege of ripping down the banns without further ado and what is more, he can claim a 3-shilling refund. The disappointed bride-to-be cannot bring a breach of promise action. If the courtship runs smoothly, the chief magistrate, at the end of the 21 days, performs the ceremony at his house. A brief celebration follows, after which all hands return to their labors. Divorce is not countenanced on the island.

"Of necessity inbreeding has been practiced among the natives since the island was settled, but, strange as it may seem, without any very severe consequences. Despite more than 100 years of inter-marrying, the Pitcairners are robust and sound in body and mind. The birth rate has declined, however, and the state of all the islanders' teeth is bad. Their teeth gradually rot away into the gums, 25 per cent. of the present population have false sets."

Laws that were drawn up soon after the *Bounty* mutineers settled on Pitcairn are still being enforced by Chief Magistrate Christian and his council. "Cruelty to birds, etc., is forbidden" . . . "no wild cats or sparrows are to be destroyed except as the committee may direct" . . . "in case of necessity coconuts may be picked anytime for drinking purposes."

The rudder of the ill-starred *Bounty* came afloat of the fishing lines of some Pitcairn fishermen in 1935. It was hauled to the surface and landed on the island. The British government somehow learned that a bronze gudgeon taken from the memorable relic had been sold to a visiting American yachtsman. Shortly the chief magistrate received a stern government order to the effect that

the rudder must not be sold, exhibited or exploited in any manner whatever, but must be placed under lock and key without delay.

So, today the rudder of His Ma-

jesty's ship *Bounty*—grim, all but lifelike reminder of Pitcairn's dark heritage—lies in a locked storeroom of the island postoffice and gathers cobwebs and worms.

“WAKE UP”

I would say, “Wake up”—

Boys are usually great sleepers, and one of the hardest family tasks is to get them up in time for breakfast. But a boy's sleep is not nearly so problematical as that of a young man! They sleep through college and sometimes snore in their early business career! The six o'clock in the morning opportunities of life bow to them, but their eyes are holden!

The chance to win the good opinion of their employer, by exhibiting a cheerful disposition and a well-disciplined spirit, is gone while they snore, dreaming of their own importance, and meager appreciation of their truly remarkable powers their employer appears to possess! And while they dream, a note of dismissal “stabs their spirit broad awake”! It happens all too frequently! The chance of a lifetime lost because of a listless attitude and a querulous disposition. Smart business men who have real chances to offer won't have somnambulists round! Wake up! Get a line on the reality of things! Look around you! Get a perspective!

An old, seasoned traveler and a novice in the art were fellow tourists; under the gray edge of the evening they came to fair Bingen on the Rhine. It was raining; the streets were sloppy, the hotel dirty, the food unpalatable, and every prospect was teasing.

The novice lost his patience and devoutly hoped he would “never see this place again.” Next morning they climbed the steep sides of a neighboring mountain, reaching its summit at noon. The sun was shining in finest fettle and the Rhine, like a silver cord, was winding its way among the vine-clad hills and there sparkling like a jewel upon a maiden's finger lay the despised Bingen indeed like a bride adorned for her husband. The novice gazed in shame-faced wonder upon the little city, which only yesterday had seemed almost beneath contempt. Laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, the seasoned traveler said, “Get the perspective, my boy, always and everywhere. It will make your world for you.” This was only a polite and beautiful way of saying the homely exhortation, “Wake up, my boy.”—Nehemiah Boynton.

ON KEEPING OUT OF WAR

(From The State Magazine)

Said Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh during the course of his radio broadcast a few nights ago:

"If we enter the war fighting for democracy abroad, we may lose it here at home."

That is one of the most sensible statements that we have heard since the start of the present war.

We were drawn into the World War on the assumption that we would help "save the world for democracy." Before we enter another war, let us figure out what blessings we derived from the last one.

Have we made any new friends? Have we helped the cause of democracy? Where we benefited economically or spiritually? Can you put down one single worthwhile result from our point of view?

Was the World War worth the lives of the thousands of American boys who were killed in action? Was it worth the suffering of additional thousands who were crippled for life? Was it worth the economic depression which followed? Was it worth the millions of dollars which other nations owe us and won't pay?

Check up the credit and the debit sides of the ledger and you will see

exactly where we stand.

We should keep in mind that European countries have been fighting among themselves for two thousand years or more. They're going to keep on fighting, probably during the next two thousand years. Why imperil our own system of government, our own economic structure and our own future welfare by getting mixed up with those squabbles abroad?

Our frontiers, as Lindbergh said, do not lie in Europe. We can strengthen democracy over here by attending to our own affairs, by building up an army, navy and airplane fleet second to none and by letting the rest of the world know that we stand ready and willing to protect ourselves against any combination of dictatorial powers that might cast their eyes in our direction.

If the new European war lasts any great length of time, it is bound to weaken every country that participates in it. Instead of weakening ourselves along with the others, let us maintain our present status and continue strengthening ourselves and making our own position more secure.

"Who touches a boy, by the Master's plan
Is shaping the course of the future man:
Father or mother or teacher or priest,
Friend or stranger or saint or beast,
Is dealing with one who is living seed
And may be the man whom the world will need."

—Selected.

THE SWASTIKA

By Etta Schlichter in Ohio Guardsman.

When, more than half a century ago, Heinrich Schliemann, German archaeologist, decided that the stories of Homer were not necessarily myths, as had been believed for hundreds of years, he decided to unearth, if possible, the remains of ancient Troy, now Hissarlik. There might still be buried the treasures of Priam, the last king of ancient Troy, which fell about 1250 B. C.

Dr. Schliemann did not live to see all of his dreams realized. Others reaped the success of the great undertaking for which he laid the foundation. But when the excavations laid bare the ruins of civilizations thousands of years old, tombs were unearthed on which was depicted the emblem of the Swastika which Adolf Hitler has now adopted as the German national emblem.

Clay dishes were also found in Greece bearing this emblem. They are supposed to be at least four thousand years old. And Corinth had coins with the same design.

In Italy, we find that the ancient Etruscans put the device on their remarkable pottery, while explorations in Northern Europe show that the Celts, who were overthrown in England in the fifth century, used the same decoration. It has also been found among the rock carvings of ancient Sweden.

Passing into Asia, coins have been unearthed in Palestine bearing this symbol, which likewise appears in Buddhistic inscriptions in India. Ancient China has left evidences of the use of this decoration.

Nor was the Swastika familiar to the Old World alone. Indians of our

own country, of Mexico, and of Peru used it in their decorations long before the coming of the white man to the Western Hemisphere.

What is the Swastika and what does it represent? The name is from the Sanskrit and means well-being.

This meaning has inspired our jewelers to use it in ornamenting bits of jewelry intended to bring about good luck to the wearer.

Now the symbol has loomed large in the eyes of the world because it has been practically monopolized by Germany.

What exclusive right has she to it? None whatever, as we can see when we realize it was used thousands of years ago over what was then most of the unknown world.

Where did the design of the Swastika come from? We do not know, though a number of different theories have been advanced as to its origin. That it was a religious symbol seems beyond doubt.

A provocative question is, when so far as we know, there could have been no communication between these so distant parts of the world, how did these so widely separated peoples come to use the same design, though the shape has had certain modifications, the basis of the four arms is in every design.

That something in nature, which every primitive people recognized, gave the idea, seems an inevitable conclusion.

Whatever else we may be ignorant of in regard to its origin, there is one thing we know absolutely, and that is that it was pagan.

Perhaps that is the reason Hitler

has chosen it as his emblem. Not simply a good luck symbol. That would be trivial. But as a return to the old gods Thor and Woden and their ilk.

Perhaps it has another significance also in the Fuehrer's dream of conquest.

The most generally accepted idea of the origin of the Swastika is that the form was suggested by the four points of the compass.

Does Herr Hitler dream of the day when his arms shall reach out to the four points of the compass and take the whole world into his power?

In that case, let us hope, in the words of Robert Browning, that the "Man's reach may exceed his grasp," and that, as Napoleon met his Waterloo, so Herr Hitler may find his Swastika, not a symbol of victories, but only a meaningless fetish.

PARABLE

The story of Mrs. Edna M. A. Elliott of New York City is that of a little old lady, mildly eccentric, who liked nothing better than to attend the Roxy Theatre and then deliver her criticisms of the entertainment to anyone who would listen. The story also had a neat double moral.

The story came to an end a year ago when Mrs. Elliott died at the age of 70. The moral was pointed last week when her will was filed for probate. Principal beneficiaries were William J. Reilly, former head usher at the Roxy and recently a \$52-a-month hospital attendant, and Mrs. Rosalie S. Kniskern, former dancer at the nearby Radio City Music Hall. Reilly received \$141,439; Mrs. Kniskern's inheritance was \$55,784.

Only vaguely recalling their patroness, Mr. Reilly and Mrs. Kniskern were hard put to explain last week the "kindly and courteous acts" for which the will said they were being rewarded. Reilly said he used to listen patiently to her criticisms; Mrs. Kniskern said she sometimes chatted with Mrs. Elliott between shows.

Pointing the second moral was Charles W. Griswold, former manager of the Roxy, and now manager of a small Paterson, N. J., theater, whose affidavit identifying the one-time head usher recalled that "rather than have Mrs. Elliott engage me in tiresome conversation, I had Reilly watch out for her." Gloomily, Griswold commented to reporters: "When I was organizing the ushering staff, I preached courtesy, courtesy. But, well, I guess I just couldn't practice what I preached."

—The Pathfinder.

THE O. P. Q. R. CLUB

By Florence A. Hayler

The O. P. Q. R. Club came about in a funny way. The very first day of school Miss Lee, the new teacher of "Five B," asked her pupils to help her make their school the "best in town.

"But how can we?" Ted asked Uncle Jerry. "Mr. Ross sweeps, and dusts, and cleans the blackboards. Does Miss Lee think we can teach Reading, and Numbers, and Spelling?"

"There are many other ways to help," replied Uncle Jerry. "Why not start an O. P. Q. R. Club?"

Ted laughed.

"You mean an A. B. C. Club?" he asked.

"Perhaps we may start with A; but I was thinking of four fine ways in which you might help Miss Lee," said Uncle Jerry. "O stands for Orderly; P for Punctual; Q for Quiet; and R for Regular. Now let me tell you what I mean."

Ted climbed on the arm of Uncle Jerry's chair.

"You can help if you go in and out of the room in an orderly manner, if you keep your desk and the floor about it neat and clean. Never throw bits of paper or pencil shavings on the floor for someone else must pick them up. Keep the school grounds clean, too, by putting waste paper in the trash cans, and never, never mark with chalk or pencil on schoolhouse or walks."

Ted's face grew red. He'd go first thing in the morning and clean off the marks he had put on the porch steps.

"Be punctual in attendance," added Uncle Jerry; and Ted laughed again for he lived only one block from school; but Uncle Jerry told him sometimes those who lived nearest were most often late.

"You can help by being quiet," he said, as you pass about the room. Loud talking, slamming doors, rattling pencils—all keep others from doing their work. If you talk to others during study hours, you not only waste time yourself but you hinder them. And unless you are regular in attendance, you cannot do good work. A pupil who loves his work and stands high in his class is always a joy to his teacher."

Ted had not thought of any of these things as being helpful, but he caught the idea at once and agreed it was fine. When Betty and Eobby, who lived across the street, heard of it they wanted to join; and Jack, and George, and Elizabeth, and even Tom, who didn't like school, thought an O. P. Q. R. Club would be great fun.

Miss Lee said it was the nicest thing she heard of pupils doing, and when she asked how many others wished to join, every boy and girl in "Five B" raised a hand.

Soon other rooms in the Lincoln building asked to join until every pupil from "One B" to "Six A" was an O. P. Q. R. Oh, what a fine school it was! Orderly, Punctual, Quiet, and Regular in attendance. How happy Ted was that he had started such a club! How would you like an O. P. Q. R. Club in your school?

BEAUTY CONSECRATED TO THE LORD

(The Way)

Hilda Jamieson was considered the most beautiful girl in Lawrenceville. Not that she ever entered a beauty contest, exhibiting herself in scanty apparel, subjecting herself to measurements and to the revelations of the camera. But among all her acquaintances, in school and elsewhere, she was universally considered as a girl of outranking beauty of face and form. The most rapidly growing department store of the town had knowledge of her standing and desired to capitalize her grace of form to the advancement of their department of the latest fashions. They sent her a tempting offer to stand in their show window and exhibit the latest arrivals of goods from Paris and with these to inform the gazing public concerning the latest styles.

Money was not over plentiful in Hilda's home, and the addition of thirty dollars per week to their limit-income would supply many a pressing need. But money was not the only thing to be considered. What effect would her acceptance of the offer have on her own spiritual life, and how would it influence the lives of those who knew her? To be candid with herself, there was one person in particular about whose opinion she was deeply concerned. There was a diligent and energetic young carpenter, Arthur Dillon, who had sought to win her love and her hand, and she wondered what he would think if he saw her standing before the passing crowds as an exhibitor of the latest fashions. She did not know that he also was weighing in his mind the conviction that he ought to turn aside from business and seek

preparation for the gospel ministry.

The letter of proposal from the business house requested her to hand in her decision not later than the following Monday. The matter was carefully discussed with her mother and sister, and all realized the importance of the decision that should be rendered. Another Sabbath would come and go before the answer must be handed in, and they were glad that its hallowed influences might come in to help them reach their decision. Hilda was invited to attend a Sabbath picnic that morning, but she needed no time to enable her to reply, "I will go to my Sabbath school and church."

When the Sabbath dawned, Mrs. Jamieson, in the privacy of her own room, knelt and poured forth her petition to God that He would unmistakably show them that day His will concerning the decision that had to be made.

Hilda rose with a feeling that it was a momentous day for her. It was a great temptation. She was to dress richly at the expense of the firm. In plain words she was to be a kind of glorified mannequin and showroom director combined. Her beauty was to be bought at \$30 per week. After all, why should she not sell it, so long as there was no harm done?

Yet, there was a fear lurking in the recesses of her heart that there was more in it than appeared on the surface.

After breakfast, she asked her mother whether she had decided anything.

"Let us wait, dear, till the day is

over. As long as your letter is posted in the morning, all will be saved. Perhaps the Lord will give us a message during the day."

When they reached the church, Arthur Dillon was waiting in front. He eagerly scanned Hilda's face, but she was preoccupied with her serious thoughts and scarcely noticed him.

The minister chose as his subject that morning, "Esther before the King, pleading for her people." He drew a vivid picture of perfect womanhood. He dwelt upon the personal charms of this noble woman, the secret of her strength (prayer) the high courage that uttered those words, "And if I perish, I perish."

"Could anything have been more appropriate?" Mrs. Jamieson bowed her head, and whispered, "Father, I thank Thee!"

She could see that Hilda was entranced. It almost seemed that he, their minister, must know of the temptation that had come her way. Yet he could not possibly know of it.

Finally, he appealed to all women present to consecrate what beauty of body they possessed, and match it, nay surpass it, with beauty of soul. He deplored strongly the growing custom of exploiting women's charms, especially the young womanhood of our fair land, by beauty competitions, star film competitions, etc. He decried all commercialism of beauty and pleaded for the modesty that enhanced the value of true womanhood.

"Never fear," he concluded. "God never made a beautiful thing yet but He had some use for it. And if He can gaze upon you and say, 'It is very good!' What higher praise do you want?"

"But remember, God looketh not upon mere outward appearance. Oh,

no! He looks upon the heart. The very *you* of you, and *me* of me!"

It was a strong appeal. The face of the beautiful girl in the congregation was surely an inspiration. Then he said—"Let us pray!"

Hilda's head was bowed, but her heart was bowed also. "God must care for me," she said, "for He has sent me a direct answer, a message straight from God to me, through His servant. I will obey the voice of my heavenly Father, and will not trade my beauty, and henceforth, I will love Him and serve Him more than ever."

And God registered that vow in heaven, and there was joy in the presence of the angels of heaven that one more beautiful girl was on the upward way and hemmed round with the keeping power of Jesus.

"Mother, I have decided that I am not going to Mr. Knight's store," she said on their way home.

"Yes dear, I know," said Mrs. Jamieson.

"And, oh mother dear, what need have we to worry when God answers our doubts like that? Wasn't it wonderful?"

"Your faith has been confirmed today my darling; has it not?"

"Yes, Mother, I feel strong. I feel that He is my rock, and my shield, my fortress and my strong power!"

Mrs. Jameison's heart danced for joy. It was worth more than a fortune to her to hear such words from Hilda's lips.

Monday afternoon a certain proprietor of a large department store, sat at his desk, staring at a letter. His face was a study of chagrin and keen disappointment. Suddenly he crushed the letter, and bowed his head,

muttering—"God, give me back the years that the locust hath eaten!"

And a young carpenter, as he worked beside the building had a song in his heart that day. "Praise God! Praise God!" was the song of his hammer, for he heard from Mrs. Jamieson of Hilda's temptation and her decision.

He had a great longing to win her as the town carpenter and had asked her mother to keep back the information that he was thinking of the ministry. That evening he called and definitely asked Hilda to share his life.

Two very happy people came to supper.

"Mother I am so happy," murmured Hilda that night. "And I am glad I did not know that Arthur was a candidate for the ministry when I promised to be his wife. It is he, not his calling, that counts. Still I

would rather he were a minister than anything else."

"My dear, I rejoice to think that you have made another great decision, the greatest that any woman can make. I look forward to seeing you and Arthur spending and being spent in His service."

"Yes, mother dear, it seems as though our heavenly Father were indeed guiding us. But I know, mother o'mine, I am a child of many prayers. God is answering your prayers, and I feel that I must honor them also. It will be years before we can think of marriage, but in the meantime I will try to become more and more like my dear Master."

Mrs. Jamieson looked at the sweet, earnest face and felt that that would not be very difficult.

"I pray God that you may be kept steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," she replied.

FACING LIFE'S PROBLEMS

There is little satisfaction to be gained from doing things that hold no difficulties; it's the tough old task that brings a keen sense of worth and power to the man who wins the fight. His failures test his courage and his problems prove his might. Until a man has conquered loss, and overcome defeat, he cannot fully understand just why success is sweet.

I'm thankful for my disappointments, for the battles lost; and for the mistakes that seem to charge an overwhelming cost. I'm thankful for the days of doubt, when it was hard to see that all things work together for the good that is to be. I'm glad for all that life has brought, because today I know that men must brave adversities, if they would greater grow.

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Elroy Pridgen, of Cottage No. 10, was called to his home in Wilmington last Tuesday afternoon on account of the serious illness of his father.

The boys on the barn force have been busily engaged in unloading two car-loads of coal for the past two days. One car contained furnace coal and the other stoker coal.

On the first and second days of October quite a number of new boys were admitted. After a two weeks' stay in the Receiving Cottage they will be sent out to the other cottage homes.

If it were possible for the old New England poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, to visit the School now, he would find plenty of boys with "cheeks of tan", but the barefoot boys would not be in evidence, due to the fact that nearly every lad at the institution is sporting a pair of shiny new shoes. Sunday shoes, tan in color and of late pattern, were issued to the boys last Wednesday.

Johnnie Holmes, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School, September 3, 1928, called on old friends among the members of the staff last Monday. During most of the time this young man has been away from the institution, he has been living in New York City, where for the past four years he had been employed by a large baking establishment. He recently resigned this position to become associated with his brother in

the advertising business. Those of us who were here during Johnnie's stay at the School were glad to see him and to note that he still has the same pleasing personality that made him a favorite among both boys and officers.

Charles Nelson, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who has been away from the School for about seven years, called on us last Tuesday. He lives in Kernersville, where for the past six years he has been employed in a radio repair shop. He reported that he had had steady work and was getting along very well. While here on Tuesday, Charlie demonstrated his ability as a repair man by fixing up radios at several of the cottage homes.

At the adjournment of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons, in annual convention in Charlotte, last Wednesday quite a number of the ladies visited the School. While here they visited the King's Daughters Library, gymnasium, swimming-pool and other departments. These good ladies have been numbered among the best friends of the boys of the School, they having erected the first cottage here in 1909 and sponsored many other projects for the benefit of wayward boys entrusted to our care. We were delighted to have them with us and assure them they will always be most welcome visitors.

At the evening session of the annual convention of King's Daughters

and Sons, held in the A. R. P. Tabernacle, Charlotte, Superintendent Boger and a group of Training School boys appeared on the program. Mr. Boger spoke briefly in presenting the boys, who rendered the following program: The boys' choir, under the direction of Mrs George L. Barrier, sang two numbers, "Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed" and "Blest be the Tie That Binds", and Leon Hollifield, of the Receiving Cottage, recited "Skimpsey." The boys making the trip were: Lewis Andrews, Robert Bryson, Charles Chapman, John Church, Authur Craft, Frank Cotter, William Covington, John Deaton, Lewis Donaldson, William Griffin, Leon Hollifield, John Kirkman, Feldman Lane, Bruce Link, F. E. Mickle, Samuel Montgomery, James Page, Randall D. Peeler, Oscar Queen, John Robbins, Oscar Roland, Carl Speer, George Speer, Desmond Truitt, Dewey Ware, Edd Woody.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the fourth chapter of II Timothy. The subject of his talk to the boys was "The Battle of Life, or Paul, the Warrior", the text of which was II Timothy 4:7—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Arrowood called the boys' attention to football games and other athletic contests, showing them how necessary it is to put up their very best fight in an honest effort to win the game. He stated that the Apostle Paul was a great lover of ath-

letic contests, and that his statement was made in the language of the Olympic Games.

To fight a battle, continued the speaker, there must be a battlefield, and the first enemy Paul had to conquer was self. In his own words we read, "So fight I, that I keep my body under and bring it in subjection." Paul was a converted man. His soul had been born again but his body was the same. He had often to fight hard to get it under control; his body was tired because of the many hardships he had to endure, but he carried on.

It was also necessary for Paul to struggle to keep his mind under control, about which he said, "Bringing into captivity every thought unto the obedience of Jesus Christ." In order to live a truly Christian life we must see to it that all evil thoughts are put away from us and that our minds dwell on the things which are pleasing in the sight of God.

The speaker then told the boys that there is a battlefield outside of ourselves—the world. Paul was also confronted with this obstacle. He had to fight against evil men and powers that are spiritual powers, those of Satan, who rules the hearts of evil men. We, too, must fight against these evil forces to keep them from overpowering us. Today in Europe may be found huge guns in use that will shoot fifty miles or more, and great fortifications must be built for protection from them. In Paul's time, the heavily-armed soldier simply wore a coat of mail and carried a sword. To fight against evil we must be defensively armed. We must have the shield

of faith; the helmet of salvation; and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God. In the words of this great Apostle, the only way in which to successfully carry on this warfare is to overcome evil with good.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood likened our lives to two rivers. One is a low-lying stream in a marshy

land, while the other leaps down from great heights and sweeps far out into the sea. He then told the boys to see that their lives were not slow, swampy and sluggish, like the low river, but strive to live like the rushing stream, never stopping until they reach the goal in the great sea of life.

THE COURTEOUS GIRL

What is the difference between "courtesy," "politeness" and "manners"? The original spelling of the first word was "courtsey." It had the same meaning as "courtliness," the ways of a royal court—kingliness, queenliness. It is something to which one is born, or to whom it is second nature.

But don't mistake the real thing for its stage setting.

Milton says:

"And trust thy honest-offered courtesy
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters than in tapestry walls
And courts of princes where it first was named
And yet is most pretended."

"Politeness" comes from the same root as "polish." Sir Isaac Newton speaks of a "polite surface," meaning smooth. Shoe polish and automobile polish are put on the surface. Courtesy is not.

"Manners" comes from "manus," hand. It is a way, or mode, or trick of acting or living. Manners may be good or bad. Courtesy is always good and in demand.

Polish (politeness) may make a girl envied. Good manners may make her shine in society, but courtesy that springs from her heart will make her more than popular; it will make her beloved.

To be well-mannered, or polite, is to remember habitually to "mind your p's and q's." A well-mannered girl is thinking of her manners, but a courteous girl is thinking of being considerate, kind, tactful, gracious to those she meets, because it is inbred in her nature to want everyone to be happy.

Our grandmothers used to make "courtsies"—bows. We make "courtesies" by putting others before ourselves, seeking their comfort, happiness.—Girlhood Days.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending October 1, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (4) Jack Cline 4
- (16) Clyde Gray 16
- (7) James Hodges 14
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 15
- (6) Leon Hollifield 17
- (15) Edward Johnson 15
- (10) Frank Johnson 11
- (3) Robert Maples 11
- (7) Frank May 15
- (12) Thomas Tunner 13

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Clinton Call 7
Everett Case
- (5) Howard Cox 12
- (2) B. C. Elliott 8
- (6) William Freeman 10
Porter Holder 8
- (5) Lee Watkins 9
- (3) Edward Warnock 12
- Everett Watts 5
- (9) William C. Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

- (3) Earl Barnes 15
- (4) Coolidge Green 14
- (8) F. E. Mickle 16
Grady Pennington 6
- (9) John Robertson 16
- (3) Louis Williams 13
- (10) Allen Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Broome 4
- (3) Quentin Crittenton 8
Hugh Kennedy 5
- (5) Ivan Morrozoff 17
- (3) Edward McGee 9
- (2) J. C. Nance 2
- (5) Melvin Walters 17
Richard Wiggins 4
- (3) James Wilhite 15
Samuel Williams 9

- (2) Cecil Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 5

- Theodore Bowles 8
- (10) Collett Cantor 13
- (10) Lindsey Dunn 16
- (4) Ray Hamby 9
- (7) William Kirksey 11
- (7) Everett Lineberry 15
- (2) Ivy Lunsford 3
- (8) Paul Lewallen 10
Samuel Montgomery 10
- (2) J. C. Reinhardt 2
- (2) Richard Starnes 9
Dewey Ware 15

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 11
- Robert Bryson 12
- Fletcher Castlebury 12
- Martin Crump 8
- Robert Deyton 2
- (2) Robert Dunning 8

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 11
- Cleasper Beasley 8
- (2) Carl Breece 15
- (7) John Deaton 17
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 13
- Lacy Green 8
- Raymond Hughes 7
- James Jordan 11
- (8) Hugh Johnson 17
- (3) Lyman Johnson 12
- Robert Lawrence 8
- (2) Elmer Maples 13
- (4) Arnold McHone 10
- (2) Ernest Overcash 8
- Marshall Pace 7
- Carl Ray 10
- Alex Weathers 10
- (3) Joseph Wheeler 8
- (2) Edd Woody 9
William R. Young 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Clarence Barker 6
- (4) Roy Butner 13
James Davis 4
- (4) Frank Glover 14
- (10) C. D. Grooms 15
- (6) Wilbur Hardin 9
Osper Howell 12
Mark Jones 3
Alfred Lamb 6
- (11) Harold O'Dear 14
- (6) Eugene Presnell 12
James Ruff 2
L. B. Sawyer 4
- (4) Cleveland Suggs 8
Thomas Sands 15
- (8) Preston Wilbourne 15
Horace Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 10

- Junuis Brewer 5
James Eury 6
- (8) Elbert Head 10
- (2) Lee Jones 10
- (2) James Martin 5

COTTAGE No. 11

- J. C. Allen 11
- (10) Harold Bryson 16
- (3) William Covington 3
- (12) William Dixon 14
- (18) Earl Hildreth 18
- (11) William Hudgins 16
- (4) Paul Mullis 13
- (4) Theodore Rector 12
- (12) John Uptegrove 16

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Burl Allen 13
- (2) Ernest Brewer 11
- (2) Howard Devlin 9
- (6) Max Eaker 14
- (3) Woodrow Hager 14
- (4) Charlton Henry 15
- (4) S. E. Jones 10
- (4) James Mondie 11
- (8) Avery Smith 16

COTTAGE No. 13

- (4) Wilson Bailiff 7
- (3) James V. Harvel 14
William Lowe 2
Douglas Mabry 11
- (7) Paul McGlammery 10
Jordan McIver 9
- (7) Alexander Woody 16

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) Raymond Anderson 13
- (8) Albert Hayes 14
- (3) Fred McGlammery 4
- (8) J. P. Sutton 13
- (3) William Young 13

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (11) George Duncan 12
- (18) Warren G. Lawry 18
- (2) Early Oxendine 12
- (10) Thomas Oxendine 16
- (5) Curley Smith 15
Thomas Wilson 14

RICHEs

“Give us riches!

Rich hearts to love mightily.

Rich brains to think boldly.

Rich hands to work skillfully.

Riches of music, of architecture, of literature.

Riches of spirit to grasp the majesty of moral law.”

—Selected.

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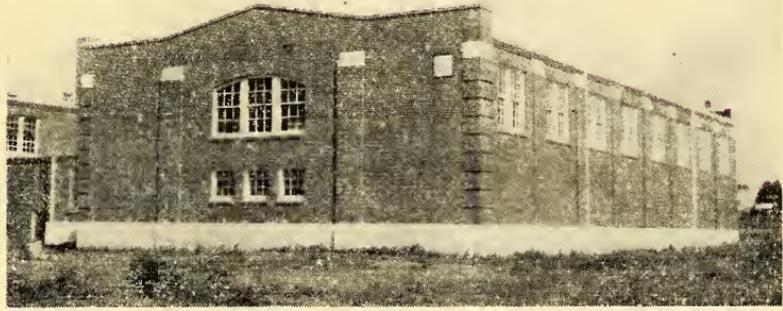
THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1939

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THE CONE SWIMMING-POOL
Dedicated October 5, 1939

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

O FOR A FRIEND!

O for a friend when the sunlight gleams,
When life is full and sunniest seems;
When flowers smile in sweet profusion—
When all that blesses breathes seclusion.

O for a friend when the night is dark,
When life is dull and drab and stark;
When smiles have slipped through foul corrosion—
When all that greets us breathes explosion!

O for a friend in the lonely hours,
A friend indeed that over all towers;
A friend who will face the oncoming foe—
Who'll never draw back, but with you will go.

O for a friend when the world is adverse,
When living seems vain and evils grow worse;
When all human plans are checked in the bud
And troubles in torrents go pouring their flood.

O for a friend when the sick-chamber calls,
When strength ebbs away and appetite palls;
When fever bestows its death-dealing potion
And mind is enfeebled, devoid of emotion.

O for a friend when riches take wings,
When life seems so vapid, and empty its springs;
When larders and garners once filled are grown empty
And hearts are no longer real sated with plenty.

O for a friend who's a friend indeed,
A friend who will spend for your everyday need;
A friend who will share all your care and your sorrow,
A friend who would lend just as oft as you'd borrow—

A friend who's a friend in your sunshine and gloom,
Who weaves his fond friendship on necessity's loom.
Such friendship is golden and given to last
Long after life's treasure hath felt its last blast.

—Ted Hart.

DEDICATION EXERCISES

Thursday, October 5, 1939, was a very glad day in the life of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It was glad for on that day the newly completed swimming-pool, the gift of the distinguished Cone family, of Greensboro, and funds from the Federal Government was formerly presented to the trustees of the institution and dedicated to the glory and the making of better manhood. The weather was perfect, a more ideal day could not be imagined.

The program arranged for the occasion was impressive, and each message presented by the participant reflected a kindly spirit and deep concern for the boys of this institution. The audience showed a sympathetic response by their close attention. Interest was emphasized when the entire crowd looked feelingly upon five hundred boys when their tender, sweet voices burst forth in song. Not a discordant note, either in word or song, was uttered to mar the harmony of this most delightful event.

In addition to the officials of the School and local friends there a splendid representation of people from other parts of the state—a more pleasing crowd of orderly, sympathetic and genuinely good people could not have been assembled anywhere. Glad day-everything conspired, united, to make it such.

* * * * *

A DESIRE TO KNOW

There are as many minds with varied taste as there are people in the land. Some like the music of the masters others enjoy a lighter technique of music; some enjoy reading the classics and there are others who prefer light fiction just for pastime and not for the beauties of the diction, and so on. Well, from some source the writer has an inherited taste for looking back in the archives where rests hidden secrets of the adventure of our early forebears.

Since seeing a replica of the old organ in Organ Church, Rowan county, we have been intensely interested in the history of the building of the organ of old Organ Church of Rowan county. After scanning through Dr. Bernheim's history, published in 1872, the information pertinent thereto is that the old church was formerly known as Zion church, but after the building of the organ, the sobriquet, was adopted and continues to be so called up to the

present date. But from one much interested in this particular church history, one of the oldest congregations in the state, other information has been assembled through extensive research in old land titles. The dates gathered give assurance that the dates are correct.

This for instance reveals an interesting story. A deed was given by one, Ludwig Seifrit, August 16, 1786, to the Elders and Trustees and their successors in office, for the Lutheran congregation belonging to Second Creek Organ meeting-house. The name, Organ Meeting-house, tells a human interest story, proof that the organ was built at that time, August 16, 1786. Also from the same source, land titles, Michael Stirewalt was named as the builder of the organ. Another interesting side-light to the story is that the old church was started in 1772, fourteen years before the title of the land was given, an evidence of absolute faith in the donor of the land on which the church was built.

In every episode there are minor chords, and in this story the final is that the wanton destruction of the old organ of this particular church is nothing short of absolute negligence to the minds of those who value the work of pioneers.

The old organ, a relic of the past, the handiwork of a skilled craftsman, ought to have been preserved for the sake of posterity. But the old organ is no longer to be found, and such conditions bring to mind lines from Moore's poem:

The harp that once, through Tara's hall,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if the soul were fled.

* * * * *

CHRITOPHER CLOUMBUS

It is seldom that you find a person who does not know the date of the discovery of America—October 12, 1492—by Columbus. But farther than that one incident, and it is a great one, little is known of the life of Columbus. He really was an unusual youth. From early boyhood he started out as a sailor, having been born a Genoese in the midst of skillful and hardy seamen, noted for

their spirit of enterprise and freedom. The sea called him, the spirit of the seaman's life flowed through his veins.

At the age of fourteen he became a sailor and a fighter, too, as all sailors were then. As an example of his dare and courage, in 1473, he was wrecked in a sea fight off the Portugal shore, but reached land on a plank. Fortunately for Columbus, he married the daughter of a navigator, who possessed maps and charts that Columbus studied with intense interest. Through this source the idea of reaching India by sailing westward came to him. Before carrying out this plan he made a trip to Iceland, and the conjecture is that he heard at this time of the old Norse voyages to America.

To make a long story short he fell upon the idea of appearing before the Royal Household of Spain, and there to the royal house tell the story of the untold riches of the Indies that he firmly believed existed. The queen and king, Isabella and Ferdinand, heard the appeal, but like many others they thought him a half crazy fanatic. For seven years he labored to find some one who would sponsor the expense of ships and men to sail out upon the broad expanse of waters. To every one at that era of history the venture was accepted as most hazardous. Disappointments and doubts did not phase this man of courage and dare. The strong appeal of his argument was that the "people who travel western way to the Indies, a thousand vessels will not be able to carry home the riches they find." All this I offer to Spain. Also there is not another nation in the world that would not gamble ships for all the treasures of the east. Give me ships and I will bring you proof enough of all I have told you."

The royalty of Spain bestowed upon him the rank of admiral, three ships and one hundred and twenty sailors. He was obsessed with the thought, and impossible to divorce himself from the obsession.—to be the first to strike the Spanish flag into the soil of the New Indies.

Several months passed before land was seen. The date, October 12, 1492, is familiar to all who appreciate the home of the free and the land of the brave. The land first seen was probably Watling Island, one of the Bahama Island. Later Cuba and Haiti were visited and a colony was planted. When Columbus returned home he carried gold, birds, plants, animals and two natives,—the wonder of all Spain.

Not the half has been told of this bold navigator. The lesson to be learned from this intrepid adventurer is he never surrendered to a cause he espoused till he had exhausted every available means of reaching his goal.

* * * * *

PEOPLE ARE GLAD

We feel that from the many commendatory messages received people rejoice that the Jackson Training School,—a heaven for boys not wholly bad but unstable—has realized such valuable additions to the magnificent plant as the swimming-pool, gymnasium, trades-buildings, infirmary and library will aid that materially in the buildings of a stronger and finer manhood. This splendid plant is a contribution from the state and fine friends, and the investment is for dividends in manhood. The institution is now adequate for the demands, and the pages of the future history of the School remains to be written in the life of each young boy who passes from this institution out into the world. Every needs has been met previously and taking all things into account the work of the future will exceed that of the past.

Such messages as the following are gratifying:

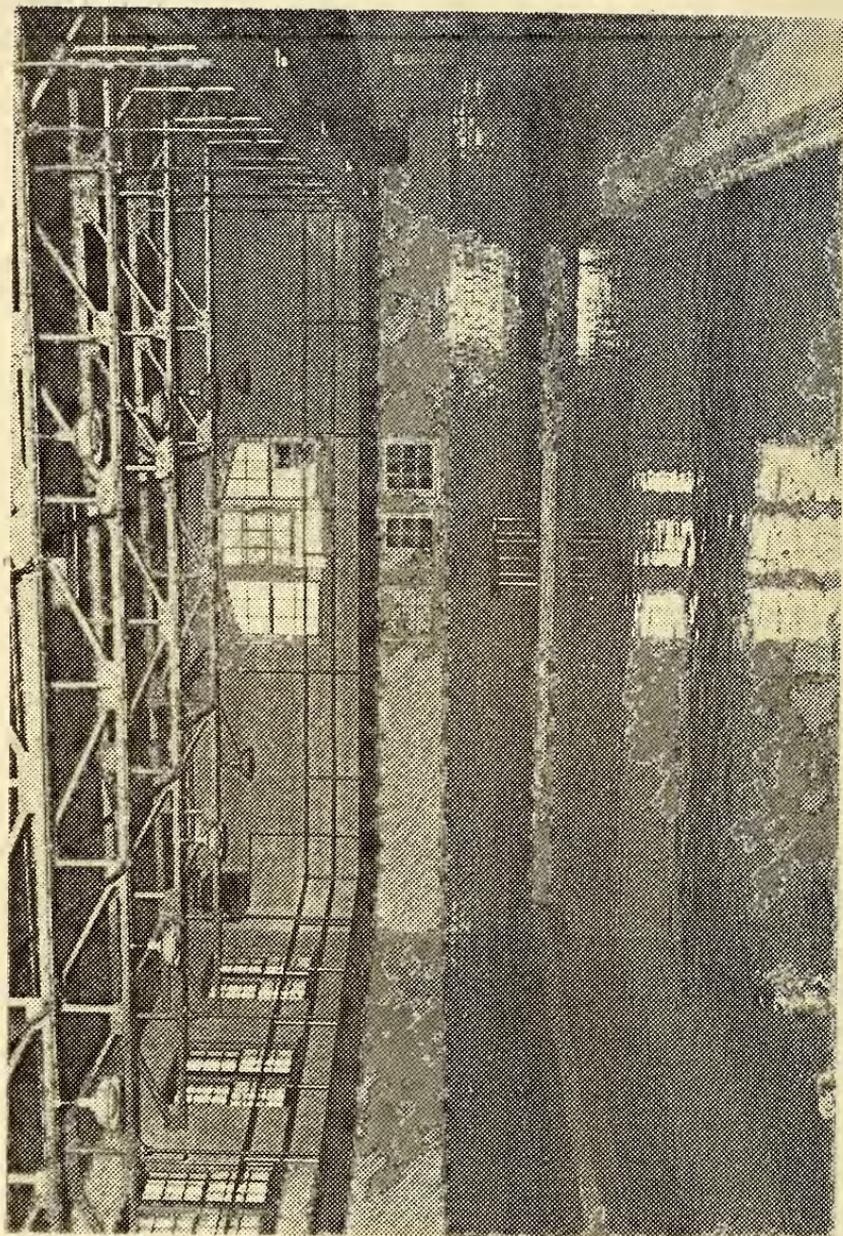
Charles E. Boger,

Supt. Stonewall Jackson Training School Concord, N. C.

The Durham County Commissioners with its citizens congratulate you and the School on your achievement in having an athletic building for the misfit boys entrusted to your care. This building is a testimony that you and your coworkers have done a good job and merit the confidence of friends. May you continue to enlist the support of friends like your donor of today.

Impossible for us to come. We are sending W. E. Stanley our Superintendent of Public Welfare as our representative.

H. L. Carver, Chairman,
Board of County Commissioners.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CONE SWIMMING-POOL

CONE SWIMMING-POOL DEDICATED

Every seat in the gymnasium was comfortably filled for this event by a representative audience that lent interest and a deeply sympathetic attention to the program which involved singing, devotional and speech-making.

The boys rendered a splendid song service, singing "Carolina", "God Bless America", "Bread Of Heaven, On Thee We Feed", and "The Star-Spangled Banner." They sang with splendid technique, reflecting the fine training they had received. The singing of the five hundred boys elicited many favorable comments.

Invocation

The following invocation by Rev. Voigt R. Cromer, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, was both appropriate and inspiring:

O God, the Rock of Ages, who art from everlasting to everlasting, who dost hold in thine hand our swiftly passing years, we bow our heads in thy presence and lift our voices to Thee, not as a mere opening formality, but because thou art truly God, the Author of our being and the ultimate source of all good things. Out of hearts filled with gratitude we thank thee that thou hast so richly blessed us, and that it is in thine eternal purpose to raise up the fallen and redeem the sinful creatures of humanity to fulness of life in thee.

On this happy occasion we unite in thanksgiving for this institution and its salutary service to the youth of our state, for those who are giving their lives in its service now, for those who have served it in days gone by, and for the loyal friends whom thou hast raised up for its support.

Knowing that it is thy Holy Spirit who dost beget good desires and motives for unselfish deeds in human hearts; we thank thee especially to-day for the friends who have gener-

ously bestowed this swimming-pool with its building, which we have come to dedicate to the cultivation of strong and useful lives. Continue to use them and this, their gift, in the service of humanity to thy Name's honor and glory.

May all who come and tarry here, whether to teach or to learn, be reverent in spirit and faithful in the use of this memorial gift, as well as in their use of the other buildings, the equipment and the grounds of this institution. Grant that this pool may be for many years instrumental in the development of healthy bodies, strong minds and pure hearts for the boys committed to this institution.

In thy Name we continue the exercises of this significant day. Let thy Spirit fill our souls and direct our thoughts now, and in our varied duties throughout the course of life.

We are painfully aware that the whole world, in these troubled times, stands in need of the spirit of the Christ. May the leaders of the nations and all citizens come to themselves, and in sincere penitence say, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" and in thus returning let us all find forgiveness, and

healing, and the peace which only thou canst give.

Hear us, most merciful Father, in these our humble requests, uttered because we need thee every hour, and offered unto thee in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. What we in our blindness have failed to ask, do thou in thy merciful wisdom pour out upon us. Amen.

Mr. Cone's Address

At this juncture Herman Cone, a trustee of the institution, in a splendid manner presented the swimming-pool to the School with the hope that the benefits realized from the same would rebound to the glory of the boy. The joy written in the face of Herman Cone when speaking told the story,—that he felt it was “more blessed to give than to receive.”

There is a tacit understanding in the life of the Cone family that to do good is genuinely satisfying and productive of deep joy, knowing neither can any one live unto himself and live fruitfully. Complet text of his address follows:

This is one of the happiest days of my life and one to which I have looked forward for many years. Now that it has arrived, I consider it a great privilege and pleasure to be permitted to perform a two-fold mission: firstly, to honor the memory of my father and, secondly, to present to the Stonewall Jackson Training School a useful and long needed addition to its equipment.

Most of you know that my father, the late Ceasar Cone, was a charter member of the Board of Trustees of this institution and devoted quite a lot of his time to it. Although I was then quite young, I remember hearing him talk about the School on

frequent occasions. He felt that there was good in every boy and that it was more important for this School to correct the students than it was to punish them. In those days nothing gave him more pleasure than to hear reports of paroled boys who were making good back home.

Although he was an extremely busy man, he was interested in all boys, and especially his own sons. I'll never forget one day when I was quite small we were out walking together and he said, “Son, you are old enough now to begin to think about business and I want to give you your first lesson.” I anticipated a discussion about cotton mills or banks or other business ventures, but here is what he said—and I'd like you boys to pay particular attention to the lesson he gave me that day because I have remembered it and it has helped me, and that same lesson will do every one of you a world of good, too, whether you become a cotton mill man, a grocer, a preacher, a lawyer, or in any other walk of life you follow after leaving here—he said, “When you have once made a bargain with anyone, or if you have given your word that you will do a certain thing, stick to your bargain no matter whether the trade turns out to be a good one or a bad one for you.” Boys, I'd like to pass that same advice on to you. If you follow it you will become better men for it.

My father died in 1917, when I was but twenty-one years old, and shortly after that I was appointed to this Board to take his place, and have served as a member ever since. Perhaps very few of you boys have seen me before, although I have been down here at least once every year and oftener than once during most of the

time that I have served. On occasions members of the Board have walked around the campus, but frequently we have been too busy to spend that time and have had to hurry back to other duties, but I want to assure you that practically every Board member has taken a keen interest in you boys and the welfare of this School.

For the past several years I have discussed with my mother and brothers from time to time the question of a family donation to the School in memory of my father, and I had that thought in the back of my mind during a meeting of the Board back in 1938. On that occasion Mr. Boger told us about the gymnasium that the state of North Carolina was going to put up for us, and then with a longing look in his eye, said "I wish we had enough money to put a swimming-pool in that gymnasium." Let me pause a minute here to say a little something about Mr. Boger. He didn't want that pool for himself (although maybe he did go in "washing" on one or two hot days during the past summer), but he wanted that pool for you boys, and I could tell by the look in his eye and the tone of his voice that he wanted it awfully bad. Let me add that you may have some good friends here in this School, but you haven't any better friend than Mr. Boger. After the Board meeting I told him to find out what the pool would cost and suggested that maybe I could find someone to help finance it. Knowing that Mr. Boger is a fast worker, I got busy right away and talked to my mother and two brothers about the proposition. It was a good thing I did because it couldn't have been but a day or so later that Mr. Boger appeared at

my office in Greensboro and said, "I've got the figures on the pool and I have also found out that the P. W. A. will put up 45 per cent of the cost." As the other members of my family had already told me they would each go in for their share of the balance, I was able to tell Mr. Boger, "All right, we will put up the other 55 per cent; let's go."

The United States Government through a P. W. A. allotment has contributed nearly half of the funds with which to build this pool. I want to emphasize the point, however, that it was Mr. Boger's thought and energy that brought it all about.

Now one more word about the pool. I hope you all enjoy it. I hope that you will not only get a lot of pleasure out of swimming in it but that you will also be able to improve your muscles and build up your bodies through its use.

There is one more thing I'd like to have you remember and that is, that it was put here by donations of North Carolina citizens and by a contribution from our Federal Government to show you that we all have an interest in your welfare and to show you further that we regard this School as a place where you may receive hope for the future and not merely as an institution for punishment.

And now it is with a great deal of pleasure that I turn this swimming-pool over to the Stonewall Jackson Training School with the hope that through its use you boys will derive benefits of mind and body that will remain with you all your lives.

Acceptance of Pool by Hon. Paul C.
Whitlock

In behalf of the Board of Trus-

tees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, and in behalf of the State of North Carolina, whose servants the Trustees are, I accept this magnificent swimming-pool which was made possible by donations from Mrs. Caesar Cone and her three fine sons, Herman, Caesar and Benjamin Cone.

Thirty-two years ago Caesar Cone, Sr., was appointed a member of the first Board of Trustees of the School. For ten years, until his death in 1917, he served in that capacity and gave generously of his time and talents to the institution; he gave in a material way. He made many substantial donations. Among other things, so long as he lived he gave the School all the denim and shirting that was needed to make clothing for the boys.

After his death, the Governor of North Carolina immediately appointed to fill his place on the Board of Trustees his son, Herman Cone, who, since 1917, has carried on in the tradition of his father. He, too, has given of his time and his talents and his substance. He has ever had at heart the interests of the School and of the boys. He has been regular in his attendance on the meetings, and is a most valuable member of the Board.

Mrs. Cone and her sons contributed 55 per cent of the cost of the pool, which was used as the basis for a grant of 45 per cent from the Public Works Administration of the United States Government, and as a result we have the swimming-pool as an adjunct to and a part of this gymnasium.

For the Trustees and for the State I extend to Mrs. Cone and to her sons our most sincere thanks.

And now I wish to say in the pres-

ence of Dr. Graham, the President of the University of North Carolina, what I have said many times before, that I am firmly convinced that the boys here receive better educational advantages than are afforded by the public schools of the State. Here on this magnificent farm, in the dairy, in the printing shop, the shoe shop, the textile plant, and through the various other means for manual training, their bodies are trained. In the Sunday School and other religious activities their souls are trained, and in the academic school their minds are trained. Soul, mind and body—a well rounded education. And, in my humble opinion, the State would do well to model its high schools, so far as practicable, on the system which has been adopted and is practiced here.

Then T. R. Owen, resident engineer of P. W. A. funds, supplemented in finishing this project, made a few remarks. He introduced T. M. Howerton, of Asheville, travelling engineer for public works agency. He related that a similar work of this agency was being carried on in all counties of the United States with the exception of two of the thousands of counties:

Mr. Hartsell's Introduction

Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Hon. L. T. Hartsell, introduced the guest speaker of the occasion, Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the greater University of North Carolina in a humorous but most gracious manner. Mr. Hartsell's introduction was brief, but most appropriate. It was as follows:

If we had searched every nook and

corner of North Carolina we could not have gotten a speaker whose life more nearly represents what we are trying to do at the Jackson Training School. He has stood for the underprivileged boy—the down-trodden—against the oppressor, even at times amid storms of criticism. He is an educator of renown, a Christian gentleman of the old school whose life embodies the principle enunciated by the prophet of old who said “what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.”

I have the honor and pleasure of presenting Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the Greater University of North Carolina.

It was then that Dr. Frank P. Graham rose to the occasion and made the following speech that was enthusiastically received.

High Spots of Dr. Graham's Address

Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the Greater University of North Carolina in his address in ceremonies when the Cone Swimming-Pool was dedicated, gave a message from the depth of his soul, and his good cheer received a fine response from the students of the School, also from the appreciative audience assembled to honor the occasion.

Like a meteoric flash this talented North Carolinian first said he sincerely hoped not one of our American boys will cross the Atlantic ocean to go in the European war, Then in a humorous style, Dr. Graham told many personal experiences when the United States united with the allied countries during the World War against the Germans. The good cheer of this gifted speaker soon put

his audience in a fine frame of mind for his address, the key note of which was “Co-operation.” He emphasized the co-operation of the officials of Jackson Training School, the Cone family of Greensboro, and the Public Works Administration in erecting the swimming-pool for the boys. “Something happens,” he continued, “when people unite in mind and body around the life of the boy.”

He told of the way President Roosevelt regained his health through the daily use of the swimming-pool. This example of renewed vigor was given to show the boys the real value of a swimming-pool. He incidentally cited the fact that he and Julian Miller, editor of the Charlotte Observer, had only a swimming-hole to swim in when boys. This, we feel was to emphasize all that had been done in a fine way for the delinquents of the state.

Knowing the thrill of a boy in sports he stressed that “something happens when a pool and a boy get together, or a boy and a tree or a boy and a book get together.”

These things are indicative of the fact that clean sports lead to clean thinking and a desire to train the mind. He asserted that the skilled hand, a clean heart and the head of learning are the combined activities that work for the good of the boy at the Jackson Training School.

He told of many characters who have burgeoned out useful lives, who have become ornaments to their craft and all was accomplished under most adverse circumstances. This seemingly showed the students of this school their blessings.

Dr. Graham paused, then said, we are here to honor one of the great families in North Carolina—the Cones

of Greensboro, who today have presented to this institution one of the finest swimming-pools, in every sense of the word, for the building of mankind stronger, cleaner and better,—attributes that will give the state a nobler citizenship. He also referred to the role the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters played in the lean days of the School, under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, who served as president of this noble Order for twenty-five years

This talented educator was most happy in his dedicatory address, and his was a genuinely appreciative audience.

Benediction

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the Frist Baptist Church, Concord, then dismissed the assemblage with the following benediction:

Our Father, we humbly thank Thee for every benefactor of the boyhood of our land. In this high and holy hour we thank Thee especially for those whose lives and means have been so generously given to bless the boys of this school.

May Thy continued blessing be upon those who have made this hour possible and upon the objects of their benefactions, in the name of Him who gave himself that boys might become worthwhile men for the glory of our God. Amen.

TREASURES

The multitudes who throng the busy road
 That leads them to destruction and decay
 Have missed the better spiritual way
 To Life Eternal. Driven by the goad
 Of great possessions and of gold, they load
 Their backs with garments that are mere display,
 With riches that grim death shall take away,
 And treasures that the rusts of time corrode.
 O foolish folk to seek the things of earth,
 The clothes and jewels that a thief may steal,
 Or moth and rust devour and consume,
 What shall you have of all you hoard since birth,
 When leaden fingers both your eyelids seal
 And you lie sightless in the silent tomb?

—John D. M. Brown, Litt. D.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

THE GLORY OF LIVING

"Do something today that tomorrow
Will prove to be truly worth while;
Help someone to overcome sorrow
And greet the new dawn with a smile.
For only through kindness, and giving
Of service and friendship and cheer,
Can we learn the glory of living
And find heaven's happiness here."

The leaves are beginning to fall,
and fall is beginning to leave.

The persons who know that they
do not know it all, know more than
those who think they do.

The belligerent nations, planting
explosives in European waters, have
the appearance, at least, of "mine-
ing" their own business.

A "communique" is a wire from
some foreign country, released by its
officials, which may be true, but prob-
ably is not. But some of them are
very common and very unique.

It is generally the case that the
fellow who makes the most fuss about
the way the election went did not
vote. Investigating the knocker of-
times leads up to the cause of the
knocking.

The "blacking-out," as practiced in
Europe, has the appearance of a
dark future for that country. Na-
tions are awaiting the sunshine of

peace. Haste the day when it shall
appear!

It has been said that "you can get
almost anything you want in this
world if you want it enough." A
whole lot of people get things they
have not wanted; and then there are
a whole lot of things that are not
worth that much wanting for

I have not the slightest idea of
what this world is coming to, save
the Day of Judgement. But it is
very evident it is coming to a show-
down of peace, or a world of turmoil.
There is no doubt about the moil in
it. It always has been and will ever
be.

Some of the European nations now
battling each other are going in for
dividing up the smaller nations, and,
all that can, get a slice. Next month
Amercia will carve up turkey—pos-
sibly twice—and there'll be no war
over the carving. It is the evidence
of Peace and Thanksgiving, and
would be world-wide but for the
avarice and aggression of blood-
thirsty dictators who are drunk on
power. We have much in this na-
tion to be thankful for and we should
show our appreciation by our grati-
tude—and keep out of foreign wars.

So, this is October—the picture
month of the year. The month when

Nature brings out her rainbow colors and palette and paints the leaves. Fruits, leaves, and the days themselves acquire brighter tints. It is the opal month of the season, as well as the funeral month of the year, with its sun set sky as it sinks into Lethe's stream of forgetfulness as nature dies for the winter months. November and December are the twilight months of the year.

"When yer heart is young and free, and yer makin' others happy like you know they'd oughter be." What a splendid expression of good, old-fashioned sentiment—sentiment that elevates the soul! The above quotation is from one of O. Lawrence Hawthorne's poems, as is the verse at the head of this column. It is at once wholesome, happy and inspirational. Life surely must have been worth the living to a man whose poetry sings in millions of hearts and brings joy and beauty and sunshine to the homes of a nation. This troubled old world needs more Hawthornes.

Don't bother about the war and

your age. You may be too young to go to war—which may never come. You may be too old and that's where you have the advantage of a great many people. If you have outlived all the dangerous diseases you are lucky, and ought to thank your stars that you are living, and not worried about all the things that most people dread. There's no telling how long you will live if you just won't give up. Young people, many of them, marvel at the stamina and vitality of many old people. It must be because these old people knew how to live—and work. They grew up that way. These old people deserve a lot of credit for that. They didn't let people and things change them. They didn't depend upon their government; their government will depend upon them, when there aren't any more men like them. Old people who have lived uprightly, can contemplate their lives with supreme complacence over the trials, the joys, the pleasure and hardships that made their lives. They have already done what the rest of us hope to do.

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM YOUR DOG

1. To keep clean.
2. To love children.
3. To keep your place.
4. To size up an enemy.
5. To drink plenty of water.
6. To be a dependable friend.
7. To express pleasure when favored.
8. To guard faithfully the interests of those who care for and protect you.
9. To be faithful unto death.

—The Record.

USE OF PRAYER

(Watchman-Examiner)

Like the fragrant breezes that carry refreshing to the eager traveler, prayer permeates the pilgrim's experience along the way. It becomes to him a rich and vital force to all the contribution to his ever changing and changeless life.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,

Uttered or unexpressed;

The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear,

The upward glancing of an eye,

When none but God is near."

It is to him more than a spiritual

exercise. It is a ministry that not so much meets his individual desires as it continually meets his constant need.

Electricity is the magic power of this present physical world. What light it can give! What power it can supply! What reach to voices it can bestow! And yet there are conditions to be met. I cannot have the light without turning the button. I cannot hear the voices without making the contact. What if prayer is so related to the spiritual powers that by it spiritual light is brought into the soul, spiritual power is given to the soul, and heavenly voices are brought near the spiritual understanding?

Everywhere have we seen, at some time, plant and bird, beast and man crushed; all things were against them, no promise was heard spoken, and yet a hand of care somehow and somewhere interposed, changed the out-

look, gave strength and a new lease of life. What if prayer brings in that hand of care to,

*"Interpose at the difficult minute,
snatch Saul, the mistake,
Saul, the ruin he seems now—and
bid him awake*

*From the dream, the probation,
the prelude, to find himself
set*

*Clear and safe in new light and
life—a new harmony yet
To be run and continued."*

Prayer is a principle of real life, and life needs it. Dr. Austin Phelps, in his "Still Hour," says, "It (prayer) is and God has decreed that it should be a power in the universe as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity. It is as truly the dictate of common sense that a man should expect to achieve something by prayer as that he should expect to achieve something by a telescope, or a mariner's compass, or the electric telegraph."

No one epretends that all the questions springing even from the ordinary laws of life have found satisfactory answers. They have secrets of their own which thus far they have kept covered. If prayer, then, has deep questions connected with its operations, it does not stand alone. If prayer has its transcendent series why should that be thought strange? Should not this very thing be expected when God opens the way to fellowship with him? Prayer is faith's highest effort. It is the soul's

voice speaking with God. A great and God-blessed company believed that prayer does achieve something for the soul's waking life. They witness with the poet Browning,

"Friends, I absolutely and peremptorily

Believe;—I say faith is my waking life;

One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals,

We know, but waking the main point with us,

And my provision's for life's waking part;

Accordingly, I use heart, head, hand,

All day I build, scheme, study, and make friends;

And when night overtakes me, down I lie,

"Sleep, dream a little, and get done with it,

The sooner, the better to begin afresh

What's midnight doubt before the dayspring's faith?"

OCTOBER'S PARTY

October gave a party;
 The leaves by hundreds came—
 The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples,
 And leaves of every name.
 The Sunshine spread a carpet
 And everything was grand,
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best;
 All balanced to their partners,
 And gaily fluttered by;
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,
 At hide-and-seek they played,
 The party closed at sundown,
 And everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder;
 They flew along the ground;
 And then the party ended
 In jolly "hands" around."

—George Cooper.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATOR

By Erald A. Schivo

Jim Dunbrin was aroused from a sound sleep by the harsh roar of a shotgun. He heard a man shouting: "Halt! Halt, you thief! Go get 'im Pete. Sick 'im!" So Jim sprang from his comfortable bed and slipped a pair of trousers over his pajamas; then he managed to press his feet into his working shoes. Rushing outdoors into the warmth of a summer night, he saw his employer of half a day, Mr. Dirken.

The rancher was running around his chicken house, his shotgun under his arm and ready for any contingency. His sixteen-year-old son Zeke was standing still, watching the closed door of the roost.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Dirken?" called Jim.

"Thieves, chicken thieves, that's what!" cried Mr. Dirken, gasping for breath and speaking excitedly. He stopped running and stood inhaling the fresh country air. Jim could not help a muffled laugh. He could see that Mr. Dirken was attired in a long white nightgown, and he wore no shoes. His son Zeke was even less appropriately dressed for a venture outside the doors of his home; he wore long underwear.

"See who it was?" questioned Jim.

"No," panted Mr. Dirken. "I didn't even see a shadow, nor did Zeke, and Pete here," he continued pointing to a Great Dane whose tail was wagging, "Pete, the good-for-nothing hound, he didn't even bark!"

"What did you shoot at?"

"The sky. Thought I'd scare whoever it was into the open, but I've circled the chicken house twice and

saw absolutely nothing. Yet somebody was in there, for those hens made an awful racket, and tomorrow my count will show one gone. That will make no less than fifteen I've lost in little more than half a month."

Jim was puzzled. This was his first night on the chicken ranch, and he had taken the job for his summer vacation. He looked somewhat doubtfully at his employer. The door to the roost was fastened with a padlock; he could see by the moonlight that the lock was still in place; besides, Zeke had been watching the door. Other than this door the only means of entry or exit was by small doors arranged on two sides of the buildings for the laying hens. These were so small that a slim youngster would have difficulty in wriggling through one of them, but even this was impossible. Jim had seen Mr. Dirken fasten the small doors from the inside with strong slip bolts. There were windows, but these were high and immovable. In a few words Jim reminded Mr. Dirken of these things.

"Don't I know it!" raged the rancher. "I put in those small bolts for the little openings thinking a thieving youngster was crawling through one of them. The last three times a hen was stolen the place was secured just as it is now—but tomorrow I'll find another one has been stolen from me."

"You count them each night?"

"Yes, and I make no mistakes in my count. I also count them in the morning. This stealing is getting on

my nerves, young fellow. You told me you were studying electricity in high school, and that's one reason why I hired you. Maybe you can think of a cheap way to light the place from the outside. Thieves are afraid of light."

Zeke Dirken, unmindful of the stones or other obstructions that might injure his bare feet, came forward. He was a husky youth, quite accustomed to life on a ranch.

"Say, Pa, I'm awful tired diggin' that trench for the gas pipe to the road. Can I go to bed, seein' there's nothing for me to do here?"

"Hit the hay," rumbled Mr. Dirken, and Zeke disappeared, the excitement of the chicken thief obviously having little effect on his nerves.

Jim was thinking about his employer's suggestion about exterior lighting. "So far as I can see," he said, "it's almost impossible for a man to get in and out again before you can see him. Have you ever watched all night?"

"Yes, when I was tired out from a hard day's work, too, but the night I watched no chickens were stolen. Zeke and I work hard and must have our sleep. You too, young fellow, so let's go to bed."

During the afternoon Jim had helped dig the trench for the gas pipe. His hands were blistered; his body was sore; his muscles ached, but he had two years of experience on a football squad, and he knew his troubles were merely temporary. He could not sleep for some time. He tried to determine how anybody could enter a building securely locked. Shortly before midnight he smiled happily. Perhaps there was a loose board somewhere. He would investigate the next day.

Breakfast consisted of bacon and eggs, especially eggs. Jim knew he would have a hard day ahead and ate heartily, but he failed to keep even with Zeke, who downed food as if he might never eat again.

"You have a good appetite, Zeke," Jim said. "Guess it comes from the country air."

Zeke grinned. "It's not so much the air as the work."

There were two cows to milk during the morning hours. And the digging of the gas-pipe line was no small job in the heat of the summer. In addition the chickens must be fed and the eggs gathered. Mr. Dirken did the weighing. Jim realized that the cultivated land, a few acres, must irrigated, and it might be that his employer would tell him to pick fruit for canning. If he had any time left over there was a huge pile of Eucalyptus tree to be cut for firewood and chopped. And he could not forget the mystery of the chicken house.

All morning he worked digging the trench for the gas pipe. During the dinner hour Mr. Dirken probably noticed his blistered hands and his exhausted expression.

"We'll lay off that pipe trench, Jim," he said. "You're not accustomed to such hard work, even if you do play football. It won't do you harm, but I want you to take it sort of easy to begin. Suppose you look around that chicken house and try to find out how the thief enters. I'm one short again, and now I have but one-hundred and twenty-one hens."

Zeke chuckled and picked up the last portion of fried chicken remaining on the plate. It was a wing. "Want it?" he asked Jim. Jim shook his head. Zeke bit off the meat.

"I like chicken," he said. "This is good, but you should taste a fat hen when roasted over an open fire. Wish we had roasted hen; they're sure fine."

"You eat too much, Zeke," reproved his father.

"I work too hard, Pa. It takes plenty of chicken to fill me."

Mr. Dirken merely smiled. He liked this husky son of his who helped him. Jim could see that.

His employer gathered up the leavings for the dog Pete. When Jim left the house he noticed that Pete had managed to dispose of everything. Never before had Jim seen either beast or man consume so much food, but he remembered that everybody was up and working from dawn to dusk.

After finishing his dinner with a cup of coffee—Zeke drank two cups—Jim went out to look over the hen house. Inside the place was quite clean with a sand and gravel floor. Then finding nothing unusual Jim proceeded to examine the walls on the outside. There were no boards loose.

"Funny business," muttered Jim, and looked at the padlock. It was a combination lock and could not be picked. But suppose someone had learned the combination?

"Interested in padlocks?"

Jim turned and looked at the speaker. He was a young man, younger than Jim, and was dressed in a blue shirt and overalls. He had brown eyes which at the present moment expressed hidden mirth. In stature he was like Jim, strong and husky. It occurred to Jim that the youth would make a good football player.

"I'm interested in this particular lock," replied Jim. "I'm working

during the high school vacation for Mr. Dirken and my name is Jim Dunbrim,"

"Pleased to meet you, and I'm Charlie Barkee." The stranger held out a calloused hand which Jim gripped even though it pained him because of his blisters caused by his work with the pick and shovel in digging the trench for the gas pipe. Then the two youths stared at each other.

"Any idea why Mr. Dirken's hens are being stolen and how?" asked Jim.

"You're asking me!" grinned Charlie Barkee. "If you're serious I think Dirken counts 'em wrong."

"I don't think so."

"They couldn't fly away, could they?"

"No, but somebody other than Mr. Dirken may know the combination of this lock."

Charlie Barkee flushed. "I—I worked for Dirken," confessed the youth, "and I know the combination of the lock now on the door. Dirken didn't like something I did and refused to hire me this year, but I didn't steal any of his hens."

They talked for a few minutes longer about high school and football, and then Charlie Barkee went on his way. As he passed the house, the dog Pete came running to greet him. Charlie grinned with pleasure and slapped the animal on the flanks and rubbed his head behind the ears. Jim looked after him, a thoughtful frown on his face.

During the evening meal Zeke grumbled because there was a pork roast to eat and not chicken.

"Zeke," said Mr. Dirken, if we had chicken noon and supper I'd go broke. Eat that pork and like it!"

Then Jim told his employer about a simple burglar alarm for the door to the hen house. He installed it; and another hen was stolen the same night. Zeke laughed.

Jim thought of Charlie Barkee. He must trap the fellow the next time, but how? He suspected Barkee but had no wish to accuse him without evidence. Of course a buglar alarm would not ring if a man knew of its presence. He could cut off the switch, unless the apparatus was complicated. Jim finally thought of something which would cost but a small sum of money and be practically infallible.

This was the so-called electric eye. He could borrow most of the equipment from one of his high school instructors. Mr. Dirken listened to Jim during the dinner hour. He thought the idea a bit too scientific, then he chuckled and said, "But if this chicken thief is to be caught we must use the best that science has to offer. This electric eye. Exactly how does it work?"

"Quite simple, Mr. Dirken. The eye is light sensitive and on it falls a beam of light. When anything interrupts this beam a bell or any alarm will sound. I'll place the beam across the door about two feet high. Anyone entering that door will cause the bell to ring—and they won't be able to turn it off, because everything will be installed inside the chicken house."

Jim was installing the device when Charlie Barkee entered the hen house. He laughed when he saw the apparatus.

"Do you really think somebody is stealing chickens?"

"Yes; I counted them myself. So did Mr. Dirken. The man is worried.

Those laying hens are his living, Charlie." He looked squarely into the brown eyes of the youth and noticed that the young man was puzzled. Charlie was quite calm and asked how the "eye" functioned. Jim explained. And again during the night a hen was stolen. Zeke laughed during breakfast; at noon he frowned when he noticed pork chops on the table. Most of his portion he tossed to Pete, the Great Dane. The animal was trained to take food away from the kitchen. He would catch a meaty bone in his mouth and then dash out.

When Jim left the table Zeke was frowning. Jim raised the beam of the electric eye two feet.

During the night, almost as soon as Jim had retired, he heard a disturbance in the chicken house. Such commotion was not unusual, and Jim, failing to hear his loud bell, merely pulled aside the curtains of his window and looked out. He was quite certain that he saw Charlie Barkee disappearing behind the trees and brush that lined a dry creek bed. Next morning the count revealed that another hen had been snatched during the night.

Mr. Dirken looked frowningly at the electric eye. He shook his head, saying, "It doesn't work."

Jim knew beyond doubt that anyone interrupting the light beam could not fail to sound the alarm. Charlie Barkee might have been able to avoid it, because he knew of the installation, but it was impossible for Jim to associate the youth with such trivial thievery. He would not tell Mr. Dirken about Charlie: the man's knowledge of the lock combination, his knowledge of the electric eye, and his friendship for the dog,

Pete. Pete would not bark a warning if a friend visited the ranch, thought Jim, and Charlie was even more than a friend. The animal had come to recognize him as an employee, or a member of the family.

A man may employ many scientific methods to sound an alarm, but Jim realized that such methods were not sufficient. He decided to watch during the night. Despite the fatigue caused by his toil on the ranch, Jim for two nights watched from a distance through a pair of binoculars. The second night he was rewarded.

He saw a figure dig a tunnel under the foundation of the chicken house. When this was completed the shape disappeared and then crawled out again carrying a dead hen. There had been little commotion. Hurry-

ing to the brush and trees bordering the creek the thief hid the hen. Then he returned and hastily filled in the tunnel under the roost.

Jim appeared tired the next morning and Mr. Dirken wanted to know if he was working too hard. Jim told about his nightly vigilance. "You see, mr. Dirken, I knew my electric eye would sound an alarm, but it didn't and your hens were stolen. I noticed that Pete liked chickens—"

"So does Zeke, Jim."

"Yes, but Zeke didn't tunnel his way under the hen house to steal them. A clever dog, Pete. I—I'd like to have him, sir. He won't steal chickens where I live. There aren't any."

THE STICKER

Oh it's easy to be a starter, lad,
 But are you a sticker, too?
 'Tis fun, sometimes, to begin a thing,
 But harder to see it through,

And sometimes failure is best, dear lad,
 To keep you from being too sure;
 Success that is built on defeat, you know,
 Will often times longest endure.

'Tis the sticker who wins in the battle of life.
 While the quitter is laid on the shelf;
 You are never defeated, remember this,
 Until you lose faith in yourself.

Oh, it's easy to be a starter, lad,
 But are you a sticker, too?
 You may think it a'game to begin a task:
 Are you game to see it through?

—Author Unknown.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our late crop of tomatoes is now being gathered and quite a nice supply of these fine vegetables is being issued to the various cottage kitchens.

While our peanut crop was not as large as usual this season, about one hundred bushels have been gathered. They are being dried on the floor of the new cannery, preparatory to being stored away for use later in the season.

In going about the campus we recently noticed some very fine dahlias, raised by Mrs. Frank Liske and Mrs. R. H. Walker. Some of them were used in decorating the speakers' stand at the swimming-pool dedicatory exercises last week.

Monte Beck, formerly of Cottage No. 14, also a member of the laundry force, who was allowed to return to his home in High Point about three months ago, visited the School last Thursday. He reported that he has had employment in a laundry in that city for two months and was getting along nicely.

We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the Concord Daily Tribune for the use of the cut, showing the interior of the Cone Swimming-Pool, used in this issue.

Editor W. M. Sherrill and his associates have always been ready to be of assistance when we have called upon them, and their kindness is greatly appreciated.

Some good amateur photographers seem to be developing among our boys. Hardly a Sunday passes that they cannot be seen snapping pictures in various sections of the campus. In looking over some of the "shots", a number of the lads seem to have considerable talent along this line. Now that camera clubs are springing up all over the country, it might not be a bad idea to organize one at the School. If a suitable dark room could be arranged here, members of such a club would derive much amusement and at the same time receive valuable training.

Our school principal has announced the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30th, as follows:

Frist Grade—Harold O'Dear, most improvement and highest general average; Second Grade—Eugene Ballew, greatest general improvement; Third Grade—Raymond Anderson, Wilson Bailiff, James Puckett, Cleveland Suggs, most effort; Fourth Grade—Jack West and William Wilson, highest average; Fifth Grade—James Lane, best speller; Sixth Grade—William Young, William Anders, Quentin Crittenton, William

Davis, best spellers; Seventh Grade
—Forrest McEntire, best in English.

Mr. J. Edward Allen, of Warrenton, was a visitor at the School last Wednesday. In addition to his duties as county superintendent of schools in Warren County, Mr. Allen holds the high office of Grand Master of Masons in North Carolina, and his visit with us was made possible because of the fact that he was the guest of honor at the annual district meeting of Masonic Lodges in the 25th district, consisting of Cabarrus, Stanley and Rowan counties, which was held in the Armory-Auditorium, Concord, Wednesday night. It was a delightful privilege to have Mr. Allen with us on this occasion, and it was most pleasing to hear his favorable comment on what is being done here for the wayward boys, as he, in company with Superintendent Boger, visited the School's various departments.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, con-

ducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. In his usual interesting manner he enlarged somewhat on the thought expressed by Dr. Frank Graham at the dedication of the swimming-pool last week, when he stated that something happens when a boy and a pool of water get together, by adding: "Something happens when a boy and religion get together." The tides of many most useful lives have been turned when boys made up their minds to live Christian lives.

The speaker then called attention to the fact that people often pollute swimming-pools by going in swimming with diseased bodies, making it dangerous for others, but that the real Christian would take into consideration the well-being of others and stay away from the pool while his own body was not in good condition.

Rev. Mr Summers told his listeners that Christ's coming into a boy's heart changes the entire being, and urged every boy present to invite and allow Jesus to come into his own life, thereby making a new being and developing into a worthwhile Christian citizen.

"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell."—Langford.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—SEPTEMBER

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates total number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clarence Baker 6
Clinton Call 8
Leo Hamilton 6
J. W. Jones 4
Peter Jones 4
Harold O'Dear 6
Marshall Pace 5
H. C. Pope 6
Landreth Sims 9
Torrence Ware 2
Jerome Wiggins 9

—B—

Cecil Ashley
Mack Bell
Leonard Dawn
Dillon Dean 9
William Dixon 4
Alfred Lamb 4
Olin Langford
Arnold McHone
James Mondie
J. P. Morgan
Ernest Overcash
Elroy Pridgen 5
Eldred Watts
John Whitaker
James C. Wiggins 6

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Baker 6
Aldine Brown 4
William Burnette 9
Charles Cole 3
John Crawford
Clifton Davis 9
Robert Deyton 7
Monroe Flinchum 4
George Green 8
John Ham 2
John B. Howell 2
Spencer Lane 3
Hardy Lanier
Henry McGraw 6
Fred McGlammery 6
Roy Mumford 5

Carl Ray 3
Oscar Smith
Louis Williams 4
Thomas Yates 9

—B—

William Broadwell 3
Richard Freeman 5
Charles Frye 4
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
J. C. Long 3
Henry Smith 6

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Donald Britt 6
Burman Keller 5
Hugh Kennedy 7
James Puckett 6

—B—

Raymond Anderson 6
Wilson Bailiff
Martin Crump
Cleveland Suggs

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Edward Batten 2
Sam Kirksey
Theodore Rector 5
Eulice Rogers 2
Arvel Ward 4
Jack West 4
William C. Wilson 2

—B—

Clifton Brewer
Robert Bryson 7
A. C. Elmore 2
Frank Glover 4
Woodrow Hager
Rufus Linville
Randall D. Peeler 8
J. P. Sutton 3
Joseph White 8

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Britt 2

Lewis Donaldson 8
 William Hudgins
 James Lane 7
 Julian Merritt

—B—

Mack Evans
 Junius Holleman
 James Jordan 5
 Edward Murray 8
 J. W. McRorrie 5
 J. C. Nance
 John Tolbert 3
 William Wilson 4

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 8
 William Covington
 Quentin Crittenton

John Deaton 4
 William Herrin 2
 Harvey Ledford
 William Nichols
 William R. Young 3

—B—

Odell Almond 2
 William C. Davis 2
 Wilbur Hardin 7
 Edward J. Lucas
 Paul Mullis
 James Wilhite 2

SEVENTH GRADE

(NOTE: Due to the fact that the boys in this grade were called out of school to help out in an emergency, there is no Honor Roll reported for this month.)

THOUGHTS

I had an angry thought one day;
 It made the whole world gloomy gray;
 In everything I did and said,
 It thrust its vicious, ugly head.

I didn't smile; I could but frown;
 The corners of my mouth turned down;
 And all because within my mind
 I had a thought that was unkind.

At last I said, "This will not do;
 You are becoming quite a shrew.
 You are so angry and so cross
 This day has been a total loss."

And so I turned my thought dial round
 Until a happy thought I found.
 I tuned it in, and, lo, behold!
 The world from gray had turned to gold!

Our lives are governed by each thought.
 We are upset when we're distraught;
 But if our thoughts are loving, kind,
 Then we have joy and peace of mind.

—The Southern Churchman.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending October 8, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (17) Clyde Gray 17
- (5) Gilbert Hogan 16
- (7) Leon Hollifield 18
- (8) James Hodges 15
- (16) Edward Johnson 16
- (11) Frank Johnson 12
- (8) Frank May 16
- (13) Thomas Turner 14

COTTAGE No. 1

- William Anders 8
- Charles Browning
- (4) Clinton Call 8
- Charles Cole 2
- (6) Howard Cox 13
- John Davis
- (3) B. C. Elliott 9
- Bruce Link 9
- H. C. Pope 14
- Jerry Smith 7
- (4) Edward Warnock 13
- (10) William C. Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 5
- William Burnette 4
- Charles Chapman 2
- (5) Jack Cline 5
- Robert Keith 3
- Milton Koontz 2
- Floyd Lane 8
- Forrest McEntire 8
- Donald McFee 7
- William Padrick 9
- Richard Parker 3
- Henry Phillips 6
- Nick Rochester 13
- Oscar Roland 9
- Landreth Sims 7

COTTAGE No. 3

- Richard Baumgarner 9
- James Boone 10
- Kenneth Conklin 7
- Jack Crotts 2
- Max Evans 10

- (5) Cooligde Green 15
- Bruce Hawkins 8
- Roscoe Honeycutt 6
- A. C. Lamar 10
- Harley Matthews 12
- (9) F. E. Mickle 17
- (2) Grady Pennington 7
- George Shaver 10
- Fred Vereen 9
- (11) Allen Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 10
- Paul Briggs 11
- (2) Paul Broome 5
- Lewis Donaldson 9
- (6) Ivan Morrozoff 18
- (3) J. C. Nance 3
- (6) Melvin Walters 18
- John Whitaker 2
- (2) Richard Wiggins 5
- (4) James Wilhite 16
- (2) Samuel Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Theodore Bowles 9
- (11) Collett Cantor 14
- (11) Lindsey Dunn 17
- Robert Dellinger 2
- Monroe Flinchim 3
- (5) Ray Hamby 10
- J. B. Howell
- (8) William Kirksey (12)
- (8) Everett Lineberry 16
- (3) Ivey Lunsford 4
- (9) Paul Lewallen 11
- (2) Samuel Montgomery 11
- William Nichols 5
- James Page 4
- (3) J. C. Reinhardt 3
- Hubert Walker 13
- (2) Dewey Ware 16
- George Wright 11

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 12
- (2) Robert Bryson 13

- (2) Martin Crump 9
- (3) Robert Dunning 9
- Canipe Shoe 10
- Joseph Tucker 12
- Carl Ward 5
- George Wilhite 10
- Woodrow Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) Carl Breece 16
- Paul Dockery
- George Green 11
- (2) James Jordan 12
- (9) Hugh Johnson 18
- (4) Lyman Johnson 13
- (3) Elmer Maples 14
- (5) Arnold McHone 11
- (3) Ernest Overcash 9
- (2) Marshall Pace 8
- (3) Edd Woody 10

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

- (4) Clarence Baker 7
- Mack Bell 2
- J. T. Branch 13
- (5) Roy Butner 14
- (2) James Davis 5
- (5) Frank Glover 15
- (11) C. D. Grooms 16
- John Hendrix 9
- (2) Osper Howell 13
- (2) Mark Jones 4
- (12) Harold O'Dear 15
- (7) Eugene Presnell 13
- Lonnie Roberts 17
- (2) James Ruff 3
- (2) L. B. Sawyer 5
- (2) Thomas Sands 16
- (5) Cleveland Suggs 9
- (2) Horace Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 10

- Matthew Duffy 11
- (2) James Eury 7
- J. D. Hildreth 11
- (3) James Martin 6

COTTAGE No. 11

- (11) Harold Bryson 17
- (13) William Dixon 15
- Albert Goodman 13
- (19) Earl Hildreth 19
- (5) Paul Mullis 14
- (13) John Uptegrove 17

COTTAGE No. 12

- Jack Batson 17
- Jay Brannock 9
- Allard Brantley 10
- (3) Ernest Brewer 12
- William Broadwell 7
- William C. Davis 7
- (3) Howard Devlin 10
- (7) Max Eaker 15
- (4) Woodrow Hager 15
- Joseph Hall 10
- (5) Charlton Henry 16
- Hubert Holloway 12
- Richard Honeycutt 11
- (5) S. E. Jones 11
- Tilman Lyles 10
- Clarence Mayton 11
- James Puckett 5
- (9) Avery Smith 17
- William Suites 4
- George Tolson 11
- J. R. Whitman 10

COTTAGE No. 13

- Dillon Dean 6
- William Goins 9
- (2) Douglas Mabry 12
- (8) Paul McGlammery 11
- Thomas R. Pitman 11
- (8) Alexander Woody 17

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 12
- John Church 7
- Henry Ennis
- Audie Farthing 12
- John Ham 9
- Marvin King 9
- Feldman Lane 13
- Norvell Murphy 6
- Henry McGraw 10
- Roy Mumford 8
- Charles McCoyle 8
- Troy Powell 15
- Richard Patton 9
- Garfield Walker 11
- J. D. Webster 7
- J. C. Willis 3
- Junior Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 15

- Clifton Davis 15
- J. P. Morgan 3
- (4) Fred McGlammery 5
- Eulice Rodgers 11
- (9) J. P. Sutton 14
- William Woods 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 10
 Philip Holmes 13
 (19) Warren G. Lawry 19
 (3) Early Oxendine 13

- (11) Thomas Oxendine 17
 Charles Presnell 10
 (6) Curley Smith 16
 (2) Thomas Wilson 15

 THE EASY WAY

The automobilist had stopped another machine to ask directions, but when they had been given, the inquirer hesitated. "But if we take that road," he said, "we'll miss that view of the falls."

