

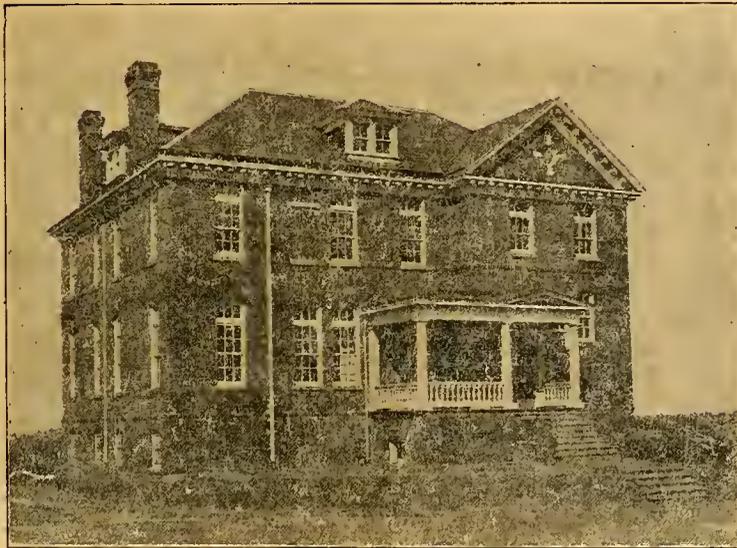
THE UPLIFT

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE, 1909

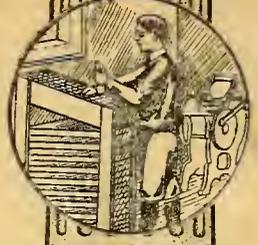
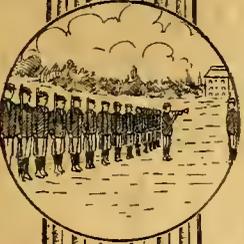
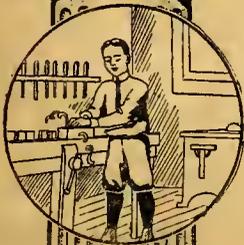
No. 1.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL COTTAGE.



KING'S DAUGHTERS' COTTAGE.

This is one of two cottages now completed. It is a home for thirty boys and officers. It contains Kitchen, Dining-room, Officer's Sitting-room, Assembly Hall and Stairway Hall on 2nd floor. On 3rd floor are located the dormitory, private bath and three rooms for the officers. On the first floor are the toilets, shower baths, heaters and two store rooms. This entire first floor is made of concrete. This building has been honored by the name of King's Daughters' Cottage, the King's Daughters having assumed the cost. They are raising the money, and occasionally Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, their secretary, makes a remittance towards payment of the cost.



PRaises THE SCHOOL.

Solicitor Heriot Clarkson Visits The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training And Industrial School And is Delighted With Work.

Solicitor Heriot Clarkson returned today from Cabarrus county court. While there he visited the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training And Industrial School for youthful offenders. Mr. Clarkson says this institution is about three miles from Concord, situated on a beautiful ridge, with a splendid view of the surrounding country.

The state owns 290 acres of land on which the buildings are built. There are two, 2-story brick buildings splendidly built, strong and substantial. Everything is neat and the furniture is plain, but nothing extravagant. There are now 31 boys at the institution. Each building is large enough to accommodate 30 boys. The boys are working and improving the place. The boys seem to be well kept and cared for, happy and contented.

"I saw several of the boys that were sent from different counties in my district," said Mr. Clarkson, "and was very much gratified to talk to them and see how well they were doing.

Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell have charge of the buildings, and Mr. Walter Thompson is superintendent of the institution. Mrs. Campbell, with her pleasant manner and kind interest in the boys, makes the detention of these young offenders beneficial. Of Mr. Thompson too much can not be said. He is the right man in the right place, a man of character, kind and firm, and an ideal head for such an institution. During my visit there, dinner was served; everything plain, but plentiful. Among these boys is a beautiful flower, a little daughter of Mr. Thompson. She was in the building when some of the boys came into dinner. How these little wayward fellows seem to love her and delight to play with her. Their affection for her, and her romping with them, is a scene for a painter.

"I wish every citizen who loves this commonwealth could see this institution, and become interested in it. What a place to put our treasures, where neither roth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." This institution is a benediction to this great commonwealth.---Charlotte News.

Regular Quarterly Meeting.

The board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School held its regular quarterly meeting at the institution on April 20th. A majority of the members attended.

The meeting was full of business; reports were made by the several officers; plans were discussed for the further development of the plant; and it was ordered that there be issued from the institution a paper at least once a month and oftener when conditions warrant same.

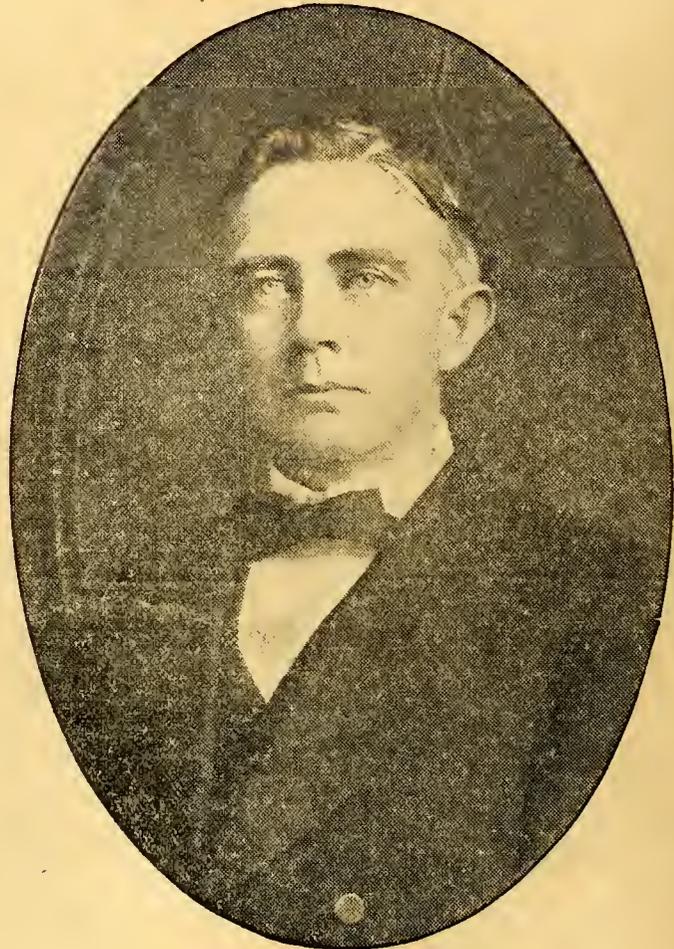
The Building Committee, Messrs.

D. B. Coltrane, Walter Thompson, Ceasar Cone and J. P. Cook, was authorized to begin preparations at once for the erection of the administration building and the building in which the industrial features are to be installed.

It was a pleasure to have sitting with the board, in its deliberations, Mrs. Locke Erwin and Profs. J. D. Lentz, and Chas. E. Boger, of Concord.



The happiest life is that which constantly exercises and educates what is best in us.---Hamerton.



HON. J. Y. JOYNER.

"It is eminently proper that this bill should have been referred to the committees on education. This school should be considered from the first as a part of the educational system, necessary for its completion and supplying a need that no other part of the system can supply. There is and always will be a number of children among us, and among all people, for whom there is written above the door of the home, "No hope"; above the door of the schoolhouse, "No hope"; and even above the door of the temple of justice itself, "No hope." In the name of civilization and Christianity we ought to provide somewhere for this class of children one institution above whose door there shall be written in letters of living light, "Hope," for the most hopeless child, where he may have a chance to develop the spark of divinity that is hidden in the heart of every child and be saved from the everlasting doom of criminality to the glorious privilege of good citizenship."---State Supt. J. Y. Joyner before the joint Committees on Education, of the general Assembly of 1909.

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A Great Well.

Temperance in its best form prevails at the Jackson Training School. It is water, sometimes milk. These are enough.

But the well. Bear in mind that we are on a ridge more than 800 feet above sea-level. Either side this ridge drops in a few hundred yards more than 60 feet.

We desired a six-inch driven well. The machine placed, steam turned on, the drive began. Having gone five feet the drill struck a large rock--in fact this whole ridge is one big rock. A foot a day seemed the limit of progress. When 46 feet

not as low as the base of the ridge around.

The water is perfectly clear and soft. With an ideal arrangement it is pumped twice a week into a large tank, from which the cottages, the baths and sewers are bountifully supplied.

This well is our pride; and as has before been published, its cost was met by the generous gift of General R. F. Hoke and his son of Lincoln Lithia Club, whose home is an ideal spot near Lincolnton. By the way, Gen'l. Hoke, brave in war, a chivalrous doer in peace, is also a success in finding extraordinary water.

With The Boys.

The boys had quite a treat at Easter--the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Houston.

Hon. T. W. Bickett, Attorney General for North Carolina, who delivered the address at the closing exercises of the Concord Public School, made the Training School a short visit.

The Volunteer Fire Company, as at present organized, consists of the following members: Spry, Hatch, Waldrop, Proctor, Poteat, Mears, Martin, Moore, Nesbit and Gaddy. The boys most active in organizing and maintaining the Company are Spry and Proctor.

It is curious to note the interest with which the eastern boys regard the big boulders strewn so lavishly about the grounds and along the roads. The finding of a quartz crystal is an event that makes the finder happy if he is a down east boy.

Two hound pups from a neighboring farm offered the boys a lot of sport recently and their departure, after a few days visit with us, was sincerely regretted--by the boys. Henry Ruscoe and Mack Spry were rival claimants for the office of Master of the Hounds.

The amount of amusement that a house-bound boy can get out of a string would astonish the untrained beholder. The tricks Allison can do with his are quite entertaining to the little fellows and make the grown-ups smile.

There has been presented to the institution a framed picture of Stonewall Jackson, his wife and little girl; the gift is by Mrs. William Propst of Concord. She purchased this picture in 1866 from an agent, paying for same more than one hundred dollars. During the earthquake of 1886, the picture fell from the wall and the glass was broken. The gift now hangs in the Assembly hall just as it was donated.

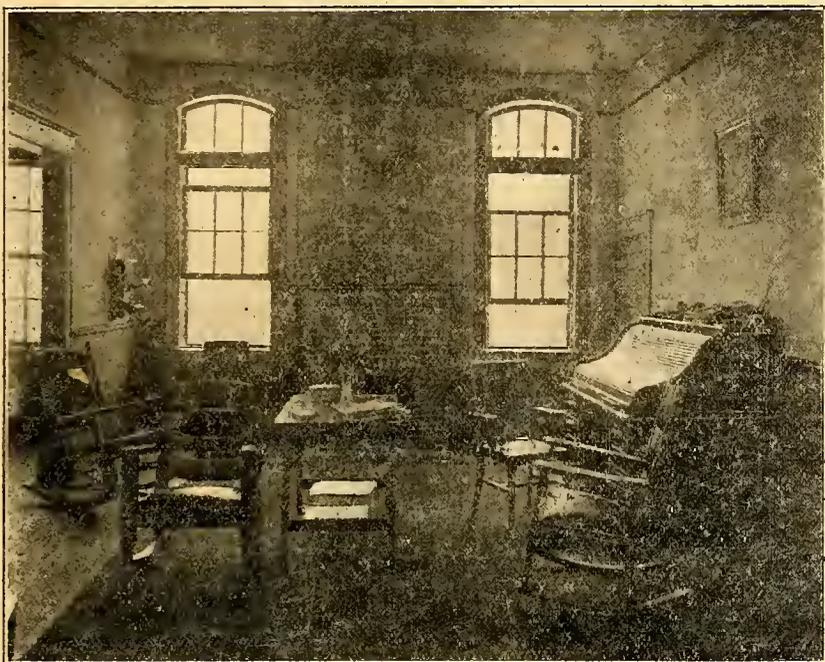


A Brass Band.

A member of our board has voluntarily offered to secure the necessary instruments for starting a brass band. This information was received by the management and the boys with delight. It was our hope to make a full announcement of this splendid gift by this generous donor in our first issue, but the plans could not be matured in time.



There is no success for the man or boy who never puts his heart into his work.



OFFICER'S SITTING ROOM.

This room, opening by arch ways 8 ft wide into the Boys' Sitting Room, is for the use of the Officer and Matron. It was fitted up by the Study Club, of Concord, as was also the kitchen. The Club visited the building in a body just before the opening of the school and from that time Mrs. D. L. Bost, the Club President, gave her time and attention until the furnishings were complete.

deep, the well drivers began to lose hope and suggested "abandonment." Going one foot more, "water was struck" and it rose 22 feet in the well. Immediately after this the steam pump was attached. It lifts 20 gallons of water per minute. Within thirty minutes the water can be lowered to 17 feet, but never lower. It is a question just how much water per minute could be pumped if the machinery necessary for a test were at hand.

The well is a wonder. Just 47 feet deep, 42 of which pass into a rock, striking water and getting a depth of 22 feet at once! It is believed "that a creek was struck." The extreme bottom of the well is

Neighborly Conduct.

THE UPLIFT desires to make public acknowledgement of the untiring kindness of Mr. J. F. Hurley, of The Evening Tribune, during the times that try the editor's soul when his first issue is a'borning. He gave us not only aid and comfort in practical suggestions but put his entire plant at our disposal for the odds and ends that are always overlooked in making estimates for printing outfits. He has our sincerest thanks.

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THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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WALTER THOMPSON, Superintendent

Application for entry as second-class matter, at the post-office at Concord, N. C., pending.

A FOREWORD.

The trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, at a meeting held April 20th, authorized the publication of a paper. This is the beginning. For the present, it is to be issued monthly; later, semi-monthly. It is hoped, however, at no distant time it will be found practicable to make the publication a weekly. This is its minimum size. When occasion arises, the number of pages will be increased to sixteen or twenty-four. Until the clouds roll by, we prefer staying close to shore in touch with a life-line.

Where aunts and uncles, grandparents, notions and tastes are to be reckoned with, it is sometimes difficult to "name the baby." In this case, however, it seemed natural for all interested parties to agree at once to call this youngster "THE UPLIFT." The name is regarded appropriate--it stands for what we are trying to do with our family of boys, and for our hopes of assistance to others in the accomplishment of good in the state.

THE UPLIFT will eschew partisan politics and sectarianism--it has mapped out for itself a broader and

a larger work. THE UPLIFT will come into competition with no other paper nor interfere with the sources of revenue of any office--it will necessarily have its being in an unoccupied field and gather its support throughout the state from those who are particularly interested in our work and in child-life, in general. Our mission is to tell in each issue a story about the Jackson Training School and its pupils; to deal with subjects that touch the environment of the child in school, in home and on the street; and, if alarms of warning become necessary when it sees hurtful practices and indulgences, THE UPLIFT will ring the fire-bell long and in earnest. And in all matters that make for the common good of the state, THE UPLIFT will take a hand in no uncertain manner.

We are too young to have grudges or prejudices, and we hope to remain with no friends to reward or enemies to punish, but when we see a spade we hope for the courage and privilege to call it a spade--and we are starting on this journey without the luxury of a "fighting editor" and with no inclination or expectation of ever employing one.

After this issue, the greater part of the matter will be both original and contributed. We hope to have the views of those interested in child-life and the good works incident thereto for publication in THE UPLIFT; and we have arranged for frequent stories through which a human interest runs and stories that tell a truth or teach a moral, both pleasing and helpful to children, small and large alike. THE UPLIFT makes no further promises--let other promises prove deeds accomplished.

Finally, we crave the considerate toleration and helpfulness of the Press of North Carolina; we appeal to all lovers of humanity, as they manifest themselves in a real interest for the wayward and unfortunate boy, to give us a supporting hand and heart in so far as we deserve them; and we particularly call for the active efforts of the

King's Daughters, the Club Women and kindred organizations in aiding us in the extension of our circulation--for the institution, in whose name we labor, represents in no small degree the outgrowth of the efforts and prayers of the good women of North Carolina.

The managing editor will be named later. In the meantime, a good and sufficient receipt will be forwarded to every one, who sends one dollar for a year's subscription to THE UPLIFT, Concord, N. C.

J. P. Cook, Chairman.



AN AFTERWORD.

To hundreds of people into whose hands the first issue of THE UPLIFT falls, it will be unnecessary to render an apology for the contents of this number. This issue is almost exclusively about the Training School. This is necessary. It has been a physical impossibility to answer the hundreds of letters and questions fired at us since the opening of the institution, January 12th, 1909.

This issue and the next following are intended as answers to interested friends, anxious fathers and distressed mothers. In the July number a full and frank story of a day's life in the institution will be told. We have no secrets and no skeletons--what we are doing is for the good and the honor of the state, and, therefore, the public has a right to know. We have made every edge cut since the opening; we have been pulling the tongue and buckle vigorously to make them meet. To accomplish this, the members of the board of trustees have made collectively and individually strenuous efforts and many sacrifices. Supt. Thompson has been everything from a ditcher up, realizing thoroughly the great responsibility upon him and understanding well that this is a vital and critical period in the history of the institution. Officer Campbell, of the King's Daughters' Cottage, appreciating the purposes of his superior officer, has turned his hands to everything; and every one connected with the school seems to have taken pride in

making the situation hopeful and encouraging.

We have had some bumps; we have had some disappointments, and we expect to have some more. That's largely what we are here for. This is to be a working place, and we have tasted enough of the world to know that everything is not always as we would have it. We have made some mistakes, but none vital or serious; we, like other humans, are not infallible, and expect that other mistakes will occur. This is one side; the other side gives us cheer. We are delighted with our progress. We see daylight. We have splendid friends all over the state who make us strong in our hopes. Our greatest joy, however, is seeing wayward boys, total strangers to order, ignorant of government or discipline, unconscious of the superiority of the human over the beast, respond to kind but firm treatment.

Each picture in this issue tells a story, the moral of which every thoughtful person will see. They show things plain but substantial, neat but not gaudy---they are the environments of system, order, duty, activity, purpose, hope.

After our next issue, when we have covered the many inquiries pressed upon us and having discharged our grateful acknowledgements of numerous gifts and kind deeds, THE UPLIFT will not make the Jackson Training School the burden of its song---it hopes to address itself somewhat to other matters that should concern our citizenship.

OUR GREATEST need at this very time is a building in which to install the industrial features belonging to an institution of this character. Among them are: word-working shop, tailoring, shoe-making, band, printing &c. We have a splendid blue-print of just what suits us. The building will cost \$3,500. There is a gentleman in the state whose heart prompts him strongly and earnestly to furnish the funds---and he has them, and he loves to do

noble deeds like this---but we have not yet located the gentleman. But we must and will.



AMONG THE many representative women of education and culture who visited the institution during the conventions, recently held in Concord, there were several who expressed not only their gratification but their surprise to learn that there is such an institution in the state. This seems to indicate that the newspapers of the state might bear down a little harder in acquainting all the people with the facts. When the people know what their state is doing here, there will be no lack of generous cooperation on their part. THE UPLIFT will carry information to all the newspapers of the state and asks them all to help in giving publicity to the great work North Carolina is planning and doing at the Jackson Training School.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL Thomas W. Bickett, of North Carolina, delivered by invitation of the authorities the annual address at the close of the Concord Graded Schools, on May 10th. He chose for his theme: "The Man in the Dollar." General Bickett entertained and stirred his splendid audience in an appeal for a practical education---it was easily among the finest addresses delivered in Concord in the past twenty years. He captured that part of Concord that had the opportunity of hearing him.



THE BUILDING, for which the educational forces of the state have undertaken to provide funds, will be a cottage exactly like the King's Daughters' Cottage; and, like it, will house thirty boys. It shall forever be known as the ----- Cottage. The blank is to be filled by the County Superintendents at their next annual meeting.



SOME DISCUSSION of the pardoning question is going on. It strikes us that Governor Kitchen has acted wisely in every instance where he has used the pardoning power.

Being a just and merciful man, he can well afford to make a mistake---if any mistake is possible---on the side of mercy.



IN THIS issue appears the picture of our first completed cottage. The King's Daughters of the State have assumed the cost of it, and are raising the money to carry out their splendid pledge. It is now the home of thirty boys. Among the buildings of the institution it will ever be known as "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' COTTAGE."



EVERY MAN and woman in the State of North Carolina knows of a boy or two in some town in the State who though young, has gotten beyond control of parent and teacher---has become a law unto himself. Unless he is protected from himself beyond that most critical age of a boy---12 to 17---there is a strong probability of a criminal being turned out.



THE CHARTERED name of our institution is "The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School." In all official matters this name is strictly adhered to. We do, however, for brevity and for convenience fall into the habit of the local people and speak of our institution as "The Jackson Training School," but never as the "Reformatory." That is altogether and entirely foreign to the name---we decline to answer to it, and for reasons perfectly apparent to all reasoning folks.



Plans are Now Making.

The Building Committee held a meeting at the institution on Monday May 31st for the purpose of locating the administration building and also the building for the installation of the industrial features. These two buildings will be erected during the summer, work commencing at once.

The architect will be called upon to make some changes in the plans, and, when this is done, material will be purchased at once. It is the hope of the authorities to have these buildings completed and ready for occupancy in the early fall.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES.

Various Matters Concerning the Institution and Our Interesting Family.

Odell Doby, Ed Dezerne and Bob Harris were gladdened by motherly visits recently.

John McGinnis was among the happy boys who enjoyed a mother's kiss and good counsel this month.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, the Treasurer of the Trustees, held the first Sabbath afternoon service at the Institution.

A second-hand typewriter, or two, for use in teaching the art would

The boys had quite a time having some teeth pulled last week. Waldrop, Little, Baker, and Proctor, furnished the teeth for the slaughter.

Work half a day and school half a day seems to give the boys a zest for each, and to judge by their appearance you would say they thrive on it.

The boys are learning to sing. This adds very much to the Sunday afternoon services, and much to their pleasure at the evening recreation hour.

We have gotten out a large amount of gravel for walks and

All the boys, who have had visits from home folks, have had previous information, except Ralph Williams. His father and mother gave him the most pleasant surprise of his life a few days ago.

The health of the boys is something remarkable. Outside of the ailments common to all youngsters there has been but one call for a physician since the institution opened in January.

The change in the public road is a great convenience to the school as well as to the traveling public. Supt. Blackwelder, of the county road force, has taken great interest in the work, as have Supervisor Burrage and Commissioner Morrison.

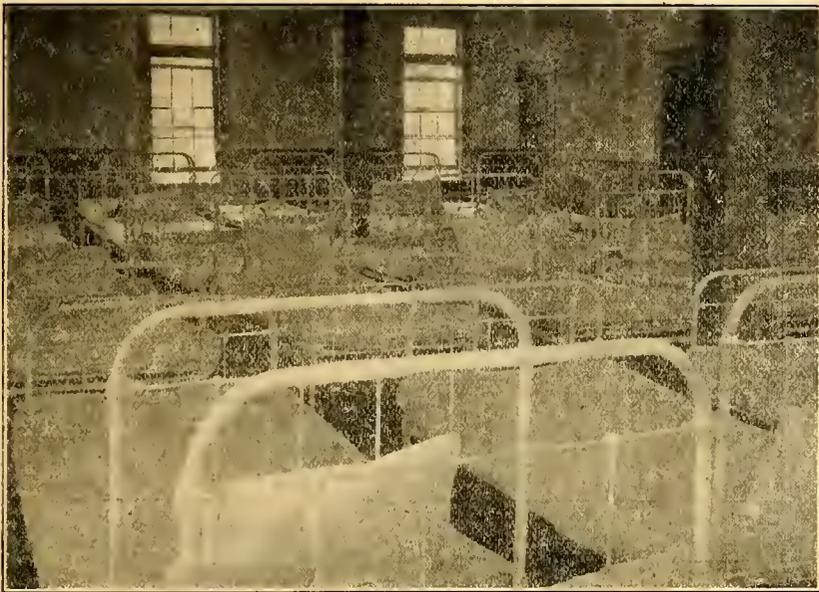
Sixty per cent of the boys did not know the Lord's Prayer on their entrance to the institution. Now all the boys kneel by their beds before retiring to repeat, in concert with the officer in charge, that wisest and deepest as well as the simplest of all prayers.

Setting out five thousand sweet potato plants gave the boys two hours of work and fun judiciously intermingled. The plants are doing nicely to the credit of the planters, and the boys hope to have lots of fun with them yet, especially after the potatoes are ripe.

The boys, when they fall in for morning inspection, make a geometrical figure whose name wouldn't interest them at this stage of their education but grown folks call it a trapezoid. From head to foot the line slopes evenly from Allmand, a six-footer, to Gaddy, less than four.

There is nothing the boys seem to enjoy more than the Sunday afternoons with Mrs. Coltrane and the good ladies she brings with her; and if they are not better boys for the loving service of these wide hearted women all the wise philanthropists are mistaken and love isn't the controlling power of the universe, after all.

Nearly every boy here has been a habitual truant and as a consequence school work is confined to the rudiments, but most of them are of an age to learn rapidly and are making good headway. Quite a number have learned to read and write in the short time they have been here. Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography are the subjects with which they are now concerned.



COTTAGE DORMITORY.

The Dormitory is on the third floor and contains thirty white enamelled iron beds with woven wire springs and thick cotton mattresses. White double blankets of the best quality, enough for all the beds were generously contributed by Mr. Hugh Chatham, of Elkin, N. C. The room is 30x50 feet and is lighted and ventilated by ten large windows.

be a most acceptable gift to the institution.

Superintendent Thompson attended a meeting of the Trustees of the Methodist Children's Home at Winston May 11th.

Mr. Louis H. Asbury, of Charlotte, our architect, with Mrs. Asbury, spent a recent Sunday with the Superintendent and family.

The recent session of the State Sunday School Convention in Concord, brought to the school a number of friends and well-wishers.

When Anderson was reproved for awkwardness on his first military drill he excused himself by saying "I don't know how to play this."

drives. The Training School is going to be the prettiest place in North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are looking forward to a visit from their daughter, Miss Bessie, who teaches in the city schools, of Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Hon. Heriot Clarkson, Solicitor of the 12th District, spent an hour with the boys early in May. He has promised to come back and address the boys sometime soon.

The three pets of the institution are a baby, a dog and a cat. These are all that is necessary to make everything home-like, unless it might be a canary---if it weren't for the cat.

A PATRIOTIC UNDERTAKING.

Preparations are Making for the Raising of Funds for the Erection of a Cottage to be Named by the Educational Authorities in Honor of Some Distinguished North Carolinian---The County Superintendents in the Several Counties Will Be Asked to Take Up the Matter in Each County---Room and Accommodations for Voluntary Pupils Sadly Needed---County Superintendent Boger and Supt. Jay D. Lentz to Take Charge of the Canvass.

A demand has been made upon the Training School which at this time has baffled the authorities. A large number of fathers and mothers of splendid repute in different quarters of the state have sought admission for their sons. They are not asking charity, but are seeking to remove their sons beyond an environment, that they fear means ruin or shame. They are willing and able to pay for the keep, the care and the teaching. Funds are not available for the erection of another cottage to be set aside for this class of patronage.

At the annual meeting of the County Superintendents at Morehead City, in August 1908, State Superintendent Joyner recognized Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and asked him for a statement setting forth the progress and efforts of the Board in putting into execution the legislative act of the General Assembly of 1907, with regard to starting a school for the unfortunate boys of the state. Mr. Cook did so, emphasizing the fact that the Board was handicapped for funds to meet a real demand that was touching and distressing. The County Superintendents voluntarily and unanimously endorsed the institution, pledging their moral support and their financial aid in relieving this embarrassment. Thus started the move, on the part of the superintendents, to raise funds for the erection of a cottage for the accommodation and care of voluntary pupils, whose parents are able and willing to pay. This cottage is to be named by them. In January this year, at a meeting of the City Superintendents of North Carolina held at Raleigh, after a presentation of the cause by Chairman Cook, the Association passed resolutions strongly endorsing the institution and what it was striving for, and pledged its support in no uncertain manner.

This cottage will cost, as did the

others built, ten thousand dollars complete. This divided among the several counties amounts to but little more than a hundred dollars to the county. It is proposed to make the division of the amount among the counties on a per capita basis. Several superintendents have already voluntarily signified their purpose to raise more than their allotment, having asked that a representative of the institution meet with their teachers and present the cause. This will be done when practicable, when the details of the canvass are matured. The institu-



JUST FROM THE FIELD.

Twenty-Seven of Our Boys as They Look After Planting 5000 Sweet Potato Slips And All Sharp Set for Supper.

tion has the warm and earnest endorsement of State Superintendent Joyner, and he is peculiarly pleased with the disposition of his co-laborers to contribute in such substantial manner to the growth and usefulness of the Jackson Training School.

At an early day, Messrs. Boger and Lentz, Superintendents of the Cabarrus schools and the Concord Graded Schools, respectively, will take up the matter, by letter and otherwise, with the several school leaders of the counties and cities of the state. It is a labor of love on their part, without the hope of pay or reward except such as comes in the form of gratification over an accomplished good deed. These gentlemen will at an early day announce their plans, and in their execution THE UPLIFT hopes to render them some service.



Love is the fulfilling of law.

CURRENT OBSERVATIONS.

The elements gave the 20th of May Celebration the best it had "in the shop," but the spirit behind it was unstaggered and, after this accomplishment, the knockers and doubters must forever take a back seat.

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Twenty years ago nineteen letters out of every twenty were written by hand. Today nineteen out of every twenty business letters are on the typewriter. It is said in Charlotte the second-hand machines

have gotten so numerous and cheap the young men use them in writing love letters.

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Some one has declared that the poorest town owns the best band. What's the matter with the town that has a base-ball team that can beat a little drum?

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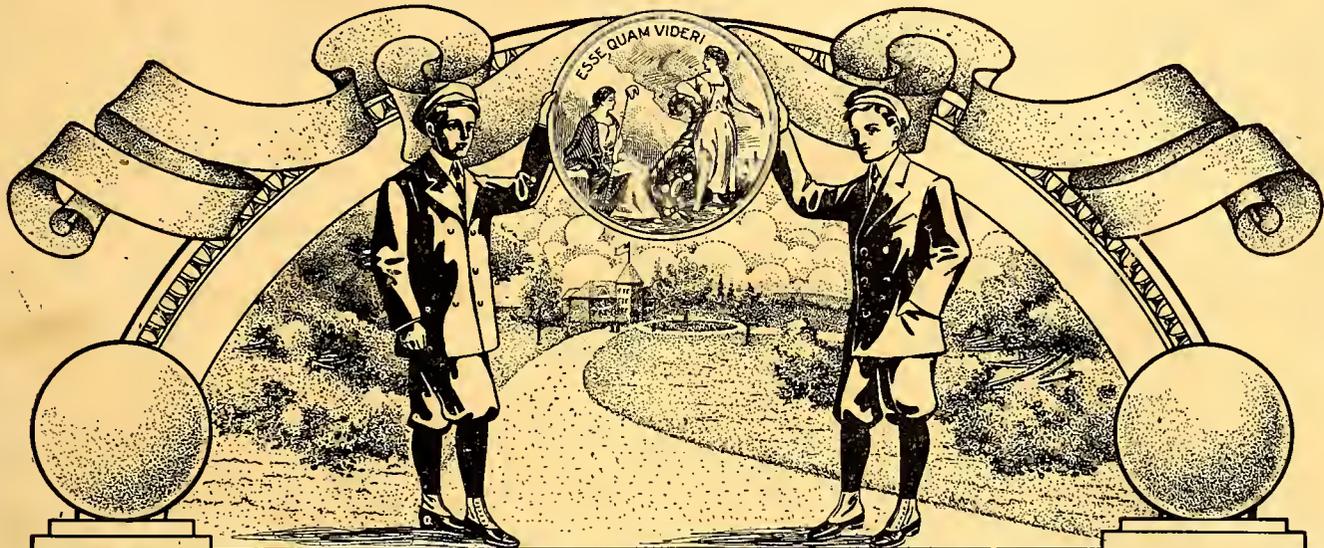
Some men date everything from the time that they "were in the legislature." President Taft, by his pleasing presence and by the revelations unfolded to him (a love-feast), can well date his new National life from the 20th of May Celebration of 1909.

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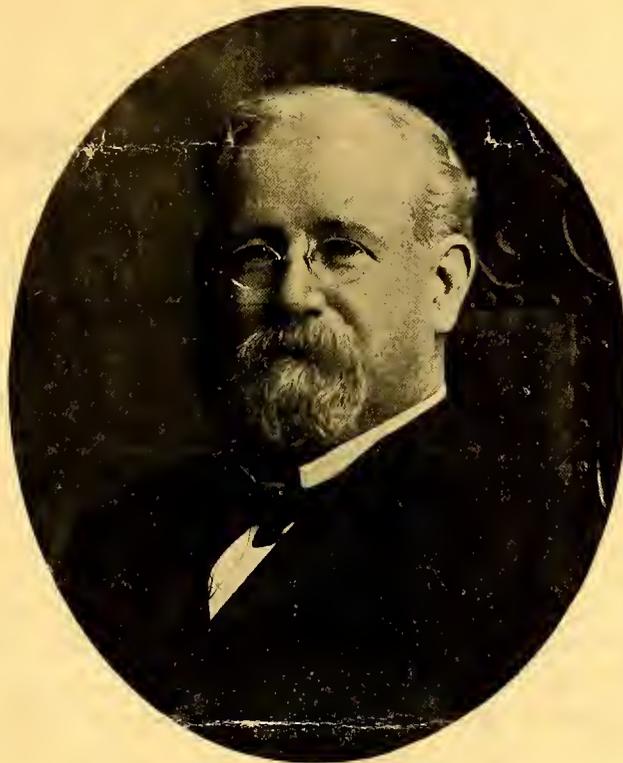
A fashion journal of circumscribed circulation declares that the artists who designed the new potato-basket hats only intended them for young girls with freckles or those easily tanned.

"BUILDING UP OF COUNTRY LIFE"
---Co. Supt. Z. V. Judd

"APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS"
---Prof. J. D. Lentz and C. E. Boger



THE UPLIFT

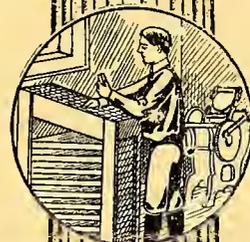
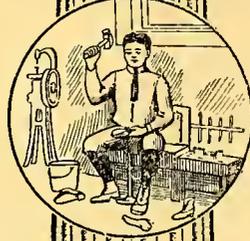
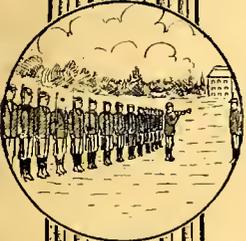
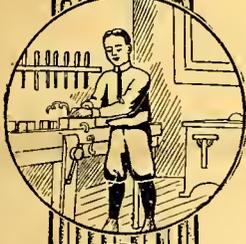


MAJOR B. F. DIXON

Statesman, Patriot and Friend of the Children.

(See Page 5.)

JULY, 1909



AN APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS

To Provide Adequate Room for a Class of Hopeful Boys the Educational Forces of the State Are Planning to Erect a Cottage to be Named by Them in Honor of Some Great North Carolina Educator---How the Needed Ten Thousand Dollars Are to be Raised---A Full and Frank Statement by the Committee.

In the first number of the UPLIFT the announcement was made that a campaign would soon be started to secure funds for the erection of a cottage, at the Stone-wall Jackson Training School, for the accommodation of a class of boys for whom no adequate provision has been made in North Carolina.

APPEALS CANNOT BE HEEDED.

The authorities of the Training School are appealed to, constantly, by parents from all over the State, for the admission of their sons to that institution. These are the wayward boys. Boys who have not yet been classed as offenders against law, but whose environment will soon bring them to ruin and shame. Their parents are not asking charity, but they are pleading for some one—some institution—to help them save the boy. They are able and willing to pay for this help.

The authorities of the Training School would willingly, gladly—undertake the care and training of these boys, if only there were a cottage for their accommodation.

A SOLUTION OF PROBLEM FOUND.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. J. P. Cook, has put all of his energies to work for a solution of this difficulty. He has been called on at all the great educational meetings in this State during the past year, to tell of the progress of the Training School and to explain the scope of its usefulness. All the educational forces of the State have recognized the great importance of the school, and have indicated their sympathy with its aims, and have pledged their loyal support. When the movement was started for an Educational Building, for the accommodation of voluntary pupils—pay pupils—it was enthusiastically received. The plan has the hearty indorsement of State Superintendent Joyner, of the Association of City Superintendents, of the Association of County Superintendents and of the Teachers' Assembly.

THE COST DIVIDED AMONG COUNTIES.

The cottage will cost \$10,000 and the first plan was to raise this amount by direct contribution, dividing the entire cost among the counties of the state on a per capita basis, and asking the County Superintendents and City

Superintendents, to raise amounts in proportion to the number of their teachers and of their school census.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT BOGER AND CITY SUPERINTENDENT LENTZ ENGINEERING MOVEMENT.

We volunteered to assist in the canvass for securing the funds needed. But when the UPLIFT was undertaken by the school, we determined at once to use it as a factor in the building of this cottage. So, instead of asking for a direct contribution of \$10,000, we are going to ask the friends of the school to place ten thousand subscriptions to the UPLIFT. Thus the school will be able to give something in return for the money contributed, and the friends of the school may know each month just what the school is doing, and feel a joy in doing some service for the betterment of youth.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PAPER.

THE UPLIFT is published entirely by the school. A competent foreman has been secured, under whose direction the boys set type and help in the mechanical part of the work. The paper will be one of the most valuable features in the industrial training of the boys. We have heard many interesting stories of how the boys are already enthusiastically interested in this new work and eager to contribute to the erection of this needed cottage. The editorial work will all be done as a labor of love by prominent writers and educators from all sections of the State, without any cost whatever to the school. Thus the whole amount of money received from subscriptions will be applied directly to the fund for the Educational Cottage.

CO-OPERATION OF COUNTY LEADERS SOLICITED.

In securing these ten thousand subscribers we are going to ask for the co-operation of the County Superintendents and City Superintendents of every county in the State. And we wish to enlist with them, in every county, those women who are leaders in every movement for moral, intellectual and social uplift. We have made a calculation of the number of subscriptions to be asked for from each county, based on the white school population. The apportionment has been made, approximately,

(Continued on Inside page of back Cover.)

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., JULY, 1909

No. 2.

BUILDING UP OF COUNTRY LIFE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By County Superintendent Z. V. Judd, of Wake.

Before beginning my article may I pause to comment on one phase of the work of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, to which you have given so much time and energy, and of which the state seems very proud? I have not had the opportunity of visiting the school, but have learned from reliable sources that a part of the education which you give to the boys is a good course, the practical side being emphasized, in farm life. Suppose you be found guilty of causing some waif, city born and bred, to fall in love with the ground, will he be condemned to grovel because he digs for his living? Will not his meekness rather be rewarded with an inheritance of the earth? In this little hint at the nature of your work with the boys of the Jackson Training School, I have suggested the central thought of this article.

THE BUILDING UP OF COUNTRY LIFE. Much has been said about beautifying and making attractive country life. To this end many pictures of warriors and sailing vessels and other subjects equally as lacking in suggestion of the farm, in any way, to say nothing of its beauty and attraction, have been purchased and now hang upon the walls of our country homes. Some fathers have placed graphophones in the home in an effort to entertain their growing boys, to make them content with their farm home. I have no objection to pictures of warriors and sailing vessels, or even to the graphophone, if no better music can be provided, but I do want to make a protest as strong as possible against this habit we have fallen into of regarding farm-life as one of those bitter pills that in order to be swallowed at all must be sugar-coated with something, however meritorious in itself, that is entirely different in character from the thing it undertakes to cover over and make bearable. Many more without trying these ineffective subterfuges have, in the presence of the ennui and deadening influences of the daily monotonous tasks of farm-life, left the plow in the furrow and gone to the already crowded city in search of nerve stimulant in the way of moving picture shows, where immoral and degrading pictures are exposed to the gaze of innocent children, rehearsals of crime of the

back alley and the red-light district, and gossip about the on-going in high places where sin was least expected to exist. Country and farm life have

NUMEROUS AND AMPLE ATTRACTIONS if we only have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart. It is heartrending to see the superficial and frivolous efforts at covering over a thing resplendent in beauty, requiring for appreciation only cultivated heads and hearts, with cheap and tawdry decorations. Ex-President Roosevelt was sufficiently impressed with the importance of country life to appoint his Country Commission whose duty it was to investigate rural conditions with a view of improving them. Several years previous the chief representative of the opposing political party uttered the significant sentence, "Burn down your cities and they will spring up again as if by magic; destroy your country and the grass will grow green on your streets." The wisest representatives of

A CONSTRUCTIVE LEADERSHIP

today are decrying the continual desertion of the country and the farm home and the consequent exodus to the city. A series of valuable articles have recently appeared in the Outlook on this subject. The domestic and farm life schools in Texas and a few Western States and the numerous state schools for the teaching of agriculture and the mechanic arts have grown up as a protest against the persistent overlooking of our finest resources for revenue and for men. If we would have the country boys and girls

BELIEVE IN THE COUNTRY

and farm-life, and that they possess both attractions and possibilities for a livelihood and all the accessories that make life worth while, then we must undertake to teach them more about country and farm-life. Our text-books should discuss and deal with farm-life problems. But we cannot stop here. Every country high school established under the special act of the General Assembly of 1907,

ought to have a FARM of at least ten acres where boys
(Continued on Page 8.)

A REVIEWING SKETCH.

A Request Comes For Just a Little History Writing---Some Steps in the Movement That Lead Up to This School.

Quite a number of the editors in attendance upon the N. C. Press Association, at Hendersonville in June, asked that there be published the leading facts in the inauguration of a "Reformatory" in North Carolina. In response to that request, THE UPLIFT has the following to offer:

Nineteen years ago, a small paper in North Carolina, outraged at a cruel sentence imposed upon a small boy for the theft of \$1.30, suggested that every offending boy be given "a chance" rather than a chain gang imprisonment with older and hardened criminals without hope or the desire of a hope. Fifteen or twenty ministers and possibly forty women in all parts of the state wrote letters endorsing the suggestion. Quite a number of the newspapers endorsed it fully, while others thought the movement just but that the state was not ready for it.

The cause of a "Reformatory" was personally presented to the consideration of Governor Fowle, who, being convinced of the state's duty to offending youth, recommended in his message to the General Assembly the need of such an institution. The state had not then awakened to that fine sense of its responsibilities and powers that prevails now, and consequently the "reformatory" had no champion in the Legislature. Here and there in the state, during all these years, some man or some woman spoke out for the establishment of such an institution. The idea began to grow.

It was not until the session of the Legislature of 1905 that any measure reached the Legislature and received anything like a passing attention. It failed. In the Legislature of 1907, encouraged by fruits of agitation, new and strong converts, out-spoken demand on the part of certain newspapers, the advocates renewed the fight. Several measures were offered by several members in either house. Representatives of the King's Daughters were on the ground, making an open fight; while others, for good and sufficient reasons, pursued an individual, educational course among those
(Continued on Page 5.)

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ENCOURAGING EXPRESSIONS FROM THE PRESS.

"We are Delighted."

We are more than pleased—we are delighted—with the initial number of "The Uplift," the organ of the Jackson Training School. In the first place, it is well named, and there is a great deal in a name, as the board of trustees of Meredith College will testify. In the second place, it is well edited. Whoever put that first issue in shape is no 'prentice hand—he knows how. In the third place, it represents one of the most important of all our State institutions, and ought to spring at once into popular favor. If you have a dollar about you send it along while you think of it, and let "The Uplift" come into your home for a year, and if you haven't the dollar borrow one, and you will thank us for the suggestion.—Charity and Children.

"A Welcome Sheet."

"The Uplift" is the title of a publication just out in its first edition from the Jackson Training School, located in Cabarrus county near Concord. This is the institution that The News fought so hard to establish, and it was through the efforts of The News more than any other paper in the state that



HON. W. C. DOWD,

EDITOR OF CHARLOTTE NEWS.

the Jackson Training School became a reality.

The Uplift is a monthly journal issued by the trustees of the institution, of which Mr. Walter Thompson is the superintendent. Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the board of trustees, drew with his own hands the artistic cover design which shows two young men holding up

the great seal of the state. The cover design also bears six pictures representing the objects for which the school was established, namely the training of the minds and hands of wayward boys in the woodshop, fields, print shop, shoe shop and various other lines.

The type for the journal is set by the hands of the young boys that are being reformed. At present the institution has about 40 boys within its walls and the work that is being done there has been heartily commended by visitors who have witnessed the school's work.

"The Uplift" will be a welcome sheet in the realm of journalism and though small now, it is exceedingly neat and will be enlarged to 24 pages as soon as it gets on a better footing. It is standing for a worthy cause and the men at the head of the institution are to be praised for launching this journal.—Charlotte News.

"Auspicious Circumstances."

We are glad to welcome The Uplift, published by the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, at Concord. Its first monthly issue contains an inspiring foreword signed by Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the board of trustees. Its mission as announced by Mr. Cook: "To tell in each issue a story about the Jackson Training School and its pupils; to deal with subjects that touch the environment of the child in school, in home and on the street; and, if alarms of warning become necessary, when it sees hurtful practices and indulgences, The Uplift will ring the fire-bell long and in earnest. And in all matters that make for the common good of the State, The Uplift will take a hand in no uncertain manner."

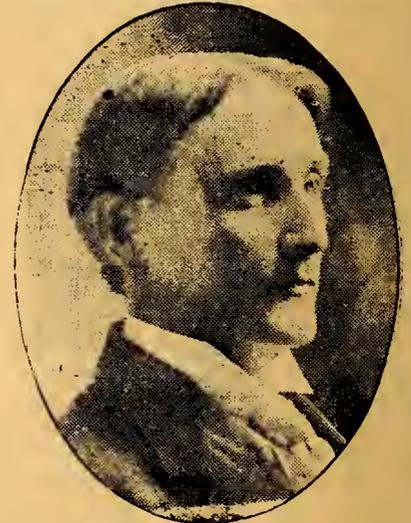
With Mr. Walter Thompson for superintendent, and with a supervisory board of public-spirited men and women, the Jackson School enters upon its important field of usefulness under auspicious circumstances. It is already, as noted in a recent newspaper interview by Solicitor Heriot Clarkson, of the twelfth judicial district, after a visit to it, making its power for good felt. The Uplift, attractively written, attractively printed, and attractively illustrated, should have many subscribers at the announced price of one dollar a year. One word from it about the school's name:

"For brevity and for convenience we fall into the habit of the local

people and speak of our institution as 'The Jackson Training School,' but never as the 'Reformatory.' That is altogether and entirely foreign to the name—we decline to answer to it, and for reasons perfectly apparent to all reasoning folks."—Charlotte Observer.

"Touch the Heart."

We have read with more than passing interest the first number of The Uplift, the monthly publication published by the board of trustees of the Jackson Training School at Concord. Under any circumstances the publication would have claimed our attention but this initial number commands interest by reason of its meatiness. The story told in its columns of the sacrifices, the things



HON. JOHN M. JULIAN

Editor of Salisbury Post, Orator at recent Press Association, and Representative from Rowan in General Assembly of 1907, introducing bill for maintenance and championing cause of Jackson Training School. One of the State's truest citizens.

accomplished and hoped for for the reclamation of North Carolina's wayward youth touch the heart and inspire faith in humanity.

There is quoted in this number of The Uplift a sentiment uttered by Dr. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, that deserves to live. Mr. Jas. P. Cook, who, with others, has unselfishly devoted time, energy and means to the cause, desired that the bill passed by the General Assembly of 1909, carrying an appropriation for this institution, go before the committee on Education. No objection was made and when the bill was (Continued on Page 3, Column 2.)

A GREAT BODY

Of Fine Folks in a Fine Town—The North Carolina Press Association in Session at Hendersonville.

It's been 17 years since I sat with the North Carolina Press Association in annual Convention. Connection with this paper made attendance upon and participation in the convention, which met in Hendersonville on June 22, entirely in good taste. It was like going back home—to sit on the old porch once more; to drink out of the old well once again; to drive the cows and watch the milking; to walk up and down the fresh ploughed ground and at night to wash one's feet in the old tub that sat at the back steps. Stop. This talk gives one's early environments away; and these things having forever passed, have become almost sacred.

"Going back home" has its sadness. Things become larger; while other things have become smaller—things change, and these changes sometimes sadden. I missed some faces, for some have read their last proofs; I missed others, for they are quietly awaiting that summons that comes to us all and have either retired to ease or cling close to the vine and fig-tree. Many of the editors are young men, but I have unmistakable reasons to know that they are representatives of that progress in ability and capacity which obtains in all professions in our state.

There remained just enough of the old members to enable a fellow to recognize his whereabouts. Editor Sherrill, the efficient secretary 21 years and recently elected for life, was our beacon light—if you want to know anything ask Sherrill. There was Thad Manning, the very salt of the earth—he was there. Dolly Thomas, the president, God bless him, sent his beautiful message because of physical illness detaining him at home. Archibald Johnson, one of the finest characters in or out of the Press Association of the state was there—he's fine because he has horse sense and a warm heart. Dan Bivins was there, but I positively decline to say whether he was a member before 1892 because I am under sacred promises to him. Editor Hurley, our neighbor, was there; he was a newspaper man when I quit, but he hadn't just found it out. He read the "history" paper—it was pronounced clever. I liked it. The new President, Dr. Atkin-

son, is a new man; he is a charming fellow. Rufe Clark is loud and strong in his quietness; when he speaks all sit up and take notice. He's an old editor, but up at Hendersonville everybody thought he was a young man. You can't lose J. J. Farris; he has been through the game, and he is a winner. D. J. Wichard was a comfort to me. Bob Deal was there, though frail in body, he has the same fire as of old when he tried in 1892 to get water out of a "push button" in the Buford hotel in Charlotte. Josephus Daniels was there, as he has been for 31 years and expects to be for 31 more years. J. P. Caldwell was there and enjoyed the deliberations and the discussions with a marked attention. It was a source of great pleasure to all to see the great improvement in his health since his serious attack of some weeks ago.

The papers and speeches were of a high order. The entertainment by Hendersonville was perfect. Labor Commissioner Shipman with his mayor, Maj. Pickens, Hotelist Gates and others made good. The women editors had a good time and acted just like quill drivers ought to act.

The only shock given to the country editor was the sight of a lady far removed from the trundle-bed age a-riding astride and a drug store charging ten cents for a glass of lemonade—and it not even red lemonade.



That Gathering of Leaders.

"Welcome Home" was the sign placed at the entrance of the Atlantic Hotel at Morehead City, upon the occasion of the annual session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, from June 15th to 18th inclusive. That sign was significant, and the sentiment was appreciated by possibly 350 teachers of the state.

The programme was attractive; there were some specially strong spirits contributing to it; and no assembly, notwithstanding the counter attractions, enjoyed a more punctual attendance from the teachers. The thing started at a fixed point—there was sense behind it all. There is nothing like a master-hand; and thank God that master-hand respects humanity and fears God.

The Assembly did great good. It would do more were the sessions all held at Morehead. It is the place. The down-easters are not drawn to the mountains, but everybody seeking mental and physical benefit takes to water like a duck. The attendance would have been larger had the

session covered a week as it formerly did. Many teachers had expressed themselves as anxious and willing to go except for the expense to attend "just a three days meeting". There were no great set speeches, but there were heart to heart talks on vital questions, the solution of which ever confront the great army of teachers. Supt. Tighe, of the Asheville Schools.

It is of peculiar interest to us that the Teachers' Assembly, following the County Superintendents, and the City Superintendents, recognizing the great work before the Jackson Training School, endorsed it in a strong resolution presented by

The new officers, like the retiring ones, are admirable. They are: Dr. D. H. Hill, president; Supt. C. L. Coon, vice president; and Prof. R. D. W. Connor, Secretary and Treasurer.



EXPRESSIONS FROM THE PRESS.

(Concluded from Page 2.)

taken up for consideration Dr. Joyner was among others who pleaded for the appropriation. Begging for a fair trial for the boy who slips and slips again he employed a most sublime argument.

"The Uplift."

The Uplift, a monthly journal in the interest of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, has come to our table. The first issue is a credit to the Institution and the great cause it represents. The design on the front page is significant. It shows boys doing different kinds of useful work, and at the top of the columns, the picture of two handsome boys upholding the great seal of the State, and in the back ground a beautiful walk leading to an elegant home—a fitting picture of the work the school is destined to do.

The saddest words that ever fell from a father's or mother's lips are these: "I see no hope for my boy." To such parents the great heart of the State has been opened and through this school there will come hope for wayward boys and joy unspeakable to parents of the boys to be saved in the years to come. The one man who has done most to make this possible is Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman of the Trustees.

He has no precious boys of his own to love and care for, and for this reason his good, kind heart goes to the boys of others

The paper is one dollar per year, and any one who wants to aid a worthy cause can do no better than send one dollar to The Uplift-Concord, N. C.—Newton News.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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WALTER THOMPSON, Superintendent

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

TOLERATED DANGERS.

Of course THE UPLIFT believes in temperance and it believes in genuine prohibition, and not a make-shift in its name. The prohibition law, like all others, should be strictly and religiously lived up to. If the laws are good, then the enforcement of them accomplishes great good; if a law is a bad one, then its strict enforcement will bring about speedily its repeal.

So far as health is concerned and the effect upon the bodies and minds of the youth of the land is concerned there prevails a toleration of certain things that, candidly speaking, seem to be doing more harm than did the moderate use of pure liquor by adults. The law excluded youths from the saloons; the law now permits the youth access to certain indulgences that lead to crime. There are four things now doing more harm to the young than did the saloons to the adult. They are:

1. Children loafing on streets, day and night;
2. The pool-rooms, where saloons formerly existed;
3. Indiscriminate drinking of dopes across soda fountain slabs;
4. Employment of youth in con-

tact with the vices of the streets.

What reasons can there be for children, unattended, loafing about on the streets during the day and the night, breathing the very atmosphere of vice—men are careless about their conduct in the presence of children, and the street-loafing youth hears more vile things, smut and swearing in a day than could be put in a book as large as Webster's Blue Back.

The average pool-room in the average town is a den of sorriness. They are time killers, they are corrupters of good morals because they are seductive; and the average one is doing more harm than did the saloon, which properly has been driven from the state. Recently this writer visited one of the most modernly equipped pool-rooms in one of the best towns of the state. At eleven o'clock there were twenty-eight persons in the room. Most of them dressed like the average dude, inhaling his cigarette and belching up his occasional oath, while a few were indulging themselves in a bet on two "crack players." At 3 o'clock the very same pool-room had 31 visitors. Several of them were the husbands of young wives, who are working at various jobs for a living.

Indiscriminate patronage of children at the average soda fountain and places bearing "Soft Drinks on Ice" signs should be discouraged not only by parents but by the keepers of these concerns. No child needs a Coca-Cola at any time; his system requires no "dope" at any time. It would be interesting to know just how many people are addicted to the use of Coca-Cola—there are men and women, who are more of slaves to this modern slop and its illegitimate cousins than there are booze artists today.

In some cases there may exist the necessity of employing the young in stores, as clerks and delivery boys; but the boy that fails to become contaminated by the evils that men do in their presence must have a diligent mother at home, whose influence is sufficient to overcome the

bad influence. The man that can work and does not work, but farms out his boy to do a job, where the chances are against him, needs vigorous handling. What a pity boys have to be employed in telegraph offices. A boy that comes out of this mill, with his soul in tact, is pure gold from the start.

But we have touched upon these four things merely to lead up to the announcement that four individuals have agreed to furnish a full discussion of these subjects for THE UPLIFT. They are entertaining writers, and what they say will be said to the point.



THE JACKSON Training School and what it stands for in the state has been unanimously endorsed by the County Superintendents, City Superintendents, by the Teachers' Assembly, and last, but not least, by the Press Association. The preachers are with us; the King's Daughters are behind us; and the Federation of Women's Clubs are backing us. Pray, who can be against us?



ATTENTION IS directed to the announcement elsewhere in this paper by Profs. Lentz and Boger, who have undertaken the work of securing the funds for the erection of the Educational Cottage. In a few days the organization of the several counties of the state will begin. We hope that the plan will be sufficiently executed by early fall that actual beginning of work on this cottage may be warranted.



We regard the action of the Trustees of the new Methodist orphanage, at Winston, in electing Mr. H. A. Hayes, County Superintendent of Rockingham county, to the presidency of that institution as very wise. Mr. Hayes is a scholar; he is an earnest, active, sensible man. By the way, this very act only shows the character of the educational uplift in North Carolina, when men fit for such important posts can be found among our county superintendents.

THE MAGIC of "confusional insanity" seems to possess more efficacy in a Mecklenburg court than did "brain storm" in a New York City court.



SERIOUSLY: THESE "near-beer," "ni-beer" and "cold bottle" joints bobbing up here and there in the state are breeding trouble. It is said that which made Milwaukee famous can and is sometimes substituted for the "ni" stuff. It is a greater wrong to do an evil thing by indirection than by a direct method. Trouble sure is brewing.



Press Association's Endorsement.

The North Carolina Press Association, at its meeting in Hendersonville, unanimously passed strong



HON. W. C. HAMMER.

resolutions endorsing the purposes and work of the Jackson Training School. The resolutions were introduced by Hon. W. C. Hammer, Editor of the Asheboro Courier.



A Reviewing Sketch.

(Continued From Page 1.)

representatives who, not convinced as to the right thing to do, were seekers after light and open for conviction. A compromise measure was prepared. This bill was introduced by Col. Penn Wood, of Asheboro. Mr. E. R. Preston, then a representative from Mecklenburg, and a number of others made enthusiastic efforts for the passage of the measure. It became a law; and

this law is now the authority for the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, near Concord, from whose office and the spirit behind the institution this journal is issued

The act named four charter members: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Charlotte; Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Weldon; Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham; and Mrs. A. L. Coble, Statesville. A subsequent act empowered the governor, in the event an appropriation was made by the legislature

THE BOY'S CHANCE.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School will fill a long felt want in North Carolina. The youthful offenders against the laws of the State in many instances, are made criminals by contact with experienced violators of the law in our State Prisons, and chain gangs. Very frequently the boys who offend the law are not so much to blame as are their environments. And many a boy can be saved by changing his habitat to one more conducive to good morals. There is not a boy in North Carolina who is not entitled to a chance to make the best out of what God has given him. What chance has a boy coming out of a home where there is a drunken father and a careless, indifferent mother, and for his first offence carried to prison and from there to the penitentiary to consort with brutal, lowdown wretches of both colors, during the most plastic period of his life? For what a boy is to be is determined largely by the influence brought to bear upon him before he is twenty-one years old.

All hail to the Stonewall Jackson Training School! May God speed it on its glorious mission. B. F. Dixon.

to the institution, to appoint eleven trustees, who with the charter members were to direct the inauguration and conduct of the school. An appropriation of \$10,000 was made by the General Assembly of 1907. Thereupon Gov. Glenn appointed the following additional trustees, requesting them to meet for organization in Raleigh Sept. 3, 1907: J. H. Tucker, Esq., Asheville; Dr. H. A. Royster, Raleigh; Mr. Ceasar Cone, Greensboro; Prof. John J. Blair, Wilmington; Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Concord; R. O. Everett, Esq., Duharm and Mr. J. P. Cook, Concord Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte; Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Henderson; Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston; and Mrs. G. P. Erwin, Morganton.

At a later date, in Greensboro, the Board met and effected a permanent organization after the adoption of constitution and by-laws.

Twenty or thirty parties offered lots for location for prices ranging from \$9,250 to \$9,750, leaving nothing for operations. The Board decided that a free gift was "in order." Under an active presentation of the matter by the Tribune and Times, of Concord, the people of Concord raised funds and tendered the Board what was regarded as an ideal site of three hundred acres. It was accepted. Later a committee, Messrs Ceasar Cone, J. J. Blair and J. P. Cook, empowered to act, selected Mr. Walter Thompson superintendent, who entered into service January 1st, 1908. In May material was gathered for the erection of two cottages, each accommodating thirty boys and the necessary officers.

On the 12th day of January, 1909 the authorities, after the proclamation by the Governor as required by law, ordered the institution opened for the reception of pupils—and it was opened to do and is doing now what hundreds of women and men had longed for for these many years.

A representative of the Board of Trustees camped for a while with the General Assembly of 1909, seeking an opportunity to "give an account of the stewardship" of the Board. That fine body of patriotic and sensible men heard patiently our story. They appropriated to maintenance and improvement to the institution for the two years \$40,000. When the institution opened in January last, though having from the state only ten thousand dollars, it was easily an investment approximating \$30,000. This was accomplished by good trading, good begging and every body, except the superintendent, doing the "labor of love" act.

The future is assured. It is no longer a problem, except the question of how rapidly the institution may be developed to that capacity to meet all the demands of the state. The cries that come to this writer are pitiable, and, were he able in this world's goods, he would answer them all with a chance for every boy to make good. He is not; and therefore there shall be no let up in begging until the state is able to answer every distressed call.

The little paper that nineteen years ago suggested this institution served its day and divided its physical effects between the Concord Times and the Concord Tribune. The spirit of it, however, still lives and is proudly shared by these two excellent journals.

A FEDERATION CALL.

Mrs. Reilley, of Charlotte, Makes Some Pleading Observations and Utters a Strong Call to North Carolina Women.

It was with great pleasure, that I visited the Jackson Training School at the time of the "Shower of Household Furnishings," and saw the realization of an Institution, of which North Carolina has long felt the need, and one of which she may justly feel proud.

This Institution is situated only a short distance from Concord on a very attractive eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country with rolling farm lands lying adjacent and dense woodlands in the distance.

The buildings are commodious, substantial, and attractive, and well arranged for the work.

The meagre amount appropriated by the Legislature, together with donations from various organizations and individual gifts, made a very limited sum on which to build, even on the simplest scale, an Institution adequate for conducting the work, and the Committee deserves great credit for what has been, accomplished.

I should be false to my feelings, if I did not acknowledge the great work for delinquent childhood, which is being done by the earnest men and women, who have espoused this cause.

Through a system of character building they lead to a higher, and better life, by personal work in which they bring to bear on the life of the little offender those divine qualities, patience, sympathy, love, kindness, and yet with all a firmness that commands respect and love. The ultimate aim is to prepare them for self-support and good citizenship. The wayward boy, who has fallen out of the ranks begins to feel himself an out-cast, is, in this way, brought into relation with the community.

Who, then, in the State, should hear the call more quickly than the women. They have unrivalled capacity and the very qualities, which are most desired.

There is no need to call attention by name to the noble women, who have been forerunners and self-sacrificing votaries to this cause, but to you, the educated, the well-intending, the comfortably placed woman, who has not as yet aided in this cause, here is a vast opportunity!

Truly, no other work can appeal to

the women of our State more strongly, and there is work enough for all in the endeavor to attain the high ideal of our Federation, for the uplift of humanity, for the betterment of the race, for the love of patriotic work of our country.

Laura Holmes Reilley,
President, North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.



Mr. Webb on Compulsory Education.

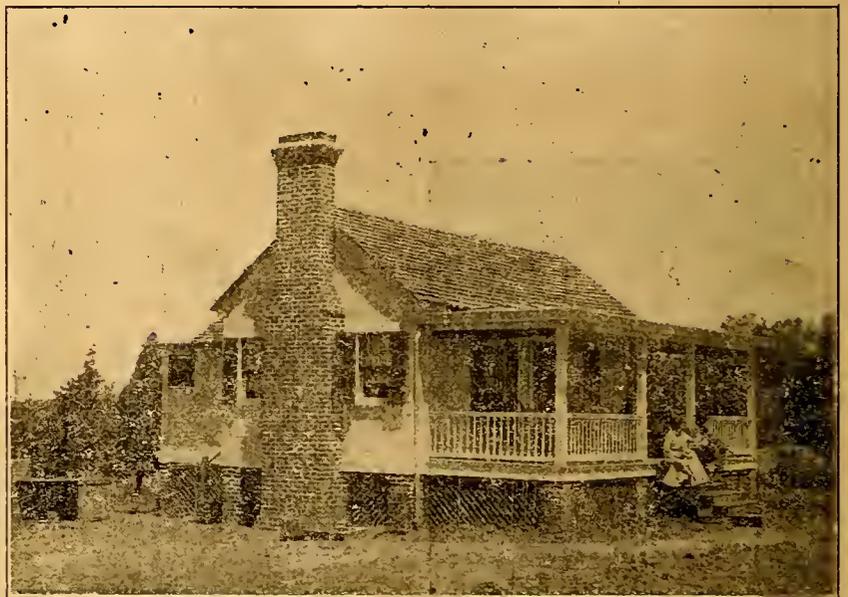
There is something about the above term that is repugnant to the average North Carolinian and there is something contradictory in the words themselves. Perhaps compulsory attendance would be better.

There was a time when such a law

books that gives the teacher trouble but it is the boy who comes under compulsion and feels that he must take his spite out on somebody and he proceeds to make life a burden to the teacher.

Section 4166 of our school law says: "Pupils who wilfully and persistently violate the rules of the school and any of immoral life and character shall be dismissed by the teacher."

When threatened with expulsion the young American has been known to intimate that that is the one thing he has most desired, and so the Superintendent has worried along with him rather than reward his demerits by releasing him from



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE.

This building was originally a part of the quarry plant owning a lease upon land belonging to the farm and was remodelled for its present purpose. It is comfortably and tastily fitted and furnished, and after the Administration Building is erected will be used as an infirmary. The cut shows the Superintendent, Mrs. Thompson and Evelyn sitting upon the steps.

would have been out of place in this state for the simple reason that there was not suitable accommodation provided for all that wished to attend but that day is rapidly passing.

A beginning has already been made and a law with the above title is already on our statute books and it will not be a great while before a law, requiring every child during a certain period of its life to attend school a reasonable length of time each year, will be enacted.

One of the strongest arguments against such a law has been the injustice to the schools of forcing unwilling pupils on an already overburdened teacher.

It is not the boy who loves his

his hated task.

The remedy: Have a law put on the statute books requiring the superintendent or principal of each school, public or private, to report at once to the County Superintendent every case of expulsion from school. It shall be the duty of the County Superintendent to thoroughly investigate each case and report his findings to the Solicitor of the District and at his discretion he shall summons the delinquent to appear at the next term of court and show cause why he should not be committed to the Jackson Training School.

This plan has not been fully worked out but something of the kind would strengthen mightily the

hands of the teacher in dealing with recalcitrant pupils and of course would be a blessing to the wayward boys. A. S. Webb.

✧ ✧
The Life of a Day in The King's Daughters' Cottage.

Five o'clock is the signal for the day's activities to begin. At this hour Mr. Sides, the watchman, goes up and wakes Tate, McGinnis and John Page, who are now working in the kitchen. They go down, build the fire and with Mrs. Cariker begin preparations for breakfast. Mr. Sides also calls Laughlin who gets the sitting room in order; Mr. Sides also calls Adams and Allmond, who go to the barn to curry the horses; and Little who goes with "Uncle" Jim to milk.

work on the yard or farm. Some go with Mr. Corzine back to haul or plow; one washes the overalls and work shirts and keeps the fire in the jack stove to heat the water. The remainder, numbering about one half of the whole, go to school with Mr. Webb, while one or two go with Mr. Fisher to the office of "THE UPLIFT."

At 11:45 all hands come in again, get ready for dinner and for rest. Dinner is served at 12 o'clock and is bountiful and of as much variety as circumstances will permit. That the food is wholesome would appear by virtue of the fact that only one visit has been made by a physician since the cottage was opened.

At 1:15 "Detail" again takes place. The boys who worked in the

march up two flights of stairs to the dormitory. Here (and this is a picture that would impress the hardest hearted man in the state and move him to sober thoughts) each boy kneels at his own bed, and, in concert following Mr Campbell, repeats the Lord's prayer—a prayer, as well as all others, absolutely unknown to sixty per cent of the boys upon their entrance at the Training School. It is sleep now until the night-watchman notifies them of the return of another day.

✧ ✧
Sample of Expressions.

Writing from Reidsville, N. C., Miss Kate Dameron says: "Please find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription to THE UPLIFT. I became very much interested in the TRAINING SCHOOL on my trip to the Teachers' Assembly. I have the first copy of THE UPLIFT and I want to be sure to get the second and those to follow."

:: ::

"I don't need this dollar, but I need THE UPLIFT, so send it to me to my address at Raleigh," says Mr. Alexander Webb, the well known Insurance man of that city.

:: ::

Solicitor Heriot Clarkson: "THE UPLIFT is fine; here's my dollar."

:: ::

"UPLIFT is good. I congratulate you on a great work well begun," writes Dr. George B. Cromer, late President of Newberry College and who saw the first load of brick placed on the grounds of the Training School, just thirteen months ago.

:: ::

"That's fine, Cook, and you have got to take my dollar for a year's subscription; I want to help in this noble cause" said Ex-Gov. Aycock when he saw the first issue.

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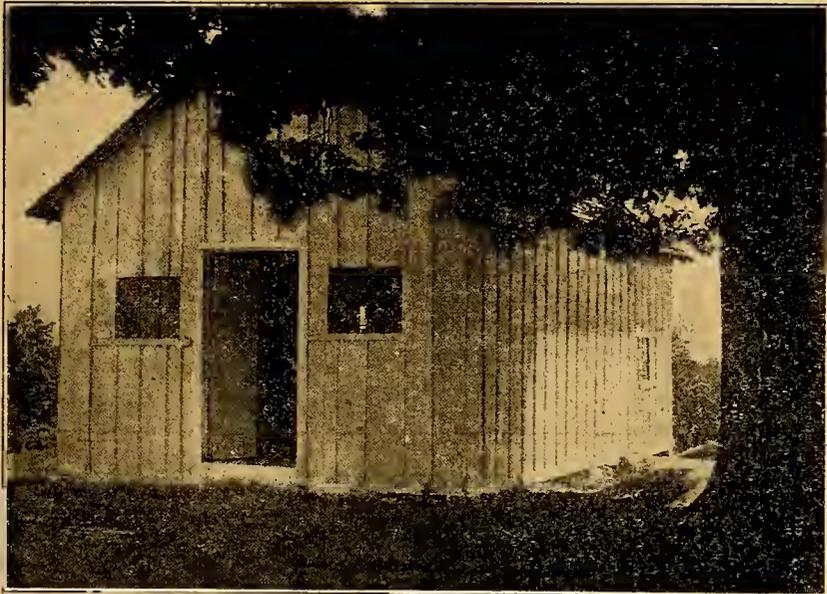
"I was so delighted with it, and so agreeably surprised at its splendid appearance and character that I just had to carry it home from my office to my wife" is the way State Superintendent Joyner spoke of the first issue of THE UPLIFT.

:: ::

Prof. J. A. Bivins, the head of the institute work in North Carolina: "It's good; commending the cause, I hereby hand you my check".

:: ::

Many similar expressions have come from the homes of the boys.



THE HOME OF THE UPLIFT.

This building was, like the Superintendent's cottage, part of the quarry plant. It is 16x30 ft., and well lighted by six windows. It is, at present, equipped with just enough material to print THE UPLIFT, but when the Industrial Building is ready the equipment will be increased to give employment and instruction to a large number of boys. The grand, old oak partly shown in the cut is one of the many beautiful trees that adorn the grounds.

A few minutes later Mr. Campbell takes all the other boys, to the first floor, where they perform their morning ablutions, dress and get ready for breakfast. The latter is served at 6:30 and at 7 all form in line and "inspection" takes place. At this time, minor deficiencies in conduct are passed upon and slight correction distributed according to the several needs of the various culprits. At the conclusion of this, "Detail" takes place. The kitchen boys resume their work, Laughlin resumes cleaning the house. Mr. Kizer takes a force with him to

morning go to school with Mr. Campbell in the afternoon. Those who were in school in the forenoon work with Mr. Kizer, Mr. Webb, Mr. Corzine, and Mr. Fisher in the afternoon. At 5:15 the boys come in again, and have footraces, or drill, or play ball until 6 o'clock. Then all go in again and get ready for supper which comes at 6:15. Then all read or write or sing until 8:30, at which time Mrs. Campbell reads a chapter in the Bible and all engage in silent prayer. This done the boys march to the first floor, take a shower bath and then

Building Up of Country Life.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

may be taught in a practical way some of the fundamental things about good farming. Five miles from my office a farmer made last year an average of two and one-half bales of cotten per acre. This he made from seed which through several years he developed from common stock. His neighbors made an average of less than one bale per acre. Just how this increased yield was made should be taught every school boy. It is the satisfaction of doing anything in the best way that makes us happiest at our work. Add to this that this best way brings those ample returns that provide comfortable homes, better schools, better farms, good roads, well-bred horses, and fine cattle; and it is easy to understand that this is the way to make attractive farm-life. In Wake county

A BEGINNING HAS BEEN MADE

along this line. Two years ago a cultured young woman of a small village, president of the School Woman's Betterment Association, reluctantly acceded to the request of the County Superintendent to interest her members in cultivating a few acres of the school site in cotton. The women and children and some of the men joined heartily in this project. About one hundred and twenty dollars was cleared in money by the association. The money was used in payment on a five hundred dollar obligation by the women on the new seventy-two hundred dollar brick school building. The School Farm seems to have

BEEN RECEIVED FAVORABLY,

and this year fourteen of the Wake county schools are cultivating farms of an average size of two acres. The people do not regard the labor on these farms as work. They came out in crowds of fifteen to thirty-five to cultivate the crop, and they make these school farm working bees a social event. They usually serve refreshments. Through the school farm, worked by both men and women, farm labor has been raised a little in the esteem of the young people. The business of farming is coming to be regarded as more worthy of the thought and endeavor of the best young men, and deserving of some serious study. By calling the people together in a common labor, it has united communities hitherto torn by bickerings and dissensions. It has added another

means of social enjoyment. One subject

WOEFULLY NEGLECTED

in our public schools, which if taught would make a contribution to country life (city life as well) is domestic science. Our good mothers, as industrious and deserving as can be, have conducted the business of the home in the clumsiest way. In the effort to discharge the household duties faithfully, she has become a slave to labor. The husband is largely to blame for the wife's poor methods and in turn suffers from them. I am told that only a little more than thirty percent of the food values of things put on our tables is made available by our present methods of cooking. What a boon to families of average means, to say nothing of the poorest class, to have the other seventy per cent made available, thereby greatly reducing the actual cost of living. Probably the worst feature of these clumsy ways of conducting the business of the home is the

ENSLAVING OF THE MOTHER,

the natural teacher, and should be the companion of the children, but she is incapacitated for both these high and sacred duties, because incessant toil has hushed the note of joy and spring time in her soul. When our farm homes have been conveniently built, with windmills and water to be had for the turning of the spigot, both for cooking and bathing, the gas range, the fireless cooker, and other modern appliances; when our farmer boys learn that there is interest in the study of corn roots, the rotation of crops, the mixing of manures, and other farm problems, and no longer crave the excitement of the crowded city; when they learn that

THE BEST PLACE TO BEGIN

a really great career is that particular spot of earth where fate, fortune (call it what you will) has been pleased to place them; when they really believe that the ladder let down from Heaven to earth finds footing on their fathers' farms, much will have been done toward the building up of country and farm life so essential to the future welfare of this American commonwealth we love so well.



Will You Take a Hint?

Friend Walter:—

Enclosed find \$5 for 5 years subscription to The Uplift.

F. M. Shannonhouse.

Institutional Notes.

Miss Sùe C. Gregory, of Greensboro, visited her sister, Mrs. Thompson the first week in July.