"Oh, you want to take the Falls Road," the other motorist exclaimed. "The road's very hilly, poor and rough. It's a little longer around through Oakleigh, but the road's as smooth as a floor."

"I don't suppose there's much to see around Oakleigh."

"Oh, no, nothing special. But the roads are fine. You'd make a mistake going over the hills for the sake of a little scenery. If you go by the Falls Road you'll work your way.

This conversation is worth recording, because it reveals a spirit too prevalent in this age, as undoubtedly it has been too prevalent in all ages, the spirit which asks not what is best worth while, but what is easiest. Two high school graduates, discussing their plans for the future, showed exactly the same tendency.

"Oh, no, you don't want to enter S—," one of them protested in answer to a remark of his companion. "If you don't come up to a certain grade, they drop you at the end of the first semester. Now at W— you can scrape through on 'most any standing." In the mind of this young man, the important question was not to find the school where he could get the best education, where he would have the most helpful surroundings, and where he would be best fitted for the future. All he thought of was what road was easiest.

One of the things young people need especially to realize is that the easiest way is frequently not the best way, that the difficult road often gives us an outlook which more than makes up for the extra energy expended. There is no surer way to render life monotonous and dreary than to pick our course, not according to the scenery, but making our choice dependent on the ease of the roads that are open before us. The men whose names the world holds in loving remembrance would never have been heard of, most of them, if they had shrunk from the difficult road. The way that is easy is often the way we should avoid.—Selected.

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CONCORD,

NOVEMBER 21, 1939

NO. 42

WHAT THE WORLD IS LOOKING FOR

The world today is looking for men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core; men with consciences as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who tell the truth and look the world right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who neither flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without shouting it; men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their place and fill it; men who know their business and attend to it; men who will not lie, shirk or dodge; men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for; men who are not ashamed to say, "No" with emphasis and who are not ashamed to say "I can't afford it."—Author Unknown.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

NOT ONLY TREES

I climbed a quiet mountain trail today;
A tumbling, laughing stream along the way
Played silver notes. My soul was seeking peace—
From petty faults and hates, release.

I reached the peak, and there upon the rim
Time seemed to pause—and lo! I stood with Him.
Great pearls of peace from mist veils were distilled—
My cup of happiness was filled.

Yes filled; in truth, I could receive no more.
I took the downward trail and learned of war.
I knew but peace upon that mountain high,
But at the base they heard the cry.

Have foreign war lords never climbed a peak?
Have they not known the urge within to seek
His peace? Or are their souls like worm-webbed trees—
All blinded, blighted with disease?

—Gertrude Shisler Dupper.

THE TELESCOPE

Galileo, born in Pisa, one of the oldest cities of Italy, did not claim to have invented the telescope, but only perfected it and put it to its proper use. Few are generous enough to place credit where it rightly belongs, but this brilliant scholar told that a skillful maker of lenses and spectacles in Holland back in 1610, or near that date, fell upon the idea of a magic glass, bringing objects a furlong away quite clear to the observer. It seems the maker of spectacles at an idle moment placed two lenses in line on a frame and squinted through them. The astonishment was that objects

far away were quite visible, but upside down. This freak was shown in the shop as a toy. But one day an Italian nobleman saw it and was so impressed that he bought it for a Prince of his country.

Galileo chanced to hear of this and his keen mind went to work. He took a small organ pipe about three feet long and placed lenses in it. This experiment resulted in an instrument that greatly magnified. A replica of Galileo's first telescope is at the Hayden Planetarium in New York.

With this instrument Galileo set ardently to work, and with feverish impatience he set the instrument first on one star then another till he was thoroughly convinced that Copernicus theory was right,—that the sun and not the earth was center of the solar system, and that the planets including the earth revolved around the sun. Like Copernicus he dared not announce his convictions, but wrote in pamphlet his astounding discoveries.

* * * * *

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

There are times when the stronger sex feel that things will move smoothly without the influence of women. But whenever tried there follows a state of degeneracy. At the last quarterly meeting at Selma, of the Thirteenth District of club women, a unit of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. John D. Robinson, Wallace, president of the State Federation, presided and stressed the power and influence of woman. In her address she impressed the women that their duties were many and with each duty there rested a privilege. She elaborated upon such topics as home making, highway beautification, highway safety, reduction of crime, a service to youth, and the last two she said, offered unusual opportunities.

The president mentioned the prison camps, and made a suggestion that would keep the inmates busy, knowing that an idle brain is the devil's workshop. Her idea involved the planting of shrubs—a nursery so to speak—and then use the plants to beautify the highways. In this economic plan she combined the cultivation of a taste for beauty with delightful work. She was not forgetful of the compulsory school law, knowing the tendency of the child to

slip if possible from school duties. Realizing that ignorance breeds crime she told the women that in aiding school officials to keep up with truants they would be contributing to an understanding of law and order.

Figures were given showing the appalling cost of crime,—ten dollars per month per person to meet the expense of crime. Also vocational training was mentioned. This wide awake woman advocated vocational training in schools, but stressed the necessity of skilled craftsmen for nothing short of a skilled workman can inspire the youth of the land to the higher ideals.

If woman is keenly alert, working without a hope of being publicized, she never fails to render a service for the advancement of civilization.

* * * * *

FREEMAN'S OATH

Three hundred years ago, to be exact on September 25, 1639, the first printing press was set up in what is now the United States, And the first printing struck from that press was The Freeman's Oath.

The following year the first book in English printed in America came from that press. It was the Bay Psalm Book.

The man who brought the press, Rev. Jose Glover, died on the voyage, but his press was set up in Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Daye. The crude little press today rests with the Vermont Historical Society.

This week is a good time for all of us to remember that day, 300 years after Stephen Daye, this country is one of the few in which freedom to print still stands unchallenged, a mighty reminder of the time when Stephen Daye struck off his few crude copies of The Freeman's Oath.—Concord Daily Tribune.

* * * * *

THE FINNS FACING PROBLEMS

The people of Finland, called Finns, are related to the Laplanders—a country known neither politically nor geographically—and

the Magyars of Hungary. They are quite different from the Swedes and Russians.

In early times they were pirates. Their attacks on sea vessels so annoyed other nations that the Swedes made a crusade against them in the 12th century, conquered them, and converted them to Christianity. Later Finland was absorbed by Russia, and it seems that history is to repeat itself. The Finns are agriculturists, thrifty and a economic race: This tells something of the conditions in honest Finland today:

The exigencies of the present European conflict have produced a serious shortage of basic domestic commodities—sugar, salt, coal, gasoline, cotton, coffee, tea, etc. But what seems worse to the Finns, a “drink crisis” has filled the public with dismay. The State Alcohol Monopoly Board, which has rigorously ruled the traffic since the repeal of prohibition in 1932, has raised the prices of drinks fifty per cent on the ground that further imports will not be available. This action limits drinking to the well-to-do alone. The public is charging the government with bad faith, profiteering and the setting of a bad example to private business, especially since by far the largest proportion of alcoholic beverages used by the people is produced at home. This, they claim, will result in the use of cheaper hard drinks, bootleg distilling, and the smuggling from outside of raw spirits. That will mean a large increase in drunkenness and lawlessness. However, it could mean something wiser; the public could teach the government a lesson by returning voluntarily to prohibition.

* * * * *

THIS INFLUENCE OF OURS

Henry Drummond tells of a man of evil mind and evil deeds, who, having repented of his sin late in life, cried, “Take my influence and bury it with me.” He did not want to think of his bad influence destroying the lives of others while he was enjoying the presence of his Lord.

But who can gather up his influence? That is as impossible as to bring together again a bag of feathers that have been cast into the face of a cyclone. One’s influence is not visible. It spreads to quarters we have never dreamed of. It does not drop dead when

it leaves our lives. It is a force that cannot be over-taken or destroyed.

We may cry for help when age comes on and be saved, but how can eternity rid one of the sense of responsibility for the evil he has left behind, the evil that damages lives beyond repair?

Infinitely better is it to leave behind us our bit of good that shall be like refreshing showers and cooling breezes, which a world like ours desperately needs for the making of man hood and womanhood. To be plucked as a brand from the burning is not the ideal way of meeting one's end. There is the larger issue as to what will come of the influence of the words and deeds we have let loose in the world.—Selected.

* * * * *

MENTAL ATTITUDE

The first principle of treatment in tuberculosis is rest, and second only to rest in importance is the mental attitude of the patient.

How to achieve the attitude of mind that will promote recovery from tuberculosis and other diseases is a problem with which the medical profession will be more concerned in the future

The tremendous influence that the mind has on health has been recognized by all mankind since as far back as Biblical times, but it seems that science has only recently got around to explaining why "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Some years ago a Viennese psychologist, Sigmund Freud, now an exiled octogenarian, introduced a new idea into the world. Freud delved into the motives that underlie human behavior and uncovered some grains of truth that have grown into a wide field of helpful knowledge.

The Freudians and others have revealed that beneath the conscious mind, in the subconscious, often lurk many devils, such as fear, anxiety, resentment, and inhibited wishes, which cause havoc with lives. The practical problem is to understand and get rid of them.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

"Oh God, bring peace to earth once more,
War's cruel horrors stay;
Thy kingdom reign on every shore,
Bring brotherhood, we pray.

"By Thy divine almighty power
May guns and bombs be stayed;
Oh, hear us in this trying hour,
In faith for peace we've prayed."

The "good old days" were those when everything worked but the cellar furnace on cool mornings.

In other days, long past, a girl considered herself pretty well educated if she could drive a nail straight. The now-a-day girls drive cars.

Some folks are so very quiet because they only say what they think. And there are some folks who do not think enough to say what they do think.

There is one thing you can rejoice over. The birds build homes without Federal aid. A fine example of self-help, old-fashion thrift and independence.

The Democratic party is said to have been founded by Thomas Jefferson. In the present day it is dumbfounded by many of its adherents.

A man these days who does not

worry over anything is usually wearing patches on his pants, and nothing in his pockets but his hands occasionally.

It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 people in this country who are too poor to marry. No doubt there are twice as many more who have married and found out the same thing in their individual cases.

It is quite a singular thing that when the law overtakes a man who been false to his trust, and dealt in a questionable manner with his fellows, is generally found to be in bad health when he is summoned before the bar of justice.

Andrew Carnegie once said, "The three essentials of success are honesty, industry and concentration. Against these three no problem or obstacle can stand, of the three concentration is the most important." In other words, it doesn't pay to scatter your shot.

It is possible that there would be more friendliness in the world if people would give less advice to one another, and practice what they deal out to others. Remember that sane old proverb, "To thine own self be true, and then thou canst not be false to any one." That's sound advice for all to take and heed.

Many people live expensively to impress their neighbors, and their neighbors live expensively to impress the first aforesaid neighbors. It is a kind of living game, "I'll tickle you and you tickle me," that winds up in a most ticklish manner to the detriment of those who practice such tactics.

This is the season of the year when you are frequently undecided as to what weight of clothes to wear, when you arise in the mornings. The freshness of the air suggests one thing, and the sun rolls up a kind of sultry noon, Your summer clothes don't look good in the mornings; and your winter clothes don't feel good at noontime.

Some people get religion in a wave of hysteria, then proceed to thrust it upon others, like the man in Thornton Wilder's book, "Heaven's My Destination." That poor fellow meant well. None questioned his motives,

but everybody assailed his methods, for he overdid his mission, and defeated his own purpose: His heart ran away with his head.

There was a time in the past when you could sit on your front porch, in the twilight hour, watch the fireflies and hear the harsh grating of dry flies. Now all that we can see and hear are the flash of the motor car's headlights—some with only one light—and hear the tooting of horns, the rumbling of motor trucks, some as large as small houses traveling the streets; and the swish and roar of innumerable automobiles counter-passing each other, that sounds like the surf of the ocean breaking on the beach. How times have changed, and brought about new things and new experiences. This leads one to observe that time flies and some of the car drivers try to keep up with time on the highways.

WORDS

Words certainly are perverse things,
They can either joy or sorrow bring;
And isn't it strange, that by a simple twist
Your tongue can bring sunshine or mist?

Thoughtless words spoken oft in jest
Have countless friendships put to the test;
So take care that words, once they're born,
Do not live to see their conceiver mourn.

—O. P. News.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON

By Clara L. Dentler, in *The Lutheran*

England possesses only four of the "Round Churches" dating from the time of the Norman Conquest. One of these, and the most famous, is the Temple Church in the heart of London. A heavy wooden gate on the south side of busy Fleet Street opens into dim, quiet courts, known as the Inner and Middle Temple. These places of haunting memory are charmingly familiar to the readers of Dickens, Lamb, Dr. Johnson, or Goldsmith. Today the buildings surrounding the courts are occupied by lawyers and law students, and most prominent among the structures within the enclosure is the Temple Church, still the "barristers' (the English for lawyer) church," as it has been for hundreds of years.

The church was built by the Knights Templar in 1185, the purpose of whose order was to protect pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land to rescue the sacred places from the hands of the infidels. The edifice, built by the Templars to signify their priestly as well as their military role, was copied from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Heraclius, the Patriarch of the Holy City considered this church in London so important that he made the long hazardous journey there to dedicate it to the service of God. What scenes it has witnessed during its long history! What tales its age-blackened walls could reveal!

Many a time its stone floor has felt the tramping feet of returning Crusaders as they came to offer their prayer of thanksgiving for a safe homeward voyage from their

perilous undertaking. Several of the Crusaders were brought here to be buried beneath these same stones that had echoed to their footsteps. Nine stone figures, life size, lie on the floor over their graves. Two of them lived in the thirteenth century. They are clad in the chain mail, long coats, belts and mufflers of mail, with swords, shields, and spurs. The identity of most of them is mere conjecture, but of one there is no doubt. He is Geoffry Mandeville, and his effigy stands out from all of the others by his wearing a helmet, his head resting upon a cushion, and his shield bearing a coat-of-arms. The year 1182 witnessed his funeral here, one of the most pompous ever to be held within these walls.

Knight Geoffry had died from an arrow wound while he was storming a castle, and he was borne away by his comrades for a strange burial. He had died while under the ban of excommunication and was therefore denied Christian burial. As was customary under such circumstances, his body was placed in a lead pipe and suspended from a tree in the Temple gardens. After much supplication by his fellow knights, the Pope granted him absolution; this fact accounts for his pretentious funeral and burial, which became a kind of celebration and funeral blended into one.

All of the Crusaders' effigies have the legs crossed in some way. Those crossed at the ankles indicate that the knight went once to the Holy Land; at the knees, that he had gone twice; and above the knees three or

more journeys were proclaimed. Not all of those who "took the cross" succeeded in avoiding the paths of sin, yet not all suffered the pain of excommunication. Their pains however, must have been very much more real, as the little penitential cell still stands as mute evidence of their torture.

It is situated on the bell-ringer's spiral staircase, and measures only four feet by two and a half. Disobedient Templars were kept here and slowly starved to death while the services were chanted in their ears day and night. Through a small slit or "squint," they could see the altar, a fact that was supposed to bring the sought-for penitence ere they were starved from this world into the next.

As the years went by and the crusading spirit waned, another group of people replaced the old Templars: these were the students of the law, a calling, in English minds, only a little less holy than that of the Crusader, and a group every bit as much in need of a place to worship. The buildings surrounding the church and occupying the several courts, were tenanted by the lawyers or those studying for the profession, so that at daily service the church was always filled to capacity. For this reason outsiders found it difficult to obtain admission to worship here. The passing of the centuries has not changed the situation: today one must apply well in advance to get permission to attend the services.

But it was not only for divine worship that the lawyers assembled; the church was the rendezvous for other events in their routine life. Each day they met their clients here, each man standing at his appointed col-

umn to discuss the cases of those who sought his legal advice. A circular seat follows the rounded walls, and this furnished resting place if, perchance, one had to wait too long to consult the dignitaries of the court.

From the beginning of its history the Temple Church was eagerly sought out by people from distant places. While it was in the hands of the knights, sixty days of indulgence was granted to anyone who would visit it once a year; this was the first church in England to receive money for the granting of indulgence. From the earliest times, too, it was a place of sanctuary; a criminal, however base, could feel a sense of safety while in its precincts. When the church passed to the ownership of the lawyers, it still remained a place of sanctuary, and became a safe retreat for another and even stranger class. Unwanted babies were left here and no questions were asked, nor were the parents sought. The lawyers donated funds to care for the children, all of whom were given the last name of "Temple."

On the walls, in the tiled pavement, and in many unexpected places are symbols and decorations, half religious and half mystical. One is the Agnus Dei, the Lamb of God, bearing a flag, presumably the Crusaders' flag. This is the emblem of the barristers of the Inner Temple; the other figure is of a winged horse, the symbol of those of the Middle Temple. Originally the horse bore two Crusaders, signifying their extreme poverty to be compelled to share one beast. Later these human figures were replaced by wings.

The pastor of the church has always been called the Master of the

Temple, and his home adjoining is known as the Master's House. Richard Hooker, the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" was the honored Master here for six years. The title is really most fitting, as he actually does have complete authority over his strange congregation; he, unlike other Anglican clergymen, is not under the jurisdiction of the Bishop. A fine bust of Hooker bears testimony to the high esteem in which he was held.

Many battles have taken place within church walls, some of words, and some of a more physical nature; but it would seem that the Temple Church witnessed one of the strangest battles of all time. In the annals of the church it has been recorded as the battle of the organs. At least it was a harmonious, sweet-sounding battle.

In the late seventeenth century it was decided that the church must have an organ; as none but the best would suffice, two instruments were built and placed in the choir. One was made by Father Bernard Schmidt, and the other by a Mr. Harris. Two of the most famous organists in the world played upon them alternately, in order that the best points of each organ might be set forth. On the days appointed to the great Purcell to play upon Father Schmidt's, all the worshippers agreed

that nothing could surpass it for beauty of tone. Then, when the Queen's Italian organist, Baptiste Draglii, played the Harris organ, opinion swung to it as the favorite. So the contest went on for a whole year, with no decision reached. Finally, Judge Jeffries, whose musical skill was more highly respected than his unfair court judgments, was called in to determine which instrument should be purchased. He decided in favor of the Schmidt instrument, and there it remains today still pealing forth its sonorous tones.

Few churches have, during the years, changed as little as the Temple Church. The Middle Templars have their side of the building as the Inner Templars have theirs, and as they have had their own section for centuries. The famous of this twentieth century seek here the same comfort for their souls that the great of the past have sought: Thackeray, Blackstone, Cowper, Burke, Johnson, Lamb, Goldsmith, and countless others have worshiped here while they lived within the courts. Oliver Goldsmith so loved this spot that he wanted to be buried beneath its eaves. Today his lone grave is on the north side, as he wished it to be. One can almost never visit it that he does not find fresh flowers upon it.

AMERICANS FRUIT EATERS

Americans consume on the average more than eighty-one pounds of apples each year for every man, woman, and child. The average in Canada is only twenty-five pounds. Our citizens also use twenty-four pounds of oranges a year per capita and four pounds of lemons, hopelessly outdistancing all other nations in fruit consumption.—Young People's Friend.

PUBLIC EDUCATION AND RELIGION

(Watchman-Examiner)

A special committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce has reported on its study as to the efficiency and economy of the educational system of the State. We are impressed with the report, which warns that if the nation does not uphold its religious foundation its whole structure will fall. It states that "our educational system must be adjusted to present-day needs," and then goes on to declare that "the great lack in our homes and in our national life, is the lack of true, simple religion."

This committee does not define what is meant by "true, simple religion." It is evident the members do not mean any particular church or sect. True, church differences can be introduced into the schools; but how may we expect pupils "to know and live by the basic rules of life which each will find in his own religion" when half of our nation's children and young people have no religious training at all? And how may we expect that the half which have some religion will not be debased by the half which have none?

What we would like to see is a through-going investigation into the paganizing influences in public education on a nation-wide scale. The ethical and moral tone of our grade and high schools, particularly those in urban centers, has given those in the know some great concern. We might find that the moral subsidence, which Herbert Hoover warned against when he was President of the United States, has steadily proceeded, with no national program of prevention.

Long before economic depression hit this country we were spiritually and

morally on the decline. The Puritan standards in our American traditions have been the objects of particularly malicious attacks. Sunday has been prostituted to the degraded level of a Roman holiday. Accepted moral restraint has been battered down, and all impediments to license have met with direct assault. Too often these are received by attitudes of smirking tolerance on the part of many Christians. This has been and is going on even now while the ruling philosophy regarding religion is that it should be impregnated with concession and pleasingly limp in its lack of conviction.

Slowly but surely we are learning, through tragic consequences, that a flabby religion produces flabby morals and is merely a soporific for diseased and aching consciences. We need religious fervor that will put moral purpose into life. Paul did not meet the wild beasts of Ephesus with apologies. He heaped on them the wrath of God.

We admire the statement of the committee which declares, "The United States cannot have or maintain a right system unless it is based on true, religious principles, and, therefore, in spite of the fact that some hesitate to include religion in our educational program, we place it first."

Thank God for that! But we are still in the dark as to what is meant by "religion." If it is to have any significance at all, the word must be given a content. Empty "religion" we have enough of, and the sooner we get rid of it the better. What our children and youth need is "religion" that brings them to God; to the know-

ledge of his wisdom, fatherly providence, and sovereign majesty; to the revelation God has given us of himself in his Son, Jesus Christ; to the experience of his grace and his salvation from the powerful evil of sin; to that revelation of God in the heart and life which comes by the indwelling Spirit; and thereby to that view of life which is begotten through faith by which selfishness, lust, dishonesty, hypocrisy, and misuse of body, mind

and spirit are made impossible because they are incongruous; and to that view of the nation and of our world that envisions both as part and parcel of the kingdom of God. And this may be obtained from the Bible.

In all the world, this is the only content for "religion" which has been found enduring. Give it nation-wide support and we shall soon make a glorious report concerning education and our national well-being.

GET IT STRAIGHT, BOY

When you are driving through a part of the country you have never traveled before and you see a great big sign, "Bridge out; take left hand road," do you get out and throw rocks at that sign, and accuse somebody of "horning in" on your affairs, just because you had intended taking the right-hand road?

Or, are you thankful that somebody who knew about the missing bridge had the thoughtful kindness to put the sign there and save you a smash or a long delay? The sign was put up by someone who had been along that road and found that the bridge was out. He befriended you by warning you, so his difficulty need not be yours also. He discovered the old saying "misery loves company" to be a bit unfair and showed you he preferred to be alone in his misfortune of having taken a wrong road at the disastrous fork of the highway.

Do you see any difference in that and your father's telling you that a certain line of conduct you are engaged in will lead to trouble? I don't. Your father is just a bigger and older boy who has been farther along the road, and maybe strayed a bit and been bitterly punished for it: and he wants you to escape the things that have damaged and delayed him.

Next time you see a sign telling you a bridge is out, will you tell that sign: "Aw, act your age! Don't you know the world has changed? Quit your nagging about the way I'm to go! Do you think I'm a baby.

Don't be such a fool. Then don't be a worse muddlehead and resent your parents' giving you information from their own knowledge of the road ahead. Treat the two admonitions like, for they are the same thing in different forms.

—Strickland Gillilan.

SPIRITUAL ARMOR FOR THE CHILD

By Jane Gilbert

Poor little David, with his five smooth stones from the brook! And his homemade sling shot! Such simple weapons he used every day in his play and in his task of keeping the sheep. To go out against that towering Goliath with only those—no shield, no sword! He wasn't used to armor, and Saul's, which he had been offered, was much too heavy and cumbersome.

Yet he had something that sharpened his eyes, that nerved his hand and gave precision to his aim, and above all that fired him with confidence and courage. Hear him challenge the giant, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord... This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand."

If we are to provide adequate protection for the child of our time, the weapons and the armor must be something that he has gained long in advance of the day of testing. The Goliath for our David is not primarily the physical warfare that throws its threatening shadow over the world, but more immediate than that, the spiritual danger in its countless forms that even peace time brings to youth. This armor must be forged in the normal daily life of the home, and its making must begin with the very days of infancy.

That day your child starts out for the first time to school, how you would like to follow him, to guide him across the street, to see that he reaches school safely and does the things he should when there. Perhaps

you will do this the first day; but you cannot continue it, nor would it be wise. All you can do is surround him with the sort of life at home that will give you some measure of assurance as to his behavior when beyond your oversight. He must acquire a sort of armor of his own, yet in this acquisition you have an indispensable share.

In all the normal ways of living the child learns automatically, from inanimate things and their effect upon him; much more from the looks and the tones as well as the words and actions of everyone around him. Happy is the child surrounded by the life of a home that is abundantly Christian—not a thing of rules and taboos, but of the natural taken-for-granted living of the principles of integrity and unselfishness. Such atmosphere the child absorbs as spontaneously as he breathes the air essential to his lungs.

That the church school is a real delight to the normal child is one of the changes we note with deep satisfaction in comparison with the "good old days." There, even the beginner learns to pray; to join with others in group undertakings; to give his own offering intelligently, the combination of many small gifts to make a larger and a useful whole being dramatized before his eyes. He catches from the Bible sparks of truth kindled in three or four words of eternal beauty and learns to keep the flame alive in action. He hears stories rich in a meaning which, if not fully understood at first, grow in his mind as he grows, so that their

truth becomes a part of him, something he has always known. As his intellect develops and experience widens, the church school gives him opportunity to voice his questions and the doubts which in any healthy child-mind rise to the surface as he learns to think logically; a chance to discuss them and to check his ideas and attitudes with an understanding adult whose faith has survived the very same hazards through loyalty to the teachings of Christ. This growing young person will follow naturally into church membership the parents and friends who have walked beside him through its door.

The forging of the armor of the spirit is a responsibility so overwhelming that no one dares to undertake it without prayer. "If ye then, being evil," wish to learn how to "give good gifts unto your children: how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." And how much we need to ask for that very gift we crave—the gift of the Spirit.

This matter of prayer comes very close to parents in their individual communion with God. Paul Kanamoir, one of the greatest Christian evangelists of Japan, said that he never prayed in merely general terms for his family, but in very specific ways, and remarkable instances of direct response constantly strengthened his faith in such prayer. Here is a mighty power which we perhaps neglect more than any other in gaining for children the best gifts.

Do you remember how Louisa Alcott in her biographical story of "Little Women" tells of her mother's praying with her to overcome her wild temper? What a force may be set in motion through unwearying,

specific prayer: that the child may be strengthened to overcome temptation, may learn the basic value of truth-telling, may experience the joy of giving as well as of getting.

Devices and helps for deepening the home have been named over and over again, and yet sometimes the latest reminder is the first to be acted upon. Pictures, good pictures, not crude or garish ones, of noble subjects. Music, and the development of a preference for its higher forms. Books that tell stories of people all around the world whose deeds, whether of fiction or fact, dramatize the winsome life of the spirit. The intelligent and constructive use of the radio—that blessing and bane of our times.

Even granted the constant, vitalizing atmosphere of the Christian home, there must be a deliberated and deheard all about fairships, and the brave terminated plan to save some corner in the week—not too small a corner, or too few and hurried moments—when the family may have time together at home to do what the primitive African meant when he said with acute preception, "I must let my soul catch up with my body." Perhaps this time will not be achieved every day—although a real desire for it and recognition of its value will accomplish even that—but surely it must come not less than once a week. A conscientious study of the family calendar of duties and engagements must show the way. The older ones as well as children need the refreshment of enjoying again the beauty and charm of the Bible, the reinforcement its teachings give to daily living, the communication with God in prayer. Such a time means the shining of armor, the sharpening of the weapons

for the soul's warfare. It links more intimately the Sunday worship with the workday experiences.

Little David in his boyish tunic, with his sling and five pebbles! Can he hope to stand against that brutal, scoffing giant? But God hath chosen

the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty. And back of the boy David was the father Jesse and the God-fearing life in which were forged the weapons that won.

YOUR DOG

The most unselfish living thing in the world is your dog. If you are in danger, your dog needs only to hear your cry of distress to rush to your aid, without thought of his own life, fearless of guns and enemies.

The most patient thing in the world is your dog, waiting for hours at the top of the stairs to hear the sound of your footsteps, never complaining however late you may be.

The most grateful thing in the world is your dog. Whatever you give him, whatever you do for him, he never is guilty of ingratitude. To him you are the most powerful personage in the world and beyond censure; you are your dog's god; you can do no wrong.

The most friendly thing in the world is your dog. Of all the animal kingdom, he alone serves man without whip, without compulsion, glad to be by the side of his master wherever he may be, whatever he may do, and sad in heart when his master is away.

The most forgiving thing in the world is your dog. The one virtue most humans lack is that of forgiveness. But your dog carries no grudge and no spite. Punish him even undeservedly, and he comes to you, nudges his moist nose into your hand, looks up at you with pleading eyes, and wags his tail hesitatingly as though to say, "Oh, come on, let's be pals again."

The most loyal thing in the world is your dog. Whether you come home from congress or from jail, whether you have lost your fortune or made a million, whether you return dressed in fashion's height or in rags, whether you have been hailed hero or condemned as criminal, your dog is waiting for you with a welcoming bark of delight, a wagging tail and a heart that knows no guile.

The world likes dogs because dogs are nearest to moral perfection of all living things.—Will Judy.

EGYPT CALLING

By Susan Hubbard Martin

Mary Lucille was on her way to the post office to mail a letter for mother. It was Saturday afternoon, and Mary Lucille, before she went home, was going to have a little visit with Florence Beth, her best friend. She didn't believe she'd go to Sunday school in the morning, either; she had some studying to do, and she was reading such a good story. Perhaps she could finish it, if she stayed home. And, oh, yes, the minister's wife had asked her if she wouldn't come to the parsonage on Tuesday after school and sing a solo. The missionary society was meeting that day, and Mary Lucille had such a sweet voice they wanted to hear her. Mary Lucille hadn't said she would sign, and she didn't intend to—the girls always went for a short walk after school each day, and Mary Lucille looked forward to it. With Florence Beth on one side and Anna May on the other, it surely was a pleasure. She didn't care much for missionary meetings anyway, so why go to one and sing? when she was older perhaps she would take more interest, but not now.

Arriving at the post office to mail her letter, there at the stamp window stood little Mrs. Appleby. Mary Lucille liked Mrs. Appleby, and she stopped to speak to her.

"Mailing a letter are you, dear?" asked Mrs. Appleby, with a smile. "I'm here, too, for something. I'm sending money order to Egypt."

Mary Lucille started. She was young, and Egypt seemed a long distance away.

"To Egypt!" she cried.

Mrs. Appleby nodded.

"Yes, to Egypt. There's a missionary over there I'm interested in, and money, you know, is scarce in our mission fields, with cuts in salary and everything. I've managed to save six dollars, and so I'm sending it over to Miss Phoebe Kenyon, our missionary on the field there."

Mary Lucille looked at the little, thin figure in the shabby coat, at the work-worn hands and the gray hair under the plain hat. She knew without being told, the sacrifices that had been made to make up that six dollars.

"But you need the money," she ventured, "to buy things for yourself."

Little Mrs. Appleby shook her head.

"There's a great joy in giving to the Lord's work, Mary Lucille," she replied gently. "One doesn't mind going without—then."

Mary Lucille did not answer for a moment.

"Perhaps not," she said finally.

She left Mrs. Appleby at the window making out her money order which was to go to Egypt, and then she went on her way. Six dollars, and Mrs. Appleby was sending it to a missionary in that faraway land.

Then, somehow, something awoke in the careless, pleasure-loving heart of Mary Lucille—something that was fine and strong and true. All the way to Florence Beth's she was seeing a thin little figure in a shabby coat making out that money order that was to go to Egypt. And she suddenly decided to go to Sunday

school on the morrow; to stay for church and to sing Tuesday at that missionary meeting. If Mrs. Appleby, in her poverty and old age, could send a money order for six dollars to Egypt, she could do something too. She would get the girls interested, and, perhaps, they could do something for Miss Phoebe Kenyon over there.

Mary Lucille's face shone with a

new beauty as she walked along, for she was still seeing that little, thin figure at the stamp window. And because of it she had caught a vision of the blessedness of service.

Egypt sent a whispered call
 She heard, and, listening there,
 She, too, resolved to sacrifice,
 And sealed it with a prayer.

THE GOLDENROD

The Flower is fuller of the sun
 Than any of our pale North can show;
 It has the heart of August won,
 And scatters wide the warmth and glow;
 Kindled at summer's midnight bloom,
 Where gentians of September bloom,
 Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
 And through November's paths of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
 Gay bonfires blazing round the field:
 Rich autumn pays in gold his debt
 For tenancy that summer yields.
 Beauty's slow harvest now comes on,
 And promise with fulfillment won;
 The heart's vast hope does but begin,
 Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes,
 Like a great army's stir and wave;
 Because its gold in billows blooms,
 The poor man's barren walks to lave;
 Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
 How souls receive the light of God,
 And unto earth give back that glow—
 I thank Him for the goldenrod.

—Lacy Larcom.

THE TEST

By Gertrude Winham Fielder

"He's a French doll," said Warren.

"He's a snob," declared Malcolm.

"Why don't you wait until he comes before you pick him to pieces?" The scornful girl voice came from the depths of the Gloucester hammock.

"He's already come, Sissie," drawl-Hartley.

"Then he'll hardly care to make your acquaintance after learning your opinion," commented the still scornful voice. "And please stop calling me Sissie. The only pet cat we children ever had was named Sissie Wee, if you remember."

"Pardon me, Babs, but while remembering, you might remember I'm the best brother you ever had."

"I never forget that," retorted Barbara, bouncing up from the cushions. "Where did you see our new neighbor?"

"Oh, we joined the reception committee at the station," replied her brother.

"Um-m," murmured Barbara. "Then of course you met him and talked with him."

"We did not!" chorused the three.

"He stepped from the train and was off before you could say 'Jack Robinson,'" added Hartley.

"Shouldn't wonder but what he does those red locks of his up in curl papers," said Malcolm.

"Would you call his hair red?" asked Barbara, dimpling.

"A bonfire would look pale beside it," replied Malcolm.

"Should you ask my opinion of Dudley Hines," Barbara laughed, "I should say he was an ordinary boy, neatly dressed. He wasn't exactly

sure of the road, so he stopped here to inquire."

"Well, of all things!" exploded Hartley.

"Too bad you three walked way down to the station this hot day when you might have stayed here under the trees and enjoyed the nice breeze," continued Barbara.

"We're out more than the breeze," groaned Malcolm, pointing to a rustic stand on which rested an empty plate and glass.

"She fed him on sponge cake and ice cold milk," Hartley echoed the groan.

"You wouldn't have had me do less for a neighbor, would you?" demanded Barbara.

"I'm your neighbor," Malcolm reminded her.

"It's no use, old man, she ignores the hint," said Hartley. "Oh, well, if she prefers to see us starve before her eyes, here goes," he fell limply to the grass.

"Silly!" said Barbara. "You know where the cake is kept and if you want any, you—"

"Enough said," cried Hartley. "Think this will keep us until supper?" he asked a moment later, appearing with a plate piled high with golden squares.

"We'll try to make it do," answered Malcolm.

"The pretty boy hasn't got anything on us that I can see," added Warren.

It was not many days after, that Warren of his own accord changed the nickname from "the pretty boy" to "a regular fellow."

Catching a ball over his shoulder on

the full tilt and running thirty yards for a touchdown was only one of the many stunts which led to the change of name.

Apparently without seeming to, Dudley studied each one's play. He coached first one and then another, encouraged and applauded, scolded and laughed at them by turns so good-naturedly that no one's feelings were hurt.

"Come on," cried Malcolm one evening. "Let's go for a swim."

"I'm with you," said Hartley. "Let's ask all the boys and the girls, too, and have a swimming contest. Agreed, Dud? Come to think of it, Dud, I haven't happened to be on hand when you've been in swimming. If you can swim as well as you can do everything else, you must be a regular champion. How about it?"

Dudley mumbling something under his breath, turned on his heel.

"Doesn't seem very enthusiastic, I must say," remarked Hartley. "Let's go and phone the crowd, Mal. Dud will be on hand when we're ready to start."

But Dudley was not on hand when the race was ready to start. Indeed, he was not at the lake at all. And on several subsequent occasions, Dudley was absent.

"You don't suppose," said Hartley, in talking it over Barbara, "that Dud can't swim or, or anything, do you?"

"Why don't you ask him?" queried Barbara.

"I will," declared Hartley.

He put the question the next day.

"Surely I can swim," Dudley had answered, but he had perceptibly flushed.

"Why then, don't you come to the lake with us?" Hartley had prodded. "No one has ever seen you there."

"That's my business," Dudley had retorted shortly.

"Well, all is, old man, some of the feffows are talking. Say you're afraid of the water and all that kind of stuff."

Hartley declared to Barbara later that Dudley had winced at that thrust.

"It does look queer, too," Hartley mused.

"Let him alone," advised Barbara, "it's his business, as he says."

"But Ray says—"

"If any of the boys are mean enough to make unkind remarks about a boy who has been as good to them as Dudley Hines, let 'em," flashed Barbara. "But they deserve a trouncing," she added grimly.

"They'll get it, Mal, and I'll see to that," grinned Hartley.

One day, two weeks later, Barbara sought Hartley in the potato field.

"I've found out at last," said Barbara, seating herself on a rock close by where Hartley was hoeing.

"How do you suppose I know what you're talking about?" demanded Hartley. "I'm no mind reader."

Barbara patted the rock. "Come sit down and eat the sandwich I've brought you."

"Now you're talking," said Hartley.

"I've found out the date of Dudley's birthday," said Barbara impressively, as Hartley joined her.

"Good for you!" said Hartley. "How'd you do it?"

"Never mind that, now," retorted Barbara. "We've got just three days to get up the biggest birthday celebration a boy ever had. Now, what shall it be?"

"If you can't think what, no one can," mumbled Hartley between bites. "Three days, that brings us to Saturday, Bab."

"Um-m," said Barbara, elbows on her knees, chin resting on the back of her interlaced hands. "Say, Hartley, why not have a picnic on Pine Island? Dud's never been there. We'll not let on we know it's his birthday or—"

"Great!" exploded Hartley. "I knew you'd hit on something before dark. Thanks awfully for the lilliput."

"For the what?" asked Barbara.

"Lilliput, it wasn't large enough to call it by the name of sandwich," grinned Hartley.

It was on Friday that Barbara, icing cup cakes,, beheld Dudley approaching.

"Come on in," she called. "Don't you hope tomorrow's sun will shine as brightly as today's?"

"Yes, for your sake."

"Why not for your own sake?" queried Barbara.

"I'm not going."

"What!" grasped Barbara. Visions of the huge birthday cake and the baseball bat which had taken every penny they could scrape together danced before her eyes.

"I'm not going," repeated Dudley.

"Would you mind telling me why?" asked Barbara.

"Because I'm a coward," answered Dudley.

"I don't believe it," retorted Barbara. "Tell me the real reason, please."

"I have," said Dudley, shortly.

Barbara's thoughts raced back over the weeks since Dudley's arrival. "Is it because of the meet?" she asked suddenly.

Dudley nodded, the picture of misery.

"Then what Ray is saying is true," flashed Barbara. "You are afraid of the water."

Again Dudley nodded.

"There's a reason," said Barbara. "Will you tell me, Dudley?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," replied Dudley. "My mother saw my father drowned before her eyes. It happened before I was born. Naturally, my mother has an overwhelming fear of the water. I suppose I inherited that fear, but one couldn't blame one's mother."

"Thank you for telling me, Dudley," said Barbara softly. "But Hartley says you know how to swim," she added.

"Yes in a tank," said Dudley, scornfully.

"But what excuse will you give for not going to the picnic?" queried Barbara.

"I won't give any. I'll slip out of town on the milk train," answered Dudley, grimly.

"You wouldn't!" said Barbara.

"I told you I was a coward," Dudley reminded her.

"You've just got to go to the picnic, that's certain," said Barbara. "I have it," after a moment, "you shall take Bob Gray's place as announcer."

"Take Bob's place!" Dudley flung back at her. "Take a cripple's place when that's the only part he'll have in the fun? I guess not. I'd rather go and be called any name under the sun. At least I'll stay square with myself."

"Promise me you'll go. Please," said Barbara.

"I'll go," said Dudley.

Saturday dawned hot and cloudless, an ideal picnic day. The instant Pine Island was reached the picnic feast began. The birthday cake with lemonade was to be served after the swimming meet, which was scheduled to take place at four o'clock.

After the picnic dinner Barbara

and Dudley strolled away from the merry group on the shore and presently found themselves on a little elevation at the extreme end of the island.

"Why," cried Barbara, as suddenly from a clump of pines at their left appeared a figure clad in bathing togs, "there's Ray! He shouldn't go in so soon after eating."

She sprang to her feet, made a cup of her hands and called: "Ray! Ray!"

The subject of her attention made a few splashing strokes. Then raising himself to a standing position he pointed toward a rock, the spire-like tip of which could be seen some distance away, rising out of the water.

"You mustn't!" shouted Barbara. "Ray, you mustn't!"

With a grin, Ray burrowed his head beneath the water. Coping to the surface almost immediately, he waved one hand dramatically. Then with arms striking out full from the shoulder in perfect form, with legs kicking so swiftly that the two watching could not follow his movements, he fairly hurled himself through the water.

"What's the idea?" queried Dudley, his eyes fascinated by that moving speck.

"He's come off here alone to practise, I suppose," answered Barbara. "He's made a vow to break any previous record that's ever been made in the race this afternoon. If anything should happen that he couldn't take part—Hark! He's calling for help!"

Barbara dropped to one knee and commenced unlacing her boot.

Watching her, Dudley felt his heart grow cold with fear. She, a mere slip of a girl, was going out to Ray's rescue, while he, big strong athlete,

never raised a finger. And why? *Because he was afraid of the water.*

And then the unexpected happened. Dudley was kicking the shoes from off his own feet and in a voice scarcely recognizable to his own ears, so hoarse it was, he heard himself saying, "I'm going."

Barbara, looking up quickly, saw new lines of resolution, a new tilt to his chin.

"Good for you!" she cried in a ringing voice that was like a challenge.

The next moment Dudley's body cut the water like a knife.

"Thanks awfully, old man."

It was Ray who broke the silence as both boys lay resting on the tiny beach.

"It's no use after today to try to make anyone believe you're afraid of the water."

Afraid of the water! Dudley sprang to his feet and shook the drops from his red topknot. He, Dudley Hines, had known no fear. He gazed down at Ray as if seeing him for the first time.

"Thank you, Ray," he said quietly, "for allowing me to tow you to shore." Then turning he ran up the bank to where Barbara stood, both hands outstretched.

"I'll never be afraid again!" said Dudley, exultantly. "Never be afraid again."

"Dud, you were magnificent," breathed Barbara, the sparkle in his eyes reflected in hers.

"Come on!" cried Dudley. "I've got to enter my name in the race."

"The only thing I can't understand," said Hartley, as everyone gathered around Dudley, the winner of the race by fully five feet, "is why you didn't do it sooner and several times more."

"Anyhow," cried Malcolm, slapp-

ing their hero on the back, "it was grand and glorious, and we're all prouder than presidents. Little old Pomfret's come on the map at last."

But only Dudley and Barbara knew how, when the test came, he had gone forth to meet it.—

The vilest murderer is not he who hacks his victim to death, but he who murders his victim's reputation. —Selected.

LIFE IN VIEW OF DEATH

Clarence E. Macartney

Life is made up of time. The day and the week, the month and the year are made up of moments of time. There are 1,080 fewer moments of life for you to use or to neglect than there were at this time a week ago, and this time next week there will be 1,080 less than there are today. So time pours on like a restless stream.

One of the interesting cathedrals of Europe is that at Strassburg. From the platform of the tower, 461 feet above the city, you command a grand view of the surrounding country. At your feet is the ancient city of Strassburg, modern and handsome, yet still medieval, with its narrow streets and tile roofs, and projecting windows and gables. In front are the rivers Ill and the Brusche, and far in the distance the great river which seems to meet you wherever you go in Southern Germany, the noble Rhine. Between the city and the river are the villas, the farms, the orchards, and the deep forests, fresh and green from the summer rains.

The cathedral is one of the noblest in Europe. Commenced in 1015, it was finished in 1445, and thus is like

an incarnation of the thought and life and worship of centuries. In the south transept of the cathedral is the renowned clock. This clock not only preaches from hour to hour a great and solemn sermon, but is a monument to the greatness of the human mind. Among its many intricate devices is one which marks the eclipses. So ingenious is the combination that it will last forever. As long as the earth wheels around the sun, that device, if it be preserved, will mark the eclipses.

Each day at the hour of noon, the statues of the Twelve Apostles emerge and pass in reverent procession before the figure of Christ, who lifts his hand to bless them, while a cock flaps his wing and crows three times. In the center are four figures representing the four ages of life, and in the midst of them stands death. At the first quarter, glad childhood emerges and strikes the bell; at the second quarter, rosy youth comes forth; at the third, sober manhood lifts its robust arm; and at the last quarter, feeble and decrepit old age lifts its weary arm to strike with his hammer.

When he has finished, death lifts his hand and strikes the hour. Childhood, youth, manhood, old age, death. In the crowd which stood on the pavement of the cathedral looking up at the clock, there were some who belonged to the first quarter, childhood; some to youth's golden morn; some to manhood's sober day; and some to the last quarter and the feebleness of age. And one could see too plainly that ere long death would lift his hammer and strike the passing of their life.

To stand and watch those figures

strike the bell, one after another, was subduing and impressive, solemnizing. It made one wish to apply one's heart unto wisdom. It made one ask one's self, "What have I done with my life? What am I doing with it now? Even while I stand and watch the hands of the clock proceed around the face of the dial, and one after another of the five figures come forth to strike their blow, my own life, your life, is moving inexorably onward to that moment of time when the fifth figure shall lift his hammer to strike."

WEIMAN AND HOLT ON ISSUES OF WAR

In the Christian Century, Henry Weiman and Arthur E. Holt discuss "Keep Our Country Out of This War!" Every thoughtful American would do well to get the issue of September 27 and follow their discussion of the issues involved, by a confusion of which we may be pushed against our will into the war. Hoping to encourage some to read this article we append the statement of (1) what the issues are not and (2) what the issues are.

What the issues are not:

1. The issue is not absolute pacifism.
2. The issue is not self-defense against Germany.
3. The issue is not to help other nations fight a war for us.
4. The issue is not to enter a war for democracy.

What the issues are:

1. We must keep out of this war to prevent an unjust peace.
2. We must keep out of this war to save democracy at home.
3. We must keep out of this war to save democracy abroad.
4. We must keep out of this war to counterbalance Russia.
5. We must keep out of this war to save civilization from downfall.

Then they consider these declarations in order.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature picture, "Wide Open Faces," starring Joe E. Brown, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys at the regular weekly program, held in the auditorium last Thursday night. nicely and are expected to resume their places in cottage homes in a very short time.

All of our cotton has been picked and the textile unit is now operating on new cotton. It is estimated that the yield will be sufficient for the needs of the School for the next year.

Grover Beaver, of Cottage No. 3, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Wednesday. He immediately underwent operation for appendicitis. The latest reports coming from the hospital are that Grover is getting along nicely.

Although the extreme dry weather has been against all Fall crops, it has given our farm force plenty of time for gathering same. The sweet potato crop has exceeded or expectations in production. While not what one might call a bumper crop, we will have around 1500 bushels of fine potatoes for Winter use. The last of these were gathered yesterday.

Since our infirmary has been open the need for such a unit at the School has been emphasized. While nothing of a serious nature has developed among the boys, there is a daily call for the treatment of ailments and minor injuries which could not be properly handled without it. Here the patients are given expert attention. At present there are five boys in bed, all of whom are getting along

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson W. Gallagher, members of the staff at Lyman School for Boys, Westboro, Mass., called on us one day last week. Mr Gallagher is cottage master and his wife is matron at the Massachusetts institution, which cares for 460 boys. After going through most of the departments here, our visitors expressed their pleasure at having had an opportunity to visit the School, saying that it compared very favorable with any they had ever seen. They had been spending their vacation down in Anson county, Mrs Gallagher's native home.

Mrs. V. L. Norman, of Concord, recently sent more than a hundred books for the King's Daughters Library at the School. Included in this lot was a complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica and many rare old books that will be a worthwhile addition to the library. It was a fine thought on the part of Mrs. Norman to consider the need of boys for reading material that will be beneficial in their future development, and we gladly take this opportunity to thank this good lady for her kindly interest in the boys of Jackson Training School.

Horace McCall, a former member of our printing class, who left the School about twelve years ago, was a visitor at The Uplift office last Thursday. Since leaving us Horace has tried several lines of work, in-

cluding one term of enlistment in the United States Navy, but has again become associated with the printing craft. He told us that for the past ten months he has been operating a small job printing establishment of his own down in Shreveport, Louisiana, and that he was getting along very well. Horace, who is now twenty-eight years old, has developed into a young man of nice appearance and personality, and all of his friends among the workers at the School were glad to see him.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Genesis 13:22-33, and as the text for his most interesting talk to the boys he selected the 32nd verse.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that most people were of the opinion that anything we catch from other people is some disease, such as measles, whooping-cough, smallpox, etc. They do not seem to think it is possible for one person to catch anything good from another.

Some people, said the speaker, always snap back at us when we speak to them, and the first thing we know, we find ourselves speaking harshly to others. We often catch our moods and attitudes from those with whom we are associated, but it is also possible for us to catch our pleasant moods and attitudes from those about us.

He then called the boys' attention to the Scripture Lesson. Here we find that God was about to destroy the city of Sodom. Abraham desired that it be not destroyed because

of the good people living there. He wanted to save the city even if there were but ten good people among all the inhabitants. At last God promised Abraham that if there were ten good people in Sodom, He would not destroy it, saying those ten would have enough influence to change the hearts and minds of the others. God still has that same confidence in the truly good people living in the world today.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told the boys the following story: There was a little crippled boy named Caleb. He had a large, ugly lump on his back and could walk only by aid of crutches. The other boys in the neighborhood called him "Hump-Back" and on many occasions threw rocks at him.

Fred, another boy in the community, who had often been one of Caleb's tormentors, had an accident. He suffered a badly broken leg, which was placed in a cast, and it was necessary for him to remain in bed a long time. Caleb, the young cripple, visited him every day, taking him flowers, books and nice things to eat. One day Fred said to him: "As I lie here, helpless, the sound of your crutch approaching is sweet music. But, tell me why you do these nice things for me. I was one who threw rocks at you. Caleb answered: "When you did those things to me, they did not hurt me. As for my doing things for you, it is because I pray to God each night, and He teaches me to do them." Immediately Fred caught the vision. He was influenced for good by another's actions. He caught from Caleb something that was worthwhile and became a better boy.

The speaker continued by stating

that one way to overcome the temptation of dealing harshly with others is to associate only with those who do good things. We, too, may catch the vision and become like them and learn to use our lives in the right way. We shall then be of service to those with who we come in contact. It will become a pleasure for us to help those less fortunate than ourselves, and by so doing, we will not only be of assistance to them, but will derive great benefits ourselves because of such service.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgardner urged the boys to strive to make

themselves men of good influence by giving their lives over to worthwhile things, so that their respective communities will become much better because of their having lived there.

In addition to being a speaker who always brings helpful and interesting messages to our boys, Rev. Mr. Baumgardner is the possessor of a fine baritone voice. It was our happy privilege on this occasion to listen to his rendition of two beautiful numbers, "I Come To Thee" and "Lead Thou Me On," in a most pleasing manner.

EDWIN MARKHAM WRITES ABOUT WAR

Approximately ten years ago the author of "The Man With the Hoe" wrote of war as it was from 1914-1918. But what he says seems like a prophecy of what is about to be repeated in the near future. Listen!

"It shall not be again! That was the cry on the lips of our soldiers as they came back, many of them worn and wasted, from the world-war—came back maimed or blind or shell-shocked, never to be the men they were nor the men they would have been.

"This was the cry as they remembered the dugouts, mildewed with dampness, reeking with stenches, gibbering with rats—these putrid dismal caverns shut away from the sweet sun and the living air, where for months the men had been immured and trained to trap and slay other men.

"This was also the cry of the soldiers as they remembered their comrades or themselves crawling over the cannon-booming shell-swept terrain of No Man's Land, many of them soon to be lying with mangled bodies and shattered faces, waiting for hasty burial in ground more populous with the dead than with the living.

"This is the cry on resolute lips today, as these veterans of the war remember the tens of thousands of graves with naked crosses which mark the new silent cities of the dead, where once the fields were green and where the poppies ran in the wheat."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending October 15, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (18) Clyde Gray 18
- (6) Gilbert Hogan 17
- (8) Leon Hollifield 19
- (17) Edward Johnson 17
- (12) Frank Johnson 13
- Robert Maples 12
- James Massey
- (9) Frank May 17
- (14) Thomas Turner 15

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) William Anders 9
- Jack Broome 12
- (2) Charles Browning 2
- (5) Clinton Call 9
- (7) Howard Cox 14
- Porter Holder 9
- Horace Journigan 3
- (2) Bruce Link 10
- Clay Mize 10
- (2) H. C. Pope 15
- Lee Watkins 10
- (5) Edward Warnock 14

COTTAGE No. 2

- (6) Jack Cline 6
- (2) Richard Parker 4
- (2) Nick Rochester 14
- (2) Oscar Roland 10
- Charles Smith 7

COTTAGE No. 3

- Earl Barnes 16
- (2) Richard Baumgarner 10
- (2) Kenneth Conklin 8
- (6) Coolidge Green 16
- Douglas Matthews 9
- (10) F. E. Mickle 18
- (3) Grady Pennington 8
- John Robertson 17
- Harrison Stilwell 16
- (12) Allen Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 12
- (3) Paul Broome 6
- William Cherry 5

- Quentin Crittenton 9
- (2) Lewis Donaldson 10
- (7) Ivan Morrozoff 19
- J. W. McRorrie 9
- (4) J. C. Nance 4
- George Newman 8
- (7) Melvin Walters 19
- (5) James Wilhite 17
- (3) Samuel Williams 11
- Cecil Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 5

- (12) Collett Cantor 15
- (12) Lindsey Dunn 18
- Harold Donaldson
- A. C. Elmore 10
- (6) Ray Hamby 11
- (9) William Kirksey 13
- (9) Everett Lineberry 17
- Fred Tolbert 3
- (2) Hubert Walker 14
- (3) Dewey Ware 17
- Charles Hayes

COTTAGE No. 6

- (3) Robert Bryson 14
- Fletcher Castlebury 13
- (3) Martin Crump 10
- (4) Robert Dunning 10
- Columbus Hamilton 6
- Randall D. Peeler 6
- Melvin Stines 3
- (2) Canipe Shoe 11
- (2) Joseph Tucker 13
- Ronald Washam 2
- (2) George Wilhite 11
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 12
- (4) Carl Breece 17
- John Deaton 18
- (2) Paul Dockery 2
- Donald Earnhardt 14
- (2) George Green 12
- Raymond Hughes 8
- (10) Hugh Johnson 19
- Robert Lawrence 9

- (4) Elmer Maples 15
- (6) Arnold McHone 12
- (4) Ernest Overcash 10
- (3) Marshall Pace 9
- Carl Ray 11
- Loy Stines 12
- Alex Weathers 11
- Joseph Wheeler 9
- William R. Young 10

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cecil Ashley 8
- Lewis Baker 5
- Donald Britt 6
- Clifton Brewer
- Jack Crawford 15
- Howard Griffin 2
- Samuel Kirksey 5
- Harvey Ledford 2
- Edward J. Lucas 6
- Cicero Outlaw
- Charles Taylor 16
- John Tolbert 8
- Walker Warr 2

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Mack Bell 3
- (2) J. T. Branch 14
- (3) James Davis 6
- (6) Frank Glover 16
- (12) C. D. Grooms 17
- Wilbur Hardin 10
- (2) John Hendrix 10
- (3) Mark Jones 5
- (13) Harold O'Dear 16
- (3) James Ruff 4
- (6) Cleveland Suggs 10
- Preston Wilbourne 16
- (3) Horace Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 10

- Jack Harward 5
- Lee Jones 11
- Thomas King 5
- (4) James Martin 7
- Torrence Ware 4

COTTAGE No. 11

- William Covington 4
- (14) William Dixon 16

- (2) Albert Goodman 14
- (20) Earl Hildreth 20
- (6) Paul Mullis 15
- Edward Murray 17
- (14) John Uptegrove 18

COTTAGE No. 12

- Odell Almond 11
- (2) Allard Brantley 11
- (4) Ernest Brewer 13
- (4) Howard Devlin 11
- (2) Hubert Holloway 13
- James Mondie 12
- (10) Avery Smith 18
- Ralph Sorrells 11

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) William Goins 10
- (3) Douglas Mabry 13
- (9) Paul McGlammery 12
- (9) Alexander Woody 18

COTTAGE No. 14

- John Baker 8
- (2) John Church 8
- (2) John Ham 10
- (2) Marvin King 10
- (2) Charles McCoyle 9
- (2) Troy Powell 16
- (2) Richard Patton 10
- John Robbins 9
- Desmond Truitt 8
- Harold Thomas 9
- (2) Garfield Walker 12
- Jones Watson 8
- Junior Woody 14

COTTAGE No. 15

- Raymond Anderson 14
- Sidney Delbridge 8
- (2) J. P. Morgan 4
- J. P. Sutton 15
- (2) William Wood 10
- William Young 14

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (20) Warren G. Lawry 20
- (4) Early Oxendine 14
- (3) Thomas Wilson 16

Life is an arrow therefore you must know the mark to aim at, how to use the bow; then draw it to the head, and let it go.

— Selected.

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 28, 1939

NO. 43

JOLLY SIGNS

Fields are full of tepees
Built of cornstalks brown;
Woods are gay with squirrels
Where the nuts rain down.

Fairy, silken airplanes,
Milkweed sends adrift;
Fruit trees offer freely
Autumn's gracious gift.

Pumpkins look so knowing,
Night wind's growing keen;
And all these signs are saying,
"Time for Halloween!"
—Marjorie Dillon.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE DRUIDS

The Druids were the priest of the early Gauls and Britons. How their religion arose or where they got it, is unknown. Caesar has described them more fully than any other writer. They seem to have believed in a God and in future life. Their temples were circles of uncovered stone, open to the heavens. Fire was worshiped, and human beings, especially prisoners and criminals were often sacrificed. The oak and the mistletoe were held sacred; and whenever mistletoe was found twining round an oak, a festival was held around the tree and a sacrifice was made. The druids were of three orders—bards, prophets and priests. They had many privileges, and possessed much power over the people.

They were the teachers of the youth, and seem to have had considerable knowledge on many subjects. They settled all disputes between the tribes, and were thus also judges. Their power gradually ceased after the Romans conquered Gaul. For sometime after, being driven out of Gaul and Briton, their religion lingered in the little island of Anglesea, but was finally driven out by the Romans.

Immense stone ruins of their temples are still found in Great Briton and in western France. There were also druidesses of different ranks, but little is known of their doctrines.—Selected.

HALLOWEEN

Halloween, or All-Hallows-Eve, October 31, was thus made to coincide with the date of one of the ancient Druidic festivals—the one held in commemoration of the ingathering of the harvest. On this night great fires were kindled on the hilltops of England, Scotland, Ireland and France; the priests, in white robes, grouped themselves around altars on which a fire was burning that had been kept alive during the year; at a given signal they quenched this fire and lighted a new one amid the shouts of the multitude; and then from this sacred flame a fire was kindled on the hearth-stone of each home-stead, which was believed to be a sure protection to

the inmates so long as it was kept burning. With the advance of Christianity the old Druidic faith faded out, but a host of superstitions lingered, accumulating on the very threshold of a festival day of the Christian calendar.

Of course, like the ancient Druidic ceremonies, these superstition largely disappeared, leaving only the fun and frolic behind. Whenever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken, in Great Britain, America, and even in far-off Australia, the Halloween festivities are kept up and are enjoyed by young and old alike. The pity is that the general toleration which is accorded to the frolickers is so often abused, and that they turn the unusual liberty which is given them on this eve into license.

Halloween was first held in honor of all the saints and was called Holy Eve. Later on it was called All Halloweven, but today it has been shortened to Hallowe'en. In this country the young people make merry by dressing in grotesque costumes, and then assemble to tell stories of spirits and witches engaging in playful ceremonies and charms with the hope of revealing future husbands and wives.

* * * * *

THE PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION ACTIVE

The program at the initial meeting of the Parent Teachers Association of Hartsell School was most constructive, showing that the aims and desires of parents and teachers centered around the child. Regardless of all material things that make living condition better the child of all schools should hold first place just as emphasized on this particular occasion.

First, a county library for the rural child was suggested, and later a committee will be appointed to work to that end. This meeting was made more interesting by the presence of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Guffey, representatives of the state department of health. Dr. Johnson is now doing work in the county, treating the teeth of the children of the lower grades. He spoke at this time, telling that defective teeth not only was the cause of repeaters, but that under such conditions children never develop physically, or mentally.

Mrs. Guffey, a nurse from the sate department also centered her remarks around the child, declaring that a healthy child makes a studious child. Here we give some of the high spots of her talk:

"It has been my privilege to note the progress of children in the schoolroom because my work deals with them in such a way that I am able to see if that child is a healthy child. Bad teeth, bad tonsils, bad adenoids, bad eyes and various other things may be hindering your child's work in school. Remember your child's teacher is not a doctor and she is not supposed to be running a hospital. She is in the school room to teach your child, and you as a parent should have that child in a receptive condition by seeing that he is healthy and none of the above ills are holding him back.

"We blame the teachers for not teaching our children when we are the ones to blame. Let's determine from this date that we will see that our children have been examined by a doctor and that if he is affected by any symptoms of bad health we will have this remedied at once."

The entire program reflected as the goal of his school a "sound mind in a sound body", and a sound mind also implies clean thinking, a habit that leads to clean living.

* * * * *

AVOIDABLE ACCIDENTS

The National Safety Council has assembled statistics pertaining to accidents in the homes, on the highways and deaths from avoidable accidents. In the year of 1935 the number of serious accidents in the home reached the high water mark of 31,000, and 37,000 were accounted for caused by automobiles and from the same source we learn 100,000 deaths from accidents were reported.

Strange as it may seem, and some perhaps will doubt the statement, that accidents in the homes exceeded by 6,000, the deaths caused by automobile fatalities.

It is interesting to know that large industrial interests of America have made astonishing strides in reducing the frequency and severity of casualties, safeguarding the employees by using machinery equipped with safety devices. Also on the railroads the "Safety First" campaigns have resulted in minimizing the hazards of travel by insistently and intelligently applying the lessons learned in these campaigns.

The accidents on the highways are frequently caused by rapidly making curves, and crossing at the intersection of streets and other

roads without observing the traffic laws. In the homes there are many pitfalls, and these could be eliminated when buildings are constructed,—these are too numerous to mention. The slipping of rugs on polished floors are a menace especially to the older people. With forethought many accidents could be avoided. Let “safety first” be the slogan of every one.

* * * * *

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR VOCABULARY

Woodrow Wilson has been reputed to have been one of the best educated men of the country, and a study of his habits reveals a secret. He early in life recognized the importance of choosing subjects agreeable to the company, in fact he tried never to strike a discord, also endeavored to have the tools,—a smooth flow of words to express himself. He was pleasing in conversation. Smooth and at ease.

Words! He never let an opportunity pass without trying to learn a new one. Some accept the cross word puzzles, or other similar passtimes for making words, as a fine way to increase your vocabulary. But the best way to become familiar with new words is to keep the dictionary near by when reading.

If a new word appears and the meaning is vague look it up, then make a sentence just as you would if in conversation. The dictionary habit is a fine one for increasing your vocabulary.

* * * * *

NEW TO MANY BUT OLD TO OTHERS

The remark that there is “nothing new under the sun” is as old as the ages. Just occasionally something new, or apparently new, is revealed. The same may be new to people of some localities but old to others.

Lately the German scientist have produced newsprint from potato fiber. Also the same story tells that Germany raises more potatoes than any country in the world. We thought Eastern Virginia and North Carolina had the potatoes production cornered,—but not true at least. However, the Germans are putting a by-product of the potato to use.

The next marvel given out by the press is making cloth suitable

for clothing from milk. The value of milk as an essential food is widely known, but never before heard of it being used to make cloth. This is the formula: To produce the fabric skim milk is soured, dried and dissolved in alkali containing metals and fatty acids. This mixture is forced through tiny holes in a platinum disc to make threads. These are then treated with chemicals to toughen them so as to be strong enough to weave into cloth. For the last three years this fiber has been made in the different countries of Europe. But only one American firm has begun to make cloth of this milk fiber. We are confronted with the thought "impossibilities that become possibilities through ingenuity of mankind."

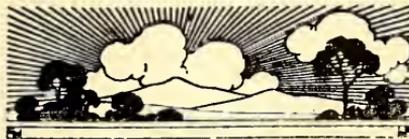
* * * * *

EVERY BODY LOVES BOYS

The many gifts donated for the pleasure and uplift of our young boys is proof of the statement—"every body loves a boy" regardless of his social standing. There is not a day that some expression, in word or deed, is not received that tells of the interest people have in the mission of this School.

Lately, without solicitation, some things essential to make a Halloween festivity a success have been most generously contributed. For instance the Coca-Cola Plant, Concord, the Dr. Pepper plant, Charlotte, have given the soft drinks and the Ritz Store, Concord, have given the pop-corn for this event.

The boys of this institution accept these donation with grateful hearts. We know that these kindly acts upon the part of the good people will react for good, and will prove to be "bread cast upon the waters".



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

ARE YOU A BUILDER?

"Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule and square?
And shaping my deeds to a well-laid plan,
Patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker who walks the town
Content with the labor of tearing down?"

The difference between the first World's War and the present one raging in Europe is, the first one did their shooting from entrenched troops, and the present one is bombing from a higher plane.

It is said that "wisdom comes with age." The trouble is that oft times it comes so slow that death overtakes it before it is servicable to the world.

The reason some people are not broad-minded is that they are so narrow-minded they haven't room to spread out.

The fools have the greatest competition in this world than any other class of people. There are so many, and it is a wonder they get along as well as they do.

There are a whole lot of people in this world who know nothing more than what they read in the funny papers. They are inclined to think this a funny world. It is to them.

There is no necessity for a married man to tell his wife all he thinks. She divines his thoughts—and his

neighbors will keep her informed of his actions.

One of the greatest forces in this world is preparedness. We prepare to live, and we prepare to die. The ability to prepare for a situation before it arrives is what is known as foresight. And it is surprising how many heartaches of afterthought it saves. The man who makes it his business to discount emergencies is seldom caught unawares. Be prepared for whatever may come. The man who is successful is invariably the man who is useful. Capacity seldom lacks opportunity. It isn't often that it remains undiscovered, because it is sought by too many eager to use it. The man who really merits consideration usually gets the call.

I guess the reason women have such a penchant for ribbons is because the first woman was formed from a rib-bone.

In my long-going church career I have frequently heard ministers preach eloquent and strong-urging sermons on church members not attending divine worship. I have also noticed that the very ones they want to reach are not present, and their appeals fall on the ears of the regular attendants. I don't suppose the appeals hurt the regulars, but rather stimulates them that they are faith-

ful in their church-going duties, and gives them a certain amount of satisfaction. Like the flowers that waste their sweetness on the desert air, the absentees fail to get the call to regular worship, unless they are told by those who heard the summons, or are visited by the clergymen who make the appeal. Church going is an important matter among church people, where the divine command is "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Faith, hope and strength is given in devout church worship.

A few days ago I met a Durham gentleman—an octogenarian—for forty years a resident of Durham. In discussing ages I remarked that I hoped he would round out one hundred per cent in years. He said: "I don't want to live to be one hundred years old. I have suffered enough, and my faculties are begin-

ning to weaken." I could not agree with him. It is not for any human being to say how long he should live, unless he gives up and commits suicide. Life is earnest and life is sweet, and we are here for a purpose, which is not ours to terminate. We have burdens to bear to the end, however short or long the end may be extended. We are to bear them with patience, lovingly serving each other, to the best of our means and ability, and bearing our afflictions with Christian fortitude. Saint Paul tells us that "our light afflictions worketh out for us a far more and eternal weight of glory."

The new, modern automobiles are wonderful pieces of mechanisms. Everything about them, as announced, is so easy to manage, except the fellow at the steering wheel, and the monthly payments.

THE WORD OF LIFE

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 and women have always been: 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, ready to give everything for what they think their duty, and most of all the wish that they may have the approval of 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 read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty.—Woodrow Wilson.

THE HALLOWEEN GOBLIN

By Ruby Holmes Martyn

Amy and Grandmother Stevens were doing the supper dishes together. Amy wore a big gingham apron and her sleeves were rolled tight above her elbows, as she plunged her hands into the steaming hot suds at the work of washing silver, and plates, and cups. The room where they were was a big, farmhouse kitchen, and the tall glass lamp on the sink shelf made it light for the dishwashing and drove the shadows back into the far corner behind the chimney-piece. It even lighted the long pantry where grandmother had been putting away the cookies and sauce left from the supper-table.

The kitchen curtains had not been drawn down, and Amy could look right into the night over the steaming dishwater. It was a moonlight evening, that full moonlight when the big barn cast a clearly defined shadow on the ground and the limbs of the apple trees in the orchard shone white above the tangle of shadows they traced on the short grass beneath.

"Isn't it a splendid night for Halloween?" said Grandmother Stevens, who was just now busy wiping forks.

"It certainly is!" declared Amy. "Why can't we have a party evening all by ourselves?"

Ever since she had come home from school that afternoon Amy had been thinking about that. She had no way of getting to the party at the far end of the township, now that Nina Brown's baby brother was ill, and since that was so she didn't see any reason why grandmother and she couldn't keep Halloween quite happily by themselves. Even the hired man

had gone to the village two miles distant, and they could romp undisturbed.

"There isn't the least reason in the world why we can't," answered grandmother, her eyes brightening. "It's as much as twenty years since I helped keep the old custom."

"Then we'll have just the best time ever! And make a Halloween goblin to sit in the corner of the fireplace!" cried Amy.

She could see that grandmother's wrinkled face was bright as a girl's with anticipation, and Amy had never found any better comrade to help keep a "party evening" than this same little grandmother, who, for all her seventy years of vigorous living, was straight and lithe and not much taller than the twelve-year-old granddaughter. And they two, living together on the old farm, found the closeness of their chumship good to have as they went forward through the days.

The last plate was on the draining-rack and Amy went at the kettle, scrubbing with energy.

"When I get this done I'll run up to the open chamber and take one of the little pumpkins for the goblin's head, and when we've dug that out I'll hammer up a frame to hold the body and skirt apart. It ought to be dressed in yellow!"

Grandmother was putting the dishes away on the pantry shelves.

"I've got a quantity of yellow tissue-paper left over from that church supper we had here. The ladies will be glad enough to have me go right ahead and drop half a dollar in the mission-

ary-box and use up that mess of paper. We can build it out over stiff brown paper."

When Amy had finished the dishes and hung up the pan she did not take off the blue gingham apron which covered her school dress from neck to hem. Nor did she loosen and roll down her sleeves.

There was the lantern to be taken from the shelf and lighted, so she could go up the back stairs to the open chamber and get a well-shaped little pumpkin from the pile of Hubbard squashes and sugar pumpkins which had been carried up there for early winter keeping.

Then she had to get a sharp, strong knife, and a stout iron spoon from the pantry drawer. The first was to cut a piece from the stem end of the pumpkin so she could scoop out the soft, pulpy seed part with the spoon, and leave just the hard shell of the thick pumpkin skin. All this was in preparation for the goblin's head.

While Amy had been busy with that, grandmother found the tissue-paper, and brown paper, and big shears, and photo-paste, and a fresh, white candle from the box in the parlor closet. She looked very business-like, with a pencil stuck in her white hair and the articles she had brought on the bare kitchen table.

"I remember there's a frame out in your grandpa's workshop that my children made one year for a Santa Claus!" declared grandmother. "I wonder if it wouldn't do for this!"

"That funny-looking stand, with a broomstick in the middle?" asked Amy. "Yes."

"I think it would do beautifully! A goblin ought to have a broomstick in him. If only I could find those chestnuts we picked when Uncle Jack was

can think of!"

Amy had scraped the inside of the pumpkin clean, and was going to work at the cutting out the goblin's features.

"If this ghost is cross-eyed or crooked-nosed you mustn't be surprised, grandma, because this shell is terrible hard to cut."

"Let me sketch him out with a pencil first, and then be sure not to cut your finger!"

She worked quickly with the pencil from her hair, and Amy watched eagerly as the eyes, nose, and mouth were marked out.

"There! It won't be so hard now! I'm going to take the lantern and run out to the shop for the frame!" declared grandmother, giving the half-prepared pumpkin back into the girl's hands.

A fresh breath of snappy, cold air came in to Amy as her grandmother opened the door and went out. The pumpkin-shell was so thick and tough that it required every bit of her attention to avoid possible cuts, and the very probable awryness of the goblin's features in spite of the pencil-sketching. Even to get the mouth straight under the three-cornered nose was no easy matter, and the girl forgot everything else as she worked away with the steel knife.

She did not even hear the step on the door-stone, and it took the very shutting of the door to rouse Amy from her work.

"Why, Nina Brown, however did you get in here?" she cried, looking up to see a schoolmate from a farm a mile up the turnpike standing on the door mat.

"I knocked and then walked in on my two feet! We're going to the Halloween party, after all; the baby

got so much better. Father's out here with the carryall, and we'll wait for you to get ready."

But Amy did not move beyond relaxing her tired hands a little. She looked at the pumpkin head in her sticky fingers, and at the debris of pulp and seed in a pan at her elbow, and at the various things her grandmother had laid on the table in readiness for future operations on the Halloween goblin. She wanted to just throw this mass of stuff into one pile, shove it out of sight and mind, and go right along to the party at the far end of the township!

"What are you doing?" asked Nina.

"Grandmother and I were making a Halloween goblin. I wonder if she would mind much if I went with you?"

Nina laughed merrily.

"Of course she wouldn't mind, and we're not going to stay out at all late!"

But something inside Amy warned her not to be quite so sure of this. Grandmother would want her to have a good time; grandmother always wanted her to be just as happy as she could be! But she had a feeling that to go away when some bigger company offered itself for entertainment after she had started to share a "real evening" at the home fireside was not a loyal thing to do, and that it would disappoint grandmother a little.

"Hurry up and get ready!" urged Nina.

Amy threw back her head and jumped at a very different conclusion from what one would have expected.

"I believe I will go if grandma says it's all right!" she declared minded to think only of how she wanted to be one of that party at the far end of the township.

At that very moment grandmother opened the door and came in. The lantern swung from one hand and in the other she held the skeleton for the goblin. The little red shawl covered her head and was pinned snugly under her chin, and the cool night air had brought the roses to her smooth cheeks.

Apparently she had stooped to talk with the crowd outside, and knew why Nina had come.

"It's a pity you cannot go to the party, child!" she said.

Amy's face fell a little at the positiveness of it, and then it flashed to dismay as Nina spoke.

"But Amy's going if you say it's all right!"

Grandmother Stevens had put down her burdens and slipped the red shawl to her shoulders.

"But I don't say it's all right, Nina!" she answered gently. "Amy's as good as promised me her company for the evening, and we've got to finish the Halloween goblin now we've come this far toward it!"

The tears were pretty close in Amy's eyes. Not to go to the party! She did not often hear grandmother speak with this quiet decision which took so much for granted and brooked no questioning or dispute. The little woman had not even waited for her to answer, but had gone to the door and was talking to the load of folks outside.

"Drop in and see our goblin when you come along back!" she invited, and presently Amy heard the crunch of the wheels on the gravel drive as grandmother came in and shut the door.

But Amy was a plucky girl and determined not to make a fuss about her disappointment. It was hard

sometimes to take it for granted that grandmother knew best! She blinked back the tears and steadied her voice, and tried not to show that she cared the least bit about not going to the party.

At first she thought she did not care at all how this old goblin of theirs came out. But when grandmother and she had fixed the candle inside the pumpkin-shell, and the head on the frame, Amy found she was laughing merrily at its funny looks, and dressing it in yellow paper was so absorbing she entirely forgot that other party at the far end of the township.

When they had pasted a lot, grandmother tied a black sash around the paper waist, and after they had sat the whole thing on the stone hearth, in front of the coal grate fire in the living-room, Amy lighted the candle in its head, and the live goblin blinked knowingly at them from his four feet of height.

"He looks almost real!" cried Amy. "How I wish he would come to life for just Hallowetn!"

It was then that, for a second time that evening, a sharp knock came at the kitchen door, and when Grandmother Stevens flung it open a troop of folks came crowding in. There was Amy's Uncle Jack Stevens, and Mrs. Jack, and their boys and girls, and chums who had filled the tonneau of the big touring-car which stood on the gravel drive in the moonlight.

"Why-ee!" cried Amy, all surprise, running from one to another with greeting, and never thinking about her working garb of gingham apron and rolled-up sleeves.

"This is why you didn't want me to go to the party with Nina!" whispered Amy in grandmother's ear, af-

ter they had all found a place around the glowing fire. "You knew Uncle Jack was coming!"

Grandmother patted her head. "That was partly the reason!" she answered.

"Folks!" cried a cracked little voice.

Everyone jumped.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated grandmother, and every single eye stared hard at the Halloween goblin in the chimney-corner. If it were not he who had spoken they didn't know who had.

There was one moment of perfect silence and then he spoke again.

"It's the pumpkin-head! You'll forgive me if I'm a bit shaky in the lungs from lack of practice. And I want you to take some things for granted from a goblin person because it's Halloween, and we've got a right to speak to mortals once a year! It's a pity, anyhow, that you don't listen to people wiser than you without thinking you know the most."

Amy grasped grandmother's hand pretty tightly. It was surprising at the best that pumpkin-head should suddenly commence talking, and the time and the place made Halloween goblin's voice sound really spooky. When it stopped so abruptly Amy could fairly feel it shake its head and look squarely at her as if it knew all about how she had rebelled against grandmother's refusal of the party-going with Nina.

But when it spoke again the subject was changed.

"I've got on the same shade of a yellow dress that I wore when I had a pumpkin blossom for a gown!"

They listened spellbound while the cracked voice went on to tell of its days out in the sunshine when it grew larger and larger, and finally lost

its green color for the ripened yellow, and how it wanted to be right in the midst of happiness this one night it had for playtime.

"So you, Mr. Jack Stevens, go and get a hamper of good things that's in your motor. And Amy, go up in the attic for the chestnuts that are in the box on the zinc trunk!"

The girl jumped up! That was the one place she had forgotten to look for the chestnuts! And she was taking it for granted the goblin knew whereof he spoke as she turned and ran up to the attic, where she found the chestnuts just as he had said.

More than once during that merry evening the Halloween goblin talked. It was almost midnight before the candle in his pumpkin-head flickered and went out, and then Uncle Jack piled his party into the big touring-car for the twenty-mile run back to

their city homes.

In the stillness they left behind them Amy went and looked at the goblin. His head seemed shrunken, and she knew he would never speak again, for she had guessed that Uncle Jack's ventriloquism was responsible for his outbursts.

Very thoughtfully Amy turned to her grandmother, who was lighting their bedroom candles.

"I've found out the rest of the reasons why you didn't want me to go to the party, grandma! You want me to learn to finish the thing I've started to do."

Grandmother Stevens nodded, as the second candle flared up.

"I want you to find how loyalty is one of the most precious gifts God had for his children's happiness she said.

"WHEN I CONSIDER THY HEAVENS"

Behold the beauty of the soft blue sky
 In vaulted splendor far above the earth,
 Lovely indeed in morning's quiet birth
 When all the stars have left their watch on high,
 Gleaming with silver as the hours go by,
 The shining hours of sunny days in June,
 Most beautiful on some late afternoon
 In summertime when leafy shadowes lie
 On stream and field. Look up, O mortal man,
 O man with glory and with honor crowned,
 Traveling on with unuplifted eyes;
 Consider well the lofty heavens than span
 With breathless beauty all the lowly ground,
 Proclaiming God Who dwells above these skies.

—John D. M. Brown, Litt. D.,

TAKING BOOKS TO THE PEOPLE

(Concord Daily Tribune)

There are now 29 "bookmobiles" traveling the highways of north Carolina, but there still are not nearly enough vehicles nor books to meet the insistent requests of Tar Heels of all ages who want to read, we are told by Majorie Beal, director of the State Library Commission.

Alamance, Davidson, Durham, Gaston, Granville, Guilford and Rockingham counties have their own bookmobiles. Catawba and Rutherford are to secure them this fall. Hertford has the only bookmobile owned and operated exclusively for colored people. Iredell, Surry, Anson, Montgomery, Warren and Cleveland have taken discarded school buses and made them over into bookmobiles. The WPA Library Project purchases books and bookmobiles to provide work and to aid in demonstrating that people want to read good books.

The question of who pays the bill is often asked. The county commissioners who desire the bookmobile services should include in the appropriation an item for county library service. The operating expenses, gas, oil and repairs for a bookmobile used five days a week all the year round amount to approximately twenty dollars a month. Books are supplied by

the public libraries, by the TVA Regional Library Service and by the WPA Library Project.

The demonstration bookmobile operated by the North Carolina Library Association has been used in 26 counties and has traveled more than 40,000 miles. Regular trips of a bookmobile are made from the headquarters library into all sections of the county and these trips are announced in advance so that people will know where and when to expect the bookmobile.

Those who operate the libraries on wheels report that they get requests for all kinds of reading matter and that there is a distinct and definite need for more books.

The librarian who travels on the bookmobile becomes the friend of every borrower, helps him find a book to his liking and talks about various books of interest. Stops are made at country stores, cross roads filling stations, homes, schools and libraries. Books are free. Often collections of books are left at a stop so people may exchange with each other until everyone has read what he wishes.

This is a service that should be extended to cover every county in North Carolina.

Speech is an untrustworthy servant. As long as you hold it, it is yours; but once give it expression, and all your effort cannot bring it within your power again.—Selected.

MUCH-USED HYMN HAS CURIOUS BACKGROUND

By Mrs. Mathilde K. Bartlett,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flow-
ed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and
power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demand;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-
throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Out of the beautiful country of Devonshire, England, have come three hymns that will live and be treasured by the Christian Church until time is no more and the heavenly hosts take up the refrain. They are, "Abide With Me," by Henry Francis Lyte; "Just as I Am," by Charlotte Elliott; and "Rock of Ages," by Augustus M. Toplady.

Perhaps having a father who proved a valiant soldier for his king and

dying in battle left something heroic in the mind of young Augustus Toplady. His widowed mother found it advantageous to leave Farnham, England, and go to Ireland, where her son could attend Trinity College in Dublin.

It was at this time, at the age of sixteen, that Augustus heard a stirring sermon by a disciple of Wesley, James Morris. Augustus was reared in a cultured home, but it took this unlettered layman to bring him close to God. Thus the Lord can use the humblest men for the salvation of others. At the age of twenty-two he became a preacher and had charges in Farleigh and Board Hem-bury. The dread disease of consumption soon manifested itself, so he went to London in the hope that the dryer climate would benefit him.

While here Wesley and Toplady met under circumstances which led to heated theological and doctrinal controversy. The argument lasted until midnight; neither could convince the other. When they parted each felt that his convictions were the right ones. Wesley, full of joy and comfort from his view, wrote "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and Toplady found rest after he wrote "Rock of Ages." The argument has long been forgotten, but out of it came these two noble hymns. Their differences were such that God used them to write their poems of conviction which prove that after all they both believed that we are saved by grace through Christ.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

It was first published in March 1776 in the "Gospel Magazine" of which Toplady was editor. It followed a lengthy summary of the countless sins committed by man during a lifetime. Changes have been made to some lines in order to modernize and to bring about a more poetical line.

The composer of "Connecticut,"

Thomas Hastings, caught the spirit of the lines and has given a perfect setting in his tune called "Toplady" after the author. His training in church music and as choir leader gave him the understanding needed to unite words and music. In the stress of life may we see that only the "Rock of Ages" can lift us up that we may see

". . . Worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne."

A PRAYER

Oh give me a line, hook and sinker,
On the end of a crooked willow pole,
And let my dog come with me
To the grand old fishin' hole.

Oh give me a day, hour or moment,
At the end of my life's given race,
And let my dog be with me
At the grand old fishin' place

Oh give me this last drop of comfort,
'Twill be balm upon my soul,
'Tis only the days of my childhood
Spent at the old fishin' hole.

Lord, grant my request I beseech Thee,
Let me die at the old fishin' hole;
And let my dog answer with me,
When the Master calls the roll.
—Ed Lewison.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PILGRIMS

Carrie B. Ilsley

Have you thought that the days of Pilgrim Fathers looking for a place to worship God were all in the distant past? If so, glance at the map of South America and decide if the distance from Rio de Janeiro to El Gran Chaco (that indefinable area over which Bolivia and Paraguay have been fighting) is not about the same as that from New York to Boston, but without a Twentieth Century Limited! Then, I "shall a tale unfold that will—cause thy—hair to stand on end."

This tale has its beginning four hundred years ago at the time of the Luthern Reformation when a group of people in Switzerland became known as Anabaptists, or Re-baptizers, because they denied the validity of infant baptism and insisted on baptism for believers only. Visionaries and fanatics teaching strange doctrines we are told that they were. Because they denounced war and refused to be bound by oath they were considered subverted of government. But persecution with death in every imaginable form failed to quell the rapidly spreading movement. Some refugees escaped to America, some to Holland. In the latter country a Roman Catholic priest, by name Menno Simons, whose brother was one of a thousand martyrs to the Anabaptist cause in Holland, left the Roman church and became a wise, efficient leader of the persecuted sect thereafter known as Mennonites. By invitation the swamp lands of North Prussia became a haven for these dwellers on the dyke lands of Holland. For two hundred

years they dwelt thus and about the time of the American Revolution Catherine the Great of Russia invited these fine agriculturists to come to the Ukraine, promising freedom from military duty for a hundred years at least, permission to worship as men saw fit, and complete provisions for the transfer of the immigrants to her domain. The black soil of the Ukraine is famous. These industrious colonists soon made their villages "islands of wealth in a sea of poverty." The product of the rich wheat and sugar fields was brought to the huge mills in the villages. Prosperity reigned for ninety years. Then new times and new rules. The Mennonites were told that the period of immunity from military service would expire in ten years and they must prepare to serve or leave the country. Fore-runners found an asylum in the then (in 1870) sparsely populated plains trek from the shores of the Caspian of Kansas. Then began the long and even from the steppes of Siberia, and, for the poor, hardships unended, herded in cattle cars, long waits for passports, sickness, lack of food. On the unbroken prairies the Mennonites thanked God and took courage. They bought land, sowed their seed wheat, built churches and schools and became an integral part of the great growing west.

If one asks a member of the Mennonite Brethren (who are immersionist and practically Baptists), about any one of the dozen or more Mennonite groups on the plains, he usually shrugs his shoulders and says, "Just Mennonites. Not our kind." Ask

a Kansas farmer if the Mennonite settlement on the east of him is like the one on the west his answer will be about, "Oh, those on the west arn't so radical. The men dress like the rest of us and they shave, too. But the women won't wear hats, just hankerchiefs tied under the chin like the new fashion among our girls. Lately they've taken to buying automobiles but for a long time they wouldn't. Those over west are the Hookers—don't believe in buttons, just hooks and eyes. The men shave but wear flat Quaker hats and the women wear long black dresses and little black bonnets. Little girls look just like their mothers. Some of the Hookers are the ones who sold their farms when oil was discovered on them. Said that was not God's way of making a living so they moved to an oilless country. The men in the village south never shave if a member of their church marries outside their fellowship the membership is dropped. They all have their troubles like the rest of us. Sometimes the young bloods get tired of restrictions and run away. The girls like pretty clothes and nice furniture and good carpets and sometimes they run away."

Not all Mennonites left Russia, to be sure. When the World War broke those left behind were persecuted for their pacifist beliefs. When the czarist regime was ended in 1917 the rich Mennonites of the Ukraine became the target for merciless persecution, wholly, say their American friends because they were prosperous. Homes and property were confiscated, families driven out penniless, fathers sent in chains to the lumbering camps of Siberia. Inhuman measures were taken against any suspected of hiding

wealth. Money sent by friends in America to their suffering co-religionists was confiscated. Harrowing tales continued to come to America and in 1924 a committee of which Dr. P. C. Hiebert of Hillsboro, Kansas, was made chairman, went to Russia to administer funds raised by the American Mennonites. The zeal of the Mennonites in this worthy enterprise is illustrated by a fellow professor of Dr. Hiebert's at Tabor College, Hillsboro. This man, long since gone to his reward, was an arthritic victim bound to his bed for twenty-five years but under his direction thousands of dollars were raised for this fund. In the administration of the money one item is significant—for several months in 1924 one meal daily was served to fortythree thousand people. The American committee arranged with western governments for land and a large number of refugees were placed in Canada and Mexico. An almost unbelievable incident was the escape of a large number of Mennonites across Russia and Siberia, through Manchuria to the city of Harbin where funds were supplied from America for passage to the United States. The American committee met some of these and placed them among their friends. The story of that five-year trek across Asia, traveling by night, hiding by day, awaits the romancer. And now to the climax of this tragic tale.

In 1931 Mennonites repressed and persecuted, and estimated to number nearly twenty-five thousand, camped in the snows of a Russian winter around Moscow asking of Joseph Stalin permission to go somewhere to worship God. Remember, people do not leave Russia often with govern-

ment permission. The answer of the government was as scattering of the Mennonites, some to Siberia and probably many to prison. Stories still come to America of prison sentences in the vilest conditions endured for no other offence than preaching the gospel. Permission was finally granted four thousand of these Mennonites to go to Germany but there was no support for them there. The same American committee which had functioned in 1924, after being refused by the United States, Canada and Mexico since each had already given asylum to many, approached the South American countries. Brazil offered to take two thousand into the southern province of Parana and Paraguay, rather joyfully saying, "Come help us settle up the Chaco." This Chaco region had been visited by Mennonite scouts a few years before—a land where no white man had been before, so they reported—and furnished by Canadian and American settlers for the purchase of a large tract of virgin land. In the twenties the first settlers arrived.

In the fall of 1937 Dr. Hiebert returned from a visit to the Chaco where he had sent his persecuted brethren five years before. He was anxious to see what business and professional men and farmers from the prosperous Ukraine could do hewing with the axes and saws and other implements with which he had provided them, a civilization out of the virgin forest. And here is his story. After a visit to the more favored section granted by Brazil, Dr. Hiebert started for the Chaco. Remember, you measured how far across it would be. But there was no Twentieth Century Limited; in fact no adequate

transportation. So an airplane trip to Buenos Aires was necessary; thence fifteen hundred miles by rail to Asuncion, capital of Paraguay. An old Ford car on the tracks completed the hundred more miles of railroad travel to a station where a dentist from one of the village awaited him in a crudely fashioned farm wagon for the seventy-five remaining miles through virgin forest over a narrow wagon road. Vines hanging from the trees protected the travelers from the semi-tropic sun, monkeys swung down in friendly fashion from the branches, parrots chattered, and mountain lions peered from the underbush.

When the wearied representative from the United States finally arrived at the first sun-bleached village in the Chaco, did the residents begin to pour their woes into his ears? Begin to tell the hardships incident to building homes, of starting school with logs for desks and seats, too, out under the trees? Of starvation efforts to raise the crops to which they had once been used, only to be rewarded by an abundance of peanuts as a staple? Of relentless war on insect pests—grasshoppers and what not? Of wearisome journeys to the trading post with their cotton? Latest news from friends in the United States? Nay, nay, nay. They said, "Come, see the church! Everybody is coming to her you preach and, oh, what a fine choir we have!"

The Mennonites generally have no paid ministry but they are a very devout people, students of the Bible, so that many a layman can teach and preach. Hence it is no wonder that these soul-hungry people bore the visitor off in triumph for a three-hour service in the afternoon with a similar

one to follow at night. And no wonder that tears of joy rained down their faces when the preacher took for his text, "These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Despite all the hardships the dwellers at Philadelphia in the Chaco are not discouraged. Prospects seemed brighter last year than at any preceding time. Who knows what these Pilgrim Fathers may mean to South America?

TOMORROW

Tomorrow never comes, they say,
 And long I thought that true,
 Until I thought a different way
 And got a different view;
 And reasoning with me alone,
 I figured out this dope,
 The morrow's not a lazy drone,
 'Cause tomorrow's full of hope.

If I thought morrow never moved
 Into this life of mine,
 I'd feel as tho' I had reprov'd,
 The law of God Divine;
 For aye I look to future realms
 That promise lasting bliss,
 My faith in this e'er overwhelms
 The cynic's poisoned hiss.

The morrow's hopeful promise gives
 A spur to lagging day,
 It bolsters up each one who lives
 And points the better way.
 And morrow's morrow aye will be
 A trifle better yet,
 If you'll but pin your faith in He
 Who paid your earthly debt.

And rich in promise is the dawn
 Of each succeeding day,
 That we may be still closer drawn
 To where all joys hold sway.
 Let's help to make the promise true,
 Don't interfere with doubt.
 The morrow's here for me and you
 And aye will be throughout.

—Selected.

WHY THE LEAVES TURN RED

By Lena Carolyn Ahlers

Have you ever wondered why the leaves of some trees turn red in the fall when touched by the frost spirit? You probably have noticed that the leaves of the oak and sumac trees are more gorgeously colored in flaming red than those of any other tree. This is the legend that the Indians tell their children of why the leaves turn red in autumn.

At the very beginning when the earth was first made there was no snow. Then it started to snow for the first time, and because men did not know what it was three men started on a long hunt. They tramped through the soft fallen snow until they came to a place where a lot of shrubs and trees grew thickly, and they knew that this was a place where bears would hide. The men were very thankful for the snow, for in its soft whiteness they could plainly see the tracks of a great bear, something they never had been able to do before.

After some arguing the bravest of the three men was persuaded to go in the thick shrubbery and follow the bear's trail. "I'll start him going," he called to the men, who started on different paths; "and when I shout again, you are to leave the trails that you take and join me farther down in the woods." The two men promised that they would do this as soon as they heard him shout again. Soon the two other men heard their companion cry: "Away from the place whence comes the cold he is making fast!"

At that time they did not have names for the directions, so the man

who had gone toward the north shouted back as he caught a glimpse of the running bear: "In the direction from whence comes the sound of midday is he hastening!"

Back and forth and back and forth for along while the men kept the bear running, and they shouted all the time and tramped the soft, fleecy snow beneath their feet. Terribly frightened, scarcely knowing what to do and trying to hide in the tiny gullies and ravines and growing wearier and wearier. After a while one of the hunters who was coming behind the bear looked down and was startled to find the earth green and the grass growing. The hunter was frightened and called to his two companions. Looking about them, they knew that it was spring and that they had chased the great bear until they had come to a strange place. At last one of the hunters cried: "It is Skyland!"

The men became strangely frightened, and they clasped their hands and cried: "O Union-of-Rivers, let us turn back!" but the spirit to whom they prayed paid no attention to their plea. So, knowing not what to do, the three men kept on chasing the bear.

All through the long days of the summer the men hunted the bear, for the Great Spirit would not let them turn back even then. They grew very tired and weary and did not know what to do, and always the bear escaped from them, no matter how near they got to him. But at last when the men thought they could endure no more and when the autumn

had come again they overtook the bear and killed him and were very happy. So they put the bear's body on some limbs that they cut from oak and sumac trees on which the leaves were still clinging, and the

bears blood as it dripped from its wound dyed them a gorgeous red. Since the Great Spirit never forgets anything, every fall since the leaves of the oak and sumac have been turned to a brilliant red in autumn.

A FLOWER ROYAL

By Ruth I. Simon

Suppose the autumn flowers of our country were to conduct a popularity contest, which would be the winner? Most of us would say at once the chrysanthemum. The gardener would give his vote because this flower brings new life and beauty to his gardens when all others begin to droop. The florist would add his vote not only because of the individual beauty of the blossoms, but also because there are more than two hundred varieties grown in the United States, and among this large number he can find a flower appropriate to any occasion. Without hesitation the young people would register their approval because the chrysanthemum is an ardent sportsman and is always found at their football games. Votes would come from every state, for there are only a few spots in our country where this flower will not grow.

So popular has this flower become that it is hard to realize that less than one hundred years ago it was not known in America. It is an immigrant from the Orient. Its name is Greek, a compound of chrysos meaning gold and anthos, flower. Long before the plant ever claimed the title by which we know it today, the Japanese lovingly called it kiku and wove it into the crest of the royal

family.

Yet, interwoven as this flower is with the history, the symbolism and the very life of the Japanese people, it is not a native of the Island Kingdom. Five hundred years before Christ the Chinese philosopher Confucius mentioned the chrysanthemum in his work, "Li-Ki." On very ancient Chinese pottery are replicas of the flower. Not until the twelfth century is there any authentic reference to it in Japan.

Stories rich in romance and adventure are those of the flower finders who brought back to Europe strange plants from far-away lands. Such a seeker was Robert Fortune of Scotland, who, disguised with a pigtail and Chinese clothing, entered ports closed to all white men. From these forbidden places he brought back choice species of the chrysanthemum to add to those varieties introduced into Europe from the open ports of Canton and Macao, as early as 1746.

Although the history of the chrysanthemum is such an ancient and honorable one, more gain has been made in the development of garden varieties in the last twenty-five years than in all the hundreds of years previous. Horticulturists are ever busy making this royal immigrant from the Orient still more beautiful.

MARVELS OF GLASS

By W. J. Banks

Some people already live in glass houses, work in glass office buildings or factories. Soon many more may do so. Their glass-brick homes will be fitted with glass staircases, glass draperies and glass rugs. Glass "wallpaper" will decorate glass walls. Food will be cooked in glass pots on glass-insulated stoves. And when the owner doffs his glass clothes he will sink into a dreamless sleep on a downy, glass-filled mattress!

This is not merely a wild dream; glass has proven itself capable of serving in each of the above capacities, and many more. The glass industry has become one of the most progressive and aggressive in the world. Faced with disastrous competition from cans and cartons in the bottle market, formerly his chief standby, the glassmaker has found new possibilities for his product which stagger the imagination. Our day has been called the age of electricity—tomorrow may be the age of glass.

Legend ascribes the invention of glass to the Phoenicians and Egyptians glass relics date from 1600 B. C. The Romans made lovely glass goblets, windows and even wall coverings. Throughout medieval times the art flourished. But only in our present decade has the realization come that former uses for glass, numerous as they were, only represented a small part of its possibilities. Decorative glassware is finer and more beautiful now than ever; but structural, heat resisting and spun glass open up commercial fields undreamed of by the manufacturer a short time ago.

Contrary to the old proverb, people

who live in glass houses can throw all the stones they want to—and hit their walls with a hammer if they feel like it. For structural glass is not of the mettle of our ordinary windowpanes. Developed originally for counter and table tops, it graduated into wainscoting for hallways and bathrooms. Its next step in popular favor was revolutionary, for it involved the use of bricks of glass for outside walls. Already in most cities there are a number of all-glass store fronts, and glass service stations glow brightly at night in the familiar color combinations of their respective companies.

Soon plans went forward for New York's first glass office building, and it was decided to make a plant for the manufacture of glass products a "glass factory" in a double sense. America's first all-glass house was built of 80,000 glass brick, and other structures followed. The latest glass bricks fit into one another and are stuck together by a kind of mortar. They are opaque insofar as the human eye is concerned, and though most of the sunlight enters, "Peeping Toms" are foiled. It is predicted that glass houses will be cheaper than ordinary brick or stone ones.

Filled with an even, diffused light the glass house requires no windows, enabling air conditioning to come into its own. An insulating space within double walls help to make the house warmer in winter, cooler in summer, for while the glass bricks admit three-fourths of the sunlight they exclude two-thirds of the summer heat. The glass city of the future will be a beau-

tiful sight, especially at night, when its buildings will glow like precious stones from the lights within.

Glass wool promises a development as wonderful as that made possible by structural glass. Spun glass has been known for centuries, but the fibers were too heavy for fine textiles. Now we have woven glass cloth which is as soft and flexible as wool or cotton; much more durable, washable and fireproof. It was developed because of an experiment which failed.

A few years ago the research department of an American bottle factory tried to put colored cartoons on milk bottles by blasting molted glass against them. But it didn't stick, and piled up beside the bottles in a fluffy mass of fine fibres weighing only one pound to the cubic foot. Trained minds at once realized the possibilities of such fine glass wool. Electric furnaces now melt glass which is forced through tiny holes in the form of almost invisible fibers. These are united to make slim, spooled thread.

The spun glass is worked in the **ordinary way** by familiar weaving machines. Moisture proof and fireproof, glass cloth is ideal for use in bathrooms, restaurants and ships. Its lustrous quality makes glass "wall-paper" the very thing for stair wells, hallways and other normally dark places. Glass clothing and rugs have many advantages too, but they are **not** being advertised publicly until further research has removed every possible source of criticism.

Glass baking dishes for oven use are not new but new glass products are so resistant to heat that they may

be used on the top of the stove. It is claimed that in glass pots and pans the food will cook more quickly and with better flavor. The housewife may cook it, place it on the table, put what is left away, reheat it and serve it again, all in the one dish. This means less washing and prevents loss in transmission from stove to table to refrigerator and back to stove again.

Another recent development is bulletproof glass. Safety glass is already standard equipment in motor cars, two sheets being stuck together with a plastic binder which prevents the scattering of the pieces if broken. The bullet-proof glass has four layers with three binders, and tests have shown it capable of resisting small-arm projectiles at pointblank range. Its value for bank teller's cages, armored cars, etc., is obvious.

Even the finest plate glass is not one hundred per cent transparent, a few light rays being reflected by it to betray its presence to the eye. The invisible glass show window is therefore an interesting new artifice of the glassmaker, first developed in England. The glass is curved so that reflected light is sent upward and downward into velvet pads which absorb it. The first American store to adopt these windows startled passers-by when valuable jewels were displayed apparently without protection. One miscreant returned by night with chisel and hammer to turn illusion into reality. The police caught him.

What will be the next marvel produced by those men of modern magic, the glassmakers?

"Gentleness succeeds better than violence."—La Fontaine.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Grover Beaver, who had an attack of acute appendicitis, was rushed to the Cabarrus Hospital. The case was from all appearances most serious. Grover was operated on last Tuesday night and the reports from the hospital are very favorable.

Men and boys, also many women are "just crazy" about football. Our boys are just like all other members of society. They are thrilled, and are practicing hard, to meet the Eastern Carolina Training School boys on their diamond down at Rocky Mount. Whether they win or not the trip down to this institution is reciprocal,—each school will be benefitted by contact.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Satterthwaite, of Newtown, Pa. and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sharpless, of Avondale, Pa., accompanied by T. B. Longhurst, of Concord, visited the School last Saturday morning, making a brief tour of the various departments. Our Pennsylvania friends were on their way to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Western North Carolina.

Just think upon it! Our boys have the privilege of a swim all through the winter months. The water is heated, and on the coldest days the boys can take a dip in the Cone Swimming-Pool without feeling the rigors of the cold weather. This is a wonderful gift and rest assured the boys are enjoying the pool to the fullest extent. For healthful recreation the pool offers unsurpassed advantages.

Mr. Leon Godown, the moving spirit of the department of printing, is off for a two week vacation. During the interim he will renew old acquaintances and make new friends in his home town,—New Jersey. During Mr. Godown's absence Mr. Fisher, a printer of the old School, will have charge of the office.

Everything is in readiness for the Halloween affair. From reports there is great anticipation on the part of the boys. Boys like spooky parties. The spirits and hobgoblins do not give them a scare. In fact they rather enjoy making the scare more intense. At this time weenies, slaw, parched peanuts, pop-corn, with two refreshing drinks coca-cola and Dr. Pepper, will be served. Halloween will be observed Tuesday afternoon.

There is something to do at all times to a building if things are kept in repair. The old saying, "a stitch in time saves nine" is practiced at this institution. The force in charge of this particular work are making the rounds, inspecting every building and doing the things that are necessary. This place has something over five hundred people so it is to be expected that for the shop force there is not a dull moment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Evens, the former being superintendent of Elise Academy, located at Hemp, N. C., and the latter a member of the teaching staff, accompanied by Miss Hannah Willis, teacher; Miss Carrie McLeod, matron; and a group of stu-

dents of the vocational training department, were visitors at the School last Saturday. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited all the departments, having an opportunity of seeing the boys at work and at play. They were on their way to Charlotte where they expected to visit King's Business College. The students accompanying the staff members already mentioned were: Earl Richardson, Clemente Roderiquez, Ramon Roessell, O'Neill Shumate, Elmer D. Bradford, Margaret Lewis, Margaret Brewer, Eva and Kenneth Richardson, Lucille Williams and Ava Moore.

The entire farm force has been very busy harvesting the bountiful crops of corn, hay and the garden vegetables. The vegetables, beans, tomatoes and corn have been turned over to the operators of the cannery, consequently the shelves of the store room are groaning beneath the weight of many cans of vegetables ready for table use this winter.

On account of the continued dry weather it was impossible to get the soil in readiness for planting of small grains. At this time three tractors are running in high speed so it will not be long till a large crop of wheat, oats, barley and rye will be sowed.

Equally busy are the gardeners who have charge of the truck farming. The garden spots are green with turnips, mustard and spinach and other things that contribute to a well balanced diet for the boys during the winter months.

Along with all of these farm activities the farm this year produced fourteen bales of cotton. This, or the collateral of the same, will be used

in the textile plant for sheeting and other essentials needed for the comfort and joy of the boys. Mr. Blume and his helpers are keeping this department humming.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, Mr. Sheldon introduced Judge F. M. Redd, of the Court of Domestic Relations, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon.

The subject of Judge Redd's talk was: "Life—what it is, and what is worthwhile in life." He began by saying that both young and old should stop in this mad rush of life and ask himself, soberly and honestly, this question: "What shall I do and how shall I live the life God has given me?"

Sometimes, said the speaker, we see a boy from a small cottage go to the White House; and again a rich boy goes to the electric chair, and we wonder, "Why should one become the highest citizen of the nation and the other forfeit his life because of some evil deed?" It is not the rich boy or the boy with all the advantages who reaps all out of life, but the boy who is willing to stand and make a man of himself. "The world stands with hat in hand to honor the man, woman, girl or boy who is still a good one," said Judge Redd. The world looks up to a life well spent. It is not necessary for a person to pin a flower on his hat to let others know he is a follower of the lowly Nazarene. All we have to do is to let our works speak for our life. People honor the

man who will take of his world's goods and let the silver dollars roll out to help civilization.

Judge Redd then told the boys that it is far better for any of them to be alone than to be in bad company. He stated that the downfall of nine-tenths of the boys who come before him in court is because of the company they keep. He urged all the boys to obey the laws of the land; to do the things that will build up the community in which they live. The boy or girl, said the Judge, who is ready to be disciplined is the one who will later be in a position to direct the lives of others. When in doubt about doing something, consult your conscience and soul. If you are still in doubt, just do not do it.

In conclusion Judge Redd prayed that in the end all of those listening to his voice might be found marching

along the road of life in the right way, and when finally being called upon to present credentials for entrance into the life eternal, might hear those most welcome words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

We feel very fortunate in having had this opportunity to hear Judge Redd, and wish to take this opportunity to tender our sincere appreciation for the timely message he gave our boys, assuring him at the same time that he will always find a most cordial welcome whenever he may be able to visit the School in the future.

Judge Redd was accompanied by his good wife, who says she never fails to visit the school when opportunity presents its self.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
 To mean device for a sordid end.
 Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright throne,
 By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
 Great in itself, not praises of the crowd.
 Above all rise, it stoops not to be proud.

—Farquhar.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending October 22, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (19) Clyde Gray 19
- (18) Edward Johnson 18
- (13) Frank Johnson 14
- (10) Frank May 18

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) Jack Broome 13
- (8) Howard Cox 15
B. C. Elliott 10
William G. Bryant
- (3) H. C. Pope 16
Arlie Scism 8
- (2) Lee Watkins 11
William C. Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 13
- (2) Earl Barnes 8
James Boone 11
- (3) Richard Baumgarner 11
- (3) Kenneth Conklin 9
Jack Crotts 3
- (7) Coolidge Green 17
Bruce Hawkins 9
Roscoe Honeycutt 7
A. C. Lamar 11
- (2) Douglas Matthews 10
Harley Mathis 13
- (11) F. E. Mickle 19
- (4) Grady Pennington 9
- (2) John C. Robertson 18
George Shaver 11
William Simms
William T. Smith 7
John Tolly 12
Louis Williams 14
- (13) Allen Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 11
- (3) Paul Briggs 13
- (4) Paul Broome 7
- (3) Lewis Donaldson 11
- (8) Ivan Morrozoff 20

- Edward McGee 10
- (4) J. C. Nance 5
George Speer 4
- (8) Melvin Walters 20
Richard Wiggins 6
- (6) James Wilhite 18
- (4) Samuel Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 5

- (13) Collett Cantor 16
- (13) Lindsey Dunn 19
- (10) William Kirksey 14
- (10) Everett Lineberry 18
Ivey Lunsford 5
Paul Lewallen 12
James Page 5
Richard Starnes 10
Eugene Smith 4
- (3) Hubert Walker 15
- (4) Dewey Ware 18

COTTAGE No. 6

- (4) Robert Bryson 15
- (2) Fletcher Castlebury 14
- (5) Robert Dunning 11
Leo Hamilton 8
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 7

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 13
- (5) Carl Breece 18
- (2) John Deaton 19
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 15
- (3) George Green 13
Lacy Green 9
Robert Hampton 8
William Herrin 12
- (2) Raymond Hughes 9
- (11) Hugh Johnson 20
James Jordan 13
- (2) Robert Lawrence 10
J. C. Long 6
- (5) Elmer Maples 16
- (5) Ernest Overcash 11
- (2) Loy Stines 13
- (2) Joseph Wheeler 10

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 9

- (2) Lewis Baker 6
- (2) Donald Britt 7
- (2) Jack Crawford 16
- Samuel Everidge 4
- Ottis Kilpatrick
- (2) Harvey Ledford 3
- Joseph Lindville
- (2) Edward Lucas 7
- (2) Cicero Outlaw 2
- (2) John Tolbert 9

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Mack Bell 4
- (3) J. T. Branch 15
- (4) James Davis 7
- (7) Frank Glover 17
- (13) C. D. Grooms 18
- (2) Wilbur Hardin 11
- Osper Howell 19
- (3) John Hendrix 11
- (14) Harold O'Dear 17
- Eugene Presnell 14
- Lonnie Roberts 18
- (7) Cleveland Suggs 11
- (2) Preston Wilbourne 17
- (4) Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

- J. D. Hildreth 12
- (2) Lee Jones 12
- (2) Thomas King 6
- Jesse Kelly 7
- Vernon Lamb 8
- James Martin 8
- William Peeden 10
- (2) Torrence Ware 5
- Rufus Wagoner 9

COTTAGE No. 11

- Harold Bryson 18
- (2) William Covington 5
- (15) William Dixon 17
- (3) Albert Goodman 15
- (21) Earl Hildreth 21
- (7) Paul Mullis 16
- (2) Edward Murray 18
- (15) John Uptegrove 19

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Odell Almond 12
- (3) Allard Brantley 12
- (5) Ernest Brewer 14
- William Broadwell 8
- William C. Davis 8
- (5) Howard Devlin 12

- Max Eaker 16
- Norwood Glasgow 6
- (3) Hubert Holloway 14
- S. E. Jones 12
- Tillman Lyles 11
- James Puckett 6
- (11) Avery Smith 19
- (2) Ralph Sorrells 12
- George Tolson 12

COTTAGE No. 13

- Wilson Bailiff 8
- (3) William Goins 11
- James V. Harvel 15
- (4) Douglas Mabry 14
- (10) Paul McGlammery 13
- Jordan McIver 10
- Thomas R. Pitman 12
- (10) Alexander Woody 19

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 13
- (2) John Baker 9
- (3) John Church 9
- Mack Coggins 10
- Henry Ennis 2
- Audie Farthing 13
- (3) Marvin King 11
- John Kirkman 9
- Feldman Lane 14
- Norvell Murphy 7
- Henry McGraw 11
- (3) Charles McCoyle 10
- Roy Mumford 9
- (3) Richard Patton 11
- (2) John Robins 10
- (2) Harold Thomas 10
- (2) Desmond Truitt 9
- (3) Garfield Walker 13
- (2) Jones Watson 9
- J. C. Willis 4
- (2) Junior Woody 15

COTTAGE No. 15

- William Cantor 10
- Clifton Davis 16
- (3) J. P. Morgan 5
- (2) J. P. Sutton 16
- (3) William Wood 11
- INDIAN COTTAGE
- Philip Holmes 14
- (21) Warren G. Lawry 21
- (5) Early Oxendine 15
- Thomas Oxendine 18
- Curley Smith 17
- (4) Thomas Wilson 17

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1939

NO. 44

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

"Known but to God,"
Engraved in marble deep.
Within a noble lad—
A soldier boy asleep.
Borne in tender arms
From lands across the deep,
And given honored couch
In the last long sleep.
Angels sent by God,
As in that other day,
Await but the command
To roll the stone away.

—Emmet Glazner.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SOUND ADVICE TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN TIME OF WAR

"In spite of the earnest prayers of millions and the untiring efforts of statesmen, the dread calamity of war has come upon the world. It seems almost incredible that such a mad crime can have happened at this stage in the world's history. Nearly three thousand years ago a great prophet, living in a warlike age, saw the vision of the day when weapons of war should be changed into instruments of industry, and all nations should "walk in the light of the Lord." But still this vision tarries. Many have seen it and have saluted it from afar, but today, at first sight, its realization seems farther off than ever.

We trust that during the dark and difficult days ahead the Christian Church will attend to its own proper work, namely, Christian witness, consolation and succor. The church's first task is to keep alive the Christian faith and to administer to men its rich resources. We must not let the world forget that the ultimate judge of the nations is God. "He shall judge among the nations." God is still on the throne of the universe; the government is upon His shoulders. He has not abdicated and will not abdicate His Sovereignty. In the long run issues of the conflict will be determined by the invisible battalions. Our supreme concern must therefore be to learn and to do the will of God. "O house of Jacob, come ye. Let us walk in the light of the Lord." We have walked by our own light long enough. We have often followed the light of pride and selfishness and passion, and it has led us into mires and swamps. Let us try walking in the light of the Lord. If only, during these coming days of strife, the nations would give Christianity a fair and honest trial, what a transformation we should see. It is not enough to defeat Germany in the field. By God's grace we must do that; but even more important is it to exercise the evil spirit from Germany's heart and from our own hearts.

There is a patriotism that is sub-Christian, and there is a patriotism that is Christian. To seek selfishly our own national interests, regardless of those of other peoples, is to violate the spirit of Christ. But to see in our country the means whereby we may serve the whole human race—that is to share the patriotism of Jesus."—The Methodist Recorder, London,

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER CRIES FROM THE TRENCHES OF FRANCE

John Haynes Holmes, employing the voice of an unknown soldier

who made the supreme sacrifice, seeks to arouse us to the folly of war and to the futility of seeking to bring in a better day for the nations of earth by the resort to arms. Listen while the dead soldier speaks:

"Peace," he cried, "where is it? You made me die—and die in vain. You slew me like a beast upon an altar, then rubbed my wounds with salt, and stuffed my mouth with ashes. Do you know what I thought when I went across to France? I really thought it was splendid—and that this was the war to end war, a crusade for peace and brotherhood. It seemed funny to fight for peace, and kill for brotherhood; but those that ought to know about such me so, and I believed and I was glad. And when that grenade exploded in the trenches, and I saw my hands were gone, and life was going, I said to myself, 'It's all right, boy. You've done your bit. This war's the last war. They'll never do this sort of thing again. You're dead, or as good as dead; but other men, through all the centuries to come will live.' And all of a sudden, just as the light was fading out of my eyes, and I seemed to be floating on the tide of a river of silence, I remembered something I'd learned out of the Bible in Sunday school, when I was a boy—'and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"—N. C. Christian Advocate.

* * * * *

SCHOOL CHILDREN GET HEALTH EXAMINATION

Through the co-operation of the state health department with the Cabarrus county health unit, 11,000 school children get health examination. The state health department has sent two nurses to this county, Mrs. H. P. Guffy and Miss Weaver, to assist Dr. M. B. Bethel, county health officer, in this health campaign in all schools, including the colored schools. This campaign will require 32 weeks of constant service.

Already 1,635 children have been examined. In this examination tonsils, adenoids, eyes, posture, weight, hearing and other defects will be noted. It is startling to learn that out of the number examined 1,435 children presented defects, and some of them

had more than one trouble that handicaps progress in school. The estimate is that one child of every eight examined was suffering from some physical malady. Only 210 of the number examined were found to be normal. Bad teeth led the number of defects and under nutrition came next. The term "under nutrition" might lead one to think of children not getting enough food. The economic condition in the county enters not into the question at all, because poverty does not prevail in this county. It is simply due to the lack of information as to the right kind of food and the quantities to give. The ranking third defect was that of posture of which 462 cases were found. This, the doctor and nurses claim, rises from faulty nutrition plus the factors of improper home care.

Impossible to summarize all defects in so short a space, besides just about one tenth of the 11,000 children has been touched, but what has been revealed is a sad commentary. Can it be true that buildings, equipment and other things of material values have been emphasized and the object of all schools—the child—been to a certain extent left out of the school activities?

* * * * *

OCTOBER 1939

This past month has been one continuous dream of sunshine and soft breezes. The term commonly applied to such weather occurring in October, or November, is "Indian Summer." The origin of the name is not definitely fixed, but traditionally it is accepted as the seasons the Indians gathered their harvest for the winter months. The moon at this time, full and glorious, is called the "Harvest Moon." This event precedes the assembling of the Indians upon the "Happy Hunting Grounds" with the intent of supplying a sufficient quantity of meats to meet their needs. The Indians also were guided in this custom by a symbol in the heavens. When the new moon, like a silver crescent in the heavens, hangs far to the North, and is tilted sufficiently to hang thereon the hunter's horn, the legend is the Indians go to the forest to hunt wild game. This legend has been transmitted from one generation to another of the Old Dominion. Whether true or not, it was a wild conjecture for the imagination of the youth to build upon.

This month has been ideal, with the glow of the sunshine as the

soft winds play their symphonies through the tree tops of the colorful maples, dogwood, sweetgum and other colorful autumnal foliage, suggestive of the beauty and harmony of nature. If possible to transplant the brilliant flowers, the bougainvillae, the azaleas, and occasionally get a whiff of the fragrance of the orange groves and gardenias, there would be a semblance to life in Florida. This past month, despite all that has gone before or that will follow, can best be expressed by the extravaganza as "most gorgeous."

* * * * *

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

Living in the country does not carry the hardships that it once implied for the housewives a decade ago. The News Letter published at Chapel Hill presents data summarizing progress in rural electrification from July 1, 1935 to July 1, 1939. The North Carolina Electrification Authority compiled and presents a report that every citizen will appreciate.

On July 1, 1935, there were in North Carolina approximately 1,885 miles of rural power line, serving 11,588 consumers, and on the same date of 1939 there were 16,225 miles of rural lines, serving 86,166 customers. It is safe to estimate that number of miles of power line and the number of consumers have in the four years multiplied eight times. This progress has been made possible by the co-operation of the Public Utilities, the municipalities and the Federal Rural Electrification Administration.

This report shows that drudgery for the housewives of the country is a thing of the past. The oil lamps, wood stoves, wash-boards, old flat irons and ice boxes will soon be relegated as antiques. With rural electrification, comes washing machines, electric stoves, electric refrigerators, electric irons, homes electrified and by means of power it is likely the country homes will soon have water and sewage. This wonderful development of rural electrification has brought the joys and pleasures of the city life out in the country. The rural people are really enjoying life. It is possible to take the comforts of the city life to the country, but impossible to transport the peacefulness and quietude of the country to the city.

The country people have very superior advantages for a most happy life. The extension of the power lines has worked miracles

for the rural people,—advantages of better living conditions in every respect.

* * * * *

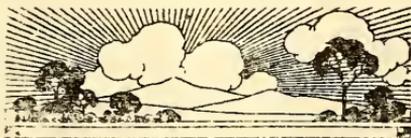
ZANE GREY PASSES

Zane Grey, writer of more than fifty novels, born 64 years ago, passed suddenly last week at his palatial home in Alledema California. Zane Grey came from a long line of frontiersmen in Ohio. This writer's grandfather was Col. Ebenezer Zane, a Danish exile, who crossed the Atlantic and here cast his lot in a country undeveloped and settled mostly at that time by Indians. Strange as it may seem Col. Ebenezer Zane of Revolutionary fame, married a young woman part Indian, a heritage for his descendants very similar to that of Will Rogers. Zane Grey's father was primitive in every way—a backwoodsman and played the role of both preacher and physician for the spiritual and physical consideration of his people in the West.

The writer was educated for the profession of dentistry, graduating from the University of Pennsylvania and practiced for five years in New York City after which time he turned his attention to writing stories.

Having a heritage of forebears from the wild west with a strain of Indian blood coursing through his veins there was a call to his native heath.

He returned to the West, preferring the environment of mountains and deep gorges to the hustle of city life, and it was there his prolific pen made a romantic picture of the old West into a colorful reality for millions of readers.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

RECOMPENSE

"Far sorrows that each heart does bear,
Some restitution rises;
The little joys found everywhere
Become life's golden prizes.

"There's not a soul with all its grief
That find no hidden pleasure,
If it, through trial, holds belief
That strength to bear is treasure."

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling tire gets the most punctures. This is an instance where you have a "blow-out," and then a "blow-in." As an analogue he has to re-tire, yet he doesn't retire.

They tell us that talk is cheap, but it is not when you employ a lawyer to defend you in a court case.

I have often heard that "silence is golden." So it must be silver and greenbacks the money that talks. Its usual expression to me is, "Good-bye!"

They say that "a change in scenery is sometimes better medicine than physic." Mame! But it is more desirable to have change in the pocket.

Uncommon sense is quiet common among a great many people. We hear a great deal of the "common sense" way of looking at things, of accomplishing things. But the question arises. "What is this thing called 'common sense?'" It is merely the knack of seeing things as they

are, and doing things as they ought to be done.

At first glance it would seem that the world has had enough advice to last for two thousand years. Advice is so easy to give, when you have nothing else to dispose of—but it is mighty hard to take, and more often than otherwise, isn't.

"Don't forget that man is still on the road to a better civilization," admonishes an editor. Considering the turmoil in the world today, which way is he going, Mr. Editor?

Some motorist, when his car bangs into a telegraph post, assumes the Hitler attitude and blames the post. We need more Hitless in the world today than Hitlers.

The human race, in this fast-moving age, seems to be divided into just two groups; those who have the word's goods, and those who are going after it.

Katydids! And they do it every time. Katydids are apparently better meteorologists and climatologists than the weather experts at Washington. We have already had several frosts, and they were predicted by the Katydids on the night of July 14. Ninety days after you heard the first sound of a Katydid look out for frost. It came this year on the 15th of Oct-

ydid sounded the first fiddling note over, just ninety days after Mr. Kat from the family of Locustidae. The male Katydid is the one who strikes up his stridulating organs at the base of his front wings and gives the warning of the frost in the next ninety days. And it comes to pass every time, according to the tab that older persons keep on events of this kind. So the Katydid is a pretty sure frost prognostigation.

Counting sheep to bring on sleep does not work in every instance, with apparently, all the sheep in Durham county—and all in the adjoining counties—and it did not bring on slumber, and I have come to the conclusion that it rather aids insomnia, as it keeps you thinking when you will get the last one, and fall into the arms of Morpheus. The thing you call insomnia is a hard thing to alley. The best advice I can get on the sub-

ject is lie down; let the muscles relax, if you can, let your thoughts wander where they will, and avoid the exercise of any sort of concentration of volition. If you do that you may not get the sleep of the just, but it will be just sleep.

A newspaper asserts: "Vital statistics for the past few months indicate that many men are running into matrimony because of war clouds." A man who is afraid to go into war but will rush into matrimony, has a very distorted idea of heroism. Getting behind a skirt will not ameliorate his duty to his country. A wife cannot save a man from self-imposed cowardice.

The way submarines are plowing British shipping under the waves it looks like Davy Jones will have to have a bigger locker to take care of the vessels that come down to him.

THESE AUTUMN AFTERNOONS

I must be silent . . . here's enchanted ground,
A world long lost to everything but dream,
Golden and slow and hushed of every sound,
Where days are less than leaves upon a stream; . . .
Passing and passing, days without a name,
Whose drowsy thought is all a stilled delight
That drifts into this shining hush of fame,
This moment's respite on the edge of night.

I must be silent, here . . . there is no word
So weightless and so golden but would break
This haunted dream in which no sound is heard,
This golden sleeping that must never wake
Till the last leaf has faltered to the ground
With something less . . . and more! . . . than any sound.

—David Morton.

FIND LIVINGSTONE

(The Canadian Baptist)

David Livingstone was a Scottish medical missionary and explorer. In 1841, at the age of 28, he went to Africa, ministering to the natives. In 1849 he went on an exploring expedition, crossing the Kalahari desert as far as Lake Ngami. In 1851 he discovered the Zambezi River. Following the river eastward, he discovered the world renowned Victoria Falls, and later reached the east coast at Quilimane, Portuguese East Africa, where he was appointed British consul and put in command of an official exploring party at the instance of the Royal Geographical Society. Livingstone went into the depths of the Dark Continent to discover the source of the Nile. On this voyage he discovered Lakes Mweru and Bangweulu. While on this voyage sickness compelled him to seek rest at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. It was during this seclusion that the incidents of this story occurred.

Henry M. Stanley: "Mr. Livingstone, I presume."

David Livingstone: "Yes."

Henry M. Stanley: "I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

David Livingstone: "I am most thankful that I am here to welcome you."

These were the first words spoken when Stanley found Livingstone at the native village of Ujiji on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in east central Africa, nine hundred miles from the coast. In 1868 David Livingstone had set out from Zanzibar obsessed with the idea of finding the source of the Nile river. For five years no word

had been received from him. His friends feared he had perished.

Henry M. Stanley was a newspaper correspondent who had also won renown as an explorer. He was now in Spain reporting a revolt. One day he received a dispatch from James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York Herald, asking that Stanley meet him in Paris. "I have important business on hand for you," said the publisher when the two men met; "do you think Livingstone is alive?"

"I really do not know, sir," replied Stanley.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"Have you seriously considered the great expense?" Stanley asked.

"Yes, draw a thousand pounds now, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and then another thousand, and so on. But find Livingstone. That is all. Find Livingstone—and God be with you!"

In February, 1871, Stanley left Zanzibar with thirty-one armed natives and one hundred and fifty-three porters to find Livingstone. The way through the jungle was indescribable. Stanley himself, sick; his native helpers mutinous; ants, insects, wild beasts, lions—everything was molesting them. Yet, Stanley pressed on, always onward.

On the morning of November 3, Stanley's expedition met a caravan from Ujiji. When Stanley asked for news, he learned that there was a white man at Ujiji.

"A white man?" asked the excited Stanley of the native.

"Yes, like the master (meaning Stanley himself). He has white hair on his face, and is sick."

"Hurrah!" shouted Stanley. "It is Livingstone! It must be Livingstone! It can be no other!" He called upon his men for forced marches to Ujiji. Like a hurrican the rescuer, the reporter, stormed across the wilderness.

And on November 10, 1871, the 236th day in the wilderness since they left the coast, the Stanley party entered Ujiji. A noisy crowd surrounded Stanley, and a tall black native, wearing a long white tunic, thrust himself forward, stating he was Livingstone's servant. Stanley bade him to run fast to his master and tell him a friend had come. The messenger ran with great speed, his white raiment streaming behind him like a wind-whipped pennant.

The column of visitors made its way into the strange village, a menacing mob on either flank. Stanley, at the head of the column, reached the market place, where he caught sight of a lean, elderly figure, white haired and weary-looking. The two men met.

Stanley remained with Livingstone four months, during which time the two made voyage to the north end of Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone resisted all pleadings of Stanley to return with him to England. He desired to stay in Africa to the end. Stanley took his leave, and eighteen months later, amid the strange and

wild surroundings of the village of Chitambo, on the shore of beautiful Lake Bangweulu, where heaven rests a smiling countenance upon a virgin soil, David Livingstone passed from this earth.

The natives, understanding Livingstone's love for Africa, took his heart and buried it in African soil. They bound his body to a pole and tenderly carried it over the tortuous nine hundred miles to the coast. Its final restin place was in Westminster Abbey.

And among the beautiful North Downs of Surrey, in the south of England, thirty years later, they laid away Henry M. Stanley. There stands a lonely tomb, where tourists, in silent reverence, read the eternal inscription: "Henry Morton Stanley, 1841-1904," with his African name, "Bula Matari" (the Rock Breaker), and the one word, "Africa."

Sir Henry Morton Stanley was originally named John Rowlands. He was employed in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1859 by a merchant named Stanley, whose name he adopted. He served in the Civil War with the Confederate army, and was captured at the battle of Shiloh. He accompanied a military expedition against the Indians in 1867, and was present when Napier's forces captured Magdala in Abyssinia in 1868. Three years later he was sent to Africa to find Livingstone. His greeting, "Mr. Livingstone, I presume," is famous.

Before you call anyone a failure, remember that the word can justly be applied only if he has failed to do what he set out to do, not what you think he ought to have done.—Selected.

I WAS IN PRISON

(Educational News, U. L. C. A. Board of Education)

Sometime ago I was in prison. When, where, and how long doesn't matter. The iron doors opened and closed only as the guards pulled levers in response to signals.

But it was Sunday morning at a reformatory. To the tune of a stirring march 1,800 individuals came to a large auditorium. There was an orchestra under the leadership of a capable director, a choir, and a negro quartet. The singing was hearty; the attention was better than one would expect. During the service, one prisoner was baptized.

It was my privilege to speak. For twenty-five minutes I tried to show that the hand of God is not turned against them, that God has a plan for their lives, that there is work for them to do, and that there is hope for them in Jesus Christ. As we left the platform, the audience burst into applause ("Contrary to custom," remarked the chaplain) as an evidence of their appreciation.

Who were these prisoners? The figures for that group on that day were not available, but the data on those received during the fourth quarter of 1938 may be considered as typical. During that period, 337 were received from the court, and 90 were received as paroled violators returned, escapes returned, and transfers.

The average age was 23 years. The age having the largest number was 19. Eighty per cent were less than 25; 70 per cent declared they had no religious affiliation; 70 per cent were considered to be in good health, while 30 per cent had venereal disease; 52 per cent were drinkers.

About 53 per cent came from homes broken by divorce and death.

Only two per cent of the parents had better than a common school education. In fact, 55 per cent of the parents did not have a common school education. Only 20 per cent of the prisoners had an education above common school.

These 337 new arrivals were listed as having 27 occupations with 127 designated as laborers, 29 as farmers, 19 as painters, 19 as truck drivers, 10 as clerical workers, 4 as musicians, and one as a preacher. Five had no occupation.

Some of the 38 crimes for which they were imprisoned were burglary, larceny, forgery, robbery, and theft,

A review of these statistics indicated the significance of broken homes, lack of education and no religious training. Ripley's "Believe It or Not," after obtaining affidavits to substantiate the facts, reported that there is a community in Kansas where there has not been a crime committed for some forty years. That community is without a public school, but it has a Lutheran parochial school. A statement has come to my attention that forty boys and girls can be given religious training with money spent to maintain one prisoner in a penitentiary. In other words, it costs forty times as much to care for a prisoner in a penitentiary as to give a boy or girl a religious education. It is also reported that from the one-half of the American people who have no religious training comes 95 per cent of the criminals.

These facts and the responsiveness

of those 1,800 youths constitute more evidence that Christian education is still the need of the hour. Churches should enlarge and intensify their educational programs. As a means of protection to citizens, the state and federal governments should encourage colleges with programs of Christian education rather than enter into competition with programs of secular education. As a matter of economy, assuring a decrease of

taxes and government expenses, citizens should support with their wealth Christian education. As a matter of character building, parents should insist on more religious instruction for their children. As a matter of the development and perpetuity of a desirable civilization, men and women every where should work for and support to the utmost, even of sacrifice, programs of Christian education in congregations.

WHERE LILIES BLOOM

They lie in France where lilies bloom,
 Those flowers pale that guard each tomb
 Are saintly souls that smiling stand
 Close by them in that martyred land,

And mutely there the long night-shadows creep
 From quiet hills to mourn for those who sleep,
 While o'er them through the dusk go silently—
 The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea.

And lately round them moaned the winter wind,
 Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind,
 Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide
 The time when turns forever that false tide.

In France they lie where lilies bloom,
 Those flowers fair for them made room,
 Not vainly placed the crosses stand,
 Within that brave and stricken land.
 Their honor lives, their love endures,
 Their noble death the right assures,
 For they shall have their hearts' desire—
 They, who unflinchingly braved the fire,
 Across the fields their eyes at last shall see,
 Through clouds and mists the hosts of Victory.
 —Selected.

THE NEW ANNEX TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

By Paul R. Kerchendorfer

The New Annex to the Library of Congress is far more than a great modern receptacle for books. This mighty artery of our national library is a beautiful and suggestive symbol of the world's learning, wisdom and intellectual advancement and productiveness. The recently completed structure is faced with fine Georgia marble, and is as chastely white as if carved from new-fallen snow, where it rises in stately beauty against the sky, near the apex of historic Capitol Hill.

The most complete library building in the world, the new Annex is rectangular, standing four-square with the cardinal points of the compass, and covers two city blocks, except the extreme northern end, which is occupied by the Folger Shakespeare Library. The Annex is five stories in height above the ground, with the fifth story set back thirty-five feet. This broad set-back is matched by a lesser one above it, and these, with the slight projections at the base of the building, dispel the box-like appearance that so compact a structure could easily have. The principal entrance faces the main Library of Congress building on the west. On the south is the imposing entrance that belongs to the United States Copy-right Office. Lofty stairways lead upward, curving near the top toward the bronze entrance doors. Symbolic figures decorate the doors, and from the white marble balustrade the owl, that belongs to Minerva, goddess of wisdom, keeps guard.

An added beauty in the outer setting of this lily-white structure is the relieving wreath of low-growing evergreens about the foundation, that link the building with the sloping lawn, carpeted with the emerald green of new-sprung grass. The approach to the main entrance of this beautiful symbol of learning in stone, is a graceful semi-circular driveway. This is flanked by a broad walk, between beds of evergreens, which are skillfully arranged to give an unusual perspective, making the sloping lawn seem many times its actual size.

Enhancing the austere beauty of the east and west facade are several tall doors of highly polished golden bronze. Each slim leaf is severely plain, the only decorations being small conventionalized figures which are so flat in drawing, and modeled in such low relief that they might have come from tombs of ancient Egypt.

There are twelve of these sages, and they represent the history of the alphabet, and its advent into the minds of men. Language is "the noble master of knowledge," and the alphabet may truly be regarded as the building material used by language. The colorful and little known saga of the alphabet is graphically depicted as it has come down to us through legend, mythology and history. Each great division of the human race has its own story of how it first received the gift of letters, and each of these traditions has its own central hero. On the bronze doors of the Annex

these range from the legendary ibis-headed Thoth, of ancient Egypt, to the modern Cherokee, Sequoia, who created a written alphabet for the Indians of North America.

In the noble parade of the alphabet sages is the Chinese, Ts'Chieh, the four-eyed one, who devised written characters from a close study of the fairy treachery left by bird claws upon the sand. So great was his gift, and so deeply did the people appreciate it, that there was a nation-wide thanksgiving, during which "the sky rained grain." Nabu marches blithely along bearing his stylus. He was a neighbor of Abraham and his symbol, seen on the boundary stones, is the language of the scribes. He assisted the king of Assyria in collecting the literary remains of the past, and modern scholars believe this to be the first institutional library.

India's representative is Brahma, legendary creator of the Sanskrit alphabet. Tradition claims that the serrated sutras on the human skull are his "hand-writing." There is Cadmus, familiar to all, because he planted dragon's teeth; and Ogma, of the shining countenance, who gave Ireland the priceless gift of letters. Odin, the one-eyed hero of the Norse pantheon is beautifully depicted. Tradition claims he started with one letter, and said "that one letter grew out of the other letter. And one word grew out of the other word."

A striking figure is that of Itzamna, who is credited with giving the alphabet to the Mayas of Central America. He invented writing and books, and was so wise he bore the sobriquet of "noble or royal master of knowledge." Close by is Quetsalcoatl, another picturesque sage of the Toltec alphabet. Emperor as well as

scholar, he was known as the Four-Way Foot because of his development and encouragement of interurban commerce of cotton, cacao, and other products.

A familiar and beloved figure is that of Hermes, he of the winged cap and flying feet. The messenger of the gods, he is credited with bringing much good to Greece, his greatest gift being its alphabet, from which flows the world's richest literature. Another picturesque figure is that of Tamurah, Persia's humane sage, who tamed and protected the birds and animals. He "turned all hidden things to wise use," gave his people the "new and fruitful art of writing." Surrounding the doors is a wide flat band of white marble upon which has been carved the age old symbols that signify knowledge, learning, wisdom and light. The unique figure on the alphabet doors represent years of study and incredibly patient research into the scant archives of history's dawn time. But their creator has been rewarded with the greatest of all tributes; scientist and artist find the strangely fascinating figures breath-taking, and stand silent before them, thus offering to genius the most prized of all tributes.

Entering the Annex is to be at once transported, as if upon a magic carpet, to a wonder land far more entrancing than the one that Alice found. The three floors below the thirty-five foot set-back are for office and work space. The fifth floor is given over entirely to readers. Two large rooms, each with a capacity for several hundred readers, are on either side of a spacious card-catalogue room. Around these are alcoves for study or reference work.

Above the pillars that line the

sides, stretches an exquisite mural of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, "Wel nyne and twenty in a company." So exquisitely painted are the familiar pilgrims in the grand march, that it is as if a section of the fifteenth century had slipped loose from its moorings in an ancient book, to seek and find safety in the nation's library. The immortal work of Chaucer, brought to life upon the walls of one of our great modern public buildings not only instructs and inspires; it energizes the mind, and sends observers speeding to their classics for a renewal of the knowledge that uplifts, and gives a deeper and more abundant mental life.

Arranged in two tiers around the periphery of the structure, are 172 study rooms, set aside for the use of those carrying on special research. Each room measures about eight by eleven feet. Whereas the inner reading rooms are artificially lighted, these have outside light, and look out over the city. The occupant each cubicle has independent control over heat and ventilation. The partitions are removable so that larger units can be formed if desired.

Below this floor, within the thirty-five foot set-back, are twelve tiers of stacks filling the whole central core of the building from the cellar to the fourth floor. They provide about thirteen acres of floor space, with a shelf capacity of 10,000,000 books. Adjustable or removable stacks provide complete adaptability to any specific use required, so that a bay of shelves can very quickly be converted into a locked enclosure, or any portion of any deck completely segregated. Dutch doors prevent the entry of unauthorized persons.

Below the surface of the ground are marvels of engineering skill. The cellar extends under only a portion of the building and is the terminus of the elevators and carriers, as well as the tunnel connecting with the main building. Storage and some mechanical equipment, take up the rest of the space.

In the sub-basement, besides the quarters for the engineering, house-keeping and custodial staff, is an elaborate set-up for photostatic and photographic work. Here, also, is the bulky equipment for air conditioning; blowers, etc.

The basement, which is partly above the street level, is the home of the printing office and bindery, with the exception of two rooms reserved on the west side of the building. This printing office and bindery are under the jurisdiction of the United States Government Printing Office.

The entire first floor is given over to the copyright office, with a portion to the adjacent stocks assigned to the storage of its files. This great branch of our national law for the protection of the rights of the citizens of the United States, now has a habitation that is adequate in size, and of a beauty and dignity that is suitable for an office whose importance is realized by few.

The estimable institution that forms the link with the learned societies of the world, the Smithsonian Deposit, will be quartered on the floor above. The Sematic and documents divisions will also be housed on this floor. Each division will have its own reading rooms, issue desk, and stack space adjacent. Here too, will be the reading room for bound newspapers. Its present location in the main building reveal it to be the most frequented

department in the national library.

The third floor will be used by one of the fastest growing divisions in the Library of Congress, viz, the card division. Already this division has a stock exceeding 100,000,000 cards. Its present space provides for an expansion to 350,000,000 cards. The intervening space of four floors between this division and its indispensable partner, the branch printing office, is no handicap, for a special automatic lift will insure rapid connections. On the fourth floor is storage space amounting 2,000 square feet which will soon be absorbed by this fastest growing library in the world.

The building is equipped with pneumatic tubes through which calls for books are received, automatic elevators for use of the staff, book carriers, and newspaper lifts, besides near a dozen public elevators throughout the building, controlled and operated by uniformed operators.

One of the amazing features of this magnificent modern library, is the pneumatic book tubes that connect the main building with the Annex. The books are put in oval leather pouches that have a capacity of eight

average-size octavo volumes. The loaded pouch is shot through the metal tubes at the incredible speed of twenty-five feet a second, traversing the 700 feet between the termini in the two buildings, in twenty-eight seconds, and landing safe and sound in a bank of air which prevents any damage to their precious contents.

Viewing the constant rise of traffic congestion, the architects have overlooked nothing. With a great foresight they have provided, beneath the surface of the ground, a parking space for 700 vehicles. This underground garage circles the building and is reached by a ramp on the north end.

Tall, stately, the white Annex stands among the group of splendid buildings that crown the apex of Capitol Hill. From the Capitol, the great bronze Freedom looks over the treetops to where a graceful bronze pole rises besides the new Annex. Its base is surrounded with stars; and from its slim top there floats the United States flag—bespeaking unmistakably, that this splendid new building is a part of the Great American nation.

DO YOU?

Do you ever think of the harm you can do

When you utter a word that's unkind?

Do you ever think of the heart that may ache

From a speech that is cruelly designed?

It isn't so hard to be careful of speech,

In showing how well you are bred;

When tempted to torture a sensitive heart,

Just leave words that worry unsaid.

—Caroll Van Court in "Boy Life."

SON OF FAMOUS MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER BURIED AT SALISBURY

By L. E. Huggins

John W. Harden, in *The State*, has dug up some interesting information about Robert Livingston, who was among those prisoners. The story follows:

New attention has been focused on the life and story of David Livingstone famous missionary to Africa, with the general showing over North Carolina recently of a motion picture, "Stanley and Livingston."

North Carolina has two reasons for being keenly interested in the Livingstone saga. Livingstone College, Salisbury Negro institution, was named for the missionary, Robert Livingston son of the missionary and explorer, died in the Salisbury Confederate prison of Civil war days, and is buried there, under an assumed name.

Facts in the case have been assembled from a copy of "The Personal Life of David Livingstone," a compilation of the journals and correspondence that was in the hands of the Livingstone family. The book was published in 1880.

On page 366 of this book it is reported that Dr. Livingstone received a report that his son "poor Robert," has died in a hospital in Salisbury, North Carolina."

Robert Livingstone seems to have been a restless soul. An expression found in his father's writings, with reference to his son, shows that the father considered him "a deal of the vagabond nature from his father." School was irksome to him, and he was sent to Natal, in South Africa, with the view of joining his father.

But there was no opportunity for him to get from there to Zambesi, and he finally returned to America. Landing in Boston, he enlisted in the Union army.

He had no desire to trade on his father's fame and name, so he enlisted under an assumed name, to give expression in battle to the dislike that he, as well as his father, bore for slavery. He considered that he was fighting for the freedom of the slaves, his correspondence to his sister showed. Too, he purposely abstained from taking life in battle, even in the heat of a charge, which made him a strange sort of soldier. Eventually, he was wounded, taken prisoner and sent to the Salisbury prison. From the prison he wrote to his father, again expressing an intense desire to travel.

But his career came to a close. He died at Salisbury in his 19th year.

Livingstone must have derived satisfaction from the last letters his son wrote to him, from the prison in North Carolina. These may have, in a measure, counterbalanced the sadness the missionary had experienced at his son's unsatisfactory career.

Writing to a friend in 1864, Dr. Livingstone said: "I hope your eldest son will do well in the distant land to which he has gone. My son is in the federal army in America, and no comfort. The secret ballast is often applied by a kind hand above, when to outsiders we appear to be sailing gloriously with the wind."

The body of young Robert Livingston lies in Salisbury in one of 18

trenches that contain the bodies of 11,680 soldiers of the Union army who died there. The gay son of a world-famous father came to the end of restless wanderings with other wearers of the Blue.

Disease settled upon the Confederate prison at Salisbury and the men died off so fast that individual graves could not be provided for them, and

they were buried in long trenches, side by side.

Livingstone enlisted at Boston under the name Rupert Vincent.

The records in the office of the national cemetery at Salisbury show that: "R. Vincent, private, company H, Third New Hampshire regiment, died December 5, 1864, from a wound."

LIFE SCULPTURE

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
 With his marble block before him,
 And his eyes lit up with a smile of joy,
 As an angel-dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
 With many a sharp incision;
 With heaven's own light the sculpture shone,—
 He'd caught that angel-vision.

Children of life are we, as we stand
 With our lives uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
 Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision,
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
 Our lives, that angel-vision.

—George Washington Doane.

SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL

By Irma Hegel

The wind roared like a maddened thing. The rain sluiced down in all directions. A wave, rising in a dark grey wall, loomed high above the ship and crashed against the bow completely stoving in the starboard side of the pilot house. Water rushed in, bowling over the seaman on watch and shattering the wheel, the navigation instruments and the shaft. Two oilers hurried in to bear the unconscious seaman into the master's quarters and revive him. In another part of the ship, the remainder of the crew tugged canvas over the starboard, baled water and capped every ventilator. . . .

Excitement aplenty for a ship that never sails yet all this actually took place on Lightship No. 113 during the Pacific hurricane of 1932.

Lightships, as we all know, are the vessels stationed where lighthouses are impracticable and the threat of danger is ever present. Though the lightship men never go anywhere, they often have a far more exciting existence than sailors who make regular ocean voyages.

Tucker's poem of these men is familiar to everyone. It goes like this:

"When a sailor gets to thinking
He is one of the best,
Let him ship out on a lighthouse
And take the acid test.
If he still feels like bragging,
I don't think that all his tales
Will be of deep sea sailing,
But of the ship that never sails."

Each lightship has a crew of nine

men, a mate, an engineer, an assistant engineer, and oiler, a cook and four seamen. The seamen draw a monthly wage of sixty-two dollars and fifty cents which includes their bed and board while they are on duty. A lighthouse man has eight days off during a thirty-day period in the following order: First leave—captain, cook and sailor; second leave—oiler, assistant engineer and one seaman; third leave—mate, engineer and two sailors.

Calm days there is the monotony of swabbing planked decks already spotless, painting masts already shiny keeping a vigil that never ends.

But when the winds starts blowing and the glass falls—then it's another story. The waves come crashing against the ship like a thousand demons bent on destruction. The ship keels over on her side, then drops sickeningly back the other way for hours at a time.

Weather has not been the only danger the lightship has encountered. In days gone by, navigators had a habit of passing the lightships too closely and many were the wrecks that occurred. Too close a passing was said to have been the cause of the sinking of the Nantucket Lightship by a transatlantic liner in 1934. Fire Island Lightship, in the approaches to New York, was struck by the steamer *Philadelphian* in 1916. The crew of the Fire Island showed the courage and resourcefulness of all lightship men. By promptly emptying tanks, shifting coal and getting the slung-over boats filled with water,

they were able to lift the Fire Island so it came above the water line and thus able to be towed to New York. In 1925 Hege Fence Lightship was struck by a foreign freighter and sank within fifteen minutes. In 1919, a Standard Oil Company tug boat was towed in a barge to the Connecticut River. The tug passed the Cornfield Lightship located on Long Sand Shoal. But as the heavy barge, trailing on its long cable, yawed around in the wind, it careened into the starboard

side of the lightship with stunning force. The lightship sank in six minutes and rests today on the bottom of Long Sand Shoal under its successor.

Lightships were meant to warn mariners—that is their first duty. But they have repeatedly furnished refuge for those shipwrecked or in distress. The history of the lightship is one of unflinching courage of all occasions.

PRISONERS OF THE WARTBURG

Despite his bonds, like Paul he labored on
 With holy zeal to spread the gospel light
 And speed the message to the hearts of men
 Chained in the hopeless gloom of error's night.

Faith unmoved, sustained by God's own strength
 He spent the lonely hours in deep research;
 And gave his fellowmen and gave the world
 The Bible—the true treasure of the church.

For he had girded on the Spirit's sword
 And in its mighty strength withstood the throng
 Of Satan's messengers, and put to flight
 His foes—delivered those oppressed by wrong.

In presence of earth's highest potentates
 He stood undaunted, unafraid of harm—
 He stood alone, but underneath he felt
 The strength of God's own everlasting arm.

Clad in the armor of the mighty God
 He overcame, and triumphed in the strife,
 Then joined the glorious company of those
 Whose names are written in the Book of Life
 —Rose M. Swingle.

THE FLY THAT FOOLED THE SPIDER

(Lutheran Youth)

"Upsidaisy, Grandma, you haven't lost either that schoolgirl complexion or schoolgirl vigor; for your age I wager you're the best fence climber in the country. How about it, Grandpa?"

Apple-cheeked grandpa chuckled. "She'll always be the grandest girl in the world; I've never seen a fence yet that she couldn't climb, not always in the accepted manner or in the best form, but she gets over. Do you remember that time Sallie, you left half of your skirt dangling on the barbed wire fence this side of the marsh?"

The late September air was crisp and sweet, dew sparkled on the goldenrod and milkweed pods. You could tell the way they all picked up firewood and each person had his own particular duty that here was a family accustomed to cooking breakfast out in the woods. In less time than it takes a boy to get into a swimming suit a fire was crackling and the coffee pot was put on to bubble. Next came the tantalizing fragrance of ham and eggs, and each person toasted his own cornbread on a long fork.

David took a big bite of juicy apple, and, turning to grandma, inquired half earnestly and half jokingly, "Say, Snowwhite, where did you ever find the fountain of youth? I never saw anyone with as much pep."

With a whimsical smile the black-eyed lady answered, "You don't need a road map to find that fountain, for its like the kingdom of heaven; it's in your own heart. Just think of others and love others, and you'll never have to worry about sagging. It's only by the grace of God that we

grow and sparkle for a moment and then vanish away rather like the fireflies. And how dreadful it is not to shine while we have the chance!

"Oh, just look at this exquisite cobweb over here between the ironweeds. The dew sparkles on it as though it were a king's necklace." With great interest Diane and David knelt down to look. Mother and father moved closer as grandma began her story.

"You know, children, we all make nets of our lives and try to catch things of value, wheather we are fisherman or spiders or just dreamers. But when we find that the treasure is worthless and all of our energy has been tossed into the pocket of the wind, then there is tragedy and cause for long lament. It means death to every struggling soul to find the net heavy with seaweed. There was once a king, pompous and arrogant, who wanted to rule the earth. He had once whined for bread and begged pennies from those who rode on horseback, but he had long since forgotten this and killed everyone who dared remind him of his humble past. One cruel law followed another until the people lived in fear and perpetual uncertainty. This king had a short nose, and so he decided one morning while he was dressing that he could not abide long noses, that long noses must be driven out of his country. So he appointed an army of helpers who raised their right hands high into the air and solemnly promised to drive the long noses out of the country. The most important person in the army was the bloated brigadier general who measured all of the noses

and stamped a label on each hat band. "Nose too long, leave immediately!" or "Nose regulation length, remain!" If there was any dispute, they were taxed heavily and promised freedom, but the promised was never keep.

"Now it happened that these long-nosed people were in almost every instance richly talented and clever. They excelled in everything they studied whether it was art or drama, finance or scholarship; they were profound, motivated by faith in their ultimate destiny. The more they were persecuted the more their talents grew. This, combined with a sluggish liver, enraged the king, His Royal Highness Shortnose. He demanded that his parliament stay up all night to pass a law forcing all the long-noses out of the country immediately. For a long time they debated (each had studied voice culture and each loved the sound of his own voice). At long last they voted and the law was passed.

"Shops were looted, printing presses were broken, rare objects of art were shattered. One long-nosed surgeon, a gentleman of great skill and honor, was murdered as he bent over the surgical table performing an operation. When the brutal soldier tore the ether mask off the shrouded figure he recognized the face of his own mother, whose life would have been saved had the great surgeon finished his task. As a final gesture of hatred the frenzied mob rushed into the marble library and tore from the shelves all the priceless manuscripts written by long-noses. Into the street they dragged them heaping them higher and higher. Books representing lives, prayers, loves and all that is sacred to human kind. Ruthlessly they set a torch to the beautifully

painted books, and the flames rose higher and higher against the velvet darkness of night. His Royal Highness Shortnose and his councilors beamed with satisfaction: they rubbed their hands (flappy white hands unaccustomed to toil) and smiled blandly at each other. Some of the university professors went home to look up the meaning of the word 'civilization.'

"In a shadowed corner crouched an ancient long-nose with a long white beard and sensitive face, his arm around a pale terrified child. 'There, there, Isaac, look, there goes my life's work in a thin wisp of flame and blue smoke. It would have saved thousands of lives every year.' Sobbing pitifully he whispered: 'It is finished, there is nothing left but ashes, ashes and kind memories, but there is no alternative, we must go on.'

"Disguised as a peasant woman the with memory of the flaming book illuminating every step. The vivid incident shaped the life of the child; it colored his thinking and his prayers. He became a great physician and from far and wide men came to him for consultation, for help. He was wealthy, honored, a man of renown and integrity, but he never forgot the flaming book burning in the midnight street .

"His Royal Highness Shortnose had changed his name to Benefactor and Friend of All. He had even discarded his hat band. The afflictions of age gathered about him and he lay back upon his satten pillows trying to hide from death. He trembled and wept and pleaded for another physician. 'There must be someone who can save me,' he muttered, 'surely there is someone. Look again,' he begged. In despair one of his councilors spoke

of a brilliant doctor who lived across the sea, and suggested that perhaps he could help him. So they sent for him in the latest type aircraft, fitted with every convenience and luxury.

"The doctor came reluctantly, drawn by a hand stronger than his own. He stood looking down at the tyrant who had persecuted his people and exiled him. Hatred melted away as interest in the case mounted. It was in his power to kill this man or to save him; immediate surgery was the only hope. He paced to the window and looked out upon the twinkling lights of the vast city. Again he saw the bonfire of burning books, the leaping flames, the tragedy in his grandfather's deep set eyes. But his humanity had deeper roots. Human life was sacred; if he could save it, if it was in his power, he must bend every effort to do so. After all, the worn-out king had woven his own web, a Higher Power would judge him; that was beyond the doctor's province. Expertly he set about his task; his instruments were in order, his drugs ready, just one thing was lacking. A rare compound with which to treat the diseased tissue. He turned authoritatively to his assistant,

'You must procure the compound; call every laboratory in the country!' 'It is of no use, doctor; since the long-noses were driven out of the country years ago, the compound has not been made, the formula was burned on the night of the great bonfire. It has never been rediscovered, although many have endeavored to find it. His Royal Highness kills himself indirectly with his own watches. Again the fly consumes the spider and the web which was his castle becomes his grave. When human beings come to the edge of their powers the strong hand of the Master grasps the bow and with measured calmness compels them to listen as He finishes the melody.'

"Think of the story the next time you see a beautifully woven web," concluded grandma, as she jumped up and started scraping the dishes. "Solomon said in his second last proverb, 'The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces.'" It's comparatively easy to get into a palace, but the real test is the ultimate gesture, how does one come out of the ivory palace? As a serene, strong individual or as a lifeless corpse carried by indifferent strangers?"

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree

Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibers finally grope;

Leaves unfold in horizons free.

So man's life must climb

From the clods of time

Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,

What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

—Lucy Larcom.

HENRY AND HIS FORD

(Sunshine Magazine)

To look out of the window at the sleek, streamlined limousines floating by, it seems hardly possible that but thirty-six years ago a young man named Henry Ford was an unknown mechanic looking for two thousand eight hundred dollars with which to back a crazy idea of a "horseless carriage." Things were simpler in those days. Soon enough Ford raised the money and perfected his invention, ending up with close to a billion dollars and a country full of Fords. But if Ford were a young man now, what might have happened is something like this:

A man who says his name is Ford demonstrates a horseless carriage. Nobody even asks his first name after he mentions his need for two thousand eight hundred dollars. He goes to a magnate who has made newspaper headlines by betting thirty-nine thousand dollars on Tony Galento. The magnet tells Ford "this is no time to take chances." He goes to a banker, who says the horseless carriage easily has the potentialities of the '49 gold rush, but at the moment *he's* putting his money into government bonds.

A friend tells Ford he'd gladly advance the cash "except for the economic setup, unbalanced budget, inflation scare, and European war."

Finally Ford locates two bankers with courage, imagination, *and* money. They are about to give him two thousand eight hundred dollars when Ford mentions that "they will make millions." They grow pale, and dive

out the nearest tenth-story window.

Ford goes to Wall Street. After seeing the horseless carriage in action, the SEC holds up its promotion in a six months' inquiry to determine whether "Henry Ford" is the inventor's right name.

By rare luck, he finally finds a broker willing to float a loan. Just then the FTC suppresses Ford's advertising, which declares that "the auto may ultimately become as popular as the horse." The broker withdraws the loan in the face of this unfavorable publicity.

Finally Ford steals fourteen hundred dollars from penny banks, and raises another fourteen hundred selling shovels handles to WPA workers. He opens shop and is visited the first day by the CIO, AFL, NLRB, and Homer Martin. "Friends of the horse" denounce the destructive invention with frenzied speeches in both House and Senate. The President appoints a Commission to inquire into the economic aspect of the horseless carriage with a view to the possible effects on the economic system. The commission is abolished on motion of a Senator who declares that the gasoline buggy will throw out of work thousands of hack drivers, blacksmiths, ness makers—and bring on bloody stable boys, feed store workers, har-revolution. * *

The next day Mr. Ford runs his invention into Lake Erie and decides, as he watches it sink to the bottom, to raise Belgian hares at home after six easy lessons.

"Get system into your system."—Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

John Ham, Glodsboro, was called home on account of the illness of his mother. No reports have been received as to the condition of John's mother.

Another one of our boys, Joe Woody, had the misfortune to have an injury to his eye. This boy was readily sent to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, and put under the care of Dr. Sloan.

Clarence Baker, a boy from Cottage No. 9 was carried to the Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, Tuesday, 24, for treatment. He is being treated for an abscess on his knee. The report is that he is doing nicely.

Melvin Walters, a linotype operator, commutes between Concord and the School. He is working on the Concord Daily Tribune. Melvin reports the manager of Tribune is very kind and considerate of him in every respect.

Oscar Roland, once a patient of the Orthopaedic Hospital, before entering this institution, has been taken back for observation. His trouble is such that will require the skill of a surgeon. These troubles are given careful and immediate attention by the officials of the school.