Mrs. D. B. Coltrane and some other ladies are accumulating a fund to buy an organ for the school.

Mr. A. S. Webb, the Principal of the Public High School in Concord, is assisting in the Training School during the summer.

The Superintendent and Mr. Weant were in Charlotte a few days ago in consultation with Mr. Asbury the architect. By the time this issue is being read, work will be in progress on our Industrial Building.

We need a two-seated surry. There are several we have recently seen that would suit our purposes, but the parties who have them just overlooked a wonderful opportunity they have to do a great service.

We have had some business with Uncle Sam recently, growing out of securing the curtesies of the mails for THE UPLIFT. Postmaster Buchanan was spokesman. If every postmaster in the country was as courteous, patient and efficient as Buchanan, life service would not be too much.

Judge W. J. Montgomery, of Concord, spent a while in Lancaster recently. He met Mr. Samuel E. White. The Sons of Rest in their tent were discussing badness of a bad boy in the community. Judge Montgomery suggested a treatment we have for such cases. He told them of the Jackson Training School. Mr. White quietly retired, and returning handed Judge Montgomery a check for ten dollars for our treasury. We hereby authorize the Judge to visit some more.

June was a good month for the boys in the way of kindly remembrance of the sweet tooth they are commonly supposed to have. Dr. Houston and wife gave them a treat to ice cream one of the hot evenings incident to the midsummer season, Mrs. Jno. P. Allison brought them a bountiful supply of candy, and Mrs. Locke Erwin came with chewing gum enough to aid digestion of all the youngsters for at least a week. The boys appreciate these kindnesses of the good ladies of Concord and the spirit that prompts the givers.



THE UPLIFT will carry a few high class advertisements, like that of the reputable firm, Parker-Gardner Company. See the last page of cover.

AN APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS.

(Continued from Inside Page of Front Cover.)

on a per capita basis; but in the smaller counties, or those in which there are no large towns, the number has been reduced slightly, while in the larger counties and in those with several towns, the number has been increased proportionally. At an early date some representative of the Training School will communicate with each county in the state, and will arrange for a conference of the Superintendents, prominent educators and leading women of the county, and will lay this matter more fully before them.

JAY. D. LENTZ,

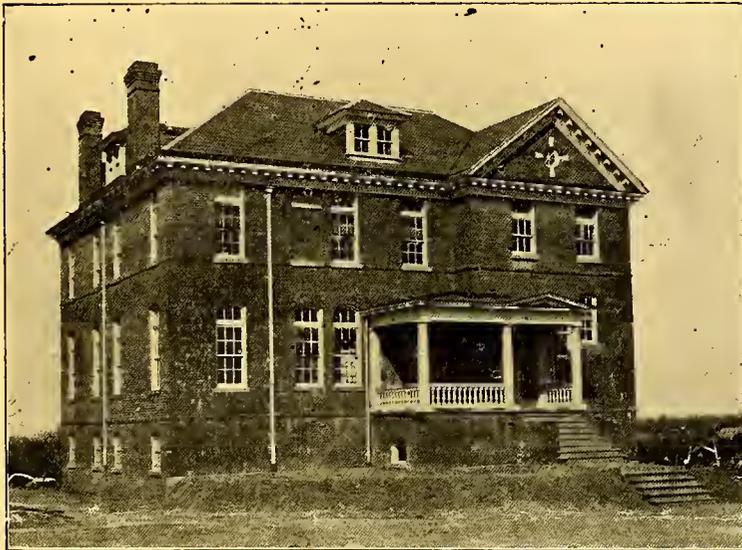
CHAS. E. BOGER,

Concord, N. C.

THE COUNTY APPORTIONMENT.

Alamance 250; Alexander 50; Alleghany 40; Anson 80; Ashe 50; Beaufort 150; Bertie 70; Bladen 75; Brunswick 25; Buncombe 500; Burke 120; Cabarrus 250; Cald-

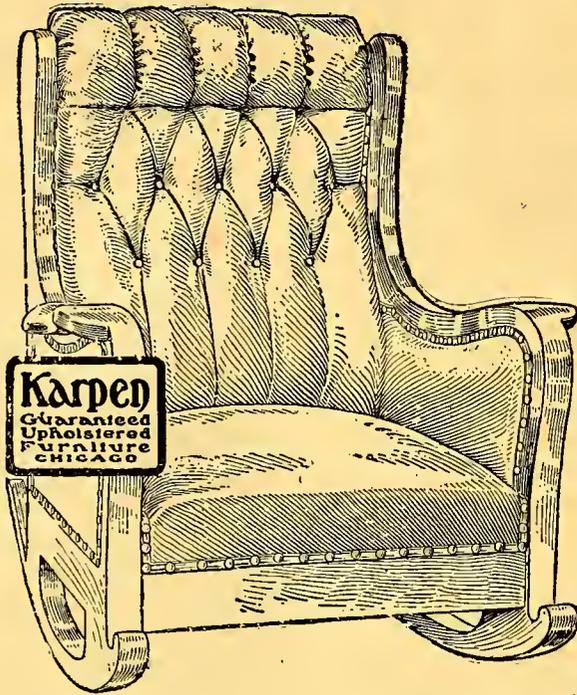
well 100; Camden 5; Cartaret 70; Caswell 25; Catawba 200; Chatham 75; Cherokee 75; Chowan 50; Clay 10; Cleveland 200; Columbus 125; Craven 100; Cumberland 200; Currituck 10; Dare 10; Davidson 200; Davie 25; Duplin 100; Durham 300; Edgecombe 50; Forsyth 350; Franklin 85; Gaston 250; Gates 15; Graham 5; Granville 80; Greene 20; Guilford 500; Halifax 80; Harnett 75; Haywood 100; Henderson 50; Hertford 25; Hyde 5; Iredell 250; Jackson 50; Johnson 150; Jones 10; Lenoir 100; Lincoln 75; Lee 25; Macon 75; Madison 50; Martin 25; McDowell 50; Mecklenburg 550; Mitchell 25; Montgomery 75; Moore 75; Nash 100; New Hanover 300; Northampton 20; Onslow 25; Orange 100; Pamlico 15; Pasquotank 75; Pender 25; Perquimans 50; Person 75; Pitt 150; Polk 25; Randolph 150; Richmond 75; Robeson 150; Rockingham 200; Rowan 250; Rutherford 100; Sampson 100; Scotland 40; Stanly 100; Stokes 50; Surry 100; Swain 25; Transylvania 25; Tyrrell 5; Union 150; Vance 100; Wake 500; Warren 20; Washington 25; Watauga 25; Wayne 200; Wilkes 75; Wilson 125; Yadkin 25; Yancey 15.



PROPOSED COTTAGE

Now for the Great Campaign for 10,000 Subscribers, Which
Guarantees the Accomplishment of a Laudable Undertaking.
Subscription \$1 a Year.

THE FURNITURE WHICH WE SELL



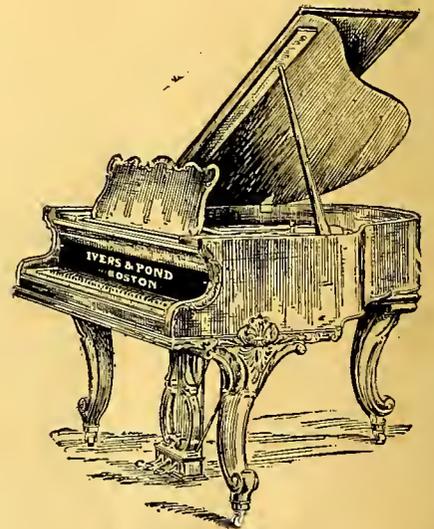
Has Character of Design, Honesty in Construction and Reasonableness of Price. We furnish New Homes Complete. Also Churches, Hotels, Clubs, Court Houses, Public Buildings.

Church Carpets a Specialty.

Our Piano Department is Without Doubt the Best in the State.

Ivers & Pond, Chickering, Knabe, Melton and the Pianola Pianos.

Write us for Catalogues and Prices.



Parker-Gardner Company,
Charlotte, N. C.

FURNITURE

CARPETS

PIANOS

PIANOLAS



THE UPLIFT

OUR CUP OF GLADNESS.

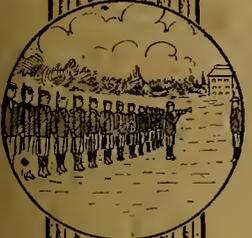
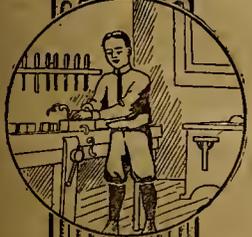
In the June number we called attention to one of our most imperative needs and expressed the hope that a public-spirited citizen might be found to supply that special want. Our hope has materialized and we can say with the Psalmist: our cup runneth over. It gives us a real and lasting pleasure to acknowledge the generous gift, by a loyal citizen of North Carolina, adopted from Pennsylvania, of an amount sufficient for the erection of our Industrial Building. We have had since the beginning of our work, periods of drouth and learned to appreciate the opening of the well spring of private

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hoys of our state, and, like the
River of Life, makes glad the
City of our God. This gift is all the
more appreciated because it was unsolicited. It came
as the result of a generous man's determination when

(Continued on Page 2.)

AUGUST, 1909



EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Dollar is a Dollar.

Our subscription list is growing at a rate entirely pleasing and satisfactory to us. Voluntary subscribers are more numerous than we had hoped for. A dollar is a dollar; but when it just comes along without asking or hinting, the sensation following is awfully good.

But no wonder. THE UPLIFT strives to do good; it stands for a cause that appeals to the good and the brave; and to help along this cause we will not be surprised if several thousand will keep up this voluntary movement for months to come.

Our organized work along the lines of the 10,000 subscriber campaign is satisfactory, but just begun. During the next month we will get in touch with all the counties, seeking to perfect the organization in each county.

The Advertising

We shall take will depend upon the concern and the matter to be advertised. We are not seeking advertisements; and we are not running away from them either, but until all our plans are perfected we shall carry only such advertisements as come voluntarily. Already THE UPLIFT is a valuable advertising medium, and is growing better. We publish no rates, but these will be furnished on application.

What the Trustees Could Do.

THE UPLIFT has reasons to believe that the several members of the Board of Trustees will individually aid in the organization of their respective counties in the 10,000 subscriber campaign. Were they to do so and push the matter to a speedy conclusion the result would more than double our present list of subscribers. Look here at the counties represented by the trustees:

D. B. Coltrane, Cabarrus,	250
H. A. Royster, Wake,	500
Jno. J. Blair, New Hanover,	300
Cesar Cone, Guilford,	500
R. O. Everett, Durham,	300
J. H. Tucker, Buncombe,	500
Mrs. Burgwyn, Halifax,	80

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mecklenburg,	550
Mrs. A. L. Coble, Iredell,	250
Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Vance,	100
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Forsyth,	350
Mrs. G. P. Erwin, Burke,	120
Miss Easdale Shaw, Richmond,	75

Total subscriptions 3875

It would require but little of the time of these Trustees to secure the co-operation of the leading educators and club women of their respective counties; and in a few days the canvass could be brought to a successful issue.

The Crowning Result

Of this accomplishment would enable us to start at once the erection of the Educational Cottage, for which there is now a crying demand. Therefore, THE UPLIFT begs of the Trustees the time to read the announcement of Profs. Lentz and Boger on 3rd and 4th pages of the cover and then put in action some active hustling ladies, who, armed with a story of the cause and the purpose, will do the rest in short time.

3875 subscribers

By the Board sounds good and will be good.

Voluntary Solicitors.

If a body sees this, and if that body is moved by the purpose that is animating the bodies behind THE UPLIFT to help in extending its circulation, thereby aiding a noble cause—the provision for the accommodation for nearly a hundred boys, whose mothers are seeking admission for them, but for whom room is lacking—all you need to do is to make that desire known to us, and the necessary blank receipts and instructions will be mailed to that body. "That body" is you, no one else. The time to do a great deed is when the opportunity presents itself.

The character of the men and the women, who will, from time to time, contribute to our columns, will make THE UPLIFT worth more than one dollar to any body's friends, so you need not fear to make a positive, earnest and even a persistent solici-

tation to get any other body to subscribe. Now all get together for the 10,000 subscriber campaign. We want five thousand of them in sixty days, so the building may be begun and completed at an early a day as possible.



Some Expressions.

Among the many new subscribers added since the issue of July we note:

Chapel Hill: "I enclose check for THE UPLIFT, with best wishes."

Francis P Venable.

Salisbury: "Here's my check; send THE UPLIFT." B. B. Miller.

Concord: "Put me on your list. Check enclosed."

H. I. Woodhouse.

Lincolnton: "Take my dollar and my name for THE UPLIFT, which I believe will become a great N. C. Journal. I'm a life subscriber."

R. F. Hoke.

Wilson: "Please find check for \$1 00 for which send THE UPLIFT. I wish you abundant success in your work."

H. G. Connor.

New York: "I have received the sample copy of THE UPLIFT which you sent me, and am interested in the purpose of the paper. Enclosed please find two dollars for subscriptions of Mr. C. L. Patton and myself."

Very truly yours
(Miss) R. S. Adams.

Concord: "I enclose check for one dollar, subscription to THE UPLIFT, for which I wish all prosperity and success in every way."

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Bettie P. Gibson.

Friend Thompson:—"Have just received and read the July number of THE UPLIFT. An excellent get up indeed. Enclosed find check for \$2.00, two years subscription to the same."

Very truly yours,
T. D. Maness.

Salisbury: "You will find enclosed my check for five dollars to aid THE UPLIFT. Sorry I can't make it five hundred dollars, but I hope to aid you from time to time as I can."

A. H. Boyden.

Charlotte: "That's a grat work, and I want THE UPLIFT."

C. E. Frick.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST, 1909

No. 3.

SOME MATTERS MERITING NOTICE AND THOUGHT.

By Jim Riddick

In 1884, at one of the state colleges, I heard the Junior oration of a certain 20-year old young North Carolinian. His theme was "The Education of the Hand with the Head." It was so radical; so original, driving off at tangent with respect to then prevailing theory of education, that it astounded many who heard it. While the young fellow spoke his clear cut sentences, pointed and based upon conditions and founded in truth, I could and did unconsciously count on fingers, as many as twice, young college graduates, blessed with a "birth" and means, who, like a vicious tied beast, were struggling to get away from base, break the radius of his environment and branch out not only to make a living independently of parental sources, but to "make two blades of grass grow where only one or none grew before." They were failures. The audience itself felt just as I did.

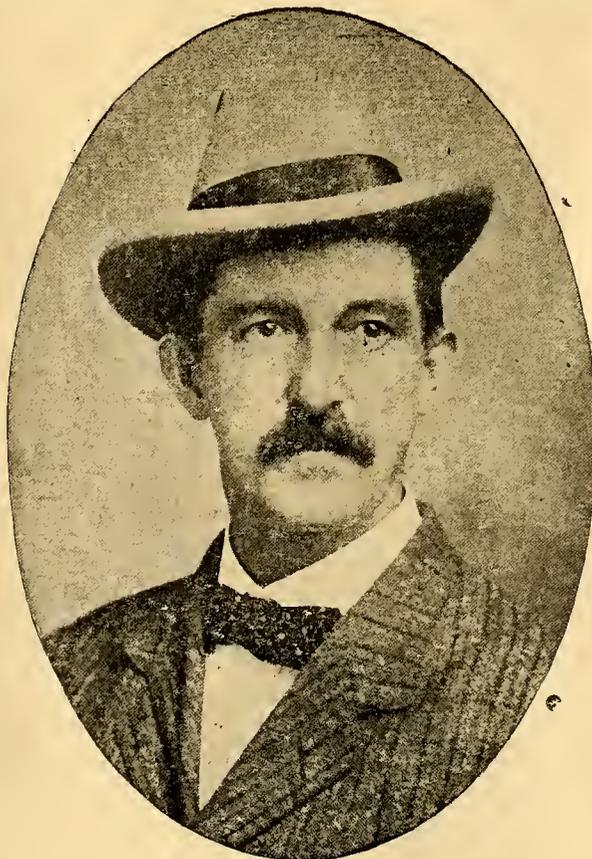
The Education of the Head

Has been too long at the expense of the hand, and, I am safe in saying, with a contempt for the conditions that are sure to confront the student upon his release from college. I know that I shock a few when I declare that I see no reason for the study, for two or three years, of the dead languages for him who is to devote his energies alone to the material wealth of the community. If you want "the training" which is claimed for the study of the dead languages, then teach your boy mathematics and other things that help the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the blacksmith, the commercial man, the ditcher, the cattle raiser and others.

The Drift is Now Towards

A special and specific education when the rudiments are passed. In this commercial day, great competition and struggle for existence, this demand seems sound. At any

rate, the present theory of education and character of the schools are under fire—there seems a growing dissatisfaction with the results of the higher institutions. Ten years to complete the course of the average Graded school, and four more to finish the college course—fourteen years in all—make a big hole in the average life of the average boy, who even then has not discovered his own talent and his own trend. The world is demanding



WADE HAMPTON HARRIS.

something more practical. There is too much lost motion in an A. B. course to make a ditcher, a horse trader or the superintendent of a farm—two years properly directed in a specific course at a school the times demand will turn out a better finished product.

(Continued on Page 8.)

WADE HAMPTON HARRIS.

Among the warmest friends of the Jackson Training School and ardent supporters of the first movement for its establishment, by a neighboring journal nineteen years ago, is Wade Hampton Harris, now editor of the Charlotte Chronicle.

In the columns of his paper, both through editorial and contributed articles, he has given wide notice of the school and emphatic assurance of the inestimable benefit and blessing it will be to that particular class of young humanity for which it has been established.

It is not for this that THE UPLIFT is prompted to this pen picture and the printing of the splendid likeness of Mr. Harris on this page. This writer has known Wade Harris intimately for years—his heart is pure gold, and no man has worked more unceasingly and unselfishly for the joy, happiness, prosperity and the betterment of mankind in the state. He is loyal, and he never loses an opportunity to throw sunshine and encouragement where shadows have fallen and where burdens bear down heavily. He has spent himself for his state and for mankind, and a stronger tribute cannot be paid anyone. THE UPLIFT'S mission is to say things like this about worthy subjects during life, for anybody can find something good to say when in the presence of the white face of the dead.

Wade Harris is one of the natives of Cabarrus county who was too young, when the Confederate war began, to take any part in it, except to play war with a company of small companions (white and black), whose delight it was to march and scramble over the red hills and briar patches around the town, using corn stalks as weapons, slaying the enemy daily. He was born January 1st, 1858 in what is known as Sandy Ridge, six miles north of Concord.

His school days began with Misses

(Continued on Page 8.)

EDUCATIONAL THOUGHT UNDERGOING CHANGES.

By Supt. W. H. Swift, Greensboro City School.

I have just returned from the National Educational Association at Denver, Colorado. THE UPLIFT may be interested to know just what I learned.

Educational thought is going through two distinct changes. First, Education has become National. All our people have become intensely American. The demand is now for a type of American citizen strong in his power for helpfulness. The people look to the school for this new type. The school in its various phases is undertaking, as never before, to answer this call. School men recognize that the community and the state demand men and women able to make their distinct contribution to the community life; and they are settling down to the business of furnishing such men and women.

Second, and because of the first, our educational ideals are changing. It looks to me that the old time cultural college is nearing its end. The Normal school, the Industrial College, Public High Schools and Training and Vocational Schools of all kinds are now coming to be in the lead. The training of a few for the professions will not do.

There must be an actual, efficient training for every child in the democracy.

To put it short: every child must be taught to do something well—to be able to make, actually make, his own living. There is a great demand for training every child to do well the thing that the great five-sixths of our people have to do. Just now it means the bettering of the material life and the giving to every child the opportunity to do his part.

What about it? We are following this lead in North Carolina. THE UPLIFT is full proof we are going to follow it more. It is an American state of consciousness. No man or set of men, can stem this tide democracy is using to effect efficient state service. Our schools must either see it or be left in dead water. Our Public High Schools will come to be the colleges of the democracy and they will furnish to each county trained men and women. What one man saw in North Carolina five years ago is going to be felt by all of us soon—is, in fact, being felt even now.

As for me I see this change coming, and I am glad.

Some Gleanings.

Color-blindness (and other blindness) is more prevalent among men than among women. The proportion is 4 to 0.3.

The German farmers are no "beef eaters," for they do not consume more than 64 pounds of meat a year per capita. The town people eat 104 pounds. Neither is the English farmer a carnivorous human; he eats much more cheese than meat.

Dr. Metzger, the "father of massage," is dead, to the great sorrow of his patients, of whom many are royalties. He treated prince and peasant alike. His benevolence to poor people, especially to children of the poor, prevented him from becoming rich.

The oldest pulpit in the world is said to be the one in the cathedral of Salerno near Naples. It dates from 1175. But there are older churches than that in Northern Europe.

The elephant is in working condi-

tion from his twelfth to his eightieth year. He is strong enough to draw a load of fifteen tons, to lift one of half a ton, and to carry one of three tons. Elephant milk contains twenty per cent of fat.

The Norwegian army does not need much cavalry, but it has troops of skie scorchers skimming over ice and frozen snow swiftly as a reindeer. The other day they covered a distance of 120 miles in 18 hours. These soldiers are picked men, very strong of body and keen of vision.

A French savant is asserting that a man's or a woman's character can be judged by his or her eyebrows. Red eyebrows betray considerable ambition mixed with jealousy. Dark and bushy eyebrows are a sure sign of energy. Eyebrows which lie far above the eyes indicate indifference and lack of firmness. Eyebrows which meet above the nose assign seriousness and morosity. Long and curving eyebrows tell of a cheerful and amiable character.

Our Cup of Gladness.

(Concluded From First Page of Cover.)

he read in the June number of The Uplift the simple announcement of a pressing need at the Jackson Training School.

This timely gift, so kindly bestowed, confirms our hope that there are other good friends of the boys who will come to our aid in the erection of two much needed buildings---a school house and a chapel. Four thousand dollars will complete a chapel and auditorium, and six thousand dollars will do the same for such a school house as we need. We are working for the education of hand, head and heart and we need yet these material aids to the accomplishment of our purpose so far as head and heart are concerned. The wish may be father to the thought but we believe that the men will soon be found who will supply these needs for us, and, meanwhile, we wait as "those who watch for the morning."

A Worthy Undertaking.

Charlotte News.

Prof. J. D. Lentz and C. E. Boger have undertaken the work of raising sufficient funds for the erection of an "educational cottage" at the Jackson Training School. In order to do this they are undertaking to secure 10,000 subscribers to "The Uplift," a periodical published solely in the interest of the new state reformatory.

Here is a work which deserves help and we trust these gentlemen will be successful in their undertaking. The News is deeply interested in the success of the new state reformatory, and is greatly pleased that it has started its work under such favorable circumstances.

We believe this institution is destined to be one of the state's greatest charitable undertakings.

Stuff to be Analyzed.

Government experts are planning the most sweeping investigation of soft drinks yet made, and the stuff that is sold in the south, especially because it is dry, will be analyzed. The examination will be both for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of alcohol and to see if the ingredients tally with pure food regulations. It is said that some of the stuff possesses the quality of dye and that clothing has been colored by the poison that is sold in the south for people to drink.—Exchange

There never will be any chance for the idler.

ADDITIONAL FUNDS DESIRED.**Movement Inaugurated to Secure 10,000 Subscribers to The Uplift.**

Charlotte Observer.

Mr. J. P. Cook, of Concord, chairman of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial Institute, spent yesterday in the city on business. While here Mr. Cook distributed a number of copies of The Uplift, the neat little periodical which the boys of the school itself publish with the supervision of a capable foreman. It is clean and wholesome and bright in composition and attractive in mechanical make-up. Recently Profs.

Concerning the Quitter.

Charlotte Observer.

The world has little use for a quitter, the fellow who starts and backs out, remarks Spare Moments. It says: "There is a big family of these quitters, but they are a sorry lot. They never want a job that takes time and patience. With the qualifications of a bill poster they would like to earn the salary of a railroad president. Their ideal is a job that requires two hours of easy labor each day, with Saturdays and holidays off. You will find them scattered up and down the road of human failure, turning back from the handle of the plow, complaining

end in all things. Success is the result of perseverance, and perseverance can be made a habit just as easily as "quitting" can be. The only difference between the two habits is that one brings success and the other ends in failure. Quitters never accomplish anything. Their habit grows so strong upon them that they become incapable of succeeding in anything they undertake. The man who has acquired the habit of "staying" finds success grows easier with every difficulty overcome. The world does not know which the quitter most deserves, pity or contempt.

**Educating Children Away From Rural Life.**

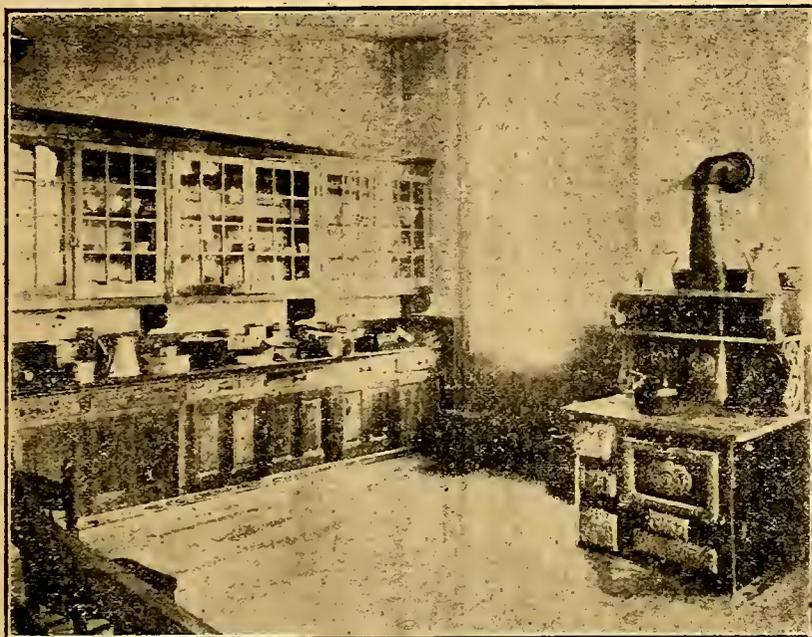
From an Address, "The Enrichment of Country Life," by Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College.

I beg to point out the danger that the rural school, instead of serving to enrich and adorn country life, may be the most efficient agent in perpetuating its poverty. I have little doubt that many of you can duplicate the observation of Prof. Bailey in a county in New York. He asked the 45 children of a rural school how many of them lived on farms. All hands went up but one. When he asked how many wished to live on the farm, no hand was raised but the one which was down before. Clearly that school had been educating the children away from the farm, killing with bookish and city methods their native sympathy with the country and its pursuits. We need to insist that the rural school shall apply the fundamental principle of all education, and put the rural child into direct sympathy with his rural environment and into intelligent relation with the life which he is going to lead. The text-book made by the city man for the only child he knows, namely, the city child, will have to be rigidly excluded. The teacher must be less urban and literary in his ideals and methods, and more at home amid natural objects.



I have so ruled my life that when death comes, I might face it with out fear.—Henry Havelock.

England exported merchandise valued at \$1,835,736,263 last year. Germany's export trade of the same year amounted to \$1,599,500,000. Germany's best customer is England, then Austria-Hungary, the United States, Holland, France, and Russia.

**OUR KITCHEN.**

The above is a picture of the kitchen in the King's Daughters' Cottage. Arranged on the cabinet can be seen various utensils given the Institution. The range, these utensils and the fixtures generally, came to the school at the hand of the Study Club of Concord, of which Mrs. D. L. Bost, is president.

J. D. Lentz and C. E. Boger have undertaken the work of securing funds with which to erect an "educational cottage" and to do this it is desired to secure 10,000 subscribers to The Uplift. Mr. Cook declared yesterday that liberal responses were being received and that the work gives promise of abundant success. It is desired to secure 550 subscribers in Charlotte and Mecklenburg county at \$1 per year, this number being on the basis of population. An organization will soon be arranged to take up the matter actively.



The first stone piers of bridges were built at Babylon in the day of Nebuchadnezzar, about 600 B. C.

of their lot and of the world. They are clogs in the wheels, broken rails on the roads, time killers, patience killers, forever wanting what they have not."

The people who accomplish things in the world, continues this journal, with our entire assent, are those who qualify themselves "in spite of bad crops, high water and measles," who hang onto their work until failure turns to victory, whose courage rises as difficulties thicken and whose faces are ever turned to the rising sun. The best training for his future battle with life a boy can have is to be taught not to give up, to complete whatever task is undertaken, to persevere unto the

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

THE GENTLEMAN IS LOCATED.

We are making history; and we are recording it as we go along. In the first issue of THE UPLIFT we made known a special need in these words:

"Our greatest need at this very time is a building in which to install the industrial features belonging to an institution of this character. Among them are: wood-working shop, tailoring, shoe-making, band, printing &c. We have a splendid blue-print of just what suits us. The building will cost \$3,500. There is a gentleman in the state whose heart prompts him strongly and earnestly to furnish the funds—and he has them, and he loves to do noble deeds like this—but we have not yet located the gentleman. But we must and will."

THE UPLIFT reached its readers on the 10th of the month. The letter below came to our Superintendent:

"Elkin, N. C., June 14th, 1909.

I received a copy of The Uplift, Saturday—I believe through the kindness of Mrs. Houston.

I notice that you need a building for industrial purposes, to cost \$3500.00 but that you have not yet located the gentleman who will furnish the funds.

I believe I can locate him for you. If you will write or wire me what day you can meet me at the Zinzendorf Hotel, Winston-Salem, I

will meet you there and talk the matter over. With best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,
 (Signed) G. T. Roth."

July 21, 1909: Mr. Roth, the writer of the above letter, came to see us today. He looked over the Jackson Training School. He was pleased—his heart is in this kind of work. Until the September number, THE UPLIFT will dismiss this piece of history by saying that our visitor and his good wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C. have placed to our credit in the bank three thousand and five hundred dollars (\$3500.00) for the cost of our Industrial Hall, now under construction.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Miss Mamie Bays in the Chronicle of July 17th publishes a carefully prepared article on the church membership of Charlotte. Charlotte claims a population of 46,000 or thereabout. Miss Bays ascertains the church membership to be 11,402. The figures pertain to the whites alone. If of the entire population one-third is colored, this leaves a white population of thirty thousand, who are represented on the church rolls by 11,000; or in other words one-third of the white population of Charlotte have come out from the world and declared themselves as believers and followers. This does not mean, we are sure, that the other two-thirds are non-believers—they are rather nondoers.

To those, who have not given the matter some consideration, this showing may appear a small church membership for thirty thousand folks; but not so. Perhaps there is no town in the state that will show, upon investigation, a larger per cent of its population on the church rolls—many will not reach these figures.

But what of this? The cause of the organized church does not suffer by this exhibit; the figures and the exhibit Miss Bays furnishes shows the great power of the Christian religion. The organized church and its influence make living in Charlotte possible, pleasant and profitable,

as it does elsewhere. That one-third of the populaion organized under the banner of Christ, the Savior, perpetuates civilization, produces peace and order and guarantees to society a protection, speaks volumes for the great power of the church.

BOTTLED GERMS.

A Raleigh correspondent has sent out to the papers a quotation from the June report of the Board of Health. It says that from the examination of 61 samples of bottled water from 29 mineral springs germs of typhoid fever were found in 32. That information is absolutely worthless except to make careful and serious folks quite uneasy. That the public may receive benefit from such investigations the public should know the names of these bottled germs.

GREAT INTEREST AROUSED.

"Building Up of Country Life," the article in the July number by Mr. Z. V. Judd, county superintendent of Wake county, struck oil. Many have been the expressions of interest to reach us. The idea of maintaining at each rural school an acre or two acre model farm is sound and interesting. Anything that has the tendency to bring on local harmony, enthusiasm, serious investigation, discovery, a community of interest, or adds to the sphere of sociability, and at the same time is a money maker, needs the endorsement and sympathy of all good men. The small school farm is a new thing in North Carolina, but enough has already been discovered by Supt. Judd and several districts in Wake county to demonstrate the wisdom of further studying and developing the plan.

We learn by doing; and it would be well worth the time of every county superintendent in North Carolina to urge upon some one district in each county of the state the purpose of experimenting on such a school farm. If there be any doubting Thomases in that district about the wisdom and the

practical good to be gained by such a school farm, one demonstration in the year of 1910 may convert them. This will be the "nature-study" that has practical sense in it, and worth a hundred times as much as the theory of "nature-study," chronically talked about by many who don't know Irish potato plants from cotton stalks. Five-sixths of our people are farmers or ought to be, and these school farms will make the average boy think better of the calling. The world has long since discovered that it takes just as much brains and training to farm well as it does to preach or practice law.

It will do no harm, at least, for every County Board of Education and its Superintendent to think over this matter and have at least one school in the county to inaugurate for 1910 a small school farm of two acres. Look up the July UPLIFT and read again Supt. Judd's interesting paper.



THE WORLD'S Work for May prints statistics to show that only 4-5 of 1 per cent of the students in American schools are in the Colleges and Universities. This fact would suggest that the curricula of the elementary schools be arranged for the benefit of the greatest majority rather than the convenience of the less than one per cent. As a matter of fact the courses in the public schools must "articulate" into the work laid out by the colleges. In other words every school Superintendent knows that his course of study is handed down to him by the colleges and are made by men who sometimes fail to ascertain what knowledge is of most worth to the youth of the state whose educational development they thus dictate.



That utterance of Maj. B. F. Dixon, State Auditor, with reference to the work of the Jackson Training School is itself a gem. When the interest of the school was being discussed during the recent General Assembly Maj. Dixon was always

present, as he tries to be whenever and wherever the child's interest is at stake. We are beholden to the Major for his splendid help and encouraged by that beautiful declaration of his, printed in the July Number.



THE SUPREME COURT of Tennessee in granting a new trial to the Night-riders quotes as follows:

"The liberty of the citizen is of such inestimable value that he cannot be deprived of it by judicial proceedings except according to the strictest forms of law. These forms were established in the struggle of centuries to protect the citizen against the prerogative of the king; and being well known and understood alike in England and in our own country as effective checks on

RENUNCIATION.

"Among my friends are a few men of talent, strength, energy and culture; possessed, though, of all the human appetites and passions of other men--fond of riches, with all the ease, independence, luxury, position and power that riches give, love the plaudits of men and the smiles of women; covet honor such as the world bestows upon its heroes of war, politics, art, literature or productive industry--yet they, impelled by some spirit within them, which I must believe is not merely the voice of God but God Himself, deliberately and cheerfully renounce both the cravings of their carnal natures and the lofty yearning of their spiritual beings to pursue lives of toil, poverty and obscurity, that they may brighten the minds, ennoble the souls and increase the opportunities of other men's children."--Zach McGhee.

arbitrary power, it is to be regretted that they have not been more sacredly cherished."

We think this old time danger to the rights of the individual has now passed away and the real need today is some means of protecting society from criminals.



ELSEWHERE IN this number is a contribution by Prof. W. H. Swift, superintendent of Greensboro Graded Schools. Mr. Swift is an earnest school man; he thinks for himself, and he has the courage of his convictions. There may be some in the state, who fail to see the

changes pointed out by Mr. Swift, but he has unquestionably strong reasons for sounding a note, in whose chorus the great majority of our people will surely join. He truly says: "every child must be taught to do something well."



WE HAVE not yet found the man, who is willing and able to furnish the four thousand dollars, which is necessary for the erection of the Chapel and Auditorium. This is a fine opportunity offering itself to some one for the accomplishment of a great good.



NORTH CAROLINA is not unmindful of the splendid judgment manifested by the National Educational Association in electing Hon. J. Y. Joyner to the presidency. It is a great body, and to preside over it is a distinguished honor.



THE RECEPTION given to THE UPLIFT by the press of the state, by many educators and by many others, directly interested in child-life in the state, pleases us.



Terrific Indictment.

Lexington Dispatch.

Hudson Maxim, the great powder expert, in a recent interview on the subject of cigarettes, closed with this terrific indictment of the little white pipes:

"If all the boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale imbecility and exhale manhood; that they are tapping their arteries as surely and letting their life's blood out as truly as though their veins and arteries were severed; and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools—not men—it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain."



Correct.

News & Observer.

Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile court, told the teachers there are no bad boys, but instead a bad atmosphere which the State should remove. Certainly there are fewer bad boys than is geneally supposed.

THE NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COMMISSION.

By Sect'y. R. D. W. Connor.

In a democratic government every citizen ought to be familiar with the history of his State in order that he may perform the duties of citizenship with patriotism and intelligence.

The State of North Carolina accordingly has created, and supports out of the public funds, a State Historical Commission, whose duties are to collect, preserve and publish material relating to her history, to mark her historic spots, to encourage the study of history in her schools, and to diffuse information about the State and her history among the people. The Commission, created by Act of the Legislature in 1903, consists of Hon. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, who is its Chairman, Mr. W. J. Peele, of Raleigh, Hon. Thomas W. Blount, of Roper, Dr. D. H. Hill, of Raleigh, and Prof. M. C. S. Noble, of Chapel Hill. Mr. R. D. W. Connor, of Raleigh, is Secretary.

The offices of the Commission are in the State Capitol, where the Commission is gathering large and valuable collections of historical material. This material has been found in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Massachusetts, and England. Thousands of valuable documents, manuscripts, newspapers, etc., have been added to the historical collections of the State, and as rapidly as possible are being arranged and made available for the use of students and writers.

The Commission has published a number of interesting pamphlets and books.

It has had pictures of historic spots painted and photographed; and this fall will set up in the State Capitol a handsome marble bust of William A. Graham, one of the State's greatest sons.

The Commission is printing history leaflets, giving the story of great events in our history, to be distributed to the schools of the State for the teaching of North Carolina history.

In 1906-1908, the Commission added 3,135 documents to the State's collection; and placed in the Hall of history 64 pictures illustrating the history of the State.