The plumber, Joe Scarboro, with the carpenter force, is making the rounds getting things in fine shape for the winter. In addition to his usual duties he is installing a hot water boiler to be used at the time porkers are killed—then comes the

seasons for sausage, back-bone, spare ribs and other good things are expected.

John D. Corliss, third grade teacher, has been on his vacation, visiting his home folks in Massachusetts. Mr. Corliss sensed the cold weather would soon be upon us. New Englanders like the Sunny South and migrate to a warmer climate during the winter months.

One of the paroled boys, Charles Davis, Charlotte, made a return trip to the School and seemed to enjoy seeing the boys and officers. Our boys make periodical trips to the School, an evidence they appreciate all that was done for them while students here. Charles looked right prosperous.

The proverbial latch string of this institution always hangs on the outside for our former students. Last week, Harry Sims, Charlotte, one of the paroled boys stopped in to see his old friends. All of us were glad to see Harry. He reported that he was getting along nicely. While here he was in Cottage No. 5, and worked on the barn force.

Suppose you had a family of five hundred? Would you expect to pass through a day without some mishap? Not hardly. Well, one of the Junior boys, James Blue, came in a few days ago limping. He had given his foot a pretty serve cut. The local physician, Dr. King, was called. It was necessary to take several stitches. James is now recuperating in the infirmary under the care of the nurse.

He is not at all what his name indicates, blue, but is having a fine time with much attention.

Realizing that a "thing of beauty is a joy forever", Superintendent C. E. Boger has ordered broadcasting a coat of fertilizer and the sowing of Italian rye seed for winter growth of grass on the grounds of the institution. Well kept buildings and lawns not only gives an incentive to other people to fix up property, also, it gives a better morale to the student body of the school.

Superintendent Boger went to Chapel Hill last Thursday to attend the Welfare Institute. There were present on this occasion welfare workers from all over the state. The contact at such meetings has a tendency to raise workers from old grooves, and renew interest by an exchange of experiences. These welfare meetings are conducive to a transfusion of new thoughts for the uplift of humanity.

The movie Thursday night, 26th, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys. It is interesting to hear our boys discuss the different movie stars. It is impossible to lose these boys. They respond to every favor with an understanding heart. After enjoying the clean past time provided for them they retire to their dormitories with a hope, feeling there is some one who cares. The mission of this school carries an appeal that is most satisfying. At least this is the way the officers look upon the noble work they are doing.

Many of the officers and matrons of the Jackson Training School have

been attending the Charlotte Fair. They reported a fine exhibit, clean amusement and a big crowd in attendance. When the Cabarrus Fair was operating the boys of this institution were the guests of the Fair for one day. The remark from some of the boys has been—"we sure wish the managers of the Charlotte Fair would invite us over for a day just as the managers of the Cabarrus Fair used to do. It would be nice thing to do. A hint to the wise is sufficient. May be the invitation will be extended next year.

The textile plant of the Jackson Training School, under the management of Mr. Blume has been putting out some very good work. The boys seem to be taking to this special work just the same as a duck does to water, so the results have proven quite satisfactory. The North Carolina Cotton Manufacturer's Association will meet next week at Pinehurst. For this occasion there will be an exhibit of cloth manufactured at the school. We suggest sending some of our manly and well mannered, youngsters, the finest products of the Jackson Training School, and have them take charge of the exhibit. It would be a fine combination,—the boys and their work.

Every thing was set pretty for the Halloween festivity at the Jackson Training School on Tuesday evening. The set up for the celebration was made of cornstalks illuminated with weird colorings, an appropriate background for the witches, spooks, hobgoblins and black cats to roam, and play their traditional stunts. The boys had but little to disguise their personality, but they did their best by

costuming and entertaining into the spirit of the occasion. The best of all spirits that prevailed was the one of good-will. Everybody, including the officers, matrons and the five hundred boys mingled and each felt better for having touched elbows at this jolly occasion. It was a party for the entire school, and all present gave evidence of appreciation by a beaming countenance. The menu was most delicious. There were hot rolls, weenies, cold slaw, popcorn, and peppermint candy and soft drinks, and those present partook freely of the feast declaring it was one of the best parties ever held at the Jackson Training School. Already the youngsters of this school have counted the days before Thanksgiving, knowing that date to be another holiday and "Mr. Turkey" will be on the spot.

Rev. Whitely of First Presbyterian Church of Albemarle conducted the Sunday Services. Rev. Whitely brought with him fifteen members of the Junior Choir of the church, accompanied and directed by Mrs. Whiteley.

After the choir had sung two special numbers, "Remember The Sabbath Day" and "Pilot Me, O Savior," Rev. Whiteley read as scripture a part of Luke 15—the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Boy.

The speaker began by saying that if we give away a piece of money, we think nothing more of it; but if the coin be lost—even though it be a small coin—it is tragic. The heart of Jesus feels the same way. Jesus came to tell who God is and what He is like. If we look in the New Testament we seen Jesus, and through Him we know the Father. Jesus not only revealed God, but illustrated Him. He compared him to something the people in His time, and we know something of already. He not only is like the good shepherd, he is the good shepherd, who having lost one of his hundred sheep, leave the ninety and nine and seek until the lost is found. So often we, as the sheep, go astray without realizing it, and we need someone to pull us back. Jesus, the good shepherd, is the one who risks his life to return the lost one to the fold.

Jesus feels as the father felt about his lost Son who repented of his foolishness and returned home to become as a hired servant. We are each so apt to stray away from the Father, but happy is He when we regret our leaving the Father out of our plans, and return to Him. He meets us with tears and kisses, and received his own joyfully.

Following his sermon, the Choir sang another number, the School sang a hymn, and the minister pronounced the benediction.

If you must make mistakes, it will be to your credit if you will make a new one each time.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending October 29, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (20) Clyde Gray 20
Gilbert Hogan 8
Leon Hollifield 20
- (19) Edward Johnson 19
- (14) Frank Johnson 15
Robert Maples 12
- (11) Frank May 19
Thomas Turner 16

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) Jack Broome 14
Charles Browning 3
- (9) Howard Cox 16
Clinton Call 10
Burman Keller
Clay Mize 11
- (4) H. C. Pope 17
- (3) Lee Wadkins 12
Everett Watts 6
William Whittington 8
- (2) William C. Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 14
- (3) Earl Barnes 17
- (8) Coolidge Green 18
- (2) A. C. Lamar 12
- (12) F. E. Mickle 20
- (3) J. C. Robertson 19
- (2) George Shaver 12
- (14) Allen Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 4

- (5) Paul Broome 8
William Cherry 6
Arthur Edmundson
William C. Jordan 5
J. W. McRorie 10
- (5) J. C. Nance 6
Robert Simpson 9
- (9) Melvin Walters 21
John Whitaker 3
- (7) James Wilhite 19

Cecil Wilson 8
Thomas Yates 5

COTTAGE No. 5

- Theodore Bowles 10
- (14) Lindsey Dunn 20
Robert Dellinger 3
A. C. Elmore 11
Ray Hamby 12
- (11) William Kirksey 15
- (11) Everett Lineberry 19
- (2) Paul Lewallen 13
- (2) Richard Starnes 11
- (2) Eugene Smith 5
Edward Thamasson
Fred Tolbert 4
- (4) Hubert Walker 16
- (5) Dewey Ware 19

COTTAGE No. 6

- (5) Robert Bryson 16
Spencer Lane 8
- (3) Randall D. Peeler 8
Carl Ward 6
Ronald Washam 3
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 19
Cleasper Beasley 9
- (3) John Deaton 20
- (4) Donald Earnhardt 16
- (4) George Green 14
Richard Halker
- (3) Raymond Hughes 10
- (2) Robert Hampton 14
- (12) Hugh Johnson 21
- (3) Robert Lawrence 11
- (6) Elmer Maples 17
Arnold McHone 13
Marshall Pace 10
Carl Ray 12
- (3) Loy Stines 14
Alex Weathers 12
- (3) Joseph Wheeler 11
William R. Young 11

COTTAGE No. 8

- (3) Cecil Ashley 10

- (3) Lewis H. Baker 7
- (2) Ottis Kilpatrick 2
Olin Langford

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood 12
- (4) Mack Bell 5
Roy Butner 15
- (8) Frank Glover 18
- (3) Wilbur Hardin 12
Daniel Kilpatrick
- (15) Harold O'Dear 18
- (2) Eugene Presnell 15
James Ruff 5
Richard Singletary
- (8) Cleveland Suggs 12
- (3) Preston Wilbourne 18
- (5) Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(No. Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

- Harold Bryson 19
- (3) William Covington 6
- (16) William Dixon 18
- (4) Albert Goodman 16
- (22) Earl Hildreth 22
Andrew Lambeth 8
- (8) Paul Mullis 17
- (3) Edward Murray 19
Theodore Rector 13
- (16) John Uptegrove 20

COTTAGE No. 12

- (3) Odell Almond 13
- (4) Allard Brantley 13
- (2) William C. Davis 9
William Deaton 9

- (6) Howard Delvin 13
- (2) S. E. Jones 13
Clarence Mayton 12
- (12) Avery Smith 20
- (3) Ralph Sorrells 13

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) Wilson Bailiff 9
- (4) William Goins 12
- (2) James V. Harvel 16
- (5) Douglas Mabry 15
- (11) Paul McGlammery 14
- (2) Jordan McIver 11
- (2) Thomas R. Pitman 13
- (11) Alexander Woody 20

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Mack Coggins 11
John Ham 11
- (2) Norvell Murphy 8
- (2) Henry McGraw 12
Troy Powell 17
Charles Steepleton 14
- (3) Harold Thomas 11
- (4) Garfield Walker 14
- (2) J. C. Willis 5
- (3) Jones Watson 10

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Phillip Holmes 15
- (22) Warren G. Lawry 22
- (6) Early Oxendine 16
- (2) Thomas Oxendine 19
Charles Presnell 11
- (2) Curley Smith 18
- (5) Thomas Wilson 18

“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

—Mary Baker Eddy.

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UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 11, 1939

NO. 45

GRAY NOVEMBER

Now the skies are leaden cold,
Last lone leaves are falling;
Sap is shrinking; birds fly south,
To their laggards calling.

All outdoors is growing numb,
Wood ways coldly greet us;
We must wait the winter's will
Ere the blossoms meet us.

How can sunlight flicker out
On dead stems, I wonder?
Hark! Was that an elfin laugh
From the thicket yonder?

Gray November's willful child,
None to stay or stint her,
Flaunts her tousled yellow locks
In the face of winter!

—The Youth's Companion.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

God give the nations peace,
Grant us from war release.
God give us peace.
Guide Thou the helm of State,
Still Thou the blast of hate,
Bid waves of strife abate,
God give us peace.

Touch, Lord, the human heart,
Bid hate and greed depart,
From fear release.
Let men in every land
Stretch forth the helping hand,
Brother to brother stand
Blest by Thy peace.

Send truth and righteousness
Healing the world's distress,
Great King of Peace.
For Him Who died that we
Saved by His love may be,
From war, Oh, set us free!
God give us peace.

—The Southern Churchman.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The local chapter of the American Red Cross will put on an intensive campaign for membership beginning on the 13, of November. The efficiency of the executive commission of the local chapter of the Red Cross having in the past merited the confidence of the people there is reason to believe the 1939 campaign will ex-

ceed that of any previous drive for members.

Another reason for faith in a successful campaign is that the people are better informed as to the object of the Red Cross and the needs of the continued activities throughout the nation.

The Red Cross on a white ground is the badge and flag adopted by the societies of all nations organized for the care of the sick and wounded at all times. The Red Cross on a back ground of white is the symbol of service whenever seen. It inspires faith and hope.

We are thoroughly conversant with the fact that if a disaster of a most destructive nature should befall us, or if an epidemic that would prove to be a scourage to humanity, it mattered not where, the first organization to unfold their flag upon the field for service would be the Red Cross. This organization, by the people and for the people, is accepted as the strong and long arm of humanitarian service that touches tenderly the sick and unfortunate regardless of race or creed.

This county has something over forty thousand people, and no one is secure from misfortunes so it is our privilege, as well as a duty, not only to safeguard ourselves, but keep in mind "we are our brother's keeper" and help to make this 1939 Red Cross campaign for members a success. We forecast that the people of the county will respond as never before when the Roll Call is launched the second week of November.

HALLOWE'EN

Many favorable comments have been heard about the Hallowe'en celebration. The comment has been that the affair in every appointment was most appropriate, the corn stalk boothes, where the refreshments were served, were unique in the midst of a cluster of oaks, the bowers of which furnished a canopy that showed a riot of colors seen only in the autumnal season. No one could possibly suppress the feeling of abandonment,—that we have assembled for "a rollicking good time," because the countenance of every boy, large or small, radiated the anticipation of real joy. They entered into the spirit of the occasion by making creditable Hallowe'en costumes with very little material to draw from.

This instance of the boy's resourcefulness is convincing that the age old expression, "necessity is the mother of invention," is true. This party entailed little expense, and here another story is told,—it does not take a lot of money to make happiness and a good time. The real joys of life come from within,—satisfaction and making the best of opportunities. The sum and substance of the affair is much was accomplished with a little, and every body spent a care free evening including boys and officers.

It was most appropriate that the placement of the Hallowe'en party was near the bakery, making it possible to serve the weenies and rolls while hot. The rolls and weenies with the soft drinks, peppermint candy, and popcorn made a feast for all after which those who communed with the spirits and witches retired to their respective cottages declaring, a jolly-good time.

WOMEN ALIKE THE WORLD OVER

This story of the ambition of the brides of the Oriental countries is very similar to that of the American brides. The story goes that the brides-to-be of Turkey have always looked forward with pardonable pride to outdoing each other with their wedding festivities. But the government has stepped in with a drastic decree and cast a deep gloom over those anticipating such a happy event.

The decree of the government is,—

(1) There shall be no "marriage festivities"; (2) the bridal coach can be attended by no more than five others; (3) no betrothal ceremony at the bride's home, to multiply the display and the costs; (4) no dowries and expensive wedding gifts; (5) the wedding festivities may not last beyond the day of the nuptials; (6) severe penalties will be inflicted on those who break this decree.

It seems quite unfair to deprive a bride of these joys on her wedding day, but is by far better to have the clouds and tears at this time than destructive cyclones afterwards. Many feel that these competitive wedding festivities are regarded as calamities, especially so when the pocket-book is strained to meet the emergencies. Life is the same the world over. In this Oriental country many

families borrowing money to make a big show with consequent results of hardships for the newly wedded couples. He who runs may read.

* * * * *

THEY ARE FRIENDS IN NEED, THE QUAKERS

The Quakers or Society of Friends was founded by George Fox in 1648-66. In spite of cruel and severe persecution, the Quakers succeeded in establishing themselves in England and America. Although not a large denomination, they have exerted a strong and good influence on the public at large, by their purity of life and the stand they have taken in certain great questions such as war and slavery. Their strength numerically in the whole world is about 150,000 membership.

As early as 1727 they censured the traffic in slaves, and by constantly opposing it with emphasis the British felt the glow of their appeals and gave freedom to their slaves.

Their leading doctrine is that of "internal light," believing the working of the Holy Spirit alone maketh wise and illumines the mind with true and right thinking.

They do not stress an educated ministry, and practice plainness of speech, apparel and a manner that behooves one of their denomination. They are among the world's few consistent pacifists. Neither are they conspicuous in their humanitarian work, because they avoid publicity. They never court favors. They accept no one for monetary values, but stand on the side of suffering humanity and for the oppressed. Their determination to see good in every body is a wonderful asset to these Christians. As a demonstration of their unbiased minds a double-headed Quaker relief unit headed the sick and fed the starving on both sides in the Spanish civil war.

They are in Germany today and their passport for service is: We do not seek to fix blame for trouble. We seek only to aid the suffering. They won permission to have their representatives come and go freely in this country and give relief.

In the days of William Penn they were the only Colonists who never fought with the Indians, believing that the rights of the Indians be taken in consideration. One of the precepts of their

teaching was "God is Love," and that man however lowly or misguided is never without the spark of divine in him.

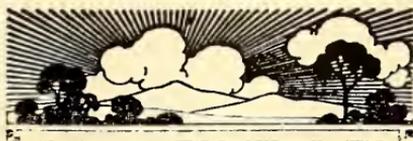
After The World War at the request of Herbert Hoover, who is himself a Quaker, they fed a million and a quarter German children who had been brought to the brink of starvation by the blockade. To a Quaker a hungry child is never anything but a hungry child.

Their meetings are impressive by the awesome silence of the individual souls communing with their Maker. To some they are a curious people, but are sturdy, and strong in their convictions. Oliver Cromwell said they are a people who cannot be bought with favors. Without fanfare they conduct a high powered relief organization in the world now through the "American Friends Service Committee.

* * * * *

SAVE YOUR PENNIES

Billions of pennies are lost by Americans and the government cannot figure out where they go. The pennies have always been elusive. Penny-making is one of the nation's biggest businesses. They are turned out at the rate of 2,871 a minute each working day. Enough one cent pieces have been coined to girdle the earth three times if laid end to end—the equal of 75,000 miles. Yet—where do they go? The government has never been able to figure this out. It is evident from this information that the masses of people are not mindful of the age old expression,—“save your pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves”. The mint officials have estimated that since the government started making pennies 5,000,000,000 of them have been lost,—the equal \$50,000,000.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

PASS IT ON

"Have you had a kindness shown?"

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

'Till in Heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on."

In times past it was customary to knock at the front door, on Sunday to find out if the family was at home. Now you have only to look at the garage. Truly, times do change.

The most trying thing that I can imagine is to have a lot of bills you cannot pay, and on top of that have a lot you cannot collect. This bill business is exceedingly trying and works both ways against you.

If the people of this world would only give Christianity and Democracy the chance to work as it should, this would be a better world in which to live. We are not giving them a real chance.

People who wear false teeth are never bothered with the tooth-ache; but if they wear tight shoes they often suffer all the agony of tooth-ache—and more—from corns and calli. So "there's a destiny that shapes our end, rough hew them as we will."

The confusion of having two Thanksgiving dates in this country has pro-

duced the effect of having to dress two turkeys where only one was dressed before. That is very like the theory of two blades of grass where there was one.

This is the month to talk turkey—and eat it, too. As Sol Smith Russell, the erstwhile comedian once said, "There's nothing half so good as turkey stuffed with sage and onions. "I am not an austere man, but I'll take oysters in my stuffing, thank you.

It is announced that a new program is soon to be placed on the air. An attempt to broadcast thought via radio. I thought they had been attempting to do that all the time, from some of the programs. Is it possible they have not succeeded?

A Durham mother, with a very pretty little daughter, were passing a Durham fruit store, where was displayed a very tempting bunch of bananas. The little tot spied it and said: "Mama, get me one of those "bandanas!" Cute.

Years ago Durham had a citizen a large, light-skinned Negro named Parson Scales. He was a window washer and floor scrubber, as well as a nondescript preacher and "argufier." When greeted as to how he felt, he would some times say, "Not so uplifting dis mawin." He had a habit of

sitting in on the courts as a spectator. I remember he once told me, when I asked him what he learned attending court. "Dar's one thing dat pesters me. I jes sit in de cotehouse, an wonder how dem lawyers kin get so many diffunt kinds o' law out de same law-book. Hit's jes like por'in lasses and vinegar, an watter out de same jug, one right arter tudder. It looks like de same book will do to hang a man, or turn him loose, or send him to jail—all for de same thing. I was in de cote ouse when dey had up a nigger for killin two hogs. One lawyer read sunfin out de book, an hit seemed to me, cordin to de readin, dat de nigger ought to be sent to de pen'tench'ry. Den de lawyer on tudder side read sunfin out de same book, an hit looked like dey ought to turn dat nigger right loose, an get him a new hat for killin dem hogs. Hit looked like he ought

'a' kilt em."

When an event occurs so many people are prone to ask so many unreasonable questions; like when a person looses a knife, or eye-glasses, some one will ask, "Where did you loose them?" If people knew where they lost things they would know where to find in that place. It has come to me that not long ago a passenger train was steaming at a lively rate out of the Union station. A man rushed from the station room and succeeded in tipping the hand rail of the last coach, and was whirled down, unhurt, on the platform. Persons rushed up, thinking he was hurt. One asked: "Did he catch that train?" Another bystander replied: "Yes; he caught it—but it got away from him."

SEVEN MISTAKES OF LIFE

Here are seven mistakes of life many of us make:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting the development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

—Highways of Happiness.

A LUXURY IN CAROLINA?

By W. T. Polk

Attorney General McMullan recently ruled that governing bodies can not ordinarily expend public moneys for public libraries, since such spending is not for a necessary public purpose. The ruling is not unsupported by decisions of our Supreme court. But it raises more and deeper questions for the citizen than it settles for the lawyer.

What is a necessary public purpose? What is a public necessity? Is a public library a public necessity for the Fiji Islands? No. For Berlin? Not now. For New York or Boston? Yes. For North Carolina?

If our era, as Mr. H. G. Wells pointed out, "is a race between education and catastrophe", as seems to be increasingly and painfully evident, is a public library a luxury?

The largest public libraries in the world are in Russia. Is an enlightened citizenship more necessary to communism than to democracy? To North Carolina?

Roads and sidewalks are legally public necessities; libraries are not. Are North Carolinians to be people who pamper their feet with pavements and their rears with rubber tires on concrete roads while they hang on their foreheads signs saying: "The Occupants of this State are Asleep and do Not Wish to be Disturbed!"

Education is a public necessity and rightly so. What is education? Mainly, booklearning. Schools and colleges are public necessities. What do you teach? The use of books. Where will their graduates get books?

Why should the state so expensively

and laboriously teach the use of tools which it does not furnish, but discourages the furnishing, to those Whom it has taught to use them?

What is the first requisite of a stable democracy? Intelligent voters?

Is it not true that "where suffrage is general, ignorance should not be universal"?

"Given the right to act freely, men will act rightly." So said Edward Kidder Graham. It comes close to the heart of democracy. Is it true? Only in so far as the free man has knowledge. Where will he get it? Are the radio and the newspaper sufficient to supply it? Hitler thinks so. Does America Does North Carolina?

Where will the voter get the wide but necessary knowledge of state, national and international affairs, history, science and economics, that will enable him to act rightly while he is acting freely? Where, in this complex civilization, but in books? Where will he get them if the libraries are closed?

What happens to a democracy when ignorance is universal?

North Carolina is a state rich in men and resources. She has both used and abused both. She has gone far. She has far to go. What does she need more than training, enlightenment, wisdom for the minds of her people? If anyone knows, let him say. What agency is more necessary in the fostering of those qualities than the public library?

Is North Carolina to close her libraries and look to the corner grocery store, the Amos and Andy hour, the comic strip and the Thursday Night

Bridge club as the temples of her oracles? What is a library? A collection of books. What are books? Who can speak for them? They are more than ink and paper.

Who will say to North Carolina: "These things have no interest for you—Homer, Herodotus, the Vedic Hymns, the Upanishads, the Analects of Confucius, Hesiod, Pythagoras, Xenophanes (great monotheist), Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Xenophon, Theocritus?"

Whose hand will take the responsibility of closing to us the doors to Justinian, Lucretius, Pliny, Plotinus, Epictetus (slave and Christian before Christ), Marcus Aurelius (a ruler yet wise), Plutarch, Tertullian, Tactus, Ovid, Saint Augustine, Wycliff, Petrarch, Erasmus, Luther, the voyages of Columbus, da Gama, Magellan, the mighty thoughts of Bruno, Bacon, Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci and Kepler, whose book of the motions of the stars, he said (perhaps having such things

as Savonarola and the North Carolina decisions prophetically in mind) "might well wait a century for a reader as God has waited six thousand years for an observer"?

Is it a little thing to say: "These writers are not for the minds of North Carolinians"—Montaigne, Hooker, Descartes, Spinoza, Paschal, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, Voltaire, Hume, Kant, Wesley, Rousseau, Franklin, Jefferson, Herschel, Laplace, Darwin, Hegel, Goethe, Washington, Marshall, Montesquieu?

Are we sheep or goats "that nourish a blind life within the brain" and have no necessity for Marlowe, Shakespeare, Spencer, Defoe, Dickens, Gibbon, Froude, Thackeray, Carlyle, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Conrad, Kipling, Galsworthy, Tolstoy, Destoevsky, Thomas Mann, Balzac, Emerson, Lanier, Thoreau, Whitman, Lincoln, Melville, Twain, Page, Porter and Wolfe?

If so, we have no necessity for a public library.

KEEP HEART

"One of the hardest things in Christian work—in all work for that matter is to get within one's self the spirit which keeps the work from degenerating into drudgery. For that result it is necessary to have in mind a great and lasting motive. Sometimes we find that motive is the possible fruits of our work. A man with a keen imagination, which enables him to look beyond the present duty to the fruit that is sure to come if he remains faithful, may grow weary in well-doing but he will not faint."—Selected.

A VANISHING AMERICAN MAKES A COMEBACK

By Walter E. Taylor

Among the most wondrous paragraphs in the diaries of early adventurers who first pushed west of the Allegheny Mountains in the eighteenth century are those dealing with observations on game. The country was literally alive with birds and animals—a sea of grass inhabited by millions upon millions of wild things in bewildering variety. Great flights of birds which took hours to pass overhead were reported, and as the western migration continued and adventurous fur traders pushed up the western rivers they told of having their boats held up by herds of buffalo which took days to swim the rivers. Several early writers on the subject of the great plains and mountain country observed that the game of this marvelous new land would feed the world for eternity! Today we know only too well how shortsighted those early voyagers were; by 1900 the sea of grass was largely a thing of the past and a vast proportion of the animals and birds were gone forever. The passenger pigeon and the heath hen became extinct species and the buffalo, too, might have disappeared from the face of the earth if the federal government had not stepped into the picture to save him.

One of the most marvelous sights reported by early visitors in the mid-west was the flight of a huge white bird which flew high and sent down from the heavens a deep and low-pitched call not unlike the sound of a trumpet. It was an eerie cry of

unusual resonance and could still be heard after the bird was miles away. At one time this strange note echoed over the American wilderness from the valley of the Tennessee River to the Arctic Circle. It was the call of the trumpeter swan.

When the trumpeter swan was first seen by those who ventured west reports of his size were, to say the least, erratic. His weight was estimated at being anywhere from ten to sixty pounds and his wing spread at from five to fifteen feet. Later, more accurate students of natural history revealed that this giant of water fowl average from twenty to thirty pounds in weight and had an average wing spread of about seven feet, although there are fairly reliable reports of swans with wings measuring nine feet from tip to tip. The trumpeter swan is the largest of America water fowl and is one of the two species of swan native to America. The other swan, with which the trumpeter is often confused, is the whistling swan, a bird slightly smaller than its cousin.

At close range the trumpeter can be easily distinguished from the whistler because of the difference in size. Also, the trumpeter has a pure black beak more than four inches long, while the whistling swan has a smaller beak with a yellow streak at its base. From a distance the two species can only be distinguished by their calls, and for this reason modern naturalists believe that early settlers who reported flights of thousands of trumpeter swans might actually have

seen whistling swans, which were much more numerous.

Trumpeter swans were excellent eating, and were often killed for food by the pioneers. Cygnets, roasted with dressing, were a great delicacy in the wilderness, and in addition to their food value the birds' down made excellent filling for pillows and mattresses.

By 1900 the trumpeter swan had disappeared from the Mississippi valley region and was to be found only in the Rocky Mountains. By 1930, when conservationists at last realized that if this giant of the flyways was not to go the way of the passenger pigeon something had to be done quickly, a United States Biological Survey count of trumpeter swans revealed only 108 of the birds left within our borders. These were confined to a small area in the vicinity of Yellowstone National Park.

In 1935 the federal government, in co-operation with conservation groups throughout the northwest, established the Red Rock Migratory Bird Refuge in southwestern Montana. The hunting of the trumpeter had been forbidden long before, but it was realized the bird could not be saved by so simple an act. The swan had to have a place to breed without interference, and the 26,000-acre refuge was the place set aside for it. The refuge, an inaccessible and mountainous terrain, contained a series of lakes which were known to be a breeding place of the trumpeter, who is a lover of deep solitude and will breed only where he has privacy. Visitors in Yellowstone National Park often see the trumpeter there, but he never breeds there. The only trumpeter cygnets being reared today are getting

their start in life at the Red Rock Lakes refuge, which is just a few miles west of the park.

If you don't mind a tortuous road and the possibility of getting stuck on the big rocks which loom up between the ruts, you may see the trumpeter in his natural habitat at Red Rock Lakes. You may hear his weird cry—that cry which, as it echoes from hill to mountain slope and back in the stillness of the continental divide high country, sometimes seems almost like the groan of a human in distress. But you would have to be light of step to get near the trumpeter for he is a wary fellow.

Since the refuge has been established the number of swans in the United States has risen to 148, according to official count, but the outcome of the effort to save the species is still a matter of conjecture. The Canadian government reports about 500 swans in Canada, most of them in British Columbia.

Study of the trumpeter has revealed that the ruthless hunting of early days was only partly responsible for the tremendous reduction of these birds. The trumpeter swan has other enemies, including such birds of prey as ravens and eagles. Another factor in the disappearance of the trumpeter has been the extension of the range of the coyote. This animal, driven by advancing civilization into the solitudes loved by the swans, has been a prime menace.

In early days the trumpeter nested as far south as Indiana, but today the farthest south he may safely come is the Red Rock refuge. He spends his summers at the refuge or in close proximity and winters as far north

as he can find open water, usually in Alaska.

The trumpeter cygnets, which hatch in June in a big, not very neat nest about six feet across and two feet high, are quite yellow. The young birds are three years maturing, and make the long flight to the north twice before they are ready to breed.

This makes the task of restoring the trumpeter species a difficult one. United States biological survey employees are making a serious effort to save this vanishing American, and lovers of nature and the great outdoors throughout American are hoping that this effort will meet success.

WHO WROTE THE DOXOLOGY

How many times have you heard the Doxology sung in your church? This song has been called the Universal Hymn. In our best moments all of us feel like giving praise to God as the giver of every good and perfect gift. A boy may forget at times, but even a boy has this feeling in his best moments.

It might be of interest to you to know where the Doxology came from and who wrote it.

The hymn was written by Thomas Ken who was born in 1637 and died in 1711. He was a graduate from New College, Oxford. His stepsister, Anne, who was the wife of Isaak Walton, the gentle fisherman, a connection which brought Ken, from his boyhood days, under the influence of this gentle and devout man.

Ken possessed among other talents, a wonderfully clear, sweet voice, and the most characteristic reminiscence of his university life is the mention made by Anthony Wood, that in the musical gatherings of the time, Thomas Keu of New College, a junior, would some times be among us and sing his part.

When he was twenty-five years old he was ordained, and some years later he was made prebendary of the Cathedral at Winchester and chaplain to the bishop. It was during this time that he wrote the hymn which begins with "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and close with the Doxology.

Of this man, Macaulay, the great historian of England, says: "He approached as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue." That is saying a good deal for a man, and yet it would take just such a man to write such a hymn of praise as the Doxology.—Selected.

SEATTLE

(Imperial Magazine)

In my trip over the western half of the country I counted it my good fortune that I left Seattle for the last, because Seattle is the youngest big city in the United States. Less than ninety years ago it was a wilderness. A man who came, as a child, with the first settlers is still living.

I dined with a group of fifteen men in the Hotel Olympic. One guest told me that he was the only native in the lot. In his youth he was a curiosity among his classmates in grammar school, because all the others were from the "East." When the first Roosevelt was president, he spoke in a woods, now the site of the tall Olympic. What was a wooded hillside thirty years ago is the heart of the downtown today, covered with jutting skyscrapers. On one site is the Washington Athletic Club, where the members sun themselves on the roof more than twenty floors above the street.

The population is reaching toward half a million, with more to come. There seems to be nothing to stop it. The climate is phenomenal; the average maximum is 58 degrees and the average minimum 48. They never have ice on the lakes, and linen suits and straw hats are not customary summer wear for men. They golf, fish and hunt the year around, and thousands ski in winter. The Japanese current produces this mild climate, making a sort of Florida out of Seattle although the city is in the same latitude as Nova Scotia.

Summer gardening is a delight because growth is sure and rapid and because the days are so long. In the warm months the sun is up around

3:30 and sets about 9:30. In winter the days are proportionately shorter daylight lasting only from 8 to 4 o'clock.

My host drove me around the campus of the University of Washington where the enrollment is 15,000 young men and women. This is the school where rowing and scull-building have become fine arts.

In Seattle, as in other cities visited, I asked to see the slums, but with the exception of a small Hooverville and a couple of Japanese tenements they have no shabby district.

The population is predominantly American, with a considerable colony of Orientals. The Americans have produced some tough labor problems, partly the consequence of the times and partly the consequence of an attempt by business and capital to get together on a price-fixing program. The boss of labor became the boss of the town.

Seattle, however, is too richly blessed for its development to be jeopardized by a dispute about the division of prosperity. The natural advantages of the great harbor, the climate, the forests, the streams, and the fertility of the farms are too compelling.

People appear to live as one would like to see everybody live in the United States. The cost of living is moderate, wages are high, opportunities are plentiful, scenery and outdoor life are as free as air, business is relatively prosperous, and the Orient lies to the west, with the Port of Seattle offering the shortest route. Out of such an abundance there should be enough to make everybody happy.

LAND OF FLOWERS

By H. W. Warren

Mexico has the distinction of leading in flower culture for it is claimed no other country in the world has such a diversified display of vegetation that has been botanically identified and classified. That is the blight spot in the varied impressions one carries home from Mexico. Even in the desert regions was cactus in colors we had never before seen, though we have lived on the desert in the land of cactus for years. Then on and on, the growth becoming more lush with trees, dripping with scarlet flowers, tall yellow tapers, oleander and pepper trees, until one lived in a constant state of amazement and exclamations of delight as he traveled on down through the tropics to the west coast.

Flowers are ridiculously cheap in Mexico, but they are even cheaper for the poor, because the poor sell to the poor. They are not out of the reach of anyone, and flowers are always kept fresh on the altar of every lowly home. They are part of every religious festival and the altars are piled high on special days. At the famous Shrine of Guadalupe, just outside Mexico City, the altar rail was completely hidden from view, layer being piled upon layer, roses, violets, and other specimens of loviness and fragrance. The large white calla lilies seem to be great favorites in the flower market of the capitol. Indian women gathering them in big baskets and bringing them to the city down the canals in their canoes. On the streets of the city one sees women peddlers carrying immense baskets of these blossoms on their backs.

In the heart of Mexico City is

Juarez Park and its flower market faces the Palace of Fine Arts but the pegolas are idle. They were originally built for the flower market in an effect to make one large flower center, but the peddlers would not concentrate, preferring to choose little areas on the streets, so it has never been used.

At a filling station the beautiful tight clipped lawn carries an advertisement for gasoline. The word "Petroleum" was spelled out with what we thought were stones painted green but when we stopped for a closer inspection each "stone" proved to be a tiny round cactus, with a single row of beautiful red buds growing around its top. The same company also had a remarkable cactus garden, one variety reminding us of the head of a huge old sealion.

Orchids and gardenias grow wild at Cordoba. We were shown the trees that were playing host to many orchid plants but this was not the season for that blossom, which sells at five centavos each, so we can never know the feeling of a millionaire with orchids by buying ourselves a nickel's worth. During the fall and late winter orchids grow in profusion there. Most of them bloom from October to February. They grow, usually three to six feet from the ground, on a variety of rough-barked trees such as the palm and mesquite, the roots adhering closely to the bark. We are told that between Mexico City and Orizaba there are stretches which are literally paths of orchids. Some of the plants bear from twenty to fifty blooms, each flower about four inches across.

From natives at a roadside stand we bought thirty or more gardenias, just opening, which were artistically packed in a banana stalk, five inches in diameter, hollowed out and covered on the top with another section of stalk and tied with native grass. The price was twenty-five centavos, about seven cents in our money.

Cordoba is the center of the orange growing section of Mexico. There is no wrapping or packing done here; the oranges are dumped into trucks or crude carts and then put into a freight car to a height of two feet. The doors are left open for ventilation and fine meshed wire is nailed up to prevent people from stealing the fruit enroute to Mexico City. Most of the oranges we saw in the orchards were small in size. On the diner we were served large ones but their flavor was rather inspid. The same was true of the tangerines which grow through here with very little care.

All along our road were banana groves. They were rebuilding this particular stretch of highway and a flagman waved a red bandana handkerchief for us to halt, so we had ample time to study the growing fruit. The banana plants are set out at regular distances apart and quickly mature. The leaves are wrapped around each other as those on a corn-stalk, but grow as long as twelve feet and about two feet wide. Each plant produces but one stem of bananas. As these start to develop they hang downward, but with growth gradually turn upward, so that they really seem to be growing in an upside-down position. When the plant is about nine months old it produces a huge flower-bud with a cluster of little purple flowers. The lower ones wither and the upper ones are fertilized and

produce the bananas. When harvesting they cut off the top and bottom blossoms. Every stalk produces its single bunch of fruit every eight months; it is then cut off even with the ground and the plant comes up again. We were told that bananas sell for \$25.00 a ton in that region.

We met a group of surveyors and their crew of laborers carrying machetes—very mean looking crosses between a meat axe and a sword. At Tehuacan near here they mine the ore to make this steel and it is so flexible that you can bend the blade of the machete clear around to the handle. Fields were marvelous with heavy stands of alfalfa, young corn and the wheat about ready to harvest. This is such a fertile valley that they do not need to fertilize their fields but raise crops year after year. Orizaba has a flour mill. The Spaniards developed power in Orizaba early in the sixteenth century and used it to run a flour mill, which probably was the first mill of that kind in North America.

There were pineapple plantations, tobacco plantations with tobacco drying on racks, sugar cane fields where they whittle off the leaves to be left in the fields but cut off the stalk. Coffee plantations were spread over the valley. The coffee tree must grow in the shade of another tree and is in full bloom only twenty-four hours. While green the coffee beans look like small olives, and are not ready for harvesting till they become a scarlet red. The flesh must be fermented and washed off in a depulping process. The seed which remains is round, two half-spheres held together by a tough skin. After the berries have been depulped and dried on a cement patio or by artificial heat, they are hulled,

sorted, graded, polished, and sacked for the long trip to the world's breakfast table. The native workers are paid by the pound for this kind of labor.

A visit was paid to the attractive Hacienda de Jalapilla, favorite country residence of Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlota. It is now a private estate and the wealthy owner has kindly thrown the gardens open to visitors. The roadway into the estate is of cobblestone and the same is used for the walks inside the gate. Here was a profusion of tropical growth—white, pink and magenta azaleas, scarlet and magenta bougainvillae; Impatiens; papaya trees with their heavy cargo of melons looking as if they might break down the slender tree; an enormous India rubber tree that resembles a banyan, chaparline like a dark wild cherry, royal palms, date palms, coffee trees with their rich red berries.

The little old peon caretaker hopped around like an excited bird, dashing here and there to clip orange blossoms, gardenias, and other lovely offerings to present to the women of the party and sturdier flowers for the men. We came away looking like brides with shower bouquets. And just outside the gate was a slip of a girl offering little round baskets fashioned of bana stalk with handles, filled with gardenias and azaleas, lovely little souvenirs, but the gardener had entirely spoiled her sales. We had been warned by the guides about overloading with flowers in an automobile but in spite of our good intentions the unaccustomed feast of flowers was past resisting and we almost suffocated with the cloying sweetness of the few gardenias to which we had limited ourselves in a closed car. Their heavy odor was almost more than we could bear.

EMERSON AND THE CALF

There is a story told of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was walking along a road one day when he saw a young man vainly trying to get a calf through a gate.

The man pulled the calf, and failed. Then he tried to push it, and also failed. He was angry by this time, and was ready to thrash the calf when a gentle voice behind him (he had not noticed anyone there) said, "Oh, don't strike it.

The speaker came forward, Emerson himself, put his finger into the calf's mouth and led it through the gate while it contentedly sucked his finger.

Gentleness often wins when harshness fails.

—Christian Endeavor World.

CAMELS OR AUTOMOBILES

By Harriette V. A. Doremus

Fifty years ago missionaries in the desert countries over the sea must travel perched on the lumpy back of a camel. Not even the softest, most cherished quilt out of the latest missionary barrel from home could pad the camel's peculiar anatomy enough to make a really comfortable seat! In addition the tireless feet of the beast kicked smothering sand in the traveler's face and its rolling gait, so conducive to sea-sickness, brought unpleasant realization of how appropriately the camel is called "the ship of the desert."

Most missionaries today sit comfortably in an automobile and watch the speedometer register ten miles for every one the camel could make. When a missionary who "must be about my Father's business" can cover in ten minutes approximately the distance the deliberate camel takes as many hours to travel it is easily understood why these servants of God were among the first to forsake the camel for the automobile.

However, one thing very much in the camel's favor in the early days and now, is that, given time, he almost invariably gets his rider to the planned destination. This is not always true of the automobile. It is not unusual for the missionary's car to be stalled by a sand-storm but his Arab helpers, as soon as the air clears, shovel off the hummocks of sand as handily as we shovel down our snow-banks and the car churns merrily on through the desert.

Although sand storms can block an automobile they do not bother the camel at all because of his peculiar

nostrils with oblique slits which he closes completely when the sand blows.

Sometimes the car will not start even after the sand is leveled down. Then, seemingly unhampered by their long clinging burnouses (outer garments with hood attached), the Arabs form in line on either side as for a game of tug of war with the stalled automobile on the other end. The combined strength wins out eventually and off the car goes.

Gas, tires and water are necessary adjuncts to safe car travel anywhere. In the desert lack of these may mean not only inconveniences but tragedy, for gas stations are few and far between there. If one is fortunate enough to be stalled within walking distance of a chief's domain his wants can usually be supplied there. Amazing as it seems, these days many of the nomad chiefs have telephones in their tents and, if friendly toward the traveler, will permit him to telephone for supplies. Perhaps the modern motorist may break down in the vicinity of the oil camps which are equipped for all emergencies.

The camel, on the other hand, is an independent transportation company. He carries his own service station in his ungainly looking body. He can go from three to five days without water for his pouched stomach is a water canteen holding from fifteen to twenty gallons of water. He can drink water so impure that it would kill a horse. He can live on the dry desert shrubs and, lacking these, he can absorb his unsightly hump to provide the energy (gas) to

finish the journey.

The camel's tires are his feet with the thickly padded soles which seem to buoy him up in the heavy sands. Sometimes these tires, which resemble tough leather cushions, are cut in crossing rocky ground. The experienced driver quickly repairs them by whipping on a real leather sole which he fastens to the insensitive edges of the camel's foot!

Unlike the automobile, the camel's tires never blow out from overheating! Camels never mind the intense heat. Even when resting they prefer to kneel on the burning sand in the broad glare of the sun, rather than in the shade. Their cameleers also know how to be comfortable in the desert for many centuries ago the Arabs learned that if they scraped a few inches of hot sand away, underneath they would find the sand cool enough for a comfortable bed.

For carrying burdens the camel compares favorably with the automobile for he will carry from five hundred to one thousand pounds of equipment. Unlike the inanimate motor car the camel can and does protest against overloading by refusing to rise from a kneeling position when he feels his burden is too heavy. The car must tamely submit to scandalous loads being crowded into and on it. It can only retaliate by breaking a spring at some critical stage of the trip!

by breaking a spring at some critical stage of the trip!

Though the camel will kneel indefinitely until his burden is lightened, he often carries enormous loads piled so high on him and sticking out so far on either side as to almost conceal him. It is these amazing contrasts which missionaries and travel-

ers in the desert countries have impressed on them continually today, the new West impinging on the old East.

One can stand before the spot in the Holy Land where history says Abraham lived so long ago and look up at an aeroplane roaring overhead, for one of the world's great airlines passes over the eastern coast of Arabia. One can watch a camel caravan hold up a long line of pleasure cars **and trucks as the ungainly animals** deliberately cross a busy thoroughfare, disdainfully ignoring the impatiently squeaking horns.

A short distance away one of the world's largest and finest busses may be stopping for passengers, some of whom may be pilgrims to Mecca making the once arduous pilgrimage at ease, while listening to radio music! It took Moses a long time to lead the Israelites from Egypt to Jerusalem and now cars can make the trip overnight. On the very road the wise men traveled to see the young King tractors are a common sight, and steam shovels are becoming familiar with the building boom caused by an increasing number of Americans and Englishmen located at the oil fields. Think of flying boats alighting on the Sea of Galilee!

Comparing the camel and the automobile in length of service, the camel, which carries burdens faithfully from thirty-five to forty-five years, comes out decidedly ahead. An automobile that old would be considered a museum piece!

Many Arabs take kindly to automobiles and prove excellent chauffeurs. They take pride in keeping a car shining. They enjoy covering the ground so much faster than with a temperamental camel, **and are very**

patient with any idiosyncrasies a car may develop.

Drivers often get much attached to the camels they have cared for a long time but the camel is an ill-natured beast and seems incapable of affection even for his faithful cameleer who feeds him well to fatten his hump and gives him all the water he can drink before starting on caravan with him. A camel in good condition may mean his own life or death. In India cameleers sometimes decorate their camels by cutting patterns in their hair to make them more attractive to buyers before exhibiting them in the bazaars.

Although American automobile concerns report continually increasing orders from the desert countries for their products in Italian East Africa, camel caravans are becoming more popular than motor trucks in that country of variable climate. Though the lumbering camel is slower, colonists there find he is also surer. Even during the rainy season when travel by automobile is almost impossible, a continuous stream of camel caravans arrive daily at the native market in Addis Ababa. The Italians have built stone-paved and asphalted roads which connect Addis Ababa with the smaller centers and the camels find the going easier and so make the trips faster than over the former trackless stretches of territory.

Though increasing numbers of improved roads will make automobiles more and more favored throughout the empire, yet camels will always be needed for travel into the regions where roads will never penetrate.

Though the camel is less used in Asian and African deserts than formerly, it is coming into extensive use

in the arid wastes of Australia. Explorers exported camels from India for use in the Australian interior as early as 1860. They have become so useful that now Australia has its own breeding and training stations for the beasts. Australia has the two greatest fences in the world and uses camel patrols to maintain them. One fence bars the destructive jackrabbits from the great wheat belt in Western Australia. The other keeps out wild dogs and rabbits along the border of New South Wales and South Australia.

In spite of the increasing number of automobiles many an Arab still likes to hitch his camel to a primitive plough, perhaps to get the soil ready for planting our favorite watermelon, which is valuable for both food and drink in that dry country. The camel means so much more to the desert dweller than just a means of transportation. The milk from the camel is excellent and most nutritious. The flesh of the young camel tastes like veal and its hump has the flavor of beef. Except the fruit from the date-palm, camel meat is the only solid food the native Arab knows.

Even the hair of the camel, long and warm, is woven into clothing for all the family, and camel's hair cloth covers the tents. The Bible tells us of "raiment of camels hair" worn by John the Baptist. Perhaps our choicest painting was done with a brush made from fine camel's hair, the favorite medium of both American and European artists. The sturdy leather of our pet footstool may have been made from the animal's tough hide.

Arabia is even adopting the taxi system! Missionaries speak of their

boats docking at small seaport villages and being met by "taxis, old, rattling and decrepit ones, but still taxis!"

To the missionary station at Kuwait, Arabia (that of the Reformed Church in America) belongs the distinction of having the first desert commuter. Their medical missionary, Dr. Mary Bruins Allison, since her marriage, daily commutes fifteen miles across the desert from the hospital to her home. Hammed, her Arab taxi-driver, gets her to the hospital in time for morning prayers. He drives her home at night. For urgent calls he drives Dr. Allison back to the hospital again at night.

Dr. Allison and her husband recently had an experience which clearly demonstrated how desert conditions have changed, when they flew from Kuwait to London in four hops, making the trip that formerly took long months, in a few days.

But should the automobile ever entirely supersede the camel, much of the romantic flavor of the Orient

would be lost. The camel is closely associated with Biblical history. Rebekah found favor in the eyes of the servant seeking a wife for Isaac when she graciously watered his camels. Later Rebekah came riding on a camel to meet her future husband.

We read also of the wealth of the Midianites whom Gideon took by strategy, "that their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side for multitude," and gasp to think of such amazing numbers of animals now comparatively rare in even the largest zoological parks.

The Queen of Sheba when she journeyed to see the glory of King Solomon, "came with a very great train with camels that bare spices and very much gold and precious stones." And we are told of Job, the most patient man, "the greatest of all men of the East," that he numbered three thousand camels as only a part of his wealth!

Which will the future see—camel caravans or automobiles?

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good-will in business, and is the counter sign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, delight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody until it is given away!—Selected.

LITTLE FEW MINUTES

By A. M. Barnes

He was a handsome little boy, with bright eyes, a happy disposition and a loving way about him. His parents adored him, for he was their only child and worthy of the wealth of love they bestowed upon him. He was a perfect little gentleman, too, with the nicest manners; kind to the servants, gentle with animals—this little prince, for he was a real prince, as you will soon see.

His real name was Eugene Louis Jean Bonaparte, and he was Prince Imperial of France, for his father was Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. They didn't call the little prince Imperial by all those names, of course. He was known as Prince Louis. But there was a special name by which his mother called him, one that she had given him. This name was "Little Few Minutes."

An odd name, wasn't it? Well, you see the reason it had been given to him was because this little prince, with all his loving ways and sweet disposition, had one great fault, a very serious fault indeed it was.

He always wanted to wait, to delay, when he was told to do a thing. "In a few minutes," he would say; and he would put off what he had to do till very often it was many minutes instead of just a few.

His mother talked to him many times about it. She tried to show him what a truly bad habit it was, how much unhappiness, even sorrow, it might bring him in the future if he did not break himself of it. He was punished for it, too. Several wonderful trips he missed with parents, because when he was told to get ready, he would say,

"In a few minutes." When a servant came to dress him, he would put her off, too, by saying, "Oh, wait a few minutes. I'm not ready for you now." When finally he was dressed and ready, it was too late. The carriage with his parents had gone. But even the punishment of being left behind and other punishments harder to bear didn't break this little prince of this bad habit.

"O Louis, Louis," his mother would say to him, her face sad and the tears glistening, "how am I ever to break you of this fearful habit of putting off what you should do at once? O Little Few Minutes, I am afraid this will bring you a great sorrow!"

While he was still a small boy there was a war between France and Germany. The Germans were the victors; and the father of the little prince had to give up his throne, and the family went to live in England.

Here the little prince saw many new and interesting things. One of his chief delights was in watching the companies of soldiers marching through the streets and in listening to the music of the bands.

He had always said he was going to be a soldier. Even when a little fellow one of his greatest pastimes had been dressing up to play soldier, marching back and forth with a stick for a gun, and pretending to shoot enemies.

Now when living in England he spent all the time his parents would permit at the barracks and in the soldier's camps, watching the drills and the mock battles that were fought.

When he was twenty-one he became

a soldier in the British army. There was no war in England at the time, but there was one going on in Africa—in Zululand—where British soldiers were fighting. So "Little Few Minutes" grew up to be a real soldier and went with a regiment to join the British forces in Africa.

Although he was now a man, that bad habit of putting off still clung to him, for he had never been brave enough to break himself of it. He still delayed when there were things to be done. He still said, "In a few minutes." These are words no soldier especially should ever say. His is the duty at once to obey. But because he who had the bad habit of saying, "In a few minutes," was a prince, allowance was made for him, which was a pity.

One morning he was sent out from camp in command of a squad of soldiers. They were on a scouting trip, to find out if there were any warlike Zulus in the neighborhood of the camp.

At noon, having so far seen nothing to alarm them, the little scouting party stopped for lunch and to make coffee.

While they were in the midst of the lunch, two of the soldiers, who had been sent out as spies, came hurrying back with the news that there was a large band of fierce Zulus not far away, and that they were coming straight toward the spot where the soldiers were lunching.

All was now a scene of alarm. The soldiers sprang up quickly and hurried toward their horses; all except Prince Louis, who, being in command, should have been the first to heed the danger.

Instead he said, "Oh, there is no need to hurry! The Zulus are still some distance away. We have plenty of time to finish our lunch."

When told again of the danger and urged to hurry, that old habit still clinging to him, he replied, "Oh, go ahead. I'll join you in a few minutes.

I must first finish my coffee."

But before the few minutes were over, before he had finished his coffee, the yelling Zulus had charged down upon the camp. The other soldiers escaped because they had acted quickly, but the Prince who had delayed who said, "In a few minutes,," was killed. Poor young Prince! He had said those words the last time. He had clung to the bad habit, and it had caused his death.

When the sorrowful news was told his mother, oh, such anguish as it gave her! for she had loved him so. With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she exclaimed, "Oh, Louis! Louis! Poor Little Few Minutes! If only you could have cured yourself of that bad habit of lingering, I would not be weeping for my son!"—The Way.

THE POCKETBOOK ANGLE

(The Pathfinder)

War does many things in addition to killing off life. It is an evil that reaches out everywhere, affecting everybody and everything. It throws out of joint all the normal machinery

of nations. Politically, economically, socially, it first bleeds men and then withers up their works.

To say these things is merely to labor the obvious, but the obvious ap-

parently needs to be labored. It needs to be preached over and over again, until some day the masses of people in both hemispheres will understand that modern warfare can bring them no good—no good whatever—and that in the long run no one profits by it, either materially or spiritually. It is all waste, all terror, all pestilence, all death—nothing more.

In America today, there are some who believe that the present European war will create a business boom here. Actually, there are signs that point that way, but they carry a different meaning when they are viewed in the light of future years. The simple fact is that conflict abroad may indeed stimulate recovery on this side of the water, but that the prosperity gained in that way is at best only temporary. Sooner or later, as after the last war, there must be a kick-back, a crash, a depression. This is inescapable, because national economies are like houses of cards or sand when they are founded on the machinery of destruction.

We may take England, for example. On the English people there has just been imposed an income tax of 37½ per cent. This staggering burden will fall even on those who earn as little as \$10 a week. The purpose of the tax is to raise money to carry on the war. Conceivably, a great part of that money will be spent in the United States to buy American goods, and it may reasonably be expected that all this will stimulate our economic situation here. But it will stimulate only for a time. We may expand our factories and our agri-

culture to meet it, we may increase our employment because of it, we may be happy for a while in having it, but eventually it will disappear and we will find our market suddenly contracted. And that means we will find our factories and agriculture and employment and happiness hard hit.

This is a long-range view, but when you consider war, you must take a long-range view. To continue with our example, the English people are now to pay an income tax of 37½ per cent, and England will have money to carry on the war. But one day the war will end, and England, together with all those taking part in wealth of nations will have been the war, will be impoverished. The wealth of nations will have been spent; for generations, the effects will be felt. In such circumstances, even if the United States manages to remain a neutral merchant to the world, we here will be hurt. We will find ourselves merchants with customers too poor to pay for our products; we will find ourselves in another depression, perhaps worse than the one we have experienced largely as a result of the last war.

This is the economic angle of the present conflict, this is the pocket-book angle. We can forget the political and social phase for the moment; they are important, but the dollars-and-cent implications of this war should be enough to make us proceed cautiously in everything we do from now on. Above all, let none of us be deceived by signs of a boom. There can be no real prosperity when the only stimulus is war.

“A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread.”—Herbert.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, the institution nurse, had the pleasure of a visit from her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Morton, of Albemarle. Mrs. Morton spent the day with her mother, and expressed herself as being pleased with the hospitality received.

Mrs. Beam, the dietitian of the institution, along with other duties, matron of the infirmary and supervisor of the dormitories, is kept quite busy in discharging the responsibilities entrusted to her. She accepted the work knowing all that was expected and seems to be meeting every emergency.

On account of the long dry spell of weather it was impossible to prepare the ground for the small grain, such as oats, wheat, rye and barley. The fields are now humming with activities. The tractors are running, and the fresh earth is turned and prepared for the planting of the seeds of small grain.

Since the weather has turned cold it brings to mind that it is a good season for spare ribs, back-bone, sausage and pudding mush. The boys are anticipating all of these good things that come at hog-killing time. The season is just right for the porkers to be killed, and judging from activities it looks like everything is ready for the event.

The carpenter force was forced to take on a new kind of repair work. Plastering in one of the cottages fell down. It was imperative that it be fixed to prevent more expensive re-

pair work. It was impossible to find a plasterer in the entire city. Every one was busy. So the carpenter force undertook the job and from reports the work of a novice seems quite satisfactory.

The five hundred boys of the school have been fitted with shoes and good, warm underwear. You may believe it or not, but it is a pains-taking job to fit up,—how many feet? Just one thousand. There are big feet, small feet and some feet are hard to fit. Well, to make a long story short will add our boys are very appreciative of all the state and individuals do for them.

The dairy barn shows up from every angle. It looks to be sanitary, and it is, with all of its new painted buildings. Also the lot has been enclosed with a nice picket-fence and that has been treated to a fresh coat of paint. The superintendent is looking for improvements all the time. Would it be far out of the way to bet the next thing to be added to this splendid dairy outfit will be white uniforms for the boys who come in contact with the milk. Wouldn't the dairy barn boys look classy in white uniforms?

The boys of this institution have a greater interest in their fellow students than realized. This fact was noted upon the return of Grover Beaver when he came back to the school from the Cabarrus Hospital. Grover had an acute attack of appendicitis and his condition was from the first rather serious. He is home now and

resting in the infirmary and all of his old comrades were glad to see him. The infirmary is a most valuable acquisition to the school. As soon as a boy shows the least symptom of illness he is placed in the infirmary for observation by the nurse. The attention here for the sick is equal of any hospital,—warm, nice clean beds and a diet specially prepared for the sick.

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, who so faithfully served the School periodically has been transferred to another charge. Rev. Mr. Tuttle was liked by the entire School, both boys and officers, and he will be missed. His successor, Rev. Mr. C. C. Herbert came in on time. He held services at the School Sunday afternoon, and the entire School was impressed with the spirit in which he conducted the Sunday afternoon service. We welcome Rev. Mr. Herbert and ask him to visit us as often as possible.

After the introduction of the pastor by Mr. I. W. Wood, he read as Scripture Lesson a part of the eighth chapter of Luke, and part of the second chapter of Revelation. The subject

for his address was "What Is Your Name?"

Names are important and interesting. Jesus began curing Legion—the man with many devils, by asking first his name. We need curing in the soul. Jesus may begin by asking our name.

Your name stands for you and what you are. Anyone can make you mad by using your name in a saucy manner or in fun. That's why we should not take God's name in vain. One who curses and uses God's name in cursing cannot love God quite as much as he should love Him.

Your name is what you make it. As you grow older the name means more and more. Day by day you make it mean something—Bully, Dirty Mouth, Sneak, Unfriendly, Tattletale, or something. Perhaps it means Fair, Honest, Brave because you have made it mean that.

The way a person lives, speaks, and thinks make the name mean what it means.

One can change his name. Each one faces battles with his own temper or some other temptation. In overcoming that temptation he wins a new name. No one may know that name but that person and God.

KARLSBAD

Karlsbad is one of the celebrated and fashionable watering places of Europe, situated at the western extremity of Czechoslovakia. It is famous for its hot mineral springs, the daily flow of which is estimated at 2,000,000 gallons. The name means Charles' bath, Charles IV of France having bathed there. The city is also noted for porcelain manufacture.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending November 5, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (21) Clyde Gray 21
- (2) Gilbert Hogan 19
- (2) Leon Hollifield 21
- James Hodges 16
- (20) Edward Johnson 20
- (15) Frank Johnson 16
- Robert Maples 14
- (12) Frank May 20
- (2) Thomas Turner 7
- Arna Wallace

COTTAGE No. 1

- William Anders 10
- (4) Jack Broome 15
- Charles Cole 3
- (2) Clinton Call 11
- (2) Clay Mize 12
- George McDonald
- Edward Warnock 15
- (4) Lee Watkins 13
- (3) William C. Wilson 19

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes 5
- James Blocker 6
- William Burnette 5
- Charles Chapman 3
- George Cooke 9
- Jack Cline 7
- Arthur Craft 9
- John D. Davis
- Thomas Hooks 9
- Milton Koontz 3
- Frank King 9
- Floyd Lane 9
- Thurman Lynn 5
- Forrest McEntire 9
- Donald McFee 8
- William Padrick 10
- Nick Rochester 15
- Oscar Roland 11
- Landreth Sims 8
- Charles Smith 8
- Raymond Sprinkle 7

COTTAGE No. 3

- (4) Earl Barnes 18

- James Boone 12
- Max Evans 11
- (9) Coolidge Green 19
- Bruce Hawkins 10
- William Matthewson
- Douglas Matthews 11
- Harley Matthews 15
- (13) F. E. Mickle 21
- (4) John C. Robertson 20
- (3) George Shaver 13
- William Sims 2
- William T. Smith 8
- John Tolley 13
- Lewis Williams 15
- (15) Allen Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 4

- Paul Briggs 14
- (6) Paul Broome 9
- Quentin Crittenton 10
- Lewis Donaldson 12
- (2) Arthur Edmundson 2
- (2) William C. Jordan 6
- Ivan Morozoff 21
- Edward McGee 11
- George Newman 9
- (2) Robert Simpson 10
- (10) Melvin Walters 22
- (8) James Wilhite 20
- Samuel Williams 13
- (2) Cecil Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Theodore Bowles 11
- Collett Cantor 17
- Harold Donaldson 2
- (15) Lindsey Dunn 21
- (2) Robert Dellinger 4
- (2) A. C. Elmore 12
- Monroe Flinchum 4
- (12) William Kirksey 16
- (12) Everette Lineberry 20
- (3) Paul Lewallen 14
- (2) Fred Tolbert 5
- (5) Hubert Walker 17
- (6) Dewey Ware 20
- Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) Cleasper Beasley 10
William Beach
- (4) John Deaton 21
- (5) Donald Earnhardt 17
Lacy Green 10
- (5) George Green 15
- (2) Richard Halker 2
- (4) Raymond Hughes 11
James Jordan 14
- (13) Hugh Johnson 22
- (4) Robert Lawrence 12
- (7) Elmer Maples 18
- (2) Carl Ray 13
- (4) Loy Stines 15
Edd Woody 11
- (2) William R. Young 12

COTTAGE No. 8

Jack Crawford 17
Howard Griffin 3
Harvey Ledford 4

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Hollie Atwood 13
Clarence Baker 8
- (5) Mack Bell 6
J. T. Branch 16
- (2) Roy Butner 16
- (9) Frank Glover 19
C. D. Grooms 19
- (4) Wilbur Hardin 13
John Hendrix 12
Osper Howell 15
Mark Jones 6
- (16) Harold O'Dear 19
- (3) Eugene Presnell 16
- (2) Richard Singletary 2
Thomas Sands 17
- (9) Cleveland Suggs 13
- (4) Preston Wilbourne 19
- (6) Horace Williams 11

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 6
James Eury 8
John Fausnett 3
Jack Haney
Jack Harward 6
J. D. Hildreth 13
Lee Jones 13
Thomas King 7
Vernon Lamb 9
James Martin 9
James Penland

William Peeden 11

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) Harold Bryson 20
- (4) William Covington 7
- (17) William Dixon 19
William Furches 4
- (5) Albert Goodman 17
- (23) Earl Hildreth 23
William Hudgins 17
Julian Merritt 14
- (9) Paul Mullis 18
- (4) Edward Murray 20
Donald Newman 3
- (2) Theodore Rector 14

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 14
- (4) Odell Almond 14
Jack Batson 18
Jay Brannock 10
- (5) Allard Brantley 14
Ernest Brewer 15
William Broadwell 9
- (3) William C. Davis 10
- (2) William Deaton 10
- (7) Howard Devlin 14
Max Eaker 17
Everett Hackler 9
Woodrow Hager 16
Joseph Hall 11
Hubert Holloway 15
Richard Honeycutt 12
- (3) S. E. Jones 19
Tillman Lyles 12
Clarence Mayton 13
J. D. Mondie 13
James Puckett 7
- (13) Avery Smith 21
George Tolson 13
J. R. Whitman 11

COTTAGE No. 13

- Walter Morton
- (3) Jordan McIver 12
- (12) Alexander Woody 21

COTTAGE No. 14

- Raymond Andrews 14
John Church 10
Henry Ennis 3
Audie Farthing 14
Feldman Lane 15
- (3) Henry McGraw 13
- (2) Troy Powell 18

- (4) Harold Thomas 12
Junior Woody 16

COTTAGE No. 15

- William Cantor 11
Sidney Delbridge 9
Clifton Davis 17
Claude Moose 7
J. P. Morgan 6
Fred McGlammary 6
J. P. Sutton 17
Arvel Ward 8
William Wood 12

William Young 15

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 11
George Duncan 13
(3) Phillip Holmes 16
(23) Warren G. Lawry 23
(7) Early Oxendine 17
(3) Thomas Oxendine 20
(2) Charles Presnell 12
(3) Curley Smith 19
(6) Thomas Wilson 19

—THE END—

Surely the heart shall not forget
Across the lengthening years
The countless brave young dead who lie
Beneath the rain's bright tears
Those crosses in a foreign land
Should help us to remember
Their sacrifice—should bring to mind
Another bleak November
When "war to end all wars" had ceased.
And the guns wild tumult died
When the men remaining could return
To their beloved one's side,
And peace lay white upon the land
O, Lord God, would men dare
Unloose those fiends of hell again,
Loose death upon the air?
Surely their muted lips would cry
Reproach to all mankind,
Surely those still white hands would reach
To slay men . . . eyes long blind
Would wake and weap God, God, today
Bid wars and their rumors cease,
That those who paid that awful price
May rest in peace.

—Grace Neil Crowell

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THE

UPLIFT

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OLD AND NEW FRIENDS

“Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray—
Friendship never owns decay;
For mid old friends kind and true
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas! old friends must die;
New friends must their place supply,
Then cherish friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.”

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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BLESSINGS IN THE ROUGH

"One of the reasons this country had a Washington and a Lee, a Franklin and a Lincoln, an Emerson and a Thoreau, a Poe and a Whitman, a Vanderbilt and a Vail, is that they were not swaddled in silks and furs."

Instinctively we feel that Jesus was condemning the life of ease when he spoke as follows concerning John the Baptist: "But what went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?"

The fellow who has don to overalls and arm himself with a saw, or the girl who must put on an apron and sweep a house, should not feel greatly handicapped. May it not be true that those who are deprived of these blessings in the rough are missing the very experiences they need to make them strong?

—Exchange.

BARNHARDT PRIZE

Men are classed as great because of political influence, or as leaders in big businesses or some other enterprise either civic or social. We admit it takes every type of citizenship to make the wheel of fortune turn in this wide world. But to the calm idealist the greatest contributions to humanity come from the compassionate spirits, who, in the midst of the whirl of activities take time to inspire hope in the underprivileged child. There are myriads of people who do helpful things, and their beneficence is unknown. Many pass such acts of beneficence without comment, feeling they are too small to be publicized. There is no discounting that little acts of kindness imbue immortal minds with principles of a cleaner and nobler life. Every body in the world exerts some influence, therefore,

one never knows when the magic touch of love gives a hope especially to the less fortunate.

Few know of the continued interest of John J. Barnhardt, Concord, in the department of school work of this institution. This interest signifies that this fine friend of the boy knows how important it is that the youth be instructed in the rudiments of an education. Perhaps it would be pertinent to state that the boys here go to school twelve months, and the schedule is two hundred and fifty boys answer the roll call in the morning, and then they shift to departmental work in the afternoon, and the other two hundred and fifty boys take their places in the school room.

Much emphasis is placed upon the duties and work of the school room at the Jackson Training School, and Mr. Barnhardt has contributed to this interest by offering prizes throughout the entire year. He gives \$28 annually and seven of that amount is awarded quarterly. In this last quarter the awards were as follows: First grade, \$1 goes for the greatest improvement; to the second grade, \$1 goes to the greatest general improvement; to the third grade, \$1 goes to the most ambitious; to the fourth grade, \$1 goes to the highest average; to the fifth grade, \$1, goes to the best speller; to the sixth grade, \$1 to the best speller and to the seventh grade, \$1 to the one making greatest improvement in English.

Believe it or not these prizes stimulate the interest of the boys and they work like little men to capture the prize. The motive that inspired Mr. Barnhardt (interest in the underprivileged) means much more than the money involved. The gift indicates the spirit of the man. The amount named comes annually, therefore, the boys of each grade work for the Barnhardt prize the same as if it were a hundred times larger.

* * * * *

AMERICA'S DESTINY

The most deadly problem facing America is not war, nor "isms." It is the widespread feeling that we have a destiny, and that we shall reach it without individual thought, individual initiative, or active public service.

Belief in one's destiny is a fine thing to have—but not if that be-

lief is set up as an idol, to be worshipped on holy days and fast days with fine talk and fancy phrases, but never to be served by actual deed.

We are, for instance, fond of saying that we are the richest country in the world, and that therefore wide-spread poverty and unemployment should not long endure in our land. That is a perfectly sound and sensible statement; but when we simply let it rest there, and blissfully sit on our hands waiting for poverty and unemployment to end themselves, we are giving away to foolish and dangerous trust in our own destiny.

What we need to understand is that no people's destiny is really written in the stars. It is written in the minds and hearts of men instead, and is hammered out by toil, self-sacrifice, courage, and the kind of practical, shirt-sleeves faith that moves mountains.

It was our destiny, perhaps, to win our freedom from England, to expand and conquer a continent, to establish a working democracy, and to provide the common man with a practical vision of freedom. Yet those things were not done by a people who sat back and beamed fondly on the mysterious workings of fate; they were done by people who got down in the thick of things and worked their heads off.

So, perhaps we would be better off if we stopped talking about our destiny. Our destiny is what we make it—no more and no less.—adapted from Arthur T. Vanderbilt.

* * * * *

DOCTORS GO TO SCHOOL

About 7,000 physicians and surgeons, who believe they're never too old to learn, assembled in Chicago the other day to participate in a six-day post-graduate course. Medical men from all over the world converged on Chicago to check up on new developments in the profession during the past year.

New drug compounds, new therapeutic devices, new treatments, new antitoxins are being discovered all the time. The training physicians receive in medical schools becomes only background for deeper study. And the Chicago meeting is not a pink tea affair nor a hilarious vacation away from duty. It is an earnest study session.

A few other professions might take a cue from the doctors. Instead of gathering annually for a few hours of perfunctory sessions and an endless succession of social functions, they might devote themselves to some solid days of studying the new developments in their respective fields. Keeping up with their own worlds is just as important for lawyer, accountants, engineers, bankers and real estate men as it is for medical men. And a lot of lawmakers could well take post-graduate courses in economics, sociology, and political science, almost any time.—Concord Daily Tribune.

* * * * *

LAW ENFORCEMENT THE NEED

We are impressed with the statement of Captain Fisher, State Highway patrol, that one of the major causes for so large a number of accidents on the highway is the lack of law enforcement. Every day deaths are recorded, locally and elsewhere, on the highways so the conclusion is there is a laxity about enforcing highway laws throughout the entire country. It seems quite a miracle that there are not more fatalities on account of the congestion of traffic. Every conceivable motor car travels the highways, including motor trucks as large as freight cars, trailers and automobiles from the smallest to the largest automobile. This is not only true on highways, but on the streets in the heart of the cities. There are times, and that is most frequent, to cross one of the streets in Concord the vision of the pedestrian has to be directed to four corners. And is that possible? If not possible to see four ways at one time we advise the poor visioned person to remain at home. All of this may seem like talk to some, but just watch the forecast please. If there is not a stop sign put at the intersection of two of the most travelled streets in the business section of Concord there is going to be a fatal accident.

Too late to lock the stable after the horse is stolen. A hint to the wise is sufficient. There is no need to mention this intersection of streets where the stop sign is needed. The city officials have through the daily paper of the city had their attention directed to the need. When a child we used the copy book, and one of the copies was "time and tide wait for no man."

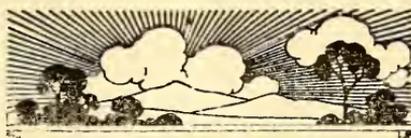
VALUE OF THE MINISTRY

“By their labor and devotion they set the feet of many in the right way, kept alive a sense of brotherhood, ministered to peace and neighborliness, and softened the manners of the communities in which they lived. They stood for a principle of life and a way of living which they learned through fellowship with Jesus Christ. While strange philosophies were spreading around them they adhered to the word of the Christian God. They warned that no merely human ideal of race or nation or class could take the place of the universal gospel of good will, and when people were being brought to the verge of despair through their trust in wordly promises, they pointed to God in Jesus Christ as the only hope of salvation.”

—Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe.

* * * * *

The Filipinos are shivering under the thunder clouds piling up over the Pacific Ocean. Their fears became vocal (September 25) when Jose Romero, a representative of the Visayan (central) group of islands, called upon the National Assembly to re-examine the entire question of Philippine independence, now set for 1946. Said Romero, “We talk about the ignominy of slavery. We are not slaves now. We are free in all but form, but we may yet be slaves if we refuse to recognize the logic of contemporary events. . . . I know how much we can lose face—not only face, but body and soul. That is by another foreign conquest.” Romero’s allusion is to the nearness of Japan and her threatening encroachments. The National Assembly rejected Romero’s resolution (September 30), as was to be expected; but the shivers still remain, and there will be other resolutions offered before 1946 comes around.—Selected.



RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

LITTLE THINGS

"Homey little things it takes
To make a life worth while,
Happy children at their play,
A neighbor's friendly smile;
Puppies frisking at your feet
A whistle on the stairs,
Homey little things like these
And life forgets its cares."

The trouble with some wives is that they give their husbands too much rope. When they do the husband skips.

Many a woman who thinks she has acquired a "wasp waist" effect by wearing a currently styled corset looks more like a bumblebee.

The news comes from London that manufacturers of ladies silk undergarments are now making sand bags. Wonder if they are trimming them with lace.

We are told that the European war is making cod liver oil scarcer. This will be hailed as joyful news to the children. They are proverbially given to cast'er oil aside.

There are many men who cannot stand prosperity. They do not understand how to handle the Goddess of Fortune. But there are millions who would like to try it.

Those greedy people who practice their game of "holding up" persons,

are pygmies beside Atlas, the first geographer we have any knowledge of. Atlas held up the whole world —by himself.

A modern educator says, "Modern youth needs to be taught how to fall in love." From the many family feuds, and the large number of divorces over the country, it seems to me this educator has his subject backwards. They ought to be taught how not to fall out of love, after they have fallen in.

Senator Vandenberg says, "Civilization is at the cross roads." So it seems, and most of us are dubious about which road to take, from the many cross word puzzles, and censored news from abroad. It is a good policy not to believe everything you read from so far away. Remember that propaganda is abroad in the land.

They call a portion of our money greenbacks, but a lot of it never comes back. And now a scientist tells us that greenbacks breed disease. A whole lot of people do not seem to mind the danger of catching some ailment from the avidity they display in going after this class of money. Perhaps it is the fever for them that is so contagious.

A lot of people in this world seek to do good, just as a whole lot are bent

on doing evil. Both have their reward in the arrangement of consequences. When you are in doubt as to which course to follow, do that which will afford the most good to the greatest number. You will be surprised at the satisfaction you get out of such a program. For the luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.

It looks now like we are to have two Thanksgivings, in many places; that is if the proclamations of the President and certain governors are observed. This leads a good many children to ask why they can't have two Christmases. They will likely find out before the times comes. As to Thanksgiving it does not make so much difference, for people can be thankful every day, if they so will, and that will be commendable; but it would not be feasible to have two birthdays in one year—and it would not conform to history.

I love to think that God, when He fashions the little baby souls, takes a breath of Heaven's love; the color and perfume of the lily; the color and aroma of the red rose; the exquisite beauty of the morning's dawning; glances the burst of gold in the sunset's departing rays, and mingles in the softness of the twilight's glow; the harmony and symmetry of the bow of promise; to these He adds the seductive lure of springtime; the enchanting smiles and laughter of joyous angels in the celestial realms, and sends down to earth these heavenly cherubs, like snow flakes, as white and as glistening as the twinkling stars they pass. The sound of a baby's laughter is a voice from Heaven. The touch of a baby's hand is like the sweep of angel's wings, and the merry scintillations of their eyes are like sparks from the halo around the great white throne. "Of such in the kingdom of Heaven." God bless the babies everywhere!

ONE SYLLABLE, PLEASE

"I would indeed like poetry,"
 Said little Peggy Luce,
 "If all the poets used short words,
 Like dear old Mother Goose.
 But what is 'lilt,' and 'requiem,'
 'Stamina,' 'regime,'
 'Inhibitions' (think it was),
 'Habitat,' and 'mien'?
 I cannot understand their verses,
 Nor be so very merry;
 It takes 'most all my reading time
 To use the dictionary."

—Ruth Smeltzer.

THE ANCIENT GAME OF BOWLING

By Frank B. McAllister

A great many of us enjoy the fun of hurling a large ball along a smooth plane at wooden pins some sixty feet away. And when they all tumble, or nearly all, the thrill we get is keen. It is estimated that at least ten million Americans follow regularly the sport of bowling, probably two million of them being women and girls. When did this popular sport begin, and who started it?

At first, the game of "bowls" was played out of doors. It is older than any other outdoor game, except archery. At least seven hundred years ago, our ancestors were playing it. In the Royal Library at Windsor, England, there is a manuscript dating from the 12th or 13th century with a picture showing two men playing at a form of bowls. Even in the time of Caesar (about 50 B. C.) the people of northern Italy found pleasure in a pastime that reminds us strongly of bowling.

The game became so popular in Merrie England at various times that both Edward III and Richard II forbade the playing of it, lest people should neglect the practice of archery which was the main feature of attack and defense with English armies. Under an act of parliament passed in 1541, the game was entirely prohibited to laborers, apprentices, and peasants generally, except at Christmas. For it was found that workers were beginning to neglect their occupations in order to play it.

According to well authenticated story the famous Sir Francis Drake was playing at bowls on Plymouth Hoe when report came of the ap-

proach of the Spanish Armada. The foreign fleet was coming in terrible might to attack England. The game in which the great seaman was engaged, however, was close and exciting. He sent word that there would be time to get to his ship before the arrival of the enemy. We do not know whether Sir Francis won, or lost that game, but the visitors to Plymouth today is shown the very green on which that ancient contest was waged.

All classes of people in England gradually came under the spell of the game. Clergy, nobility, and commoners (when allowed) played it vigorously, and most towns had their own bowling greens. "Bluff King Hal," Henry VIII, had his private green, and so did James I who loved dearly to play with the gentlemen of his court. Pepys, the great diarist, speaks frequently of bowls as one of the common pastimes of English life. When John Knox visited Calvin at Geneva he found that austere preacher playing at bowls.

The Dutch were great players of bowls and when they came to New York, or New Amsterdam as they called it, they reserved a grassy field near the lower end of the island for their bowling games. Today, Bowling Green, near the Battery, still reminds us of the sport of those Dutch burghers, even though great office buildings crowd the tiny enclosure.

If one may venture into the field of legend we have the story of Rip Van Winkle and his wanderings in the Catskill Mountains. Here he met some strange little men who led

him to their rendezvous and engaged with him in the sport of bowling. Even today, mothers in that part of New York state sometimes pass along to their children the pleasant story that thunder in the hills must be the sound of Rip and his little chums bowling away in some of the mountain fastnesses.

The Puritan did not approve of bowling because, unfortunately enough, the game had become too much associated with inns and drinking habits and was attracting rowdy custom. Some of the early governors had to threaten to arrest young men among the colonists who claimed their right to play at bowls on Christmas Day. It was a case where a wholesome game had been hurt by the wrong kind of friends it had made.

The modern game of bowling descends from the ancient game of bowls, but it is different in many respects. Bowling is done under a roof and

consists in knocking down ten-pins at the end of a carefully constructed alley. In bowls the ball is lighter and it is rolled along the turf. The object is to roll the ball so that it will come to rest as close as possible to the "jack," a white china ball at the other end of the green. The bowling balls are made with a bias so that one side is slightly larger than the other. This gives the ball a curve as it rolls and puts the skill of the bowler to a high test.

The popularity of indoor bowling is increasing each year and today most American communities have alleys where competition between individuals, and between teams representing various organizations is keen. And outdoor bowling, also, played much as the Dutch played it in old New York, is steadily claiming more devotees as a game requiring extraordinary skill and judgment, with corresponding result in interest.

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism and loyalty to America should be the aim of every citizen, whether he is naturalized or not. Disloyalty and a lack of patriotism is a force which can undermine our free institutions and possibly result in the destruction of our democratic form of government to the everlasting sorrow of all the people of the world, including our own 130,000,000.

American Independence now 150 years of age, has been the model of perfection to other nations, and in striving to emulate us, they have suffered wars famine, and disaster. Many South American Republics have made great progress in copying our customs and laws. Why then, should the American people not fight hard against any attempt to alter, or amend the Constitutional laws that have made us great?

Remain loyal and true to the flag that gives you shelter and freedom. Turn a deaf ear to such doctrines as Communism, German-American Bundism, etc.—The Record.

A FIGHTING CHANCE

(Ohio Chronicle.)

In Denver's Opportunity School there is a creed; "Unlimited faith in the capacity of every normal human being, if given a chance, to become a self-sustaining, self-respecting happy member of society."

As our school begins another year teachers and pupils start with this faith, a faith based upon intelligence, backed by a long successful history of education of the deaf.

It will be noted in the creed that each human being is to be given "a fighting chance." This is interpreted to mean that every teacher will do everything in his power to see that the pupil will continuously have that chance. It also means that every pupil must do everything in his power to improve that chance.

Teachers and pupils will pursue

their problems together, growing, learning and achieving.

In Europe men and women are being told what to do and what to believe. This is true both of the so-called democratic nations and the so-called gangster nations. In Europe little children are being starved, killed, and crippled while man's inventive genius turns to destruction of his fellow men.

In sadness, and in deep humility we pray whatever powers there be that we will not become a party to this madness. May we be permitted to walk together in a land of peace, thankful that in the United States of America boys and girls can play and work, and eat and sleep and grow without the blight which maims and kills, and stultifies our thinking.

There were twenty sullen faces in the street car. A mother came in with a little boy of four, a perfect picture of physical beauty. His little face was radiant. Suddenly he began to laugh. Every face in the car began to thaw out, and soon all were smiling. The atmosphere had changed. The boy had wrought a transformation.

It might hurt some people to shape their faces into a smile, but after a little practice they will like it. "Character chisels the countenance." The more godlike men become, the more pleasing their countenance; the more degraded men become, the more repulsive their faces.—Selected.

TREES

(Youths Instructor.)

The aisles of the woods are God's temples, and when one is out beneath the trees, how easy it is to lose the vexations of the day. Here we may throw off our cares like a cloak, and learn the lesson of great repose.

Imagine, if you can, a world without trees. What a barren, uninteresting place in which to live. And yet how little we appreciate the blessings of the trees. What feeble attempts are made to become acquainted with them!

If you should pass a person every day at the same time and place, soon you would be able to describe him vividly—his build, coloring, clothes, and facial features. And if you met the same person else where, how stupid it would be not to recognize him. Yet how strange that we meet tree people every day in the same place, and still they all look alike to us. How dulled our sense of observation! Our Creator has made the trees into families, and we can recognize them by their general form, the bark, and the shape of the leaves. Leaves are the faces of trees.

If it is winter when you first meet trees, then you have their form, bark,

trunk, branches, and twigs to study. In the spring, the buds and the leaves coral. Summer brings a canopy of cover the trees with what appears like a soft mantle of green or a veil of leaves so dense that it is not possible for you to see beyond the outer branches; yet every leaf is arranged so as to get the most sunlight for its needs. In autumn comes the glorious parade of brilliant colors.

Once you have learned to know a tree, whether it is the handsome elm, with its exquisite tracery of branches against the sky, or the giant oak, lord of all he surveys from his high place on the hills, a drooping willow bending to catch her reflection in the clear water at her feet, or the giant hemlock, twisted and bent by the winds as it stands guard on a rock-bound coast, ever afterward the sight or mention of a tree in the family to which this tree belongs, will mean something special to you. You will recognize its face and form just as you would recognize a friend.

*"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."*

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

When you keep the bright side out,
Though your heart may have misgivings,
Securely push aside that doubt,
For you'll surely cheer some other

Never mind the little setbacks,
Never mind the crushing blow,
Never mind about tomorrow,
Keep on singing as you go;

A STAR TO WISH ON

By Miriam E. Mason

The first star of the evening was looking down from the sky when Nelia came down the steps from Biology Hall where she worked part time for Professor Cummins and helped to earn her college expense.

How remote the star was, thought Nelia; how cool and queenly and far away, and yet how understanding.

"Wonder if it's the same star I used to make my wish on back home?" she thought, smiling at the memory of how she had always faithfully repeated the old wishing rhyme every evening;

*"Star light, star bright
First star I've seen tonight—
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight!"*

Back there on the old hill farm she had always watched for the first star, and she had faithfully wished the same wish every night during her high school; I hope I can go to college!"

And her four years of high school had passed; four hard, ambitious years, and Nelia had graduated at the head of her class and had won the county scholarship to the university. Looking at the star above the campus this evening, Nelia remember the glow and the shimmer of that wonderful night when she had stepped forward to receive the scholarship certificate. Why, even Pat Armstrong, the prettiest and richest girl in the class, whose graduation gift from her banker father had been a new roadster— even Pat had looked at her that shining night with respect and near envy!

Somebody said, "Good evening,

Nelia!" and the girl realized that her star gazing had practically made her bump into the very person who was in an indirect way, the cause of her present abstraction.

She flushed rosily as she answered. "Oh, hello, Dan," and fell into step with the tall sophomore. "I was just thinking how pretty that star looks up above Chimes Tower," she said, and added in a shy flare of confidence, "I always watch for the first star because I always make a wish on it."

"And do the wishes come true?" Dan's blue eyes were dark and shining as he looked down at Nelia's cheek.

Nelia hesitated. "Most of the important ones have. I helped them along. I was like the country boy who took a bushel of potatoes to the meeting where they were having prayers for a poor member and said, 'Here's pa's prayers.'"

Groups of boys and girls passed Nelia and Dan; well-dressed, cheerful youngsters, they seemed to be. A smell of good food came from the college cafeteria, and made Nelia wonder, fleetingly, what Mrs. Gray would have for dinner. From one of the buildings came a bit of gay music, maybe it was the orchestra practicing for the big All-School party which would be given next week end.

"But what were some of your wishes," Dan was persisting, a note of teasing laughter in his voice.

Nelia turned to him suddenly. What would he think, this tall, good-looking boy, what would he say, if

she should impulsively tell him the truth? "Well, I wished to win that scholarship, and I did win it. And I wished to have a way of earning my expenses, and the high school principal got me this job with Professor Cummins. And now I wish—wish—wish that *you* would like me; would take me places; would call me up and ask me for dates like boys ask Pat Armstrong!"

But her wild impulse passed like a flash of lightning. If you were going to have dates and good times in college you had to have lots of clothes and things like that! She had never realized how important those superficial things were. Back home she had merely thought, Oh, if I could only find a way to go to college!" She hadn't stopped to think that even a very bright, very industrious, very ambitious little freshman might need other things besides fees, and books and board and room.

"You wouldn't be interested," she said, with a coldness as sudden as her impulse had been. "Anyway you aren't supposed to tell your wishes. Here's where I turn. Good-by!"

Dan's way lay farther on where a long row of fraternity house formed a community of their own. There was a street of sorority houses, too; big houses, like the pictures of homes in "House and Garden" magazine. Pat Armstrong lived in one of those, but Nelia lived in Mrs. Gray's boarding and rooming house where the rates were very inexpensive because the girls took turns about setting the tables and washing the dishes.

Nelia, turning down the street where Mrs. Gray's house stood among its smoke stained neighbors, caught her breath in sudden surprise. Pat's car! She recognized the wine colored

roadster, so smooth and shining and luxurious. What was Pat Armstrong's car doing in front of Mrs. Gray's boarding house?

Nelia's heart-beats quickened a little in time to her accelerated steps. Could the presence of Pat's car have anything to do with the rather frivolous, romantic, foolish wishes which Nelia's heart had been making these past weeks? Pat and Nelia had scarcely known each other in school. Nelia had lived in the country. She went back and forth on the school bus, and had no part in the social events of Pat's life.

Pat was waiting for her in the hall, and greeted her as if they had been old friends. Nelia, trying to understand this friendliness, reminded herself that college was different. College was democratic, it broke down barriers which had seemed important in high school; it gave people higher things in common than clothes and cars and money.

Pat asked at last, "Wouldn't you like to go for a little drive? It's a lovely night. I'd like to show you around the campus."

Pat was charming. She was as intriguing, as subtly fascinating as the perfume she wore. Pat took Nelia driving all around the great campus; all around Quadrangle where the great houses of the sororities fraternities stood like lighted mansions. She told Nelia little interesting details about the houses; details that showed her familiarity with them. "I want to show you my house, too," she said. "Rather a nice place, we think!" Nelia walked with her into a mansion that almost overwhelmed her. It was like no place she had ever entered before. There were girls standing or sitting about in the

rich, beautiful rooms, and Pat introduced Nelia to them in away whose careless friendliness had an intoxicating quality to it.

Then Pat took her to different places where Nelia had not been; places that had a gay, collegiate atmosphere. Everybody knew Pat and hailed her; they had friendly smiles for Nelia because she was with Pat. She was, for the moment, part of Pat's atmosphere.

"It's as if she was demonstrating to me—showing me what her friendship would be like; that it would be like a magic key for me," Nelia thought, and was rather puzzled. They were from the same town, yes, but that wasn't enough explanation.

Pat said at parting; "I wonder if you wouldn't like to go driving with me tomorrow afternoon—I mean after your work in Professor Cummins' office? There are some lovely views—"

Nelia's roommate was excited when Nelia went upstairs; "You see? Just what I thought. She's rushing you. For her sorority. That's the way they do it, I know. My Cousin belongs to one at Andover—"

"You funny child!" Nelia's smile flashed about the bare-looking bedroom which had seemed too luxurious to her when she first came to college. "What on earth would the Gamma K's do with a working-her-way like me?"

"Some day they'll be proud to say they knew you," prophesied Donald staunchly. "I bet not one of them has ever earned a county scholarship and a place to work in the Biology head's office!"

"None of them ever needed to," returned Nelia. But she went over and looked up in the sky. The star

was still shining down at her; very bright, and kind, and steadfast. "You've listened to all my wishes and made them come true," Nelia confided to the star. "If Pat would be my friend—just a nice, friendly friend, nothing impossible like a sorority sister—I could get things out of college that four years of straight A's and a Phi Beta Kappa key will never give me!"

Her thoughts flew, strangely enough, from Pat and Pat's glamour to Dan Brooks with his slim, straight height, his shining blue eyes, his fascinating smile, his general air of being a young conqueror returning victorious from the fray.

There were so many girls on this big campus; so many girls that struck into one's vision like a bright, modist magazine cover, like a gaily wrapped gift package, like a redbird in an autumn tree. Smiles flashed across Nelia's mind like bright advertisements. The outside of things, the appearances, mattered so terribly at first, until you learned.

"Even Cinderella had to be dressed up and go some place before the prince noticed her," thought Nelia. "He'd never have been really interested if he'd seen her first in her old gray dress by the ashes!"

Pat came the next afternoon, took Nelia in her car for a long drive far beyond the city limits, and up a tall hill. There she began to speak to the point, all her casual air of friendliness tossed away like a cloak. She might have been her own executive father, speaking in a board meeting, or to one of his subordinates; she spoke crisply, sensibly, of the importance of being known on the campus; being seen, getting out; of the impor-

tance of the proper friendships to an ambitious student.

"Dad always says that more big things are done over a dinner table or on the golf course than in the business office," she stated. "It's true. You can't get places alone, even with high grades in college. Just being scholarly won't do for you in college what it did in high school."

"Are you—reproaching me?" Nelia queried in puzzlement. "I mean, for not having more social life?" Again her thoughts flew to Dan Brooks and the gay frivolity of the Freshman Frolic. "It isn't because I really object to social affairs, Pat; it's because—"

"It takes clothes and it takes acquaintances," analyzed Pat, heartlessly. "You didn't realize that when you came to college did you? . . . That pretty clothes and influential friendships are just as important in their way as high grades—"

She broke off suddenly, laying her small hand with its exquisitely manicured fingernails, on Nelia's.

"I'm not trying to make you feel inferior," she said shortly. "I'm trying to prepare the way to make you see that you and I can help each other a lot—we've each got something the other needs!"

Nelia's gray eyes, dark and clear, met squarely with Pat's brown ones. There was questioning in hers; a strange challenge in Pat's.

"I don't understand you," Nelia said at last. "I know you could help me—you've got so many things. . . . But I—what do I have that could help you?"

"You have access to the questions that Professor Cummins is going to give on his Biology 25 midterm," said Pat steadily. "If I can't get those

questions, Nelia, I'll flunk that test. And in that case, I automatically go home. I'm already conditioned. One flunk, and I'm expelled!"

There was a loud singing in Nelia's ears. She heard her own heart beating with heavy loudness, and it seemed to her that she could feel the color drain away from her face, leaving her a staring, colorless mannikin, transfixed by the brilliant eagerness in Pat's gaze. She murmured something; it was a protest, she knew, she was not sure of the words she used. Pat's answer came in quick irritation.

"Don't be silly and old-fashioned, Nelia. This is opportunity for you—Opportunity with a capital letter. You help me and I'll be your friend—your sponsor, if you like. That's not all; I'll trade you fifty dollars in cold cash for one little copy of those questions. . . . Think what you could do with fifty dollars, Nelia. Think of the clothes you could buy. . . . With a few decent clothes, and a styled permanent, you could be a beauty, Nelia—I'm not kidding; it's the truth!"

Clothes! And the way your hair and fingernails looked. They were so horribly, cruelly important in college! They gave you the self-confidence that made you walk with a swing, a look of victory in your eyes. Nelia looked down below her at the water of the lake, at the towers of the campus before her. She saw herself going to English class in one of those delicious new plaid dresses from the Vogue Shoppe; plaid in front, plain behind, two-pieced like a suit and magical in effect! She saw the wind-blown waves of her dark hair biscoplined into tricky little sausage curls framing her face. One could be audacious with hair like that—could

smile freely at the most conquering of young heroes. She remembered, with sharp clearness, a certain rose striped organza frock in that same Shoppe. Donaldda had noticed it, too, and cried out: "Oh, Nelia, it looks as if it were made for you—for you to wear to the Frolic!"

She heard her voice coming from a distance; "I don't think it would be honest. I'd feel as if I were wearing stolen things. . . . I've always worked awfully hard for things—earned them!"

"And you'd be earning this," Pat argued cleverly. "So far, every thing's been hard for you—effort. going-without. But now you've earned a place where things can be easier for you. . . . Don't be a nut, Nelia! How do you think big business men and big politicians get what they get? They work hard to win a place where they got power sometimes to grant—favors to give. Then they work their place—that's all. It's like getting interest on money they've earned, see? You're ready to get a little interest on what you've earned if you have sense enough to take it, Nelia!"

"Let me—think," Nelia temporized weakly. She looked down over the shining water and the high towers again and she thought to herself, dreamily, "When He was taken up to a high hill, and offered the kingdom of the world, He didn't say wait. He said, get behind me. . . . But of course He wasn't just a human—a human girl with wishes—"

"I'll call you tonight—at seven o'clock," Pat's tone was sweet and confident. "I'll ask you if you don't want to go over to the Palm Garden for a coke. . . . If you decide to help me, you answer yes; otherwise no."

Pat was clever, thought Nelia, as

they drove back, going past the big building where the Frolic would be held. Pat was very clever, indeed. If she'd used that clever, political brain of hers on her biology, thought Nelia dully, then she wouldn't be offering kingdoms to a little girl from the back road hills.

Donaldda met her at the head of the stairs when she returned home. Her eyes were wide; she spoke in a thrilled whisper. "O Nelia. He called. I mean Dan Brooks. I know he's going to ask you to the All-School Party. He asked me if I knew whether you planned to go, and I was so excited I could hardly talk. He said he'd call you again about seven thirty! Oh, Nelia! Now you'll just have to borrow a dress!"

Dinner was ready. Nelia sat down at the table with the other girls, but she was unaware of anything about her. The chatter of voices, the scent of food, even the taste of it, passed over her without making an impression. Fifty dollars in cash; how beautiful, how different, it could make her look. . . . Dan had called. He would call again. If she confessed to him, "No, I can't go with you to the party because I haven't anything to wear to the party," how would he look and feel? He had such an air of cheer and victory, and of getting what he wanted from life.

She went up to her room in the darkness to lie down to think. Outside it was dark and the first star appeared suddenly in the frame of the window, cool and serene as ever.

"Wishing star," whispered Nelia, and began, from long habit, to say the old rhyme. And suddenly she caught her breath; "Why, last night I wished for—for just what I can have tonight. . . . I wished for them

on the star, and the star has given me my wish."

(Of course, it wasn't really the dress that mattered. She could confess that, in the darkness to the star. The dress was just a means to an end. The dress was just to make her seem charming and attractive to Dan Brooks.)

The telephone ringing downstairs set her heart beating with a crazy force. She could imagine Pat's voice, her urgent, half-contemptuous varior with that touch of worldly laughter in it; "Of course, Nelia you got those things you wished for because you worked for them and went after them and seized every opportunity . . . Looking at a star doesn't do anything for you unless you do something."

"All right then! I guess I have worked. She's right. If I hadn't worked and tried so hard all these years I wouldn't have this chance to do a favor for Pat Armstrong and get rewarded for it. . . . It's power. . . . It's power that I've earned!"

She stood still a minute, clenching her hands, gathering her breath to answer the telephone; "At the Palm Garden—why yes, Pat, I'd like a coke. . . . I'll meet you there—"

The telephone call wasn't for her, after all. Out on the campus the chimes rang 6:45; "Lord-through-this hour-be-thou-our-guide—"

Nelia walked over to the window and pressed her hot cheek to the cool glass. The star above the bell tower looked down at her steadily and gravely. There was no weakening, no mercy in its steadfast serenity. Below and behind it a Neon sign flashed on and off the Palm Garden. It was a brilliant sign; gaudy and glamorous, but not steadfast. It shone out for an instant, dimming

the white fire of the star, and then it went into darkness, but the star stayed there, eternal and undisturbed.

Nelia knew, with a sudden certainty, that she was making her choice between a Neon light and a star. Knew also, that if she chose the way that Pat offered her, she would never again look up at the star and wish on it. She would be changing, irrevocably, her choice of a star to wish on.

The telephone was back on its hook. She hurried. She was afraid if she waited for a minute that she would lose her courage. Even then, her voice sounded strange and weak and breathless. "It's Nelia Wayne calling—a message for Pat Armstrong. I won't be able to meet her at the Palm Garden. . . . yes, thank you, that's correct. . . . that I *won't* be there—I've discovered that it's quite impossible—"

She turned around to face the astonished and disapproving eyes of several of the girls. Now that it was over, she wanted to get outside to feel the wind, to be under the star's light. "If Dan Brooks calls," she said to Donald, as she slipped into her coat, "tell him you know I'm going to be busy that night—I'll be studying my English!"

She rushed down the steps and down the street to the campus. "I should be feeling miserable and sad," she thought. "No use pretending I wouldn't rather have gone with Dan Brooks some place than to do anything else in the world—except to keep faith with my star."

She was startled by steps behind her; by a voice that was determined yet gay; "Is it a *big* fire?"

"Why—why, good evening, Dan. I was just going—"

"I noticed you were going—going

fast! Didn't your roommate tell you I'd called?"

"Yes, but I left a message. I told her what to tell you. I told her to tell you that I couldn't go to the Frolic—"

"You're doing something else? You have the evening taken?" There was disappointment in Dan's voice, a tone that warmed yet hurt. Nelia struggled for an instant with her pride before she answered honestly,

"I don't have a thing planned for the evening. But you see—"

"Good! Then you can go, after all. Up to the le Cruif laboratory in the city. We'd need to start about six—several medics are going, and Miss Burr that new young biology instructor—we can stop on the way up and get something to eat. We'll get to go through the laboratory and then Dr. le Cruif is going to give a lecture. . . . I thought maybe you wouldn't mind giving up a party to hear him . . . !"

"Dr. le Cruif!" Nelia breathed excited reverence. Why, he was world

famous for his experiments and lectures and books. To go through his laboratory—to hear him lecture—perhaps even to meet him; those things alone would make an epoch in her life. And to go with Dan, because Dan wanted her—! Nelia's heart began to sing like a bird and her voice trembled a little with happiness as she answered.

"Good! I'll come past for you a little before six . . . Dr. Cummings is going, too, of course in another car. He thinks a lot of you, Nelia. He eats at the house where I stay. He's going to see if he can get you to do a few hours tutoring for some freshmen who are having a hard time with their experiments—it would be two dollars an hour, you know!"

Two dollars an hour! Nelia looked up at the star. Now it seemed to be looking down at her with a gay, god-motherly understanding! It wasn't cold and remote and queenly any more. It was bright, sparkling, with a twinkle of happiness that reached the bottom of Nelia's heart.

THE ANSWER

Why look down upon the humble,
The unfortunate or weak?
There was long ago a promise
That was cheering to the meek.

When the gods of plenty find you,
Simple gratitude should show,
That's a signal to help others,
You don't want it all—you know.

Learn the secret of abundance
It is given you to share
Don't you want to be the answer
To another's trusting prayer?

—J. L. Hole.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Four fine hogs were butchered this week, thus assuring us of another generous helping of spare-ribs, sausage and other delicacies of the hog-killing season.

Miss Wilma Williams, of Lillington, a case worker for the Harnett County Department of Public Welfare, called at The Uplift office last Thursday morning. While here she visited the various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

Mrs. M. A. Boger, of Albemarle; Mrs. Eunice Boger and four-year old son, Bobby, of Burlington; were visitors at the School last Thursday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, they visited the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other departments of the institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fickes of Badin, visited the School on Thursday of last week, leaving about forty very good books for the King's Daughters Library, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their kindly interest in our boys. While here they accompanied Superintendent Boger through the various departments.

Mr. J. D. Ingram, sales manager of the Doctor Pepper Bottling Company, Charlotte, was a visitor at the School last Wednesday. Accompanied by Mr. Liske, our bakery instructor, he visited practically all of the departments at the institution. Mr. Ingram is a great lover of boys and was very much interested in seeing them at

work and at play. When the youngsters found out that he was the man who helped make their Hallowe'en party a success by donating a bottle of the well-known Doctor Pepper soft drink, for each boy at the School he was greeted with the broadest kind of smiles as he made the round.

Fred Harris, age 26, of Troy, one of our old boys, visited the School last week. As a boy here, Fred was a member of Cottage No. 11 group and worked with the carpenter shop force. Leaving the School January 15, 1929, he returned to his home in Mt. Gilead, where he entered high school. After completing his high school course, Fred spent two years working on a farm. For the past three years this young man has been employed by the North Carolina State Highway Commission, working at both road and bridge construction. He reported that he likes his work very much and has been getting along well. Fred also told us that he had been married five years and was the father of a son, age eight months. In talking with some of the members of the School's staff of workers, Fred stated that he did not regret one day of his stay with us, and felt the training received here had been of great help to him.

Boyce Stafford, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who was allowed to leave the School, March 10, 1932, called at The Uplift office one day last week. At the time he left the institution, Boyce went to live with his grandmother at Ellerbe, but after staying there a few weeks he enlisted in the United States

Navy. He first went to the naval training station at Norfolk, Va. Completing the training period, Boyce was stationed aboard the U. S. Destroyer No. 349, and for the next several years was stationed at San Diego, Calif.; Callha, Peru; and Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. In 1935 he returned to San Diego and was honorably discharged. Since the expiration of his term of enlistment in Uncle Sam's service, Boyce has been employed at steel construction work in several states, but for the past three years has been working at Portsmouth, N. H., to which place he expects to return after spending two weeks with relatives in China Grove.

Good Advice

We are publishing the following letter received by a boy here. It comes from a minister in the lad's home town, who seems to have had some interest in and contact with the boy prior to his coming to the School. The letter is too full of sane, sensible advice to young men to be limited to only one boy in the state. He writes as follows:

"You may think it strange that I should bother to write to you, especially since you are not one of my parishioners and when it is so easy to let one who is out of sight be out of one's mind and thoughts. But I'm sure that even from our casual conversations on the street from time to time you do not have to be reminded that I am interested in your welfare.

"Last week I had a little visit with your mother, and of course you were the topic of conversation, for you are on her mind and heart always. Like all mothers whose sons try to cross against the flow of the current of society only to find the conventions of

the group stronger than the selfishness of the individual, she was concerned not so much with how you had hurt her (and you could not hurt her except that she loves you), but rather with your welfare. She is interested in your getting out of school—and rightly so. And so am I. But there is no use in kidding ourselves, Billy. The only way I know of dealing with persons is by being honest with them—just as I want them to be with me. And so here goes:

"When something goes wrong inside a person causing inflammation of the vermiform appendix we call it appendicitis; the doctor operates in the hospital, performing an appendectomy. But the person is not allowed to go home until he is nearly well. So we can say that something has "gone wrong" inside of you—in that vague region we call personality—and you try to buck the stream of human beings that we call the community; you get "sticky fingers"; you refuse to go to school; you stay out at night when you should be in bed and asleep; you develop a taste for improper beverages, and instead of going to the hospital here you find yourself where you are now, at the expense of the state, where every effort is being made to make you socially well. I am anxious to see you back in Marion again; but I don't want to see you here until there is reason to believe that you can go straight and that it is your desire to go straight. I think of you and all the many other young men at school in the same way that I think of the patients I visit in the general hospital. The difference is in the way you are sick. I am not interested in pulling strings to get you out of the school, even if I could, which I doubt. The pulling

that I am interested in is that which you can do to pull yourself together and make a man out of the boy you were when last I saw you. Then when you come back here you will find that I shall do all in my power to get you a job and a fresh start providing you choose to work with me and not merely let me work for you. The Saviour did everything for us, but nothing in our places. Each must do his part. And so now all that I ask of you is that you work with the officials of the school, that you stop counting the days and weeks before you can again find yourself on the outside but rather make the most of each day as it comes, striving to let each sundown find you a bit more of a man than the preceding sunup. If you are willing to do that, then you can count on me to stand by you. Otherwise—but I hope there will be no otherwise.

“As you know, I have no axe to grind in your case. Father Flanagan is not the only priest who believes that “there is no such thing as a bad boy”, though some boys try to prove to us that we are wrong by doing consistently the things that would brand them as such. My only interest in you is that you might find life more worth-the-while because of me, and that the state might find in you a useful citizen instead of a nuisance. The choice is up to you and to you alone. No matter how much your mother loves you; no matter how much I want to believe in you it is you who must choose the highway or the by-path. The state is not punishing you because you have been a so-called “bad boy”; the state is spending the tax-payers money on you in the hope that you can be redeemed for good citizenship. Work

with them and they'll make a man out of you; refuse co-operation and you'll find in much stronger terms than you have ever known that the group is stronger than the individual.

“Don't think that you are to be pitied—that you are the only one who ever had to put up a fight within himself—that you had the bad “breaks” and the other fellow had the good ones. No one who was ever truly a man went through life without mistakes and fights within himself. Your problem lies within you; solve it within your mind and the battle is half over. Every official at the school, every “boy-conscious” citizen in Marion wants to see you make good, but the decision is up to you.

“Things seem to be going well here. Feel free to write to me just as honestly as I have written to you, and know that I shall be glad to hear from you. . . . Keep your chin up and be a man.”

Last Sunday's Service

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Christ's temptation by the devil, as recorded in the fourth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and instead of preaching a regular sermon, he told the boys a most impressive story in his usual interesting manner. The story is as follows:

Over in the land of Caanan there once lived a great giant, a man named Offerus. He stood twelve cubits high and was very strong. A most solemn expression could always be seen on his face. While he was well-proportioned physically, this giant was a very bad man. Becoming tired

of things in his community, Offerus decided to go and sell his services to the most powerful man in the world, just as soon as he could determine just who that man was.

He inquired of many people and they all agreed that the Emperor of Rome was more powerful than any other man in the world. Acting upon this advice, Offerus started for Rome, a great distance away. After a long, hard journey he met the emperor, told him that he had heard from good authority that he was the world's most powerful man and wanted to serve him. The emperor, admiring the giant's splendid physical condition, replied that he would take him if he would agree to serve him the rest of his life. Offerus accepted the offer.

Offerus became the emperor's special bodyguard, accompanying him wherever he went. As they traveled all over the Roman Empire, it was an easy matter to get the people to obey their ruler. In addition to being afraid of the power of the emperor, they feared the strength of his bodyguard.

This huge man went with the emperor on his many hunting expeditions, and at night, at the end of the hunt, would listen to the royal bard as he entertained them with songs and stories. He often heard the bard speak of the evil one, telling the people to beware of his power. He asked the emperor who this was that everyone seemed to fear. The emperor replied that while he was not exactly afraid of the evil one, he was not anxious for him to get hold of him. Said Offerus, "I thought you were the most powerful man in the world but here's someone of whom even you are afraid." He then made up

his mind to leave the emperor and search for the one whom he feared, and offer his services to him.

The giant went into the forest. Here he saw an altar on which were charred bits of wood, also bones of horses and men. He called out, "Is the devil around here?" but there was no answer. He then fell asleep, but was suddenly awakened. Before him stood a great black horse on which was seated a black figure, which spoke to him, saying, "I want you to obey me." "Who are you?" asked Offerus, and the figure replied, "I am the devil." Said the giant, "If you are powerful enough to frighten even the emperor, I'll go with you and serve you." He then followed the devil for a long time. Together they visited many places, seeing thousands of people having what they called a good time. The giant really enjoyed being with the devil far better than serving the emperor.

One day they came to a hill where they saw three white crosses. The devil suggested that they go around this hill rather than come close to the crosses. Offerus asked why, and his companion told him to always shun such symbols, never to touch them, but the giant drew his bow and shot an arrow into the center cross. The devil then explained why he was afraid of crosses, saying they reminded him of Christ. He told Offerus, "They stand for Christianity, something that all of my power cannot destroy."

Upon learning of a power which frightened the devil, the giant immediately left him and started out in search of Christ. He had followed the Emperor of Rome and the devil, but now wanted to enlist in the service of the all-powerful Savior of the

World.

Offerus asked many people where he could find Christ. Some one told him to go to an old hermit, who could probably direct him. He did so, and the hermit sent him to a monastery, saying that the old abbot in charge could tell him where to find Jesus. The abbot told him the story of the Christ Child and further instructed him to pray that he might find him. The giant replied that he did not know how to pray. The abbot's advice then was that he should go down to the river, build a house, saying that if he wanted to serve his fellow man, to carry people across the deep stream, there being no ferry for that purpose. He did so, serving travelers in that country for many years.

One night Offerus was awakened by a voice, saying, "Dear good, tall Offerus, won't you please come and carry me across the river?" He went to the river but saw no one. He went back to bed, and the call was repeated. Answering as before, he once more waded the stream. On the other side he saw the most fair-haired little child he had ever seen. He started across the river with him on his shoulder. Although the child seemed small, the great, towering giant staggered, making the crossing with difficulty. Reaching the other shore, he told the child not to ask to be carried across the stream again. The child spoke, saying, "Offerus, do you realize that you have carried the Christ-Child across the river. You bore on your shoulders the sins of the world. You have carried the Lamb of God." He then told the giant, "Go and plant that great staff of yours down by the river. If you believe on me, tomorrow you will see leaves growing thereon, later there

will be blossoms and flowers. Your name has been Offerus, but from this time forth it will be Christopher." The Christ-Child then disappeared. The giant did as directed and the staff became a living tree, and he became a firm believer in Christ. Because of this story, said the speaker, St. Christopher, from that day, has been the patron saint of all travelers.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes pointed out to the boys that Offerus tried three things in order to attain soul-satisfaction. He first tried to serve the Emperor of Rome, but that did not satisfy his soul; he next tried serving the devil, but that, too, left his soul sorely troubled; when he finally became a servant of Christ, he realized that the power of the Savior of the World was the only thing that would be satisfying to his soul, and so he spent the remainder of his days by the riverside, helping his fellow men along life's way.

Singing Class Visits School

Last Monday night, the Oxford Orphanage Singing Class, composed of fourteen children, ten girls and four boys, appeared in their annual concert in the Jackson Training School auditorium. The visits of the Class are always sponsored by Stokes Lodge, No. 32, A. F. & A. M., of Concord, and quite a number of its officers and members, their wives and friends were present on this occasion.

The program started promptly at seven o'clock. Members of the class, attired in black and white robes, rendered the processional, "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven," in a most impressive manner. Due to the absence of a local minister, who usually makes the opening prayer, the entire student body, led by Forrest McEn-

tire, of Cottage No. 2, recited the First Psalm and the Lord's Prayer. The class then sang one of Gounod's beautiful anthems, "Send Out Thy Light," which was followed by the recessional hymn.

Next on the program was a humorous recitation, "Pa Goes to the Sale," by Charlie Jones, a lad of ten years, who made quite a hit with his listeners, especially the smaller boys.

Four boys and four girls then rendered a pleasing number entitled "Ladies and Gentlemen", after which little Miss Elizabeth Toler recited "The Spelling Lesson" with lots of feeling and expression.

Six boys and girls then appeared in a number called "The Minuet." Costumed in early colonial dress, they very cleverly portrayed the style of dancing enjoyed by the immortal George Washinton and his friends on festive occasions of that period.

During a brief intermission Superintendent Boger addressed the assemblage, the members of the class in particular, expressing appreciation for the delightful programs always rendered by the children from the Oxford institution. He told the boys and girls that if they would really put themselves into the great work of life as they did into their efforts on the stage, there could be no doubt as to their attaining great success.

Four boys then gave an Indian song and dance number entitled "Indian Braves From Waygosee." Clad in tribal costumes, these lads encircled the stage, at times emitting war-whoops, which delighted the audience. Little Miss Mamie Howard then recited "My Mother's Hats", her efforts being well received.

One of the most colorful numbers on the class programs in several

years, called "Mother Goose and Her Children" was next presented. One scene was particularly impressive. The house lights were switched off and above the stage shone a huge moon in which was perched Elizabeth Toler. As she sang "Humpty-Dumpty and Me" the flood lights were turned on this scene, making it very attractive. From the amount of applause, it seemed that the boys enjoyed it better than any other part of the program.

Helen Toler then recited "They Had a Lovely Time, which was also very good. The entire class then appeared in a musical number, "Would God I were the Tender Apple Blossom", which was the musical hit of the evening.

In the closing number, "Scotch Folk Song and Dance", five of the larger girls, arrayed in Highland costume, staged an attractive act. In the song they handled the difficult Scotch dialect in a manner that would have done credit to professional performers, and the way they executed the intricate steps of the Highland Fling, might have caused one to think they had just come over from Bobby Burns' "Ain Countree." If a name had anything to do with this delightful performance in real Scotch style, we believe we have discovered the reason—it was noted on the printed program that one of the bonnie lassies participating in this number was named Annie Laurie Adams.

The Singing Class this year is again under the direction of Mrs. Sadie T. Hutchinson, musical director, and S. F. Paul, who succeeded the late Brother Alderman as manager, and from the manner in which their young charges perform on the stage, one can easily see there is nothing

lacking as far as direction and management are concerned.

We were very sorry to learn that Mrs. Hutchinson had been called to her home because of illness in the family about a week prior to the concert at the School, and sincerely trust she may soon be able to assume her regular duties with the class. Mrs. Ruth M. Wolling, a member of the Oxford Orphanage staff, acting as pinch-hitter for Mrs. Hutchinson, handled her part of the program like a veteran trooper. There

was nothing to indicate that she had not been doing such things for a long time. There was considerable foot-patting going on in the audience as she played stirring marches and other popular selections on the piano at brief intervals during the concert.

We wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Paul; Mrs. Wolling; members of the class; Stokes Lodge; and all others who made this delightful entertainment possible for our boys. We shall be eagerly awaiting their next visit.

“Faith drives out fear and brings courage to the weakest.”

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending November 12, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (22) Clyde Gray 22
- (3) Gilbert Hogan 20
- (21) Edward Johnson 21
- (16) Frank Johnson 17
- (3) Thomas Turner 18

COTTAGE No. 1

- (5) Jack Broome 16
- Howard Cox 17
- Porter Holder 10
- (2) George McDonald 2
- (5) Lee Watkins 14

COTTAGE No. 2

- (2) John D. Davis 2
- Richard Parker 5
- (2) Nick Rochester 16
- (2) Landreth Sims 9

COTTAGE No. 3

- Lewis Andrews 15
- (5) Earl Barnes 19
- (10) Coolidge Green 20
- A. C. Lamar 13

- (2) William Matthewson 2
- (14) F. E. Mickle 22
- (5) John C. Robertson 21
- Harrison Stilwell 17
- (16) Allen Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 15
- William Cherry 7
- (2) Quentin Crittenton 11
- (2) Lewis Donaldson 13
- (3) Arthur Edmondson 3
- (2) Ivan Morrozoff 22
- (2) Edward McGee 12
- J. W. McRorrie 11
- J. C. Nance 7
- (11) Melvin Walters 23
- (9) James Wilhite 21
- (2) Samuel Williams 14
- (3) Cecil Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Theodore Bowles 12
- (2) Collett Cantor 18
- (2) Harold Donaldson 2

THE UPLIFT

- (3) A. C. Elmore 13
- (2) Monroe Flinchum 5
- (13) William Kirksey 17
- (13) Everett Lineberry 21
- (3) Fred Tolbert 6
- (2) Henry Ziegler 2

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten 13
- Robert Dunning 12
- Columbus Hamilton 7
- Winley Jones 2
- Spencer Lane 9
- Randall D. Peeler 9
- Jack Reeves
- Joseph Tucker 14
- Carl Ward 7
- William Wilson 7
- Woodrow Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 7

- John H. Averitte 15
- (2) William Beach 2
- Carl Breece 19
- (5) John Deaton 22
- (6) Donald Earnhardt 18
- (6) George Green 16
- (3) Richard Halker 3
- (5) Raymond Hughes 12
- Robert Hampton 10
- Lyman Johnson 14
- Arnold McHone 14
- Marshall Pace 11
- (3) Carl Ray 14
- (5) Loy Stines 16
- Joseph Wheeler 12
- (2) Edd Woody 12
- (3) William R. Young 13

COTTAGE No. 8

- Thomas Britt
- (2) Howard Griffin 4
- Otis Kilpatrick 2
- (2) Harvey Ledford 5
- Cicero Outlaw 3
- John Tolbert 10

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Holly Atwood 14
- (6) Mack Bell 7
- (10) Frank Glover 20
- (2) C. D. Grooms 20
- (2) Osper Howell 16
- Daniel Kilpatrick 2
- Alfred Land 7
- (17) Harold O'Dear 20
- (4) Eugene Presnell 17

- James Ruff 6
- (10) Cleveland Suggs 14
- (5) Preston Wilbourne 20
- (7) Horace Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Junius Brewer 7
- Aldine Brown 3
- (2) J. D. Hildreth 14
- (2) Lee Jones 14
- (2) Thomas King 8
- (3) Vernon Lamb 10
- (2) James Martin 10
- (2) James Penland 2
- Oscar Smith 8
- Torrence Ware 6
- Rufus Wagoner 10
- George Worley 6

COTTAGE No. 11

- (3) Harold Bryson 21
- (5) William Covington 8
- (18) William Dixon 20
- (24) Earl Hildreth 24
- William Hudgins 18
- (10) Paul Mullis 19
- (5) Edward Murray 21
- (2) Donald Newman 4
- Fred Owens 14
- (3) Theodore Rector 15
- N. C. Webb 9

COTTAGE No. 12

- (5) Odell Almond 15
- (2) Jay Brannock 11
- (6) Allard Brantley 15
- (8) Howard Devlin 15
- (2) Tillman Lyles 13
- (2) James Mondie 14
- (14) Avery Smith 22

COTTAGE No. 13

- James Kissiah 6

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 15
- (2) John Church 11
- Marvin King 12
- John Kirkman 10
- (2) Feldman Lane 16
- (4) Henry McGraw 14
- (3) Troy Powell 19
- Richard Patton 12
- John Robbins 11
- (5) Harold Thomas 13
- Desmond Truitt 10
- Garfield Walker 15

Jones Watson 11
(2) Junior Woody 17

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) William Cantor 12
(2) Sidney Delbridge 10
(2) Clifton Davis 18
Clarence Gates 9
(2) J. P. Sutton 18
(2) William Young 16

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 12
(2) George Duncan 14
(4) Philip Holmes 17
(24) Warren G. Lawry 24
(8) Early Oxendine 18
(4) Thomas Oxendine 21
(3) Charles Presnell 13
(4) Curley Smith 20
(7) Thomas Wilson 20

“Temptation is like a beautiful cup with poison in its depths.”

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—OCTOBER

(NOTE: The figure following boy's name indicates the number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clinton Call 9
Leo Hamilton 7
Peter Jones 5
Harold O'Dear 7
H. C. Pope 7
Landreth Sims 10
George Tolson 5
Torrence Ware 3
J. C. Willis 5

—B—

Leonard Dawn 2
Dillon Dean 10
James Mondie 2
Elroy Pridgen 6
Eldred Watts 2
James C. Wiggins 7

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Barker 7
Aldine Brown 5
William Broadwell 4
Robert Deyton 8
Velmar Denning
Eugene Edwards 8
Audie Farthing 3
Richard Freeman 6
Charles Frye 5
George Green 9
J. B. Howell 3

J. C. Long 4
Douglas Mabry 7
Henry Smith 7
Hubert Smith 8
Richard Starnes 4
Fred Tolbert 8
Carl Ward 8

—B—

Howard Cox 4
John Crawford 2
Clifton Davis 10
Monroe Flichum 5
Lacy Green 6
John Ham 3
Earl Hildreth 5
Leonard Jacobs 3
Winley Jones
Milton Koontz 3
Spencer Lane 4
Tillman Lyles 7
Everett Lineberry 2
Roy Mumford 6
Richard Parker
Eugene Puckett 6
L. B. Sawyer
Loy Stines 8
William Suites
Louis Williams 5
Junior Woody 7
Thomas Yates 10

THIRD GRADE

(NOTE: Due to the absence of

the teacher, no honor roll for this grade was reported for the month of October.)

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Homer Bass 6
Edward Batten 3
Jack Haney 2
Theodore Rector 6
Eulice Rogers 3
Arvel Ward 5
Jack West 5
Joesph White 9

—B—

William Cantor 2
Howard Devlin
A. C. Elmore 3
Everett Hackler 4
Samuel Kirksey 2
Norvell Murphy
Randall D. Peeler 9
Weaver Penland 4
Henry Phillips
George Shaver 2
J. P. Sutton 4

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Henry Ennis
James Lane 8
Julian Merritt
Edward Murray 9

—B—

Raymond Andrews 7
Jack Cline

Lewis Donaldson 9
John Hendrix 2
Jack Mathis 8
Paul McGlammery 2
J. C. Stone 3
George Wilhite 5
William Wilson (Cott. No. 6.)5

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 9
Quentin Crittenton 2
William Herrin 3
James Wilhite 3

—B—

Paul Mullis 2
William Nichols 2
Henry Raby 6
Eugene Smith 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 2
Frank King 4
Edward Warnock 4

—B—

George Cooke 3
Harold Crooks
William Freeman 2
John Kirkman 2
Paul Lewallen 2
Vernon Lamb 7
Joseph Tucker 3
Samuel Williams 5
William Young 3

During the Civil War days a Foreign Minister to the United States was shocked to his extremities when, on a call to the White House, he found President Lincoln shining his own shoes. His sense of proper demeanor and fitness of occasion prevented him from maintaining silence, and he proceeded to tell the president of the United States that in his country it was not the custom of gentlemen to polish their own shoes.

With his customary resourcefulness and nimble wit, President Lincoln replied, "Then whose shoes do they polish?"

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1939

NO. 47

THANKS

Thanks, thanks for the privilege of living,
 For the glory of growth, the peace of for-
 giving,
 For the sight of the hills when the dusk is
 grey,
 For the crimson of dawn and the gold of day,
 For the friendship that reaches a kindly
 hand,
 For love with its power to understand,
 For the long, white road we can walk along,
 For companionship and the love of home,
 For the trees that quiver against the sky,
 For birds, that go winging and singing by,
 For hearts of faith through the midnight
 dark,
 For the reassurance of morning's lark,
 For the countless things that cause tears to
 start,
 But most, Lord, thanks for a thankful heart.

—Christie Lund.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said old gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price;
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!
And since such a good dinner's before me I ought
To give poor widow Lee the small chicken I bought."
"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased widow Lee.
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I;
I'll give washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."
"And O sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies.
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger-cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."
"A sweet cake all our own! 'Tis too good to be true,"
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh:
"It smells of sweet spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."
"O, thank you and thank you," said little lame Jake:
"What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!
And such a big slice! I'll save all the crumbs
And give them to each little sparrow that comes."
And the sparrows, they twittered as if they would say,
Like old gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

—Marian Douglas.

1621—THANKSGIVING—1939

There is no other holiday so characteristically American as Thanksgiving Day; none more historically significant because its origin is so intimately associated with the beginnings of the Ameri-

can Democracy. The first Thanksgiving Day—as every schoolboy knows—was celebrated at Plymouth, Massachusetts, by the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621—three hundred and nineteen years ago. History recounts the story briefly: “When provisions and fuel were laid in for the winter Governor Bradford appointed a day for Thanksgiving.” At this time only forty-nine of the hundred simple English farmers remained—fifty-one succumbed during that first grim winter. But the fine character and industry and faith of New England’s earliest settlers is evidenced by that first harvest. Despite the cold and the hardships imposed upon them by a strange and rather primitive land, they led an orderly existence. By the end of the first summer seven houses had been built, and more than twenty acres of land had been cleared. Town meetings had been held, a few laws passed, and the history of New England had begun.

The Pilgrim Fathers, however, were not so much concerned with harvests as they were with those “certain inalienable rights” upon which the American Democracy was subsequently founded. By choice they accepted the uncertainties of life in a strange, primitive land in order that they might live according to their simple beliefs. Because that first harvest provided the means for them to do so, they set a day apart in gratitude to God.

This practice was often repeated during that and the following century throughout the country, though nowhere was it observed with such zeal as in the New England States. In 1784, for the return of peace, the Congress designated a Thanksgiving Day. Five years later, Washington honored it; and in that same year the Episcopal Church formally recognized the authority of the civil government to appoint such feast, and the Roman Catholic Church did likewise in 1888. By proclamation, President Madison appointed such a day in 1815, and since 1863 the Presidents have always issued proclamations naming the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

Today it is religiously observed by all Americans—whatever their condition in life—because the Pilgrim Fathers were the progenitors of religious and civil liberty in American. The student of American history knows that the principles of a great Democracy were assured by that first Thanksgiving Day in 1621.

—Selected.

PILGRIM FATHERS

This month, three hundred and nineteen years ago the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the bleak coast of Massachusetts. The occasion that precipitated this venture was because the clergymen of England—strictly the clergymen of Scottish church, refused to conform to the liturgy and discipline of the church of England arranged by the Archbishop and his coadjutors. Those who refused to follow the wishes or dictates of the English church were termed the Puritans, a class known to be strict in their manner of living and extremely scrupulous in observance of religious requirements.

Distinctively the "Pilgrim Fathers," a synonym of "Puritans," are known as the founders of the first English colony in Massachusetts. This colony belonged to a set of separatists originating in Yorkshire, England, who had previous to their sailing for the New World, spent some time as exiles for religion's sake in Holland.

The company, numbering one hundred men, women and children, set sail from Plymouth, England, September 6, 1620, bound for the banks of the Hudson. But after a long and stormy voyage, they were driven on the desolate shores of Cape Cod:

They landed December 21, 1620, at a place to which they gave the name of Plymouth. A monument to their memory has been erected there. Before landing they drew up and signed a compact of government, which is regarded as the first written constitution we have an historical account of. These people were the founders of the New England states, and there lived and enjoyed the form of religion to which they were attached.

* * * * *

CLARA BARTON

In Oxford, Massachusetts, Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, was born one hundred and nine years ago. At the outbreak of the War-Between-the-States she devoted herself to the humane care of the soldiers on the battlefield, and had charge of the army hospital on the James River. Her work was recognized by Congress. By a vote of Congress \$15,000 was given for relief work on the field such as searching for the dead and missing soldiers. She assisted the Duchess of Bavaria during the France-German troubles for which she was decorated with the

iron cross of Germany. She did relief work during the famine in Russia, the American massacre and on the field during the Spanish-American War in Cuba. In 1881 she became president of the American Red Cross Society, and represented the United States at the Geneva conference, organizing for a perfect set-up of rules for an international work of the Red Cross.

* * * * *

A CRY FOR LIVING SPACE

The latest official "master-map" of our country uncovers the fact that there are 503,000,000 acres of public domain yet unsurveyed. Of these unsurveyed acres 376,000,000 acres are in Alaska and the other 127,000,000 are in the United States. There are many crying for living space, but it may be that after that part of the country is seen it might not be desirable. Besides the cry for living space has been silenced for a time by the roar of artillery air-bombs and other explosives upon the wearied ears of the world.

This is a call to know America first from every angle.

* * * * *

PUBLIC WELFARE CONFERENCE

There will assemble in Concord, November 22, in Sunday School assembly room of the First Presbyterian Church, several hundred delegates and many state officials from the fourteen counties making up the Southwestern District Welfare Conference. Mr. E. Farrell White, superintendent of public welfare of Cabarrus county, is president of this district of public welfare.

Cabarrus county was among the first counties of the state to have a superintendent of welfare work so at this time the citizens of Concord are proud to have such a representative body of social workers in their midst. It is also fitting that the conference be held in the Sunday School assembly room of the First Presbyterian Church since the duties involved are a practical demonstration of the teachings of the Christian church.

The public officials who will appear on the program are Mrs. W. T. Bost, Commissioner of Public Welfare, Col. W. A. Blair, Chairman of State Board of Charities, Mr. Nathan H. Yelton, di-

vision director of public welfare, and Parole Commissioner Edwin Gill. A number of other prominent persons will participate in this conference and contribute greatly to the interest of this meeting. The convening of this conference to Concord presents a fine opportunity for all welfare-minded people to better understand the value of public welfare and public service, also that individually we are expected to be solicitous as to the welfare of our less fortunate brother. Such work contributes to the enrichment of the soul of mankind, inspiring a greater interest and love for our fellow-men.



WE THANK THEE

Not for our lands, our wide-flung prairie wealth,
Our mighty rivers born of friendly spring.
Our inland seas, our mountains proud and high,
Forests and orchards richly blossoming;
Not for these, Lord, our deepest thanks are said
As, humbly glad, we hail this day serene;
Not for these most, dear Father of our lives,
But for the love that in all things is seen.

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

CONTENTMENT

"Just think of all the time we'd save,
The worry and the fret,
If we could just learn not to crave
The things we cannot get."

What the business and industrial world needs today, as much as anything else, is common honesty.

There are people in every community who will do anything they can for you—if it does not cost them money.

Life is said to be stranger than fiction. But it cannot be stranger than some of the fiction that is being put out these days.

A birth phenomenon is reported from Indian Springs, Tenn. A baby born with two heads. A lot of folks in this world cannot get along with one head.

This world, it might be observed, is big enough for all nations to live and expand and grow without making war on each other. But it seems some greedy, grasping nations want it all.

I wonder if it would be asking too much to suggest a suspension of so much talk, verbal and over the radio, about the European situation and activities. It keeps the mind more

or less confused about matters too far away, which does us no good.

A deficit is something no business man or firm likes to have. Yet many get it. I see that some fellow has defined the word "deficit." He says. "It's what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing." He has sized it up pretty well.

The European war is changing the map of the world; and over here there is a proposition to change the nationality of ships. It looks like man is so bent on changing things, so common for years, that it gets him so mixed up we don't know where we are going, or coming from. Man is kept in a whirl in a much mixed up and disturbed world.

Pleasure is the recreation of life. A pause, as it were, amid the stress and strain of worldly affairs and activities, to catch your breath for a renewal of activities. One giving himself up wholly to Pleasure is wasting a useful life. I have walked and talked with Pleasure. She was gay and chatted merrily like a spirit in a summer night's dream. But I have been none the wiser from a surfeit of Pleasure from what she said to me. It did not satisfy my soul. I have walked with Sorrow, even to going down in "the Valley of shadow of death." And never a

word did she speak to men. I could see her tear-dimmed eyes her heart was too full for utterance. I learned to suffer with patience. I learned to "be still and know there is a God." Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence. The simplest and most obvious of Sorrow is to remind us of God.

A prominent lawyer of Durham asked me the other day, "what do you consider the paramount issues of life?" It was a great question, suddenly sprung. My mind answered, Serving God and your fellowman, in the spirit of true friendship. Recognizing the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. My opinion was that we are placed here for a purpose we know not; but this we do know, to help each other. Religion is the daughter of Heaven, parent of our

virtues, and source of all true felicity. It alone gives peace and contentment. Promotes love and good will among men. True Friendship is the next virtue to serving God. It is the perfection of earthly bliss—a bright flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness. Its origin is divine, its operations heavenly, and its results enrapturing to the soul. No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friend he has until he is unhappy. When persons are united by the bonds of genuine Friendship, there is nothing, perhaps, more conducive to felicity. Many souls are never moved by the hallowed influence of the sacred bond of Friendship, which renews again on earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and Hope's halcyon halo over the wastes of life.

THANKSGIVING ALL THE YEAR

On Thanksgiving some, or at least a few of us, make it a special point to try to be thankful for something but we sometimes limit it to Thanksgiving. Afterwards, we go around complaining and finding fault with everybody and everything. Of course we all have blue days on which everything seems to go wrong, but instead of making them bluer, why not try lighten them with a smile, and make every day a Thanksgiving day by finding something we have to be thankful for? There are so many things that unless we try, we can't realize how much we really can be thankful for. It is a great game—why not try it and see if you don't feel much better on one of those dark days?—Selected.

LET US GIVE THANKS

By Gabriel Heatter

Three hundred and more years ago a pilgrim colony came out of a winter of suffering and privation; a tiny band of men and women and their children, who braved a new world. And a governor named Bradford said, "We have survived cold and hardship; let us give thanks."

Nearly a century and a half later, a man named George Washington turned to a nation born out of a crucible of pain and sacrifice to say: "Let us give thanks."

Eighty years later, a man named Abraham Lincoln came out of a long night in which a people and its destiny were caught in a valley of crisis. And when a final bugle sounded taps over buried dead, Lincoln said: "Let us give thanks." And he, too, chose a day in November for a day of thanksgiving.

Today we look out on our world, and somewhere perhaps a voice, labored and heavy and wearied by burdens, whispers: "What have I for which to give thanks?"—voices of men and women who experienced years of self-denial to provide for a future, only to see it swept away with a wind of sudden upheaval. "What have I to be thankful for?" asks a soldier in a wheel chair as his fingers grope to read in place of eyes which were sacrificed to gas on a battlefield. "What thanks shall I give?" asks a gray-haired man of 70 whose face and hands are lined by years of work, but who is now called upon to face old age, which should be a sunset of tranquillity but is still a nightmare of want and privation.

For what shall we give thanks?

For life itself. In a cool November twilight a woman, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, looked back seventy-five years, years of grief and burdened by sorrows so immeasurable, all her joys were paled. And yet she was able to say: "To live is to be thankful; to know night and day, and changing seasons, to hear golden laughter, and even to weep softly—to be alive is to be thankful."

For life, its rainfall and its winds of storm, and a heart beat which strikes a hope of a better tomorrow to come, let us be thankful. We who are alive today, salute those who died in our yesterdays. To millions of young men and women looking out on a troubled world, we here in a country unsurpassed are saying in a voice which is sacred and solemn, "We shall remain at peace!" While many countries are engaged in a death struggle, and hanging on the brink of disaster, we are waging a war for peace. While war makers and political dictators in the Orient are raising their batons of war, and millions of the best of manhood are being swept into a new dance of death, we here at least by example and precept, by solemn and desperate resolve and good-neighborliness, will shun war as men shun plagues.

For what shall a man give thanks? For simple, everyday blessings by which we live and are happy. For glad laughter; for the child who walks beside you, and in whose eyes a great light shines, a light which tells you of love and devotion and confidence; for grass and trees and water and sunshine, the rustle of oak leaves,

and the friendly bark of a dog; for neighbors and friends, and strangers too, who pause in a teeming, turbulent highway, called Life, to remind us that it is good to live. Pity him who weighs his blessing by counting what he holds in his purse. Pity him who

cannot feel a real exultation and a deep humility as he says, "I will give thanks because I am alive in a free America!" For in that is the root of gratitude . . . the principle of divine law.

THANKSGIVING

The yellow has gone from the maples,
 The birds fly away to the South,
 I hear the great blast of the north wind,
 A trumpet with storms in its mouth.
 Ere long and the snow will be falling,
 The twilight come early and cold,
 And the beautiful runes of the summer
 Shall be but as tales that are told.

Yet now is the time for Thanksgiving,
 For music and greetings and mirth;
 A song for the old folk we honor—
 A song for the little one's birth.
 In the home as we joyfully gather,
 As gayly we sit at the board,
 We lift up our praise to the Father:
 Accept our Thanksgiving, O Lord!

For the land of our love and our freedom,
 For harvests in byre and bin,
 For the flag on the school and our steeple,
 For fruits in their wealth garnered in.
 Dear Lord, when we count up thy mercies,
 Bewildered we pause in the task,
 So swift and so large is thy goodness,
 Outrunning the favors we ask.

The kindred come home for Thanksgiving,
 Sweet children, old men with gray hair;
 And sometimes the poor and the stranger
 The love and the tenderness share.
 God make us like him in our giving,
 Like him in our grace and our love,
 And so shall the light of our living
 Be caught from his temple above.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A CHAMPION OF SUFFERING HUMANITY

By Harriette V. A. Doremus

Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, was most appropriately born on Christmas Day, 1821, one hundred and eighteen years ago. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Barton, welcomed the human Christmas gift with great joy at their humble home in Oxford, Massachusetts. How little they dreamed that their baby girl was destined to be greatly honored in America and Europe for her noble service to a suffering world!

Children were not humored in New England homes of that day, so Clara Barton as a very little girl learned to do her daily sewing stint of long, tiresome sheet seams or uninspiring work, "sewing for the poor."

How she blessed her mother for this instruction once when her International Red Cross group had forgotten their insignia and the sentry refused them passage to the wounded in need of their ministrations on the battle front. Miss Barton hastily made a red cross from the bow of ribbon on her dress, sewed it on her sleeve with the needle and thread taken from her housewife, and the well-known emblem promptly passed them into the danger zone!

Mrs. Barton also early initiated her small daughter into the mysteries of pie-making. Clara's ability to make "a custard pie just like my mother makes, all crinkly around the edges with the marks of the finger prints" at the request of a dying soldier boy on a battlefield of the Civil War was to make his last hours happier.

Clara Barton's father made a great pet of his little girl. His tales of the hardships he experienced when fighting for his beloved country on the western frontier inspired a fierce patriotism in the child which grew stronger with the years. Mr. Barton also cultivated in his daughter at an early age an intelligent interest in the political affairs of her beloved country.

Today a child who could read stories for herself at the age of three years would be considered a prodigy, but with three school teachers in her home Miss Barton herself laughingly said, "They all educated me, each according to personal taste." When only three years old she went to school riding the mile and a half on the strong shoulders of her beloved older brother, Stephen.

It was fortunate for Clara Barton that in such a bookish family her brother, David, thirteen years older, was a great athlete and set out to make a tomboy of his little sister. It was David who taught her to ride Mr. Barton's spirited, blooded colt bareback, clinging to the colt's mane. The experience made her utterly fearless with horses. Because she dared catch any trooper's horse with or without a saddle and ride recklessly, she was saved from death or capture several times when nursing near the fighting line during the Civil War.

Clara loved to cross deep streams on teetering logs, to milk the cows and to make pets of hens, turkeys, cats, dogs and geese.

When Clara Barton was only eleven she discovered that nursing was her vocation. Daring David, her comrade, nearly lost his life in a fall, and little Clara nursed him devotedly for two years, scarcely leaving his side in all that period.

In spite of the time lost by her brother's illness and her own, which followed her long care for him, Clara Barton at fifteen passed the teachers' examination with a grade of "excellent." She "put down her skirts and put up her hair" and began the teaching career which lasted for sixteen years. She was remarkably successful because of the personal interest she took in each pupil.

When her voice failed Miss Barton took a position in the patent office at Washington. She was in the capital when the Civil War broke out. Her great sympathy led her to solicit supplies for the wounded, and this noble woman's work for suffering humanity was thus begun.

In a day when good women never mingled with rough soldiers at the battle front, Miss Barton determined to carry nursing comfort to the wounded on the battlefields. She finally overcame the prejudice of officials, and throughout that ghastly struggle this quiet-voiced little lady, in her early forties, gave the wounded soldiers, many of them only boys, the comfort of a woman's presence and tender care.

Miss Barton won the respect and adoration of the "boys" she mothered. Hardened men with tears in their eyes would seek to touch the hem of her skirt. Shrinking from thanks, utterly fearless, she ministered to wounded practically on the firing line, herself completely forgotten in their pain.

The whole world learned to love and honor Clara Barton for her service to our Civil War soldiers, so it was not strange that the International Red Cross of Europe asked her to help them carry out a plan of relief at the front during the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870.

Though just recovering from serious illness, Miss Barton answered the appeal and was decorated by German royalty for her splendid service there.

Miss Barton had tried for many years to establish the Red Cross in America to care for any national disaster. Finally, in 1882, her fervent wish was realized and she became the first president.

Miss Barton's idea to have the national Red Cross operate through local Red Cross branches is still successfully carried on.

This frail, shy woman was a fine organizer. In the dreadful Mississippi River flood in 1822, and again in 1884, her leadership capably demonstrated how the Red Cross could rehabilitate devastated areas and lives. At that time a little mulatto said feelingly to Miss Barton, "Our people never forget a kindness. Dey have a way of nailing up a hoosshoe ober de do' fo luck. I want to tell you dat in a thousand little cabins all up and down de ribber dey has put up a little Red Cross ober de do, and ebery night before de goes to bed dey names yore name and prays God to bless you and de Red Cross He sent to dem in time of trouble and distress."

Everywhere she carried the Red Cross, Miss Barton made it mean homes and lives re-made, whether in famine, earthquake, cyclone or tidal wave disasters. Whenever the Red Cross appeared with succor and com-

fort, hope grew in the hearts of the hopeless.

Miss Barton's heart embraced the suffering of the entire world, and so this pluckily, frail-bodied little woman, grieved over the news of the helpless, homeless orphans and widows left by the Armenian massacres by the Turks. Although then seventy-five years old, Miss Barton left for Turkey to take the aid of the International Red Cross. Four expeditions carrying large quantities of supplies to heal the sick and re-establish homes, Miss Barton directed in Armenian Turkey. No fear of brutal brigands or deadly diseases halted the work until the survivors had new homes and could be self-supporting.

Afterward Miss Barton went to

Cuba to take charge of relief in the Spanish-American War. Seventy-seven years old then, in a time when most of her contemporaries wore caps and were content to do the family mending in their comfortable rockingchairs, Miss Barton was efficient as ever in her service to the injured soldiers and their needy families.

Miss Barton passed her ninetieth birthday, and retained her keen mind and physical vigor until the last few months. The whole world mourned her loss on April 12, 1912. Her entire service to mankind was founded on the words of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE TRUE THANKSGIVING

There is no heart so bleak and bare
 But heaven has sent some blessing there;
 No table, e're so sparsely spread,
 But that a grace should there be said.
 No life but knows some moment blest.
 Of sweet contentment and of rest;
 No heart so cold but heaven above
 Hath touched it with the warmth of love.
 For those who suffer and endure
 There is God's mercy ever sure,
 And patience wins a fairer crown
 Than wordly honor or renown.
 Not in the mansion reared in pride
 Doth happiness alone abide,
 For oft the place knoweth not
 The joy that bless an humble cot.
 So count you blessings, one by one,
 At early morn and set of sun,
 And, like an incense, to the skies
 Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.
 Look for the love that heaven sends,
 The good that every soul intends,
 Thus you will learn the only way
 To keep a true Thanksgiving day.

FIRST COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN U. S. TAUGHT AT YORK SCHOOL

By Frank A. Dickson

This year the art of photography is celebrating the centennial of its birth. First a scientific experiment, it has grown into one of the world's greatest industries, exerting an influence touching every phase of modern life and proving an invaluable aid to the physician, scientist, educator, and many others. Such is the popularity of the camera that sixteen million are estimated to be in use at present.

It was a Southerner—John R. Schorb of York, S. C.—who played a leading part in the development of photography. Carolinian Schorb made history out of his camera and dark room, performing pioneer labors in the art.

Back a century ago, when Schorb was only a college student, his researches stirred the scientific world. Later, in 1848, he assumed the role of the first commercial photographer in America, as well as the first traveling photographer.

The boyhood of Schorb was passed in Neiderwald, Germany, where he was born in 1813. Behind the love for his country lay something deep and exploratory. There was wanderlust blood in him, forming such a grip on him that at the age of sixteen he bade his native land farewell and sailed for the United States.

First young Schorb sought out Buffalo, N. Y. After staying here two years he cast his lot in Canton, Ohio. From here his rainbow chasing caused him to trudge 400 miles through the snow to Michigan, In-

diana. But his realm was still a large one, and within two years he returned to Buffalo.

In Buffalo again, some friends took it upon themselves to finance Schorb in a course at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. Here, in the beginning and as an upper classman, he imbibed much of the knowledge that he later put to use in making photography possible. Along the lines of chemistry, for which he displayed a flair, he stood in high honor, and during his senior year he was appointed assistant to the instructor of chemistry, a Dr. Avery.

It was at that time that the Frenchman Daguerre gained fame with his new process of sun picture making, and Dr. Avery, in the sole interest of chemistry, went to France where Daguerre gave him the details of picture making.

Meanwhile, Schorb himself became infected with the enthusiasm for photo making, and upon the return of Avery from Europe he was spurred on by the reports his teacher made. The professor manifested no interest in the completed picture, but Schorb began thinking there was a future to this pictorial phase of the new silver chemistry.

Curiosity about the new miracle started Schorb on the line of experimentation upon which the Daguerreotype picture was based. By his own methods he investigated the theories and for weeks and weeks drew out of every possible source information concerning the process of

sun picture making. After some months Schorb was ready to practice the new art which he had worked out for himself.

"What a magic box this man has!" exclaimed the curious population, still agog over Daguerre's discovery, as Schorb tucked his diploma from Hamilton College in pocket and set out to conquer the world with his crude camera. Thus the traveling photographer era was ushered into America, and thus the country came to know the first professional photographer—John R. Schorb.

Due to the travels of the new commercial photographer, cities throughout the North and South took on renewed life. His first daguerreotypes foretold the wonderful industry in store. Rochester, N. Y., was the first city to feel the impress of Schorb; then places in New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and finally Charleston, S. C.

At the middle of the last century however, Schorb had the urge to follow an educational career, and accordingly he left Charleston and went to Winnsboro, S. C., where he became a professor in the then famous Mount Zion Institution. After this, for a long period, Schorb was engaged by various colleges. Eventually he was placed in charge of the Yorkville Fe-

male Academy, which was destroyed during the War Between the States by General Sherman's troops.

During the whole of his educational career, Schorb held to picture making as a hobby. In his laboratory he was constantly seeking out the mysteries leading toward better photography, and always refused to be discouraged by the ever-bobbing intricacies of the art. It was his first love: this industry dominated his soul. And so after several years as president of the Female Academy at York, Schorb plunged back into the art as a professional. The result was the creation of the first permanent "art gallery" in South Carolina. Schorb's keynote was art.

In the Library at York there has been preserved an extensive collection of "emulation negatives" made by Schorb, which shows that this venerable patriarch of photography was and artist of the first water. Nowhere does there appear a trace of careless workmanship.

Schorb's death on November 5, 1908, at the age of ninety, vividly brought home his contribution to the profession of photography. Now 31 years later, on the one hundredth birthday of the art the world is paying him tribute.

THANKSLIVING

Were thanks with every gift expressed,
 Each day would be Thanksgiving;
 Were gratitude its very best,
 Each life would be thanksgiving.

INDIAN ETIQUETTE

Wilfard W. Beatty

Every people has its code of manners. Whites, who say "How do you do," "Goodby," "Beg your pardon," and "Thank you," are shocked that some Indian languages have no words for these politenesses. Yet that does not mean that the Indians are not glad to see one another, sorry when they offend and grateful for favors. They simply have a different method of expressing these attitudes.

Navahos, for instance, ask one another: "Where do you come from?"

"Where are you going?" These are questions which seem impertinent to some whites but they are a conventional form of greeting. The question "How old are you?" is one which is likely to follow, for the Navaho needs the information in order to call a new companion younger or older brother.

But perhaps there will be no greeting of any kind. The Navaho and some other Southwest Indians, often observe silence after entering a house.

They feel it indelicate to break into speech without allowing a short period for members of the group to get used to one another.

The ideal behind these observances is quite as courteous as that behind the white man's formal phrases. And there are some situations where most Indians consider that no phrase is adequate. Why say thank you? The way to show appreciation is to do a return favor, and that quickly. The same holds for "Beg your pardon."

The person injured will believe you are sorry when he sees you perform some real act of restitution. Indians, therefore, are observing a code which

is quite as careful as that of the white man. In some cases, the two correspond, and then the white may often find that Indians are more particular than he.

Let one who has been long with Indians ask himself if he ever heard one of them interrupt or contradict or shout across the table. These things, in Indian society are literally not done.

As a result, an Indian sometimes appears uncommunicative. This may be because he is defending himself from impertinent questions. Also it may be because he has been taught not to be aggressive and volunteer information. The polite person is quiet and slow of approach.

But while the white person is convincing himself that the Indian has no intention of being bad mannered, what is the Indian thinking of him?

Many Indian groups have special codes whose etiquette goes absolutely counter to white usage. And in these groups the white person, while obeying his own standards, may actually be offensive.

Whites, for instance, are used to introducing people by their names and they consider failure to introduce a discourtesy. But in many Indian groups, the mention of person's name is an offense. A man's name is his private property, and strangers have no right to know it, much less speak it. Sometimes its mention is thought to do the owner of the name a real injury by lessening his power. The census taker therefore may be offering an Indian a series of insults. So may even the kindly visitor who asks

children "What is your name, dear?"

There are the ways around the difficulty if a white person cares to learn them. It is generally quite proper to address a person as "My friend." If he is a Navaho, you can be specially respectful, by calling him "My maternal grandfather" no matter his age.

And if you do want to know his name, for practical reasons, you can get to it by inquiring "Where do you live?" When you have this clearly, you can find the name from someone else.

People like the Mohava and many California Indians, not only object mentioning the names of living people but feel very strong against the names of the dead. So it is unbelievably rude to ask an orphan child: "What was your father's name. But if one knew the conventions, he could ask a friend of the family who was "far back on the right" meaning a paternal ancestor or "on the left" for a maternal one.

What is a white person to do when he suspects that there may be some such conventions, of which he is ignorant and that he may be offending without knowing it? Actually, there are few rules other than the old nurse's rhyme:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest
way."

One who goes on this principal will simply act like a considerate and unselfish person and then explain: "I do not know your rules. Please let me if I offend for it is not intentional." The group will know soon if he is essentially considerate and they will excuse him just as white people excuse a "break" by some one who did not know the circumstances.

One must admit that this sort of considerate person sometimes appears to be the exception among whites, rather than the rule. White inconsiderateness may often arise from ignorance— not knowing that there are as many patterns of courtesy as there are races of people. In the Indian Service considerateness should be the rule, not the exception, for it is recognized that Indian customs differ from white. But the attitude of many white people appears to be: "If the Indians have not the same manner as I then they have no manners." So they feel themselves at perfect liberty to walk into Indian houses uninvited, to push into the front at a ceremony and to stand there talking, though everyone else is silent. This is the sort of bad manners which can be recognized in any language and with any code. The Indian who could forgive an uninformed white man for mentioning the names of the dead, sees no reason for overlooking such forms of selfishness, which could be avoided by everyone.

All in the Indian Service can easily avoid such overt rudeness. We can look around as we would, say, in a foreign cathedral and see what the other people are doing and what seems to be proper. We need not cross the path of a profession or walk over a sandpainting. We shall not bring cameras to a pueblo where a plain sign at the entrance asks that they be left outside. If we want to enter a house or plaza which seems to be private, we shall find someone in authority and ask permission. If we are given instructions as to the direction to go or the place to sit, we shall observe them.

We attempt, in our schools, to teach Indians the manners of the white group because they will need them in after life. But our teaching will be much more effective if the Indians know that we ourselves have the essence of good manners: Consideration of others.

BEING THANKFUL

As you all know, Thanksgiving is close at hand, and the harvest is being gathered. Some of our boys are not thankful for what they get, but should be, for God our Heavenly Father hath provided all our needs. If it were not for him, well, we would have nothing. On Thanksgiving Day all of you boys think of the many blessings that God has bestowed on us. In John 14, 14th verse, read what it says: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." That means if you want God to help you or do anything for you, just pray, and he will help you.

In the Book of Psalms there is one that starts like this: "Give thanks unto the Lord. Give thanks unto his holy name." Think what that means. The only way that you can give thanks to him is to pray and tell him that you are really thankful for his blessings.

A little story comes from a young man whom I know. He started going to the Philadelphia Bible School. After he was there a few weeks he prayed to God for a job. And he got it. If you really trust in the dear Lord he will always help you. Boys and employes, think of this thought that I am leaving with you, and God will help you. We should pray as He has taught us to say:

"Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kindom come thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and glory forever and ever. Amen."

—Charles Reynolds.

THE THANKSGIVING GUEST

By Gladys Blake

Up by candlelight, Ruth was shod and dressed and coiffured in three minutes and a quarter, there being no fire in her room and the thermometer well below zero. Then she dashed down the narrow wooden stairs to a low-ceiled sitting room and embraced a giant porcelain cupboard, six feet high and decorated with colored pictures of battles and ships and cities, which looked like a marble mausoleum, but, thank goodness, felt like a stove. Neighboring this for some ten minutes, she began to recover the use of her benumbed muscles.

A ruffled curtain hung from the ceiling of the room to the top of the square, white stove; and, while Ruth stood warming, this curtain parted, and a plump, pink-cheeked little old lady descended with dignity from the flat stove top. Though Ruth knew that her grandmother always dressed up there on a winter morning, it was nevertheless most amusing to see her emerge thus every day. She gave a startled laugh. "Nicely toasted, Grandma?" she asked. "Not scorched or burned?"

"Very comfortably warmed, my dear," replied the grandmother gently.

The old lady was neatly dressed in a full black skirt, tight black bodice, white apron, and small white cap on her head. It was the costume of her native Swiss valley; and, as the wife of the innkeeper, she felt that it behooved her to wear it and not discard it for ugly modern clothes. This little stone inn among the Alps had belonged to her husband and his fath-

ers for generations; and, though custom had passed them by of later years, the two old people felt that they must keep up appearances still. Once an American tourist had stopped there, fallen in love with and married their pretty daughter, and from his far-off home sometimes sent checks to aid the old innkeeper; but Herr Muller was proud and did not want to take money from his son-in-law. Ruth's coming to Switzerland to stay for half a year with her grandparents had been a sort of peace offering to the old people's pride, insulted by too frequent offers of financial help. "You send us nothing but money. You never come to see us. Are you then ashamed of us?" the sturdy old Switzer had written his American son. And so Ruth had come to show that no one was ashamed.

On this cold morning Ruth followed her grandmother about the house, while she inspected the work of her maids to see that all was well done. The inn was of stone and was house and barn both, for under the same tile roof were apartments for the storage of grain, potatoes, and other foods, and for the sheltering of sleek cattle waiting in their clean stalls to be milked. Red cheeses, golden butter, and pans of yellow cream occupied shelves in another clean and shining apartment, and sweet loaves of bread were baking in the kitchen. Jars of honey and preserves filled the pantry. The little farm adjoining the inn had yielded what it could during the few months of warm weather, and now the harvest was neatly stored away. Ruth loved to

peek into every room and admire her grandmother's wonderful housekeeping and the thrift and industry that wrested a living from stony mountain soil. She remembered a saying of her father's that you have to be full of pep to earn your salt in Switzerland, and this was very true. Idlers would starve in the Alps.

"Grandmother," said the girl as she followed the old lady around like a shadow, "this is the last Wednesday in November."

"Is it, my dear?" said the grandmother calmly.

"Yes; and tomorrow's the last Thursday."

There was significance in her tone, but still the old Swiss woman did not understand. She understood, however, that her American granddaughter meant something and would tell it eventually. "Yes?" she said interrogatively. "Is that a fete day in your country, perhaps?"

"It's Thanksgiving Day," exclaimed Ruth. "Back in 1621 some of the settlers in our country held a day of thanksgiving and feasting in gratitude for the big harvest they had gathered in, which meant they wouldn't go hungry that winter; and now it has become an annual institution in the nation. The President and the governors of the states proclaim it, and it's a general holiday all over the land. There are services in the churches in thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, and everything to make it a big day. I wish we could celebrate it over here, Grandmother. I'm going to be so lonesome thinking about all the fun going on at home and not having any part in it. I don't see why a Thanksgiving Day shouldn't be just as appropriate in Switzerland as in America.

"But, my dear, you have a great deal more to be thankful for in your rich and wonderful land than we have in our grim mountains," declared the grandmother a little dryly. "One is naturally more filled with gratitude for a bounteous harvest than for a scanty one."

"How can you say that, Grandmother, when we've just been inspecting storerooms full of everthing?" asked Ruth reproachfully. "I'm sure this house is just chockful of food."

"This is an inn, my dear, and we need people to eat the food," explained the old lady. "We need patronage that we may have money to buy other things besides bread and milk. Had we had a rich harvest of guests last summer, or could we look forward to one next summer, I might feel in a thankful mood. As it is, I must confess I do not. That other inn down the mountain—The Edelweiss—has taken all our custom away from us. We keep from starving, but that is all. Do you really think that what you have seen in these storerooms is a bounteous harvest, Ruth? Then that is because you have always dwelt in a city and have never seen a harvest in your own land. In Switzerland we import much of our food and must have money to buy it. Until more guests come our way, I do not feel as if I could sincerely celebrate a Thanksgiving Day."

Ruth was silent for a moment and then said: "Well, don't take it so dead seriously, Grandmother. Lots of people in America who haven't had much luck during the year celebrate Thanksgiving Day. As long as you have life and health you have something to be thankful for. And at home my other grandmother will be

making cakes and pies and killing turkeys and preparing for a great day tomorrow. And all my American uncles and aunts and cousins will be coming home to spend Thanksgiving. And I'm going to be so h-home-sick if I c-can't have any fun at all this year."

Her voice broke, and tears came into her eyes. That and the mention of the other grandmother immediately settled the question. If the grandmother in America gave a feast on the last Thursday in November, then the Swiss grandmother would give one too for her granddaughter. Were not the storerooms full of food, such as it was, and were there not fowls in plenty in the poultry shed? Could not she also make custards pies if Ruth happened to want them? And were there not friends round about whom she could invite to the feast that it might be merry for Ruth's sake? To give a fete for her granddaughter would be a small thing. With these thoughts in her mind she hurried off to talk to her husband about it.

The rest of the day was so busy that Ruth could almost believe she was at home again as she beat eggs for a Thanksgiving cake. The maids also entered into the spirit of the occasion and laughed a great deal as they helped prepare viands for a feast day they had never heard of before. Harvest festivals they had heard of, of course, but this institution of a Thanksgiving Day was evidently peculiar to America. Ah, well, they hoped to go to America some day themselves, and it was well to become acquainted with the ways of a future home.

While they worked and laughed in the kitchen, a middle-aged gentleman

was slowly climbing on foot up the hill to their door. Hills in Switzerland are somewhat tall affairs, and several times the gentleman had to stand, his rather worn and shabby grip in the snow, and breathe hard. When at last he arrived at the inn, he presented a tired, uninteresting figure. "I want a room," he told the innkeeper. "The cheapest you have. And some wine—the cheapest you have. And a cheap meal. At the Hotel Edelweiss below here I was treated rather badly when I asked for this, and in spite of what they told me beforehand they overcharged me in my bill. So I left there and came here. I will not be cheated. Cannot a hotel keeper be honest?"

"I trust you will find me so," said Herr Muller. "Come in. That you ask for my cheapest room does not detract from your welcome. The best men do not always carry the heaviest purses, and all alike are welcome here. Nor do I raise my prices when I make my bill. May I ask you your name and nationality?"

"I am a German, and you may call me Dr. Karl," said the stranger.

They showed Dr. Karl to a comfortable room and a little later served him a simple but good meal. Herr Muller did not skimp his guests, even when they were poor. And when Dr. Karl expressed a desire to be shown over the whole house, he was interested in the quaint old procelain stoves, which were going out of style in most inns and peasant homes, in the arrangements for guests, and in views and surroundings, little Frau Muller was very patient in acceding to his whims. Ruth also tripped along with them, interested in the only guest she had seen at the inn

since she came. And when he seemed most pleased with everything, she was proud to be the innkeeper's granddaughter.