The chief need of the Commission at the present is a modern, fire-proof, properly equipped building. Its present quarters are small, cramped, inaccessible and totally inadequate. Some day, no doubt, the people of the State will realize

the great value of this kind of work, the importance of their great State library, their Hall of History, their magnificent Museum, and their other great collections, and will provide for their protection from fire and other dangers with which they are constantly threatened, and will provide a suitable fire-proof building for their protection. The expense of such a building will be infinitesimal in comparison with the value of the collections to be preserved. What is needed is to awaken the intelligent people of

Educating Boys for the Presidency.

At the national council of education which met in Denver in July, one of the speakers said:

"While it is the privilege of every American-born boy to try to become president of the United States, it does not follow that it becomes the business of the public school system to fit him for that position. Some of these boys are going to be laborers, mechanics, artisans, something besides president, and right now they are neglected.

"It has come to pass that we are educating about 2,000,000 boys for the presidency and about 30,000,000 for nothing, because our schools are



A FIELD.

Our Institution is located on 'Rocky Ridge.' Nothing has attracted more attention than the huge boulders lying about. Back of this narrow core lies our agricultural domain, of which this field is a part. Free from rocks, with a red clay subsoil, our land lends itself readily to improvement and responds quickly to intelligent treatment. The above field of 60 acres will soon be in shape so that it may be cultivated as one body.

the State to a realization of their value and of the daily danger they are in. If the Historical Commission does nothing else than to accomplish this result it will amply justify its existence.

It is to be hoped that the next Legislature will see the wisdom of providing for such a building for the work of the Commission, the Library, the Hall of History, and the Museum. To repeat one of the mottoes of the Commission, the State should be made to realize that "a people who have not the pride to preserve their history will not long have the virtue to make history that is worth preserving."

cramming things in their heads which will be of no use to them when they begin to work in the factory or on the farm."



"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

"Excuse for doing a thing is not a reason, and the reason itself may not be right."

"Bredren," said the old colored preacher, "I will read to you de oracles of God from de Scriptures found in Pis-lim-kiv." The which, upon investigation, was found to be Psalm civ.—Selected.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson Visits the Institution.

July 8th was a notable day at the Institution. On account of personal accident and illness Mrs. Stonewall Jackson had not up to that time visited the school. A party consisting of Mrs. Jackson, her grandchildren, Mr. Jackson Christian and Mrs. E. R. Preston, together with Mr. Preston, came over and spend the day.

The visit was thoroughly enjoyed by all the population of the school and all the members of the party expressed themselves as greatly pleased by the progress made.

To the boys the sight of the widow of the wonderful commander of whom they had heard so much, and for whom this school was named, will be to them one of the interesting memories of their boyhood days, and their stay here. While to her it must have been a happy thought that her great husband's name was connected with work for the neglected, the people whose condition appealed to him most strongly and for whose interest he always faithfully labored.

A hearty welcome will be given to Mrs. Jackson at any time she may visit us, and we trust that we may have her as a frequent guest.



Institutional Notes.

We were favored by a number of distinguished visitors during the recent sitting of the Methodist District Conference in Concord. Bishop Atkins and Dr. Rowe expressed themselves as delighted with what they saw. The large boulders scattered here and there by the hand of the World Maker are the most striking characteristic of this vicinity and they always call forth comments from our visitors. When informed that this is known as "Rocky Ridge", the Bishop said he thought he knew why. The Superintendent informed him that he had never been called on to explain the name to visitors. Headmaster, Rev. H. M. North of the Trinity Park School, inspected our School as minutely as his limited time would allow. He was especially interested in the question of school plumbing. He seemed pleased with all he found here. -

At the above mentioned Conference when the representatives of the various schools were giving in reports of the work, Dr. Rowe took advantage of the presence of our Superintendent and asked him to

give the Conference an outline of the workings, purposes, and plans of this institution. In doing so Dr. Rowe stated that he was very greatly interested in the success of the Jackson Training School and that he regarded its establishment as one of the foremost movements of the day for the betterment of humanity.

Miss Bessie Campbell, who has just completed her fourth year as teacher in the City schools of Altoona, Pa., and to which she will return for another year arrived at the Institution July 15th on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell, at the King's Daughters' Cottage. In love with her work and deeply interested in our work, Miss Campbell is giving morning and evening an hour in penmanship. Many of the youngsters can even now write better than half of our good lawyers.

If any of our friends have a graphophone that they have ceased to care for it would help us while away many tedious evenings here.

Editor R. R. Clark of the Statesville Landmark, who was on a visit to his mother visiting in Concord, came out to the Training School a short while about the middle of July. Mr. Clark promised Supt. Thompson to come down and spend a day with him at the school in the near future.

Holsclaw is the only living graphophone and gives us an entertainment on short notice.

Our good neighbor, Mr. Julian Causey, brought over his fine graphophone and a large collection of records and gave us a very pleasant evening. We hope that he will come again.

We have made the Blue Back Speller the foundation stone of our school course. If some of our students could have been induced to apply their minds to this classic earlier in life they would not be sojourning with us here now.

Our mailing clerk is new on the job and wields a clumsy pen. If any of our subscribers do not receive their paper promptly they will please communicate with this office.

Supt. Thompson: "Allison, where did you get that pair of shoes? They are the largest I ever saw." Allison: "Some of yourn Mr. Thompson."

Mrs. D. Matt Thompson, the mother of our Superintendent, of Statesville, spent a few days at the school about the middle of July.

"The Uplift"---Subscribe for It.

Lexington Dispatch.

An effort is being made by Mr. J. P. Cook, of Concord, chairman of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School located by the state near Concord and by his associates to get 10,000 subscribers to The Uplift, a neat readable periodical published by the school and gotten out by the boys in the school. The price is \$1 a year and every good citizen ought to subscribe to it, for the money thus accumulated will be used to build an educational cottage at the school, which is also called the reformatory, to which bad boys are sent for correction and to get their eyes open to themselves and to life. The undertaking is one that should commend itself to every man.



Why He Was Not Promoted.

He had low ideals.

He watched the clock.

He was always grumbling.

He was always behindhand.

He had no iron in his blood.

He was willing, but unfitted.

He didn't believe in himself.

He asked too many questions.

He was stung by a bad book.

His stock excuse was "I forgot."

He felt he was above his position.

He wasn't ready for the next

step.

He did not put his heart into his work.

He learned nothing from his mistakes.

He could not concentrate all his powers on his task.

He chose his friends among his inferiors.

He was content to be a second-rate man.

He ruined his ability by half-doing things.

He never dared to act on his own judgment.

He did not think it worth while to learn how.

He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.

He thought more of amusements than of getting on in the world.

Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideals.

He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.

He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay-envelope.—Success Nuggets.

Some Matters Meriting Notice and Thought.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

A Prophecy

Of rather startling character has been made by one of the State's leading citizens. He is a student of affairs. He has been a captain of industry since the days when he distinguished himself in the war between the States, in which he rose from a private to a General, until he retired to enjoy the evening of his well-spent life in quiet and study. He says: "Upon the completion of the Panama canal, the quotations of the cotton market will come from Tokio rather than New York, New Orleans and Liverpool. It will mean a blow to our Southern cotton mills and to those North, as well. The Japanese can import cotton from Texas to Japan as cheap as cotton can be sent to the interior and the North. The Japs are industrious, bright and ambitious; and with their cheap labor, six and ten cents per day, they can and will run our manufacturers out of the business. I can not see, however, wherein this changed condition can affect seriously the business of cotton culture." This means, if the prophecy comes true, a most radical upheaval in our business life, which even a most remarkable and undreamed of change in the tariff may not stay.

The Blue Laws.

The temperament of man and our legal officials sometimes is much like the pendulum of a clock—goes to the extreme in a pretty short time. Some years ago the Blue Law became active in Waynesville. They arrested on Sunday the hack drivers, the central telephone girls and even the mail carrier between the postoffice and the railroad station. A caucus was held to discuss the propriety of stopping the town clock. One Sunday of the Blue Law was enough—the pendulum receded. There were Blue Laws once upon a time in Charlotte, but you see now as many men smoking on Sunday as on any other day, and the cigars were not all bought on the Saturday before.

A barber at Lincolnton was arrested recently and fined ten dollars for shaving a clerk on a Sunday morning. It was a free shave; and it was in evidence that the clerk cannot shave himself, was unavoidably prevented from visiting his barber on Saturday and had he failed of a shave he would have missed Sunday School, in which he

is a teacher, because no clerk wishes to attend church with an unclean face. We are reminded, in view of these things, that any community is to be pitied when saddled with cranky extremists. The great middle ground in conducting one's personal affairs and that of our government commands the respect of wise people—"Pass a law" has become a joke; it should fade away into "Repeal some laws then enforce the balance to the letter."



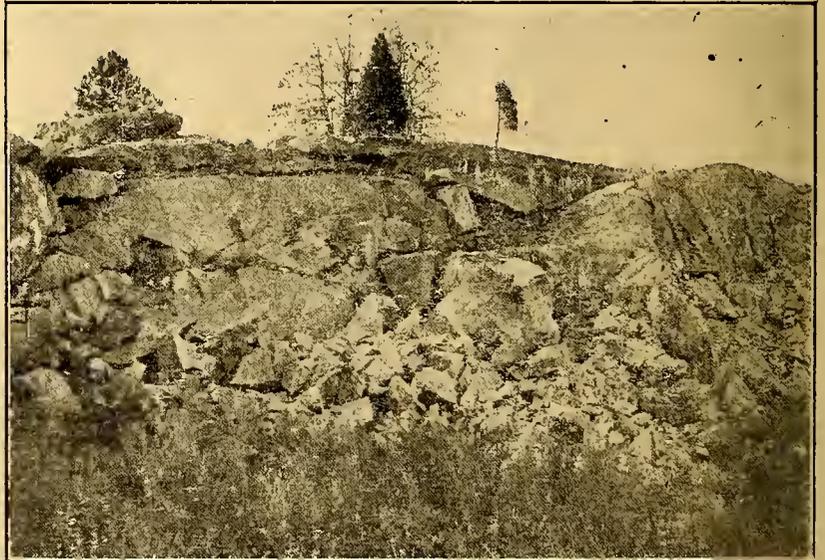
Wade Hampton Harris.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

Helen and Lilly Long, but books were irksome, as the history of the boy comes to us, and Miss Helen gave it out that "Wade was not much inclined to study," but he came out of that somewhat hurriedly under the tutorship of the late B.

Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Blacksburg, Va., in 1875 Wade Harris distributed the type, installed the presses and launched the "Gray Jacket," the first paper started there. Wade learned to set type in 1873 in the office of the Concord Sun, edited by his uncle, the late Chas. F. Harris. The ink stuck, and, upon leaving college he became, successively editor of the Concord Sun; local reporter on the Wilmington Star; local editor of the Charlotte Observer; founder and editor of the Charlotte News; and at present editor of The Evening Chronicle,

This shows a wonderful mixture of printers' ink. His great fondness for corn bread (a real weakness among those who were born and bred when Wade was) produced from necessity, may result in Pellagra, but it will have to be of a very



OUR ROCK QUARRY.

On the property of the Jackson Training School and in touch with the Southern Railway we have a splendid rock quarry. From this, car upon car of crushed granite has been taken for the ballast of miles and miles of railroad track, and for street work, pavements and general concrete work. The supply is inexhaustible, at any rate for years to come. It may prove to us some day a source of revenue.

F. Rogers and his successor, Gen. Lane. Both these men possessed the faculty of bringing out the undeveloped powers of the minds of their pupils, and Wade Harris, as well as his classmates, Martin Phifer, Clauselle Black, William J. and Caleb W. Swink, George Means, Vic Means, Charles Correll, John Burkhead, Will White, Frank Goodson—all—the whole school, in fact, had to know something when called to recite.

Following Gen. Lane to Virginia

violent form to keep printer's ink off his hands.

This is a long service—thirty-six years is—but with Wade Harris it is a talent and a choice. The happy blending of the two has made of him one of the most successful and popular editors in the state. May he live many years with his good cheer and bright, active pen, to carry sunshine to thousands.

Here's to Wade Hampton Harris, a princely fellow and a great editor.

AN APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS

To Provide Adequate Room for a Class of Hopeful Boys the Educational Forces of the State Are Planning to Erect a Cottage to be Named by Them in Honor of Some Great North Carolina Educator---How the Needed Ten Thousand Dollars Are to be Raised---A Full and Frank Statement by the Committee.

In the first number of the UPLIFT the announcement was made that a campaign would soon be started to secure funds for the erection of a cottage, at the Stone-wall Jackson Training School, for the accommodation of a class of boys for whom no adequate provision has been made in North Carolina.

APPEALS CANNOT BE HEDED.

The authorities of the Training School are appealed to, constantly, by parents from all over the State, for the admission of their sons to that institution. These are the wayward boys. Boys who have not yet been classed as offenders against law, but whose environment will soon bring them to ruin and shame. Their parents are not asking charity, but they are pleading for some one—some institution—to help them save the boy. They are able and willing to pay for this help.

The authorities of the Training School would willingly—gladly—undertake the care and training of these boys, if only there were a cottage for their accommodation.

A SOLUTION OF PROBLEM FOUND.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. J. P. Cook, has put all of his energies to work for a solution of this difficulty. He has been called on at all the great educational meetings in this State during the past year, to tell of the progress of the Training School and to explain the scope of its usefulness. All the educational forces of the State have recognized the great importance of the school, and have indicated their sympathy with its aims, and have pledged their loyal support. When the movement was started for an Educational Building, for the accommodation of voluntary pupils—pay pupils—it was enthusiastically received. The plan has the hearty indorsement of State Superintendent Joyner, of the Association of City Superintendents, of the Association of County Superintendents and of the Teachers' Assembly.

THE COST DIVIDED AMONG COUNTIES.

The cottage will cost \$10,000 and the first plan was to raise this amount by direct contribution, dividing the entire cost among the counties of the state on a per capita basis, and asking the County Superintendents and City

Superintendents to raise amounts in proportion to the number of their teachers and of their school census.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT BOGER AND CITY SUPERINTENDENT LENTZ ENGINEERING MOVEMENT.

We volunteered to assist in the canvass for securing the funds needed. But when the UPLIFT was undertaken by the school, we determined at once to use it as a factor in the building of this cottage. So, instead of asking for a direct contribution of \$10,000, we are going to ask the friends of the school to place ten thousand subscriptions to the UPLIFT. Thus the school will be able to give something in return for the money contributed, and the friends of the school may know each month just what the school is doing, and feel a joy in doing some service for the betterment of youth.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PAPER.

THE UPLIFT is published entirely by the school. A competent foreman has been secured, under whose direction the boys set type and help in the mechanical part of the work. The paper will be one of the most valuable features in the industrial training of the boys. We have heard many interesting stories of how the boys are already enthusiastically interested in this new work and eager to contribute to the erection of this needed cottage. The editorial work will all be done as a labor of love by prominent writers and educators from all sections of the State, without any cost whatever to the school. Thus the whole amount of money received from subscriptions will be applied directly to the fund for the Educational Cottage.

CO-OPERATION OF COUNTY LEADERS SOLICITED.

In securing these ten thousand subscribers we are going to ask for the co-operation of the County Superintendents and City Superintendents of every county in the State. And we wish to enlist with them, in every county, those women who are leaders in every movement for moral, intellectual and social uplift. We have made a calculation of the number of subscriptions to be asked for from each county, based on the white school population. The apportionment has been made, approximately, on a per capita basis; but in the smaller counties, or those in which there are no large towns, the number has

been reduced slightly, while in the larger counties and in those with several towns, the number has been increased proportionally. At an early date some representative of the Training School will communicate with each county in the state, and will arrange for a conference of the Superintendents, prominent educators and leading women of the county, and will lay this matter more fully before them.

JAY. D. LENTZ,
 CHAS. E. ROGER,
 Concord, N. C.

THE COUNTY APPORTIONMENT.

Alamance 250; Alexander 50; Alleghany 40; Anson 80; Ashe 50; Beaufort 150; Bertie 70; Bladen 75; Brunswick 25; Buncombe 500; Burke 120; Cabarrus 250; Caldwell 100; Camden 5; Cartaret 70; Caswell 25; Catawba 200; Chatham 75; Cherokee 75; Chowan 50; Clay 10; Cleveland 200; Columbus 125; Craven 100; Cumberland

200; Currituck 10; Dare 10; Davidson 200; Davie 25; Duplin 100; Durham 300; Edgecombe 50; Forsyth 350; Franklin 85; Gaston 250; Gates 15; Graham 5; Granville 80; Greene 20; Guilford 500; Halifax 80; Harnett 75; Haywood 100; Henderson 50; Hertford 25; Hyde 5; Iredell 250; Jackson 50; Johnson 150; Jones 10; Lenoir 100; Lincoln 75; Lee 25; Macon 75; Madison 50; Martin 25; McDowell 50; Mecklenburg 550; Mitchell 25; Montgomery 75; Moore 75; Nash 100; New Hanover 300; Northampton 20; Onslow 25; Orange 100; Pamlico 15; Pasquotank 75; Pender 25; Perquimans 50; Person 75; Pitt 150; Polk 25; Randolph 150; Richmond 75; Robeson 150; Rockingham 200; Rowan 250; Rutherford 100; Sampson 100; Scotland 40; Stanly 100; Stokes 50; Surry 100; Swain 25; Transylvania 25; Tyrrell 5; Union 150; Vance 100; Wake 500; Warren 20; Washington 25; Watauga 25; Wayne 200; Wilkes 75; Wilson 125; Yadkin 25; Yancey 15.



PROPOSED COTTAGE

Now for the Great Campaign for 10,000 Subscribers, Which
 Guarantees the Accomplishment of a Laudable Undertaking.
 Subscription \$1 a Year.



THE UPLIFT

State of North Carolina
 Office of
 Superintendent Public Instruction,
 Raleigh.

Aug. 23, 1909.

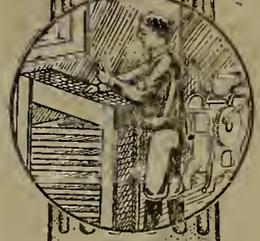
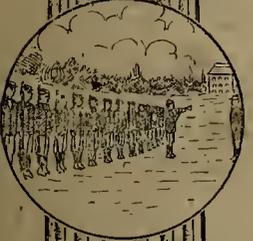
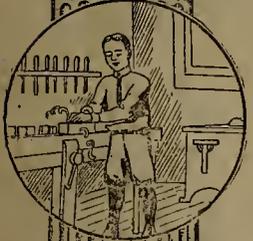
To the County Superintendents and
 Teachers of the State:

I heartily commend to county superintendents and teachers the plan to raise funds to erect an Educational Cottage at the Jackson Training School by securing ten thousand subscribers to "The Uplift." Every subscriber will get value received in the excellent paper. Every county superintendent and every teacher ought to be richly compensated for time and effort spent in securing subscribers by the happy consciousness of having helped a worthy cause and having aided a noble institution in opening a new door of hope and opportunity to many children of present and future generations.

Very truly yours,

J. Y. JOYNER,
 State Superintendent Public Instruction

SEPTEMBER, 1909



EDITOR'S TABLE.

The campaign for the ten thousand subscribers is progressing satisfactorily, but not as rapidly as we would wish in order to meet the pressing demand upon us for additional room.

Some Reports.

We have information from a number of counties, showing satisfactory results. In Lincolnton, the Daughters of the Confederacy, at the suggestion of Mrs. Judge Hoke, held a meeting. The Lincolnton News says that the matter of the Training School's greatest necessity at this time was explained by a representative of the school, and after his speech the daughters decided to have each number of the Confederacy—there are 67—to secure two subscribers. This work is going on, and the president, Mrs. R. E. Costner, is receiving reports quite favorable from the several members.

In Addition To This.

There must be credited to the Lincolnton Daughters a gift from Capt. Alex F. Brevard, a retired attorney of the Lincolnton bar. The matter was presented to him by his kinswoman, Mrs. Reed, and he thereupon voluntarily sent the chairman a check for twenty-five dollars, accompanied by expressions of cordial endorsement, good wishes and a bright promise for the future. Capt. Brevard was solicitor of the county court of Cabarrus county away back yonder in the day when Christopher Melchor was a prominent figure in the affairs of the county.

This Gentleman of the Old School

Is now in his eighty-fourth year. He has lived for years in quiet on his large estate in Lincoln county. He is a man of affairs, has been successful in all that he has undertaken, and is withal one of the most entertaining gentlemen this writer has had the privilege of meeting.

From Buncombe Comes

The gratifying news that Supts. Reynolds and Tighe, of the county and city schools, respectively, have interested their teachers in the canvass for the 500 subscribers allotted Buncombe county. It is planned that each teacher raise two subscribers. This would mean more than four hundred, and already we have quite a goodly number of vol-

unteer subscribers in the city of Asheville.

There Has Come

From several of the trustees an acknowledgement of the suggestion in the August number that they get interested in the organization of their respective counties. Were these to report in full their allotment, the list of subscribers would increased 3875 at one leap. Several have been too busy, others have been away from home, and for other reasons others have not yet undertaken the work; but they will.

What It Means.

The cost of the issuing of this paper is practically covered in the cost of the blank paper and postage—the boys do the mechanical work. The editorial matter and the editing of the contributions are labors of love. The good people, who contribute to its columns, are doing their part well without any pay except that which comes from a sense of having aided a worthy and noble cause. The profits will enable us to erect another cottage, which will supply the pressing needs now confronting us.

Stone & Barringer Company,

Of Charlotte, appreciating the opportunity of aiding our work, have sent the institution by prepaid carriage a splendid modern filing cabinet for the use of the superintendent in caring for his correspondence and his official papers. Besides being useful—a necessity—it is a beautiful piece of furniture. It adds materially to the attractiveness and convenience of the office in the King's Daughters Cottage.

Messrs. Stone & Barringer did this agreeable act so quietly and so voluntarily that it impresses all the more. THE UPLIFT, which has the contract to speak for the Jackson Training School, hereby makes public its appreciation of the thoughtful generosity of the reliable and hustling firm—Stone & Barringer—and commends their deed to others, who hunger and thirst for an opportunity to do some substantial deeds of helpfulness.

Now For A Piano.

All that the King's Daughters' Cottage needs to make it complete and perfect in its appointments is a piano. This matter has been suggested to the editor on various occasions, by several different ladies and gentleman, all of whom desire

to contribute, and they have asked "Why dont you start the ball a-rolling?" It now starts:

Mrs. J. Locke, Erwin, Concord,
N. C., \$10.00.

P. S.—Send your subscriptions to the piano fund to THE UPLIFT, and they will be husbanded for the specific purpose of purchasing a piano, when a proper sum is collected.



Some Expressions From Subscribers.

Concord: A person having a good opinion of himself, sitting right down and enjoying a sort of personal laudation, can be made to feel mighty bad for some lady to drop in and remind him of an argumentiveless duty. Enclosed find check. (Can't use the photograph until we get out our Fishermen's edition. Editor.) H. C. Herring.

Asheville: THE UPLIFT is a capital paper and it needs encouragement. Here's my dollar.

C. A. Webb.

Greensboro: I received the sample copy of THE UPLIFT; my wife and I both read every word in it. Liking it so well, I desire to subscribe. Robert W. Murry.

Raleigh: I want your paper and here is my address.

Thomas S. Kenan.

Elizabethtown: Here is my dollar for subscription to THE UPLIFT.

Angus Cromartie.

Lincolnton: It's a good paper and a good cause; and I insist in helping along. Here's my dollar.

G. T. Heafner.

Napa, California: I leave here tomorrow for a spin of some thirty-five hundred miles—a few stops by the way. Expect to strike North Carolina about Sept. fifth to tenth—am going briefly into Mexico—just enough to lean back, look traveled and say "when I was in Mexico so and so happened"—and a few days in lower California before that happens. I am writing you to say that I have just heard you had finally, by a devious and wonderful way, broken again into newspaper work—and when I get home I want THE UPLIFT. Will remit immediately upon arrival. Excuse this biased letter—but the machine ran that way.

Have had all kinds of a great time—feel like a new man—am going to dip into the sea (Journalism) again soon. Fraternally,

Al Fairbrother.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 4.

SOME MATTERS MERITING NOTICE AND THOUGHT.

By Jim Riddick.

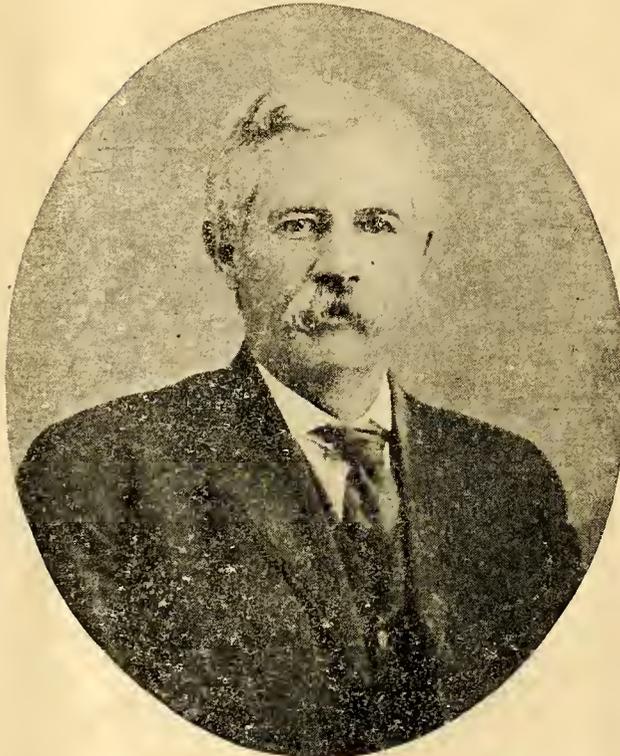
Facts very curious sometimes develop after the passage of a new law or the development of a new scheme. Since the commencement of the enforcement of the new law, requiring automobile license, several towns have trotted out rather novel facts. One city, it is alleged, has one bank alone that carries \$42,000 worth of paper on locally-owned automobiles. It is not fair and, therefore, a mistake to suppose that many a man worked hard and walked in order that his son might scoot about the streets in idle luxury with an automobile. The man that can and does own an automobile has just as many rights as the man with a mule and a cart—no more and no less. But folks talk powerfully in the way of gossip and criticism when a man sports a car when he can ill afford it, even mortgaging his home for one. The fellow that does that is on a par with the darkey that mortgages his crop for a Beatty organ.

Fabulous Wealth Quickly.

I was not ready to leave, or to go to bed; and I had just as much right to sit in front of the hotel, of which I was a guest, as did he. I did not move. I could not be impolite and stuff my ears with cotton, so I sat it out while an alleged New Yorker, who really is just a North Carolinian to whom fortune seems to have brought shower upon shower of worldly goods, was stuffing a young, well-informed cotton broker with the wonderful accomplishments he had pulled off during the year, playing the stock market. The way he punctuated every good drive by stamping his gold-headed cane on the cement pavement in front of the hotel in——when he raked in eighteen or twenty thousand dollars at a clip on cotton futures, or railroad stocks, startled me. But my sorrow overflowed—and he screwed up his face, closed one eye and looked daggers—when he declared: "If I had held out just twenty-four hours longer, I

would have made fourteen thousand more on that cotton deal."

I am not calling names, but I am morally certain that player on the stock-market is a cheerful liar. I know his name, but I would not call it, for it might embarrass him in his church relations. I followed him through a year. I went with him, in mind, as he crossed the briny deep and how he kept in touch with the market from the other side by numerous cablegrams to his broker;



ARCHIBALD JOHNSON.

I went with him on a flying trip to the Pacific coast, after his European trip and I saw his ruling passion even when on a pleasure trip—he just simply made \$124,000 by wire while in San Francisco.

I followed him back to New York, and the first day there he made \$80,000, and told how he had lectured his broker for not buying for him all the Atlantic Coast Line stock when it ruled so low several months ago. It was pitiable how he grieved over being absent "abroad on important business," while this disturbance was going on in Coast Line stocks.

(Continued on Page 16.)

ARCHIBALD JOHNSON.

The picture on the first page of this number is that of Archibald Johnson, editor of *Charity and Children*, the weekly issued from the Thomasville Orphanage, the institution of the Baptist denomination of North Carolina.

The subject of this sketch began to make demand for material things in what is now Scotland county on the 26th day of August, 1859. I have information from a reliable source that this boy Johnson made himself felt wherever he went—even at an early age he developed a marked individuality and was always original. He went to school at old Spring Hill Academy for ten years on a stretch under fine old teachers (their number growing less, more's the pity).

About the time he was ready for college, two things entered into his life that changed the course of his young manhood. Like others the world demanded his service; and about the very same time a stately maiden, Miss Flora McNeill, of Cumberland county, a Scotch Presbyterian lass, crossed young Johnson's path. That settled it—and the settlement proved the very best transaction in Johnson's personal history.

Though born on a farm, and tilling the soil on his own account after his marriage, Farmer Johnson—I'm bound to tell the truth on him—did not enjoy the prosperity which now marks agricultural efforts in Scotland county. But many a good man is not built right for a successful farmer. Associating with R. D. Phillips, of the Laurinburg Exchange, Farmer Johnson became Editor Johnson. After a few years he moved to Red Springs and there established the *Citizen*, which like the Exchange, is still doing business.

In 1895, editor Johnson moved to Thomasville and took charge of *Charity and Children*. I am told that the paper was a drain on the treasury of the Orphanage, having about three thousand subscribers.

(Continued on Page 16.)

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

By E. B. Lewis.

Among those agencies which are working for the uplift of mankind and the progress of civilization in the United States there is none more potent in its influences and more direct in its effect upon humanity than the fraternal insurance societies. Organized primarily for the protection of the home and the relief of the widow and orphan they are to-day promoting the growth of fraternity among men and are unifying the moral forces of the community to a greater degree than any other organization save and except the Church of God.

Among the greatest of these societies is the Woodmen of the World. Organized on June 6th, 1890 by Joseph Cullen Root in the city of Omaha, Neb., with seven members, today it numbers more than six hundred thousand initiates of Woodcraft in every section and every state of this Union. Beginning with the usual plan of fraternal societies, the payment of death benefits, the wisdom and genius of its founder, who has been from the first and is today its Sovereign Commander, has broadened its plan and enlarged its scope until today it is unique in the fraternal field. When as a young man of seventeen the Sovereign Commander headed a movement in Iowa to mark the graves of the unknown dead of the Civil War, one of the principles of this Order took root in his mind and heart, and today "no Woodman lies in an unmarked grave." Wherever a Woodman lies buried there a modest monument stands, erected by the Craft, if the ingenuity of man can, to that end overcome the obstacles of Nature, whether on the hidden slopes of the Balkans or the inaccessible shores of Patagonia. Into his mind also came the sometimes cheerless and deserted declining years of the aged Woodman whose wife and children had preceded him into the Great Beyond, and forthwith into the Woodman contract was written the proviso that at seventy years of age a member could, each year, himself collect one-tenth of his death benefit, thus relieving one of the great fears of the honest poor, the fear of useless dependence when they can work no longer.

Since fraternal insurance is yet in its infancy and has but 30 years of experience upon which to base its plan, the question of financial stability is an ever-present one. Some

societies have foundered upon the rocks of insufficient rates, and after years of successful payment of obligations have been forced to require greatly increased assessments from older members or go out of business. In 1899, after nine years experience, the wise intelligence of Sovereign Commander Root suggested a solution for this uncertainty—an Emergency Fund, and so, since that date the Woodmen of the World, has, each month, set aside part of its income as a fund to meet the increased cost of its protection when its members get older.



E. B. LEWIS, Sovereign Manager.

Today this fund holds over nine million dollars for this purpose and it will be years before there will be a need for its use. In this fund are nine hundred thousand dollars of the bonds of North Carolina Counties and school districts, the best security for trust funds in the world today.

More than three-fourths of the Woodmen of the World are in the Southern States. Its social and fraternal features seem peculiarly adapted to the southern mind and heart. In North Carolina its membership is engaged in every charity and in every movement for better educational facilities, and there is hardly a community which does not hold some widow or orphan who owes present comfort and future security to the Woodmen of the World.



There are good chances today for the boy who expects great things of himself, and spares no pains in the effort to realize his expectations.

Why They are Poor.

Success Nuggets.

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim,—“Duty before pleasure.”

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked a competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their goodness and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

They do not do today what they can possibly put off until tomorrow.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They never dreamed that a mortgage on their home could ever turn them out of doors.

They endorsed their friends' notes or guaranteed payment just for accommodation.

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.

They think it will be time enough to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

The head of the house is a good man, but he never learned to do business in a business-like way.

The only thing the daughters have cultivated is a fondness for smart clothes and expensive jewelry.

They do not realize that one expensive habit is likely to introduce them to the whole extravagance family.

On a six-hundred-dollar income they try to compete in appearance with a two-thousand-dollar-a-year neighbor.

They subscribe for everything that comes along—organs, lightning-rods, subscription books, pictures, bric-a-brac,—anything they can pay for on the installment plan.

They have not been able to make much in the business they understand best, but think that they can make a fortune by investing in something they know nothing about, especially if it is far away.



System will produce more work and of a better quality than is possible without it.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES AND OUR FRIENDS.

Some of These Days.

Some of these days, when some good friend gives us the instruments, we are going to have a Boys' Band. We already have boys enough, with a talent for music, to organize a good band, and the pleasure we are going to have when our evenings can be enlivened with music is something to anticipate.

Some of these days, when we get everything going like we want it, we are going to make a lake down in the hollow, next the railroad. We have plenty of water running from the springs in the meadow to make it, and all we need is the time and labor to build a dam across the hollow. Then what boating and fishing, not to mention the good swimming and diving in the long twilight of the summer evenings.

Some of these days, when the work that just has to be done gets done, we are going to make a ball ground and athletic field where we can have all the sport we want Saturday afternoons and holidays. We have boys enough now to make up several good teams for baseball, and we have a piece of ground that will make a fine field for outdoor sports. Then we can have our racing events, swimming matches, ball games and all that, just like the boys of all other institutions.

Some of these days, we are going to put all the hand lamps away and have electric lights to brighten up the house at night. Maybe we wouldn't miss them so much if the wires for the lights weren't looking at us from the little tubes in the ceilings all the time and making us wish the bright little globes were there.

Some of these days, when we have finished our work and our lessons here, and have gone out to be good and useful men in the busy world, the boys who come after us will get the good of our work, and, even if they never think of us and the work we did here, we will think of them and be glad that we helped to make the Training School such a pleasant and beautiful place.

Some of these days, when our school and its work, become known to the rich and benevolent men of our state, the boys who are here then, and the managers of the school, will not have to scheme so hard to make ends meet, and there will be more time for healthful sport.

Our School Work.

You have been informed elsewhere of the satisfactory progress that is made on our new building; the improvements that are being made on the grounds and on the farm are visible to the naked eye. No less progress can be remarked by a close observer of the improvement in deportment and in school work.

As has been noted in these columns before a great majority of our boys were confirmed truants at home and many of them could not be induced to attend school at all. At first they took their schooling very much as they did their medicine and looked upon it as an evil to be avoided as much as possible.

With a few exceptions the native ability of our boys is considerably above the average—it was this mis-used ability that got many of them into trouble. Now that they are kept steadily at their tasks their progress has been remarkable.

Some of them are really in love with their once despised tasks and they often come to their teacher out of school hours and ask for extra examples etc.

One lusty lad of fourteen summers who had never seen inside of a school house six months ago, though he lived in sight of one of the best public schools in the state, was heard to remark that: "I'd a gone to school all the time if I had known school was such a nice place." This boy can read fluently in the third reader, begs for the daily paper, and wrote a letter home a few days ago that any mother would be proud to get from her boy at boarding school. There are others that have made just as much progress.

Another boy fifteen years of age who learned his letters after reaching here told his teacher that he had just learned they were building a new two-story school house near his home, and the sparkle in his eyes showed what pleasure this bit of news gave him.

A sample of our composition work will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Another fact of interest is that the larger part of our school work has been done during the months of June, July, and August, and half of that during the afternoon session.

The writer has labored in the school room for a dozen years and he

has never taught more responsive pupils and he is very much deceived if he hasn't the sincere friendship of every boy under his charge.

Teachers often have trouble in getting information from pupils other than the culprits but our boys are to a man on the side of law and order when a matter is under investigation and the opportunity is given the culprit to come forth he is mighty apt to come, for if the desired information is possessed by any other student it can be had for the asking. Many of them can even tell the truth when it hurts and as a usual thing the veracity of the boys that have been here longest is seldom questioned.

While we often meet with disappointment here as elsewhere, and we wouldn't have anybody to believe for a moment that we are working miracles in a day, yet we do feel that we are not laboring in vain.



Progress on the Industrial Building.

The work on the Industrial Building has progressed satisfactorily and the timbers for the second floor are being laid as this paper is being read.

Everybody in any way connected with the work is laboring his best to construct a building in every way worthy of the motive which prompted Mr. and Mrs. Roth to make the gift. We hope when it is completed and they come down to see it, that it will meet their expectations and give them reason to rejoice in the beauty and utility of the building as well as in the joy of giving.



Hay making on the farm now.

Dr. Holland Thompson, of the College, of the City of New York, spent a few days here last week with his brother.

John and Charley failed to show up after the recent rains and Mr. Kizer and the boys have made mortar and carried the brick for Mr. DeJarnette and Mr. Trantham. Fine progress is being made on the Industrial Building.

A party of automobilists passed the school Wednesday on the way from Atlanta to New York. They expect to reach New York by Sunday night—a distance of 587 miles from here.

CANDIDLY I DO NOT KNOW THE WORTH OF A BOY.

By J. F. Hurley, Editor Concord Tribune.

How much is a boy worth? In what a variety of ways do people approach this question? For many the answer is found in dollars and dimes; the Saturday pay envelope gives a full answer. What the envelope contains each Saturday, placed in the balance against the boy, calls out his worth-weight. This boy we are talking about earns fifty cents a day. On Saturday he is entitled to a rating of \$3.00, and this does not take into account the turns around home, at odd times, through the working days and on Sunday.

Fine Little Man.

But what is a boy worth? "Candidly," most of us say, "I do not know." It is an interesting question nevertheless, and appeals to every thinking man and woman. Every time we see a boy rolling a baby carriage, washing his mother's dishes, or doing any of the hundreds of things they do, we find ourselves asking this question. All of us grown-up boys remember some elderly gentleman of kind speech and gray hairs laying hands on the head of a rusty-kneed, barefooted boy and gently saying, "he is a fine little man."

Then a boy is a "little man," and we have 1 boy plus a few years equals a man. Accepting this equation, we naturally must deal with the question, "What is a man worth?" Frequently, it must be admitted, an honest answer would be: "not worth a cuss," and this would be unfair to the boy. For the few years between him and manhood have not been as yet credited to him. We must be fair to the boy, give him the benefit of the doubt and look to that unto which he may attain if these years are properly used by home, school, and state. We must not consider our problem handicapped by visions of an untimely end made probable by neglect.

Strike The Average.

We have all been told that we might some day be President of these United States. The probabilities fully discussed would fill a volume. It is for every boy to realize master citizenship, whether the goal be the presidency or not. On the other hand, there are no depths to which man has descended in the moral scale to which a boy may not be dragged. We want to strike the average and place every boy there

regardless of his first environments. Anywhere we place him it requires the same gentle, honest and sacrificing care and attention to safeguard him and assure his facing truth and right. This the institution, represented by THE UPLIFT, seeks to do. The machinery of your institution makes it possible for the boy to get this equal chance. I am told that a similar institution has furnished a governor for one of our great commonwealths, and—what is a governor worth?

Worth A Chance.

What is a boy worth? Any boy is worth a chance. All boys are worth an opportunity. He is worth more than \$3.00 a week; more than the pay envelope proclaims him to be. He is worth developing—more so than any gold or copper mine on



EDITOR J. F. HURLEY.
Concord, N. C.

or under the earth. He is worth more than Standard Oil or Northern Pacific, though not rated on the Exchange. He is worth what is born in him, plus what he is capable of having added to him by careful training. A case of simple addition. He is worth the average life of usefulness; find that and it equals one boy. The average boy is worth to society exactly the value placed by the fondest parent on his own boy. A boy is worth more than his daddy.

He is worth more than a thoroughbred, a drove of mules, a cultivated orchard, a dozen banks, a mine of sunbursts; a boy is the greatest of our Natural Resources and must be preserved at all cost. I would rather build a nation of boys than old fossils, and so would any of you.

God's Answer.

What is citizenship worth? Home?

Church? State? What is the future worth? There are so many false notions about this great American asset. The one who looks on a boy as "a bothersome kid" has never had one eye half opened. It is a false idea that would place a boy below a Jersey cow. We should remember that we are responsible to God, fully responsible, for this boy. A boy is God's answer to the demand for a better citizenship for this old prodigal world.

The Training School is founded on the idea that the boy is worth the price. North Carolina is a conservative state and did not move until duty clarified the vision. The Training School says "give him a chance" and there is no string to the chance. You may never furnish a successor to William Howard Taft, but you will save some successors to "Billy the Outlaw."

May Fool Your Wife.

We can never make of a boy all that we expect, or desire, until we first realize his full value as a boy. It is all wrong to look for development when mistreatment is the rule. Stop reforming the Trusts and bring up a race of boys that will solve problems away and beyond us—a boy is worth more than his daddy. You may fool your wife seven days in the week, but the man who can fool a boy more than once has never been born. We may fool ourselves into believing that our false notions about boys are right, but we will spoil every boy in America before we delude them for a day. We may think we are handing out the proper course of treatment, but we must realize, once and for all, that if there is any false bottom to our offerings only boys who are dead will not find it out. Some day society will quarantine men who debauch boys; that day ought to be today. God pity the man who cannot realize the true worth of one lone ragged-legged urchin labeled boy.

The Training School may not pay big dividends to shareholders, but it will return to society boy's saved from their abandonment. To get an answer to this question, "What is a boy worth," look every one you meet in the face and work it out. It is an interesting and entertaining study. Go to the Jackson Training school a few years hence and get the best answer to this question that has ever gone up from North Carolina.



Spare the rod, spoil the child.

MOTHER'S APRON STRING---A BOY'S BEST ANCHOR.

By Archibald Johnson.

A great deal of cheap and feeble wit has been expended upon the mother's apron string, but upon the strength of those strings depends, in large measure, the future of our country.

It is distressing to see our boys in such large and growing numbers severing the home ties while yet in their tender teens, and going out into the wide and sinful world without the wholesome restraint of the home. These young boys are to be seen on the train as news butchers, in the telegraphic service, in the employment of the stores, as messenger and errand boys and in various and sundry places of business, with no other influence to guide and control them than the busy man, for whom they work, who is



DeJARNETT'S COTTAGE.

This is a new and attractive little cottage built and owned by Mr. W. C. DeJarnett, an industrious brick mason. Mr. DeJarnett is on the staff of the Jackson Training School workers. He directed the brick work of the two buildings already erected, and he is now building the Roth Industrial Hall. The new place will before long become a charming little home under the taste and interest of its aspiring owner.

wholly engrossed with his own affairs, and has no time to pay attention to other and smaller things.

Self Reliance and Manliness.

It is all very nice for a boy to learn self reliance and manliness, but in my judgment, these are not the places nor is this the time to learn these things. It is a pity to see a lad become worldly wise too soon. With the dew of youth upon him, it is almost tragic that he should be brought face to face with those temptations that are sometimes too strong for mature manhood to resist.

The mother's apron string is the best anchor that ever held a boy to honor and virtue. In the formative period of his life the mother's in-

fluence counts for most. She is endowed by the Almighty with the gift of projecting herself further into the life of a child than any other human being.

A Most Powerful Factor.

No matter how favorable the environment of a lad away from home and on his own resources, nothing can atone for the gentle and silent influence of a mother's personality. It is the most powerful factor in all this world in upholding and steadying a boy who is passing through the breakers of his early manhood.

No doubt our reformatories for wayward youth would unfold a startling record if they would give to the world the proportion of boys who began their downward course after leaving the safe precincts of mother and home. The truth is, a lad ought not to be permitted to handle money while his character is in the formative state. No matter how honest his intentions or how honorable his ancestry he is human, and our nature at the very best is frail enough. To make him responsible for money not his own is an injustice that he ought not to bear.

Shorter String in Country.

The statement has been made over and over again that our men of affairs are, as a rule, from the country and not from the towns. This has been disputed, but I think

it is true; if so, the reason is not far to seek. Country boys are closer to their mothers than boys in the towns. There are no streets with idle loungers to lead them into forbidden paths, and their mothers, instead of playing whist, are keeping their homes, which God intended that they should do. In the country instead of selling papers the boys are hoeing corn. At night they go to bed rather than to the picture show. In short, in the country the apron string is shorter and stronger than it is in the towns; and that is why the country is a safer place to raise a boy than the town or city.

A Price Too High.

I believe the readiness of many parents to rush their boys into business while they are mere lads is a great mistake. Better buy the clothes than to allow them at too early an age to earn them for themselves. If they learned the importance of self reliance alone it would be wise to let them shift for themselves, but they learn so many other things that damage them through all their lives, that the small saving in the family expense their efforts secure comes at a price too high.

Rugged honesty, love of the true and the beautiful, loyalty to truth, a high sense of honor, devotion to the right — these basic virtues outweigh the acquirement of the tricks of trade, and they can be learned no where so well as at the end of a good mother's apron string.



A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

This is the home of Mr. Caleb W. Swink, cashier of the Cabarus Savings Bank in Concord. It is a splendid estate, in the centre of which is a modern home nestled, almost from sight, among beautiful trees. Its elevation is more than 700 feet above sea and while nearly two miles from the centre of Concord, Mr. Swink can sit on his front porch and have a splendid view of the whole town. He has done in a profitable way some modern farming.

CLIPPINGS FROM BOYS CHANCE,

A Little Daily Published By And For The Boys.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue we publish the first number of the BOYS CHANCE, a daily paper designed to give additional employment and training to our boys, and, at the same time, furnish them such news as they need. The boys will write and report for it, under the supervision of an officer of the institution, and the educational value of their work will be worth while. They will also do the mechanical work incident to publication and this will enable us to increase the printing office force.

❖ ❖
Don't, Boys.

Don't lie. The habit of lying is the cause of all your troubles. If you had always told the truth you would be at home now, and enjoy the confidence and respect of everybody that knows you. The boy who always tells the truth will be a good boy and become a good man. If you have made up your mind to tell the truth under all circumstances you will not do anything you would be ashamed to confess, and the boy or man who follows that rule is all-right. Cut out the lie, boys, and learn to "speak the truth, in love."

❖ ❖
A Good Example.

Holtzelaw's article on Ginseng, printed in this number, is a good example of the kind of work we want on our little journal. Tell us about the things you know and some of the other boys don't know. There are boys here from every section of the state and North Carolina runs from the mountains to the sea. Tell us about it, boys.

❖ ❖
Hon. Chas. M. Busbee, of Raleigh, has just passed away. He was one of the State's foremost citizens. This is the kind of advice he gave when making a speech to young men: "Young gentleman you can have no sublimer aspiration than to stand among your fellows as an honest man and a gentleman. You can attain no higher than to walk among men as a simple follower of the Man of Galilee. Make the Bible the chart of your life, your guiding star, the star that shown in the eastern sky above the manger at Bethlehem."

Two young men, members of prominent families, were shot down Sunday morning in a hotel at Black Mountain. One is dead, the other may die and an officer of the law will stand trial for manslaughter. The cause? The same thing that causes nine tenths of all the crime and misery in our country—whiskey. You hear people say that whiskey is a mighty good thing in its place and it is—It is the best prescription the devil ever got up to make hell and it never fails.

❖ ❖
Mr. L. H. Asbury, of Charlotte, spent the night on the campus; he was in consultation with Mr. Thompson about our Industrial Building that is rapidly taking form. Mr. Asbury is about the proudest man that comes here.

❖ ❖
A mother should kiss her boy good night until he is twenty-one. By so doing she will detect the first symptom of the deadly cigarette and then it is time for her to fight for his life.

❖ ❖
A car load of steel rails for the new street railway in Concord has arrived at the depot, and it is expected that work will begin on the line at once.

❖ ❖
The world is full of chances for the boy that makes himself worthy of them. Every boy and every man gets all he deserves, and don't forget it, my boy.

❖ ❖
Ginseng.

Ginseng is an herb that grows in the woods. It is very valuable, the roots bringing from \$3 to \$5 a pound according to their dryness. It requires three years for the plant to mature, when it begins to have red berries on it. They fall to the ground and produce new plants. The plant gets to be about three feet tall in good soil, and the root gets larger and more valuable every year. It grows to perfection in the mountain counties of North Carolina and large quantities of it are shipped to China every year. The dealers who sell it to the Chinese make large profits, as those people think it is useful to keep

away evil spirits. They wear it around their necks for that purpose and also use it for chewing as Americans use tobacco. They think it makes them strong and able to stand hard work. When a Chinaman hears of a poor neighbor being sick he says it is because he is too poor to buy his Ginseng root to keep away the evil spirits. My grandfather has a patch of it on his farm in Watauga county. He has been offered a thousand dollars for the crop on a quarter acre of it but has refused to sell because it is growing in value all the time.

Bynum G. Holtzelaw.

❖ ❖
The first printing press made in the United States came from the shop of Adam Ramage, in Philadelphia, about 1795, says "The Philadelphia Telegraph." In 1810 there were two printing press factories in Philadelphia, reporting products valued at \$26,000. The first printing press in Pennsylvania was erected in Philadelphia in 1689, four years after the first English settlement in the colony. The publication of magazines and other periodicals was attempted by Franklin as early as 1741. In 1819 it was estimated that half a million volumes were printed annually in Philadelphia.

❖ ❖
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

[Under this head we shall give from time to time, such information as may be interesting concerning our family of boys.]

JAMES WILLARD GADDY.

Gaddy was born and reared in the city of Asheville, his whole life, up to the time of his coming here, having been spent in that metropolis of the sky. During the ten years of his pilgrimage he has attained the height of four feet and a quarter of an inch. This gives him the distinction due the smallest member of our family. Like the Chevalier Bayard he enjoys the further distinction of being "without fear," but the fact of his being where he is unfortunately forbids our adding "without reproach." He also enjoys another distinction not common to the general run of our boys; he is absolutely truthful and his word is as good as gold. His father is dead. His mother is living and remarried. His church affiliations are with the Baptists. During his sojourn with us he has learned his letters, much of his multiplication tables and is about to finish, very satisfactorily, his first reading of the First Reader.

Gaddy has yet one more distinction: that of being a universal favorite with officers and boys.



BEZOLA LEROY POTEAT.

Blacksburg, South Carolina, is the particular spot of earth which destiny fixed upon as a suitable place for Poteat's entrance upon the stage of life. He was born there nearly eleven years ago and came, with the family and its other household goods, to North Carolina some two or more years since. Under the vigilant care of Mayor Patrick, of Kings Mountain, he made his entrance in the Training School the latter part of January. Those who knew Poteat best assured Mayor Patrick that "Poteat would beat him back to Kings Mountain," but he is still here and giving every evidence of perfect contentment and intention to remain a member of our family as long as we are willing to keep him. He is a good running match for Gaddy, in size, being four feet two inches tall, and also in color, both of them being blood bays. He comes of good Presbyterian stock and has the making of a good man in him. Since coming here he has learned his letters, much of his multiplication tables, and is now doing good work in the Second Reader. His father and mother are living, but apart by due process of law. For a long time he held the favored position of the youngest boy, but yielded gracefully to his successor.



DEWELLS NESBIT.

Among the July arrivals, in the county of Cabarrus, in the year of grace 1897, came a baby boy to the Nesbit family whom his parents named DeWells. That was nearly twelve years ago and he still has the same name and the same parents, but not the same habitation, having been a resident of the Queen city for the past ten years. Time has wrought some changes in him since then—some for the better and some for the worse. Physically he is now a well grown boy for his age, standing four feet three inches in his stocking feet (when he wears stockings) and carrying himself well up in military fashion. Ecclesiastically he holds to the Baptist persuasion. His mental development has kept pace with his growth and, notwithstanding his loss of time by habitual truancy, he has made fairly good headway in his books. He is now making up lost time and doing it well. Nesbit's reputation in Char-

lotte does not seem to be justified by his record here. The terrors "Bully" inspired there must have been due to the misdemeanors of some other boy. At any rate he is an industrious boy in school and at outdoor work, getting along so finely in all ways that we say "Let by-gones be by-gones." What's the matter with Nesbit? He's all right.



GEORGE IRBY WALDROP.

Waldrop has an interesting family history. His father and mother are both living, and are the parents of three children, of whom Irby is the youngest. The other two children are boys, and both of them are deaf-mutes. The elder of these is a graduate of the Institution for deaf-mutes at Morganton, and the other is a student there now. How far the parental indulgence, naturally incident to the care of these deaf-mutes and the infant Irby, may be responsible for Waldrop's errancy is an interesting question, but too big for discussion here. For the reason that Waldrop first saw the light at Asheville and has always lived there he naturally claims that city as his home—and seems to possess that large amount of civic pride characteristic of all the Ashevilleans connected with this institution. The yard stick shows him to measure four feet four, and the records show that he is twelve years old. Like most of the boys he has church affiliations, and his are with the Baptists. Irby has the distinction of being near the foot of the line in bodily size and near the head of it in mental endowment. His progress in learning since he came here in March is a source of much gratification to his teachers. Waldrop and Gaddy made their first appearance at the institution together, and gave the superintendent, who happened to meet them on the way here, a matinee performance illustrative of their ability to be real bad, but time has shown them to be just like other boys, and the only performance they give now would stand a right stage censorship.



BASIL GILMAN MILLER.

There was rejoicing in the Miller household at Centreville one morning, thirteen years ago, for the reason that a man child had just been born into the world. In due time he came to be known to the family and neighbors as Basil Gilman, and as such we know him here, though he usually goes by the handier name of Miller. The mother

died about a month before Miller came here, leaving four children of whom Gilman is the eldest. The father is living and he, with the help of the children's aunt, is keeping the rest of the household together. Miller is a stout chunk of a boy, four feet and a half tall, fond of active, out-door sport, and getting along well in his books. His church predilections are for the Methodist faith. Taking him all together he is a likable fellow and has the making of a good man in him—and the same can be said of all the boys we have. They are a jolly, good natured lot of lads, full of possibilities and getting morally cleaner and mentally stronger every day. It only remains to say that among Miller's accomplishments is his ability to play the cornet; an accomplishment that we shall put to practical use when some good friend of the boys makes it possible for us to organize an Institutional Band by giving us the necessary instruments.



HOBSON HENRY MARTIN.

This youngster made his first appearance at the Martin home, University Station, in May of the year of the Spanish-American war, and was promptly named in honor of one of the celebrities of that day. While, in no sense, the original "Hobson's choice" his parents thought enough of him to keep him, and Hobson, himself, liked it well enough to remain in spite of the varied assortment of exits offered him by the diseases and accidents incident to childhood. For a year, preceding his coming here, Hobson was a citizen of the city made famous by the Durham Bull brand of an article of commerce contraband at the Jackson Training School, and has been with us about four months and a half, having accepted our hospitality on the calendar day dedicated to All Fools. As the writer of this appreciation came into the world on that same day, some years earlier, he is of the opinion that there is no significance in the time of either event. This opinion, in Hobson's case, at least, is borne out by his fondness for books and the progress he is making in climbing Parnassus. Like most of his predecessors, in this moving-picture show of our lads, Hobson believes in water and plenty of it. In stature he comes next above Miller, pushing the measure gauge to the four foot seven mark. Socially and morally he is a fine little fellow and we are glad to have him with us.

THE UPLIFT

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OUR GRATITUDE.

That's a sorry citizen who does not feel a sense of pleasure to have his efforts appreciated and his accomplishments commended. Likewise, it is a measly periodical that does not love to have itself cordially received by the good and the intelligent, and to have its equals and superiors say many nice things about it.

Private individuals and the press of the state have encouraged us greatly by very cordial expressions. We are grateful for them; and among them have been some tender personal allusions, which, except for modesty we would be proud to reproduce in these columns so that our own household and constituency might see what generous and helpful folks preside over newspaperdom in North Carolina. Gentlemen, we love you for the help you are giving us in this labor of love, which at times is both a tax and a sacrifice.

But there is not a man in the state, placed in a similar position and in the same atmosphere, where loyalty is genuine and approval unstinted on the part of his associate members, who would or could do otherwise. To us at one time the waters became deep and the current

swift, but to have turned back meant certain ruin—death. Happily, the future of the institution is now assured; there is no longer any problem, except that of how rapidly we may reach that stage of development of the plant whereby we may be able to respond to the pressing demands as they now bear down on us. And THE UPLIFT, which breathes, lives and acts for the same cause that this institution does, has never had to resort to artificial methods of sustenance.

Not the least among our reasons for gratitude is the manner in which public spirited and earnest men and women have contributed live thoughts to the columns of THE UPLIFT; and we have promises of many contributors for the future. The invitation stands open for constant additions to this class of helpers.

In short, the sun of our hopes shines bright—the clouds of our fear and trembling are silver lined.

J. P. C.

FACE TO FACE.

We need another benefactor. This writer looked him squarely in the face some days ago. I know him—he knows me. I verily believe that he was thinking about either our Chapel, to cost \$5,000, or about our School House, to cost \$7,000. I said nothing—he said nothing; but we were both thinking about the very same matter; if not, we ought to have been doing so. If, after you have read this (I mean you, who are now reading this) you desire some specific information about details of either the Chapel or the School House, please drop a note to THE UPLIFT, or to the Superintendent, or to the Treasurer, or to the Chairman—any of these parties will be glad to serve you.

NOTE: Don't delay; by the time of another issue of THE UPLIFT you may be beyond reach of this opportunity to do a noble and important deed.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

So say we all in kind condonement of boyish pranks and misdemeanors. Father says it often and mother

says it oftener; but, usually, with reference to their own boys, for, other people's boys are different.

It is easier to be kind than it is to be just, and most of us follow the line of least resistance.

If every father could be as just in dealing with his own boys as he thinks his neighbor ought to be with his the criminal output of the home would be enormously reduced.

If saving a boy from a career of crime is kind, then, justice is kindness.

Boys will be boys. True enough, but, boys will be men unless the Rider on the Pale Horse overtakes them in the short, swift run to manhood. In that event they will be none the less prepared for citizenship in a world that is better than this for having been fairly dealt with here—and no boy has been fairly dealt with unless brought up with regard to the fact that boys will be men.



THIS SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

We have a pardonable pride in this number of THE UPLIFT. It size has been increased this issue to accommodate our special purposes. This is good measure thrown in.

So many times has the question been asked: "How far is the Training School from Concord?", that we recognized the necessity of a full and complete answer. This can be done so much more satisfactorily and agreeably in illustration than by a pen picture, that we have told the story in views. These were made by Mr. J. Lee Stone, a clever artist of Concord.

We call it two miles and a half from the Southern railway station to our institution. It is perhaps just a mile and a half down the railroad track, going to Chalotte. The entire way is a graded and macadamized road, and along this highway the development, industrially, has been wonderful in the past few years. But that is ever the case along good roads. The attention of our readers is called to these pictures and the story under each.

We are particularly fortunate in

the number and contributions to this issue. Editor Hurley asks "What is a Boy Worth"; Editor Johnson, of Charity and Children, writes about "Apron Strings"; Prof. Davidson urges "Religion and Law in Education"; Rev. Dr. Pittinger, of Raleigh, expresses sound views about "The New Religion"; Jim Riddick writes about the automobile situation and getting rich in a year; a friend contributes a short sketch of Archibald Johnson, whose picture is given on cover page; there is a page taken bodily from our daily, "Boys Chance", which must prove of interest to our readers; and there are other things.

THE UPLIFT feels that its constituency will recognize in this issue a marked progress over all previous numbers.



SENTENCED TO HOME LIFE.

A Massachusetts judge has prescribed the home treatment for youths who wreak mischief on the streets. Boys brought before the court were released under condition that they be taken home and kept there from 6 p. m. till morning. This is a wise judge and the Washington Herald thinks:

'This magistrate has exerted his discretion in the direction of enforcing parental responsibility. In reality it is the fathers and mothers, and the homes they make, rather than the children, that are on trial in this test. The experiment will enforce, at least during its period, the presence of these boys every evening in the family circle. The influence of its environment must make itself manifest in either marked improvement of manners and diligence, or in sullen deterioration; for youth must grow, either upward or downward. It is possible that the trial of this method may disclose whether it is the parents who need reformation. The presumption, at least, is against them, as it is at the first appearance of all such cases. A fair judgment, however, would require intimate individual knowledge of character and circumstances. But there can be no doubt about the general principle that the home, rather than the police court or reformatory, is the normal place for the training of youth. It is the exception when the

reason for juvenile errancy cannot be discovered in the elders.'

The last statement is correct in most cases. But it is the exceptional case with which the Training School—or at least this one—has to deal. The majority of the boys of this Institution have lost either father or mother, and several of them have lost both. To them, the "Home Treatment" could not be applied and at last they find themselves here. But the Massachusetts judge is wise, nevertheless.



In this number will be found an editorial from the News & Observer on "No School Vacation," which seems to strike in the right direction. It does appear that there is much lost motion and time in the school days of the average boy. After all, does an educator need any more vacation than a farmer or a banker? Does a young man need any more vacation from school than a clerk, a book-keeper or a mechanic? Up to a few years ago, no one ever heard of a preacher taking a vacation. Now some of them are using two months, one sixth of the year. This vacation business is increasing on us at a rate that seems unwise.



Last fall the people of North Carolina trembled in anxiety for the news of each succeeding day from his sick bed. Last week marked the fortieth anniversary of his location in Winston-Salem. On Thursday this writer saw him move swiftly from the train at Kernersville, showing the spirit of a first-time groom. He is the Hon. Cyrus B. Watson, and to him THE UPLIFT must extend its most cordial congratulations.



The money gift of thirty-five hundred dollars to the Jackson Training School for the erection of the Industrial Hall, by Capt. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, was so quietly and gracefully done that it has called forth from one end of the state to the other a shower of applause. In the language of the common note throughout the state: we can not have too many such people as Capt. and Mrs. Roth.

We reproduce from the Asheville Citizen an editorial article, under the title of "Don't Die on Third." It is fine, even though it was originally suggested by a dashing and brilliant play on the diamond. "Don't Die on Third," we predict, will become a popular phrase.



One of the trustees of the Peabody educational fund is Col. W. A. Blair, of Winston. He is an ex-educator, a lawyer and a banker. The appointment is splendid.

Captain and Mrs. G. T. Roth's Large Benefaction.

A few days ago a copy of the Uplift, a monthly magazine published in the interest of the Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School at Concord, N. C., reached this office. It was perused with care because it is neatly printed and filled with interesting matter pertaining to the excellent institution which it represents. It proved doubly interesting to us, however, when we learned for the first time through its columns that our esteemed fellow townsman, Capt. G. T. Roth, and his good wife, had made a donation to the Jackson Training School of \$3,500, to be used in erecting a building for industrial purposes by this most deserving institution.

The Times was aware that one who had the money and was willing to give it to this school, had expressed his willingness to do so, but it was not aware that one of its own townsmen was the generous donor until it was read in The Uplift. This magnificent gift by Captain and Mrs. Roth is in keeping with their splendid character—for their lives have been filled up with deeds of kindness—their benefactions always find those who are in need.

A beautiful feature in connection with their gifts is the fact that they are made quietly and without any show. Their one desire is to help those in need and to do this without ostentation.

Elkin has no better or more useful citizens than Captain Roth and his good wife. They are not native, having come from Pennsylvania a number of years ago, and in them North Carolina has made a distinct gain. There is room here as there is all over the state for others like them. We extend to all such a glad welcome.—Elkin Times.

Jealousy and its Cure.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Are you unhappy in any of your domestic or social relations? If so, analyze yourself—find out how much a secret, unworthy jealousy of others has to do with it.

Are you in some one's employ—a cook, a maid, a man servant, a clerk, a saleswoman, an office boy—and in troubles with your associates stop and ask if the fault does not lie in yourself before you go any further. Are you not making your own unhappiness by harboring a mean, unworthy spirit of jealousy?

Are you at odds with your neighbors, your business associates, or your political comrades—find out what is wrong with your own mind before you lay the blame on others.

Are you unable to enjoy the company of most people and flattering yourself with the idea that you are exclusive and peculiarly refined, and that you must therefore be always a lonely soul? Look to it that you are not instead a jealous creature, resentful of the popularity of others.

Do not deceive yourself as you wander through the garden of your mind, but when you find the ugly wood jealousy uproot it. If you find it in others up root it there. Begin by realizing what it is, then by asserting its antidote—universal love. Do not make the mistake of denying it. Expend your mental forces in the more effectual method of declaring the love principle until

your heart and mind are imbued with love, charity, good will and breadth of feeling. In quiet moments say to yourself there is room in God's world for all His children, and that no one can crowd another any more than one star can crowd another in the firmament. Compel your self to praise the good qualities of those who have aroused your jealousy. Seek to do them a favor. These are all steps toward self-conquest. But this self-conquest cannot take place if you coddle your jealous feelings by calling them other names and convince yourself that it is your "love of justice" and your "sensitivity" and your "discrimination" which produce unhappy emotions and your disapproval of so many people.



Generally the Parents.

Luth ra : Church Visitor.

After relating the story of a little ten-year-old boy in Tazewell county, Va., who had been taken to the Reform school at Richmond, a little boy whose mother died when he was scarcely more than an infant, and whose father acknowledged that he could do nothing with the child, the editor of the Clinch Valley News remarked: "When a man or woman goes to the devil they themselves are to blame. When a boy or girl, goes, somebody else is to blame and is responsible, generally parents."

That plain declaration deserves serious consideration.

Is Money the Main Thing?

Boys Chance.

No, my boy, money isn't the main thing. Not if we may believe what the men who have most of it tell us. Charles Broadway Rous offered the doctors a million of dollars to restore his sight. John D. Rockefeller, with all his millions, felt too poor, last year, to have oysters for his Christmas dinner. Russell Sage thought a ten dollar suit of hand-me-downs too good to wear in business hours. Anarew Carnegie gives away millions, every year because he believes the Bible saying, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and he thinks the fame of being a generous man is worth more than his money. No, my boy, there are too many things that money can't buy to make it worth while to have much of it. Too many things that are worth more than all the money in the world—too many things that don't perish in the using, that don't harden the heart and don't shrivel the soul, ever to think of exchanging them for money. The best people in the world would rather be good than rich, the wisest people in the world would rather be wise than rich, and the most learned people in the world wouldn't trade their learning, and poverty, for the combined riches of all the millionaires on earth. So you may accept it as a fact, my boy, that money is not the main thing.



A Hero in Black.

The Wadesboro Ansonian of recent date speaks editorially as follows about a hero in black:

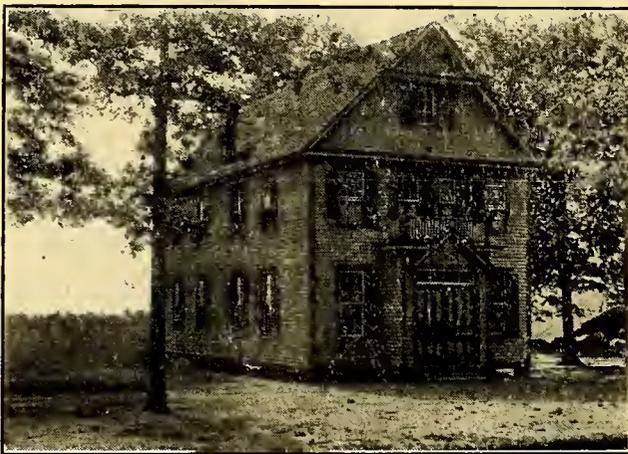
The colored man, Frank Forest, who saved Colonel Myer's life at the Blalock ferry last week, ought to have a Carnegie medal if the supply is not exhausted. He did all in his power, even at the risk of his own life, to save the lives of Oscar and Harley Tomlinson and then walked up the river three miles for a boat and succeeded in saving the life of a white man whom he did not know and had probably never seen. Few men, white or colored, would have ventured into Pee Dee river at such a time, and after just seeing three men drowned."



"Today is the wise man's day; tomorrow is the fool's day. The wise man says: 'I will do it now.' The foolish man says: 'I will do it, but I will wait until tomorrow.'"



Take pleasure in your work.



WHITE HALL PUBLIC SCHOOL.

What is now Sunderland Hall School had its beginning more than twenty years ago at the spot marked by this picture. This building was erected by the authorities of the White Hall School, the predecessor of the Sunderland Hall, which has been moved nearer Concord and on larger grounds. The building is now used by the County Board of Education for one of its district schools. It is a special-tax district and as such maintains an eight months school with two teachers during the year. The building stands within four hundred yards of the Jackson Training School.

THE PROPOSED NEW RELIGION.

By I. McK. Pittenger, D. D.

The distinctive shock experienced by the Christian consciousness of the civilized world upon the first announcement of the New Religion by the Ex-President of Harvard University has not yet fully passed away, but a little reflection may allay some of the fears excited by the first explosion.

The writer of this notice was requested some years ago to make an examination of Charles Dudley Warner's great work, "The World's Best Literature", with the view of becoming a purchaser. A brief inspection disclosed the fact that in this collection of so-called best literature the editor had devoted forty pages to Trilby, and one page and a half to the works of Archbishop Leighton. This discovery did not commend the work to the judgment of the desired customer, and equally unfavorable was the impression made by Dr. Elliott's publication of his five-foot shelf of books in which neither Shakespeare nor the Bible found a place. The Doctor may not be any better judge of religion than he is of literature.

Very few readers of the present day will abandon their own stand-

ards to follow the guidance of such self imposed instructors. The omission of the Bible from his list may have been the Doctor's method of preparing the public for this last surprise. But now he goes a step further and would deny us the pagan comfort of personifying and deifying the forces of nature and the achievements of mankind. It

remains to be seen whether the popular mind of America has been so far alienated from the Christian faith and hope by the vivid and seductive cults of modern thought as to render it receptive and responsive to the gilded prospect that has been flashed across our noon-day sky.

The Doctor is more generous and more thoughtful than some others who have attacked the faith. He hastens to supply a substitute for the faith he would destroy.

But let us not abandon at first call the hope that has survived much harder shocks. The world has not forgotten the cry that came from Mesopotamia when the young apostate Emperor lay dying in his tent: "O Galileean, Thou Hast Conquered." The power of his legions had spent itself upon the Rock of Ages. And we still believe.

✿ ✿

Be good tempered. It pays, in every way; it pays, if you are an employer; it pays, if you are an employee; it is profitable in every walk of life. And this is taking the most selfish view. You owe it to others to be good-tempered; you owe it to your self-respect. In making others comfortable you are making things agreeable for yourself; you are gaining and keeping good-will, which may be of value and help to you hereafter; you are accumulating a capital of popularity and good report which may be used to advantage, perhaps, at a critical time. Good temper is a great factor in success.—The Master Printer.

✿ ✿

Happiness lies in friendships.



A MODERN ROAD.

We have crossed the creek, made a right-angle turn, going south on a modernly graded and macadamized road. On either side of this road the willows have grown to such a size that their foliage hangs in such graceful lines that one feels that he is passing through an archway.



NEW ROAD THROUGH OUR GROUNDS.

The above picture shows the newly graded road through the property of the Jackson Training School. It is the continuation of the old Macadam at the White Hall school for one half mile to the south line of our property. The road is forty feet wide, and almost level. There is one graceful bend in it as it approaches the Training School. It required an enormous amount of rock blasting to get a straight and level road, such as would be in keeping with the character of the institution near by. The county authorities have manifested a splendid spirit in constructing this magnificent road, and the authorities of the Jackson Training School recognize the patriotism and business judgment on the part of the Cabarrus county officials. When the road is gravelled (and there is a high class of grit in the community) it will be one of the best roads in the state.

GOSPEL AND LAW IN EDUCATION---A DISCUSSION.

By W. W. Davidson, M. A.

It gives me pleasure to write briefly for the readers of the **THE UPLIFT** a few words upon the subject of Gospel and Law in Education. Doubtless the sound of the phrase in just this particular form will seem peculiar to many ears, but the day and hour have dawned upon us when no education can be complete without carrying in it the essence and spirit of what is meant by these terms.

In the first place I will endeavor to set forth what I mean by the essence of the gospel in its relation to the great subject of education. Perhaps there are those who know nothing other than a sectarian interpretation of the gospel; and who would be quite eager for all religious teaching to find its way through the conventionalities of their accepted dogmas. With these I will have no word of controversy. All education, in these days, is known by some kind of prefix—agricultural, mechanical, electrical, pedagogical, theological, and many other kinds of icals and ogicals,—but this is not what I mean by that which "leavens the whole lump." There is nothing in a simple view of the subject that need disturb the ecclesiastical and theological poise of the denominationalist. Time and words are wasted with the modern agnostic, or the advocates of a so-called "new religion". All that I claim as substance of what should be taught in our educational institutions is in the trend of all evangelical denominations. In regard to a mode of teaching the gospel in the schools I would not send heralds or any type of educational evangelist. Let the essence of the gospel have a natural and easy method just as other modes of education. Let the old way of reading the New Testament at the opening of school be revived, and will not the very soul of the matter find its way into the thought and lives of the young people? A small, concise text book could be prepared coupling together the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, with a most interesting account of the origin and purpose of each. What other sermon has been repeated so many millions of times, and yet always with a charm? No necessity of a conflict between church and state exists.

In the second place we need to have introduced into our common educational system a study of the laws of our state and nation. I

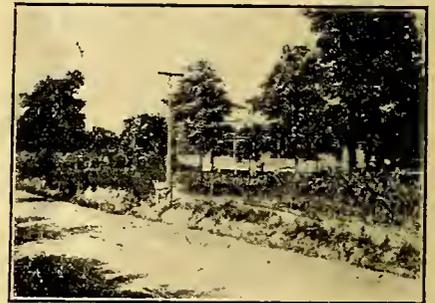
mean by this so much of these as directly affects the moral situation of the people. Have I struck a note that seems strangely out of tune



PROF. W. W. DAVIDSON, A. M.
Charlotte, N. C.

with the times? It has long been a custom in our colleges and universities to teach international law to the upper classes, but legal learning needs to reach further down into our educational system. There can be no question of the right of a state

or municipality to require its youth to study such laws as pertain to the best attainment of a more perfect social order. I mean such laws as will bring out the noblest qualities of the citizen, and seek the purity and welfare of the people. How many boys and girls in the 7th grade of our schools can tell the difference between trespass and stealing. If the older pupils should be taught the laws of the community concerning property rights, many a foolish and hurtful law-suit would be avoided. Great-violations of our laws, such as murder, dishonesty, gambling, violation of the sanctity of the home, are on every hand; while courts-of-justice are getting to be a misnomer, and the practices of jurymen a travesty on justice. But the task is long and hard, the responsibility great. Success to the Jackson Training School.



A. H. WHITE'S HOME
Near Training School.

Boy saved is a man made.



SUNDERLAND HALL SCHOOL.

Just to the west of this road, a few hundred yards are located the grounds and buildings of the Laura Sunderland Hall School. It is under the efficient management of Miss Melissa Montgomery, a most excellent and talented lady from Pennsylvania. This is a boarding school for white girls, whose funds and opportunities are limited. The existence and work of the institution has been a God-send to hundreds of deserving girls.

The Cash Value of a Life.

New York World.