Dr. Karl stayed that night and was prevailed upon to stay also for the feast next day. Herr Muller explained that it was an American fete day that they celebrated for their granddaughter's sake. He would be most welcome, they all declared; and he stayed.

When Ruth wrote home later about that Thanksgiving Day, she delighted in naming all the strange dishes they concocted for the occasion and the strange-looking people who gathered round the board. Among the guests was the landlord of the Hotel Edelweiss down the mountain, and he made a grimace at the sight of Dr. Karl. In aside he told Herr Muller that the man was the most troublesome guest he had ever had, haggling over every bill and protesting if he were charged a fraction more than he thought right. And he had insisted on good service and reported every flaw in the management. Yet only the cheapest dinner could he afford. He was a pest.

"Pah! I, who had kings and princes for my guests, refuse to be bothered with such a man. I advise you to turn him out also, Herr Muller. If you will, for my sake, I will send you better patrons. Often my house overflows, and I will send the overflow of guests to you. But for my sake turn that man out."

"No, I turn no respectable man from my doors," said Herr Muller coldly. "Nor do I scorn him because he orders only my cheapest. The poor must live as well as the rich."

It was dark when Ruth's Thanks-

giving dinner ended, for dark comes early in Switzerland in November. Everyone had enjoyed the feast, and Ruth had tried to tell them in broken German all about the Puritans and how Thanksgiving Day had begun in America and what it meant to the nation. Before the dinner was quite ended and just after the maids had brought in the lamps, Dr. Karl said he must thank them for his entertainment and be on his way. He clasped Herr Muller's hand in parting and told him he liked his inn and would do what he could—all he could, in fact—to send customers to him. And when the landlord of The Edelweiss rather sarcastically asked him if the customers were all to be as poor as himself, Dr. Karl told him he needn't fear that he would send any more to him.

"Any more, indeed!" laughed the Edelweiss proprietor. "Have I ever been so unfortunate as to have any of your friends in my house? I will make a list of all the most troublesome men I have ever had and credit them to you."

Dr. Karl said nothing, but quickly bowed and departed. And when he was gone a humorous-eyed guest at the table, who was known to have visited the big cities, burst into a laugh. He asked the two hotel proprietors if they really had no idea who that gentleman was?"

"I neither know nor care who he was," said the landlord of The Edelweiss.

"Was he other than he seemed?" asked Herr Muller, surprised. "Was Karl not his name?"

"Part of his name," chuckled the humorous one, who had evidently been enjoying himself greatly that day.

"The name he uses when he travels from hotel to hotel investigating their accommodations. But it is only an incognito. He is the author of the world famous guidebooks which all tourists to Europe consult before selecting their hotel. He has another name." And the speaker looked rath-

er wisely at the landlord of The Edelweiss, who by this time was very interested and it seemed a little pale.

"And his other name?" asked Herr Muller excitedly.

"Is Baedaker."

And so Thanksgiving Day truly came to a little inn in the Alps!

APPRECIATING THANKSGIVING

Do we appreciate Thanksgiving, or do we simply enjoy it? Ask yourself this question honestly as the great day comes again. Do you think first of the big dinner and the fun, or of some other things? Suppose your mother had the Thanksgiving feast all ready and it should suddenly disappear leaving you to eat bread and butter, potatoes and common everyday food. Would you still be joyous and thankful?

Somebody has said that young people are merely walking stomachs, but surely that is not true. Occasionally older folks are a bit hard on the younger generation.

But let us get down to the deeper meaning of the day. The things that make our land stand above every other civilized nation. Our civil and religious liberties, our educational system, our homes, our opportunities, our government, our fine ideals and all the other great and good gifts that God has showered upon our beloved land should come before things to eat and football games and fun on Thanksgiving.

Young people are not apt to say much about their deeper feelings, but the thoughts of youth are "long, long thoughts" as the poet puts it. Do not be afraid, dear young people, to think things out clearly in the privacy of your own room or when alone with God. Open your heart to Him and in the name of our Saviour pledge yourselves to be true to the ideals of our fair land and to be true to God. Then you will rightly appreciate Thanksgiving Day and every other day in the year, and will show by your lives that you have entered into the fellowship of service without which no younger person can be a true American.—The Way.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium was "Down In Arkansas," a Republic production. Hill-billy music and hilarious comedy scenes made a great hit with the boys.

Since the recent rainy period, Mr. Walker and his boys have been preparing and planting more pansy beds in various parts of the campus. With favorable weather condition, these beds should be real beauty spots next spring and summer.

Mrs. E. P. Gaddy and Mrs. James A. Greene, of Raeford, were visitors at the School last week. Mrs. Gaddy is a case worker for the Hoke County Board of Charity and Public Welfare. These ladies, accompanied by Superintendent Boger, visited the various departments and seemed delighted at seeing the boys at work and at play.

Samuel Everidge, of Cottage No. 8 and Ivey Lunsford, of Cottage No. 5, who some time ago suffered a fractured leg and fractured arm respectively, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday for observation and treatment. It was the opinion of the physicians in charge of these cases that both boys were doing fine.

Mr. R. V. Caldwell, well-known Cabarrus citizen, and Mrs. E. Brewer, of Point Pleasant Beach, N. J. and West Palm Beach, Fla., called at The Uplift office recently. Mr. Caldwell, who is well past the eighty-year mark, is still quite active and delights in telling of the time he and the late

Woodrow Wilson were class mates at Davidson College and played on the baseball team.

Miss Augusta Appelt, of Asheville, field supervisor in the division for crippled children, North Carolina State Board of Health, and Miss Mary Louise Hewitt, formerly of Greensboro, now a member of the staff of the Cabarrus County Health Department, spent part of last Thursday afternoon at the School. While here they had an opportunity to visit the Swink-Benson Trades Building and some of the other departments.

For some unknown reason Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, who was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service last Sunday, failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the usual time, and after singing some of their favorite hymns and listening to a few remarks by Superintendent Boger, returned to their respective cottages. While we have not been able to learn the cause of Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer's absence, we feel certain he had a very good reason for not being with us, for he has always shown a kindly interest in our boys' welfare and has been most faithful in his services in their behalf for many years.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who was so very ill last spring at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, suffering from blood-poisoning, and was later taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment of a bone in-

fection, had sufficiently recovered to be brought back to the School last Tuesday. His leg is still in a cast, which will necessitate his being confined to his bed in our infirmary for some time. The doctors at the Gastonia institution report that the lad is getting along nicely. We called on James the other day and were glad to note that he had gained considerable weight and was in the most cheerful spirit.

Jake Houston, well-known chief staff photographer of the Charlotte Observer, and Charles Lessene, who is employed at the copy desk, called at The Uplift Office last Wednesday. Mr. Houston brought with him some very fine views of the School's entire plant, taken from the air at a height of 800 feet. Mr. Lessene, in addition to his duties at the newspaper plant, is a sportsman-pilot. He owns his own plane and whenever friend Jake decides to visit some far distant point for a shot at an important, even he pilots him there in a hurry.

We were glad to have Mr. Houston and Mr. Lessene visit us, even though their stay was so brief, but expect to see them back at an early date, as we have Mr. Houston's promise to pay us another visit, at which time he will take several pictures here. He also said he would bring one of the feature writers with him, so that the work of the Training School might be told by picture and story in an early issue of the Observer.

Mr. W. W. Narramore, of Washington, National Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a laymen's organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church, spent last Monday

and Tuesday in Concord. The purpose of his visit was to organize a chapter in All Saints Church, which was done at a meeting held in the rectory on Monday night.

The following day, before leaving for Raleigh, Mr. Narramore visited the Training School, making a hurried tour of the Cottage homes, vocational and educational departments. In making the rounds our visitor was most enthusiastic in his praise for the manner in which North Carolina is caring for wayward boys at this institution. He stated that he was particularly impressed by the absence of any similarity between this and a penal institution, which he had noted so often in visiting industrial Schools in other states. In noting the manner in which boys respond to the treatment received here, Mr. Narramore expressed the opinion that this institution would compare favorably with those elsewhere, and was far superior to some he had seen.

Four boys, honor students, from each of our seven class-rooms, were guests of the Concord Civitan Club, at a musical entertainment, sponsored by that civic body, in the Concord High School auditorium last Monday night. The program consisted of a concert by the Doris Davison Melodears, and all who attended were delighted with the work of the artists participating.

This fine concert featured the beautiful contralto voice of Doris Davison, a graduate of the famous Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y.; the harp, loveliest of instruments, played by Mary Elizabeth Guthrie, a pupil of Joseph Vito, harpist, of the Chicago Symphony Or-

chestra; and Ruth Trump, violinist, pupil of the famous Sametini.

Speaking for both the boys and officials of the School, we wish to take this opportunity to extend to the officers and members of Concord Civitan Club, our sincere thanks for making it possible for this group of boys to enjoy such a delightful program. The boys making the trip were: Clinton Call, Landreth Sims, Dillion Dean, Elroy Pridgen, Aldine

Brown, William Broadwell, Everett Lineberry, Howard Cox, Thomas King, Mark Jones, Wilson Bailiff, Cleveland Suggs, Edward Batten, Randall D. Peeler, Frank Glover, Jay Brannock, James Lane, George Wilhite, Lewis Donaldson, Edward Murray, William R. Young, William Herrin, Theodore Bowles, Quentin Crittenton, Norton Barnes, Frank King, William Young, Arthur Craft, Ivan Morrozoff.

THANKSGIVING FESTIVALS

Japan has two thanksgiving festivals.

Kan-name-sai is the God-taste-Festival, and takes place on November 17, and Nii-name-sai, the First-taste-Festival on November 23. In the former the emperor presents the first rice of the season grown in the fields of the Sacred Shrine at Ise to the Ancestral Deities. In the latter His Majesty partakes of the first fruits himself, and renders thanks to His Imperial Ancestors for their protection over the fruits of the land.

"The harvest festival in Japan has always taken a religious aspect. In the records of the mythological age, it is related that Amaterasu-O-Mikami, the Sun Goddess, obtained the seeds of the 'Five Cereals', and recognizing their value as food, caused them to be cultivated, offering a part to the Kami (gods) when they were ripe, and eating some herself. In ancient times, in many localities, there were thanksgiving festivals, with dancing and other forms of merry-making. This now remains as the 'Nii-name-sai,' which is observed only by the Imperial Court and as little domestic feasts at the house of each farmer." (Festivals, Mock Joya.)

The little children of Chikusa, Nagoya, Kindergarten, brought thanksgiving gifts of rice, fruit, vegetables, and clothes to the kindergarten rooms on Thanksgiving Day. Then, with the local chairman of the Relief Committee, they, together with the teachers, distributed them to some of the homes in Chikusa, where there was real want, due to sickness and poverty.—Ruth Knudten in The Japan Lutheran Bulletin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 4, 1939.

Week Ending November 19, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (23) Clyde Gray 23
James Hodges 17
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 21
Leon Hollifield 22
- (22) Edward Johnson 22
- (17) Frank Johnston 18
Frank May 21
- (4) Thomas Turner 19
Arna Wallace 2
J. C. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

- (6) Jack Broome 17
Clinton Call 12
- (2) Howard Cox 18
- (3) George McDonald 3
H. C. Pope 18
Jerry Smith 8
- (6) Lee Watkins 15
Everett Watts 7
William C. Wilson 20

COTTAGE No. 2

- James Blocker 7
Charles Chapman 4
- (3) John D. Davis 3
- (2) Richard Parker 6
Henry Phillips 7

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 16
Clyde Barnwell 2
- (6) Earl Barnes 20
Earl Bass 9
Richard Baumgarner 12
James Boone 13
Kenneth Conklin 10
Jack Crotts 4
Max Evans 12
- (11) Coolidge Green 21
Bruce Hawkins 11
Roscoe Honeycutt 8
- (2) A. C. Lamar 14
Harley Matthews 16
Douglas Matthews 12
- (3) William Matthews 3
- (15) F. E. Mickle 23

- (6) Grady Pennington 10
John C. Robertson 22
George Shaver 14
William Sims 3
William T. Smith 9
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 18
John Tolley 14
Louis Williams 16
- (17) Allen Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 4

- (3) Paul Briggs 16
Paul Broome 10
- (4) Arthur Edmundson 4
John Jackson
- (3) Ivan Morozoff 23
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 12
Robert Simpson 11
- (12) Melvin Walters 24
- (10) James Wilhite 22
- (4) Cecil Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Collett Cantor 19
- (3) Harold Donaldson 3
Charles Hayes 2
- (14) William Kirksey 18
Hubert Walker 18
Dewey Ware 21
Earl Watts
- (3) Henry Ziegler 3

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 14
- (2) Robert Dunning 13
Leonard Jacobs 8
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 10
- (2) Jack Reeves 2
Canipe Shoe 12
- (2) Carl Ward 8
James C. Wiggins 2
George Wilhite 12
- (2) William Wilson 8
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 16
- (2) Carl Breece 20

- (3) William Beach 3
- (6) John Deaton 23
- (7) Donald Earnhardt 19
- (7) George Green 17
- (6) Raymond Hughes 13
- (2) Robert Hampton 11
- James Jordan 15
- J. C. Long 7
- Robert Lawrence 13
- Elmer Maples 14
- (2) Arnold McHone 15
- Ernest Overcash 12
- (2) Marshall Pace 12
- (2) Joseph Wheeler 13
- (3) Edd Woody 13
- (4) William R. Young 14

COTTAGE No. 8

- Cecil Ashley 11
- (2) Thomas Britt 2
- Jack Hamilton
- Samuel Kirksey 6
- Edward J. Lucas 8

COTTAGE No. 9

- (7) Mack Bell 8
- J. T. Branch 17
- Roy Butner 17
- (11) Frank Glover 21
- (3) C. D. Grooms 21
- (3) Osper Howell 17
- Mark Jones 7
- (2) Daniel Kilpatrick 3
- (18) Harold O'Dear 21
- (5) Eugene Presnell 18
- Lonnie Roberts 19
- (11) Cleveland Suggs 15
- Richard Singletary 3
- (6) Preston Wilbourne 21
- (8) Horace Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 10

- John Fausnett 4
- (3) J. D. Hildreth 15
- (3) James Martin 11
- (3) James Penland 3
- (2) Oscar Smith 9
- (2) Rufus Wagoner 11

COTTAGE No. 11

- J. C. Allen 12
- (4) Harold Bryson 22
- (6) William Covington 9
- Albert Goodman 18
- (25) Earl Hildreth 25
- Paul Mullis 20
- (6) Edward Murray 22
- (4) Theodore Rector 16

- John Uptegrove 21
- (2) N. C. Webb 10

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen 15
- (6) Odell Almond 16
- Jack Batson 19
- (3) Jay Brannock 12
- (7) Allard Brantley 16
- Ernest Brewer 16
- William Deaton 11
- (9) Howard Devlin 16
- Max Eaker 18
- Norwood Glasgow 7
- Everett Hackler 10
- Joseph Hall 12
- Hubert Holloway 16
- Richard Honeycutt 13
- S. E. Jones 15
- (3) Tillman Lyles 14
- (3) James Mondie 15
- (15) Avery Smith 23
- Ralph Sorrells 14
- William Suites 5
- George Tolson 14
- Carl Tyndall
- J. R. Whitman 12

COTTAGE No. 13

- Merritt Gibson 8
- William Griffin 15
- Vincent Hawes
- (2) James Kissiah 7
- Walter Morton 2

COTTAGE No. 14

- (3) Raymond Andrews 16
- (3) John Church 12
- Henry Ennis 4
- (2) Marvin King 13
- (3) Feldman Lane 17
- (3) Henry McGraw 15
- (4) Troy Powell 20
- (2) Richard Patton 13
- (2) Jones Watson 12
- William Williams 2
- (2) Desmond Truitt 11

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) William Cantor 13
- Fred McGlammery 7
- (3) J. P. Sutton 19
- William T. Wood 13
- (3) William Young 17

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) George Duncan 15

- (5) Philip Holmes 18
 (25) Warren G. Lawry 25
 (9) Early Oxendine 19

- (5) Thomas Oxendine 22
 (4) Charles Presnell 14
 (8) Thomas Wilson 21

THANK THY KING, O LAND

'Tis time, O Land! to make review,
 To look thy past great records through:
 To know from whom thy blessings flow,
 And on His name thy thanks bestow.
 'Tis time to turn thy history's page,
 And see from whence thy heritage:
 To know who gave thy noble sires
 The strength to light their altar fires—

And make in thee a dewling place
 For them, and their succeeding race—
 Where they might purest worship bring
 To Him, their chosen Lord and King.
 Read thou once more thy records through,
 With thankful hearts their pages view;
 Read how thy fathers bravely fought,
 And know that thou with blood wast bought.

Oh, praise thy King for thy broad coast,
 For people such a numerous host,
 For peaceful days, for quiet nights,
 For Justice who maintains her rights,
 For Knowledge who her board has spread,
 And from it rich and poor are fed;
 For rulers staunch, and true and good,
 To sway our thronging multitude.

For Harvest, with her bounteous store,
 For her full cup all running o'er,
 That's passed from her all-generous hand
 To feed thy throngs, O favored Land!
 Let praise in volumes vast arise
 To Him Who rules thee from the skies.
 Oh, Nation, sheltered by His wing,
 A heart of thanks unto Him bring.

—Anna D. Walker.

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ALWAYS HAPPY

I know a funny little fellow, the happiest
ever born;

His face is like a beam of joy, although his
clothes are torn—

I saw him tumble on his nose and waited
for a groan,

But how he laughed, do you suppose—
struck his funny bone?

There is sunshine in each word he speaks,

His laugh is something grand—

His dimples overrun his cheeks

Like waves on snowy sand.

No matter how the day may go

You cannot make him cry;

He's worth a dozen boys I know

Who pant and mope and sigh.

—N. K. Bailer House.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS WRONG

There are days when we feel that the whole world is wrong,
That living is vain and empty of song.
There are moments in life that seem dull and gray;
The clouds are o'erhanging, the sun's gone away.

There are hearts that are weary and freighted with pain;
The load seems so heavy, the road is not plain.
Each bundle of nerves feels the weight of the tread;
All burdens thus borne lie heavy as lead.

We wake in the morning with feeble resolve;
Incentive is lame—no wish to evolve!
The doctor comes in and leaves his advice;
The pills from the drugshop are used once or twice.

A cold in the chest, a pain in the eye—
They cling with a fervor—we're ready to die!
We feel that the game is a hard one to play,
With one constant longing to turn night to day.

And when the day comes, we're fully bent
On howling and growling o'er the money that's spent!
We whine and we pine when our health is secure;
We ponder and wonder how long we'll endure!

If vision were brighter and hearts could feel lighter—
When things are awry, distorted, and tighter
Than money in markets when panic prevails,
How little we'd feel of our oft-seeming ails!

We live but a while, and we might as well smile,
If up on the heights or down amid trial.
Our days will be long, our hearts will be strong,
E'en though for a moment the whole world is wrong!

—Ted Hart

WELFARE MEETING IN CONCORD

The welfare meeting in Concord, November 22, brought together prominent state officers, superintendents of welfare units, members of welfare boards and case workers from fourteen counties. There was not a dull moment throughout the entire program, evincing that the greatest concept of public service is a "love for one's neighbors, the sharing of one another's burdens and helping people to help themselves."

Mrs. W. T. Bost, commissioner of public welfare, presented her address in her usual pleasing manner, stressing that she accepted her commission of public service as a public trust. Besides she has the happy faculty of making all of her co-workers feel that the success of the work depends upon a co-operative spirit, that she is just a part of the program of activities and not the whole show.

Another interesting person during this meeting was Col. W. A. Bliar, Winston-Salem, who has been a member of Board of Charities and Public Welfare for forty-eight years. There is no compensation connected with this duty. This gives an insight into the character of the man, that he is working for neither fortune nor fame, but for the love of humanity. In his presentation of the duties of board members he just about, if we may be permitted to use a common expression, "stole the whole show." His gentleness of spirit combined with his mental and intellectual alertness make him a most desirable speaker for any occasion, especially one of human interest.

Another high spot was the address of Edwin P. Gill, State Parole Commissioner, who was the guest of honor. From the moment he arose and began to speak he caught the attention of his audience and held their attention to the end. His kindly countenance suggested a big heart, and his every remark confirmed the estimate made. He has learned in the school of experience that the many social maladjustments come from ignorance, poverty and other extenuating circumstances. Also that these conditions have to be known before correct adjustments can be made satisfactorily, thinks the parole commissioner. He emphasized that prisons should be used for correction and not for punishment, that they are places for better living, and not a place to shame or degrade. To answer the "human needs" was the thought stressed at the meeting of these

units of welfare workers, and if otherwise the whole structure of public service does not measure up to the needs.

* * * * *

THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE

Louis Pasteur, a distinguished chemist and biologist, was born in the year of 1822 and died in 1895. The laboratory was one great magnet for him, and he was particularly devoted to the microscope for, in the course of years, he had hit upon the theory of germ life as the cause of many diseases and fermentation.

We all know what it means if one takes the pasteur treatment. It is clear that some one has been bitten by a mad canine, or scientifically speaking a "rabid dog" has been running wild. Before Pasteur made his scientific experiments the misfortune to be attacked by a rabid dog meant intense suffering, and there was no alternative other than death.

Pasteur first used the virus of rabies on rabbits, but how would this experiment react on human beings? It is gratifying to know the counteracting effect of such a vaccination has relieved many persons from a horrible death. Also the "pasteurization" of milk has made secure the health of the youth of the land. These wonderful contributions to medical science came not from the brain of a man born and reared in the fanfare of high society, but one reared in a humble home as the following will show. Another proof that ever member of the human family is given a chance.

Louis Pasteur's father was a tanner, following the trade of his father and his father's father before him. From the boy's earliest recollections there were vats for the treatments of skins and hides in his back yard. But, the humble parents, clean in mind and purpose encouraged the young son to study according to the trend of his own mind, therefore, gave him advantages as far as their means permitted. The opportunities were used profitably by young Louis. His ability soon won the attention of his teachers in every institution he attended.

He possessed the face of a thinker and fighter, broad forehead, eyes steady and quiet, a square chin and he moved with an assured stride. This is a short biography of a poor boy from the lowly

ranks of Paris whose name has been mentioned with distinction in every hall of science.

* * * * *

HIGHWAY SAFETY

The opinion is that the accidents and deaths on the streets and highways dropped to a gratifying degree during the year of 1939. It is believed the instruction in schools, meager as it may be, with the safety patrols and other precautionary measures, deserves some credit in saving lives. These precautions taught in every age of the child have made the youth of the country danger conscious, therefore, to be careful has become a part of their being. So naturally they walk, and drive with care. Statistics show that adults have about as many accidents as young people.

In some of the high schools a course for the junior students as to rudiments of safe driving has been adopted. From a humanitarian viewpoint the idea is all right. Out of the thirty-seven high schools of Chicago one school, Lane High School, is equipped to teach junior students the technique of safe motor driving. The first move made for admission to this particular class is a complete registration card telling age, defects as to hearing and bad vision. If any defects the youngster is debarred from the class of safe-motor-driving. The traffic laws are studied, diagrams are displayed, showing how to maneuver a car on crowded highways and where the wheels will fall when trying to park in a small space. This instruction continues eighteen weeks and each student remains one hour and a half a week in the driving school. This department of the work is kept separate from the automobile mechanics course.

The city police department has supplied the school with thirty old cars to be used by the shop-class in reconditioning so as to learn all of the gadgets necessary for a car. The hammer, chisel and acetylene torch are used in the manner mechanics of experience carry on their work. To give a completeness to the course, a lot in the rear of the school, about a block in area, is given for practice in driving a car. The youngster backs the car from the garage assigned him and speeds off on a mile of hard surface road and tries his skill as a chauffeur. Every car is provided with dual

motors so the instructor may take charge in emergencies. The students are impressed with the necessity of examining their cars before driving.

From this institution about nine hundred students receive this training each semester. In this school thousands of young people are trained to understand that "accidents don't happen, they are caused."

* * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Again we are standing upon the threshold of Christmas, 1939, and our boys, more than five hundred, some of them without a soul to give them cheer on Christmas day, but in spite of the fact every one of them are anxiously looking foward to Christmas with a hope. We could not afford to disappoint one of them. The friends of the boys have previously contributed most generously to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and this Christmas will not prove an exception to the usual custom.

If you wish to taste the sweetest joy of Christmas, then make glad the heart of a child. Where children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas. "For such as these," Christmas is the embodiment of all that abideth. In faith, "Dear Santa", is scrawled by tiny fingers. In hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And love makes childhood dreams come true. The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all. It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days. It is through childhood's eye we behold the beauty and feel the real joy of the day. We cannot afford to disappoint one of His little ones.

It is with pleasure we announce these contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund:

8-7-8.....	\$25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord.....	10.00
Rowan County Welfare Department, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt., Salisbury,	3.00

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

GRATITUDE

"For Thy wondrous love revealed
In the wealth of wood and field
And a bounteous harvest yield,
We thank Thee, Lord.

"For freedom and a peaceful land,
For friends who love and understand,
For all blessings from Thy hand,
We thank Thee, Lord."

Many people have a disposition to put things off. The most successful and satisfying way is to put them over.

A whole lot of folks are broad caste. And a whole lot are narrow caste. And then there are some with no caste at all.

We can with satisfaction give thanks for those 3,000 miles of ocean between America and the belligerent nations of Europe.

A press dispatch tells it that "The Dionne quintuplets know nothing about the European war." They are a whole lot better off than those who do know something about it.

Men say they want freedom. But do they? A fellow named Warren K. Billings served 20 years in a jail, and when released enjoyed his freedom two weeks. Then he got married.

When a fellow bets a dollar to a doughnut, it is wholly a risky ven-

ture. If the dollar better wins he gets the hole doughnut. If the other fellow wins he gets the whole dollar.

A genial philosopher asserts that "You can have almost anything you want in this world." Almost! That is if you work for it. All the good things of life do not just fall into your lap. You must use exertion yourself. Remember the quotation, "By the sweat of the brow, etc."

Times must be getting better. The depression must have taken its departure from the many sizable "Jack pots" all over the country as announced through the radio. They beat the rainbow end of pots of gold by one hundred per cent, if you answer the question correctly. Its "pot luck" sure enough.

I very much regret Governor Hoey and President Roosevelt could not walk together along the Thanksgiving roadway. Though they went in opposite directions, I followed both. I observed the President's date. Then turned and followed the Governor's date. You cannot be too grateful or give too many thanks.

Courage

When the voice of industry is scarce above a whisper; when the hum of spindles and cigarette machines are low; when the golden means of employment is temporarily severed, and

the silver chain of regular work is broken at the fountain, workers go about the streets with down-cast heads and heavy hearts. But Courage ever walketh by their side, and breathes out hope and cheer.

Courage is the spark-plug of life. Courage has all the essentials to revive, animate and stimulate drooping spirits. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Courage means never give up; never despair. Keep the senses quiet and the understanding clear.

To believe a thing is impossible is the way to make it so. True Courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is always impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins, and the never-dying determination to "carry on" will carry one further than all the forces of grumbling, complaining, moping and wishing things to be otherwise.

Distorted Minds

We have been told from time immemorial that "the mind is the standard of the man." And it is mind over matter. To keep the mind healthy, and alert, it must be cultivated as you would a successfully producing garden. It must not be allowed to get on a one-track idea which is more

or less disastrous. A narrow mind begets obstinacy. As Shakespeare says. "It is the mind that makes the body rich." The mind is the atmosphere of the soul.

This writer heard Dr. Eugene Grisom the Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, in 1875, in a lecture in Oxford, N. C., and among other things he said that "a person who follows one line of thought continually was on the border land of insanity." Such an expression from such an experienced and eminent authority on the workings of the mind is something to think about, and prevent the mind from centering on one subject until it had distorted that mind. So, it is the part of wisdom to keep the mind active on many subjects, and not allowed to travel on the one track, that "blackens out" all other subjects.

In ages past men were judged by their intelligence and moral status. In this commercial and mercenary age, many people are prone to judge men by their wealth. When one dies the question is asked, "What kind of estate did he have," "How much money did he leave?" "What was he worth?" Purely worldly premises, which often do the deceased an injustice.

To one who is animated by a true spiritual urge there is no stopping place short of the perfection for which he is striving. In other words he recognizes that each day he is building for the next step in his progress. Greater care and higher efficiency manifest in work that is done with the thought of building, for the knowledge that one's future success or failure depends upon today's effort has the tendency to inspire the most conscientious endeavor on the part of man.—Selected.

RECALLS SLAVE AUCTION SALES IN ANCIENT FAYETTEVILLE

(Selected)

Robert rested his slight frame against an old chest of drawers and endeavored to push a pebble with his black toe along a crack in the pavement underneath the arches of the old Fayetteville Market House.

Taxes, even in 1861 were high, and at last through neglect and disinterest the old plantation up the river, and all of its chattel, was under the hammer of Alexander Campbell.

The old auctioneer mopped his heated Scotch brow and in a practiced pleading tone asked for another bid on a Sheratan card table. "Ladies and gentlemen," intoned the auctioneer, "rather than to see this beautiful table go at such a price I'll raise the bid myself to twelve dollars. Do I hear another bid? Going once! Twice! Are ye all done? Sold to myself for twelve dollars."

Yesterday Robert had played on the plantation and had gone swimming in the Cape Fear that made a watery boundary of one end of the plantation; today he, with the rest of the slaves of the plantation had trudged the four or five miles in the wake of wagon-loads of other chattel from the big house.

Old Auctioneer Campbell finally turned his attention to the little group of colored folk huddled together in the shadow of the arches. A gentleman from Alabama was interested in many of the slaves, the number of negroes multiplied behind him at the market. Two of Robert's brothers and his sister Liza were separated.

It came Robert's turn and he was placed on the low block. For a time bidding was strong but ceased with the booming "one thousand dollars" from the man from Alabama. Robert returned to his place by the pillar. An old negro woman, her eyes wet with tears, brought a little sack of hard rock-candy as a parting present to her youngest boy.

Robert wiped his hands on his tattered knee-breeches and proffered a piece to a little white boy who came up. "I'm sorry daddy had to sell you. He doesn't think slavery right but then he couldn't bid you in, anyway," said the white lad.

The negro boy sort of grinned and together they munched the candy. Almost lost behind one of the graceful arches the old mammy clutched her hands together, muttered in a low voice audible only to the two boys, "Oh Lawd, yo' knows best, ah knows, but grant me dis one prayer dat mah little boy Robert won be no account to dat white man what bought him, and dat his bondage will soon cease to be."

It was but a month later that the man from Alabama, returning for another auction, reported Robert was dead, starved himself to death before he had a chance to be worth the price of his head.

And when this month, Fayetteville celebrates its two hundredth year of settlement, a little white moustached old man, now eighty-four will look on, as the historic pageant takes place at the same old market house, and

will recall how seventy-eight years ago he sat beneath the stately columns and ate candy with a little colored boy who failed to see the last part of his mammy's prayer come true. Cap-

tain Alexander Campbell lives today among the same old furniture that his father, the old auctioneer, once bid in at the public auctions of another day.

THE MISSION OF THE SOUL

Every man with heavy load
 Toils along a lonesome road,
 Climbing high a rocky steep
 To the Silence of the Deep;
 Yet his impulse says: "I must
 Leave my foot prints in the dust,
 So that every other man
 May climb higher than I can."

But the impulse and the will
 That has forced us on the hill,
 Has made every gallant soul
 Struggle to the Higher Goal;
 Oft' their tracks I closely scan,
 Wishing well I knew each man
 Who has gone along the road
 Where I pack my heavy load.

But their tracks are all I see—
 All which they have left for me!
 Yet to me they clearly say:
 "We have come along this way!
 We have felt the Holy Thrill
 While we labored up this hill!
 Since there is no turning back,
 We can only leave our track."

Onward, as the ages roll,
 Ever onward to each goal:
 Ever on the beaten track,
 Where there is no turning back,
 All must walk the ways of time;
 All must scale the Heights Sublime!
 "Ever onward—goal-to-goal,"
 Is the mission of the soul!

—Fred R. Goddard.

RESTORES CIVIL WAR SHRINE

By Carolyn Marsh Lee

Whether an Englishman sets out to rule the seven seas or to recapture the spirit of the American Confederacy he goes about it with a practicality that has played a major part in spreading the glory of the Union Jack, and that today goes far toward restoring a spot of the antebellum South to its pristine loveliness. John K. Ross-Dugan and his American-born wife, the former Catherine Thomas of Martinsville, Va., have been engaged for some months now in making a livable shrine out of the last Confederate stand, General Johnston's headquarters near Hillsboro.

After globe-trotting for a number of years, last autumn they moved into what appeared to be one more of the ramshackled farmhouses of the rural south. Nothing extraordinary about it; rather, says Mr. Ross-Dugan, "when we came here we found the place in utter dilapidation." There was a deep hole in the front yard, windows were shattered and furniture noticeable by its absence, and there was a general lack of paint and cohesiveness. The building rambled on in a most unusual sort of way.

An open fireplace in a chimney 20 feet from the main dwelling is all that is left of what used to be the kitchen; both kitchen and connecting vestibule have passed with the architecture of a vanished age. Only a door in the dining room points suggestively to the old, important appendage. Doubtless many a slave trod the passageway with hot biscuits and country ham and fried chicken.

Many a little black boy too carried sweet, fresh milk to Massa from the

milkhouse farther back. Near by, as if an affinity existed between beverages, is a well which still gives clean, cool water.

A short distance away is a long, low shed, and in another section of the grounds are remains of the slave quarters. A gong was used for calling the darkies to the "white folks' houses."

Nestled on a hilltop midst magnificent towering elms, the small white house combines beauty of vista with the natural defenses appealing to a military man. General Johnston was a strategist, and chose the spot on no idle chance. The hilltop slides down into green valleys and pine forests visible from above and making the enemy vulnerable. Robert E. Lee schooled his generals well. Only overpowering force of number or modern methods of warfare could combat the strategic position of Johnston's headquarters.

However the building has not always belonged to Confederate soldiers. It has passed through a ripe history; the epochs of the house mark the stages of development of the United States.

It was built in 1759 by Thomas Harte, sheriff of Orange county and a representative in the first Provincial congress that set up the original twitter for national independence. Later Governor Tryon took charge of it, then came Cornwallis and the stirring battles of the American Revolution. Thus ended the Colonial period.

After the Revolution, John Iredell, great jurist under Washington, owned it.

The War between the States meant renewed activity and important matters of diplomacy for the little white domicile. No longer merely the place of abode for a private menage, General Wade Hampton and General Joseph Eggleston Johnston moved in, with some 2,000 troops close by. The grounds were covered with encampments, and the massive trees looked down on tales of hardship and woe. The Confederate flag flew over an organized unit of Southern forces.

The present owner likes to tell how, as the final days of the war dragged on, Johnston fought a brilliant rearguard action, winning the battle of Bentonville. But the odds were too great, he was compelled to surrender. After negotiations were started Johnston, representing the Confederates, and Sherman, speaking for the Northern forces, would meet in Durham at the Bennett place, then Johnston would go back to his headquarters where he and his officers mulled over events of the day. With all the vehemence of an old Grey-coat, the Englishman leads up to a final military surrender effected April 26, 1865. The soldiers were disbanded, yet a few must have tossed aside their arms in strong emotion, for an occasional gun can be found on the land today.

The long, low shed back of the main building was used as offices by the Southern leaders. There the last cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was held. Two doors, almost opposite, strike the observer as being a luxury, or at least cause for a chilly draught. But legend has it that Johnston had them put there intentionally. "If the Damnyankees come in one door we can hop out the other," chuckled the wary fighter.

Another story of the war period concerns Tommy and Johnny Dickinson, children of the owner of the house when fighting was in progress. One day, soon after Sherman's men had taken over the estate, the youngsters returned home hand in hand, Johnny cheerfully, Tommy sadly. The dejected little boy told his father that everyone seemed to know his brother, but no one knew his name. "How was that?" came the inquiry. "Oh," replied Tommy in a slow southern drawl, "they all called him 'Johnny-Reb,' but nobody called me 'Tommy.'"

Gradually the sound of bullets was forgotten, and the era of reconstruction slipped away into the twentieth-century present. Today the house that once lodged General Johnston stands quiet and peaceful, symbol of a bygone South.

The Ross-Duggan children living in it have time to gather strawberries and dewberries, and to pluck the lush wild plum. Mr. and Mrs. Ross-Duggan have started an apiary patterned after the colored hives of Switzerland.

A tremendous white ash 300 years old shadows the front lawn, and the foliage is green and thick. In the side yard are six elms, dating from the Civil war, according to horticulturists and, according to legend, planted by the six Dickinson sons who returned safely from the conflict. There is no tree for the seventh son who did not return.

The house itself is simple and well-constructed. Timbers from trees that might have been growing when Christopher Columbus came cover the brick foundation. In Colonial days many homes were built of brick, for bricks meant durability and strength, as well as economy and plenty, they were

used as ballast by trade ships from Europe. The partitions and outer walls of the house are all one brick thick, which means a good nine inches of solid material. Today clean white paint and green shutters blend with the leaves and make the wooden exterior attractive.

Inside are more timbers uncatenated as when they were hewn from the forest. The English couple have combined a study of history with that of interior decoration, and have aptly caught the spirit of Civil War days.

"H" and "HL" hinges bring to life the dream of the antique collector. A pine corner-cupboard approximately 200 years old has been reconditioned and is being used by the family. Other fine pieces of furniture have been gathered as museum items, and Currier and Ives prints and a daguerrotype of an unknown soldier add a flavor of romance. A tinted picture of Lee, Johnston, Scott, and Grant depicts the time when the four generals were comrades in the Mexican War of 1847, and causes the onlooker to pause and consider the twists of a military career. A child's chest of sturdy oak is reminiscent of a petite miss who played with dolls and, like herself, dressed them in frills and pantaloons. No movies and permanent waves for the children of those days.

One of the most interesting places in the house is a large fireplace over which are hung pots and pans and an iron skillet, pewter dishes, and lead eating utensils, all carefully wrought by hand. A candle mold for shaping tallow was an important article in that age of domestic self-sufficiency. A kneading board on legs facilitated the making of biscuits.

Floor-coverings woven in the WPA

workroom at Durham are authentic reproductions of antebellum designs.

Yet no one refrains from walking on the rugs or using the furniture and kitchen utensils. Mr. and Mrs. Ross-Duggan take great pride in making their enterprise, which is strictly a private one, a living entity. The house is not a museum piece, like many restored homes of the present, nor is it like wedding cake or tinsel, that the admirer dare not touch. The lamps are all lit, the books are all read, and the place is a real home. With a delightful British touch added to the spirit of the Confederacy: Tea is served every afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Mrs. Ross-Duggan is a very gracious hostess.

She comes by her position rightly, for her heritage is both English and Southern. Descended from Lyne Starling, Lord Mayor of London, she spent her childhood in Virginia, granddaughter of Colonel William A. Sheffield, plantation owner. She and her sister Mary attended old Trinity college at Durham; then Mary Thomas became Mrs. William Preston Few, wife of the President of Duke university, and Catherine Thomas went north to take graduate studies at Smith college and Columbia university.

She did not stick to graduate work long; she was a versatile young woman out to do things and see the world. Publicity work in New York for the Edison company, employed by the Guaranty Trust company when "a bunch of us Smith girls filled in for the boys at the World War", teaching at Randolph-Macon college, traveling in Europe and free-lancing in journalism—Catherine Thomas saw and learned a good bit of the world.

In New York she met John Ross-Duggan, an officer of the English army. They were married in the Little Church around the Corner.

They began another series of treks. Through the Panama Canal to Australia, and four years of living in Sydney and Melbourne, with holidays in wild Tasmania. Ramie, a little girl of nine, was born in Australia and increased the house to four, John, Jr., having been born just before his parents left New York.

From Australia they went through Suez to England, next turned westward to the New World, to Durham, and Toronto Canada. Six months in Spain, a year in Putney outside London, finally back to America to purchase and begin rehabilitation of the General Johnston Headquarters house.

Between times Mr. Ross-Duggan writes economic articles for American and British publications. His wife likes to write too, with a broad back-

ground of Elizabethan drama. Someday she hopes to pen a book.

"At least I'll produce a book of stories and not stamps, as my husband has done," she laughed. "My husband is an avid stamp-collector." Then, in order to restore balance, "While he collects stamps I play badminton," she added. "We find it a great sport."

She is blue-eyed and wears her fair hair coiled in two low buns, and has the kind of complexion that makes one think perhaps Yardley is right in what he says about Englishwomen. She smiles frequently.

Her husband does too. He is tall and very, very British, and has a dash of devilry to add to his wit.

Both are intensely interested in their undertaking at the Johnston House. Although they are far from the end of their task, they have succeeded already in making a lovely country setting into an historic landmark in the life of a nation.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT

Explore thyself, and mine the hidden gold

That lieth deep, in wealth beyond thy guess;

Bring it to light, and it shall serve and bless

Thee and thy fellows. Let the world behold

The good in thee, and thy name shall long be told

With praises; and time's own judgment must confess

The nature and extent of thy worthiness,

And register thine actions manifold.

We ne'er know how much of strength is ours

Until, with energy, we till the soil

Of our best selves. We find our latent pow'rs

Brought forth and sweetened, from life's muck and moil,

By our employment of the fleeting hours

In searching thought and undiminished toil.

—M. H. Thatcher.

THE NOVEMBER LULLABY

By M. C. Hastings

It is nearly bedtime, and the sleepy-heads are all getting drowsy. One by one they wander off out of sight, and we see them no more until Mother Nature touches them with her spring wand and quickens them to new activities. But just now she is singing soothing lullabies; we do not hear them, but our friends and helpers of the animal world do, and the sweeter she sings the more sleepy her hibernating children grow.

Have you seen many chipmunks scampering in and out of old stone walls lately? Where are they? Cozy as can be in their winter leaf-lined burrows, with nuts and acorns and grains by their sides, they are getting ready for winter. Chipmunks do not remain all the time in a dormant state. They sleep and eat and are active underground. They do not hibernate in the true sense of the word, which means passing the winter in a torpid or semi-torpid condition without eating or drinking, yet they are one division of "the sleepers" that remain out of sight in winter.

Chipmunks "hole up" late in October or early in November, according to the locality where they live. This means that they go down beneath some tree or stone wall and live behind their "storm-doors," in burrows that are sometimes twelve feet long. When they "pull their hole in after them," these little cinnamon-colored animals with their striped backs are safe from intruders.

High up in deserted holes, in tall trees or stumps about fifteen feet high, some comical-looking animals are ready to snooze the winter away,

several feet down inside. They are raccoons. They live together in families, and keep warm all cuddled up together. All during the fall they have been eating and accumulating fat, upon which they will live. Mother Nature has wonderful ways of providing for her children. Just as our furnaces need coal to keep them going in cold weather, so the fires of animal life must be "coaled," and it is by eating that this is done. The stored-up fat keeps the fires burning all winter while they rest and sleep.

Skunks have disappeared from most regions by this time. They, too, hear November lullabies, and, as their tables are no longer spread in tempting array, they go to sleep. There are many interesting things about skunks. Most people dislike them because of the essence with which they defend themselves from unfriendly folk. But they render the farmer good service and do more good than harm in the world. Their food consists of grasshoppers and crickets for regular diet, and they are fond of snakes and field mice, too. They belong to Mother Nature's "night police force," and they are good out-of-door mousers. They keep smaller animals in check, and are very necessary on the earth.

Another sleepyhead which heard Mother Nature's lullaby long before November is the woodchuck. The first touch of cold weather sends him underground, though it does not send him scampering, for he is so fat and lazy when autumn comes that traveling fast is an effort. By now he is in a deep sleep, and will not

waken until sometime in February, when there is a chance of getting his vegetable diet. He sleeps the longest of all the hibernating animals.

Bears are about ready to say "good night." Their dens are all waiting for them to drop down upon them. Like other winter sleepers, they will live upon their stored-up fat. Bats belong to this sleeping brigade. They, too, hear the music and obey.

Some of Nature's children, however, do not hear her November lullaby. That is one of the queer things about her music. To some it means growing too drowsy to keep awake. To others it means keeping very much alert. In fact, this November music depends a great deal upon food. Those animals that can get food all winter have no need to listen to her lullabies.

The porcupine is above ground and is active. Field mice and white-footed mice are lively. This is their playtime, for there is less fear. Rabbits are alert. They are always watching for danger, and their great speed helps them to keep away from it. Crouched down, or in snow, they can see in practically all directions, for their eyes are placed on the sides of their heads. The weasel is always prowling. November music

means nothing to him. He is a blood-thirsty hunter ever on the warpath. Foxes are active all winter. They hear no soothing chords either and do not have to prepare for snow. They do most of their hunting in the morning and evening twilight, but it is not until the snow comes that we read the stories of their travels.

Traffic signals for nature's sleepy-heads are obeyed strictly by all the animal world. Each animal has his own special work to do on earth, has his own special laws to follow, and has special danger signals. When animal life is not much in evidence, there is always a reason.

Gray squirrels may be seen at all times. Have you noticed their great nests of leaves high up in all trees this month? They will be snug and warm there, even in winter's snows, and every day they will be seen seeking their storehouses for food. Red squirrels, too, live high in trees, but they seldom build their own nest as the gray squirrel does. Instead, they choose deserted crows' or hawks' nests and roof them over with leaves and line them with moss. Or they may use an old woodpecker's nest. Suppose you keep a list of all the animals that you see from November until March.

May I be no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides. May I never quarrel with those nearest me; and, if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I never devise evil against any man; if any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek, and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none—Eusebius.

DOES HONESTY PAY?

By Lovick P. Law

Standards of every kind around us, business, social, spiritual, have in the last few years been breaking down. There is no use denying this fact. The fruits of this breakdown are to be seen on every side of us today. Whether it is in politics, religion or society, the question comes again and again in a whisper to men running for public office, to men in business, to women in social channels. Does it pay to be honest and play the game square?

I am standing up in the open and saying it absolutely does.

Do you want to get your answer? Consider the discredited public officials who have tasted of the forbidden fruit and have had to flee to other countries to escape penalties, and see them when at last they returned to face the crowd. Do you think the price has been high? Look at the men on every side of us, in this busy whirling race today, and see them held up to ridicule and scorn before that world that once bowed down to worship. Why?

They did not play the game square and now pay day has come.

A prominent man once said: "The man with the bill will always come," and that is true; he always comes sooner or later and you must pay. Pay day is sure to show up. Integrity banks against bad days ahead and stores up a coin that the world cannot take away. Lowered standards and the idea that a man can get away with crooked deals and shady practices and come out on top is an exploded theory, even though some may argue otherwise.

Human wrecks along life's highways, that lie bleaching in the sun, are mute evidence that to play the game square pays in the long run. Prosperity—financial, social, political or otherwise—built upon the false foundational theory that all men are crooked so why not get something out of it yourself, ultimately will meet with disaster. To play the game square with yourself and others means a clear conscience at nightfall and a sweet pillow where your head will rest in peace and no raven will croak on your bedpost.

Do not lose your true sense of manhood. The pathways of life are cluttered up with broken men and women who thought they could get by with anything and found the avalanche swept upon them and carried them down. They are to be seen with bowed heads, broken hearts, and shoulders drooped, who once held their heads high and power flashed from their eyes, but now the old dash is gone. You do not have to look long to find out the answer for this change.

They did not play the game square.

There is a great call today for men of strength and character who will not be swayed by popular currents when those currents are controlled by graft, greed and wrong. Keep your flag up and keep it flying high. Do not dip it to the crowd that would destroy your high ideals and warp your soul. Thus to stand firm will mean that in the end you will find yourself upon the hill tops of life, breathing the ozone of honest effort, and you will be able to look the world

in the face, unashamed. You will have left your imprint upon humanity in the right way, and more than that, you will be able to say when you near the end of the road and the daylight fades: "It pays to play the game square." That is acting the part of a man.

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

More fair than all the other days
 She dawns upon our sight,
 Some holy spell is in the air,
 New radiance in the light
 That sweeps the walking village street
 And makes the dewy dooryards sweet.
 Still is the river's bustling din,
 The mill wheel is asleep:
 The hands of labor filled with flowers,
 Rest in the silence deep.
 No ruder noise is there afloat
 Than music from a robin's throat.
 Even the wild fields seem to know
 That it is Sunday's face
 That beams upon them with so fair
 And delicate a grace;
 The smallest blossom on the sod
 Seems holding some new thought of God.
 The fragrant breezes whisper rest,
 The Sunday faces glow
 With some still brightness from within,
 The week-days never know.
 The Sunday step is light as air,
 The Sunday joy is everywhere.
 And when the shadowy evening falls
 And soft stars edge the hills,
 A peace that is not the world,
 The brooding silence fills,
 There is no dread of morrow's care,
 The blossoms fold like hands in prayer.
 And all the weary, heated week,
 Sweet remnants of her rest
 The heart hoards softly till once more
 She comes with healing blest;
 And the clear music of the bells
 Again upon the silence swells.

—Susan Hartley Swett.

ANNE'S THREE CARES

By Julia W. Wolfe

Of course you can do it," said Mrs. Reed. "You know everyone likes to hear you play." The whole Reed family had gathered for a conference after the letter had come from the principal of the famous Keystone School.

Anne crumbled the enveloped in her hand. "But, Mother, don't you understand that playing simple tunes for unmusical people in a small town is very different from teaching the violin in a very important private school near a big city? Everyone there knows good music."

"You have been well taught," said her father quietly. "You might have gone far if—" He broke off abruptly, with a downward glance at his body, so shrunken under the bathrobe.

"Don't, Father dear. You know I have been very, very happy in the high school, and probably I could never have succeeded as a violin player. Besides—"

"Oh, come on," interrupted the irreverent Robert. "You know you can make all the old folks weep any time. Besides, think of the salary! Just three times what the stingy Dalton school board will pay you. Think what we all can do with your wages!"

Think indeed! Anne smoothed and resmoothed the letter again and again. To teach the violin and English at the famous Keystone School! To have all that money each month! Father could have the massage that might restore his health; mother might lose that tired wrinkle; Robert could stay on at his beloved school; even four-year-old Ruth might profit by

it. But—was it honest? It did not seem to her that she was capable of teaching the violin. She had often met struggling violinists with acquirements much greater than her own. She turned to her father.

"Daddy," she said, laying her hands on his, "is it honest?"

Her father smiled. "Women are often overconscientious about business matters," he said. "Remember that, though you have not a great technique, what you can do you do well. I should write to Mrs. Smith at Keystone, telling how you feel and let her decide whether she still wants your service."

To Anne's astonishment, the principal at Keystone seemed undisturbed by her letter of confession. It was settled that she should take the position in a month. As preparation, she worked over a few of the best pieces of music in her limited repertoire. She knew that at the school she must play, and play often.

"Choose simple things and do them well," said her father. "Most violinists do big things badly."

How she blessed the work of that contemporary violinist, Jacques Beret. It seemed almost as if he had known of her problem, and that out of all the world of music he had chosen the loveliest things and arranged them for her to play.

Her last night at home she played for them as they set around the fireplace. "I can announce my program in one word," she said with a laugh; "it's Beret. We have Bach arranged by Beret, et cetera edited by Beret."

Then watching the firelight flicker

on their dear faces and wondering whether she could succeed for them, she began to play.

Presently Robert stirred. "Now, Anne, play the 'Home Tune' before I go to bed, will you? Mother, you play the accompaniment for her."

Once more Anne drew her bow across the strings while her mother picked out the accompaniment from her father's manuscript. It was her own tune now, the one she had made for them around the fire, and for which her father had written the accompaniment.

"Here we are, all sitting around the fire," she began with the first low G-string notes.

Robert interrupted. "Yes, and then father and mother begin to talk together; I can hear them."

Anne smiled. She did not need to interpret that music—they knew every note. In silence, she played to the very end, tenderly, with the consciousness that it was the last time for many weeks.

"Those last notes mean the fire's out, and everyone's got to go to bed," said Robert.

The first weeks of her work at Keystone went far more easily than Anne dared to hope. Of her ability to teach English there had never been any question. Her violin pupils proved to be beginners, and she soon realized that her sound, if limited, knowledge was helping them. As the busy, happy weeks slipped by, she began to be thankful that she had had the courage to accept the position.

Not until the end of the second month did anything happen to arouse her sleeping doubts of herself. A new pupil came, a little, eager girl, tingling with the love of music and the desire to begin to study the violin.

She was different from those other uninspired pupils; she listened, absorbed, where others waited only for the half hour of teaching to end. Anne realized grimly that within two years this child would test her powers. She determined that all she could teach her should be taught true. Then a chance remark by a pupil to whom she was holding up Vertha as an example made her heart sink.

"Of course, Vertha ought to do better than I," said the sulky child. "Look at her uncle!"

"What has Vertha's uncle to do with her playing?" asked Anne, impatiently.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the child. "Her uncle is Beret, and of course she ought to do well. His wife is Vertha's very own aunt."

Anne heard no more of the child's grumbling. Vertha the niece of Beret! And she, imposter, was teaching her the violin!

It did not astonish her very much, somehow, when she met Miss Smith in the hall that very day, to find her beaming with pride and importance over some news that had just arrived.

"My dear," said the principal, "I have a treat for you. The great Jacques Beret comes here tonight with his wife. Of course, they and little Vertha will dine with me. In the evening I have asked several people in to meet them, and I want you to come and play for us. Some of those little things you play so well."

"Oh, no," gasped Anne, "I couldn't, Miss Smith, I really couldn't."

Miss Smith frowned a little. She was not used to being opposed. "But certainly, my child. Everyone praises your work here at Keystone. You are certainly qualified to play as I ask you to."

The unmusical lady moved majestically away. Anne shut herself in her room, sick at heart. To stand before him whom she so revered, to reveal to him that in that great art which must be real to be beautiful she was a mere pretender, seemed more than she could bear. Those others did not know enough of music to realize it; he would see the truth the moment she drew her bow across the strings.

In keen distress she paced up and down her room. It did not help that there was a jubilant letter from home, acknowledging a check from her. Father's muscles were being treated and he was improving, and Robert was at the head of his class. Well, she had given them a little aid anyway. She would have that to think of, after the great Beret had told them all, and had put a real violinist in her place.

At last the hour came when she could delay no longer. Deliberately she dressed and with her violin under her arm, started down the long hall to Miss Smith's apartment. As she approached the door, a man crossed in front of her from a side corridor. She recognized him at once—the celebrated, the dreaded Jacques Beret. Quick decision came to her. Those twittering people on the other side of the door would never understand, but he should know that she knew.

"Monsieur," began Anne.

The figure turned courteously. "Mamselle? Ah, a violinist!"

Anne spoke rapidly. "Yes, I teach the violin here. I teach Vertha. I want to tell you myself what you will realize if I am forced to play. I know I am not a good violinist. I ought not to be holding this position. I have to, though, and I can honestly

say that what I know I do teach true."

The great violinist was smiling kindly down at her. "The little lady is greatly distressed," he said. "Perhaps there is no need. If she can teach true, the greatest can do no more."

He opened the door, and Anne, cold with dread, entered the brilliantly lighted room. It seemed only a second before Miss Smith was blandly insisting that she play for the master, only a second before she found herself facing a politely expectant group of parents and instructors..

"Play one of those little things we all like," urged Miss Smith. "I want Monsieur Beret to hear them."

Then in a flash the monstrosity of it dawned upon Anne. "Those little things" were all M. Beret's. There was scarcely a piece of music in her repertoire that he had not arranged and played himself at his concerts. She could not stand up there and ruin them for him. For a moment she felt her hand grow clammy on the neck of her violin. Then out of her desperation grew determination, and she spoke calmly. "I think I will play you something else if I may. It is a very simple tune called the Home Tune. At first, the mother and father are supposed to be talking by the fire, talking quietly. Then the boy interrupts with some of his school news, and the four-year-old asks for a story about what the **fire** fairies are doing. After it is told, the family sits **prietly** and dreams into the **embers**."

Then Anne began to play. As the familiar double stops formed under her fingers, the dear dim picture grew in her mind. Gradually the staring, rustling group in front of her faded, and she was playing for

the loved audience for whom she had composed the music. In memory she saw the smile on her mother's face, she heard Robert's pleased voice say, "Now I come in," and then her father smiling at her.

The last note ended; there was an instant of hushed silence. Then a fat parent wiped away a furtive tear, and the principal said in a crisp, satisfied tone, "That is very sweet. Now play one of those—"

But Monsieur Beret had walked over to Anne. "Did you write that music?" he asked quietly.

"Why, yes," she said, startled. "But how did you—"

"Is there an accompaniment? Who wrote that?"

"My father; it is in my room."

"Will you get it for me and let me play it for you? I should like to hear that music again."

So the bewildered girl found herself playing the Home Tune again, playing as if in a dream with the great Beret for accompanist. When the music ended for the second time, the master turned his back upon the audience.

"I want to talk with you," he said. "You were right in what you said. You are not a fine violinist. Why are you teaching here?"

Quietly she told him.

"This Home Tune was for your family?"

Anne nodded.

"Then listen. You told me that you tried to teach true. I know that is

so, for I have this afternoon heard Vertha play. The fundamentals of her work are right. Your technique is not far advanced, but its principles are excellent. You are much better fitted to teach here than many with a more showy accomplishment."

"Thank you—but I—" stammered Anne, but again he hushed her.

"Listen only a moment," he said. "I want this music. I want to play it to my audiences, to make them see the firelight, too. I will give you a thousand dollars for the privilege of playing it. Is that enough?"

For an instant Anne felt the quiver of her lips beyond her control. Then under the kindly eyes of Jacques Beret she pulled herself together.

"It would be too much, if it were not for them," she said. "Do you really want it? And do you mean that you really want me to stay here and teach Vertha?"

The master smiled again. "Dear girl," he said, "When Vertha is grown, she will count herself blessed to have worked with a lady who has a three-fold care: to teach true, and live true."

At that Anne gave a little gasp of unbelief, but he paid no attention to it and hurried on. "But this music—this is different. I spend my lifetime trying to find music for the hearts of the people. I find it pretty and sentimental and brilliant but oh, so rarely—real. You said you tried to teach true. I believe you, because your music plays true."

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
 We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
 Shun not the struggle—face it, 'tis God's gift.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Elise Boger, a student at the Woman's College of the Greater University of North Carolina, Greensboro, and John Boger, of North Carolina State College, Raleigh, spent last week-end with their parents, Superintendent and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger.

Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, recently sent out a number of fine magazines for the use of the boys at the School. This good lady has been following this custom for several years, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks for her continued kindness to our lads.

The members of our outside forces are taking advantage of the fine fall weather we are enjoying by rounding up odd jobs about the farm, such as completing the fall sowing of small grain; cutting wood for winter use; baling straw; shredding corn-stalks; and performing such other duties as usually present themselves to farmers at this time of the year.

Messrs. Walker and John Carriker and their boys have been spending quite some time cutting and salting meat, making sausage, rendering lard and performing such other duties that go with the hog-killing season. This is the time of year when the boys thoroughly enjoy various dishes made from hogs' head, liver, hearts, etc., to say nothing of generous helpings of sausage and spare-ribs.

Our football squad, seventeen in number, left last Wednesday after-

noon for Rocky Mount, where they will meet the boys of the Eastern Carolina Training School on the grid-iron in the annual Thanksgiving Day contest between these two teams. The trip was made by autos, Messrs. Lner, Adams, Query and Corliss accompanying the boys. The lads were in high spirits upon leaving, saying they were going to do their best to "bring home the bacon."

We are again indebted to the officers and members of the Civitan Club, Concord, for making it possible for a group of Training School boys to enjoy another evening as their guests at an entertainment in town. Last Monday night twenty-eight boys, honor students from each of our seven school rooms, attended the play, "Youth Carries the Torch", presented by the Wells Players in the Concord High School auditorium. This was the last of a series of four programs sponsored by the Civitans during the past month. This three-act play was highly entertaining from the very beginning to the final curtain and was thoroughly enjoyed by those of our boys who were fortunate enough to see it, and we again wish to thank the members of the Civitan Club for their kindly interest in our boys.

On Friday of last week, Fred Wiles, of High Point, stopped at the School for a brief chat with old friends among the members of the staff. Fred was allowed to leave the institution February 11, 1934. As a boy here he worked on the barn force and as house boy in Cottage No. 3.

Fred has twelve years' service in the United States Army to his credit, during which time he has been stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands; Fort Bragg, in this state; California; and other places. For some time he was recruiting officer in Charlotte, and since last June has held the same position in High Point. We have been informed that it is very unusual for a soldier to be appointed recruiting officer in his home town, and since this young man has had that honor, there is no doubt as to his having a fine record in the service of Uncle Sam. His period of enlistment having ended, Fred was on his way to Charlotte to receive his discharge and to re-enlist.

In conversation with some of the School officials, Fred expressed his appreciation for what the School did for him during the two years and three months spent here. He seemed to have a good understanding of the underprivileged boy, both from his experience at the School and during his army life, particularly during the time he acted as recruiting officer.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by our old friend, Gene Davis, who led the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns. Since it was so near Thanksgiving Day, Gene called on the boys to voluntarily rise and state just what reason they might have to feel thankful. Quite a number of the boys responded, expressing thanks for many things they enjoy in their daily lives at the School.

Gene then presented Rev. George Pickard, pastor of North Charlotte Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, who,

in addition to bringing the message of the afternoon, played the piano accompaniment for the singing. He also rendered a piano solo, a beautiful arrangement of the fine old hymn, "Abide With Me." For the Scripture Lesson he read the parable of the talents, and in his talk to the boys, gave a modern version of that story, showing them how the incident might have happened at the present time. He told the boys that the right way for us to use our talents was to use them for Christ and the spreading of his gospel.

There can be no half-way business about giving our lives to the Master, said the speaker. Christ possesses all of us or none. The Christian life is the kind of life that all should strive to live. Like Jesus, we, too, must carry our crosses. To follow the path of true Christianity is not easy. There are many hardships to be endured; countless temptations will confront us; but if we fortify ourselves with the power of Jesus, all of these obstacles can be overcome.

Cottage Honor Roll Summary

In summarizing the weekly Cottage Honor Roll for the past twenty-five weeks, from the week ending June 4, 1939 to the week ending November 19, 1939, we find that two boys at the School had perfect records. These lads are Earl Hildreth, of Cottage No. 11 and Warren G. Lawry, of the Indian Cottage, and they are to be commended for making such fine records. Melvin Walters, of Cottage No. 4, missed a perfect score by just one week, and four others were listed twenty-three times.

The names of boys appearing on the honor roll are given below, grouped

according to the number of times they were placed on same during the twenty-five weeks' period:

25—Earl Hildreth, Warren G. Lawry.

24—Melvin Walters.

23—Clyde Gray, F. E. Mickle, Ivan Morrozoff, John Deaton, Avery Smith.

22—Leon Hollifield, Edward Johnson, John C. Robertson, James White, Hugh Johnson, Harold Bryson, Edward Murray, Alexander Woody, Thomas Oxendine.

21—Gilbert Hogan, John F. May, Coolidge Green, Lindsey Dunn, Everett Lineberry, Dewey Ware, Frank Glover, C. D. Grooms, Harold O'Dear, Preston Wilbourne, John Uptegrove, Thomas Wilson.

20—William C. Wilson, Earl Barnes, Carl Breece William Dixon, Paul Mullis, Troy Powell, Curley Smith.

19—Thomas Turner, Collett Cantor, Donald Earnhardt, Lonnie Roberts, Jack Batson, J. P. Sutton, Early Oxendine.

18—Frank Johnston, Howard Cox, H. C. Pope, Harrison Stilwell, Allen Wilson, William Kirksey, Hubert Walker, Eugene Presnell, Albert Goodman, William Hudgins, Max Eaker, Clifton Davis, Philip Homes.

17—James Hodges, Jack Broome, George Green, Jack Crawford, J. T. Branch, Roy Butner, Osper Howell, Thomas Sands, Charlton Henry, Feldman Lane, Junior Woody, William Young.

16—Nick Rochester, Lewis Andrews, Harley Matthews, Louis Williams, Paul Briggs, Robert Bryson, John H. Averitte, Loy Stines, Charles Taylor, Theodore Rector, Allard Brantley, Ernest Brewer, Howard Devlin, Hubert Holloway, Woodrow Hager,

James V. Harvell, Raymond Andrews.

15—Edward Warnock, Lee Watkins, James Jordan, Arnold McHone, Holly Atwood, Cleveland Suggs, J. D. Hildreth, Burl Allen, S. E. Jones, James Mondie, William Griffin, Douglas Mabry, Henry McGraw, Garfield Walker, George Duncan.

14—Robert Maples, A. C. Lamar, George Shaver, John Tolley, Jerome W. Wiggins, Samuel Williams, Paul Lewallen, Edward Batten, Fletcher Castlebury, Joseph Tucker, Lyman Johnson, Elmer Maples, Carl Ray, William R. Young, Lee Jones, Julian Merritt, Fred Owens, Tillman Lyles, Ralph Sorrells, George Tolson, Paul McGlammer, Audie Farthing, Charles Steepleton, Raymond Anderson, Albert Hayes, Charles Presnell.

13—James Boone, Lewis Donaldson, A. C. Elmore, Robert Dunning, Raymond Hughes, Robert Lawrence, Joseph Wheeler, Edd Woody, Wilbur Hardin, Horace Williams, Richard Honeycutt, Clarence Mayton, Thomas R. Pitman, Marvin King, Richard Patton, Harold Thomas, William Cantor, William T. Wood.

12—Clinton Call, Clay Mize, Richard Baumgarner, Mack Evans, Douglas Matthews, Edward McGee, J. W. McRorrie, Theodore Bowles, Ray Hamby, Canipe Shoe, George Wilhite, William Herrin, Ernest Overcash, Marshall Pace, Alex Weathers, Clyde Hillard, John Hendrix, J. C. Allen, Jay Brannock, Joseph Hall, J. R. Whitman, William Goins, Jordan McIver, John Church, Jones Watson, Raymond Brooks.

11—Oscar Roland, Bruce Hawkins, Wesley Beaver, Quentin Crittenton, Robert Simpson, Cecil Wilson, Samuel Montgomery, Richard Starnes, George Wright, Robert Hampton, Cecil Ash-

ley, Matthew Duffy, James Martin, William Peeden, Rufus Wagoner, Charles Frye, William Deaton, Mack Coggins, John Ham, John Robbins, Desmond Truitt, Eulice Rogers.

10—William Anders, Eugene Edwards, B. C. Elliott, William Freeman. Porter Holder, Bruce Link, William Padrick, Kenneth Conklin, Grady Pennington, Paul Broome, Martin Crump, Randall D. Peeler, Woodrow Wilson, Cleasper Beasley, Lacy Green, John Tolbert, Elbert Head, Vernon Lamb, N. C. Webb, William C. Davis, Irvin Medlin, John Kirkman, Charles McCoy, Howard Bobbitt, Sidney Delbridge.

9—Latha Warren, George Cooke, Arthur Craft, Julian T. Hooks, Frank King, Floyd Lane, Forrest McEntire, Landreth Sims, Earl Bass, William T. Smith, Fred Vereen, George Newman, Henry Raby, Spencer Lane, James H. Davis, Edward Young, Oscar Smith, William Covington, Everett Hackler, William Broadwell, Wilson Bailiff, John Baker, Roy Mumford, Charles Gates, James Watson.

8—Howard Roberts, Arlie Scism, Jerry Smith, William Whittington, Donald McFee, Charles Smith, Roscoe Honeycutt, Leo Hamilton, Leonard Jacobs, Carl Ward, William Wilson, Edward J. Lucas, Clarence Baker, Mack Bell, James Eury, Thomas King, Clyde Hoppes, Andrew Lambeth, Merritt Gibson, Jack Mathis, Monte Beck, Norvell Murphy, Arvel Ward.

7—Henry Cowan, Everett Watts, James Blocker, Jack Cline, Henry Phillips, Raymond Sprinkle, William Cherry, James Land, J. C. Nance, Hyress Taylor, J. C. Ennis, Columbus Hamilton, Thomas Hamilton, J. C. Long, Lewis H. Baker, Donald Britt, J. B. Devlin, James Davis, Mark Jones, Alfred Lamb, Junius Brewer, Jesse

Kelly, Norwood Glasgow, James Puckett, James Kissiah, Howard Todd, J. D. Webster, Claude Moose, Fred McGlammery, Ira Settle, Filmore Oliver, Ross Young.

6—Richard Parker, Wayne Collins, James Hancock, William C. Jordan, Richard Wiggins, J. C. Branton, Fred Tolbert, Marvin Wilkins, Samuel Kirksey, James Bunnell, Edgar Burnette, James Butler, Henry Coward, James Ruff, Luther Wilson, Jack Harward, George Worley, Ballard Martin, Dillon Dean, Marshall White, Beamon Heath, J. P. Morgan.

5—C. L. Snuggs, Robert Coleman, Norton Barnes, William Burnette, Thurman Lynn, Grover Beaver, Herman Cherry, Frank Crawford, Hugh Kennedy, Leo Ward, Thomas Yates, Monroe Flinchum, Ivey Lunsford, William Nickols, James Page, Eugene Smith, Harvey Ledford, Clifton Butler, James Coleman L. B. Sawyer, Jack Norris, Baxter Foster, Thomas Shaw, Ben Cooper, William Suites, Bruce Kersey, Delphus Dennis, J. C. Willis, Hoyt Hollifield, Oakley Lunsford, Brown Stanley, Earl Watts.

4—Rex Allred, Charles Chapman, Jack Crotts, Jack Morris, Arthur Edmondson, Fred Pardon, Forrest Plott, George Speer, Grady Allen, Robert Dellinger, Noah Ennis, Roy Helms, Caleb Hill, Samuel Everidge, Howard Griffin, Carroll Clark, John Fausnett, William Furches, Donald Newman, Howard Saunders, Arthur Ashley, Frank Cotter, Henry Ennis, Horace Branch, Aldine Duggins, William Hawkins.

3—Thomas Fields, Charles Brown-ing, Charles Cole, Horace Journigan, George McDonald, J. W. Crawford, John D. Davis, John T. Godwin, Robert Keith, Milton Koontz, William Matthewson, William Sims, Homer Bass,

John King, John Whitaker, William Brothers, Harold Donaldson, Donald Holland, J. C. Reinhardt, Elmer Talbert, Henry Ziegler, Melvin Stines, Ronald Washam, William Beach, Richard Halker, Dewey Sisk, Graham Sykes, Cicero Outlaw, Daniel Kilpatrick, Richard Singletary, Aldine Brown, James Penland, Oscar Queen, Joseph Christine, Calvin McCoy, Julius Stevens, Leonard Wood, Ray Bayne, David Williams.

2—Arna Wallace, W. J. Wilson, Clyde Barnwell, Claude Terrell, Earl Weeks, Charles Hayes, Robert Deyton, Winley Jones, Jack Reeves, James C. Wiggins, Paul Dockery, Thomas Britt, Floyd Crabtree, Lonnie Holleman, Otis Kilpatrick, Wilfred Land, Walker Warr, Walter Cooper, Franklin Lyles, Henry Smith, William Tobar, Jack Foster, Isaac Hendren, James Lane, William Lowe, Walter

Morton, Joseph White, Joseph Woody, William Williams, Wade Cline, Dallas Holder, Hardy Lanier, R. J. Pace, Charles Tate, Richard Thomas.

1—James Massey, J. C. Wilson, William G. Bryant, Lacy Burleson, Everett Case, John Davis, Burman Keller, Jack Sutherland, Fernie Medlin, Clyde Sorrells, James C. Stone, Brooks Young, Arlow Goins, John Jackson, Eugene Puckett, J. B. Howell, Edward Thomasson, Earl Watts, Eugene Ballew, Leonard Dawn, Ray Pitman, Hubert Smith, Clifton Brewer, Harold Crooks, Charles Davis, Jack Hamilton, Olin Langford, Joseph Linville, Robert Gaines, Earl Stamey, Jack Haney, Felix Littlejohn, Carl Tyndall, Torrence Ware, Floyd Williams, James Nicholson, William Harris, Peter Jones, Jesse Overby, James Tyndall, Vincent Haves, George Hedrick, N. A. Eford, Vernon Tate.

SERVICE

Shall service be for duty's sake alone?
 A half unwilling help we merely give
 To salve a conscience not yet callous grown
 On try to justify some right to live?

No service this; the eager, willing hand
 Must be inspired to do its ordered part
 By thoughtful mind where sturdy faith has planned;
 Must be directed by the loving heart.

Who profits most by service? He who strives,
 Who every moment of the day conserves
 To bring some benefit to others' lives.
 Who profits most by service? He who serves.

If we may offer up one special plea
 To Him from whom our trust shall never swerve,
 May this our constant prayer forever be;
 Lord, give us opportunity to serve.

—Frank W. Lynn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 26, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Clyde Gray
 James Hodges
 Leon Hollifield
 Gilbert Hogan
 Edward Johnson
 Frank Johnston
 Robert Maples
 Frank May
 Thomas Turner
 Arna Wallace
 J. C. Wilson

Melvin Walters
 Cecil Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Collett Cantor
 Lindsey Dunn
 A. C. Elmore
 Ray Hamby
 Charles Hayes
 William Kirksey
 Earl Watts
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning
 William G. Bryant
 Clinton Call
 Clay Mize
 George McDonald
 Jack Sutherland
 Arlie Scism
 Jerry Smith
 Edward Warnock
 Everett Watts
 Lee Watkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson
 Robert Dunning
 Randall D. Peeler
 William Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte
 Carl Breece
 John Deaton
 Donald Earnhardt
 George Green
 Lacy Green
 Richard Halker
 Robert Hampton
 J. C. Long
 Robert Lawrence
 Elmer Maples
 Arnold McHone
 Marshall Pace
 Carl Ray
 Alex Weathers
 Joseph Wheeler
 Edd Woody
 William R. Young

COTTAGE No. 2

John D. Davis
 Frank King
 Donald McFee
 Richard Parker
 W. J. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Floyd Crabtree
 Samuel Kirksey
 Olin Langford

COTTAGE No. 3

Clyde Barnwell
 Coolidge Green
 Douglas Matthews
 William Matthewson
 F. E. Mickle
 John C. Robertson
 William Sims
 Harrison Stilwell

COTTAGE No. 9

Mack Bell
 Roy Butner
 Craig Chappell
 Frank Glover
 C. D. Grooms

COTTAGE No. 4

Paul Briggs
 Paul Broome
 Hugh Kennedy
 Ivan Morrozoff
 Edward McGee
 J. W. McRorrie
 Henry Raby
 Robert Simpson

Wilbur Hardin
 Oesper Howell
 Mark Jones
 Daniel Kilpatrick
 Alfred Lamb
 Harold O'Dear
 Eugene Presnell
 James Ruff
 Thomas Sands
 Cleveland Suggs
 Preston Wilbourne
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE No. 10
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen
 William Covington
 Earl Hildreth
 William Hudgins
 Franklin Lyles
 Edward Murray
 Donald Newman
 Fred Owens
 Theodore Rector
 John Uptegrove
 N. C. Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond
 William Deaton
 Everett Hackler
 Tillman Lyles
 Avery Smith
 Ralph Sorrells

COTTAGE No. 13

Meritt Gibson
 William Goins

James V. Harvell
 Vincent Hawes
 James Kissiah
 Douglas Mabry
 Walter Morton
 Jordan McIver
 Alexander Woody

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews
 John Ennis
 Audie Farthing
 Marvin King
 John Kirkman
 Feldman Lane
 Henry McGraw
 Troy Powell
 Richard Patton
 John Robbins
 John Reep
 Desmond Truitt
 Harold Thomas
 Garfield Walker
 J. D. Webster
 Jones Watson
 Junior Woody

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson
 William Hawkins
 William Young

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan
 Philip Holmes
 Warren G. Lawry
 Thomas Oxendine
 Charles Presnell
 Curley Smith
 Thomas Wilson

A little boy, attracted by certain savory smells, called on his aunt who lived next door.

"Hello, Aunt Sue," he greeted her, "nice day." Then after a minute's embarrassed pause he came to the point. "Aunt Sue, I smell somethin' that smells like pie with raisins in it."

"Yes, Billy, I have some mince pies, but they're for company."

He pondered this and then suggested hopefully, "Well, I came to make a little bit of a visit myself."—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 1939

NO. 49

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HOPE

Tis better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes uplifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE TRANSFORMATION

When the clouds obscure the sky,
And the world seems all awry;
And the rain comes pouring down,
And there's trouble all around;
When someone speaks a word unkind,
And worries seem to fill the mind;
When my thoughts are very blue
Because there's so much to do;
I place a smile upon my face
And note the change that's taking place.
The clouds just seem to fade away,
The world and all around seems gay;
The rains have washed the face of earth,
Revealing much that is of worth;
And other faces seem to shine
Into the smiling face of mine;
The task that seemed so hard to do
Was quickly done, and better, too;
The world seemed happier to be
Because there was a smile on me.

—G. Luther Weibel

THE CHRISTMAS SEAL—THE SYMBOL OF LIFE

An army of volunteer workers, consisting of men, women and children, will soon mobilize for an intensive drive on tuberculosis in the thirty-third Christmas Seal sale. This tiny seal is a welcome visitor, and carries the message, save a life—a symbol similar to that of the Red Cross.

The objective of this campaign is one of human interest. The funds realized from this whirlwind campaign are used in the midst

of poverty where most frequently there is a hot-bed of tubercular germ due to the companion piece of poverty—ignorance. The best way in the whole wide world to fight conditions of this type is with “education,” some may call it propoganda. When the personal danger of this insidious disease and the danger of contact are realized then pepole become health conscious and as a consequence there is less danger of spreading the germs. They know better how to take care of themselves, and to protect others.

Today in the war disturbed countries of Europe propoganda is broadcasted to incite the taking of life. But in this war on tuberculosis the very symbol of the Christmas Seal means good health, hoping to “save a life.” In every medium of communication, for good or bad, propoganda has proven a most valuable instrument, therefore just at this season of the year when people’s hearts are overflowing with the spirit of good will there is no better time to publicize the mission of the Christmas Seal far and wide.

There rests upon the shoulders of older people the responsibility to care for the youth of the land, the citizens of the years to come. Therefore, it is every individual’s duty to see that from the elementary grades on up to adolescent life every youth is taught the symptoms and danger of contact, because young people are prospective victims of tuberculosis. If you buy Christmas Seals that is an admission of interest in the war on tuberculosis, and that you have united against the common enemy of the nation—tuberculosis.

* * * * *

C. F. RITCHIE RENDERS SPLENDID SERVICE

The senior member of the Ritchie Hardware Company is C. F. Ritchie. He came to Concord in 1896 as manager of the Smith-deal Hardware Company, and in 1899 established the Ritchie Hardware Company and since that date has continued to stick to the vocation he chose. From the point of service in the same business he can lay claim to the rank of priority in the local hardware business.

C. F. Ritchie is a Stanlyite by inheritance, but a son of Cabarrus from choice. In his native county as a young man he enjoyed the reputation of moving on an even keel with unbounded energy, and

a tenacious spirit that has placed him in the ranks of successful business men.

Despite the fact he cherishes delightful memories of his old home and old friends, they have not kept him from entering into all activities of his adopted home,—giving the best he had for the development and progress of the community in which he has lived for forty-three years. In every walk of life his attitude towards people, and the affairs of his community has been that of a sympathetic interest.

When a man gives twenty-one years of his life to one cause that is sufficient evidence that he has good sticking qualities, and a devotee to the cause.

For nearly a quarter of a century, and that is a long span in a man's life, Mr. C. F. Ritchie served as superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church, and doubtless was forced to resign on account of after effects of a very serious accident. This long and loving service was recognized, and an appreciative recognition was presented by the officials of the church. The following tribute (one we are sure is highly treasured) was penned by the Women's Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church:

"Once in the course of a great many years we find that God, in his great love, sends into our midst a man endowed with qualities of saintly kindness, piety, justice and abounding love for humanity. A man possessing these noble attributes stands out from others like a stately pin on a barren hill-top.

We are proud that we know such a man and are associated with him in our christian endeavors.

We, in the women's Bible Class, feel the strong, uplifting influence of his life on ours. Our children bear the imprint of his life and work among them. His earnest devotion to duty and service are a living inspiration to young and old.

His love to God, his ready and willing helpfulness to all, can not be recompensed.

But we, who see his good deeds and are daily helped by his example, cannot but pause to give due recognition of his worth. On this Sabbath morning we salute you Charles Franklin Ritchie, a true worker of Christ in our midst."

(Women's Bible Class First Presbyterian Church.)

And may we add, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country", but in this instance happy are we to see that our splendid citizen, C. F. Ritchie, is recognized by his very own people.