A large insurance company has applied for permission to buy 3,000 acres of land on which to establish a tuberculosis sanitarium. One of its policy-holders dies of tuberculosis every 32 minutes. Upon the conservative estimate of Prof. Irving Fisher, president of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, tuberculosis is 75 per cent. preventable. In its early stages it can

ing a day's work by observing the three basic rules: of breathing fresh air, winter and summer, of eating oftener than three times a day plain nourishing food, and of avoiding unnecessary physical exertion until their weight begins to increase.

Why do they not do it? It would pay.



No School Vacation.

Raleigh News and Observer.

No plant in the world could earn

a dividend operated only nine months out of the twelve. Can students earn a dividend on their college investment when the college is closed one-fourth of the time?

In Germany the universities are open all the year and a student may take his degree whenever he shows himself worthy regardless of the length of time spent in preparation. The Philadelphia Record says the tendency in American colleges is in that direction. The University of Pennsylvania has established a commencement in December, at which those who were not quite ready to take their degrees in June were allowed to graduate without having to wait until the following June.

Most of the leading colleges have established summer schools, but they are not generally well attended except such normal schools as attract teachers for a few weeks. Are not holidays too long? In our climate it is proper for a three months vacation for children, but for men who are going to college is it not too long?



Name Your Farms.

Henderson Gold Leaf.

Not only should there be sign-boards put up at cross-roads and where the road forks, giving direction and distance, but it would be a good idea if all country homes were named—a neat sign placed by the roadside in front of the house bearing the owner's name at least. Rural letter boxes have proved a great help in informing travelers but neatly printed signs giving names in large letters would be better.



THE FRANKLIN MILL.

This is the Franklin Mill entirely owned by Mr. J. W. Cannon, who has made a national reputation among cotton manufacturers. The building itself has an interesting history. It was erected some years ago by the late Warren Coleman; at one time a rich colored man of Concord. He conceived the idea of erecting a mill, to be owned by colored men, officered and managed by colored men, and working only colored operatives. It was the first attempt and perhaps will be the last in history where such an impossible undertaking was tried. Coleman had unloaded on him some second-handed, antiquated machinery from Massachusetts. It did not run continuously for a single week. It was a failure; and the promoter died practically broken-hearted and his fortune dissipated. Under the hammer Mr. Cannon purchased the property, threw the old machinery out the window as worthless junk, installed new and modern machinery, and of course, the mill is now a success. No cotton mill can be operated successfully with colored labor.

generally be cured. An insurance company can better afford to cure a consumptive than to pay a death loss.

The German government is taking a leading role in consumption prevention as it does in other health-protective work and in guarding men against factory accidents. New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other States are establishing consumption sanatoria as a matter of business economy. It is a policy that pays.

So much a life is worth. Is it not odd that, when city and State governments and even insurance companies are doing or planning so much, the people most concerned, those menaced by consumptives themselves, do frequently so little?

Many men with delicate lungs or frail physique can preserve their lives for their families without los-



OPERATIVES HOMES.

The grounds are new, but this view shows the manner of homes the Franklin Mill has provided for their operatives. They are better than the homes from which child-labor fanatics themselves come on their nosing trips. They answer a flood of slanders, especially the pictures in the *Everybody* magazine for June.



IRISH BUFFALO CREEK BRIDGE.

We are leaving the Southern Railway station in Concord, and at this point a picture is made. This is an iron bridge across Irish Buffalo creek. It is named thus to distinguish it from Dutch Buffalo creek, which is in the Eastern part of the county. Cabarus county is divided by an imaginary line running through the county from north to south. The East is "the Dutch side;" the West, "the Scotch-Irish side."

When the Curfew Rings.

Children under 16 years of age will not be permitted to frequent streets or public parks in Spokane, Wash., after 8:30 o'clock between April 1 and October 1 and 8 o'clock in the fall and winter months, and boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 18 years must be under the supervision of their parents or guardians after 9:30 o'clock and one hour earlier from October 1 to April 1, according to Spokane's new curfew law, effective July 23.

No direct penalty is laid upon delinquents, nor will arrest be made. Instead, police officers will report infractions of the ordinance to the county probation officer for further action. Conviction carries with it a fine not exceeding \$10 and costs of the trial, to be paid by the parent or guardian of the offender.

Judge William A. Huneke, of the Spokane county superior court, who has made a study of juvenile delinquency, says, in an open letter, urging parents to take a hand in the matter of enforcing the law, that the chief good in this legislation lies in its preventive character, rather than its punitive provisions, adding:

"If temptation, too frequently the result of promiscuous association, free from supervision or restraint, can be thus removed, many a grievous fault will be prevented. It rests largely upon the people of Spokane to insist upon the enforce-

ment of the curfew law. If parents and guardians will look after the children under their care there will be less work for the authorities.

"Parents and guardians have it in their power to prevent, while the duty of the authorities is largely to punish violators of the provisions of the law. I trust that every parent

in this city will awaken to the responsibility he owes to his child."

✦ ✦ Didn't Dream of Such.

Enclosed please find my check for \$5.00 for five subscriptions to THE UPLIFT, which you will please send wherever they will do the most good. You certainly deserve great credit for the splendid paper which you have gotten out. I see no reason why THE UPLIFT should not become what its name implies, a power for good in the moral advancement of our State. It is by far the handsomest paper of the kind which I have ever seen.

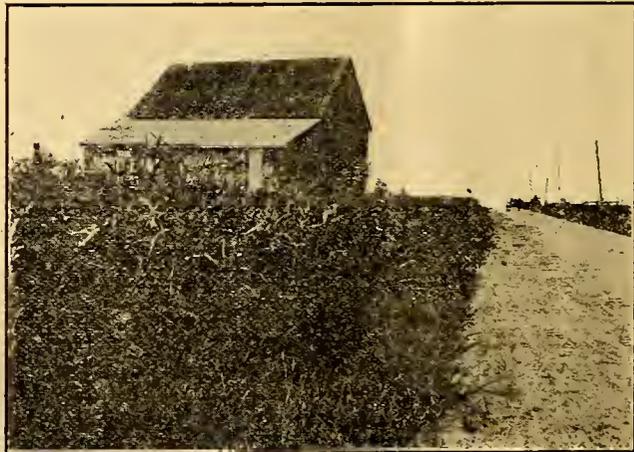
Those of us who were interested in the Training School Bill, before the legislature in 1907, in our most enthusiastic moments, did not dream of a grander institution than the one for which the plans and foundations have been laid.

I recently visited this school and, so far as I could see, there have been absolutely no mistakes made, but, on the contrary, the smallest details have been carried out perfectly.

I never remember having been more thrilled than by the sight of the bright and happy looking boys, some of whom I had known in their pitiful conditions before they were taken to the school. The authorities of the Institution deserve the thanks of the State in their unselfish devotion to this cause.

Very sincerely yours,

E. R. PRESTON.



BROWNS' FARM.

Just beyond Mr. C. W. Swink's place lies the farm of M. L. Brown & Brother. The picture shows just the edge of a twenty-acre field of corn, itself an engaging pleasing scene. Conservative estimates predict a yield of 75 bushels to the acre. On this same farm, a yield of 120 bushels to the acre was realized last year. The conditions this year, together with the season, have not been the best. This place has not always been productive--- it is now giving returns for a sensible treatment in the past. The Browns believe in and practice rotation. The land of the Jackson Training School is of the same character of soil as was the Brown farm originally.

Poison in Books.

Atlanta Constitution.

With the publishers of America preparing to reap their pro rata of the harvest of prosperity, now apparently impending, comes the logical recurrence of the ancient question regarding the expediency of a literary censorship.

With the inanities of such a proposition we have not, from a broad standpoint, been in especial sympathy. Anything remotely-resembling censorship seems an anachronism in a free country, and the ability to censor carries with it, too often, the license to unjustly or stupidly suppress.

But there is another phase that lays a most serious obligation upon the citizen who views his civic or moral responsibilities with any degree of seriousness. At least three novels issued in the last year, and ranked preeminently with the "best sellers," have literally reeked with immorality and suggestiveness.

The sensible man wants to be

publications. But what are you going to do about it, when skillful word-jugglers evade the statutes, and get their wares into homes that would rise up in remonstrance against the more superficially vulgar, but not as damaging, style of "literature?"

We ban poison, and we prosecute

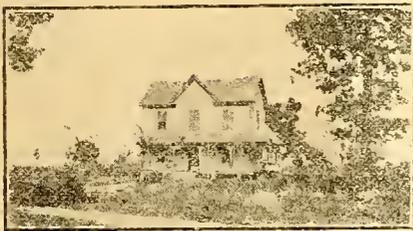
Mr. and Mrs. Wade H. Williams.

The school is fortunate in securing these good people to take charge of cottage number 2. This cottage has been used for some time for sleeping room and will be open in all its departments by the time this is being read. Mr. Williams was Principal of Public school No. 2 in



A NEW COTTON MILL.

This is the Young-Hartsell Cotton Mill, which has been in operation only for a few years. North of it within a quarter of a mile is the Brown Mills, directed by Mr. C. W. Johnson, of Charlotte, and Mr. F. J. Haywood, recently moved here from Raleigh. The officers of the Young-Hartsell Mills are Dr. R. S. Young, President, and Mr. J. L. Hartsell, Secretary and Treasurer. It is in a thriving condition.



A FARMER'S HOME.

This is the home of Mr. James Hudson, a successful farmer, and a local citizen that has taken a lively interest in the Training School.

acquitted of prudishness. But he also wants to protect his adolescent son and daughter, as well as the more giddy and thoughtless element of the community, from moral contamination.

And that is precisely what books of this nature encourage. The most courageous or the most sane father or mother would not discuss with son and daughter the subjects in the detailed dissection of which such stories fairly revel.

Reviewers of books are virtually helpless to stem the tide. If they scathingly denounce a salacious story, they stimulate its sales. And if they preserve a disapproving silence, it avails nothing; for the news of the book's contents will spread like wildfire by that species of human wireless that defies check or comprehension.

It is true, we have a law prohibiting the mails to downright lascivious

relentlessly the men and the women who sow immorality in the first person. What about the books which, without a single pretense to art or helpfulness, get past the barriers into the best of our homes?



There are eight little pigs on the place.

Fresh meat!—Mack Spry is hauling sand from the creek bank for our new building and brought in a fine large bull frog.

Concord and was associated with our superintendent there. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are held in high esteem by all who know them. They are people of genuine worth, and wayward boys will be fortunate indeed to come under their care.



Winbourne took his faithful donkey, Maud, to the lower place and brought in a sack of peaches and apples. He was accompanied by several of our "trustees."



A FOURTEEN YEAR-OLD MACADAM ROAD.

To appreciate this beautiful road is to call to mind the crookedest, hilliest and the muddiest road which the new road supplanted. There is not a more beautiful road in existence. On either side are native forests, and to drive on this road and through this archway, which nature has made, is an inspiration to better things---it simply gives you hope.

Some Matters Meriting Notice and Thought.

(Concluded From First Page.)

When I was a boy, I rode on a load of lumber to the scene where the chlorinating process of working sulphuretted ores was perfected. The owner was a good man, wonderful in many respects, and absolutely without malice or prejudice and that is more than a majority can truthfully claim; but he had a habit of getting into a weaving way at times. He was much travelled, and keeping count on the planks of the different years he has spent here, there, yonder and hence, it summed up 141 years in all. The man then was 54. I thought of this when I heard this gay old gambler handling the thousands so carelessly. I got an idea—I used the margin of a newspaper and did some stunts in addition, while this wonderful captain of finance was talking. When the young broker grew dizzy and excused himself on account of the lateness of the hour, I struck a line under my figures and began to add. The profits that fellow had made in the past year, playing the stock market—hot air—, reached

\$1,283,400.00,

and if he had just held over on many deals just twenty-four hours longer his profits would have approximated two millions.

If what that man claims is true, he is a bad citizen. He is a North Carolinian, to which state business often brings him, but he claims himself now a "New Yorker." He is a pretty thing to belong to the church. If he told the truth he is a gambler; if he did not tell the truth, he is a pretty vigorous liar—he's in a bad fix.

Miss Prosperity.

They say Miss Prosperity can be seen in the distance. She is coming up the other side of the hill. That's what some folks say. Others, in their pessimism, refuse to see the dear girl's head-gear bobbing just at the crown of the hill. It was said that the settlement of the tariff discussion would prepare the way for wonderful things to happen in the industrial world. If one is to believe the conservative democratic and republican papers of the country, the new tariff law is a miscarriage of campaign promises. Extreme partisan democratic papers declare the tariff law a double-headed robber; while partisan republican papers regard it the people's Castoria, just what they have been crying for.

I don't know. But I do know that the fellow that sticks close to his own job, attends to his own business, stops growling, and says his prayers daily, stands a good chance of not perishing, panic or no panic—this is a good way to prepare a welcome for prosperity.



"Don't Die On Third."

Asheville Citizen.

Inspired by a brilliant baseball victory, snatched from apparent defeat in the eleventh hour, by the Detroit "Tigers," The Detroit News wrote an editorial which has been printed in circular form and sent all over the country. Why? It contained a moral that loomed large and clear. It taught that partial successes accomplish nothing; that a man who "reaches third base" and "dies" there, would have been better off if he had never started; that the fellow who wins life's battle is not the "dopey one" who stays out all night and gets up bleary-eyed in the late hours of the morning.

The hero of the incident related is George Moriarty who, instead of "dying on third" with two men out, beat the ball from the pitcher's hands to the catcher's. But read for yourself the moral presented, then ruminates in silence and alone.

"All the world's a baseball diamond. You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached first by your own efforts. It may be that the sacrifices of your parents or friends have enabled you to reach second. Then on someone's "long fly" into the business world—a "fly" that was not "long" enough to prevent him going out—or someone's fluke on the rules of simple morality and square dealing, you have advanced to third. The opposition against you at third is stronger than at either first or second. At third you are to be reckoned with. Your opponents converge all their attention on you. Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure

Don't die on third!

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing on third? Are you waiting for some one to "bat you in?" Suppose he misses; his miss is yours, too. If you place all your dependence on someone else, his failure spells yours. What are

you doing on third? Waiting for "something to turn up?" Don't—nothing turns up, but the thumbs of the thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty wouldn't have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball—and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. The run was gained in an unmeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very, very often measured in seconds.

Don't die on third!"



Archibald Johnson.

(Concluded From First Page.)

The development of the paper in subscription, in character and in influence, has been remarkable. It has increased from three thousand to twelve thousand and five hundred subscribers; and instead of being a drain on the treasury, it turned over to the orphanage two thousand dollars, last year, clear of every expense.

Archibald Johnson, the editor, is one of North Carolina's most useful and important citizens. The things he writes about are live things, and concern men and measures. The way he writes about them is in a vigorous style—his words snap, crack, penetrate and shower; and behind them always you find a just man, an honest purpose, a sincere estimate, and a throbbing heart of love for the good, the pure and the manly. He lives in the open, therefore, he detests the sneak; he is frank and candid, therefore he has no use for the hypocrite or the demagogue. He is no trimmer. He says what he regards the truth and his duty to say, without thought of friend or foe—but never in malice or in prejudice.

Because he possesses qualities of mind and heart is why Charity and Children is, perhaps, the most extensively read and quoted weekly paper in North Carolina. It is a power for good, because its source is clean, pure and unafraid. The Baptist denomination claims him, but Archibald Johnson belongs to and is a valuable asset of North Carolina at large.

Here's to Archibald Johnson, who celebrated his fiftieth birth-day the last Sunday in August—may he keep his powder dry for another half century.



We might do more work for posterity if it wasn't such slow pay.

AN APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS

To Provide Adequate Room for a Class of Hopeful Boys the Educational Forces of the State Are Planning to Erect a Cottage to be Named by Them in Honor of Some Great North Carolina Educator---How the Needed Ten Thousand Dollars Are to be Raised---A Full and Frank Statement by the Committee.

In the first issue of THE UPLIFT the announcement was made that a campaign would soon be started to secure funds for the erection of a cottage at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, for the accommodation of a class of boys for whom no adequate provision has been made in North Carolina.

APPEALS CANNOT BE HEDED.

The authorities of the Training School are appealed to, constantly, by parents from all over the State, for the admission of their sons to that institution. These are the wayward boys. Boys who have not yet been classed as offenders against the law, but whose environment will soon bring them to ruin and shame. Their parents are not asking charity, but they are pleading for some one—some institution—to help them save the boy. They are able and willing to pay for this help.

The authorities of the Training School would willingly—gladly—undertake the care and training of these boys, if only there were a cottage for their accommodation.

A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM FOUND.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. J. P. Cook, has put all of his energies to work for a solution of this difficulty. He has been called on at all the great educational meetings in this State during the past year, to tell of the progress of the Training School and to explain the scope of its usefulness. All the educational forces of the State have recognized the great importance of the school, and have indicated their sympathy with its aims have pledged their loyal support. When the movement was started for an Educational Building, for the accommodation of voluntary pupils—pay pupils—it was enthusiastically received. The plan has the hearty indorsement of State Superintendent Joyner, of the Association of City Superintendents, of the Association of County Superintendents and of the Teachers' Assembly.

THE COST DIVIDED AMONG COUNTIES.

The cottage will cost \$10,000 and the first plan was to raise this amount by direct contribution, dividing the entire cost among the counties of the State on a per capita basis, and asking the County Superintendents and City Superintendents to raise amounts in proportion to the number of their teachers and of their school census.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT BOGER AND CITY SUPERINTENDENT LENTZ ENGINEERING MOVEMENT.

We volunteered to assist in the canvass for securing the funds needed. But when THE UPLIFT was undertaken by the school, we determined at once to use it as a factor in the building of this cottage. So, instead of asking for a direct contribution of \$10,000, we are going to ask the friends of the school to place ten thousand subscriptions to THE UPLIFT. Thus the school will be able to give something in return for the money contributed, and the friends of the school may know each month just what the school is doing, and we feel a joy in doing some service for the betterment of youth.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PAPER.

THE UPLIFT is published entirely by the school. A competent foreman has been secured, under whose direction the boys set type and help in the mechanical part of the work. The paper will be one of the most valuable features in the industrial training of the boys. We have heard many interesting stories of how the boys are already enthusiastically interested in this new work and eager to contribute to the erection of this needed cottage. The editorial work will all be done as a labor of love by prominent writers and educators from all sections of the State, without any cost whatever to the school. Thus the whole amount of money received from subscriptions will be applied directly to the fund for the Educational Cottage.

CO-OPERATION OF COUNTY LEADERS SOLICITED.

In securing these ten thousand subscribers we are going to ask for the co-operation of the County Superintendents and City Superintendents of every county in the State. And we wish to enlist with them in every county, those women who are leaders in every movement for moral, intellectual and social uplift. We have made a calculation of the number of subscriptions to be asked for from each county, based on the white school population. The apportionment has been made, approximately, on a per capita basis; but in the smaller counties, or those in which there are no large towns, the number has been reduced slightly, while in the larger counties and in those with several towns, the number has been increased

proportionally. At an early date some representative of the Training School will communicate with each county in the State, and will arrange for a conference of the Superintendents, prominent educators and leading women of the county, and will lay this matter more fully before them.

J. D. LENTZ,

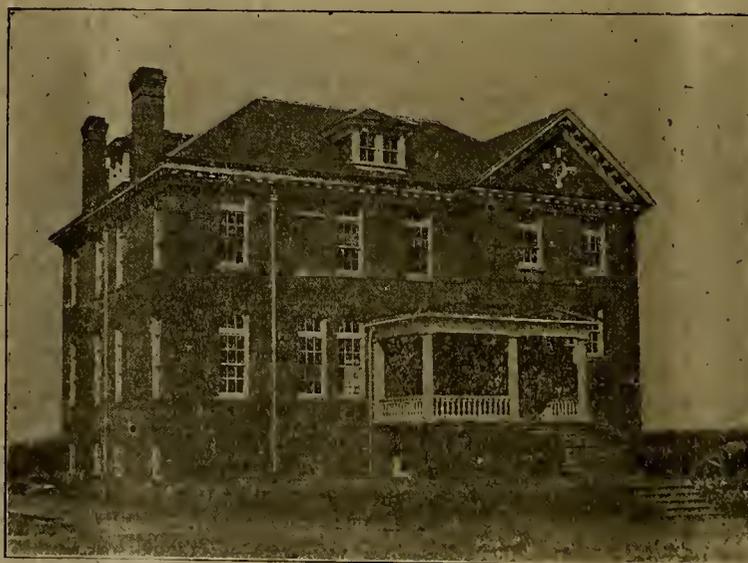
CHAS. E. BOGER,

Concord, N. C.

THE COUNTY APPORTIONMENT.

Alamance 250; Alexander 50; Alleghany 40; Anson 80; Ashe 50; Beaufort 150; Bertie 70; Bladen 75; Brunswick 25; Buncombe 500; Burke 120; Cabarrus 250; Caldwell 100; Camden 5; Cartaret 70; Caswell 25; Catawba 200; Chatham 75; Cherokee 75; Chowan 50; Clay 10; Cleveland 200; Columbus 125; Craven 100; Cumberland 200; Currituck 10; Dare 10; Davidson 200; Davie 25;

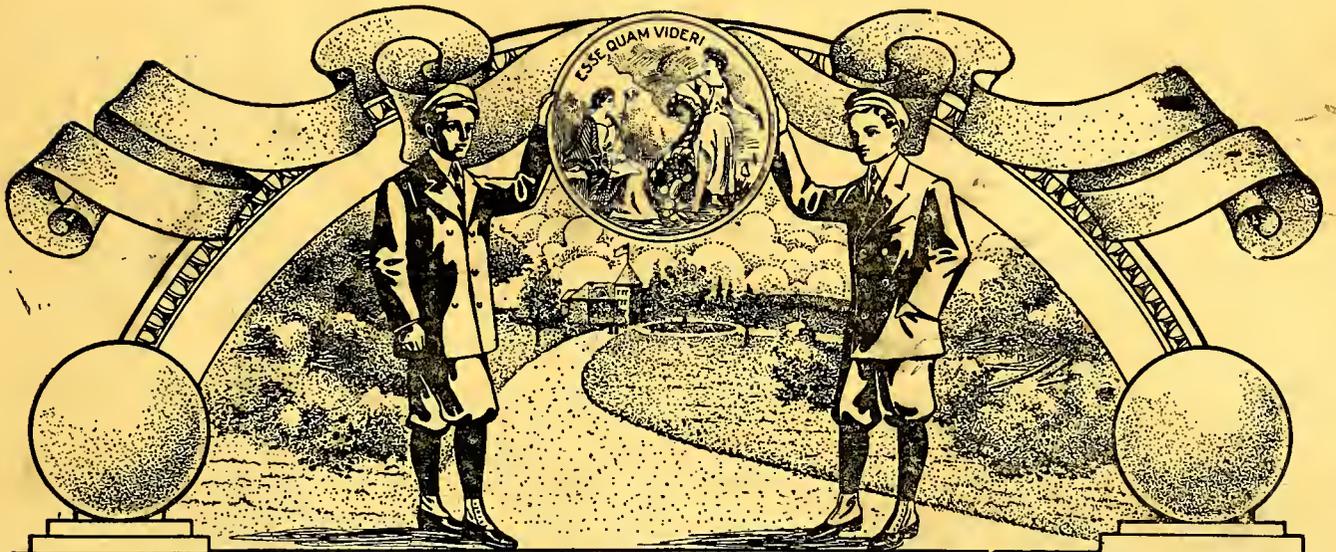
Darlin 100; Durham 300; Edgecombe 50; Forsyth 350; Franklin 85; Gaston 250; Gates 15; Graham 5; Granville 80; Greene 20; Guilford 500; Halifax 80; Harnett 75; Haywood 100; Henderson 50; Hertford 25; Hyde 5; Iredell 250; Jackson 50; Johnson 150; Jones 10; Lenoir 100; Lincoln 75; Lee 25; Macon 75; Madison 50; Martin 25; McDowell 50; Mecklenburg 550; Mitchell 25; Montgomery 75; Moore 75; Nash 100; New Hanover 300; Northampton 20; Onslow 25; Orange 100; Pamlico 15; Pasquotank 75; Pender 25; Perquimans 50; Person 75; Pitt 150; Polk 25; Randolph 150; Richmond 75; Robeson 150; Rockingham 200; Rowan 250; Rutherford 100; Sampson 100; Scotland 40; Stary 100; Stokes 50; Surry 100; Swain 25; Transylvania 25; Tyrrell 5; Union 150; Vance 100; Wake 500; Warren 20; Washington 25; Watauga 25; Wayne 200; Wilkes 75; Wilson 125; Yadkin 25; Yancey 15.



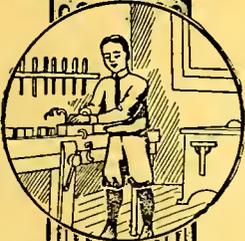
PROPOSED COTTAGE.

Now for the Great Campaign for 10,000 Subscribers, Which Guarantees the Accomplishment of a Laudable Undertaking. Subscription \$1 a Year.

C364



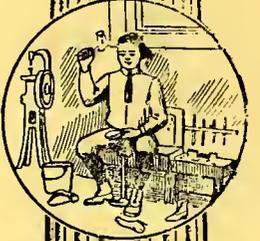
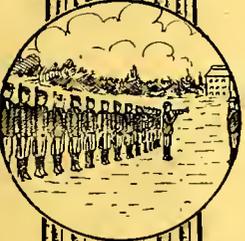
THE UPLIFT



LIFE'S LAST LOOK BACKWARD

“When we come to die it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, we think on most pleasantly.”

—Jeanie Deans.



OCTOBER, 1909.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



Who will be the first to raise his apportionment?

Making the Educational Cottage a reality is with the school men.

Watch the county superintendents succeed in making the Educational Cottage a reality.

All reports from the patriotic and earnest superintendents thus far received spell success.

The Educational Cottage will be a splendid companion piece for the King's Daughters' Cottage.

The campaign is up to and in the hands of the county superintendents—they know what and how to do.

State Superintendent Joyner has entire confidence in the determination and ability of the superintendents to accomplish the noble service they unanimously pledged at their meeting at Hendersonville.

Mr. Superintendent, let us hear from you.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER, 1909

No. 5

JOSEPH PEARSON CALDWELL,

The subject of this sketch, a son of Joseph Pearson Caldwell and Amanda McCullough Caldwell, of Iredell county, was born in Statesville, June 16th, 1853. I have access to full and accurate data of Mr. Caldwell's forbears, who were important and influential personages before and during the stormy period of 1776, but this article has to do only with the distinguished editor and patriot, who is yet with us.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Caldwell entered the office of the Statesville American, as a printer, with the purpose of later entering college. The tempests which howled up and down this good land during his young manhood swept away, as it did for hundreds of others, all chances of a college life. Later young Caldwell became local editor of the Statesville Intelligencer. When 19 years of age he went to Charlotte as the local editor of the Observer, in which position he continued for four years. Going to Raleigh, he connected himself with the Daily News, getting in touch with state affairs, with public men and making a valuable acquaintance that touched every county in the state. Returning to Charlotte, he became assistant editor of the Observer, which position he held until 1880, when he purchased the Statesville Landmark.

The young editor is now 27 years of age; and the world demanding his labors all thought then of a period in college ceased; and thus one of the greatest editors the state or the south knows can truthfully point with pride to his alma mater as the College of Practice and Experience. Leaving the scenes of his childhood a youth, he returns to his first home a man, admirably equipped for his business and his profession. The Landmark prospered; it had a

standing in the state; it exerted an enormous influence in the realm of politics, society, industrial development, and in a general awakening in the state. It was the reflection of a great brain, and a heart in love with the state. Mr. Caldwell made it so.

In 1885 he was appointed a director of the State Hospital at Morganton, and became president of the Board, and has served continuously ever since—24 years. The only personal political ambition he



JOSEPH PEARSON CALDWELL, LL. D.

ever suffered was in 1886, when he was elected mayor of Statesville, serving four years. I desire to say right here that Mr. Caldwell not only did not seek but he declined political preferment. His life work was chosen, and nothing could change that choice. He was chairman of the North Carolina delegation to the National Democratic convention in 1892. In 1890 Mr. Caldwell bought a half interest in the Char-

lotte Chronicle (the morning paper) and moved back to Charlotte, becoming the editor of the paper, the name of which was afterwards changed back to the Observer. Later he disposed of the Landmark to his associate, Mr. R. R. Clark, who has made an enviable reputation in newspaperdom in North Carolina.

Mr. Caldwell has been twice married. The first wife was Miss Maggie Lowry Spratt, daughter of Chas. Spratt of Charlotte. Born to him were five children, one dying at the age of two years; and Joe P. Caldwell, Jr., having just reached manhood, died in 1903. Mr. Caldwell, in his second marriage, married Miss Addie Williams, a brilliant and talented daughter of Col. Lewis Williams, of Charlotte. By this union, there is one child, a daughter, the charming and attractive little miss, Adelaide Pearson Caldwell.

The Charlotte Observer has become by the superior business management of Messrs J. P. Caldwell and D. A. Tompkins, co-owners, and by the master hand and brain of Mr. Caldwell, the editor, one of the greatest, most popular, and satisfying newspapers in the South.

Mr. Caldwell has been president of the North Carolina Press Association, of which he is now an esteemed member; and in 1908 he was elected president of the Southern

Newspaper Association.

Descended from a people full of energy, intelligence and stability, who in their respective periods had occupied important positions in the public service and had been leaders among their fellow men, there is no wonder that Joseph P. Caldwell naturally developed at an early age the qualities of mind and heart to stand for those things and measures

(Continued on Page 16.)

A Brief History of the County Supts. Association of N. C.

By C. H. Mebane.

It may be of interest to the readers of the UPLIFT to know something of the history of the annual meeting of the men who are at the head of the public school work in the counties of North Carolina.

It was the privilege of the writer to be the first State School official to call these men together to consider ways and means of doing more efficient work. This first meeting was held in Raleigh beginning Dec. 30th, 1897. A full report of this meeting may be seen in the Educational Report of the State Supt. for the years 1896—7, and 1897—8.

The First Meeting In Raleigh.

There were no expenses paid by the County Boards of Education, but notwithstanding the expenses had to be paid from the small salaries of the Co. Supts. twenty-seven counties were represented, extending from New Hanover county on the east to Buncombe county on the west.

The purpose of this meeting is set forth in the following words of the State Supt. of Public Instruction in his opening remarks to the Co. Supts. who were present. He said: "This meeting was called that we as school officials and educators, might see each other face to face, that we may reason together for each other's good in the great work entrusted to us; that we may have the benefit of the wisdom and experience of each other in securing the best result under the present school law; that we may have unity of action for one great object, namely, the improvement and progress of our public schools."

A second meeting was called and met in Raleigh on Dec. 27th, 1898. At this meeting about the same number were present. A full report of this meeting may be found in the State Superintendent's Report for the years 1898-99 and 1899-1900.

Two Meetings Served A Purpose.

These two meetings served a purpose, and that was to demonstrate the necessity of assembling together, at least once a year, the State Superintendent and the men who with him are charged with the educational work of the State. Previous to this, the State Superintendent did not know personally more than a few of the men who were his helpers and leaders down in the counties. The

County Superintendents did not know each other personally or otherwise, except in a few instances in adjoining counties.

A Generosity Remembered.

In 1902, through the generosity of the General Education Board, a meeting of the County Superintendents was held in Raleigh. This meeting was presided over by Superintendent Joyner. The expenses



HON. C. H. MEBANE,

Ex-State Supt. of Education and now an important member of the Department of Education. Where things educational are doing, Mr. Mebane is always found.

were paid by the Board named above. There were present 84 County Superintendents. This meeting was a decided success and demonstrated again the necessity of an annual conference of the men who are to carry on the work of public education in this State.

Attendance Now Compulsory.

Superintendent Joyner was so impressed with the necessity of such a conference that he recommended to the Legislature of 1903 that an amendment be made to the law requiring the County Boards of Education to pay the traveling expenses of each county Superintendent to such an annual meeting. The law was amended and since that time the expenses have been paid out of the county funds and the attendance of the superintendent is compulsory unless providentially hindered.

Various Subjects Discussed.

In 1904, the County Superintendents

met at Raleigh on Nov. 30th. There were present 85 County Superintendents. The following subjects were considered, record books of County Superintendents and County Treasurers, school registers, blank reports, rules and regulations, Rural Libraries and how to secure them, how to preserve them, how to increase their usefulness, Teachers' Institutes, consolidation and local taxation, the Wiley Monument, and North Carolina Day. Dr. McIver and Gov. Aycock and Superintendent Joyner delivered addresses at this meeting. Resolutions of appreciation and gratitude for the work done for public education were adopted by the County Superintendents.

The meeting was presided over by Superintendent Joyner and was managed wisely by him. There were sharp tilts at times between certain members and others as to the new blanks and records proposed, but all passed off well and the best of spirit finally prevailed. Ex-State Superintendent John C. Scarborough was present as County Superintendent of Hertford County, and Ex-State Superintendent C. H. Mebane was present as County Superintendent of Catawba County.

Met In Connection.

In 1905, the annual meeting of County Superintendents was held at Raleigh on December 14th. There were present according to the News and Observer report about 75 members. The main subjects considered at this meeting were consolidation of districts, local tax, the erection of school houses, rural libraries, and the woman's betterment work. Superintendent J. Y. Joyner delivered an address reviewing the past year's work and outlining the work of the following year. The State was divided into districts and the County Superintendents of each district had a meeting during the following year. Reports were had from each county as to the condition of the work. Some bright pictures were presented and some that were dark and discouraging.

In 1906, the county superintendents assembled at Raleigh in connection with the Teachers' Assembly, on June the 17th. There were present at this meeting 69 County Superintendents. The following subjects were

(Continued on Page 14.)

Blue Mont is the Site of the Southern Baptist Assembly.

Thousands of people have heard of Blue Mont, as well as Montreat. The latter is the Summer city of the Presbyterians; the former is the Summer home of the Southern Baptist Assembly.

We are indebted to the Biblical

Tunnel, forming the body of this bird's-eye view of Blue Mont.

Hon. J. H. Tucker, of Asheville, and Rev. B. W. Spilman, of Kinston, are the prime movers in this great undertaking. It has the endorsement of the Baptist Convention, also it

tions of the Baptist Denomination may meet for a season. The idea is a splendid one, and though young we understand that much interest and enthusiasm have been aroused.

An auditorium accommodating thousands is nearing completion; fully two dozen cottages have already been built by members, and arrangements for other necessary buildings, such as stores, boarding houses and a hotel are now making.

By the courtesy of the Biblical Recorder THE UPLIFT is enabled to give some views from Blue Mont in this issue. They appear on this and other pages, and they will each explain themselves.



Literature and Journalism.

Journalism is, and must be in a hurry; literature is not. Literature deals with the permanent elements of human things. A journalist has to take the mood and occasions of the hour and make the best of them. But literature more or less describes the attitude of a judge; the journalist



"LAURALODGE."

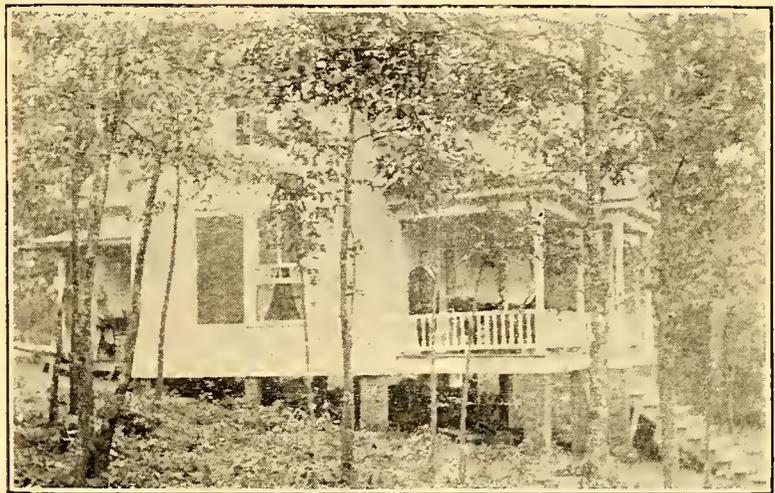
Residence of Rev. High C. Moore Blue Mont.



HON. J. H. TUCKER, Asheville, N. C.

President of the Southern Baptist Assembly, Blue Mont, N. C. Mr. Tucker is an esteemed member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, and is Vice-Chairman of the Board.

Recorder, of Raleigh, for some of the facts, the pictures and the splendid description of the Swananoah



"ZELLEHURST."

Residence of Rev. B. W. Spilman, Blue Mont.

carries legal authority from the State Legislature. The site is at the top of the Blue Ridge, just at the Western end of the Swananoah Tunnel. A large tract of land has been secured, and this has been divided up into lots with proper streets everywhere.

The object is to make a splendid summer resort for the Baptist Denomination, and where convention, assemblies and other organiza-

dealing with what are called live issues, has to be more or less of an advocate. Literature deals with ideals, the journalist is a man of action. He is not a student, but a man of action, and he is concerned with the real.—Lord Morley.



Quit thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by;

THE INSTITUTION THAT HELPS ALL MEN AND TOWNS.

By Alexander Webb, Raleigh, N. C.

Next to the church, the school and the home, the very best institution for the state is the Building and Loan Association. Other institutions are necessary for the conduct of business, for the comfort and health of man, and for making money, but the Building and Loan associations are in a class by themselves.

You have asked me, Mr. Editor, for an article on this subject for publication in THE UPLIFT, for which I am a subscriber and of which I am an interested reader. I can not deny you, because I am firmly convinced of your purpose to do good by holding up that which means a betterment of mankind. I am, also, deeply interested in the great work the Jackson Training School stands for; and I shall contribute what I can towards helping you carry out your plans.

Home Owners in the Community.

There are many men, who do not own their own home, that are good citizens; but they could feel themselves better ones if they did own their own vine and figtree.

There is a certainty about the citizenship and interest of a man when he and his family are housed in his own home. He looks at every proposition confronting the public through different glasses. He looks at it as an interested taxpayer and as the head of a family, in whose care and keep he has a jealous part. This is not selfishness, for what is to his good as a home-owner must necessarily be for his neighbor, who is a home-owner; and what is good for those who live in their own homes can not possibly injure others.

Good Citizens Should Encourage.

Feeling the above to be sound, as I take it, there should be an effort among all good citizens to sustain Building & Loan associations, and exert their influence on small wage earners to carry shares with the ultimate purpose of building and owning their own home. It is not only good business to do so, but it is the exercise of the principle of the very highest citizenship to do so.

Where these associations have

operated for some years, there is a larger per cent of home owners than in towns where they do not exist. This stops rent money; this makes the man more firmly fixed in the community and it adds another power in efforts for permanent improvement and increases in the community the store of civic pride.

On a Sound Basis.

The associations in North Carolina have been organized on sound business principles; these institutions are economically administered and are safe. For this reason they



ALEXANDER WEBB, Raleigh, N. C.

should appeal to men who have money to invest. It is safe, and gives in return good dividends. A moneyed man can find no safer investment; the records of most associations show a profit of 6 per cent above taxes and expenses. No other investment with so few risks can compare with this.

Just The Thing For Wage Earners.

Without giving a concrete example, it is known to be a great saving for the average wage earner to carry stock and through the Building and Loan Association own his own home rather than be paying rents. Not a few examples from real life have been published showing the advantage a wage earner by owning his own home through the

(Continued on Page 16.)

Thoughts Suggested by the Meeting of County Superintendents.

THE UPLIFT had a representative on the ground when the county superintendents of Education, of the state, held their annual meeting in Hendersonville during the first days of September.

State superintendent Joyner presided with great ability, opening forcibly and earnestly every discussion of the several ideas in a splendid, sensible and far-reaching programme. No man ever held to a more marked degree than does Mr. Joyner the respect, confidence and sympathy of "his boys", as Mr. Joyner frequently called the county superintendents, all of whom seemed to relish the tenderness with which Mr. Joyner dealt with them.

It was our purpose to go into the discussions as they occurred, but being favored with two excellent articles from Profs. Mebane and Bivins on kindred subjects for this issue, we shall defer some observations we hope to make along the lines of work before the county superintendents for another time.

During the early part of the late Major Finger's administration, and when the Teachers' Assembly held such glorious meetings at Morehead City, there was organized and kept alive a State Association of County Superintendents. This writer had the honor of being president for three years; and the first secretary was Col. P. M. Pearsall, then County superintendent of Jones county. Col. Pearsall got too busy with his law matters and social functions at this stage of his life, and he resigned. For the remainder of this organization, the position of secretary was held by the late John W. Starnes, of Buncombe. At these meetings, the attendance was never less than forty. But the county superintendents in those days had a "poor show". The good Major Finger was too busy in teaching the late Chas. D. McIver and President Edwin A. Alderman their speeches and work, when they went up and down the state of North Carolina arousing the folks to a lively interest in educational matters. The hours set apart for the meetings of the association of county superintendents were in the afternoon when the others were across the sound dipping themselves in old ocean. "Poor show?" Why, in those days the county boards of Education and the county superintendents had no more power than the district

(Continued on Page 13.)

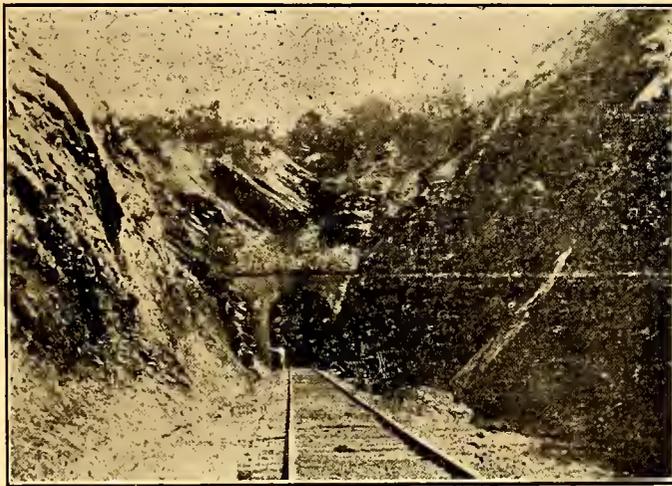
SWANANOAH TUNNEL.

Biblical Recorder.

It was by superlative engineering decades ago that the railway locomotive began its journey across the Blue Ridge. The cascades around Old Fort laughed at the idea; the stern bluffs frowned upon it; and the high peaks thought it beneath their notice. But shovel and drill did their work, and steam began its triumphs. Upward moved the engine with its cars, encompassing Round Knob, piecing stubborn ridges, spanning foamy torrents, filling abysmal valleys, niching its

right walls into the night of the Tunnel. Then not a sound you hear except lingering echo; not a trace of train you see except the smoke of its disappearance; but for the minute of its passage silent as the very grave is the train with its engine and helper though the while its muscles of steel are strained and its fiery lungs breathe heavily. It emerges, and instantly the noise of final struggle reaches you, the smoke rises from train and Tunnel, and the skyland climb is over.

Or, stand, if you will, on the edge



SWANANOAH TUNNEL, NEAR BLUE MONT.

Through this great subway 25 or 30 Southern Railway trains come and go every day. From this point, near the centre of the Blue Mont Grounds, the grade descends through the tunnel and down the Eastern slope of the Blue Ridge.

way along precipices, and thundering ambitiously upward.

But at last the very mountain flung itself in the way as if to say: "Thus far and no farther!" The final combat was on. Alas, the mountain, undisturbed since the primal sea receded leaving it conqueror, may now be too high to scale but not too hard to penetrate. And so still holding its grade upward, despite the rock-masses rising vertically 123 feet and extending horizontally more than 1,800 feet, the locomotive in due time sweated and struggled through the submontane darkness, stopped for a moment on the new divide it had made, and then shouted its victory across the western valleys.

And so today we may sit at "Lauralodge," for example, and hear the great engines throbbing and threading their way up the mountains. At the sight of Swananoah they utter that shrill cry of farewell to the east and move with hard puffing between the rocky twi-

of the deep cut at the western end of the Tunnel. The eastbound trains with brakes tested, steam cut off, fire boxes closed, and lamps lighted, glide almost noiselessly into the Tunnel and disappear in the darkness on their downward way. But the westbound trains—they are the hard workers striving skyward through herculean effort; and you wait here to see one of them reach its goal. As soon as it enters the Tunnel from the east you hear a sound as of distant thunder. Louder and louder becomes the roar until it deafens and startles as the train nears the exit at your feet. Out it finally creeps, strenuous, begrimed, the roofs sprinkled, the cars smoky, the engines a-weary, the smoke swirling for minutes out of the Tunnel as up from a crater or a Tophet. But sweating steam-chests and laboring locomotives may here pause in triumphant air, for go which way they will the grade slopes downward to stations near and far.

And so we think of Swananoah

Tunnel not only as a scenic spot, but also as a parable of achievement, a picture of penetrated difficulties, a prophecy of that temporary darkness and silence through which we, after climbing the earth-slope, must pass to enter the upper and better world.



Progress in Education in Wilkes.

We are grateful to County Superintendent C. C. Wright, of Wilkes county, N. C., for a printed copy of his annual report for the year ending June 30th, 1909. It contains pictures of modern school houses, carries the names of all the teachers and gives very interesting statistics. One feature is novel, and the news is so good that we here reproduce it, being a comparison for the years 1900 and 1909. It is:

1900		1909
0	Rural Libraries	141
0	Supplementary Libraries	63
0	Local tax schools	36
\$6589	Value of school property	\$36864
64	Frame houses	134
30	Log houses	7
33	Districts with no house	4
1	Painted houses	23
8	Houses with bells	48
14	Houses with desks	118
115	Schools taught	141
130	Teachers employed	186
3	Schools with assistant teachers	29
4	Schools teaching high school subjects	26
\$20	Monthly salary of white teachers	\$30
6	Teachers with normal training	64
13 per cent	Illiteracy	6 per cent
62 per cent	Enrollment	76 per cent
23 per c.	Average attendance	46 per c.
10054	School Census	10764
2185	Pupils studying arithmetic	4320
859	Language and grammar	2629
1265	Geography	2833
405	Physiology	866
365	N. C. History	562
364	U. S. History	1588
0	Agriculture	341
51	Civil Government	296
16	Algebra	172
16	Latin	150



Two Kinds of Schools.

Canton Vindicator.

There are two kinds of schools in this country, both strong in their influences, educating the boys in strikingly opposite directions. The school house education on one hand and the street education on the other are alarmingly different. The nation's prosperity depends upon which school educates the boys.



It will not be long before Charlie Gattis will be taking us all on a personally conducted tour to the North pole. Then North Carolinians can bring home tooth-picks cut from the pole.—Raleigh News and Observer.



We need you for a subscriber.

A BUSY OFFICE IS SUPERINTENDENT JOYNER'S.

By Prof. J. A. Bivins.

A Busy Office.

The office of the State Department of Education is indeed a busy one.

A decade ago the entire business of the Department was conducted by the Superintendent with the assistance of a stenographer, now it requires the combined services of seven men, in addition to the stenographer and a colored helper. This shows, as much as any other one fact, the tremendous progress that the State has been making in education. The business of the office can be more clearly understood by defining the different departments and showing what each is doing.

The Superintendent.

Mr. Joyner is, doubtless, the busiest man connected with the State government. His work is a labor of love, and into it he throws his life. To his wise counsels and unremitting efforts is due the great educational advancement of the State, an advancement second to none in the South. Under his direction the work has grown to such proportions that he has found it necessary to delegate much of it to assistants. With these heads of departments he confers from time to time, outlining his plans, and formulating his policies. Besides this he has a voluminous correspondence to attend to, though much of the mail matter that comes to the Department never reaches his desk, being handled by the different assistants. He is constantly sought after to visit the various portions of his great field for the purpose of making educational addresses. He generously responds to these calls whenever circumstances permit. By virtue of his office he is connected with the boards of the several public educational institutions, such as the University and the State Normal College, and these make demands on his time. He is a member of the council of the State and of the State Board of Education. During the sessions of the Legislature he is busily engaged with the committees of Education in both Houses in formulating necessary changes to be made in the school law. Prior to the meeting of the Legislature he makes his biennial report to the Governor, in which he sums up the progress made in the educational field and in which he outlines the needs and policies for the future.

The distinguished honor recently

conferred on him in his election to the presidency of the National Educational Association means a considerable increase in his duties during the coming year.

The Chief Clerk.

Mr. Allen J. Barwick, Chief Clerk, looks after the filing and tabulating of statistics. Most of the labor of compiling the Superintendent's Biennial Report devolves upon him. Half of his time, at least, is taken up with the work of the State Board of Examiners. He opens the mail and refers the correspondence to the various heads of departments, and in the absence of Mr. Joyner has general charge of the office. He gets up most of the blank forms that are furnished the county superintendents for making their various reports. In addition to his clerical work, which is onerous, he finds time to write occasional bulletins for the use of teachers. Two very helpful ones have recently come from his pen, one on Opening Exercises and the other on Physiology and Hygiene in the Primary School.

Department of Finance and Special Tax.

This very important work is looked after by Mr. C. H. Mebane, formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Upon proper application he makes requisition to the State Auditor for issuing warrants. These warrants are for rural libraries; for loans to various counties for establishing high schools; for enabling other counties to have four months terms; for salaries etc. In fact, the disbursement of all funds from the State Department of Education passes through his hands. He is also the bookkeeper of the office. He collects the funds from the different Betterment Associations and deposits them in the bank. He manages the campaigns for special tax, and through a fund set aside for the purpose secures speakers to address mass meetings. He is the "lawyer" of the office and takes pride in having legal technicalities referred to him for settlement; but, of course, the final authority in such matters is the Attorney General or Mr. Joyner. He issues pamphlets about local tax and Betterment Work and gets out all the blanks pertaining to his department.

Department of Supervision.

In the field of supervision, the

State Department of Education is projecting a fourfold work: 1 Teacher Training; 2 Supervision of Elementary Schools; 3 Supervision of High Schools; 4 Correlation of the Work of the Home and Community Life.

The work of teacher training is placed in the hands of Mr. J. A. Bivins. He has charge of the organization and direction of the county teachers' institutes; prepares a four year's course of home study and reading for the teachers; makes outlines and suggestions for carrying out this course through the medium of the County Teachers' Associations; prepares bulletins and manuals to be used in county institutes and associations and in schools.

In addition to this very important field he has charge and oversight of the three State Normal Schools for negroes, and the Normal School for the Croatan. His official title is Supervisor of Teacher-Training. His office is in the State Department of Education, but a considerable portion of his time is taken up in the field in the work of visitation and supervision. His salary is met out of the appropriation for the colored normals in part, and from a special appropriation by the last General Assembly.

Mr. L. C. Brogden is the supervisor of elementary schools. His work will be largely with the county superintendents, advising and helping them in the most vital part of their work, the supervision of their schools. He will help to standardize and give unity to the courses of study; direct in the proper classification of students and in the economizing of time in the daily programmes; prepare bulletins for the use of county superintendents that will guide them in effectually supervising their schools. He will visit many of the schools of the State in company with the County Superintendent, and will attend the annual and district meetings of the County superintendents. His services do not cost the State a cent, being met by the munificence of the Peabody Board.

The University of North Carolina furnishes a man to supervise the public high schools of the state. This man is Mr. N. W. Walker. He is connected with the State Department of Education and makes occasional visits to the Department, but his office is at the University, in Chapel Hill. His salary also does not come from the State. He prepares bulletins and outlines courses

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The Cotton Plant---How it Grows and is Grown.

By Rev. W. L. Hunton, Ph. D.

A trip to the Sunny South naturally included a visit to a cotton field. Our genial host told us much which awakened interest and led to further investigation. And as every one of our readers both wears and eats products of the cotton plant, a description of it and how it grows and is grown would seem to be of interest.

There are many varieties of the cotton plant which is known to botanists as *Gossypium*, a member of the Malvaceae family. The cotton plant of the South, where three-fourths of the world's supply is raised, is a small annual shrub from two to four feet in height, branching extensively. The flowers are white, cream-colored or pale yellow the first day, become darker and redder the second day, and fall to the ground on the third or fourth day, leaving a tiny boll in the calyx. This boll enlarges until it becomes about the size and shape of a hen egg.

The boll is the house of seed and lint. It contains three to five and sometimes more cells which hold the lint. As seed and lint grow the boll enlarges, until it reaches maturity, when the cells open and lint and seed expand into a tuft of white, silky wool which is ready to be gathered and marketed.

Plowing, harrowing, cultivating with some variations are very much like regulation farming, and need no special description. "Chopping out" is another name for thinning. The boll worm and other insects must be fought, and the cotton farmer, like all others who till the soil, does not eat the bread of idleness if he wants good crops.

Every crop, however, is interesting at harvest time, and this is especially true of cotton. How spectacular is a cotton field as the bolls burst and reveal their fleecy treasures, soft, abundant and snowy white. Add to this scene a small army of "pickers," all shades of color, all sizes and ages, and if you can imagine it you will never forget the picture. A sack and a ducky in the row and a basket at the end of it, and you have a picking outfit which is up-to-date, although promising to be superseded by a picking machine, just as the sickle has given way to the reaper. The owner is kept busy weighing his crop, as his pickers are usually paid not by the day but by the hun-



dred pounds. Cotton opens slowly and necessitates three or four pickings, thus prolonging the harvest and aiding pickers and plantation owner.

The boll contains seed and lint, and before it can be marketed these must be separated. It is to Eli Whitney that the credit must be given for inventing the "cotton gin," without which cotton would never have become the king of products. A graduate of Yale, he went South in 1792 to become a teacher. But he became an inventor and the great benefactor of his adopted home. Macaulay says: "What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin has more than equaled in its relation to the power and progress of the United States." The introduction of the cotton gin just at the time when inventions for carding, spinning and weaving had created demand for the raw material made it at once a staple and insured the chief crop of the Southland, in which, according to the latest available statistics, there are today no less than 1,418,000 cotton farms.

In speaking of cultivating cotton we naturally think of the negro, who has been called a "regular cotton-tot," and is, along with the mule, inseparably linked with the cotton field. It is so picturesque to have the black negro in a white cotton field that the two are inseparable in the minds of many; and yet it is not only the sons of Ham who are labor-

ing with the fleecy staple, and today many plantations are worked without a single negro.

There are over 600,000 negro farmers, we are told, and it was not without interest that we saw the typical "Southern ducky" in his cabin home. What happy-go-lucky fellows they are! Evidently a favorite maxim of the Saviour's is a controlling principle. We refer to that command, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." Another favorite commandment with them evidently is, "Multiply, and replenish the earth." They do not need President Roosevelt's advice against race suicide. And how little heed they take for the morrow of the little niggerkins who, Topsy-like, "just grow."

The one-room cabin is the typical farm home of the negro, who is aptly described in the following quotation:

"Oh, I gets my stren'th from white side meat,
I sops all de sorghum a nigger kin eat,
I chaws wheat bread on Saddy night,
En' I ain't no han' to run f'um a fight."

The typical negro tenant moves frequently, usually mortgages his unplanted crop, and between his own recklessness and the exorbitant prices charged him, the reckoning of the merchant who purchased the ducky's two bales of cotton is often true:

"Naught's a naught, figger's a figger,
All for the white man, none for the nigger."

But if the negro does find himself in possession of an unexpected cash surplus, he soon relieves himself of the burden, indulging in the luxury of an organ which no member of the family can play, or a fancy clock, the figures on the face of which he cannot read. Such are many of the negroes, "light-hearted, good-natured, and aisily lynched," as Mr. Dooley says. Yet they are not all such. Some have acquired large holdings of land and some have established factories of no mean proportions, and with an opportunity to educate and develop themselves under favorable conditions they will materially improve their lot. This much is certain, citizens of the North have no conception of the Southern ducky and know very little about solving the negro problem. We have

(Cont nued Page 11).

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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A WORD TO COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS.

It is a pleasing fact to us that the Association of County Superintendents, at their annual meeting in Hendersonville, definitely determined to build at the Jackson Training School a cottage to be known as the Educational Cottage. This is to meet a pressing demand from every section of the state.

This splendid undertaking will be accomplished by securing for THE UPLIFT ten thousand subscribers. The apportionment among the several counties can be found on the fourth page of the cover sheet. The plan each superintendent will adopt in his county is a matter that he must decide for himself, being familiar with his people and the conditions of his field of labor. In some counties, the superintendent is asking his teachers to assume the responsibility of raising each two or three subscribers; in others the Daughters of the Confederacy have come to the assistance of the superintendents; and in some counties, generous citizens have contributed five, ten and twenty-five dollars toward the county apportionment. But in all counties, where there are graded schools, the

superintendents of these will gladly lend a helping hand.

Whenever a subscription is handed to you, or secured by yourself, please send in the name and address to us at once that THE UPLIFT may be promptly mailed—account can be kept, and later on when the number reaches ten or fifteen you can make a remittance. THE UPLIFT promises you all the assistance possible in this campaign; and we shall be grateful to you, individually and collectively, for your efforts in bringing this campaign to a speedy and successful solution.

There will be rejoicing in numbers of homes of North Carolina when you have made it possible for the Educational Cottage to open its doors for the reception of boys. Let us be up and doing.



THE RECORD AT THE POLE.

FREDERICK A. COOK.

Ship J. R. Bradley
 Sailed Aug. 1, 1907
 Dogs 103.
 Eskimos 2
 Last word to civilization Mar. 18, 1908
 Reached North Pole . Apr. 21, 1908
 Nativity Callicoon, N. Y
 Age 44

ROBERT E. PEARY.

Ship Roosevelt
 Sailed July 1, 1908
 Dogs 300
 Eskimos 30
 Last word to civilization Oct. 8, 1908
 Reached North Pole . Apr. 6, 1909
 Nativity Cresson, Pa.
 Age 53.

The North Pole is alleged to have been discovered. The statement may or may not be true; we have to rely on statements. Dr. Cook's manners and conduct, since his return, though under a pressure that would ruffle many a temper, have been manly and superb. On the contrary that of Commander Peary has been ugly, if the statements in the public prints are to be believed.

Some pretty well-informed people

are bordering upon the belief that Commander Peary needs to be watched. The squabble he and his fool friends have started makes Dr. Cook stronger in the eyes of the people, and has in no wise increased the Commander's standing before the public.

The Navy, of course, will back Commander Peary. It will be the Sampson and Scinley matter over again—the Navy on one side and the people on the other.



SHALL CURFEW RING?

Very few boys, if any, ever become bad ones by spending their nights, after sundown, at home. On the contrary very few boys, if any, learn anything good on the streets after sundown.

Access to the streets either for business or pleasure during the hours between sun-rise and sun-set is enough for any boy or girl. It is even too much. We have studied these matters already sufficiently to be prepared to declare that most bad boys are the product of loose parental ties and unlimited privileges of the street. In many cases it is entirely the fault of the parent, for the average boy or girl does not do what the parent forbids.

The schools up and down our good state are now opening. You hear in every town some one complaining about such and such child failing of promotion. The reason is not far to find. Nine cases out of ten the child was a law unto himself. The average parent thinks his boy, good or bad, is an angel until the boy rises up and makes it miserable for his Pa. Then he seeks the cause—it is then oftentimes too late.

What are the children doing on the street after nightfall? What good can come of it? What sound reason for this license can be given? You, you fifty-year old man, give testimony. Did you loaf on the streets at night during your childhood? Is not the parental rule still vivid in your mind? Then what reason can you give for allowing your boy to roam the streets at night unattended?

Can the preachers and the Sunday-school teachers and the day-school teachers bring to bear enough persuasion and influence in their several communities to stop this child life, unattended, roaming the street after sun-down? Can you, in your several communities, convince thoughtless parents of the error of allowing their children upon the streets after nightfall either for pay or play?

You lock up the horse at night; you see that your dumb animals are safe and housed; even your dog is accounted for. What about your boy, who has a soul, who has a mission, who is to carry to prosperity your name? Is he not of more serious concern to you than your horse, your cow, your dog?

If the influence of the preacher, the Sunday-school teacher and other workers for good in the community can not make the parent regard his small son of more value than his horse, then appeal to the authorities of the city governments for the establishment of the Curfew bell. The game is worth the price.

It will do the average father good to make the acquaintance of his own son. When the Curfew bell rings, there may be some advantageous meetings at home between parent and son.



THE GROWTH REMARKABLE.

This number of THE UPLIFT approaches an educational number. It is well. Noting an occasional addition to the force of the North Carolina Department of Education, we requested an article from Mr. J. A. Bivins showing the division of the growing work in that busy office. He has done his part well, and we are sure that our readers will be greatly interested in it.

About twenty years ago the work of the department was handled by the Superintendent, a clerk and a janitor. Today were such a force to attempt the handling of the business of that office, it would be necessary within a week to get out a search warrant for the superintendent—he would

be hopelessly overwhelmed. The business of all departments has increased along with the development of the state and in keeping with new and needed legislation, but none show the increase that obtains in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The development of the school system in the state has been rapid and along specific and progressive lines for some years past; and to keep close in behind all these several departments and make them efficient and productive of the greatest results, our wise and industrious and business-like superintendent, the Hon. James Yarkin Joyner, has met every demand promptly. No department could be better organized; and no force has ever been called upon to do work where a better system prevailed.

The state of North Carolina is to be congratulated upon having a live educational system, behind which is an able head with a competent and efficient cabinet.



In 1908 when the first dirt was breaking for the first building of the Jackson Training School, we had for a welcome visitor Rev. W. L. Hunton, Ph. D., of Philadelphia, the editor of Young Folks. While with us he saw for the first time growing cotton. He wrote a story about it for his paper, and by his kindness we are enabled to reproduce the story along with pictures. Very few Northern gentlemen grasp quickly a good idea of cotton culture, but Dr. Hunton was an apt pupil. He is deeply interested in our school for wayward boys.



One of the best agencies for the development of our citizenship, in teaching the practice of saving and securing homes, is the Building and Loan Associations. We are grateful to Mr. Alexander Webb, Vice-President of the North Carolina Home Insurance Company, and an enthusiastic B. & L. man, for his contribution elsewhere in this number. Newspapers and leading citizens would find this a splendid field for a profitable

agitation in their several communities.



Hon Chas. H. Mebane, of the State Department of Education, has done us an historical service in the preparation of the article appearing in this issue. No man in the state has rendered a more earnest and faithful service to the cause of public education in North Carolina. When himself the state superintendent of public instruction, he pumped life and activity into the school system where these elements were most needed at the time. That loyalty and earnestness continue unto this good day.



We are reasonably certain that several individuals in the state are seriously thinking about furnishing the funds for the erection of the chapel and the school house. The former will cost \$5,000; the latter, \$7,000. We shall locate the good folks bye and bye; or better still, doing like Mr. Roth, they will locate themselves. We are patient, but mighty anxious about this matter.



We had promised ourselves the pleasure of publishing in this number the picture and a short sketch of Mr. J. A. Thomas, editor of the Louisburg Times. Death thwarted us. This good man, "Dolly Thomas" as all affectionately called him, has read his last proof and has been called up higher. He was a noble fellow, a sincere friend, and a correct man.



The September number of North Carolina Education took occasion to say something peculiarly pleasing about the Jackson Training School, about THE UPLIFT and its editor. Such good, considerate and helpful friends make our heart happy and our determination strong.



Dr. Stephen B. Weeks in an interesting article in this number, tells "how come" Curfew; and Col. Al Fairbrother tells, in a characteristic reasoning manner "why should" Curfew.

CURFEW SHOULD RING IN EVERY TOWN.

By Al Fairbrother.

It is highly gratifying to me, as a citizen of the State, to see the interest the UPLIFT has evoked among the good citizens of North Carolina, and especially am I pleased to note the activity of the educational people in undertaking to increase its circulation to the many thousands.

The UPLIFT will not only furnish employment to many of the boys in the school, but it will doubtless assist many thousand children; keep them in the straight path; teach them the better way. Not only will children read the UPLIFT but adults will find entertainment and instruction in its pages, therefore I think the day the UPLIFT was born there was added a most valuable asset to the morals of the state of North Carolina.

Why cannot the UPLIFT at once become the recognized headquarters for things that should be done for betterment of childhood; for the uplifting of humanity? It can, and no doubt will.

I feel that every citizen should undertake to express himself in its pages on matters concerning childhood; on themes worth considering, and therefore I want in this issue a little space to suggest that Curfew should ring in every town and village in North Carolina. It is one of the unfortunate things of this life that every beautiful poem, every noble utterance is paraphrased—made light of; ridiculed, until it becomes a joke. The grand old poem "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" has been laughed out of countenance and almost out of print—therefore to talk about Curfew is like an old toper talking about soda water; like a soldier talking about fire-crackers; like a grand dame of sixty years appearing in the ball room bediked in gaudy colors;—but nevertheless it was a great poem—and the ringing of Curfew to warn the children to leave the streets and retire to their respective homes is a proposition that means more than the average good citizen imagines.

The Ringing of The Bell.

In the summer months Curfew generally rings at nine o'clock; in the winter months at eight o'clock—and what does it mean? It means that when the bell rings every child must go home; must quit the street; must abandon any plans that might have been conceived for execution in the friendly shades of darkness.

It means that before the hour comes the child is thinking about the ringing of the bell—and who shall say that such a warning, that it is time to turn face for home, is not, in fact, an answer to that part of the Lord's Prayer which every child should repeat at night, which reads, "Lead us not into temptation."

Leader in Every Childhood.

I submit as a proposition that will be endorsed by every parent, or at least by nine out of ten fathers, that in their childhood there was always some one fellow; one "bad boy;" one reckless urchin that led the others into all their trouble. It is a fact that a dozen good little boys; boys who have the best home training in the world; boys who have no thought of evil can associate with one bad boy—one totally abandoned "bad egg" as they are called, and the dozen will go to the bad. It is always some one boy more daring than the others who suggests that the watermelon patch be robbed; it is always some wicked boy in the crowd who first suggests pelting the frogs or tying the tin can to the dog's tail; it is always the worst boy in town who wants to throw stones through the window panes in empty houses, and certainly it is true that one boy can and will teach a half hundred to swear and chew tobacco and smoke cigarettes. That path of least resistance is talked about—but a boy in his formative period needs watching; needs a Curfew bell to bring him home, and needs associates who have high regard for morals and decency or he is easily led astray. I would not want to say that boys are naturally bad; that the Old Adam in them is prominent in childhood and that it takes but the slight scratching of a match, figuratively speaking, to make them do shocking and terrible things, but somehow I was once impressed with what an old tramp printer said to me. He insisted that boys had the germ of wickedness in them, the same as they had the germs of the mumps or measles and that it would develop, and that while the disease was on they must be closely watched or they would go to the bad as he had done. He said that in his childhood days when his little sister, who grew to be a noble woman, was writing essays on "How Beautifully The Birds Sing" he was out in the woods robbing

(Continued on Page 12.)

A Busy Office is That of Supt. Joyner.

(Concluded From Page 6.)

of study for the guidance of the high schools, and has general oversight of their establishment and maintenance. There are at present about 150 of these schools in the State.

Likewise, the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh has furnished a man to work in connection with the State Department of Education on the very vital problem of establishing a relationship between the life of the school and that of the community. And since these schools are rural his work will therefore be to arouse an interest among the boys of the school in the problems of agriculture. He will do this by means of School farms, Corn Clubs and Farm Schools. His plan this first year is to take four or five counties and get the boys organized into Corn Clubs, offering prizes for the best results. The name of the young man in charge of this department is Mr. Schaub of the A. and M. College at West Raleigh. His services cost nothing to the State Department. It only remains to supplement his work for boys by offering courses in domestic science for girls. Then our scheme of education will be practically complete.

This, in brief, is an outline of the work of the State Department of Education. You can see for yourself that it must be a busy place. The average citizen can afford to be proud of it. It spells civic greatness, it means a glorious opportunity to the humblest child.



Believe in Your Town.

Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, believes in sustaining local pride and patriotism. In a speech at an anniversary celebration in Greenwich, N. Y., recently he referred to his western trip and said he had been met with inquiries as to what he thought of the country and had found himself reading placards like this: "You'll Like This Town." Everyone, he said, was an enthusiast for his city or town. "We want a great deal more of that right here in the state of New York than we have had," said the governor. "We want to boost our towns. We to show that this state is a place of opportunity, for it is."



The time will come when everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

brought him to America, and we have freed him, and are permitting him to multiply and spread over the country; and a great responsibility rests upon the nation.

The cotton seed, which for many years was altogether wasted, is now counted as a very valuable crop, and alone, not considering the lint for which the crop is raised, would pay for cultivation. The commercial value of a year's crop of seed was recently estimated in its raw state at no less than \$89,000,000.00. And this product once rotted at the gin or was washed away in creeks and rivers. The meal is one of the best of feeds for cattle as well as the hulls, while the oil is used for many purposes, notably in the manufacture of butterine, shortening and salad dressing. Equal to butter, lard and olive oil in the estimate of many, it is often fraudulently used as an adulterant and a substitute. Cotton oil has merits of its own and should not be used as the agency for a transgression of the seventh commandment.

From earliest times cotton has been used in making textile fabrics for the use of man. In the early days the preparation of the cotton cloth was all done by hand. Carding and spinning were first done by

machinery, and finally the old hand loom at which the "colored mammy" used to busy herself to make blankets and clo'es was replaced by the modern loom and the great cotton mills of the country. But we have not been through the cotton mills, and this transcends the limits of the present article.

As we have seen it grow, and read of it, we realize "what a royal plant it is!" And that it is true, as Henry Grady once exclaimed: "The world waits in attendance on its growth; the shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth; the sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all the people. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm upon its green

leaf is more to England than the advance of a Russian army on her Asiatic outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. Its fibre is current in every bank, and when, loosing its fleeces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the fields of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a subsidy from every nation of the earth."—Young Folks, Philadelphia, Feb. 1909,



The Aspen Leaf.

It is said that there is nothing in nature so delicately poised as the aspen leaf. The quaking aspen is the last thing in all of nature's realms that indicates the passing breeze. It is so hung that the gentlest

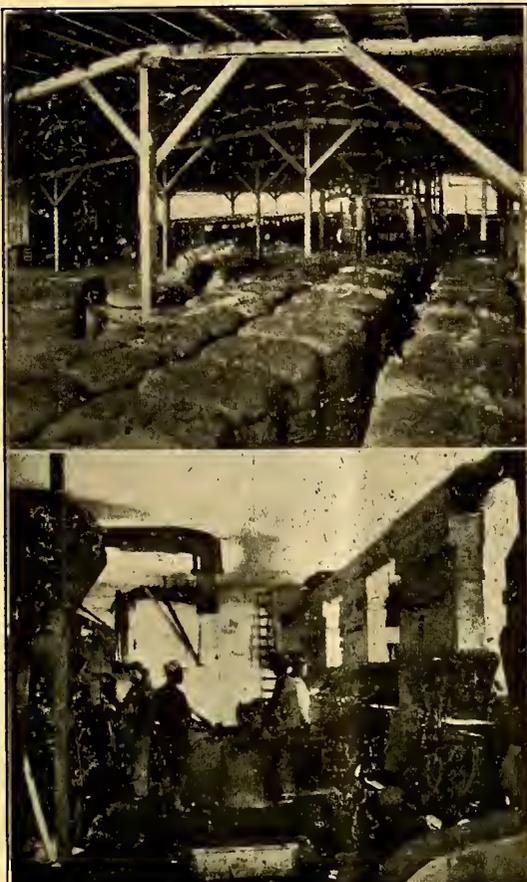


COTTON PICKING.

zephyr causes it to tremble, it is extremely sensitive to frost, and when it falls the first chilling breath of winter is at hand.

The aspen life resembles the infant life of humanity, in that the latter is moved and controlled wholly by exterior influences. As the child's environments make for good or evil, the tender life feels the effect. Like the leaf too, childhood is susceptible to every chilling blast, and the little soul records every passing breath. The lightest frost bites and gnaws until it falls.

By word or example can the young life be poisoned. The deadly seed implanted takes root, and maturity gives up a harvest that destroys the Creator's noblest handiwork. But listen. It is said that the aspen leaf, responsive to the lightest breath, hangs on to the bough in spite of the wildest storm that blows, while it retains life. Give a child a pure and wholesome start; instil into its life the highest and noblest precepts, and it will cling to these when the pitfalls of shame and degradation yawn wildest in later years. Yes, there is a lesson in the aspen leaf.



COTTON GINNING.

Curfew Should Ring in Every Town.

(Concluded From Page 10.)

their nests and killing the mother birds.

Contaminate and Corrupt.

There may be something in this, but whether there is or not, I know that one bad boy in a neighborhood can contaminate and corrupt a hundred good boys and get them all to agree to be pirates or horse thieves or any thing mean and repulsive. I know further that the mothers of the boys are most always good women; they think their boy is all right and they believe the lies he tells them and because they believe him he is emboldened to go further in his tricks and intrigues.

Curfew means that the bad boy must do what he has to do in broad daylight. It doesn't mean that if a bad boy had planned a raid on a melon patch or had conceived the idea of breaking into a store that Curfew would thwart him, because he would steal away and wait until an opportune time, but it does mean that his pals, his accomplices, could not be with him—because at an early hour the town boys must be at home and the parent must look for them. If they are not at home, then the parent is advised by the mere ringing of the bell that the boy is either executing or planning some mischief. Without Curfew it is easy for the boy to remain out until a late hour and then in the morning give some excuse which the often too fond and too indulgent parent will accept.

Barely Missed Serious Trouble.

Every man who reads this article knows what I am talking about. Those who are useful members of Society know that in the journey to man's estate they barely missed getting into lasting and serious trouble; trouble that might have landed them behind prison walls or disgraced them for many years and brought unspeakable sorrow to the parents they loved and didn't realize that they did love until too late. Those who escaped are many; and those who went on from bad to worse, could they recall their first steps in what I may be permitted to call petty crimes, were they to tell the truth would admit that Curfew would perhaps have saved them to a life of usefulness and honor.

No Reason to Be Out.

There is no real reason why any child should be away from home after eight o'clock in the winter months or after nine o'clock in the

summer months. A half hour earlier than the time I mention would be better. No reason in the world, while there is every reason why the child should be off the streets, out of the way of the chance of evil associations,

I do not know whether the UPLIFT is really the proper channel to get the Curfew idea in the minds of men who make the laws, but I take it that parents will read your interesting paper because from it they will find much to assist in elevating children.

Curfew Should Ring.

Curfew should ring in every town. There should be a penalty attached for violating the ordinance. I would not suggest any heavy fine for the parent for the first offence—but the parent is the one who controls the child, and Society demands that the parents present to it a useful member. The night is when all crime is generally committed by the amateur crook; night is when the plans are made and if all children were accounted for at an early hour, home life would become more attractive and the child would early be learned something of the majesty of the law. If a Curfew law is adopted enforce it rigidly and the fact that each night the child hears the bell and knows that in its solemn tones the law is speaking, and that the law must be respected, the child who early learned that hard lesson will make a better citizen.

Make the Campaign.

I hope the UPLIFT will take up this campaign and vigorously pursue it until all the towns and villages and cities in North Carolina adopt the Curfew ordinance—have it understood by all children that at the ringing of the Curfew the street must be deserted and home made bright by the child's return. If Curfew rings then the parent is given due notice that his child is either safely housed for the night or he knows that mischief is brewing.

The Formative Period.

All are agreed that in the formative period is when the man is really made. Crime sears the youthful mind, and if we can get the boy along the right track up to manhood's estate he seldom goes wrong. But if he has been permitted to do unlawful things as a child; petty violations; crime is a rank weed and it will envelop him; strangle him. So give us the Curfew; give the child a helping hand in a way that will assist him and at the same time cause him

to respect the majesty of the law, and then when he grows to useful citizenship he will look back over the road he has traversed and admit that the thoughtfulness of the officials in the town in which he lived led him not into temptation—but delivered him from evil.