* * * * *

FINE RATING FOR DAIRY HERD

After the official test the rating for the Jackson Training School dairy herd, consisting of seventy milch cows, the report was very satisfactory. The Dairy-Herd-Improvement-Association includes Mecklenburg, Anson, Cabarrus, Gaston, Cleveland and Union counties.

For the month of November the report shows the milk production per cow to be 929 pounds, and in the production of butter-fat, 340 per cent which is 3.4 per cent per cow, equaling 31.6 pounds butter-fat per cow. Also that for November this herd led the entire association in milk production at and average cost of 90 cents per hundred pounds of milk.

The managers of the School have some assurance, and are reasonably proud of the anticipated rating,—when the test of the entire association is finished for November, that the Jackson Training School herd will be first in butter-fat. This report is gratifying, and is given as information for those who have an interest in the activities of this state institution. Moreover, we wish to emphasize that each of the five hundred boys drink on an average one quart of milk daily. This within itself tells an interesting story—in a quart of milk are food values conducive to good health and physical developments.

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS NOT XMAS

Keep in mind that when you extend to your friends and dear ones the greetings of the seasons don't use the abbreviation, but with a feeling of adoration write in full Christmas. The birthday of Him who gave us the hope of eternal life.

The Sunshine Magazine, a periodical that carries uplifting and refined thoughts, states that the newspapers of the country should bar from their columns the ugly contraction "Xmas." That it is

profanity of one of the sacred words in our language. It sets cathedral chimes to jazz. And is the modern pace so fast that we may not spell out the name of the birthday of Him who gave us the faith by which most us die and live. We should try to at least have a better understanding of the things spiritual. It is the dignified life.

* * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Again we are standing upon the threshold of Christmas, 1939, and our boys, more than five hundred, some of them without a soul to give them cheer on Christmas day, but in spite of the fact each of them is anxiously looking forward to Christmas with a hope. We could not afford to disappoint one of them. The friends of the boys have previously contributed most generously to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and this Christmas will not prove an exception to the usual custom.

If you wish to taste the sweetest joy of Christmas, then make glad the heart of a child. Where children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas. "For such as these," Christmas is the embodiment of all that abideth. In faith, "Dear Santa", is scrawled by tiny fingers. In hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And love makes childhood dreams come true. The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all. It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days. It is through childhood's eye we behold the beauty and feel the real joy of the day. We cannot afford to disappoint one of His little ones.

It is with pleasure we announce these contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund:

8-7-8.....	\$25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord.....	10.00
Rowan County Welfare Department, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt., Salisbury,	3.00
New Hanover County Department of Public Welfare, J. R. Hollis, Supt., Wilmington,	10.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California	2.50
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00

RAMBLING AROUND

By OLD HURRYGRAPH

YOU SHALL KNOW

"And thou, too, whoso'er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm

"O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know e'er long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

The foundation of every successful business is confidence, cemented with friendship.

Many a man gets tired of thinking. He secures a political job. Then he gives his brain a vacation.

What other people may think about you is not half so much to worry about as what they know about you.

It is astonishing what curiosity some persons have. They would turn the rainbow to see what is behind it.

The charge that Congress is thinking of levying six new taxes. I wonder where it would find them, if it did so levy.

There is one subject you can talk about which involves plain facts only. Talks about airplanes. Aviation admits of just plane talk.

The Supreme court has ruled that

it is unconstitutional to prohibit the distribution of circulars and handbills. That is the freedom of circulation.

The Greensboro Daily News wants to know, "Does a ship hit a mine or a mine hit a ship?" That's a juxtaposition question. Perhaps Hit-ler could tell him.

It is always best to speak gently, however aggravating the occasion. To speak harshly to a person of sensibilities is like striking a harpsichord with your fist.

It is an astonishing fact that some persons are exceedingly prodigal with truth. They are like the fellow who said that he had such a bad cold he could not tell the truth.

It used to be the habit, in times past, for the farm to support the farmer. Times do change. Now it is almost the custom for the farmer to support the farm

We often hear of men who "plant their feet on firmer ground." A la radio quizzer, what do they raise when they do that? **Ache corns?** Toma-toes? Pota-toes?

At bargain sales many women run for the stocking counter. Then, afterwards, some of the stockings run for the women, with alacrity. It's a

clear case where the buyer gets the "run" for her money.

Mr. Hoover submits that peace is just around the corner. He seems to have grown pretty gray, waiting for it. My opinion is, that it has turned and gone away on another street.

A newspaper reports that a Mississippi man has been convicted of attempting to steal a train. But it does not say whether it was on a railroad track, or the back of a pretty young girl.

A minister met a man he knew, and made the inquiry: "I never see you at my church. Don't you ever attend places of worship?" And the man replied: "Yes; I am on my way to her house now."

If it is true, and I believe it is, that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that

shall he also reap," the Germans are headed for some terrific explosions, from the way they are sowing the seas with mines, dealing destruction to other nations.

King George and Queen Elizabeth relaxed from war strain by seeing an animated cartoon in a London theatre, we are told. Mickey Mouse does his bit for the empire. So it's true a mouse can look at a King—and Queen, too.

A physician, in an esteemed newspaper, has an article on "How to Keep Well." It's timely, for when a fellow in complaining everybody gives him advice. But giving advice and taking it are two different things. I once knew a man, ailing all the time, that took everything everybody recommended to him. He was about the worse mixed-up man you ever saw—and the most irritable.

IN TIME OF WAR

In these dark days of nameless doubt and dread,
 When war has cast deep shadows o'er the world
 And in the gathering gloom, once more unfurled,
 The battle flags of nations, black and red
 With wounds and blood of other wars, are spread
 Before the blinded eyes of millions, whirled
 By winds of anger and by the hatred hurled
 Against their fellowmen, by Death misled,
 I hear again a Voice above the storm
 Of devastating war, a still small Voice,
 Say, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they
 Indeed are sons of God Who will transform
 This warring world." And those who hear rejoice;
 They know these words shall never pass away.

—John D. M. Brown, Litt. D.

PLAYING THE GAME

By John Kieran

About a quarter of a century ago a letter was dropped in a post box in Boston. The letter was properly sealed and stamped, but the only address on it was a large "6" on the front of the envelope.

The first postal clerk who handled it took a look, grinned and sent it on to the one man in the country for whom it was meant. No further name or address was needed. A large "6" meant "Big Six", or Christy Mathewson, the athletic idol of his day and probably the greatest baseball pitcher this country ever saw.

Every body knew "Matty." They knew that he had been born in Factoryville, Pa., of old American stock, that he had been a fine student and a great baseball and football player for Bucknell College that he had risen to fame as a remarkable pitcher with the great New York Giants of old days. They knew that he had pitched and won three shutout games against the Athletics in the world series of 1905—still a record on the books—and that through all the years of his prominence and success as an athlete, no finer character strode across the field of any sport.

But the millions who cheered him in great games—and the now elderly rooters who remembered the thrill they had when they saw him take the mound in any of his famous pitching duels with Three-Fingered Brown of the old Chicago Cubs—knew little of an even greater game in which Big Six showed the same coolness under fire and grit in the pinch that made him the master of the baseball moundsmen of **America**

When his active days of pitching were over, Matty, because of his character and his knowledge of men and baseball, was made manager of the Cincinnati team but before he could make his mark as a manager, the United States entered the World War. Immediately Matty volunteered for service and soon he was in France, an officer in the Gas and Flame Corps of the American Expeditionary Force. Big and strong as he was, long hours, bad weather and exposure to gas in the field weakened him. The influenza that ravaged the camps in France put him in a hospital. When he returned from France he was diagnosed as "chronic bronchitis." It ultimately turned out to be pulmonary tuberculosis.

Then Matty, the courageous pitcher who never flinched in the fight and fury of a great battle on the diamond, knew he was in the fight of his life—a fight for his life. He didn't flinch. He didn't whine or complain and above all he didn't quit! He said he could win this game, too. All he wanted was to be told the rules. Then he would play the game—and win it.

So the doctor told him the rules. He had to leave his beloved game of baseball. He had to leave all his friends. He had to go away from home. He had to journey to Saranac, New York, lie quietly in bed, accept every order and follow the last detail of the instructions of his physician. This to a man who, for twenty years, had lived in the limelight, had been cheered by millions, had friends by the thousands in cities all over the country. He had played that game and

loved it. Now he was in a far different game. He didn't like it, but he would play it with the skill and courage and character that carried him to the top in baseball.

Matty went to Saranac. He and his charming wife, Jane Mathewson, took a house and Matty said to the doctor:

"You give me the signs, doctor, and I'll pitch the way you say."

His weight dropped some fifty pounds in a short time. Rumors of his approaching death spread over the country amid great mourning. But up in Saranac, Matty, lying quietly and following the doctor's orders, repeated:

"I'm not licked; I'll win this one yet."

It was found that the disease was concentrated in Matty's left lung. The doctors administered artificial pneumothorax, of which it has been said that "no greater ray of sunshine ever has come to illumine the dark kingdom of disease." In time, and with patience, courage and obedience to the doctor's orders, Matty's illness was checked and brought under control. The celebrated patient improved, gained weight, took on color, rose to his feet and walked once more on his own legs. But to make sure, he spent another full twelve months in Saranac.

To keep an active interest in his life and surroundings, the man who had been a star on college gridirons, the great pitcher who had been the idol of a nation took up—with his devoted wife—the study of birds and flowers of the Saranac regions. Incidentally, he followed these hobbies with profit and pleasure to the end of his life.

Up at Saranac one day they told

Matty that he had won his big game, his fight for life. He could go back to baseball, but he had to be careful. In February, 1923 he was made president and part owner of the Boston National League team, the Braves of those days. For two years with occasional summer rest periods at Saranac, he led a busy and successful life as the president of a major league ball club.

But there was a responsibility attached to the position and Matty's own popularity helped to break him down again. He was wanted here, there and everywhere to make speeches or lend a hand to a worthy cause. From the St. Petersburg (Florida) training camp of his Braves in 1925, Matty had to go back to Saranac again. No flesh or blood or character or courage could stand the strain under which Matty was laboring. This time he didn't win the game but he fought the enemy to the last foot of ground, all the way to the goal line.

Eulogies filled the press of the country. Baseball had lost an idol. A great character had passed away. But the lesson remains and the example of his first winning fight against a dread disease can, should and, indeed, must be an inspiration to those who are now or may be in the future, fighting this same dread disease. Matty added years to his life through coolness, courage and intelligence when faced by one of the archenemies of life. His intelligence showed itself in the way he trusted those who knew and followed their orders. His coolness showed itself in the way he went about finding new mental resources when the whole world was charged around him. His courage showed itself when

all his friends had lost hope and Matty, saying it grimly and believing it firmly muttered day after day:

"I'll win this game yet."

New methods of treatment have been found. Doctors and nurses are gaining on the disease. Time and tide and scientific development have brought in many aids in the great fight. Christmas Seals have played an important part of course. But, in a helpful way, no substitutes have been found to surpass the qualities that, within the patient, added years

of the life of Christy Mathewson, a great athlete and a rational idol: coolness, courage and intelligence.

If Matty had written out the rules for the other players of that great game to follow, he probably would have written them this way:

1. Don't lose your head; keep it occupied.

2. The doctors know; follow their orders.

3. You're not out until you're tagged. Never quit!

THE TRAIL

As I stand on the street at eventide
 And watch the crowds go by,
 The rich and the poor, the large and the small,
 I am prone to wonder why—
 To try and guess what it's all about,
 And what they are going to do
 When they get to the end of the trail they're on—
 But perhaps they are wondering, too.

Some may never reach the goal
 They are trying so hard to find;
 It may be, perchance, they are on the wrong road,
 The one they had in mind
 When they started alone on the journey of life,
 On the road that we all are on;
 The road to be traveled by those yet to come;
 The trail of those who are gone.

The manner in which we walk may count;
 The things that we leave behind
 May have something to do, when we get to the end,
 With what we, there, will find.
 So, while we're upon the journey of life,
 Why not walk upright, and be
 Able to see at the end of the trail
 The things we may want to see?

—Arthur E. McFatridge.

PICTURE GOES TO NAVAL ACADEMY

(Charlotte Observer)

A portrait of Admiral Charles Wilkes, first successful Antarctic explorer, today is somewhere between the Charlotte Mint Museum of Art and the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.

The portrait, property of J. Frank Wilkes of 132 West Morehead street, Charlotte, has been in the Mint Museum since it was opened at its present location about three years ago. Recently the commanding officer of the Naval Academy wrote Mr. Wilkes, grandson of the noted admiral, asking that the portrait be loaned to the academy where it may hang alongside pictures of other outstanding naval officers.

Admiral Wilkes' bid for naval immortality was made between the years 1838-1842 when he commanded the U. S. Exploring expedition. His fleet of five sailing vessels discovered the actual land of Anarctic continent, the first of sundry attempts to locate land on that ice bound continent.

Admiral Wilkes also charted many of the Pacific islands, and a visit he made on the Columbia river contributed in settling the boundary line in the Northwest territory.

Admiral Wilkes was born in New York City in 1797 and had entered the Naval Academy in 1818. His interest in the iron industry, which he later took up and in which his son and grandson succeeded him, was first evinced in 1848 when he made surveys of coal and iron lands in North Carolina.

During the Civil war he comanded the U. S. S. Vincennes and his removal of two Confederate commissioners,

Mason and Slidell, from the English ship, "Trent," nearly precipitated war with England.

"Although it didn't quite get us in war with England, it sure got me in plenty of fights when I was a young fellow coming along," commented J. Frank Wilkes. "I grew up near Gastonia and the fact that grandfather was a Union officer and had precipitated an incident that aroused the ire of both England and the Confederacy accounted for many black eyes and bloody noses around our neighborhood at High Shoals in Gaston county."

In 1866 Admiral Wilkes was retired as rear admiral and he settled with his family at High Shoals where he developed iron ore mines, erected smelter and rolling mills. He was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Geographic society of England for his work.

Admiral Wilkes was credited with starting the Naval observatory in Washington and was said to have assisted S. F. B. Morse in his first development of the telegraph. The botanical gardens in Washington were opened to care for plants he brought back from the exploring expedition.

He became interested in gold mines in North Carolina and with several cousins invested largely about Charlotte. The St. Catherine the Rudisill, and the Capps mines at one time were controlled by this group. The portrait of Admiral Wilkes was painted in 1843 by Thomas Sully. Admiral Wilkes died in Washington in 1877 at the age of 80.

Reports of the exploring expedi-

tion were published by the government and a handsomely bound set was presented to Admiral Wilkes with an engraved card stating the fact of the presentation. This set of books now is in the possession of J. Frank Wilkes here.

THE BETTER WAY

Do you think you missed a step
 In your walk of yesterday?
 Do you think you failed to score
 In the game you had to play?
 Did you fail to speak a word
 That would cheer a troubled soul?
 Did you miss the chance to smile
 When 'twould make a bruised heart whole?
 Let it make you strive the harder
 In the work the morrow brings
 Just to make your fellows brighter
 With the song your own heart sings.
 Let it make your hand more eager
 To uplift the man who falls.
 Let your heart o'erflow with courage
 For the fainting one who calls.
 Do not let the former failure
 Check the loving help today,
 Rather let it urge you onward
 To a kinder, gentler way.

—Samuel Henry Longley.

SCANDINAVIANS ALL DEMOCRATS

(Selected)

Everything democracy offers—in these days when so many people tremble for the future of democracy—still can be found in the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

Everything, that is, except a political organization calling itself the Democratic party.

The reason for this oversight is simple: Democracy is taken for granted in these countries, is so inherently a part of the fundamental life of their peoples, that practically all institutions in them are democratic. Therefore they don't have to be given the label.

That goes even for the monarchy. In Denmark, the King and his family constitute the most arresting and convincing proof of the country's all-wool and yard-wide democracy.

One goes to the theater and notes, casually, that King Christian X and his Queen are also there. One goes shopping and finds the Queen trying on gloves at a nearby counter—unguarded, not at all fawned upon, merely admired.

The King, riding through the capital's streets on his horse, is halted by the red traffic light at an intersection and, of course, waits with everyone else for it to turn green. Meanwhile he may swap the time of day with a messenger boy or a taxicab driver. That's Denmark.

The Danish King, in the democratic spirit, is friend, counsellor, and arbiter for his people. Twice each month they may come to him with their problems. The door is open. The citizen walks in. His wife has

been ill so he can't pay all his taxes and would the King help him? Yes, his democratic Majesty will see what he can do.

There is no formality. One doesn't need cutaway for a call to the palace. A laborer in his working clothes is accepted equally with the finely-turned out gentleman of means.

The queen, too, does as do all the Danes. On her shopping tours she sometimes refuses the clerk's offer to have the purchase delivered to the castle. Her "boy" can carry the packages is usually the Queen's decision. She means the Crown Prince, Frederik, 40, and his younger brother, Prince Knud, 39.

This "just folks" attitude is shared also with the Swedish and Norwegian rulers.

Sweden's Gustaf carries his idea of 100 per cent democracy into a hobby usually considered a strictly feminine venture—he embroiders. Through the palace one may find table runners, doilies, etc., from his majesty's needle. Last year he presented an exhibit of his work.

Norway's monarch, King Haakon, likes nothing better than a pot of coffee with his subjects in one of the little inns in mountainous northern Norway where the "skiing crowd"—which is everyone—gathers in the winter time.

They have also a common liking for a glass of beer and a chat with their subjects.

The Danish King's favorite companion for such an afternoon is his Prime Minister Thorwald

Stauning, who used to work in a cigar factory.

The people carry their interpretation of democracy into a determined ban on classes. Upper class, middle class, lower class do not exist, and Dane or Swede or Norwegian will tell you. Rich man and poor man, as often as not live side by side in the same residential district.

It is not scandalous for a high government employee to announce his marriage to a chambermaid.

There is no apparent distinction in the cafes or restaurants or expensive amusement centers. First come, first served so long as one can pay.

Behind these practical evidences of their democracy, the Scandinavians have a solid constitutional base. The Swedish Parliament, for example, is over 500 years old.

The lack of a "democratic party" by that name is explained by the claim of all the parties to be democratic; therefore, none can monopolize the specific designation.

The party system in Norway, Sweden, Denmark is dominated by four parties—social democrats, liberals, peasants, and conservatives. It has been this since the beginning of their parliamentary system. The result is stable governments. Denmark's Prime Minister has held office more than 10 years—the Swedish government has been in office seven years.

The northerners contend their democracy is sound because it is linked to a high cultural standard. Consequently, said one Dane, the countries have been able to resist any influx of radical modern ideologies.

BELIEF

You must believe in One who is Supreme,
 You must believe in Everlasting Life,
 You must believe that good is more than dream,
 You must believe that peace will follow strife.
 You must believe that all is for the best,
 That blows that seem to hurt are meant to heal,
 That unpremeditated good is blest,
 Reward is made for stewardship and zeal.

For Faith is strength, and we are sore in need
 Of strength to battle forward to the goal.
 Belief unwavering is daily mead
 That nourishes the shining, deathless Soul;
 And Faith alone bestows the precious Sight
 That can reveal the pathway up and Right.

—By Hazel Leas

WHEN FRESH AIR WAS TAXED

By Anna L. Curtis

It is a few years since fresh air became popular, especially fresh air at night. Our grandmothers were probably brought up in the belief that "night air is poisonous." Our great-grandmothers certainly grew up with the certainty of its poisonous qualities. Florence Nightingale struck telling blows at the idea. "What other air can you breathe at night," said she, "except night air?"

In the time of Florence Nightingale, most of the English people had learned that they needed fresh air by day, if not by night. A hundred years earlier, however, they seemed to do their best to keep both the winter and the summer breeze out of their houses at all times. Many houses were built with just as few windows as possible. This was because of the government tax on windows.

For one hundred and fifty years after 1694 a house was taxed according to the number of windows. It was supposed, of course, that the bigger the house the more windows it would have; therefore, its rental value and proper tax could be told by counting the windows. But people dodged the tax by building houses with fewer and fewer windows. In houses already standing, windows were sometimes built up and done away with, to cut down the tax.

People saved money, but lost health. More and more of them came to live in dark, damp, foul-smelling rooms. The air was worst of all in prisons, where windows had been scarce enough even before the tax. A prison sentence in those days was often a death sentence, usually from typhus

fever, or jail fever, as it was called.

The Rev. Stephen Hales, curate of Teddington, England, in the middle 1770's, was one of the first, if not the very first to see that air which had been breathed over and over again was literally poisonous. He saw the connection between few windows, stifling rooms, and the poor health of many of his parishioners. He studied the question. He moved people from unventilated rooms to well-aired ones, and watched their health improve. He watched others die in the foul air of unwindowed houses.

He experimented with ventilators, and became recognized as an authority in this beginning science of sanitation. Newgate Prison gave him a chance to test his theories, and he promptly devised a ventilator for that deadly place. On the roof he mounted a windmill, which operated a set of modified organ-bellows to draw out the foul air from the cells, and replace it by fresh air from the outer world. Within a year the deaths in Newgate had fallen to less than half.

Another prison then installed his apparatus. Here there had been about seventy-five deaths each year, but after the prisoners were given the chance to breathe unpoisoned air, only four died of jail fever in the next three years.

Hales' ventilator was then tried in hospitals and on ships. Everywhere it saved health and lives. One sea captain, who took two hundred men aboard ship for a year's cruise, and landed them at last in Georgia, all in good health, declared that he had never met "the like good luck before,

which, next to providence, I impute to the benefit received by the ventilators."

Our first thanks then, for our carefully ventilated buildings of to-

day should go to Stephen Hales, country clergyman, who was the first to see the need of ventilation, and the first to make ventilating apparatus.

There are some people so disagreeable that even their food will not agree with them.—Selected.

HAPPINESS

By Glen M. Van Cleef

What is there in the world that attracts the average individual more readily than happiness? The one great question is, however, what is happiness and where is it to be found?

Perhaps if one were to poll the world today, money would have by far the greatest number of votes as the producer of happiness, and yet on close analysis we find an abundance of evidence that those claiming money as happiness are mistaken for there are many who are secured with sufficient money to guarantee them against want or woe and yet who lack happiness in any of its phases.

Now, if money is the source of supreme happiness, why do not all who possess it have the same degree of this said happiness? Our conclusion is and must be that happiness was not because of the money, but in spite of it.

Another angle on this momentous question is that health is the source of happiness. Many have said, "Oh, if I just had health I would be divinely happy," and yet we find the same flaw in this instance as in our first, that there are millions in the world

today who have everything in the line of health they could wish for and yet there is a decided lack of happiness in their experience. Again we must conclude that happiness is not in their health, but in spite of it.

As one considers each condition the world holds before us as the producers of happiness we find upon close examination that they all possess the same fluctuation, which convinces us that it must be some thing outside of the material sense of things that gives one a true sense of happiness—happiness that will not fluctuate.

After one has discarded the material phase of things the question comes to us, "What is left?" There is one answer to this question; it is thought or consciousness. Now that we have resolved things into thought, what are we to do with them? Surely, says one, we are no further along, for if the thought has to have the material accompaniment, we may conclude that the thought must be as material as the thing and, therefore, it would be no more capable of producing the so-called material conditions themselves. We speak of a happiness that is uni-

form and which possesses no fluctuating tendencies.

So here we are, going along trying to strike some responsive chord that will give to all and all alike a real and true sense of happiness.

After diligent search in the realm of consciousness we set a faint light in the distance. This light seems void of materiality in any of its phases. We have been taught that time is the healer of many things, so as time goes on this light becomes clearer to our darkened senses until finally it shows forth with all of its effulgence. It developed to be Love.

Now, one might ask, why have I

not seen this before, and the answer comes immediately. You have been looking to the mortal sense of things to find happiness or its cause. This might occasion a little surprise at first but surely we have found something that could, if it were indulged in with sufficient earnestness by all, produce a degree of happiness that could be shared and shared alike with all and which was free from the fluctuating and flexible conditions of our former experiences. Surely, the one who penned this line, "Love has ever known or can know."

is the liberator," was not far from one of the greatest truths the world

TWILIGHT REVERIE

At evening when the sun has set,

I want to know no vain regret
Because some selfish thought or deed
Has caused another's heart to bleed.

Let me so live each passing day,

That when the sun has slipped away
I may know I've shared the road,
And helped to carry another's load.

Let me bring some ray of light

To help another win his fight;
To help the burdened stand erect—
Let me remedy some small defect.

Lord, make me strong for this I've planned,

Help me to lend that helping hand;
For I have learned that he who does not give
Exists perhaps, but does not live.

—Selected.

THE PEACE OF JESUS

By Rev. Ervin Jackson

It is always interesting how we seek to have the approval of Jesus on our war system and philosophy of life. If we turn to Luke 12: 49-53, and read in full context the saying of Jesus and then turn to Matthew 10: 34—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword"—and read this in full context, we will be surprised to find that Jesus was not even hinting at the war system. The fact is Luke steers clear of the word "sword" and Matthew says that loyalty to Jesus Christ will become a matter of separation even in one's own household.

If one refuses to say that he is sufficiently convinced that he is not clear from traditional thought forms without any or much consideration of their value for another time I would ask him to meditate upon the fact that one of the disciples of Jesus, Simon the zealot (one who believed in taking the sword against Rome and measuring force with force), unsheathed the sword in defense of Jesus. Did he not condemn this egot by saying, "All they that take the

sword shall perish with the sword?"

I think we can say, truthfully, that Jesus cannot be made to support the war system either in word or act benediction. His life began with the songs of peace; it expressed itself to the ends of peace, and left this world with the benediction, "Peace I leave with you." Bear in mind that He was not talking about mere passive peace, but a type of spiritual life that was active to ways of peace.

Christians are sworn to the ways of peace. Their Savior cannot be found blessing war, but peace. He condemned the system of war and let the system do its worst, but He triumphed in peace. He took men who knew only the war system and so filled them for peace action that they went out to suffer under the war system and to turn the world to ways of peace. My prayer is that Christians again will so find Christ in their lives that they cannot do otherwise than die for peace if necessity be, and make no allowance for use of war to ways of peace. Peace never comes by war! Peace overcomes war!

DRAFTING

By Harold E. Christie

"Wish I could make drawings like that, Dad." Bobby Brown sighed. He had been leaning over his father's shoulder watching the deft touches which were drawing in the sketch of a house.

"You can, son," father answered,

laying down his pencil and turning toward his boy. "That is, you can if you're sure it's what you want to do."

"Want to be a draftsman? Of course I do. And I'm taking mechanical drawing in high school . . . but my

sketches don't look like that."

"That's because I've had more practice, son. My sketches used to look like yours. But why are you so sure you want to be a draftsman?"

"Because they make good money, and are always sure of a job, I guess," Bobby admitted.

"But a draftsman doesn't make good money, at least not at first; and even a good draftsman can't always be sure of a job. If those are your only reasons, you should learn a little more about drafting before deciding."

"Well, you make good money, and you've never been out of a job," Bobby answered doubtfully.

"Yes, I make four hundred a month, and that's a pretty fair salary in these times; but then, I'm a designer, and not a draftsman. The draftsmen in our shop receive a dollar an hour, and a lot of them receive less."

"What's the difference? I thought all draftsmen were the same."

"Not quite. The designer lays out the work for the draftsmen to do, specifies the material to be used, and tells the draftsman what the machine is supposed to do after it is made. He learns to do that from blue-prints son. Can you read them?"

"Well, I know a little about them."

"You've got to know a lot about them even before you can be a draftsman. Here, let's talk about this drafting and design a minute and see if you really want to enter the vocation. Of course you know that the field for our work is pretty wide. Every railroad, every contractor, every mine, every factory making any kind of machinery employs either draftsmen or machinists. Their work is to plan the machines which are to be constructed, and put those plans on paper so other men can build the machines."

"But you're drawing a house, Dad."

"Sure. Only it isn't a house at all, it's a building which will be used to house the new machinery our plant is buying. That's part of car work, too. We've got to lay out the shop so it can do the most economical job of manufacturing the finished product. As far as that goes, a lot of draftsmen actually draw up plans for houses. They are architectural draftsmen, son."

"There must be a lot of men doing work like that, then."

"There are. About eighty thousand of them in 1930, and it's pretty safe to guess there will be a hundred thousand by the next census."

"That's a lot of men to be in one industry."

"They aren't all men. There are about two thousand women doing drafting right now, and some of them are good, too."

"And you say a draftsman receives a dollar an hour?"

"Some of them. Usually they start at about forty cents an hour, and they don't receive a dollar an hour until they become detailers. A tracer will receive sixty cents an hour."

"Just what is a detailer? And a tracer? I never heard those words used before."

"Those are two of the steps up the ladder toward a designer's job. You start as an apprentice. The apprentice does the odd jobs about the drafting room while he learns to read blue-prints and use the tools. He must learn lettering, the actual knowledge of how to use the things he learned in school, and the business of the shop where he is working. You can't draw a casting, son, if you don't know what a casting is, or enough about how it is cast to know where to put the feeders, gates and tension strips."

"And you have to start as an apprentice?"

"You might learn the rudiments in one of the better schools . . . such as the one Fisher Body Corporation operates, for example . . . but you need actual practice to use that knowledge. You get that practice while you are an apprentice."

"But my teacher said that if I went to a school like Armour Institute, or Cincinnati University, that I could step directly into a draftsman's job."

"You might. They have some excellent schools, now; and those you named are among them. So is Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech, Webb academy, and a half dozen others. But even the graduates of these schools become better draftsmen if they serve their apprenticeship."

"Then why spend money to go to such a school. It looks silly, going four years to college, and then taking a forty-cent-an-hour job."

"But it isn't. The college trained man finishes his apprenticeship earlier. He advances farther in his profession, or he makes his advancements more easily and more quickly."

"You started to tell me about those tracers and detailers."

"That's right. A tracer is the first step in actual drafting. He traces the drawings of the draftsmen on tracing cloth and makes blue-prints of them. Sometimes he checks them for accuracy, and sometimes this is handled by a different man. Those tracers receive from fifty to sixty-five cents an hour, and continue learning about drafting until they become proficient enough to do detail work."

"What's that?"

"The detailer does the same work that the draftsman does, except that he does the easy part of the work.

The draftsman may have to draw in parts to make the designers' machine work successfully or add details that the designer omitted. Such work isn't trusted to the detailer, because the company feels that the detailer hasn't had enough experience as yet."

"Well, Dad, it still sounds interesting; but not nearly as easy as I had thought. But I guess I still want to do it. Do you think I can ever become a designer like you?"

"Of course you can. Of course you've got to go a lot farther with your education if you do. Most of your designers are college graduates, and they went to one of the schools you mentioned a while ago. But they have to do more than that. Even after finishing college, they usually spend about three years going through the ranks from apprentice to draftsman. Then they take a second apprentice course in the shop itself, where they learn all about the machinery that the plants makes, and the ones they operate. They must know those things before they can design other machines, son."

"That's a long time Dad. Four more years of college, and then about six in the shop. I'll be an old man."

"Not very old. Under thirty-five, if you really work. And a good designer makes enough after he does start to work to pay for those years spent in study. My four hundred a month isn't tops, and maybe someday I'll get even more. Maybe I'll be the plant engineer, or be transferred to the production department."

"That sounds like a real future. Me for drafting, Dad."

"Good for you son. I'll help all I can. Bring your drawing tools in, and we'll see if I can't show you some new tricks."

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

Thanksgiving Day was very fittingly observed at the Training School on Thursday of last week. Following the usual custom, the cottage lines assembled near the Cannon Memorial Building at 7:45 in the morning. Superintendent Boger addressed the boys briefly, explaining the significance of the day. He called to the attention of the lads many reasons why they and all other American citizens should pause and give thanks, not only on one day of the year, but every day of our lives. He then announced that no work, except that of performing various necessary duties, would be carried on that day, closing his remarks by wishing the boys a most happy holiday, at the same time urging them not to become so absorbed in the pleasures of the occasion that they might forget it was a day set aside for the purpose of rendering thanks for the many blessings received during the past year. The cottage lines were then dismissed and for the next two hours the boys enjoyed themselves at playgrounds in various sections of the campus.

At eleven o'clock both boys and officers assembled in the auditorium, where the annual Thanksgiving service was conducted by Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 100th Psalm, and in his talk to the boys he pointed out the true meaning of Thanksgiving Day, stating many reasons why the people of America should be thankful.

At the beginning of his remarks

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that on this Thanksgiving Day we should really be thankful that here in our great country we are at peace. With the sun shining beautifully we see nature in all its beauty. All is quiet outdoors save the songs of the birds and we see the leaves beautifully colored, not by man, but by God. Here we are free from distractions that confront people of other lands. The morning papers tell us that over in Europe another small country is being threatened by a stronger nation, while other countries have been at war for some time. War planes are roaring through the sky, raining death and destruction upon innocent people. There is great suffering over there, while here in our own great land, people are lifting their voices in praise and thanksgiving, with hearts deeply grateful for the privilege of enjoying peace, plenty and happiness.

The speaker then told how it had been the custom for many years for the presidents and governors of states to issue a Thanksgiving proclamation, setting aside one day in the year as a day of general thanksgiving. This is one of the many hopeful signs in our great republic that somehow, despite all evil influences, this is truly God's country. With all the gifts bestowed upon us by a loving Heavenly Father, it is our Christian duty to let our light shine upon those in sorrow in other parts of the world, and show the way to peace.

Our pilgrim forefathers, said the speaker, came to this land in faith, believing God had a place for them.

From this humble beginning we are now a great nation, bounded on all sides by friendly nations with whom we are at peace

In 1492, continued the speaker, when Columbus and his men left their ships to first set foot upon American soil, they carried with them the cross of Christ. The Huguenots settled in Florida in the name of God. William Peen and his Quaker followers settled Pennsylvania in God's name. Many other early settlers did the same thing. In all these instances at each pivotal point in the history of our country, men have paused to thank God. When Columbus returned to Spain after his first voyage, he and his men were met by the king and queen, and all went to a cathedral to render thanks to God for the discovery of a new world.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then said that we are indebted to the Pilgrims for the first Thanksgiving Day. For more than a year they had suffered. Half of them had died. There was a food shortage and at one time they were limited to just a few corn grains for each person. For a long time they lived principally on nuts and berries. Later, they who survived, had a good crop, for which the governor ordered a thanksgiving service, expressing gratitude to God for their preservation. This custom—a day of national thanksgiving—has been followed to this day.

The speaker then told the boys they had much for which to be thankful in their daily lives right here at the School, namely: A good home here at the institution; plenty to eat and clothes to wear; a good school system where education was theirs without cost; a church and Sunday school to attend; friends among the

staff members who stand ready to help them at all times; the privilege of living in a country free from war. All of these things should make them feel thankful, said he, but most of all, he urged them to be thankful to God for the spiritual blessings of life—for their friends who love God and want to share His blessings with them. Then there is the great fact that each boy here has a life to live in service for others and he should be thankful for that opportunity.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told the boys that Jesus Christ came into their lives that they might have life abundantly—not to be always receiving, but sharing what they have with those less fortunate. By so doing, said he, they would show their appreciation for God's greatest gift to mankind—the gift of His only Son, who came to save men from their sins.

Following the service the boys returned to their respective cottages where they enjoyed a fine Thanksgiving dinner, consisting of

Roast Turkey with Noodles
Rice with Giblet Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes
English Peas
Pickles
Cinnamon Buns Sliced Pineapple

At two o'clock in the afternoon the boys again assembled in the auditorium, where they enjoyed a motion picture show, the feature shown was entitled "The Family Next Door", starring Hugh Herbert, and the comedy, "Rabbit Hunt." Following the show the boys indulged in football and other amusements at the athletic field and in the cottages. An

early supper was served, and at six o'clock another motion picture, "Lis-ten, Darling" and one of "Our Gang" comedies were shown. Thus conclud-

ed one of the most enjoyable Thanksgiving observances at the School in many years.

AUTUMN DAYS

I am the Autumn, when "the frost is on
The pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock."
Within the fields are piles of golden corn;
And apples—yellow, red, and green and gold—
In luscious richness hang upon the trees.
The wayside pond and ev'ry bowing hedge
Are fringed deep with bittersweet and fern.

The cattle browse amidst the residue
Of grass, on browning fields o' er hill and vale;
While solemn blackbirds and the cawing crows
Convention hold with grave and scolding rooks
Where once the wren and robin filled the choir.
The boastful cock rings out his "chanticleer"
That greets the lighted lamp, presage of dawn.

O'er all the lilting earth, the eye takes in
The forest, meadow too, and then—the hill:
And afar—the mountains where are outdone
The rainbow's color, shades and brilliant hues:
All red and crimson, purple, saffron, too;
Magenta, orange, blue and yellow bands
So well shot through with evergreen and bronze.

Along the garden walks, the marigold,
Coxcomb, and mango red, bow low their heads:
And, here and there, amidst the ruin's waster
Where beauty's temple rose among the flowers
Petunias old and golden glow still peep
And wait the harder stroke to lay them low:
While brighter, colder grows the moon each night:

From blackened chimneys wisps of smoke curl out.
There is a crispness and a tang in all
The circumambient air that brings new thrusts
Of frost, and wind and sun and stars:
Bright, sunny days, and colder, deeper nights.
Of all the days, the months, and seasons of
The year my hours bring gayest thought and cheer

—Sanford N. Carpenter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

New hymn books have been purchased and they will be used for the first time next Sunday. These hymnals have a very nice cloth binding, and are the finest ones ever to be used at the School.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been spending quite some time recently replacing broken window panes, repairing windows and making other minor repairs at various buildings on the campus.

The feature attraction at this week's motion picture show was "I'm From the City," starring Joe Penner, a popular favorite with youngsters everywhere. A short comedy, "Rose of the Fair," was also shown. The boys thoroughly enjoyed both pictures.

Quite a number of boys have reported for basketball practice during the past week, using the new gymnasium for the first time. Judging from the reports coming to us concerning early work-outs, it would seem that the School will have a good basketball team this season.

The grounds leading from the front section of the campus to the new infirmary have been greatly improved. The old canning shed has been torn down and considerable grading has been done. Messrs. Presson and Kiser and their boys had charge of this work. We have been informed that grass seed will be sown here, which should make the approach to the infirmary one of the School's beauty spots next spring.

The annual Thanksgiving Day football game between the lads of Jackson Training School and Eastern Carolina Training School was played on the gridiron at the latter institution, located at Rocky Mount, with the Eastern Carolina boys winning by the score of 19 to 6.

Reports coming to The Uplift office from both boys and officers who accompanied the team, inform us that it was a well-played game—a tougher battle than the score would indicate. The first half play clearly showed that the teams were evenly matched, the score being tied at six, all at the end of the second quarter. In the next two periods the Eastern Carolina lads forged ahead, making two touchdowns and one extra point.

It was most gratifying to learn that while the boys on both teams were battling hard, they played cleanly and exhibited the finest kind of sportsmanship, which is always far more important than who wins or loses a contest. Both boys and officers spoke highly of the splendid hospitality shown by Superintendent Leonard, members of his staff, and the boys of Eastern Carolina Training School, and while they failed to win the game, all were enthusiastically agreed that it was a most enjoyable occasion.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. After the singing of the opening hymn, he presented Dr. Kenneth J. Foreman, Professor

of the Bible and Philosophy at Davidson College, as the speaker of the afternoon.

As a text for his most inspiring talk to the boys, Dr. Foreman selected Matthew 6: 22-23: "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

The speaker stated that in these words Jesus was speaking of the eye of the mind, and warned against near-sightedness of the mind's eye—the disease of seeing only the things of today.

Another disease of the eye is far-sightedness, said Dr. Foreman. When our mind's eye is in this condition, we see only the things of the distant future. There is no need to look forward to being angels when we die

unless we begin to be angels here in this life.

The speaker then pointed out that this mind's eye is affected by astigmatism—irregular eyesight, with which disease it is hard to tell just how a thing looks. Many mistakes may be made because the mind does not see things clearly. Also when we are cross-eyed or our minds are functioning at cross purposes, the result is the same.

In conclusion Dr. Foreman stated that we cannot become useful members of society if the eyes of the mind are lost. Just as we go to a specialist to have the physical makeup of the eye corrected, so we should go to the mind and soul specialist—Jesus and the Bible—to have diseases of the mind corrected.

We are deeply indebted to Dr. Foreman for bringing this most helpful message to our boys, and trust he may find it convenient to visit us again at an early date.

BECAUSE

Because He lived among us for awhile
 And trod the common path yet without guile,
 Because He taught to love instead of hate
 Our enemies; He showed the way to consummate
 True peace on earth. His life we emulate for He
 Exemplified the Truth that sets us free.
 Because Truth never dies, our Freedom lives
 And lets us seek the Light that Reason gives
 And thus promote the brotherhood of man
 Through Service in fulfillment of God's plan.
 Renew our strength, uplift our souls, we pray
 That we may meet the test from day to day.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending December 3, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Clyde Gray 2
- (2) James Hodges 2
- (2) Leon Hollifield 2
- (2) Gilbert Hogan 2
- (2) Edward Johnson 2
- (2) Frank Johnston 2
- (2) Robert Maples 2
- (2) John F. May 2
- (2) Arna Wallace 2

COTTAGE No. 1

- William Anders
- Jack Broome
- Charles Cole
- Howard Cox
- Eugene Edwards
- William Freeman
- (2) Arlie Scism 2
- (2) Jerry Smith 2
- (2) Lee Watkins 2

COTTAGE No. 2

- Norton Barnes
- James Blocker
- William Burnette
- Charles Chapman
- George Cooke
- Jack Cline
- (2) John D. Davis 2
- Julian T. Hooks
- Robert Keith
- (2) Frank King 2
- Milton Koontz
- Floyd Lane
- Thurman Lynn
- Forrest McEntire
- (2) Donald McFee 2
- William Padrick
- (2) Richard Parker 2
- Nick Rochester
- Oscar Roland
- Landros Sims
- Raymond Sprinkle
- Clyde Sorrels
- (2) W. J. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews

- Clyde Barnwell
- Earl Barnes
- Earl Bass
- (2) Grover Beaver 2
- James Boone
- Kenneth Conklin
- Jack Crotts
- Max Evans
- (2) Coolidge Green 2
- A. C. Lamar
- (2) William Matthewson 2
- (2) Douglas Matthews 2
- Harley Matthews
- (2) F. E. Mickle 2
- Grady Pennington
- (2) John C. Robertson 2
- George Shaver
- (2) William Sims 2
- William T. Smith
- (2) Harrison Stilwell 2
- John Tolley
- Louis Williams
- Allen Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver
- (2) Paul Briggs 2
- (2) Paul Broome 2
- Quentin Crittenton
- Lewis Donaldson
- Arthur Edmondson
- (2) Ivan Morozoff 2
- (2) Edward McGee 2
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 2
- J. C. Nance
- (2) Melvin Walters 2
- James Wilhite
- Samuel Williams
- (2) Cecil Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 5

- Theodore Bowles
- (2) Collett Cantor 2
- (2) Lindsey Dunn 2
- (2) A. C. Elmore 2
- (2) Ray Hamby 2
- (2) William Kirksey 2
- Ivey Lunsford
- Richard Starnes

- Eugene Smith
 J. C. Reinhardt
 (2) Earl Watts 2
 (2) Hubert Walker 2
 (2) Dewey Ware 2

COTTAGE No. 6

- Edward Batten
 (2) Robert Bryson 2
 Eugene Ballew
 Martin Crump
 (2) Robert Dunning 2
 Noah Ennis
 Columbus Hamilton

COTTAGE No. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 2
 (2) Carl Breece 2
 William Beach
 (2) John Deaton 2
 (2) Donald Earnhardt 2
 (2) Lacy Green 2
 (2) George Green 2
 Raymond Hughes
 Lyman Johnson
 Hugh Johnson
 (2) Arnold McHone 2
 Ernest Overcash
 (2) Carl Ray 2
 (2) Alex Weathers 2
 (2) Joseph Wheeler 2
 (2) Edd Woody 2
 (2) William R. Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 2
 Jack Crawford
 Jack Hamilton
 (2) Samuel Kirksey 2
 Spencer Lane
 Donald McPhail

COTTAGE No. 9

- Hollie Atwood
 (2) Mack Bell 2
 (2) Roy Butner 2
 J. T. Branch
 (2) Frank Glover 2
 (2) C. D. Grooms 2
 (2) Wilbur Hardin 2
 (2) Mark Jones 2
 (2) Daniel Kilpatrick 2
 (2) Harold O'Dear 2
 (2) Eugene Presnell 2
 (2) James Ruff 2
 Lonnie Roberts
 (2) Cleveland Suggs 2
 Richard Singletary

- (2) Preston Wilbourne 2
 (2) Horace Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

- (2) J. C. Allen 2
 Harold Bryson
 (2) William Covington 2
 Charles Frye
 (2) Earl Hildreth 2
 Paul Mullis
 (2) Edward Murray 2
 (2) Donald Newman 2
 (2) Fred Owens 2
 (2) Theodore Rector 2
 (2) John Uptegrove 2
 (2) N. C. Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 12

- Burl Allen
 (2) Odell Almond 2
 Jack Batson
 Allard Brantley
 Ernest Brewer
 William C. Davis
 Max Eaker
 Norwood Glasgow
 (2) Everett Hackler 2
 Joseph Hall
 Hubert Holloway
 (2) Avery Smith 2
 (2) Ralph Sorrels 2
 Carl Tyndall
 J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE No. 13

- (2) James Brewer 2
 (2) Merritt Gibson 2
 William Griffin
 (2) James V. Harvell 2
 (2) Vincent Hawes 2
 (2) James Kissiah 2
 (2) Douglas Mabry 2
 (2) Alexander Woody 2
 Marshall White

COTTAGE No. 14

- (2) Raymond Andrews 2
 John Baker
 John Church
 Robert Deyton
 (2) Henry Ennis 2
 (2) Audie Farthing 2
 (2) John Kirkman 2
 (2) Feldman Lane 2
 (2) Henry McGraw 2

- (2) Troy Powell 2
- (2) Richard Patton 2
- (2) Harold Thomas 2
- (2) Desmond Truitt 2
- (2) Garfield Walker 2
- (2) Jones Watson 2
- (2) Wallace Woody, Jr. 2

COTTAGE No. 15

- (2) Raymond Anderson 2
- Clifton Davis
- J. P. Sutton
- William Wood

- (2) William Young 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks
- (2) George Duncan 2
- (2) Phillip Holmes 2
- (2) Warren G. Lawry 2
- Earl Oxendine 2
- (2) Thomas Oxendine 2
- (2) Charles Presnell 2
- (2) Curley Smith 2
- (2) Thomas Wilson 2

 AS LIFE GOES ON

In former years, when bread was the principal item in the family meal, the community mill presented a scene of constant activity and interest. Men brought their wheat and corn to be ground, and while waiting their turn they visited with their neighbors and exchanged views on topics of mutual concern. The picturesque mill and the dominating figure of the miller suggested various bits of homely philosophy to these onlookers. One penetrating observation comes to us from Stephen Gosson, who said, "The same water that drives the mill decayeth it."

The calling that offers a man his opportunity for self-expression and service also burns out his life. While the worker is driven along by his love of the work and the necessity of following his vision, each day exacts its toll of time and strength. When Michelangelo was commissioned to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, he devoted himself so completely to the task that his three hundred forty-three figures were painted within four years. But this strain on his eyesight left him temporarily blind. Moses accomplished a stupendous task in leading the Israelites out of slavery and molding them into a nation. Yet he was literally consumed by the demands made upon his physical and spiritual strength.

In his message to the Christians at Rome, Paul said, "I beseech you . . . by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God." In teaching and ministering they were to use their gifts humbly but enthusiastically, living each day to the full in the joyous realization that while they were exhausting themselves, they were identified with the Christ Who could save others by refusing to spare himself.—Stanley A. Gillet.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 16, 1939

NO. 50

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FEAR NOT

That was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard;
Fear not! Beloved, it comes to you
As a Christmas message most sweet and true.

As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem;
And as sweet today as it was that night
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.

—F. R. Havergal.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OLDER PEOPLE TO BLAME

If a boy uses profane language he learned it from some man or older boy. Men teach boys to be crooked in business. Who ever saw a newsboy on the streets try to short change a customer? With accuracy the boy will count the pennies. But men in business houses by the score will short change their customers if they get the chance.

The wild ways of wild boys and girls are taught them by men and women who should have become worthy examples to youth. Sometimes, children's own parents are responsible for the wicked ways of their children. What can you expect of a boy or girl who grows up in a home where he receives no more instruction than do the wild asses of the desert?

Some of the young may be bad, but they learned it from older people who were just as bad or probably worse, because it takes a long time for the pupil to attain unto the standard of his instructor. We have no abuse for the young, rather pity, but with all our heart we believe in "hell, hanging and calome!" for the old sinners who teach the young to walk in their footsteps and practice their deviltry.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE ODELLS HONORED

The expression "distance lends enchantment" is familiar to all, but if permitted to paraphrase will add here that it frequently takes an indefinite period of time for people to come into a full realization of contributions made by departed citizens for the development of a community. The congregation of the Forest Hill Methodist Church rose to the occasion lately, and expressed the sentiment of the people, not only of that church, but of Concord by placing in the church a bronze tablet, memorializing, Capt. J. M. Odell and the Hon. W. R. Odell, father and son respectively, pioneers in every interest for the building of Concord.

The Forest Hill M. E. Church was visualized as a spiritual

need to the community in which the Odells lived, and the cause was sponsored till these idealists realized their dream,—a small group of Christian workers developing into one of the most active congregations of the Western North Carolina Conference. These stalwart citizens were always approachable, and answered not alone the needs of their church, but most generously responded to human needs, civic causes, industrial and educational interests, in short they were accepted as leaders and builders not only locally, but in the state at large.

We salute the members of Forest Hill Methodist Church, for perpetuating history so that the future generations will catch the vision of their forebears and keep the torch of the Christian faith burning. The bronze tablet was appropriately presented on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the church.

The inscription on the tablet is brief, but beautiful and complete. It reads as follows:

“In memoriam—John Milton Odell 1831-1910—William Robert Odell 1855-1938—benefactors and charter members of Forest Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, South, whose congregation erects this tablet on the fiftieth anniversary of its founding—1889-1939—‘Laborers together with God’—I Cor. 3:9.”

* * * * *

PRACTICAL RELIGION

We have it in our heart to say in behalf of the Charlotte firemen, in co-operation with the citizens at large, they are putting over a fine demonstration of practical religion. It is with great interest we have listened in to the appeals for toys and other contributions so that there will not be a single underprivileged child left in the vicinity of Charlotte without realizing the joy of this Christmas season. The appeal has been so urgent and touching till it has almost made the people of adjacent communities chip in and make the dream of the Charlotte firemen come true—and that is every underprivileged youngster be remembered.

The man who professes a religion of faith, and says, “Be thou clothed”, or “Be thou fed” and yet offers nothing is not rendering an efficient service. We all know that pure religion before God is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow, and to keep unspotted from the world.

The Charlotte firemen are doing a far reaching humanitarian work, because when cheer is brought to the child of the poor homes they are building a hope in the hearts of parents.

Doubtless many other communities are doing a similar work, but have not the opportunity to make a country-wide broadcast to put over effectively a campaign for toys and other things that make Christmas complete for childhood. Through all the tumult of the time, Christmas week and the time that lies near it the one person who claims the attention of the public is the child both dependent and helpless. It is a blessed privilege to contribute to the appeal for childhood at Christmas, because when the children are happy that means happy homes.

* * * * *

KNITTING

The following article brings to mind the knitting done by women of America during the World War, but it will not carry the same interest and enthusiasm, since we have no boys across the waters. This may seem selfish, but runs true to life—self seems to come first. The article, by Julius F. Seebach, follows:

“You women are going to be asked to busy yourselves with knitting again. In fact, the request has already been made by Chairman Norman H. Davis of the American Red Cross. He wants to send 137,000 sweaters and 83,000 winter dresses to the dispossessed people of Poland by January 1st. It is estimated that help will also be needed for the French civilian population recently evacuated into rural zones because of the threatened bombardments. Of course, needs like this will steadily grow greater. This ministry of mercy has been in operation for some time among the wretched Jewish refugees and the war-stricken Spaniards, not to mention obscurer groups. But the present war will inevitably increase the numbers of helpless and hopeless destitute. America can be counted on to respond, and so we may expect to see and hear the clicking needles on street cars, buses and trains, at afternoon teas and evening lectures. Inevitably also the query will automatically be raised whether such knitting has not sufficient religious flavor to be allowed during the church services while the preachers spin out their sermons. However, common sense and religious fitness will continue to oppose such a practice.

* * * * *

WILLINGNESS

The spirit of willingness is a grace that makes people likable and most desirable to any gathering, let it be either for social reasons or for business purposes. Not to enter into any game willingly often has the effect of a wet-blanket, and most naturally the best talents or gifts are unused. The spirit of willingness unlocks the secret gifts, or talents.

We recall a most beautiful young woman, who possessed a voice that thrilled, but she never bestirred herself to use that gift for the pleasure of friends or for any cause. All too late she felt her mistake, and said as much.

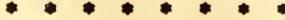
That God-given gift remained unused. She possessed a gold mine, she possessed power, but only misfortunes brought her face to face with greatest error of her life. Those who have talents should profit by asking the question,—of what use is gold if it continues to remain buried in the mines? The spirit of willingness to give your best at all times is a most wonderful asset, it is termed one of the graces.

* * * * *

The following clipping reveals that there are fewer toys this Christmas suggestive of war—and the taking of human life than in any previous Christmas toy land:

The toys appear as Christmas draws near, but they present a significant spectacle at this time in our land. The recent preview offered by the "Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A." in New York City disclosed that less than one per cent of the toys were of a war-like nature, and these were "miniatures of national defense equipment." The list is varied—more than 100,000 playthings, a ten per cent increase over last year, which indicates an encouraging market. The prevailing class of toys suggests the American desire and hope for a higher standard of living, and consists of home-making equipment, farm toys, practical radio play sets, building units, dolls in widely varied American period costumes, transportation units, low-priced miniatures of the finest types of furniture, art, etc. America's desire and intention for peace is expressing

itself in a most impressive way—in the gifts that parental love prompts for the children on the birthday of the Prince of Peace.



BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Again we are standing upon the threshold of Christmas, 1939, and our boys, more than five hundred, some of them without a soul to give them cheer on Christmas day, but in spite of the fact each of them is anxiously looking forward to Christmas with a hope. We could not afford to disappoint one of them. The friends of the boys have previously contributed most generously to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and this Christmas will not prove an exception to the usual custom.

If you wish to taste the sweetest joy of Christmas, then make glad the heart of a child. Where children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas. "For such as these," Christmas is the embodiment of all that abideth. In faith, "Dear Santa", is scrawled by tiny fingers. In hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And love makes childhood dreams come true. The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all. It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days. It is through childhood's eye we behold the beauty and feel the real joy of the day. We cannot afford to disappoint one of His little ones.

It is with pleasure we announce these contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund:

8-7-8.....	\$25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord.....	10.00
Rowan County Welfare Department, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt., Salisbury,	3.00
New Hanover County Department of Public Welfare, J. R. Hollis, Supt., Wilmington,	10.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California	2.50
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Durham County Welfare Department, W. E. Stanley Supt., Dur- ham,.....	10.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,.....	2.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,.....	5.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. C. Hunt, Supt., Lexington,.....	5.00

WHEN PEACE CAME

By Mrs. Mathilde Kolb Bartlett

Now thank we all our God
 With heart and hands and
 voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In Whom His world rejoices;
 Who, From our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
 Through our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills,
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him Who reigns
 With them in highest heaven:
 The One Eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

The Thirty-Years' War in Germany, from 1618 to 1648, was brought to a close by the Peace of Westphalia, October 24, 1648. This period being one of extreme hardship and suffering, the people really broke forth with rejoicing when the era of peace was ushered in.

It is not quite certain when the Rev. Martin Rinckart wrote his famous hymn, but it is commonly supposed that he wrote it as a *Te Deum* of praise because of the restoration of peace. To Catherine Winkworth of London we owe a debt of gratitude

for her beautiful translation of the poem into English which appeared in her collection of German translations entitled "*Lyra Germanica*."

Miss Winkworth was another of those early women writers who contributed so much to our fine literature. She was born September 13, 1829. She published two editions of "*Lyra Germanica*," the first series in 1855 and the second in 1858. It was in the later edition that this hymn appeared. Miss Winkworth's sister, Suzanne, assisted her with this work, and when Catherine suddenly died in July 1878, Suzanne carried on. Many of the old German chorales and hymns were translated by these two women.

Martin Rinckart was born in Eilenburg, Saxony, April 23, 1586. After attending a Latin school in his home town he became a student at the University of Leipzig. He received a call in 1617 to become pastor of a church in Eilenburg. During the Thirty Years' War Eilenburg became a place of refuge as it was a fortified, walled city. Mr. Rinckart was left alone to minister to the wants and spiritual needs of the stricken people, the other two pastors having succumbed to the raging pestilence. It is said that he buried 4,000 victims and yet remained untouched by illness. The enemy added to the distress of the people by demanding an exorbitant tribute; however, Mr. Rinckart went out to intercede and the terms were reduced.

After a while a stranger came to the city bringing the glad news that peace was at hand. What glorious news after thirty years of war! It

was then some authorities believe that the now aging pastor burst forth in heartfelt gratitude and wrote his now famous hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God." It is thought that he also wrote the majestic tune which accompanies this hymn of thanksgiving. However, this cannot be proved, as the earliest booklets published by him have become extinct. The tune goes under the name of "Nun Danket," the first two words of the first verse in the German version. It is in splendid, pure chorale style.

The famous composer, Johann Crueger, was pre-eminent in the realm of hymn-book compiling and tune-writing. Chief among his productions was the publication of "Praxis Pietatis Melica," published in 1645. This book went through numerous editions, always corrected, perfected and developed until by 1736 it contained 1,300 hymns and had its fifty-seventh edition. In the seventeenth century it became the main source of

Lutheran hymnody. Johann Crueger, who started his musical career as organist and is known also as cantor of St. Nicholas Church, Berlin, devoted many years to collecting the best material, new and old, both words and music, for his book. Others with like ability collaborated with him. In his book, "Praxis Pietatis Melica," he has four or five of his "Danket," is in this book and is most frequently credited to him. At least we are indebted to him for preserving it for us in his collection. Mendelssohn later used this hymn in his "Lobesgesang," which has been called the "Te Deum" of Germany and is always used on festive occasions.

Today we, too, can join with those of yesteryear and thank "The One Eternal God" for our countless blessings, "With hearts and hands and voices." May we in these difficult days remember His "countless gifts of love" which have never failed us.

YOU'RE NEVER LICKED

When a fellow is down and the going is rough,
 And inside he's hungry, the whole world seems tough;
 Just 'cause he's down and taking a kicking,
 Is no sign at all that he's taking a licking.
 Take all those kicks and come back with a grin,
 Just being down, boy, was never a sin.
 Sure, it's a fight, and a hard one at that,
 But you have your chance, so make it a scrap.
 Square up your shoulders and set all your sail,
 For if you have the stuff, boy, you'll weather the gale.

—Hobart Benjamin.

IDEALS OF SOCIAL WORK

The talk made by Miss Mary Robinson, Superintendent of the Department of Public Welfare, Anson County, at District Welfare Conference, Concord,

It is my glad privilege to extend to you of the South-Western District Welfare Conference greeting from the North Carolina Association of Superintendents of Public Welfare.

These annual district welfare conferences—six in number—are sponsored jointly by the State Department of Public Welfare and the Superintendents of Welfare.

We look forward to them with keen interest since at these meetings we have the opportunity of discussing with the local people who really make the work possible—the type of services being rendered by their County Welfare Departments. These conferences are being held later this year due to the fact that the Annual Welfare Institute at Chapel Hill was not held until the last week in October. It is the plan to have the district conferences the first two weeks in October in the future.

There are today Departments of Public Welfare with staffs, even though far from adequate, of trained social workers, statisticians, and stenographers in each of the State's one hundred counties.

While the county departments are much better staffed than only a few years ago, the demands for the many and varied types of services made upon the departments have greatly increased, due in part no doubt to the public's becoming more conscious of

multiple social problems.

the need for efforts at solving the

For this expansion and growth in organized county Welfare Departments we are indebted to the national, the State, the County Governments, and to the citizens of the local communities who, with the welfare of the people at heart, placed in authoritative positions in the divisions of government socially minded representatives who believed in and possessed the will to work for a better and greater well-being among their people.

Much study and long hours of planning have been necessary from the Federal Board on down through the State Board and staff members. Too, the County Boards of Commissioners and County Welfare Boards seeing the human and economic values in the welfare program have stood by with both moral and financial support.

As workers in this public service program we recognize the responsibility to keep ever alert to the needs of our communities to find resources that will meet these needs and then with skill acquired through necessary training and experience, backed by hard-boiled common sense and courage, so use or apply those resources as to at least help make adjustments if not solve problems. Only through the improvement of conditions among the maladjusted, the retarded, the underprivileged, is there progress which makes for the development of the total human resources and welfare

It is known that any country, state

or community is as strong as its individual citizens. The higher the number of maladjusted, dependent persons, the lower the morals, the physical and mental strengths of the community and the greater the strain on the strong and able, with a lowering of the level of well-being of the whole. Shall we in North Carolina permit the cost and strain of dependency on our civilization to continue at the present rate?

If the welfare program is to serve best to mean most to our civilization it must first of all be one of prevention and rehabilitation. Prevention which means saving of funds as well as of human lives.

It is poor economy to wait until homes are broken, crimes committed, children's lives permanently warped, youths in courts and jails before doing something about housing conditions, unemployment, parent education, constructive leisure time activities and character-building programs. Neither is it a saving of public funds to allow the State's institutions for the mentally ill to be constantly in need of expansion to accommodate and treat those who for lack of proper food developed pellagra,—for larger and larger orthopedic hospitals to be built and staffed for treatment of children with malformation of bones from rickets caused by lack of suitable food—for greater and greater numbers of sanatoria beds to be pro-

vided to care for hundreds ill with tuberculosis because of failure to isolate active cases and to provide nourishing food for those in contact and susceptible to this disease.

As we deal primarily with the retarded, the handicapped, the so-called underprivileged there is necessarily much discouragement in any day's work. However, we are gratified that fewer older people are now being separated from homes and friends to spend their last days in a county home; more and more children are home with mother's care; greater numbers of handicapped such as the blind and the crippled are happier now that they, through special training, are self-supporting and in many instances contributing citizens of their communities; that fewer youths are idle, greater numbers are developing into self-respecting and self-supporting citizens through training now provided through CCC and NYA programs as well as through the increased facilities for vocational training and guidance through the state's public schools. We need more and more educational facilities to teach new industrial and occupational skills.

As we interpret the welfare services to the communities by doing a good job we believe more and more of the needs for lessening physical suffering, mental distress and for the making of happier, more useful lives, will be provided.

Let not him who hath no house tear down the house of his neighbor, but rather let him strive diligently to build one for himself, thus, by example, showing confidence that when his own is built it will stand undisturbed.—Lincoln.

SOME NATIVE NORTH CAROLINA WRITERS

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

For some time North Carolina labored under the handicap of being traditionally labelled "mediocre." This term was applied particularly to our literary production. Critics evinced an attitude similar to that of ancient Hebrews when they asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

That many good things in the field of literature do come out of North Carolina is clearly demonstrated by recounting the names of a few of our nativeborn writers and some of their works.

In the field of short story writing perhaps no name is greater than that of O. Henry (William Sidney Porter), who was born in Greensboro in 1867. His stories have certain human, realistic, and humorous qualities which have endeared them to the American public. During his career O. Henry produced over 200 short stories, now collected under titles such as *The Four Million* and *The Voice of the City*.

Greensboro was also the home of Wilbur Daniel Steele, who was born in 1886. Like O. Henry, Wilbur Daniel Steele achieved his fame as a short story writer. Steele won the O. Henry Memorial Prize three times for the best short story of the year and has made numerous contributions to the leading magazines of the United States.

In the field of drama Paul Green has received the acclaim of competent critics throughout the English-speaking world. He was born near Lillington in 1894, and after attendance

at Buie's Creek Academy taught school for two years and then entered the University of North Carolina. He began his playwriting while at the University and has written chiefly plays about North Carolina and the South. Among his more important works are *In Abraham's Bosom*, *The House of Connelly*, and *The Lost Colony*.

Other native North Carolinians who have achieved fame in the field of playwriting are: Hatcher Hughes, a native of Jones County, who is best known for his play, "Hell Bent for Heaven"; Lula Vollmer, a native of Moore County, whose play, "Sun Up," depicts life among the mountain folk of North Carolina; and Anne Preston Bridgers of Raleigh, whose play, "Coquette," had a long and successful run in New York and was later made into a movie.

North Carolina has produced a number of capable writers of biography. Archibald Henderson, who was born in Salisbury in 1877, wrote the official biography of George Bernard Shaw, the English playwright, and is also author of many excellent historical and scientific articles.

Gerald W. Johnson was born in Riverton, N. C., 1890. He is best known for his *Randolph of Roanoke* and *Andrew Jackson, an Epic in Homespun*.

Robert Watson Winston, who was born in Bertie County in 1860, is the author of biographies of Robert E. Lee and Andrew Johnson, but to

North Carolina his most recent book, *It's a Far Cry*, is perhaps most interesting because of its autobiographic nature.

Phillips Russell was born in Rockingham County in 1885. He is best known for his biographies: *Benjamin Franklin, First Civilized American*; *John Paul Jones, Man of Action*; and *Emerson, Wisest American*.

In the field of action North Carolina is well represented. Thomas Wolf, of Asheville is credited with the development of an unusual and effective style of writing. His chief works, *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*, have been acclaimed by many critics as two of the major contributions to American literature since the turn of the century.

Thomas Dixon, born in Shelby in 1864, has given the nation some of its best novels on the Confederacy and the Reconstruction Period. Among his more important works are: *The Clansman*, *Leopard Spots*, and *The Flaming Sword*.

The latest North Carolina novelist to receive recognition is Bernice Kelley Harris of Northampton County. Her first novel, *Purslane*, portrays life in a rural community in middle Carolina in the early nineteen hundreds and was recently published by the University of North Carolina Press.

A number of well-known poets have been born in North Carolina. John Charles McNeill (1874-1907), a native of Scotland County, achieved fame first through the columns of the *Charlotte Observer*. His best known collections of verse are: *Songs Merry*

and *Sad* and *Lyrics from Cottenland*.

John Henry Boner was born in Old Salem in the year 1845. His poems of the South express his feeling for his native land. His volumes of poems include *Whispering Pines* and *Some New Poems*.

Henry Jerome Stockard was born in Chatham County in 1858. Some of his poems are found in *Stedman's American Anthology*, in *Representative Sonnets of American Poets*, and in *Songs of the South*. *Fugitive Lines* is a volume of his own poems.

Anne Blackwell Payne was born in Concord and attended Flora Macdonald College in Red Springs. Her book of verse *Released*, was published by the University of North Carolina Press.

Native North Carolinians prominent in the field of children's literature are Elizabeth Janet Grey of Chapel Hill and Ellis Credle of Hyde County. Miss Gray is the author of *Meggy McIntosh*, *Jane Hope*, and *Beppy Marlowe*. Ellis Credle is known not only for her writings but also for her illustrations. Her first published book was *Down, Down the Mountain*. This was followed by *Across the Cotton Patch* and *Little Jeemes Henry*. Her most recent book is *The Flop-eared Hound*.

Jonathan Daniels, a native of Raleigh and son of the present ambassador to Mexico, is currently North Carolina's most outstanding writer. His *A Southerner Discovers the South* was selected by the Book of the Month Club and has for some time been a best seller.

All some people learn from experience is that they have made another mistake.—Selected.

IT SHALL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN

By Craig Thompson

Three men who made rich contributions to their own world and to that of those who followed them each died of tuberculosis and each died too soon. They were Frederick Chopin, the pianist and composer; Anton Chekhov, the dramatist and author; and Sidney Lanier, the poet and musician.

Taking the last first, it is recorded of Lanier that, lying in bed with his beard flowing over the coverlet, his eyes glittering beneath an ivory brow and his body burning with a temperature of 104 degrees, he dictated his greatest poem, "Sunrise." In it a man made helpless by a scourge, filled with the overpowering desire to go on living and creating, found courage to ask of a tree:

*". . . with your myriad palms up-
turned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."*

Too soon thereafter he died, on September 7, 1881, not then forty years of age.

And Chekhov. He wrote "The Cherry Orchard" and filled it with the anguish of frustrate youth and the spirit of decadent middle-age and told it in universal terms, so that it became an ageless play in all languages. And he did this in the year that he died. That was 1904, and he was forty-four.

And Chopin, who compressed into music the rolling thunder and the ruthless fury of the French revolution, did it, also, within the year that he died. He, like Lanier, was thirty-

nine, and the scourge claimed him on March 1, 1849.

Three tombstones bearing the death dates of 1849, 1881, 1904, Three men,—a Polish born Frenchman, a Russian, and an American. One enemy—tuberculosis.

These three are not alone. The Bronte sisters lived in England. Charlotte Bronte gave the world "Jane Eyre;" Emily, "Wuthering Heights," and Anne, "Agnes Grey." They, too, died too soon; Anne when she was twenty-nine, Emily when she was thirty, and Charlotte at thirty-nine. There was a common cause. It was tuberculosis.

These are samples of mankind's tragic losses, a list that could be extended indefinitely. How much richer they might have made the world we all live in had they gone on living, is speculation. In each there was an indomitable will to create, to pour forth the contents of human spirit that is the essence of human creation, which would not be quelled even by the long shadows that approaching death threw over them. As it is, they speak with added poignance of that simple family grief which comes with the death of any of those "flowers that grow between."

There is no unalterable need of this. Tuberculosis can be prevented and it can be controlled. The task is a great one requiring constant vigilance, constant service, and the constant support of those who, enlisting in this march of human progress, might well adopt as their battle cry, "It shall not happen again."

THE YEAR'S NECKLACE

By H. M. Hobson

DECEMBER'S TURQUOISE

*If December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and
mirth,
Place upon your hand a Turquoise
blue,
Success will bless whate'er you
do*

We are so familiar with the turquoise that we take its rare loveliness for granted, and thus fail to discover the vividly interesting history of one of the year's most unusual gems. The jewel of December is linked with the ancient history of both the old world and the new, and its influence upon the early religion of the people has been found from Egypt to New Mexico.

The turquoise is supposed to be the oldest known precious stone. There are remains of ancient mines on the tiny Sinai Peninsula which links Arabia and Egypt. This scrap of bleak land is the wilderness through which the Jews struggled when they made their way out of Egypt. The section is still known as "The Land of Turquoise and Hathor." Hathor or Athor was a mythical goddess of ancient Egypt. She was a vastly busy lady, for she was supposed to be the mother of the sun and to start it off on its journey each morning. She also presided over music, and the time she could spare from these two jobs, she was supposed to spend making human beings happy. The turquoise was said to be under her special care. She sent each lovely, sky-blue stone blithely on its way, charged with

messages of joy peace and gladness.

Scientists claim that these old mines were operated as far back as 5500 B. C. Some old scribes say they were found and opened by Isaac. Their ruins were located in 1845, and they gave the world some of its most valuable relics. There were fragments of exquisite turquoise found and beads of the same precious stone.

Nowhere in the world is December's jewel so loved and valued as it is in Persia. It is a native of that country, and is the national stone. It has its happy growing ground all around and about in the mountains being found tucked in veins of clay-slate, running through the dull matrix like exquisite ribbons of apple-green, or sky-blue. These veins splutter to and fro across the mountains, often in places that are quite inaccessible. Tradition says the ancient Persians would climb as high as they could on their mighty hills, and then shoot arrows into the clay-slate deposits, loosening the matrix and then gathering the turquoise when the rocks came tumbling down.

The world's finest turquoises come from Persia, where they command a great price. It is almost impossible to bring a fine jewel out of the country because the best are taken over by the Shah, who possesses the largest and rarest collection of turquoise in the world. The Persian turquoise is exquisite in both texture and color. It comes in a flawless sky-blue and an apple-green that looks like spring itself. These stones take on a lovely polish, and retain their

color better than any other members of this changeable clan. The Persian name for the turquoise is *piruzeh*, meaning "The Victorious." The people say: "There is great good fortune coming to one who sees the new moon reflected in Persia love and prize their national precious stone. They say: ed in the face of a friend, the Koran, or a turquoise."

The trail of the December jewel brings us across many seas to New Mexico. The Pueblo Indians knew and mined and valued the turquoise long before the Spaniards came to their country. The enlightened Zunis believed the world rested upon the top of their fabled turquoise mountain, and that its rare blue was reflected in the sky.

The Zunis call themselves *Ashwi*, and in their manners and customs they are unique clinging tenaciously to their ancient religious manners and customs. In all their social, political and religious functions the turquoise plays a leading part. The Zuni medicine man's diploma is a turquoise. The Zuni's symbols of their heaven are the sun, the eagle and the turquoise which they call the *hiskwa*.

One of the sacred "creatures" of the Zunis is the toad. They make toads of shells, covered with pitch, and encrusted with tiny bits of turquoise. A rather beautiful idea among the Indians is that the man who can get to the end of the rainbow will find there a turquoise basket, filled with turquoise birds and flowers and animals. Loving the skyblue stone and venerating it as they do, the Indians of New Mexico have made many lovely ornaments of their prized *hiskwa*. Their turquoise beads are lovely, and in their ancient burial

places scientists have found very beautiful pieces of mosaic, done with bits of December's jewel. In the sand paintings of the Navajos their four rain-making gods wear necklaces of turquoise. Among the Aztecs the jewel's name was *teuxvitl*, which means the turquoise of the gods.

Mere mortals were not allowed to own or wear one of the blue stones.

The origin of the name turquoise is a deep mystery to which no solution has ever been found. Some claim it comes from Turkey because the Turks carried it to Europe. In each country where it is known and loved its name has a high and beautiful meaning.

The Arabs believe it signifies courage and safety, and to the Persians it meant victory. In both Mongolia and Tibet it is so highly prized that the people prefer it to money, and tourists entering either of these lands are told that they should carry many small pieces of turquoise because it will often buy what money cannot purchase.

A personality that is almost human has been given this rare blue stone that is claimed by December. The legend is that it will break into small pieces, rather than have the one who wears it suffer a fracture from a fall. It has an odd ability to change its color, growing pale and dim, then regaining its color and seeming to glow with a rare, deep beauty.

In ancient times this led to the odd idea—

"The compassionate Turquoise doth tell."

By growing pale that its wearer is not well."

December's flowers are the lovely narcissus and the holly. Its stone

means victory, friendship, protection, beauty and courage. It is one of the precious stones that Jupiter claims for his own.

*"Friends, and Lovers true, for December Fortune and Fans,
If an amulet of Turquoise bears her name."*

"God's way is the best, but sinners refuse to try it They prefer their own failures."

UNIQUE INSTITUTE OF GOVERNMENT BLAZES NEW TRAIL IN THIS NATION

By R. W. Madry

An organization whose work is important enough for the Governor and the State's whole Congressional delegation, headed by Speaker Bankhead himself to take time out of their busy schedules to come here to take part in the formal opening of its new home, must be doing something tremendously distinctive.

And that is what these dignitaries are going to do at the opening of the new \$50,000 governmental laboratory, November 29 and 30, of the Institute of Government, which has its headquarters here, but whose work extends to every federal agency, state department, court house, and city hall in the State.

We knew all along that the Institute had something significant. In fact, we had followed its work cursorily since it was only a dream in the mind of the University law professor, Albert Coates, who is its director. We also had a vague idea of its expansion and growth down through the ensuing ten years. But we had only a general sort of picture.

When Director Coates announced the opening of the Institute of Government's long needed laboratory—the first of its kind in the country, by the way—we decided to pay the Institute office a visit and see for ourselves. We did, and we were literally amazed at the scope of the program, the volume of useful and valuable work already accomplished and the even larger volume in progress.

The Institute has five staff members and five additional consultants at work on day-to-day legal and governmental problems for officials and citizens over the State. It has been housed at one time or another in a corner of the Law School basement and in the attic of the State Capitol, has outgrown its quarters several times, and now occupies the whole of the old Methodist church here.

The auditorium out front, which houses its library and exhibits, is quite a large hall. But except for the narrowest possible aisles, every foot of space was covered with ta-

bles and shelves piled high with books, periodicals, and other governmental materials from every state in the Union and many foreign countries.

We learned later that the Institute receives 150 governmental magazines and 175 newspapers and had one of the most comprehensive collections of current governmental materials in the country. Right now it was a problem to thread our way through the maze of files and displays. And so to the offices of the Director and staff in the rear which were already bustling with activity, although it was still only 8:30 in the morning.

Harry McGalliard, who edits "Popular Government" monthly and is Mr. Coates, right hand man, came over. Mr. Coates had him show us over the offices work rooms, mimeographing shop, and library, and thence to the Institute's files and displays of its own work.

We knew vaguely that the Institute put out various guidebooks, manuals and special studies for different public officials. But we never realized it had issued more than a score of these, and that they encompassed vital governmental functions all the way from listing taxes to the many valuable but frequently obscure services the federal departments make available to local officials. Mr. McGalliard showed us the actual copies, and we could see from a brief examination why these are the standard works, in daily use in offices throughout the State.

We knew also that the Institute held state-wide and district training schools and conferences for different officials from time to time. But we had no idea that it had con-

ducted more than 50 such schools, ranging from local police to state and federal department heads and covering not only all major offices but also students and teachers of government, and that the attendance had totalled more than 3,000. Mr. Galliard showed us outlines of the different courses of instruction, the attendance rolls for each, and pictures of many of the groups, and we were amazed at the scope and value of this in-service training program.

And we knew vaguely that the Institute published a monthly magazine and conducted a clearing house of information and inquiry service on governmental problems. But we never realized the breadth or bulk of these services. Mr. McGalliard showed us the actual magazines, daily Legislative Bulletins, digests of State Department Rulings, and representative samples of questions and answers, which run into the thousands and come from officials all over the State.

All this, assimilated in so short a time, was enough to give us mental indigestion. But Mr. McGalliard showed us a similar volume of work that was completed and awaiting publication. In addition to a number of new guidebooks for additional officials, this included a wealth of material for citizens, study and discussion programs and government students' texts on government in practice as well as theory. He also showed us another equal volume of work in progress, for this is an organization that believes in work and then more work.

One of the most interesting things we saw, however, was a file of several hundred unpublished letters of

appraisal of the work of the Institute. These had come from time to time from ranking officials in all 48 states and from practically every county and city in this State, from governors and judges, from mayors and commissioners, in fact, from the President of the United States down.

We took the time to read a number of them, and the significant feature to us was that these were not the usual superficial congratulatory "duty" notes of the busy and disinterested. True, these letters uniformly expressed warm commendation and praise for the various services it is rendering, but many of the writers thought so much of the idea and its possibilities that they took the time to analyze and appraise it phase by phase making many valuable and constructive suggestions in the process, which was exactly what the Institute most desired.

One official, now a Supreme Court justice, took exactly 14 typed single-spaced pages to set out his appraisals and suggestions. It is hard to tell which the staff values most highly, this letter, or the striking tribute from Mr. Roosevelt in which the President declared, voicing a sentiment echoed in many of the letters from other states:

"The Institute of Government has and will render fine service to its State and Nation. I hope that states having no comparable agency will recognize and follow North Carolina's leadership."

Two other representative appraisals, taken from the mass, are those of Dean Rosco Pound and J. Edgar Hoover.

"I doubt whether anything which has taken place in connection with American government in the pres-

ent century," declared the famed ex-Dean Pound of the Harvard Law Schools, is as significant as the movement for planned, intelligent official and administrative co-operation which began some years ago in North Carolina, and has now taken on enduring form in the Institute of Government."

And the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation wrote that he was "particularly pleased to observe the program which has been established by the Institute of Government in North Carolina, which is calculated to effect an improved and better trained personnel and a greater degree of co-operation and co-ordination between the agencies of law enforcement."

Our tour of inspection with Mr. McGalliard was one of discovery and revelation, and when we finally returned to Director Coates, we were full of interest and running over with questions.

"Your program and your work are so broad and many sided," we asked him, "what concretely are the primary purposes of the Institute?"

"They are three-fold," he replied. "First, to aid the officials in their efforts to do a better job. Second, to put citizens in touch with their government and keep them in touch with it. And third to bridge the gap between government as it is practiced and as it is taught in the schools.

"And"—he added—"the Institute is non-partisan and non-profit organization, and it works always to inform rather than to reform. Any improvements are, and must remain in the the job of the officials, citizens and schools, respectively. If we can just furnish them the facts, materials, and tools to help do the job, we will have our work cut out."

In this brief statement from its Director is to be found the uniqueness of North Carolina's Institute of Government.

Different groups of city, of county, of state, and of federal officials had met and worked together before on their own peculiar problems. However, the Institute was the first organization of its kind to bring together the many different groups who were working on the same problems for the same people in overlapping units. It was also the first organization to go beyond this and make an equal place for citizens and taxpayers who after all have the most vital stakes in good government, and for the students of today who are tomorrow's taxpayers and voters.

"But this is such a broad and ambitious program," we interposed. "Don't you find it prohibitive as to cost, staff, and time to provide three separate programs for officials, citizens and students."

"Not at all. As a matter of fact it makes for economy," was Mr. Coates' explanation. "The same materials our staff gathers in the field go into guidebooks for officials, discussion, programs for citizens, and texts for students, only in slightly different form. They provide the instructional materials for our training schools for officials, institute for citizens, seminars for teachers, and so on all along the line. Why, it would be extravagant to go to the expense of collecting such materials and then use them for only one purpose."

"While we're on the subject of costs and economies," we continued "just how is the Institute financed

and what is its plan of organization?"

"Our organization is representative but simple," Mr. Coates explained. "The different groups of officials, citizens, and students and teachers constitute the Institute. These groups elect their own leaders who represent them on an advisory board. These advisors and the directors select the staff, determine policies, and generally direct the work."

We knew, when we got around to the question of finances, that Mr. Coates would be the last to admit what only a few of his intimates know, namely, that much of the work was financed in the beginning out of his own pocket and salary as a law professor, and we were not wrong

"The work was started," he admitted. "with the contributions of a few private persons, most of them former students and college mates who believed in our idea and saw its potential value to the State, and some public spirited citizens."

"During the last few years an increasing part of our operating expenses have been met, first, out of private memberships and subscriptions of individual officials, and later out of joint county and city memberships and out of the sale of our publication and materials. Individual citizens, however, have continued to supplement the revenues from these sources, and to help finance our new laboratory. Thus far, every penny that has gone into the Institute's work and the laboratory to finance it has come from local and private sources without any supplement on contribution from state or federal funds."

This brought us around to the Institute's new home and governmental

laboratory—the first of its kind in the country, don't forget—and it was easy to see that this was the fulfillment of a dream of several years with Mr. Coates and the apple of his eye, so to speak.

This handsome new laboratory which will be formally opened here November 29 and 30 with Speaker Bankhead making the principal address, has four floors and 20 rooms. It will house the Institute's governmental demonstration laboratory, training schools library and clearing house of information, clubrooms for officials staff offices and miscellaneous services.

Mr. Coates stressed particularly

the significance of the new demonstration laboratory.

"Our staff for the past five years he pointed out, "has been going to state departments, city halls and court houses, throughout the State, collecting classifying and comparing the different methods and practices in use. With these materials as a beginning, we hope to build a central demonstration laboratory to which successive generations of officials, citizens, teachers and students may come to see demonstrated in one place the governmental methods and practices they would now have to go to hundreds of places to find."

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying others.—Selected.

MILESTONES OF FREEDOM

By Jasper B. Sinclair

The Declaration of Independence voiced the right of the American people to freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religious worship and certain unalienable rights that are the God-given heritage of all peoples.

The Constitution of the United States, chiefly through its Bill of Rights, confirmed these things just a few years later

These two great documents represent the very foundation of American democracy. Yet the rights and privileges they vested in the people of the United States had, in most

cases, already been established by precedent long before either document was penned.

These precedents, by the very example they set, are the earliest milestones of American freedom. Let us briefly examine the dates and inscriptions on some of the milestones that were erected by the pioneers a hundred years and more before the Liberty Bell rang out the glad tidings that the Declaration of Independence had been signed.

Freedom of Assemblage, reads one of the first of these milestones. The year 1619 marked the first attempt

of settlers in this country to assemble for the express purpose of governing a colony.

This pioneer public assembly, the first to meet in America, was that of the Virginia Colony. It was composed of two representatives from each of eleven towns or plantations. They were elected by the colonists in 1619, and met in regular session that same year. It was the birth of representative government in the New World, even though the members of the assembly were not permitted to vote on all matters that came before them.

Freedom of Speech and Franchise, reads another early milestone.

When the Puritans settled Massachusetts, and most of the other New England states for that matter, the town meeting house was one of the first buildings to be erected in the new settlements.

From the very beginning of the Old Bay Colony those settlements of the Puritans were little democracies in themselves. Every man in the town had a voice and a vote in regard to matters as widely separated as the election of a pastor and the building of a bridge.

The town hall established the inherent right of a free people to assemble for the purpose of governing themselves; to express their likes and dislikes in open meeting; and to cast their votes on an equal and impartial basis, one man with another.

In this respect the Massachusetts' town hall is no less a symbol of American freedom and democracy than the Liberty Bell, Old Ironsides or the Declaration of Independence itself.

Freedom of Religious Worship,

reads still another of the milestones of the past.

It was in the year 1649 that the Maryland General Assembly passed "an Act Concerning Religion." It has been called the pioneer toleration law in America. It authorized public places of worship in Maryland for the Anglican Church.

By the passage of that act, the Maryland colonists established one of the prime rights for which the pioneers crossed the Atlantic—the right to set up their homes in a land that could guarantee freedom of conscience and right to worship according to the dictates of their own minds.

Freedom of the press, reads another of these pioneer milestones.

It was in the year 1735 that freedom of the press was established for the first time in the United States. In that year John Peter Zenger, editor of the Weekly Journal, had been charged with libel for having criticized the administration of Governor William Cosby of New York. Zenger was promptly acquitted of the charge by a jury, after standing trial in New York City in the month of August, 1735.

Henceforth the press of the nation was privileged to print the news and to print its own opinions without government restraint. By the jury trial and acquittal of John Peter Zenger, the press of the nation was guaranteed freedom from governmental dictates or control—so long as the news and opinions it printed were within the bounds of legal and moral decency.

Such are the early milestones of freedom in America. That they were later confirmed by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution

of the United States, indicates that they knew in establishing a New World democracy on these Western shores. The pioneers of our nation were a clear-headed, intelligent race of people. They builded far better than

Definition of a blotter: Something that lets the ink dry while you are trying to find it.—Selected.

APPRECIATION

(Selected)

Appreciation! What magic it will work! How little of it there is in this mad old world of ours.

Dollars and cents alone will not cause people to extend themselves to reach unknown heights, but appreciation will. Great artists are often inspired by the appreciation of a single individual.

And it applies to every person in the world regardless of the work that is being done. Tired workmen stagger home weary from the day's toil. Tired housewives struggle to make homes comfortable and happy, but there is no word of appreciation.

Artists create, and writers write, but we are too busy to say a kind word about their efforts. Preachers preach, and singers sing, but we toss a dollar onto the collection plate or buy a ticket and think that we have done our duty.

When the famous cook of a well-known southern colonel made one of her appetizing pies he used to call her into the dining room and compliment her, and Mandy would then place her hands on her massive hips, beam broadly and say: "Massy, ah

wants to tell yo, that thar am nobody in this worl' that appreciates appreciation like ah do!" Then she would go back into the kitchen and strive to outdo all previous culinary efforts in order to gain another word of praise from the master that she served so faithfully because he was thoughtful.

The salesman who makes a good sale, the buyer who is efficient, the window trimmer who is capable, all become better in their work in proportion to the appreciation that is meted out to them when things have been unusually well done.

We have become too thoughtless. We are getting too selfish. We feel that we can buy good work with mere money. It cannot be done. There must be something more.

And the "something more" does not cost a cent. It is nothing more nor less than a sincere word spoken when it is deserved. Paychecks can be doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, but the increases, in themselves, will never pay dividends in fine work well done as will an occasional word of genuine appreciation.—

A SALTY SUBJECT

By Lillian Brand in Boy Life

"The other fellows are giving talks about football. Because I was sick, I'm left without a good topic for our oral English class tomorrow," Ted said as he salted his baked potato.

"Well, you have a fine subject right in your hand," said his father.

"In my hand?" Ted asked in amazement, setting down the salt shaker absent-mindedly, to examine his palm.

"You've just put it on the table. Salt is almost as interesting as football, and a great deal more important. Without it in our system we'd die, and animals have perished for lack of it. So valuable is salt, that men have often used it for money."

"Really?" Ted asked. "Anything so commonplace?"

"Yes, indeed. Our word 'salary' comes from 'salarium,' that part of a Roman soldier's pay given in salt. Cakes of salt were used as money in early Abyssinia, and elsewhere in Africa and Tibet. Marco Polo mentions the use of salt in the financial systems of the Mongol emperors. History is curiously repeating itself in China, for when General Chiang Kai-shek was driven in from the coast in December, and lost the customs duties, he financed his way from the salt tax."

"Dad, I can't remember all this," Ted objected. "I shall have to get pencil and paper."

"Suppose we go to the library," Ted's father suggested, "and you can make some research regarding salt."

In the library Ted learned that some of the commercial salt of today is produced much as it was in earlier

days, by evaporating sea water by the heat of the sun. To hurry the process, some producers use artificial heat. However, rock salt mined on land, and refined, is the origin of the greater part of the salt used in modern life. Our crudest salt is far more pure than ancient kings could buy.

Ted was so busy reading that he did not realize it was closing time. On their way home, Ted's father said: "Did I ever tell you that loveliest architectural sight I ever saw was made of salt?"

"Why, no; tell me about it, Dad."

"Just after the war I visited the salt mines in Wieliczka, Hungary. There they've carved out of salt a railway station, roads lined on both sides with houses, statues, churches, ballrooms and restaurants. For a group of tourists who'll share the expense, they'll turn the electricity on the whole white gleaming city. It was such a weird and splendid spectacle that I felt as if I were in an enchanted country!"

"I never knew salt could be so valuable. And salt's just sodium chloride!" Ted said, proud to show off his chemistry.

"Just sodium chloride" Dad agreed. "Did you ever see a piece of sodium dropped in water? It skims along the surface burning brightly. Have you ever heard of chlorine gas?"

"Wasn't that a poisonous gas used during the World War?"

"Yes, my boy, and it's made of the same chloride that's in salt."

"You don't mean, Dad, that our common table salt is made of two

such violent substances?"

"Exactly; though chemically united both are tame."

"Dad, I won't have time to tell all this in class tomorrow. I shall have the best subject of all. The class

could not have had its picnic supper without salt, and the football players couldn't play without it."

"Yes," said father, "good athletes are the salt of the earth. They're worth their salt."

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator.—Selected.

ART OF GETTING ALONG

(The Big Brother.)

Sooner or later a man. If he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take. He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul—that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back. He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses out. He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch too seriously. He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight. He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others. He learns that even the janitor is human and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say, "Good morning," even if it is raining.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is—that they have brains that are as good or better, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success. He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as

things run smoothly. He comes to realize that his job can easily be filled and that things will run along just as well without him. He learns not to worry when he loses because experience has shown that if he always gives his best his average will break pretty well. He learns that no man ever won a game alone and that it is only through co-operative effort that we move on to better things. He learns that bosses are not monsters trying to get the ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually fine men who have succeeded through hard work and who want to do the right thing. He learns to sympathize with the new man on the job and help him in every way to get started. Because he remembers how green he was when he started. He learns that th' folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than in another and the 'getting along' depends about ninety-eight per cent on his own behavior.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Tinsmiths from Concord, assisted by our own carpenter shop force, have gone over the buildings at the School. Repairs on these buildings, such as replacing damaged gutters and downspouts, repairing roofs, etc., have been completed.

Mr. Alf Carriker, who is our carpenter shop instructor and officer in charge of Cottage No. 5, has been confined to his bed for nearly a week with influenza. We are glad to report that he is much better and will soon be back on the job, unless further developments prevent.

Our farm forces are still busy with the fall plowing. Recent weather conditions have been most favorable for this kind of work, rains having softened the ground to such an extent that quicker and better results in turning the soil were obtained. Practically all of the corn land for next year has been prepared for the winter and is in fine condition.

Clarence McCraw, age 34 years, of Greer, S. C., one of our old boys, who left the School August 7, 1920, was a visitor here recently. While a lad here he was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group and was later transferred to Cottage No. 4. Clarence reported that he was married and had several children, was working in a cotton mill and getting along nicely.

There was no regular service at the School last Sunday afternoon, due to the fact that Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the Forst Baptist Church, Concord, who was scheduled to have

charge of this service, was unable to come because of illness. The boys assembled at the usual time and, after singing some of their favorite hymns, returned to the cottages.

Due to the evidence of several cases of "flu" at the School, the regular weekly motion picture show was called off last Thursday night, in hope of preventing further spread of this epidemic among our boys. The same rule was evoked as to the swimming on Saturday afternoon. At this writing nothing serious has developed, all the boys reported as suffering with bad colds are improving.

The latest report coming from the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, as to the condition of George McDonald, of Cottage No. 1, who was injured by a fall, was to the effect that he was getting along fine and could return to the School at most any time, provided he remain in bed in our infirmary for a while. The seriousness of the boy's injuries at the time he was taken to the hospital and his condition for more than a week thereafter, makes this very important news, placing smiles upon the faces of his friends here instead of gloomy expressions.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Walter McMahan, age 33 years, now living in Reidsville, who was allowed to leave the School January 12, 1923. He seems to have become associated with a church in that city and was especially interested in getting up this year's Christmas program, as he re-

requested copies of the Christmas Carols used at the School. It was a pleasure to comply with this request and we were glad to learn that the young man was so impressed by the singing of these carols while here that the memory has lingered with him up to this time to such an extent that he was anxious to use them in his own church. Another rather singular coincidence in this boy's case is that he left the School on January 23rd, the anniversary of its opening. May we not hope that Walter's interest will be centered in the things for which the church and this institution stand throughout his life.

We recently received a report from the superintendent of public welfare, Wilmington, on William H. Downes, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School January 4, 1939, which stated that he was getting along well

in the United States Army, having been stationed in Panama for some time.

It is interesting to recall that when William was sent to the School the welfare officer said, "He uses a line of profanity that would do credit to any sailor anywhere."

This boy had a brother here at one time and when sending the younger lad, the welfare officer appended these remarks: "William is the brother of George Downes who was, as you will recall, in your school. George has made an excellent record since his return home and whenever I have occasion to speak of the good work that your school is doing I always speak of George and the record he made while there and the record he made after leaving."

From the report quoted above it seems the School has made two scores in rehabilitation.

REFLECTION

I did pretty well with that trouble I had,
That trouble that frightened me so:
Now it's over I've a right to feel glad
That I didn't give in to a blow.

For a while it appeared that I couldn't succeed,
I was tempted to give up the fight,
But now that it's over I'm happy indeed
To think that I came out all right.

I nearly gave up when the thing looked so bad,
I had almost decided to quit:
I'm surprised at myself at the courage I had,
And I'm glad that I had so much grit.

When the next trouble comes I shall stand up and fight
And meet it the best I can;
I've reached the conclusion that trouble's all right,
It brings out the stuff in a man.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending December 10, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Plummer Boyd
 (3) Clyde Gray 3
 (3) Gilbert Hogan 3
 (3) Leon Hollifield 3
 (3) James Hodges 3
 (3) Edward Johnson 3
 (3) Frank Johnston 3
 (3) Robert Maples 3
 (3) Frank May 3
 (3) Arna Wallace 3

COTTAGE No. 1

- (2) William Anders 2
 (2) Howard Cox 2
 (2) William Freeman 2
 Porter Holder
 (3) Jerry Smith 3
 (3) Lee Watkins 3
 William Whittington
 William C. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

- (3) John D. Davis 3
 (2) Floyd Lane 2
 (2) William Padrick 2
 (3) Richard Parker 3
 (2) Nick Rochester 2
 (3) W. J. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 2
 (3) Grover Beaver 3
 Richard Baumgarner
 (3) Clyde Barnwell 3
 (2) Mack Evans 2
 (3) Coolidge Green 3
 (3) William Matthewson 3
 (3) F. E. Mickle 3
 (3) John C. Robertson 3
 (3) William Sims 3
 (2) Allen Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

- (2) Theodore Bowles 2

- (3) Collett Cantor 3
 (3) Lindsey Dunn 3
 (3) Ray Hamby 3
 Charles Hayes 2
 (3) William Kirksey 3
 Paul Lewallen
 William Nichols
 (2) Richard Starnes 2
 (3) Dewey Ware 3
 (3) Earl Watts 3

COTTAGE No. 6

- (2) Edward Batten 2
 (3) Robert Dunning 3
 (2) Noah Ennis 2
 William Wilson 2
 James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 3
 (3) Carl Brece 3
 (3) John Deaton 3
 Paul Dockery
 (3) Donald Earnhardt 3
 (3) George Green 3
 (3) Lacy Green 3
 Richard Halker 2
 William Herrin
 Robert Hampton 2
 James Jordan
 (2) Hugh Johnson 2
 Robert Lawrence 2
 Elmer Maples 2
 (2) Ernest Overcash 2
 Marshall Pace 2
 Loy Stines
 (3) Alex Weathers 3
 (3) Joseph Wheeler 3
 (3) Edd Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 8

- (3) Cecil Ashley 3
 (2) Jack Hamilton 2
 (3) Samuel Kirksey 3
 (2) Spencer Lane 2
 Edward J. Lucas
 (2) Donald McPhail 2

John Tolbert
Walker Warr

COTTAGE No. 9

- (2) Holly Atwood 2
- (3) Mack Bell 3
- (3) Roy Butner 3
- (3) Frank Glover 3
- Robert Gaines
- (3) C. D. Grooms 3
- Osper Howell 2
- (3) Mark Jones 3
- (3) Daniel Kilpatrick 3
- (3) Harold O'Dear 3
- (3) Eugene Presnell 3
- (2) Lonnie Roberts 2
- Thomas Sands 2
- (3) Cleveland Suggs 3
- (3) Preston Wilbourne 3
- (3) Horace Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer
John Fausnett
J. D. Hildreth
Lee Jones
Thomas King
Vernon Lamb
Oscar Smith
O. D. Talbert
Torrence Ware
Rufus Wagoner
George Worley

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (3) J. C. Allen 3
- (2) Harold Bryson 2
- John Benson
- William Harris
- (3) Earl Hildreth 3
- Andrew Lambeth
- Franklin Lyles 2
- Ballard Martin
- (2) Paul Mullis 2
- (3) Edward Murray 3
- (3) Fred Owens 3
- (3) Theodore Rector 3
- Henry Smith
- (3) Thomas Turner 3
- (3) N. C. Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 12

- (2) Burl Allen 2
- (3) Odell Almond 3
- (2) Allard Brantley 2
- William Deaton 2
- Howard Devlin

- (2) Max Eaker 2
- (2) Norwood Glasgow 2
- (2) Joseph Hall 2
- (2) Hubert Holloway 2
- Richard Honeycutt
- Clarence Mayton
- (3) Avery Smith 3
- (3) Ralph Sorrells 3

COTTAGE No. 13

- (3) James Brewer 3
- (3) Merritt Gibson 3
- William Goins 2
- (2) William Griffin 2
- (3) James V. Harvell 3
- (3) Vincent Hawes 3
- (3) James Kissiah 3
- (3) Douglas Mabry 3
- Paul McGlammery
- Jordan McIver 2
- (3) Alexander Woody 3
- (2) Marshall White 2

COTTAGE No. 14

- (3) Raymond Andrews 3
- (2) John Church 2
- Mack Coggins
- (2) Robert Deyton 2
- (3) Henry Ennis 3
- (3) Audie Farthing 3
- Marvin King 2
- (3) John Kirkman 3
- (3) Feldman Lane 3
- Norvell Murphy
- Charles McCoyle
- (3) Troy Powell 3
- (3) Richard Patton 3
- John Reep 2
- Charles Steepleton
- (3) Desmond Truitt 3
- (3) Jones Watson 3
- William Williams
- (3) Wallace Woody, Jr. 3

COTTAGE No. 15

- (3) Raymond Anderson 3
- William Cantor
- Fred McGlammery
- (2) William Wood 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Philip Holmes 3
- (3) Warren G. Lawry 3
- (2) Earl Oxendine 2
- (3) Thomas Oxendine 3
- (3) Charles Presnell 3
- (3) Curley Smith 3

SETTING EXAMPLES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Rose-Marie always came to school looking as clean and sweet as a fresh little rose. Her hair was well taken care of, her hands and nails in perfect condition, her little wool dresses free from spots, her shoes carefully polished and her hair ribbon crisp and fresh looking.

One day, when she had remained after school to help me and had carefully washed her hands and brushed her dress before putting on her coat, I said, "Rose-Marie, I've watched you from the time you started to school—a bit of a fluffy baby in the first grade, and I've never seen you when you weren't as neat and immaculate as it is possible for a little girl to be."

Rose-Marie smiled, pleased with teacher's praise. "Mother always looks nice and so does daddy," she answered simply.

A few days later I had a chat with Rose-Marie's mother, repeating what her little daughter had said.

"My deeds have borne fruit," responded the mother with a happy chuckle. "You see, Miss Dorothea, I've always loved a clean, sweet little girl, and as I didn't want to preach and nag, daddy and I have tried to set the right example. Children are very observant and quick to emulate those they love and admire. Oh, it hasn't always been easy"—the mother seemed to be reading my thoughts. "It's such a temptation to let down. After a particularly strenuous day's work I often think, 'If only I could stay the way I am and not dress.'"

"Yes, I know," I agreed, thinking of my often tired self after a difficult day at school.

"And then I'll say to myself," she continued, "'No, I owe it to daddy and Rose-Marie to bathe, comb my hair and slip into a fresh house dress. And it really is refreshing mentally, as well as physically, you know, Miss Dorothea.'"

"That's very true," I answered, "and I'm so grateful to you for telling me all this. I never realized before how much a parent's or a teacher's appearance means to a child."

"Yes," she replied, "we can't help being examples for our boys and girls. It's surprising what little 'copy-cats' children are. Rose-Marie often speaks of you. She notices your hair, your teeth and even the way you carry yourself. 'I want to look like Miss Dorothea today,' she sometimes tells me. At another, with a hug she'll say, 'I want to look like mother!'"

I went home that evening a very thoughtful "school marm," determined that I would remember that I was teaching not only "reading, writing and arithmetic," but many other things as well.

And a parent's influence? Well, its duration is exactly twenty-four hours long every day of the year—and year after year.

—Helen Gregg Green.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVII

(Orange County)

, 1939

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AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you, to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with gate open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.—Henry Van Dyke.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

CHRISTMAS

It's Christmastide. Let's clean the slate,
Of every old-year grudge or hate.
Let's pin a sprightly sprig of holly
Upon dull care and melancholy.
Let's reach out friendly hands and grip
Each other in warm comradeship.
This world's a pleasant place. Let's smile
In mellow retrospect awhile.
Let's feign we're young again, elate,
With hearts attuned for any fate.
Ah, me, some gentles are not here
Who glorified the yesteryear;
Whose jocund jests and merry quips
Were ever ready on their lips,
Let's sing the old songs, ever new,
Then here's remembrance, hale and true,
To those forever passed from view.
Lay wreaths of holly where they sat,
And tender tears, remembering that
It's Christmas time.

—Selected.

THE ONE EVENT

There is no event recorded in all history that thrills the souls of people, young and old, like the story of the Nativity—Mother and Child—beautiful in its simplicity and humility. This story has been told in pageant and song over two thousand years, but continues to carry interest and inspiration, attracting people, whether they are believers in the Nazarene or not.

Christmas, the birthday of our Saviour does something to all of

us, it thrills anew, animating our very souls to join in and sing the first carol—"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, good will toward men," as sung by the heavenly host. We unconsciously react to the warmth, mellowness and friendliness of the occasion, that is as widespread as the heart of humanity. It inspires a gentleness of spirit, and a charity that turns lust into gold and selfish greed into generosity.

There are those who lament the exchange of gifts, but there are others who give because they love to make the less fortunate happy. We should keep in mind that the Wise Men laid their offerings at the feet of the infant Jesus. Likewise, we should place our offerings at the feet of the underprivileged.

After all Christmas has a salutary effect, we feel better having contributed something to the joy of others. Besides it brings to the attention of the world the greatest event of all the world. If nothing more it sets an example of unselfishness, and Love. It was love that conceived and gave to the world—a Saviour,—the Prince of Peace and King of Love.

* * * * *

THE FIRST ORGANIZED CAROL SINGING

The first organized carol singing, according to records, took place in a little Italian village church at Christmas time in the year 1224. It happened a priest, St. Francis, whose home was in Assisi had been troubled about the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. At this time the church as a whole was deep in theological discussions and disputes as to creeds and dogmas; besides the simple peasants of this village and community were practically ignorant, none of whom could scarcely read or write. They were vitally interested in the facts of life and death, food and shelter—the spiritual things had no weight at all with the people.

Naturally St. Francis of Assissi was much disturbed and appealed to the Pope of Rome, telling of a project he conceived that would make most impressive the nativity. He was obsessed with the thought to make the season of the birth of Christ a time for spiritual enrichment. After the conference with the Pope the priest returned to his home.

He set to work on a Christmas pageant, he trained the characters

who participated and from the farmers he borrowed the animals, a manger and other necessities to make the Nativity picture complete. And on Christmas Eve when the people crowded into the little church for mass, to their amazement they witnessed the story of the Nativity instead.

The report is that real joy laid hold of the worshippers—they could not suppress their joy, and they burst forth into singing the Gloria in Excelsis and similar music appropriate to the season. Since that date, 1224, in a small Italian village the whole nation has continued caroling. From this date, 1224, we trace the source of singing the Christmas carols, a most impressive and beautiful custom.

* * * * *

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

As usual we take a holiday between Christmas and New Year. For that reason it is necessary that we express our sentiments for the New Year before participating in the joys of the Christmas celebration. This skip of one issue of The Uplift gives a week's let-up for the boys who operate the linotypes, the job presses, and others who do all manner of duties necessary in a printing office. Also the officers who daily make themselves useful will welcome a holiday for one week. We take this opportunity to wish for all of the friends of the School a happy Christmas, and extend the same wish for a New Year of unbounded success and joy. We pray that with the birth of the New Year there will come a hope that peace will soon reign throughout the entire world. That there will be less greed, bitterness and hatred. but instead a greater love for humanity will prevail.

* * * * *

MR. LAWRENCE PRESSON RESIGNS

Mr. Presson, a valuable member of the staff of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, resigned his commission after twelve years of most faithful and efficient service. His resignation was accepted with keen regrets.

He came to the school September 1, 1927, from China Grove, where he was for six years a member of the faculty of the Rowan

County Farm Life School. He was first placed in the Rutherford Cottage, but after the completion of the Receiving Cottage, Mr. Presson was transferred there. The Receiving Cottage was opened January 28, 1928, making eleven years this efficient officer had supervision of the new boys when committed to the School. During the eleven years Mr. Presson received 2,445 fresh recruits. In many instances some of them could have been termed raw-recruits, but the officer in charge had a master hand in starting boys out on the right foot. His was a responsibility, but he measured up to the needs of the occasion.

For the past six years this officer of versatile attainments had charge of the plant beds and truck gardens. It takes not only constant attention to keep fresh vegetables for a table that feeds five hundred boys, plus the helpers, but it requires one skilled in the art of knowing when to plant and when to garner. Mr. Presson was a success, he understands thoroughly crop rotation, and the boys under his supervision profited by the contact.

Mr. Presson with his family, including wife and young son, moved to Monroe where he will enter the mercantile business, also give some of his time to farming. The School will miss this splendid family, and we extend to them a standing invitation to make frequent visits to the School. Our loss is Monroe's gain.

* * * * *

A PHILCO RADIO PRESENTED TO THE SCHOOL

To the surprise and delight of all concerned the School was the recipient of an unusually fine Philco Radio last week. With the gift is a pleasing story.

This radio was the one used by the late J. F. Cannon, and he was heard to say at some time, "I want the boys of the Jackson Training School to have this radio." His close and loyal friend, Dr. T. N. Spencer, has in this particular instance, just as he has in all other details of business, responded to the wishes of Mr. Cannon.

Again, this gift reflects the generous and kindly spirit of our departed friend toward the underprivileged child. Those who knew Mr. Cannon intimately understood his fine impulses, because when an appeal was made for the indigent sick, of any age, the response was immediate and generous.

We feel that the gift has been rightly placed, in the infirmary, where sick boys are recuperating, either from broken limbs or an illness that keeps them confined for a period of time. The varied radio programs of music, plays, and lectures interspersed with the latest events make pleasing as well as profitable pastime. The shut-in boys during Christmas will not be deprived of the Christmas spirit entirely because of many of the splendid programs of Christmas music broadcasted. The gift came at an opportune time for the boys confined in the infirmary. In this instance the gift is not bare, because we know too well the spirit of the giver. The appreciation is sincere and from the heart.

* * * * *

A NOBLE SOUL PASSES

While we were aware of the fact that J. A. Robinson, Durham, a veteran newspaper man, had lived beyond his three score and ten, and as some express it, was living on borrowed time, nevertheless, the announcement of his death was a shock, because of his mental alertness and intense interest in all of the worthwhile affairs of life.

Our estimate of him is there never breathed a more fair-minded, gentle, lovable and humble spirit in a human body. It was our pleasure to know J. A. Robinson intimately, and either by word or pen, his was a demonstration of the Christian faith he professed, and at all times radiated cheer and sunshine to all who passed his way. His spirit was always youthful and optimistic.

J. A. Robinson, better known by his pen-name, "Old Hurrygraph," sent weekly a contribution, "Rambling Around," spicy and original, to The Uplift, and the page that was reserved for him will bear a semblance to the "vacant chair." We will greatly miss him for his contributions to the Uplift and his constant interest in the Jackson Training School from the day the doors of this institution were thrown open for the underprivileged.

J. A. Robinson was a newspaper man from the school of experience. Doubtless there were times when hardships and disappointments tried his very soul, but he continued with an abiding faith in the craft of his choice till death claimed him. Most appropriate is the season—Christmas—for the last rites of this noble

soul when the country at large feels the spirit of love, and the song in unison is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

* * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Again we are standing upon the threshold of Christmas, 1939, and our boys, more than five hundred, some of them without a soul to give them cheer on Christmas day, but in spite of the fact each of them is anxiously looking forward to Christmas with a hope. We could not afford to disappoint one of them. The friends of the boys have previously contributed most generously to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and this Christmas will not prove an exception to the usual custom.

If you wish to taste the sweetest joy of Christmas, then make glad the heart of a child. Where children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas. "For such as these," Christmas is the embodiment of all that abideth. In faith, "Dear Santa", is scrawled by tiny fingers. In hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And love makes childhood dreams come true. The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all. It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days. It is through childhood's eye we behold the beauty and feel the real joy of the day. We cannot afford to disappoint one of His little ones.

It is with pleasure we announce these contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund:

8-7-8.....	\$25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord.....	10.00
Rowan County Welfare Department, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt., Salisbury,	3.00
New Hanover County Department of Public Welfare, J. R. Hollis, Supt., Wilmington,	10.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California	2.50
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Durham County Welfare Department, W. E. Stanley Supt., Dur- ham,.....	10.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,.....	2.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,.....	5.00

THE UPLIFT

Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. C. Hunt, Supt., Lexington,.....	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Anson County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary Robinson Supt., Wadesboro,	5.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Guilford County Welfare Department, Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt., Grennsboro,	5.00
City of Greensboro, Juvenile Commission	2.00
City of High Point, Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, Girls' Commissioner, High Point,	8.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger,	5.00

- 1 Year's Subscription to the American Boy, by The Greenville Woman's Club, Greenville.
- One year's subscription to The American Boy Magazine, by Miss Alice Armfield, Concord.
- Assortment of games and puzzles, King's Daughters Circle, Kannapolis,

CHRISTMAS

The Christmas morn dawned softly,
 Upon a sleeping world,
 As mid the lowing cattle,
 They laid a baby Lord.

The sweet and fragrant grasses
 Softened His bed that night,
 When in a lowly manger,
 There lay the Lord of Light.

His mother Mary, happy
 In this, her newborn child,
 Sat in that lowly stable
 And sang, so soft and mild.

How Joseph—watching o'er them—
 Did thrill to see the boy
 That slept within that manger,
 The world's long promised Joy.

The day was filled with gladness,
 The air with music rang,
 As heaven's glad host assembled.
 Their praises to Him they sang.

THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

(Selected)

More than nineteen hundred years ago a certain child was born in Bethlehem, a shepherd's village among the mountains in Judea. Tradition says that he was born in a stable. His mother was of peasant lineage. His father, although he followed the carpenter's trade and toiled from sunrise to sunset, ever remained poor. The child's first visitors were unlettered men, clothed in sheepskins, and forbidding with their tangled beards and matted hair. Too poor to employ a nurse or doctor, Mary in unrelieved pain brought forth her first born.

The odor of poverty ever hung to Jesus. Each day's bread was laboriously bought with each day's toil. In food, clothing, house, friends, business, and acquaintance with the dignitaries of the world, His was ever a peasant's life. He once said that He had no place to lay His head. When he died, the only property He could leave to others was the clothes He wore to His crucifixion.

Yet the birth of this child changed the face of the world. Because He shared our human life, the destinies of countless millions of men and women have been altered. He has transformed our songs, our temples, our houses, our courts, and our parliaments. Our literature, or art, our trade, our political institutions and our religious rites and customs bear the imprint of His thought about man and God. To Him we owe the depth of meaning we give to home, family, wife, husband, father, mother, brother, sister, neighbor, and friend. From

Him we have learned that life is a filial linking with God and that death is the door to the fulfillment of our noblest dreams.

In this Christmas season, is it too difficult to believe that the birth of any child is a major event in our small world? The world is never quite the same after the birth of any child. The great business to which all men and women must devote themselves is to rear children. For this men plough the fields, found cities, establish schools, form governments, and build temples. It is for the children, first of all, that we build hospitals, train physicians, endow colleges, and seek the culture of music, art, and religion. Moment by moment, a new stream of childhood emerges from tenement and palace and all the world's work consists of preparing this new generation to take our places before death calls us to our abodes beyond the setting sun.

Whenever fathers and mothers fail in this imperative duty to care for their own, others must take up their neglected children. The civilization that lets children perish, itself is perishing. The community that does not provide for homeless has lost the sense of the valuable in civilization. We have hundreds of badly neglected children in our midst. Their tears reproach us as we draw near Christ's birthday. We sing of His birth, we give presents in His name, we worship Him in the churches. Shall we not also recognize His claim upon us in the hungry, cold, friendless, loveless children of your noble city? These

children need your pity, your love, contributions are made, countless thousands of children will be homeless again. Public funds, hitherto avail-

able for these children, are lacking now. Private charity now is their refuge.

Put your heart into your work and the quality of your work will put life into you.—Selected.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE IS ROOTED IN LEGEND

By Edwin Misurell

In millions of homes all over the world last night fathers and mothers happily spent a goodly part of the evening dressing Christmas trees. Lights, shiny ornaments, gold and silver tinsel, and scores of gifts were profusely hung on branches in anticipation of the delighted cries of the juvenile recipients in the morning. And on that joyous note today takes place the celebration of the birth of Christ.

Surprisingly enough, this yuletide custom, so widely-practiced to day, is comparatively new. It was only about a century ago that any country other than Germany began to use trees at Christmas time as a symbol of "peace on earth and good will to men."

According to legend, however, the first Christmas tree dates back to 724 A. D. This story relates that Boniface, an English missionary who was traveling through central Europe at the holiday season, saved the life of a young boy and brought a new symbol of religion to the people of the region.

One night he and his followers came

upon a clearing in a forest in which had been erected an altar to Thor, the god of thunder and war. Gathered in this space was a large assemblage of worshipers, waiting for the annual sacrifice to be offered.

The sacrificial beast that year was to be the strongest and most spirited horse in the community. Those present were to drink his blood and eat his flesh in the belief that his strength would enter into their veins and make them invincible in battles with their enemies.

Their crops had been disappointing that year and the worshipers felt that a human sacrifice in addition to the beast would help to appease the wrath of Thor. So preparations also were being made to enact this added feature of the strange rites.

When the celebrants perceived Boniface among the host, he was asked what had brought him to the scene. He replied that he had a message to deliver from the Christian Church he represented. He was told that there was no time for such oration at the

moment, that it would interfere with the scheduled ceremonies.

A high priest of Thor then went to a group of small children standing nearby and laid his hand upon the shoulder of a young boy.

"Would you like to go to Valhalla tonight?" he asked solemnly.

"Yes," answered the child. "I am not afraid. I will just take my bow and arrow and go."

The priest took the youngster by the hand and led him to the altar, where he was blindfolded. Then he was placed in a kneeling position while his parents looked on, numb with a grief which was not unmixed with pride, for only the best blood of the tribe could be offered to Thor.

As the high priest's mallet was descending upon the boy's head, Boniface intercepted the blow with his staff, which was surmounted by the cross of Christ. The mallet was shattered into bits on the sacrificial altar, according to the legend.

Following this miracle, Boniface began speaking in a clear, steady voice. He made so impassioned a plea for the life of the boy and for the God whom he and his followers served that the worshipers of Thor abandoned their pagan rites from that time on and became Christians. And so the splendid oak tree beneath which this stirring scene was enacted became the symbol of the new religion—and, in a way, the first Christmas tree.

Another German legend makes Saint Winfred the originator of the Christmas tree custom. In his crusade against the pagan Druids he cut down a giant oak under which they had worshipped. As the bright blade circled above his head and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the trunk of the tree, so the myth

has it, a mighty gale swept the forest and uprooted the oak.

As the giant oak fell and splintered, it split into four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

At sight of the young tree, Winfred turned and spoke to the Druids. Said he:

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of fir. It is the sign of endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points toward Heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child; gather about it, not in the wild woods but in your homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness!"

The first historical mention of the Christmas tree is found in notes left by a German author of unknown name. In 1605 he wrote:

"At Christmas they set up fir trees in the parlors at Strasburg and hung thereon roses cut out of vari-colored paper, apples, wafers, gold-foil, sweets, etc."

The Strasburg theologian, Dr. Johann Konrad Dannhauer, speaks of Christmas trees in his book, "The Milk of the Catechism," which was published in the middle of the 17th century. He tells of people setting up trees in their houses and hanging dolls and sweets upon them.

Neither of these early references mention the use of candles. The first time they were ever written about was in 1737, when Karl Gottfried Kissling, of the University of Wittenberg, told of seeing a woman thus illuminating a tree in her home.

By the end of the eighteenth cen-

tury the use of Christmas trees in German homes was a fairly common practice. In a good many places, however, the custom was not adopted until well on in the 1800's for it was a Protestant rather than Catholic innovation and made its way slowly in regions where the older faith held sway.

The Christmas tree was reported seen in a number of homes in England in the eighteenth century but its use did not become at all general until Queen Victoria and her German consort, Prince Albert, introduced its use in 1840 at the royal home. After that, Christmas trees became fashionable, and they were seen in more and more homes each year.

The earliest of German and English immigrants in America are credited with introducing the custom to this country.

A number of other interesting theories as to the origin of the Christmas tree tradition are offered by Clement A. Miles in "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition."

"Most theorists," says Mr. Miles, "hold them as coming from two elements—the old Roman custom of decking houses with laurels and green trees at the Kalends in January, and the popular belief that every Christmas Eve apple and other trees blossomed and bore fruit.

"Though the Christmas tree is not mentioned in Germany before the seventeenth century, it may well be a

descendant of some sacred tree carried about or set up at the beginning-of-Winter festivals. All things considered, it seems to belong to a class of primitive sacraments of which the example most familiar to English people is the May pole. This is, of course, an early Summer festival, but in France and Germany a 'harvest May pole' is also known—a large branch or whole tree, which is decked with ears of corn, brought home on the last wagon from the harvest field, and fastened to the roof of the farmhouse or barn, where it remains for a year. Mannhardt has shown that such sacraments embody the tree spirit, conceived as the spirit of vegetation in general, and are believed to convey its lifegiving, fructifying influences. Probably the idea of contact with the spirit of growth lay also beneath the Roman evergreen decorations, so that whether or not we connect the Christmas tree with these, the principle at the bottom is the same."

Today the use of trees at Christmas time in Christian lands is so common that one can hardly enter a home without seeing one. But no matter how or when the custom originated, the Christmas tree seems to stand as a symbol of the words of the angel of the Lord:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

If a nation expects to remain ignorant, and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was, and never will be
—Thomas Jefferson.

THE GIFT SUPREME

By Emma G. Lippard

No one could have believed that Christmas was only three days away. It was not even cold. A sluggish wind brought dank breezes from the river, and all the smells of the city seemed to linger low on the air. The two girls dragged their feet wearily as they reached the house. Both were remembering the four flights of stairs ahead of them before they reached the rooms they called home.

Only a few weeks before an accidental meeting on the corner, like tonight's would have brought smiles and gay chatter, but the novelty of living together was suddenly worn off, and working in New York seemed now anything but the romantic experience they had anticipated. Both were too tired to thrill.

Alice, the tall blond one, glanced rather critically at her friend and roommate. "She is actually fat," she told herself. "And she is getting sloppy, too. If I had known what I know of her now.—" Even to herself she was not yet ready to say positively that she would not have taken the the apartment with Mary. The shorter girl had much the better position, and most of the furniture was hers. She had a carefree, happy disposition, which had cheered and charmed Alice in her first bitter loneliness in the city. Alice was pretty, but terribly alone and shy, yes really afraid to make advances to strangers. She had told Mary more than once that her friendliness and final offer to share her flat was a real godsend.

But on this heavy night when the air was thick and almost warm, and

both girls were dead on their feet, Alice's clear, critical eyes saw little to admire in her good-natured friend. She had picked up after her now for weeks, even washed out some of her things to save seeing them lying around half soiled. She had done more than her share of the cooking, and often pressed her own clothes long after she should have been at rest. Mary's crumpled appearance tonight irritated her greatly.

"She can't pay for all the extra work just by bringing me violets now and then," Alice was thinking.

Mary was from the country and too generous as to flowers. She was tired tonight too, and a glance at her flatmate's sober face was not encouraging. "She has one of her silent spells again," she said to herself. "I might as well live alone. I have only the neighbor's radio for company anyway."

They had never really quarreled, and both girls were determined not to. As cooking odors assailed their nostrils as they ascended Mary ventured one remark.

"Steak has gone up again."

"Yes I bought hamburg," Alice answered briefly.

At last they reached their own door. The hall was unusually dark this evening.

"Hall light out of order again," Mary suggested, puffing a little from the stairs.

A big basket sat beside their door. Both girls glanced at it indifferently, then Alice inserted her key. Grocers often left orders at the wrong number, but everyone on their floor seemed

honest about it. As the door swung in a slight rustle from the basket drew their attention. Alice jumped. Her nerves were undoubtedly on edge. The plump and placid Mary bent over the hamper calmly, then stood up quickly, with an altogether new look in her eyes.

"Allie, it's a baby!" she cried excitedly.

"Never," Alice answered, but bent down too, and when she straightened she had a fluffy, squirming bundle in her arms. Her tired face was transfigured. Both girls hurried into their room, entirely too absorbed to remember to shut the door or take in the basket.

"A real live baby," Alice whispered, hugging the bundle to her, with a look of rapture.

"A darling," said Mary, kneeling down beside the chair on which Alice seated herself.

Together they straightened out the dainty garments, and stretched out the plump form and their reward was a dimpled smile and something that sounded like "Coo." For some minutes the admiration and delight of the girls were such that they did not give a thought as to the how or wherefore of the child's appearance. They murmured over him in pleasure and surprise and he responded happily. After a while he held his little hands out to Mary and tears were in her kind eyes as she clasped him to her. It was after her arms were empty that Alice at last began to realize the unusualness of finding a live infant at their door.

"But how,—where?" she began.

Mary looked at her with dazed eyes. "I don't care. He came to us. He is ours for the moment. We didn't steal him," she said with a

mild defiance. Then with a sort of light in her face she whispered. "It is like the Christ child coming to us."

"So near Christmas too," Alice whispered back. "We needed Him, too'."

Silently the friends clasped hands.

They passed the little fellow back and forth then for a few minutes, enjoying his soft weight in their arms.

"Look at his fingernails, Alice. They are as perfect as yours and mine. He is so tiny, yet all finished."

"His hair isn't very—ah, mature." Alice ventured. And this set them both to laughing.

Perhaps this frightened the baby, or else he began to realize that he was with strangers, for he uttered his first tiny wail, at this description of his hair, and began to kick and assert himself. The girls looked at one another helplessly. Neither had any experience with babies. And all at once they realized that even if he were theirs to keep they could not possibly care for him.

"What shall we do with him?" Alice asked in a frightened voice. And just then they heard a rap on the open door.

On turning they saw a smiling girl who looked scarcely older than themselves.

"I believe you have my son," she said, advancing possessively. The baby held out his chubby arms again, crowing in recognition. The girls watched silently as the young mother clasped the child expertly to her, and he peered back at them triumphantly from the shelter of her hold.

Both girls spoke at once. "We aren't kidnapers," Mary began. "We found him at our door," Alice explained.

"I know," said his mother pleasant-

ly. "The hall was dark. We must complain about that light again. I set him down while I opened my door and took in my bundles. I'd had him out marketing with me. I can't get his go-cart up and down these stairs, so I carry him in the big basket. You see I live across the hall."

"Oh, then we can see him again," cried Mary.

"I am so glad," echoed Alice.

"Of course you can. I am glad too," said their neighbor. "In fact, although I did not do it on purpose, I sort of hoped we'd meet some time in the hall. I've been watching you two. I knew if you saw David you'd like him, and we could get acquainted. The city is sort of a lonely place."

"How good of you! You mean we can be friends?" impulsive Mary asked. "We do need someone besides our two selves, don't we, Allie?"

"A baby most of all," her roommate answered.

"Oh, I knew you'd be like this! I don't feel as if this were the first time we have met. I watched when you moved in, have seen you come and go every day, and waited for the chance to speak to you. Now we can be old friends. Come and see David whenever you can. I'll lend him to you sometimes, while I go to market." She laughed happily, and the girls laughed with her.

"I never held a small baby before," Alice said shyly. "He is so tiny, and so soft, yet so, so complete."

"He made us think of Christmas. It is so near," Mary added.

"Oh, and that reminds me," said their new friend, "Bob,—he is my husband, has some nice boys in the office he wants to bring to Christmas dinner. He has been at me to get some girls to meet them. I don't know a soul. Perhaps by that time we shall know each other enough so that I can ask you. We can learn a lot in three days, can't we?"

"Three days and David," laughed Mary.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Brown, although the girls did not know her name till later, "Christmas means a baby, doesn't it? Anyway, you both look too young to have Christmas alone in New York."

"You are not very old yourself," Mary smiled back at her.

A few minutes later Alice's deft hands were busy in the kitchenet, and a peaceful smell of frying hamburg was spreading over the apartment. Sounds of a broom could be heard from the living room. Mary was actually doing the cleaning! And as she worked she sang.

"There came a little Child to earth, long ago." Alice caught the words. She brushed an inexplicable moisture from her eyes.

"Yes, that's what Christmas means. The Gift Supreme is the Child. And He means faith, hope, friendliness, tolerance, forgiveness Oh, we must not forget again!"

True justice is a spiritual quality and it can be known only as the divine nature of men is recognized. A form of so-called justice that is based on personal desires, on partial understanding of facts, on human prejudice, is not worthy of the name.—The Christian Business Man.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

By Anne Brownell Dunaway

"Well," boomed the conductor from the door, as the train which had been plowing through heavy drifts, came to a full stop, "looks like we'd have to spend Christmas in Bethlehem."

Rosemary Linn, returning home from Briercliff Seminary for the holidays, paid no attention to the remark beyond the bored impression that he was evidently trying to be funny. She glanced out the window at the little red station half buried in drifts. The name in weatherbeaten, glaring letters, was "Bethlehem."

"What are they stopping so long for?" Rosemary wondered crossly. At this rate she would never reach home by Christmas Eve. Not that it mattered especially. Christmas had ceased to hold any thrills for her. Nothing was left to the season any more, she reflected. No magic, no visions, no dreams, such as she vaguely remembered back in her childhood. Christmas had become standardized, uniform gifts. Mentally,—she reviewed her list.

Uncle Merrill,—imported English pigskin spur case.

Aunt Isabel,—hand-embroidered dog blanket.

Cousin Rofe,—bronze Scotty motor mascot.

Well, at least, she reflected the gifts showed a little originality over other years. A spur case was the latest fad in gifts, even though Uncle Merrill did not ride. Rosemary yawned behind her slim, gloved hand. As for herself, she could not think of a thing that she wanted. She had everything.

"So this is Bethlehem." A laughing voice interrupted her musings.

"May I help you with your luggage?" The speaker was the young man across the aisle. Rosemary surveyed him distantly.

"But I'm not getting off here," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are!" he insisted smiling. "We all are. We're stranded, snowbound, marooned and other participles denoting stagnation. If—" "Stranded?" echoed Rosemary, noting now that all her fellow passengers had left the train. "For how long?"

"A couple of days probably. We've got to wait until the snowplows have cleared the right of way. Biggest snow in years—"

"But I don't want to stay here for two days," broke in Rosemary decisively. In all her sheltered life she had never been forced to buck up against obstacles. Money had a way of ironing such difficulties out. "Will you get me a taxi, please? I'll motor to an airport."

"No taxis, no airplanes, or nothing," he assured her. "This is one of those New England winters Whittier, or was it Eddie Guest, wrote about?"

"The bridge-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high
cocked hat;

The well-curb had a Chinese
roof—"

"Very well, then," interrupted Rosemary politely, "will you kindly show me the way to the leading hotel?"

"There is only one," grinned the young man; "so it is therefore the leading hotel." He swung down her

heavy leather bags with their silver mountings, as lightly as though they had been pasteboard. "The Hotel Bethlehem, James," he called to an imaginary flunkey in livery.

Rosemary struggled along beside him, too breathless from the unwonted exercise of floundering through drifts, to try to talk, even if she had been so inclined. When they finally reached a big, unpainted, barn-like structure, she stood limp and drooping in a great, bare room that was unlike any hotel lobby she had ever known.

Half-blinded by the dazzling snow, she gradually recognized a shivering little group of her fellow passengers evidently waiting, like herself to be assigned to rooms. The bad-mannered little boy with his harried young parents; the two prim, spectacled ladies, evidently teachers, the shabby gentle old man, with the bitter, brooding eyes. A motley lot, she decided, with whom to spend Christmas—

"Here's two more that wants rooms, Pa," called a small girl who was bustling about hospitably, setting a chair here and putting down a suitcase there. She had a freckled face and flaxen braids and wide, china-blue eyes. "Leave the girl have my room. Me and Betsy Bobbitt can lay on the floor."

"All right," agreed the lank and grizzled proprietor of the leading hotel of Bethlehem. "You can take 'er on up, Sissy."

The young man followed in their wake with the bags, as they ascended a rickety flight of steps to a little gabled room under the eaves. Rosemary thanked him coldly and stood looking about her, at the striped rag carpet, the washstand with the gran-

ite iron bowl and pitcher, and the cheap iron bed with its log-cabin quilt.

"I can't stay here," she thought, in a sort of panic. "I can't."

"I'm glad you come," spoke up Sissy shyly. "Christmas is sort of lonesome without Ma."

"Is your mother away?" asked Rosemary perfunctorily.

"She's in heaven."

Rosemary sat down suddenly on a splint-bottomed chair. Christmas had never been the same for her either, since her mother had passed on. Something of that old thrill of Christmas stole out of the childhood mists. For the first time in years, she recaptured the vision of a real Christmas such as she had known then—the tang of pine and spruce, the spicy smell of viands, the picture of her mother in a blue gown, playing, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Involuntarily she put an arm around Sissy's little shoulder.

What would you like for Christmas? asked Rosemary softly.

"A wash boiler," glowed Sissy, in a confidential whisper. "You see, I have to boil the clothes in an iron kittle."

"What else?" asked Rosemary faintly.

"A garbage can," was the prompt reply.

"A what?" repeated Rosemary, thinking of her Uncle Merrill's imported pigskin spur case.

"For slops, you know," Sissy enlightened her guest brightly. "But Pa says not to expect too much. 'Taint as if we had stiddy boarders. I got my Christmas shoppin' done," she went on, with an air of great mystery. "What do you s'pose I got Pa?"

Rosemary could only think of a dog blanket and gave up.

"A mustache cup. It cost ten cents. And I got Peter and Besty Bobbit wash rags."

Rosemary clapped her hands delightedly, but she felt an ache in her throat.

"One's pink and one's blue," went on Sissy, "and they're usefuller than toys. Once I caught Betsy Bobbit washing her face with the dish rag."

The smile Sissy flashed at Rosemary through her missing front teeth was luminous. Rosemary almost laughed aloud at a sudden happy thought. She would give Sissy a wash boiler if she had to crawl through drifts on her hands and knees to get one. Yes, she would give Sissy a real Christmas with a tree and trimmings and everything—

"Good-by," called Sissy from the door, "I got to see about dinner. Mandy, she's the hired help, don't know how to go ahead or nothin'. I must hurry."

Donning her furs, Rosemary descended to the lobby, to find it deserted except for the cheerful young man, who looked now rather sad and forlorn.

"I want a tree," she said to him gayly, quite forgetting the social amenities, "and pop corn and cranberries, and a wash boiler and a garbage can—"

"Hold everything," he broke in, laughing. "Let me get this straight. Did I hear you mention a wash boiler?"

"For Sissy," explained Rosemary. "She wants it for Christmas. And a garbage can. Can you imagine it? I'm going to buy out the town—holly, evergreen, tree trimmings, everything.

Sissy is going to have the most thrilling Christmas of her life."

"Good" he exclaimed. "I'll help you. We'll have a Christmas Eve as is a Christmas Eve. I was just feeling like a friendless exile when you appeared, Miss Linn—"

"How did you guess my name?"

"By the register." His eyes were almost as admiring as Sissy's. Rosemary was not supposed to know that he had hung over the register until he had found her name, and had thought that it suited her exactly. "My name is Winters, John Smith Winters of Chicago, to be exact—"

"Why, that's my town!" cried Rosemary.

"So I learned. And now that we're duly acquainted, we'll be on our way. There's an ancient cutter that I'll commandeer, and say, how about letting all the guests in on the tree?"

"But," protested Rosemary, "have we anything in common with them?"

"Our common exile," grinned John.

"All right," agreed Rosemary, feeling surprisingly like including all the world. They ran from door to door, knocking and inviting every one to Sissy's Christmas tree. They all accepted with alacrity, although the shabby, genteel old man said politely that he feared he was too old. The bad-mannered little boy was a bit skeptical.

"That's one on you, baby," he said to John Winters sternly. "There is a Santa Claus. He's the spirit of Christmas, and he's going to be present with us tonight. And if you know what's good for you, you're going to welcome him in the proper spirit."

Quite impressed, Master Billy Sheldon agreed, and even volunteered to help in the way of decorations.

By late afternoon, the big front

room of the hotel presented a gala appearance. The banister was twined with greens, and holly, mistletoe and silver bells were everywhere. Sissy had made a huge bowl of popcorn balls, and it was flanked by nuts and oranges and glowing red apples. In front of the windows, hung with wreaths, stood the tree.

"Nobody seems like boarders," confided Sissy to Rosemary rapturously. "You're just like home folks."

"Us yikes Santa Clause," piped up Besty Bobbitt.

This remark gave Rosemary an inspiration. She ran to the shabby, genteel old man who sat a little aloof. It would please him to have a part. "Oh," she cried breathlessly, "won't you play Santa Claus for the children?"

"No," he barked harshly. "Once I was a toy manufacturer, with one of the largest factories in the country but I lost it. Then my only grandson was killed by an automobile. I want never to be reminded of toys and children."

"I am so sorry," Rosemary told him.

She seated herself at the tall, old fashioned organ, and began playing "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Sissy led the singing in her high sweet voice:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
The silent stars go by—"

At first only Sissy sang, but soon other voices joined in. Mrs. Sheldon in a deep, rich contralto and her husband in a lusty bass. The two spectacled teachers added well-cultivated

voices, and the hotel keeper, beating time with his foot, bore down with all the fervor of a saw-like tenor, a bit off key. John Winters contributed a rousing collegiate baritone, and the oddly assorted voices filled the room.

Another voice had joined them now, quavery and broken. It belonged to the old toy manufacturer, and as the last note died away, he bent over Rosemary at the organ.

"Give me the Santa Claus outfit," he whispered. "I've been wrong. I see it now. It's not Christmas I've been trying to run away from, but myself."

"Come on, let's have the tree," exclaimed young Billy Sheldon.

Finally, when Santa Claus appeared Besty Bobbitt and Peter Piper squealed with delight. John Winters assisted Santa in distributing the gifts. It appeared that everybody brought a gift for everybody else.

Rosemary, unwrapping Sissy's gift of a sachet bag, evidently a treasured keepsake, found herself thinking for the first time, that gifts of the Magi, imposing though they were, were probably not all the gifts that were brought to the Jesus. It might be that the shepherds who had heard the angels sing, brought a soft blanket of woven fleece. Perhaps, the innkeeper's wife gave of her store a loaf of newly-baked bread for Mary and Joseph's supper. A little glow like candle-light suffused her heart as she looked at Sissy, her china-blue eyes shining, her cheeks like holly berries.

In her soft wool gown of white, with a sprig of holly on her shoulder, Rosemary herself was the embodiment of Christmas, John Winters thought as he bent over her at the organ.

The guests had gone now to their respective rooms, returning, as one of the teachers observed gayly, like the victorious Greeks bearing gifts. Sissy, her flaxen braids about her head, was "redding up" the litter and singing joyously.

"Oh little town," said John Winters softly taking Rosemary's hand in his.

As it lay there warm with promise, the words of Sissy's song floated to them:

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hope and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee tonight."

THE INDIAN GIVER

By Miriam Vincel

Joyce, finished with the breakfast dishes, joined her mother in the living room behind their trading store in northern Quebec.

It was Christmas week, and Joyce had decorated the room with ever-green branches, gay-colored berries, red bells and fat Santas. Though Joyce was seventeen, she still had a Christmas tree each year! In a nook near the fireplace was the creche, a replica of the Nativity, with tiny carved figures of Joseph, Mary, and the Christ Child in the manger.

One of the lovely old customs of Quebec is the creche in the house at the holiday season, for where the creche is there is also the spirit of Christ.

Mrs. Egerton held up the party dress she was making over.

"Oh, Mother it's lovely," declared Joyce, waltzing around the room "to let off steam."

Asleep on the wide hearth, the lead dog of her team raised his head from his paws and looked at his young mistress.

Overflowing with chuckles, Joyce crouched on the rug beside him. She took his head in her hands. "Old Voyager, you're a morose, sullen, unsociable hound!" she informed him.

"You're sore because you can't go with me."

As she laid a spruce log on the fire, her eyes were as bright as the sparks that flew up the chimney. For wasn't she going to spend the holidays with Patty in Montreal? She'd be with the old crowd from the Academy. They'd go skiing and tobogganing on Mount Royal. There'd be skating parties on Back River. Then Joyce sighed deeply.

"What is it dear?" Mrs. Egerton asked, though she knew there was only one thing that made Joyce unhappy. They were too poor this winter to send her out to school.

Joyce confessed, "Mother, of course I understand I can't possibly go for the second term, but that doesn't keep me from feeling like a duck that has become lost from its migrating flock."

Because Joyce lived in the isolated North, her friendships at the Academy were all the more precious; and her beauty-seeking eyes had caught new vistas in her art and literature classes.

The depression had hit the North country terribly. Furs were a luxury that city folks could not buy. The

Windeego Hunger Spirit was stalking among the tepees of the Indians. Joyce's father sent sled-load after sled-load of provisions to the encampments.

"If there was only something I could do to earn part of my expenses," Joyce was saying, as she got her own sewing basket and sat in a low rocker near her mother.

"That is a problem, Joy, but don't get discouraged for your chance will come. Do you remember those lines from Cowper we read the other night?"

*"And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understand-
ing, taste
That lifts him into life, and lets
him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd
to fill."*

Joyce had finished the last touches of the Christmas gift she was making for Patty. It was a doll—a Cree mother carrying her papoose strapped on its board. The leather garments were perfect to the last detail of bead and quill work on the jacket and babische lacings of the moccasins.

"Here is the Madonna of the North," Joyce said quietly.

"Yes, the Madonna of the North," Mrs. Egerton repeated the words softly, for she pictured woman and children hungry in the lodges of the Woods' Crees.

Joyce spoke in more cheerful tone. "We can be thankful the Commissioner has a real interest in the Indians. He is on an inspection trip now to find out the actual conditions."

"We've had hard times before, Joy dear. The first winter Dave and I opened the post was as bad as this. Chief Manitounuk and your father made long trips in the worst of storms

to distribute food and medicine."

A sweet smile touched Joyce's lips at the mention of the Indian leader. All her life they'd been friends. Her earliest memory was of snuggling in his lap, sniffing the odor of his smoke-tanned clothes, and listening, bulging-eyed, to his legends of the Crees.

The bell attached to the front door of the trading hall jingled. A customer had come in to the post.

"I'll go, Mother," Joyce offered. A second later she was helping a young Indian walk into the living room.

Dazed, hungry, and so worn out from his run on snowshoes that he staggered, Loup-Aile had brought his message. The Windeego Hunger Spirit was stalking among the lodges of Chief Manitounuk.

"But *Mismis* (Grandfather)?" Joyce begged, speaking Cree. "Is he well? Loup, tell me only those words that he is well."

Loup-Aile nodded. "He is well. He wishes you to come. He has words for your ears."

With her usual motherly kindness, Mrs. Egerton brought hot food for Loup. Tears proved the young Indian's gratitude; they brimmed over his eyes and he was not ashamed.

The sled dogs were sitting on the snow, with Old Voyager in the honor place at the lead of the team. Joyce was tying supplies on the sled; she had taken food that was nourishing yet not bulky. There was frozen whitefish for the dogs, dried caribou jerky, pemmican, flour, sugar, tea, and canned milk. When she finished her work, she stepped into the trading hall to tell her mother good-by.

Twenty years in the North had given Mrs. Egerton a rare courage. She said quietly, "You'll be spending

Christmas Eve at the encampment so I have packed the creche for you to take with you. God bless you and keep you safe. Remember the words our Saviour spoke, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Since midmorning Joyce had been pushing north steadily. The early twilight had passed; and now, with the coming of night, a blizzard was howling down from the bay that sent the temperature lower and lower. The sap freezing in the trees craked open branches with a noise like a rifle shot. Even through her lynx-fur suit, Joyce felt the cold. It was dangerous to be out in such weather.

As Joyce watched the Aurora flash and scintillate in ever-changing bars of clored lights, she was swept away by the wonder of the Artic night. Into her mind came the Cree legend that these columns of lights were the spirits of their forefathers come back again to the land of the musk-ox and caribou.

The dogs were going in fine shape. Because the trail led through spruce woods, Joyce had the team harnessed in a tandem. Old Voyager would allow no slack in those moose-hide traces. Beautyloving Joyce always had bells on the sled; and odd as it may seem, her dogs were very fond of the bells, and always traveled better when they could dash along to the tinkling jingles.

Racqueting beside the sled, Joyce had her thoughts for company, and they were somber thoughts for one her age. Cold and tired and hungry, of course she pictured Patty and the other girls at a Christmas party having a good time. But she did not take any credit to herself that she had given up her holiday plans.

She was thinking, "Here in this legendary land of Santa Claus and his workers, where toys are made for little folks the world over, my own dusky neighbors have scarcely a crust of bread to eat,"

She remembered the Christmas she was sick with pneumonia and old Manitounuk had come in to the post so he could keep her company. For hours at a time he had spun his stories. The measured cadence of his voice together with the magic of the fire glow clothed his shadow characters with flesh and blood for Joyce's enchanted eyes.

As the slow hours dragged past, the blizzard became more intense. A strong wind arose that filled the air with fine, dry snow. Unable to see three feet ahead of her, Joyce couldn't keep her sense of direction. Where was the encampment? What if she wandered around trying to find a few Indian tepees in that vast wilderness?

Women and children were hungry. Chief Manitounuk was depending on her. As Joyce peered ahead to find landmarks, the needle-sharp particles of sleet stung her eyeballs; but, leaning against the wind, she fought her growing panic. She was lost.

Deliberately Joyce halted the dogs to give them "a blow." With her hand ax she looped off spruce boughs and built a fire. Dragging up a small log near the blaze, she laid out whitefish to thaw. Their tongues a red curl, the dogs circled the fire, waiting for their food. After they'd eaten and were resting on the snow, Joyce prepared her own meal of caribou steak and hot tea.

Eating her meal in silence, the words of her mother came to her, "God will keep you safe"; and though

all alone, she felt His watchful care.

After a while Old Voyager trotted up and rubbed against her knee. Perhaps he was merely begging another fish, but Joyce knew her prayer for help had been answered.

She took the dog's head in her lap. "You can find the route that will take us to *Mismis*. When he gave you to me years ago, maybe the old chief-tain in his wisdom foresaw such a predicament."

Before harnessing the dogs again, Joyce slipped moccasins on their feet. The old veterans of the team yelped joyfully; they knew those canvas mits would protect their sore pads. Then hitching the dogs, with faithful Old Voyager in the lead she cracked her whip and shouted, "Marche."

The big, tawny husky looked around at his mistress, awaiting her word in which direction to start.

Joyce went to him. "Old boy" she said, "use your head—do your best."

Joyce got so tired she had to force herself to keep up with the sled. Once Old Voyager and his team-mates dashed away from her. She jerked herself alert and spurted till she caught up.

It was a temptation to get on that sled and snuggle among fur robes. But the dogs were tired; the route was up snowbanks and down into valleys where the dogs all but floundered in the drifts. If she got on that sled a hundred pounds of provisions for starving people would have to come off. Joyce tied herself by a leather thong to the sled so she would not get seperated again.

All reckoning of the hour was lost; time and place meant nothing. Later, she was dimly conscious that Old Voyager broke into a faster trot; and snarling at his lagging team-

mates, zigzagged up a steep hillside. As they topped the ridge, Joyce felt that here was the end of the trail. Down in the sheltered valley, protected from summer suns and winter wolly-whippers, were the lodges of Chief Manitounuk's people.

It was Christmas Eve.

The Windeego Hunger Spirit had been banished from the tents of the Woods' Crees.

Under Joyce's directions and with willing help from the womenfolk food had been prepared. Chief Manitouuk was host to the Indian Commissioner. On his inspection trip, Dr. Keller had been caught in the recent blizzard and had not fared as well as Joyce. He was nurshing a frozen cheek.

After the Christmas Eve feast, all the people went to the big council tepee. The floor had been beautifully cleaned and covered with freshly cut spruce boughs. An enormous *ooskan* (fire in a brazier) was in the center of the room, giving both light and warmth; and Chief Manitounuk's people grouped around the fire.

One young mother, dressed in leather garments decorated with beads and quills came over to Joyce, and pointed to the sleeping papoose on her back, said she and her husband wished to name the baby for the white squaw-siche.

Joyce thanked her and to herself she thought, "There's my doll—the Madonna of the North—come to life."

On a platform of spruce boughs, where all might see it, Joyce had arranged the creche. Truly the Spirit of Christ was in that Indian lodge. In her low, golden voice, Joyce read the story of the Nativity from the Cree Bible. Once again, the more precious for its ages-old repetition, she told how the shepherds

had heard the multitude of the heavenly host singing praises, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And standing there beside the creche, she explained, so simply that even the tiniest tot listened big-eyed, how the shepherds had journeyed and in a manger, a place much like their own tepees, they had found Joseph and Mary and the Christ Child,

When Joyce sat down among her dusky friends, the Commissioner prayed, asking the protection of the *Saghalie Tyee* (heavenly Chief) for them all.

Chief Manitounuk stood up, his hair white as the snowdrift, and together they sang the evening hymn:

*"Kah nah way yemin Kechahyah
Ah kwah-nahtahtah-Kwahnaoon."*

After the service was over and friendly *klahoways* (good-bys) were said, the Commissioner, Chief Manitounuk and Joyce lingered by the fire for a talk. Old Voyager stretched out near his young mistress.

Dr. Keeler was telling Joyce, "I'm sending food in by planes to the scattered encampments. If you like I'll have a pilot fly past your trading post and bring you *Out* to the city."

Joyce started to explain that she wouldn't be going to the Academy for the second term.

"I know," the Commissioner nodded in his wise way. He went on: "Chief Manitounuk has told me of that, Miss Joyce. I have a job for you. These legends of the Crees will be a real contribution to folklore. When Chief Manitounuk is with us no more, his stories would be lost completely if they weren't taken down. I asked him to suggest someone who reads and writes Cree, and immediately he spoke your name.

"A volume of his stories should be used in the mission schools. Those legends are the heritage of his race. I'm sure I can arrange for an extra job for you to broadcast those same stories to our white children."

Joyce was so overwhelmed she just let the tears trickle down her cheeks if they wanted to! Her heart was singing. She'd turned her face on the happiness of a holiday visit with Patty, and had just been given happiness for the years ahead. To write those legends would be a labor of love, and she would dedicate the volume to her friend. Into her mind came the lines her mother had quoted from Cowper:

*"And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understand-
ing, taste
That lifts him into life, and lets him
fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to
fill."*

Joyce thanked the Commissioner. She turned to say a word to Chief Manitounuk, but no sound would come. There are some emotions too deep for utterance.

Chief Manitounuk patted her hand. So mellowed with age that he could laugh at himself, he said, "Neka tenas (my Little One), I think you could consider me an Indian giver. To you I related the stories, and now you are to return those legends to my people."

From his musk-ox robe he brought a present, a Christmas gift he had made for Joyce. It was a writing pen.

The chieftain spoke in unconscious poetry, "That your words may be pure the point is of virgin gold, and that your thoughts may go winging the shaft is from the feather of Kahloke, the trumpeter swan."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Sam Carpenter, a member of our staff, who has been off duty for a week, suffering from sinus trouble, is back on the job this week.

The barn force, using several teams, has been hauling coal from our railroad siding to various buildings on the campus, thus making preparations for bad weather and the coming Christmas vacation. Nothing goes harder with the boys than to have some one say "coal is out" at certain buildings during the holiday period, making it necessary for them to leave their amusements for the purpose of hauling coal.

The amount of mail coming to the School each day is rapidly increasing as Christmas approaches. We notice that Mrs. Barrier, who prepares the mail for distribution to the cottages, is working over-time in the performance of this task, also that the boys carrying out mail are heavily laden with boxes, packages, letters, Christmas cards, etc. It will soon be time to call in extra help in making deliveries, for with the fast accumulating quantity of mail during the last few days of the pre-Christmas season, the burden will become too heavy for the present carriers.

The authorities at the School knew from the beginning that our infirmary could not take care of an epidemic, but would be quite adequate to care for normal needs. Therefore, it is not surprising to learn that there are at present thirty-four boys in this building whose normal capacity is twenty-five beds. Beds have been

placed in every available space as boys keep coming in, affected with bad colds or "flu." Most of these lads have a slight temperature for a few days, respond to treatment and are discharged in a very short while. Others stay quite a bit longer, having deeper infection and higher and more stubborn temperatures. Every caution is being taken to prevent the development of pneumonia.

Mr. Alf Carriker, who had been ill for about ten days, assumed his duties in the carpenter shop this week. It is surprising how things accumulate when the one in charge of a certain department is compelled to be absent. Since his return to work, Mr. Carriker and his boys have been busy catching up with various details, such as putting in window panes, repairing door springs, getting window and door screens in order, painting, etc. In addition to all these duties, he and his helpers are making ready for lighting up Christmas trees on the campus and in the auditorium.

Mr. John Carriker, officer in charge of Cottage No. 11, went down to his farm, located in Township No. 1, and brought back two truck-loads of fine Christmas trees, which were distributed among our seventeen cottages and the infirmary. Aside from the large tree in the auditorium, and decorations, which all will enjoy whenever assembled there, every cottage home will have its own Christmas tree. There is always much good-natured rivalry between the inhabitants of the various cottages as to which one is most artistically decorated. This

custom has prevailed at the School for many years, and it is now rather difficult to secure trees of the character needed, hence the necessity of going elsewhere for them.

According to the last monthly report received here, coming from the head of the dairy association to which the School belongs, our herd of Holstein cows led all others in the quantity of milk produced per cow. While not holding first place in butter fat production, the School's herd was listed among the leaders. Our large "family" of boys is now consuming about 175 gallons of milk per day. This amount of milk is good for the boys and will add much to their power in resisting the dreaded "flu" and will be invaluable in speeding up recovery of those already stricken.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of II Corinthians, 12th chapter. The subject of his talk to the boys was "The Thorn in the Flesh", selecting as his text the 7th, 8th and 9th verses of the lesson.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that Paul's thorn in the flesh has been a subject of much discussion. Just what the great apostle had in mind we do not and may never know. But we do know that it was not a little thing. It was something which constantly kept him in remembrance of his own failures and weaknesses. It also brought to his mind a higher

being. In answer to Paul's prayer that it be removed, he found that the thorn was to become a spiritual power in his life.

Our thorns, continued the speaker, may be in the form of physical weaknesses, bad temper, bad language the habit of being too quick to judge others, or temptations because of appetite or thirst. One thing is certain—we know our own weaknesses, and we should use all of our powers to remove or overcome them. Several things may help us in doing this. Here are two of them: (1) We should ask ourselves these questions—Do we consider our weaknesses seriously enough? Have we tried hard enough to keep them from overpowering us? (2) Have we asked God to help us fight the temptations which are seeking to destroy our souls? It is in our weakest moments that God's power is truly felt most, if we look to Him in the right way. Some of us even blame God for our weaknesses, instead of realizing that it is through Him that we are given strength to bear them, and that it is only by His great power they may be removed.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that their greatest help was to be found in God. When we feel ourselves coming under the power of our weaknesses, the most important thing to remember is that "The best of all is, God with us." Depending upon our own strength we are powerless, but placing our faith in the power of our Heavenly Father, nothing is too great for us to overcome.

Success often lies not so much in what we do as in what we don't do.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending December 17, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (4) Clyde Gray 4
- (4) Gilbert Hogan 4
- (4) Leon Hollifield 4
- (4) James Hodges 4
- (4) Edward Johnson 4
- (4) Frank Johnston 4
- (4) Robert Maples 4
- (4) Frank May 4
- (4) Arna Wallace 4
- J. C. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 1

- (3) William Anders 3
- Jack Broome 2
- William G. Bryant 2
- Clinton Call 2
- (3) William Freeman 3
- (2) Porter Holder 2
- Horace Journigan
- Burman Keller
- H. C. Pope
- (4) Jerry Smith 4
- Edward Warnock 2
- (4) Lee Watkins 4
- Everett Watts 2
- (2) William Whittington 2

COTTAGE No. 2

- George Cooke 2
- Jack Cline 2
- (4) John D. Davis 4
- Julian T. Hooks 2
- Forrest McEntire 2
- (4) Richard Parker 4
- (3) Nick Rochester 3
- Oscar Roland 2
- Charles Smith
- Landros Sims 2
- Charles Tate
- Vernon Tate
- (4) W. J. Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

- Wesley Beaver 2
- Paul Broome 3

- Quentin Crittenton 2
- Lewis Donaldson 2
- John Jackson
- Hugh Kennedy 2
- Ivan Morrozzoff 3
- Edward McGee 3
- J. C. Nance 2
- Henry Raby 2
- Melvin Walters 3
- James Wilhite 2
- Samuel Williams 2
- Cecil Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 5

- (3) Theodore Bowles 3
- (4) Collett Cantor 4
- Robert Dellinger
- (4) Lindsey Dunn 4
- Monroe Flichum
- (4) William Kirksey 4
- Everett Lineberry
- (2) Paul Lewallen 2
- Samuel Montgomery
- (2) William Nichols 2
- J. C. Reinhardt 2
- (3) Richard Starnes 3
- Currie Singletary
- Fred Tolbert
- Edward Thomasson
- Hubert Walker 3
- (4) Dewey Ware 4
- (4) Earl Watts 4

COTTAGE No. 6

- Robert Bryson 3
- Martin Crump 2
- (4) Robert Dunning 4
- Leo Hamilton
- Leonard Jacobs
- Canipe Shoe
- Joseph Tucker
- (2) William Wilson 3
- Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

- Cleasper Beasley
- William Beach 2
- (4) Carl Breece 4
- (4) John Deaton 4

- (2) Paul Dockery 2
- (4) Donald Earnhardt 4
- (4) Lacy Green 4
- Lyman Johnson 2
- J. C. Long 2
- Arnold McHone 3
- Carl Ray 3
- (4) Alex Weathers 4
- (4) Joseph Wheeler 4
- William R. Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

- Thomas Britt
- (3) Spencer Lane 3
- (2) Walker Warr 2

COTTAGE No. 9

- (3) Holly Atwood 3
- J. T. Branch 2
- (4) Roy Butner 4
- James Davis
- (2) Robert Gaines 2
- (4) Frank Glover 4
- (4) C. D. Grooms 4
- Wilbur Hardin 3
- (4) Mark Jones 4
- Lloyd Mullis
- (4) Harold O'Dear 4
- (4) Eugene Presnell 4
- (3) Lonnie Roberts 3
- James Ruff 3
- Richard Singletary 2
- (4) Cleveland Suggs 4
- (4) Preston Wilbourne 4

COTTAGE No. 10

- (2) Junius Brewer 2
- Aldine Brown
- (2) J. D. Hildreth 2
- (2) Lee Jones 2
- (2) Thomas King 2
- (2) Veron Lamb 2
- James Penland
- (2) Oscar Smith 2
- (2) O. D. Talbert 2
- (2) Rufus Wagoner 2
- (2) Torrence Ware 2
- (2) George Worley 2

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (4) J. C. Allen 4
- (3) Harold Bryson 3
- (2) John Benson 2
- William Covington 3
- Velda Denning
- (2) William Harris 2
- (4) Earl Hildreth 4
- William Hudgins 2

- (2) Franklin Lyles 3
- (2) Ballard Martin 2
- (3) Paul Mullis 3
- Calvin McCoye
- (4) Edward Murray 4
- Donald Newman 3
- (4) Fred Owens 4
- (4) Theodore Rector 4
- (2) Henry Simith 2
- (4) Thomas Turner 4
- John Uptegrove 3
- (4) N. C. Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 12

- Jay Brannock
- Ernest Brewer 2
- (2) William Deaton 3
- (2) Howard Devlin 2
- Ernest Hackler 3
- (4) Avery Smith 4
- (4) Ralph Sorrells 4
- J. R. Whitman 2

COTTAGE No. 13

- (4) James Brewer 4
- Dillion Dean
- (4) Merritt Gibson 4
- (2) William Goins 3
- (3) William Griffin 3
- (4) James V. Harvell 4
- (4) Vincent Hawes 4
- (4) James Kissiah 4
- James Lane
- (4) Douglas Mabry 4
- Walter Morton 2
- Claude McConnell
- (2) Paul McGlammery 2
- (2) Jordan McIver 3
- (4) Alexander Woody 4
- Joseph Woody

COTTAGE No. 14

- (4) Raymond Andrews 4
- John Baker 2
- (3) John Church 3
- (2) Mack Coggins 2
- (4) Henry Ennis 4
- (4) Audie Farthing 4
- Henry Glover
- (2) Marvin King 3
- (4) John Kirkman 4
- (4) Feldman Lane 4
- (2) Norvell Murphy 2
- (4) Troy Powell 4
- (4) Richard Patton 4
- (2) John Reep 3
- (4) Desmond Truitt 4
- Harold Thomas 3

THE UPLIFT

Garfield Walker 3
 J. C. Willis
 (4) Jones Watson 4
 (4) Wallace Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Raymond Anderson 4
 Jennings Britt
 Howard Bobitt
 (2) William Cantor 2
 Clifton Davis 2
 Clarence Gates
 Albert Hayes
 Jack Hodges
 Ellree Gaskins

Oakley Lunsford
 (2) Fred McGlammery 2
 J. P. Sutton 2
 Arvell Ward
 (3) William Wood 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 2
 George Duncan 3
 (4) Philip Holmes 4
 (4) Warren G. Lawry 4
 (3) Earl Oxendine 3
 (4) Thomas Oxendine 4
 (4) Charles Presnell 4
 (4) Curley Smith 4

FRANKINCENSE

They brought Him gifts,
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.
 Those Wise Men were
 The first who came to worship from afar.
 They loved the Child, and when they saw His star
 They followed it to Bethlehem. What are
 We bringing Him?

They brought Him gifts,
 Have we no gifts to bring
 Our Lord and King?
 He came from heavenly-mansions to a stall;
 The Holy Babe of Bethlehem gave all.
 The best gifts we can proffer are but small
 Compared with His.

He loves our gifts,
 Our hearts He longs to own.
 Let us enthrone
 The Lord within our hearts forevermore,
 And bring our love as frankincense before
 The Holy One whom all the saints adore
 This Christmas Day.

—Florentine Budwig.

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