SOME PRESSING NEEDS.

The institution from which this paper issues has nothing to conceal. We try to be frank in answering questions, and sometimes in anticipating them; hence:

- We need two small organs;
- We need five violins (fiddles);
- We need brass band instruments;
- We need a spring market wagon;
- We need a Sunday uniform (gray) for 45 boys;
- We need a complete blacksmith equipment;
- We need a large refrigerator;
- We need a central kitchen;
- We need a cattle barn;
- We need a barn for working stock;
- We need a chapel;
- We need a school house.

Here is just an even dozen of pressing needs confronting the institution at this time. This is a practical problem that we are trying to solve; and we know that there are hundreds of good people in the state who would like to make some practical contribution to a specific cause, and for this reason we are telling just what we need and want. We have faith in "Ask and you shall receive."



The wife of a Georgia railroad man has instituted suit against him for divorce. The husband has started his defense by alleging against his wife the practice of theosophy, a system of religion too much for the orthodox railroad man.



The name of Commander Peary's boat seems to have had a bad influence on the North Pole discoverer. The Ananias Club will have to enlarge its initiation quarters.



Of course, no one will doubt that ex-President Roosevelt reached the heart of Africa.

CLIPPINGS FROM BOYS CHANCE,

A Little Daily Published By And For The Boys.

Biographical Sketches.

[Under this head we shall give from time to time, such information as may be interesting concerning our family of boys.]

JOHN FREDERICK EDGAR MCGINNIS.

McGinnis is the eldest of a family of six youngsters, two of them girls and the rest boys. It seems probable that he was named under the mistaken belief that boys were going to be scarcer in the McGinnis family than subsequent events demonstrated. He is by birth a child of the Old Dominion, the aforetime "Mother of Presidents and Statesmen" before Ohio assumed the responsibility of supplying timber for the presidential chair, and was born in the city of Norfolk far enough back in the '90s to be rounding out his third lustrum this coming January. For the past twelve years he has been a citizen of Raleigh, where he attended the public schools long enough to reach the fourth grade. He spent two years in Raleigh in the service of the Western Union and Postal telegraph companies, as messenger boy, getting his preparatory training for our school. He is a well made lad, four feet six inches and a half high, fond of athletic sports and getting along well in his books. His hitherto misdirected energy is being turned into proper channels now and the result is going to be creditable to the Jackson Training School.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MOORE.

George is a down-easter, hailing from Halifax county where he was born and raised. He made his first appearance there in August, 1898, was duly registered at the Moore house, as a boarder and lodger, under the honored name of George Washington, and remained there until this present year of grace when he became a member of our large, interesting and increasing family of boys. George is the youngest of a family of three children and also one of the middle-sized ones in a composite family of eight, his own mother having died when he was only three years old, and, his father having married a widow with five children of her own. In

the long, tapering line he stands number thirty-two and measures four feet seven. His last school work was done in third grade of the Scotland Neck public schools, but, like most of our youngsters, he wasn't fond of school and didn't "mind his book." And like most of them. In another respect, he has developed an aptitude for study that is bringing him along the road of learning at a rapid gait. He has the distinction of being one of the most pleasant and natural readers in the school. And, like most of our boys, in still another respect, his behavior here makes us wonder sometimes why it should have been necessary to send him to a training school at all.

LAWRENCE WORTH HATCH.

The oldest resident and dean of the faculty among the boys is the lad whose name heads this sketch. He came to the Institution in January, a day or two after the formal opening, and, for a few days, like Selkirk, he was monarch of all he surveyed. The distinction which his priority conferred upon him and its consequent effect upon his own behavior made him useful in the subsequent days, when new boys were coming in, and Worth often served as an example to show the new comers what was expected of them, but the strenuous life that this involved finally resulted in his becoming weary of well doing in this respect, and leaving the new boys to find it out for themselves by their own experience. He was born in Burlington, October 11th, 1897, and has always lived there. He is the youngest of six children and was left fatherless when about four years old. About the time he was getting big enough to feel the need of a name the Spanish-American war was discovering a galaxy of heroes and Worth was promptly and patriotically named for one of its bright, particular stars, native to our own sky. In the Burlington schools he had attained the 5th grade and has made good headway here. If all our boys show as much improvement in every way, for the same length of time, as Worth has done, we shall feel that the state is amply repaid for good money spent on its erring boys.

Thoughts Suggested by the Meeting of County Superintendents.

(Concluded From Page 4.)

committees. In fact, the latter had under the law more legislative power. To illustrate: twenty years ago a certain county, through its Board of Education, undertook the consolidation of districts and the improvement of the rural buildings. At one meeting the written permission of the committees of two adjoining districts for a consolidation was offered by a county superintendent. The consolidation was ordered and plans started for a new building at a central point. Within a month the Board had to meet again. There appeared before the board a man of no influence, of small consequence, and notoriously too lazy to do anything but grumble and grouch—he filed a protest against the consolidation and made threats. The Board, having no authority other than what the district committee allowed it, rescinded its action.

In those days, most county superintendents were lawyers, doctors, newspaper men, politicians and retired folks from all kinds of occupations. It is different now—we have teachers for county superintendents; and we have live business men, deeply interested in the cause of education, for Boards of education. And last, but not least, behind it all is a strong specific law, clothing these authorities with ample powers, and sitting at the head, and this we have had for years, an able, consecrated, untiring state superintendent. Something worth while is constantly taking place.

In this new arrangement in the state, the office of county superintendent of education has become the most important office in the county. He leads the most influential and important agencies for good and development in the county. He ought to be a good man; and happily, in North Carolina you will find holding the offices of county superintendent picked men of a high class. It is well.

The Saturday afternoon baseball games have a lot more snap and go in them since each cottage has its own team and each team thinks itself the best ever. Thus far the boys of the King's Daughters are in the lead but the race is close enough to make it interesting to all concerned, and, may the best club win!



LAST CHANCE: Subscribe now.

A Brief History of the County Supts. Associations of N. C.

(Concluded From Page 2.)

considered. Uniform examinations; legislation for a minimum salary of County Superintendents; Township High Schools; The establishing of a Journal of Education; Raising the standard of the teachers; getting the children into the schools and keeping them there &c.

A Working Conference.

In 1907, the meeting was held at Montreat. This meeting was opened on September the 4th. There were present at this meeting seventy-eight of the County Superintendents: This was a working conference, dealing with the practical side of the work, such subjects as: "How to

Hendersonville on August 31st to September the third of the present year. There were present at this meeting eighty-nine of the County Superintendents. This meeting gave special attention to teacher training; the inspection and supervision of the elementary schools; public health; agricultural instruction &c.

Prof. J. A. Bivins of the Department of Education was present and presented the outline of work to be done in teacher training work. He made a good impression and will have the hearty co-operation of the Superintendents in the counties.

Prof. L. C. Brogden whose services have been secured by the Department of Education through the generosity of the Peabody Board was present.

mentioned and discussed. Mr. Brogden set a high standard for the county supervision of schools and it will be a glad day for the children of North Carolina when the State has 98 men who can supervise the public schools as outlined by Mr. Brogden.

A Oneness of Purpose.

The subject of Public Health was presented by Dr. W. S. Rankin of the State Board of Health. His address was practical and highly instructive, showing what could be done through the public schools to bring about a better sanitary condition of our people.

Mr. I. O. Schaub of the Agricultural Department and of the Department of Education gave an outline of practical work that can be done through the schools to make country life more attractive to our young people and at the same time more profitable.

Mr. J. P. Cook Chairman of the Trustees of the Jackson Training School was present and gave an interesting and inspiring description of the work this school is doing. He won the hearts of all present for the school and no truer friends to the Jackson Training School can be found anywhere than the County Superintendents. The County Superintendents will undertake to erect an educational cottage at this school.

The Woman's Betterment Work was presented by Mrs. C. D. McIver and Mrs. W. R. Hollowell. Interesting reports of the work done by the women of the State were made.

The spirit of the meeting was all that could be desired. A oneness of purpose and a mutual desire to be of mutual help in the work was the keynote of the entire meeting.

In conclusion, will say that State Supt. J. Y. Joyner has presided over all of the meetings referred to in this article save the first two and his has been the guiding hand that has made this organization become a powerful factor in the educational life of the State.

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Sayings By Harriman.

As I grow older I am beginning to think more of my fellow-man.

I have worked hard because I like the doing of things.

Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That is about all there is in life for any of us.

People seem to take more stock in a man who talks than in a man who acts. But this is a day devoted to isms and it will pass.



TUCKER'S GROVE AT FLUE MONT.

plan, build and equip a school house with one, two or three rooms; "The establishing of State High Schools and the distribution thereof;" "The best means of securing the interest and co-operation of parents in the work of the public school," "How to aid the school committeemen in securing the best teacher for their school."

A Meeting at Morehead.

In 1908, the meeting was held at Morehead City. This meeting was opened August 26th. There were present eighty-five of the County Superintendents. This meeting was given largely to securing the best and most accurate official records of the public schools; the management of the school funds; the commissions and legitimate charges against the school funds; fines, forfeitures &c.

Recent Gathering at Hendersonville.

The last meeting held was at

Mr. Brogden Speaks.

Mr. Brogden outlined the plan of work to be done. He made a plea for the spirit of mutual help on the part of the County Superintendents assuring them that it was his purpose to be a helper. He stated that the burden of the school work would always remain upon the shoulders of the county superintendent, and that his work was in no sense to supplant or take the place of their work, but that his work was that of a helper.

The relation of the school to the home life was discussed by Mr. Brogden. This problem is a vital one. He told of how a class of children who were reared in the country, all desired to live in the town except one, and this one had been reared in the town and desired to live in the country.

Various problems which confront the County Superintendents were

THE HISTORY OF THE CURFEW BELL.

By Stephen B. Weeks, Ph. D.

The proposal now widely discussed to revive in North Carolina as a police ordinance the ringing of a curfew bell at a certain hour of the night to warn all boys and girls below a certain age off the streets of our towns unless accompanied by their parents or guardian suggests a word as to the history of the custom.

Origin of Name.

Curfew comes from two French words, cuevre (cover) and feu (fire) and means to cover the fire. In the early middle Ages civilization was not so far advanced as at present and when the family retired at night the fire was placed in a hole in the dirt floor under an opening

cease. It is probable that the curfew was an institution known in England long before the days of William the conqueror who is erroneously said to have introduced it into England and rigidly enforced the law under heavy penalties as a means of preventing the subjugated English from meeting at night to plot against his authority. The law was repealed by Henry III in 1103, but it has survived in various forms to the present day. One form was the slave patrol by means of which all slaves were forced to be in their quarters at a certain hour. It was from this custom that there was evolved the old couplet of which the refrain is: Run, nigger, run the



THE AUDITORIUM AT BLUE MONT.

in the middle of the roof through which the smoke was to escape. Substantially the same custom is followed today by many Indian tribes in the Rocky Mountain region. This care in placing the fire had a double purpose; in the first place it lessened the danger of conflagrations and what was still more important it helped preserve the coals till the next morning. If the fire went out a real calamity was sustained by the household for we must remember that lucifer matches are only about 100 years old.

Its Use.

It was in this way that the curfew bell came to indicate the time for retiring and its ringing was a common custom, especially in cities that had been taken in war. In the later middle Ages the curfew was a bell rung about night to indicate that all labor in the fields should

patroler catch you, run, nigger, run.

The Custom A Good One.

In early, as well as in later days, the custom was of great service. By keeping people at home it forced them to take needed rest; it kept them out of disreputable resorts and was naturally efficient in lessening nocturnal brawls. So in our own day it has been of great value in helping parents to control wayward children and in teaching the children habits of system (orderliness), self respect and obedience. It has been found of service among the most enlightened communities, for penologists no longer seek as their end the punishment of crime, but the education of youth who may show signs of degeneracy into useful and honest citizens.

The custom should be reestablished in the interests of the rising generation.



REV. B. W. SPILMAN, Kinston, N. C.
General Secretary the Southern Baptist Assembly, Blue Mont, N. C.

Helping Others.

We come to love others more by doing for them than by letting them serve us. The mother loves most devotedly the child that needs her tenderest care. The pastor loves to the point of heroic sacrifice the church for whose upbuilding he has worked with little thought of self. The missionary loves more than life his people for whom he has struggled to the utmost of his strength and has prayed in the fervor of agonized longing. Begin to do, to get acquainted with needs, see opportunity and you will get interested and want to do something to help or improve, and that is love manifestation. It does not take the same form as personal affection, may not be in the least emotional, but it determines the work, calls for sacrifice, puts self out of sight; more love is developed. The love that we give is what really makes life worth living. What we do for others goes more deeply into our hearts than what others do for us. —The New Century.



Quit Longing for the good things that others have, instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.

Quit finding fault with the weather.

Joseph Pearson Caldwell.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

which his judgment endorsed. His nature made it impossible for him to be a trimmer; and at the same time his appreciation of friends and their endorsement was so marked that to stand up for that which they did not espouse gave him pain; but once convinced of what he conceived the right and sound position, there remained no doubt of his course—he never straddled.

Being a Democrat of the old school and having certain fixed views on certain governmental affairs, he could not support Mr. Bryan. This was disappointment to thousands of people, who "swore by" editor Caldwell, but not one of them ever doubted the high purpose or sincerity of his act. He could not do otherwise; neither could he join in with those who had parted company with Cleveland, when his party fell heir to two views, Bryanism and Clevelandism. Being a stranger to wind-sails and never stooping to "put his ear to the ground", Mr. Caldwell, editorially, has found himself at times with the minority on certain issues, but all gave him credit for sincerity and admired the courage with which he stood by his convictions.

The ability displayed on the editorial page of the Charlotte Observer stamped him a power among the Southern press. His pen was mighty to move, to stir, to inspire. His English always "cracks like a new saddle"; his humor clever and great but without sting; his argument strong and dignified, always; his discussions of important questions always serious and on a high plane. He has been a ceaseless worker, through his paper, for the development of the natural resources of the state; and he has been active and jealous for the good name and glory of North Carolina abroad.

The man Caldwell has a host of partisan personal friends throughout the state, besides the thousands that know him and admire him only through his writings; at home among his fellow citizens, he enjoys the fullest confidence and esteem; he is sincere and loyal; he is brave, yet his heart is tender. He has discovered many bright young men, and put them to work where their talents exercising themselves carry pleasure and profit to the thousands, who daily read the Observer. The ties that spring up between him and his force and the bright young men, whom he gathers here and there into service, become tender and lasting.

Next to the work—the grind—of his life, no greater love could be bestowed than that which he has given the state hospital at Morganton for twenty-four years. He has fought for its rights and insisted for every comfort for the unfortunate. In short: the analysis of his career and his editorial effort lead you inevitably to the fact that he loves North Carolina, his work, the state hospital, Iredell county and the flag of the United States.

Here's to Joseph Pearson Caldwell, LL. D., editor, patriot and friend, with sentiments of high esteem, may you be long spared to your state, to which you have rendered great service.



The Institution That Helps All Men and Towns.

(Concluded From Page 4.)

B & L. has over one similarly located but living in a rented house; but I will not burden this article with illustrations along this line.

Some Claims for B. & L. Associations.

It will provide a capital to use for starting in business.

It is the most remunerative depository for a surplus.

It provides a way for saving money usually squandered.

It provides an easy way to procure a home.

It provides a fund for the education of your children.

It is the best possible medium for providing a reserve fund for hard times or old age.

It is better than endowment insurance, producing larger profits, costing less and can be realized in cash, practically at any time.

It Would Not Be

Hard to substantially sustain the above claims from examples that have come under the observation of every man active in his support of the associations. If these claims then be true, it follows that it would be wisdom to encourage the establishment of a Building & Loan Association in every town with at least 1000 inhabitants. Some sound, safe and patriotic business man, who has the time, could take the lead and conduct the business to a profit for every stockholder and at the same time have the satisfaction of the consciousness of doing his community good and increasing the number of real home owners. The system has now become so well worked out that an association can be conducted by the efforts of one good man's time for just a few

hours per week. Any town that could organize an institution with at least 800 shares in operation at a time offers a good field for profit to the stockholders and would in turn be greatly blessed by a substantial growth.

The Funds are at Work.

The funds paid into the association do not lie idle—they work. They are loaned for the building of homes, and herein the contractor, the dealer, the carpenter, the plumber and every man employed in the building and furnishing of the homes has productive and buying capacity increased; thus actively the cents here and there from the wage earner and the dollars here and there from the capitalist, united form a fund that accomplishes wonders when directed through the channels of a well-organized Building & Loan Association.

A Great Service

Could be rendered every community by the papers of the state advocating the establishment of more Building & Loan Associations. I would be delighted to see the North Carolina papers taking a lively interest in this matter and arouse scores of good towns in the state to the importance of organizing an association. Information on the subject relative to organization and plan can be had from Mr. Sam Whitkosky, Charlotte; or Mr. J. M. Hendrix, of Concord; or dozens of other leading B. & L. men in the state.



Home Happenings.

Both cottages are now in operation, and everything running along without hitch or jar. There are twenty-two boys in the King's Daughters cottage and twenty-one in the other. There is going to be some healthy rivalry between the families, and the more of it the better.

Henry Ruscoe gave an exhibition of ground-and-lofty tumbling, on the new building, with a wheel barrow for an accomplice. The wheel barrow got the best of it and Henry is now in possession of some useful knowledge that he never had before.

The medicine chest has been supplied recently with a half-gallon bottle of Castor oil of a most excellent and unctuous quality, but, considering its high endorsement by the government and the guarantee afforded by the Pure Food law, it doesn't seem to meet the taste of the more discriminating boys.

AN APPEAL TO NORTH CAROLINIANS

To Provide Adequate Room for a Class of Hopeful Boys the Educational Forces of the State Are Planning to Erect a Cottage to be Named by Them in Honor of Some Great North Carolina Educator---How the Needed Ten Thousand Dollars Are to be Raised---A Full and Frank Statement by the Committee.

In the first issue of THE UPLIFT the announcement was made that a campaign would soon be started to secure funds for the erection of a cottage at the Stone-wall Jackson Training School, for the accommodation of a class of boys for whom no adequate provision has been made in North Carolina.

APPEALS CANNOT BE HEEDED.

The authorities of the Training School are appealed to, constantly, by parents from all over the State, for the admission of their sons to that institution. These are the wayward boys. Boys who have not yet been classed as offenders against the law, but whose environment will soon bring them to ruin and shame. Their parents are not asking charity, but they are pleading for some one—some institution—to help them save the boy. They are able and willing to pay for this help.

The authorities of the Training School would willingly—gladly—undertake the care and training of these boys, if only there were a cottage for their accommodation.

A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM FOUND.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. J. P. Cook, has put all of his energies to work for a solution of this difficulty. He has been called on at all the great educational meetings in this State during the past year, to tell of the progress of the Training School and to explain the scope of its usefulness. All the educational forces of the State have recognized the great importance of the school, and have indicated their sympathy with its aims have pledged their loyal support. When the movement was started for an Educational Building, for the accommodation of voluntary pupils—pay pupils—it was enthusiastically received. The plan has the hearty indorsement of State Superintendent Joyner, of the Association of City Superintendents, of the Association of County Superintendents and of the Teachers' Assembly.

THE COST DIVIDED AMONG COUNTIES.

The cottage will cost \$10,000 and the first plan was to raise this amount by direct contribution, dividing the entire cost among the counties of the State on a per capita basis, and asking the County Superintendents and City Superintendents to raise amounts in proportion to the number of their teachers and of their school census.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT BOGER AND CITY SUPERINTENDENT LENTZ ENGINEERING MOVEMENT.

We volunteered to assist in the canvass for securing the funds needed. But when THE UPLIFT was undertaken by the school, we determined at once to use it as a factor in the building of this cottage. So, instead of asking for a direct contribution of \$10,000, we are going to ask the friends of the school to place ten thousand subscriptions to THE UPLIFT. Thus the school will be able to give something in return for the money contributed, and the friends of the school may know each month just what the school is doing, and we feel a joy in doing some service for the betterment of youth.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PAPER.

THE UPLIFT is published entirely by the school. A competent foreman has been secured, under whose direction the boys set type and help in the mechanical part of the work. The paper will be one of the most valuable features in the industrial training of the boys. We have heard many interesting stories of how the boys are already enthusiastically interested in this new work and eager to contribute to the erection of this needed cottage. The editorial work will all be done as a labor of love by prominent writers and educators from all sections of the State, without any cost whatever to the school. Thus the whole amount of money received from subscriptions will be applied directly to the fund for the Educational Cottage.

CO-OPERATION OF COUNTY LEADERS SOLICITED.

In securing these ten thousand subscribers we are going to ask for the co-operation of the County Superintendents and City Superintendents of every county in the State. And we wish to enlist with them in every county, those women who are leaders in every movement for moral, intellectual and social uplift. We have made a calculation of the number of subscriptions to be asked for from each county, based on the white school population. The apportionment has been made, approximately, on a per capita basis; but in the smaller counties, or those in which there are no large towns, the number has been reduced slightly, while in the larger counties and in those with several towns, the number has been increased

proportionally. At an early date some representative of the Training School will communicate with each county in the State, and will arrange for a conference of the Superintendents, prominent educators and leading women of the county, and will lay this matter more fully before them.

J. D. LENTZ,

CHAS. E. BOGER,

Concord, N. C.

THE COUNTY APPORTIONMENT.

Alamance 250; Alexander 50; Alleghany 40; Anson 80; Ashe 50; Beaufort 150; Bertie 70; Bladen 75; Brunswick 25; Buncombe 500; Burke 120; Cabarrus 250; Caldwell 100; Camden 5; Cartaret 70; Caswell 25; Catawba 200; Chatham 75; Cherokee 75; Chowan 50; Clay 10; Cleveland 200; Columbus 125; Craven 100; Cumberland 200; Currituck 10; Dare 10; Davidson 200; Davie 25;

Duplin 100; Durham 300; Edgecombe 50; Forsyth 350; Gaston 50; Guilford 500; Halifax 80; Harnett 75; Haywood 100; Henderson 50; Hertford 25; Hyde 5; Iredell 250; Jackson 50; Johnson 150; Jones 10; Lenoir 100; Lincoln 75; Lee 25; Macon 75; Madison 50; Martin 25; McDowell 50; Mecklenburg 550; Mitchell 25; Montgomery 75; Moore 75; Nash 100; New Hanover 300; Northampton 20; Onslow 25; Orange 100; Pamlico 15; Pasquotank 75; Pender 25; Perquimans 50; Person 75; Pitt 150; Polk 25; Randolph 150; Richmond 75; Robeson 150; Rockingham 200; Rowan 250; Rutherford 100; Sampson 100; Scotland 40; Stanly 100; Stokes 50; Surry 100; Swain 25; Transylvania 25; Tyrrell 5; Union 150; Vance 100; Wake 500; Warren 20; Washington 25; Watauga 25; Wayne 200; Wilkes 75; Wilson 125; Yadkin 25; Yancey 15.

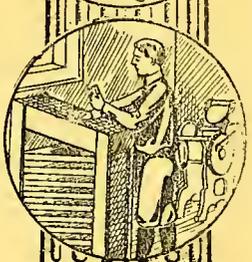
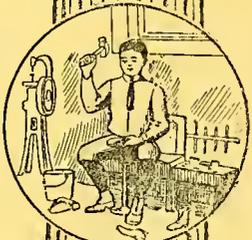
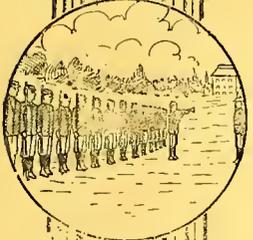
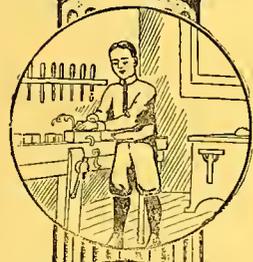


PROPOSED COTTAGE.

Now for the Great Campaign for 10,000 Subscribers, Which Guarantees the Accomplishment of a Laudable Undertaking. Subscription \$1 a Year.



THE UPLIFT



The Christ is Born.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased.

DECEMBER, 1909

NECESSARY ARTICLES

Required by progressive teachers for satisfactory and up-to-date work:

Comfortable Desks We handle the best and most popular made; the cheapest if quality is considered.

Hyloplate Boards We have these in stock in Raleigh; also Slated Cloth and Liquid Slating—Black & Green.

Dustless Crayon Contains no grit, grease, or Plaster of Paris, no dust—cheaper than common grade chalk.

Colored Crayon Dustless, packed in gross boxes, eight assorted colors to the box.

Dustless Erasers Clean the boards better and without injury to them, hold chalk dust; cheaper than common grade.

Good Maps We handle the best and the cheapest—shipped subject to approval, if desired.

Modern Globes We have in stock about 200 assorted sizes at special prices—shipped subject to approval.

School Bell Every school needs a large bell; customers say ours are cheaper and better than others.

Our business extended over the entire states of North Carolina and South Carolina. We are supplying practically all the Graded Schools and Colleges in the State and there are less than a dozen counties in North Carolina that have not ordered supplies through us during the past school year.

We make every reasonable effort to satisfy our customers.

Our reputation for reliability and square dealing has been thoroughly established.

Write us for quotations on anything you need. Everything we ship is guaranteed.

CHAS. J. PARKER

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RALEIGH, N. C.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER, 1909

No. 7

ROBERT FREDERICK HOKE.

Robert Frederick Hoke is North Carolina's most distinguished soldier. He was born in Lincoln county May 27th, 1837. The first of his name to come to America was a Lutheran minister, who settled in York, Pennsylvania. From that place came a widow with several sons, who settled in Lincoln county; this was before the Revolution. One of these sons was named John, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and he with a neighbor built the first cotton mill in the South. It is said that this cotton mill was successfully operated until the civil war.

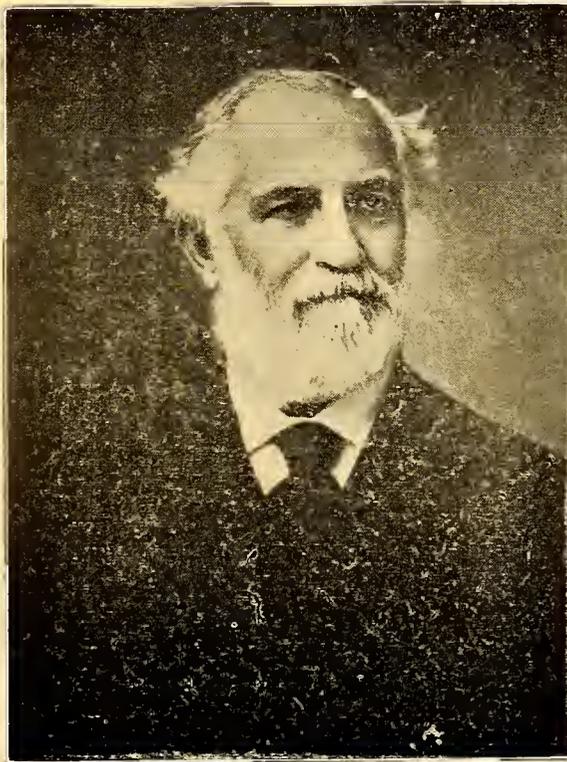
The father of our subject was Michael Hoke. He was a scholar, an orator and stood high among the leaders of the state. In 1844, at the age of 34, he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for governor to make the race against the Whig candidate, William A. Graham. In this remarkable campaign the Whig majority was reduced from 15,000 to about 2,000. The strain of the campaign however cost Hoke his health, and within a month after the election he died.

Robert Frederick Hoke was then seven years of age. After a preparatory course in Lincolnton, young Hoke attended the Kentucky Military Academy, conducted by graduates of West Point. The subject of our sketch left the institution before graduation, and returned home at the age of seventeen to take charge of his mother's business. He was connected with the manufacture of cotton, paper, iron and of linseed oil until the war began in 1861.

Robert Frederick Hoke was 24 years old when he joined the Southern Stars, which went out from Lincoln county and which was Company K of the Bethel Regiment. He was second lieutenant. In January 1862 he became lieutenant-colonel; in August of the same year he was commissioned as full colonel. In 1864, for an important achievement in North Carolina, President Davis telegraphed him his promotion

to major-general—the only time a promotion was made in this manner during the entire war.

There is a whole book in the brilliant war record of Gen. Hoke, but it is not our purpose even to attempt an enumeration of the important engagements in which he appeared. Suffice to say that he entered the Confederate service a little above the position of a private, and he returned home at the close of the war a Major-General. I have



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT FREDERICK HOKE.

been told by several old soldiers, high up in a knowledge of the war and its history, that "there is no doubt if anything had happened to General Lee to render him incapable that General Hoke would have succeeded Lee." General Hoke's parting words to his soldiers at the close of the war are fine words—splendid sentiment of a brave officer to brave men. In a later number THE UPLIFT will reproduce that speech.

I know him as the man, and not a living soul since his return from the war has ever seen him wearing a uniform or sporting a sword. General Hoke has not made a speech in the limelight since the war. In

the councils of the business organizations to which he has contributed his wisdom, he makes clear-cut statements that go right to the spot as much as any speech could possibly do. He will sit down with a few friends and upon request tell you of a war incident or about a certain battle or about experiences, but in all these he emphasizes what "my soldiers did," leaving himself out. This is greatness. I have heard him tell these stories of the war possibly

on a score of occasions—it always occurred at night, when he had nothing else to do. He is a charming conversationalist, and he tells a story of a brilliant dash, a bloody struggle, a glorious battle or sorrowful defeat with a clearness, a light and action so perfect that you feel the atmosphere, almost, in which the event occurred.

General Hoke did his level best during the war, and in the light of cold observation and judgment forty-five years removed it is a record as brilliant as the most brilliant. When the Confederate forces surrendered, and returned to their wasted farms, he accepted the result as final. He quit fighting "Yankees" for good, and began fighting the problems of life, the difficulties confronting the South and the obstacles to the development of the land which he loves with just as much ardor as if he wore the Confederate uniform unceasingly.

It is said that General Hoke has never attended a reunion, local, state or the general organization. He has been too busy. He has a loving memory of the boys in gray, but General Hoke simply had enough of war, and at the surrender he was "done for good."

After the war, General Hoke ploughed his war horse some. He "washed for gold" some in the mountains of North Carolina. General Hoke, measured by the commercial standard, has been extraordinarily successful. The Cranberry Iron mines, and the road lead from there to Johnson City, Tenn., became profitable and valuable properties under his direction and ad-

ministration of their affairs. He was the real head in the building and construction of the Georgia and Northern railroad, now a part of the Seaboard, which runs from Monroe to Atlanta.

General Hoke has always taken an intelligent and conservative interest in political matters, but he has when sought (as has been the case often) to become a candidate always positively refused to permit his name to be used in connection with any political office. The people of North Carolina would have been proud to have placed him in any responsible office, but his iron will and fixed purpose prevented it. Gov. Vance prevailed on him to accept a directorship of the North Carolina road; later he was made and is now a director on the part of the private stockholders of said road. His wisdom, when the 99-year lease of this road was being made to the Southern, made the lease contract such a good one that no state or Federal legislation now or hereafter can materially affect the returns to the holders of the stock. He was careful, wise and long-headed, and his contention at that time has already prevented the lease from becoming a poor business proposition for the state and the stockholders.

Several years ago when he had accumulated a splendid estate, and the warnings of a serious illness called a halt in the activity of his industrial career, he retired to the Lincoln Lithia Springs property, which he and several other parties own. His health was restored. He formed a club of 200 members, which took over the property of 250 acres on which one of the finest lithia springs known is to be found. As its president and general manager, General Hoke is making of the Lincoln Lithia Springs one of the finest properties in the state. It is with him a labor of love and interest. When his plans are fully developed, there can be found nowhere a spot more conducive to rest, happiness and health.

General Hoke was once asked what suggestion he would offer to the young, he replied: "Strict attention to all duties of life." That, as I see it and know him, has been the rule of his own life. He is never idle—though 72 years of age, he is active, erect and vigorous in mind and body. He is a gentleman of the old school, companionable in spirit, thoughtful in speech, considerate of the weak and courteous to the strong. He comes nearer attending strictly to his own business and letting severely alone that of all

others than any man I ever knew. He does not have to try to do this. General Hoke sees the bright side of things—he is hopeful—he has faith in folks—and pessimism is a thing that he knows nothing about. The meanest thing I ever heard him say about any person was when he was asked about a certain gentleman (the man in question is measly and miserably stingy) "Why," replied the General, "he is very careful with his money."

General Hoke was married January 7th, 1869, to Miss Lydia A. Van Wyck, of South Carolina, and to them have been born six children, of whom four are living: Mr. Van Wyck Hoke, of Lincolnton; Dr. Michael Hoke, of Atlanta; Mrs. Alexander Webb, of Raleigh; and Mrs. W. P. Pollock, of Kinston.

Here's to the good health and long life of North Carolina's greatest soldier, the strong believer in man and ardent lover of his state.



Keep Close to the Boys.

Some fathers are not well acquainted with their boys. They know their names and faces, but do not know what they are doing when out of sight, nor where they spend their evenings, nor the company they keep, nor the aims they have in life, nor the principles which are being instilled into them. They are not on familiar terms with their sons. They do not have their confidence. It is indispensable to be very close to the son if one will help in the formation of his character. It is a great point gained when the son prefers the company of his father to any other company. Blessed is the father whose son's heart bounds with gladness when his father comes home and says, "come let us take a walk, or play a game, or talk about the book you are reading."

The victory is half won when the boy enjoys the company of his father, but it is a hard case when the father is cold and indifferent to the interests and feelings of his son. When the father is the best friend his son has and acts so that the son knows it and appreciates it, that father can do almost anything with his boy. He can mould his soul as he will. Let fathers spare no pains to get very close to their sons and abide there.

Too many fathers seldom speak to their sons except to reprove and scold. There is a time for reproof and punishment, but it is not all the time. There is a time for clouds and rain and snow but if these

things lasted all the year around, the earth would be a barren and desolate planet. There must be much sunshine. Luther Burbank is a great lover of plants, and he has done wonders by way of developing excellent varieties of plants, flowers and fruits. He says that three things are absolutely essential to the success of a series of tests of plant development—clear sunshine fresh air and wholesome food. Other things must be considered, but these are absolutely necessary. So it is with the development of good character. It cannot be done without sunshine. Put sunshine into your countenance, sunshine into your counsels, sunshine into your home, sunshine into your religion.

If the atmosphere of the home is cold and gloomy and the atmosphere of the saloon warm and bright, the boy will go away from the home to the saloon. It may be false sunshine, but it draws him. If the father will live close to the son, he must not be gloomy and sour.

No one can abide in the heart of his son unless he is thoroughly sincere. He need not be learned, but he must be sincere. He may not be a philosopher but he must be sincere. He may not be able to overwhelm his son with powerful arguments, but he must attract and hold him by his sincerity. A son will understand whether his father believes the thing he says or whether he is talking for effect. If he is not honest to the very core of his being, his words will fall to the ground. But if he is thoroughly sincere a single word will weigh more than a volume. His words will be as apples of gold in baskets of silver. They will be like nails fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies.—Christian Advocate.



Idleness.

Idleness, says Dr. James E. Stalker, is one of the greatest enemies of character. As someone has said, "The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil." Do not envy the idle man, whoever you may envy. You may have too much to do and too many things to think about; still, do not envy the man who has not enough to think about and has to fall back upon himself. The passions of human nature break loose in idle men, and wander over forbidden places seeking what they can devour.—Ex.



There never will be any chance for the idler.

CHRISTMAS.

LONG AGO.

It was long ago that the angels sang
 To shepherds who watched their fold,
 And the lowly hills of Judea rang
 With songs that are never old.
 When they told of a Saviour born that day
 In the town of Bethlehem,
 Of the manger bed where the Christ-child lay,
 Who came as the Lord of men.
 And the mighty dome of the vaulted sky
 Their rapturous songs did fill,
 As they sang of glory to God on high,
 And to all on earth good will.
 Then the wise men came with their strange, glad
 news,
 Like guests to a royal feast,
 Saying, "Where is He, the King of the Jews,
 Whose star we saw in the east?"
 By its radiant light divinely led,
 They brought Him offerings meet;
 And worshipped Him then in His manger bed
 With their gold and incense sweet.
 They gave Him the gifts of loving hearts,
 And the gifts of loving hands;
 They had labored to gain in distant marts,
 And brought from their native lands.

CHRISTMAS NOW.

In the quiet hush of this Christmas night,
 The song of the angel band
 Seems wafted down on the tremulous light,
 That shines from the heavenly land.
 As we join our notes to the angels' strains,
 They sang in the "Long Ago;"
 As the songs, which rang o'er Judea's plains,
 Ring now as they did before.
 Let us bury our strifes in love to God,
 And let peace our bosoms fill,
 And giving ourselves to the blessed Lord,
 To each other give good will.
 As the wise men brought to the infant King
 Their gifts with their prayers and praise,
 Let us our richest offerings bring
 With the songs of love we raise.
 As hungry, as needy, as sick, as poor,
 Or stranger in sores need,
 He is not on earth as in days of yore,
 How then can we do this deed?
 There are men and women in want tonight,
 And children who cry for bread.
 There are homes where is neither warmth nor light,
 And hearts that are filled with dread.
 In His name let us seek each needy one,
 And to them His offerings bring;
 For such deeds of love to His poor thus done
 Are done unto Christ our King.
 So, during the whole of the Christmas-tide,
 With His love we shall be blest,
 And ent'ring our homes, He will there abide
 Forever a loving guest.

—Rev. E. A. Wingard, D. D.

HOW LUMBER, FUEL AND TAN BARK ARE HAULED.

It is the purpose of THE UPLIFT to take note of progress in all spheres of life and activity. The change from the ox-way of doing things in our midst to more modern methods is just as interesting a subject to this paper and its readers as the accomplishments of the scholar, the statesman or patriot.

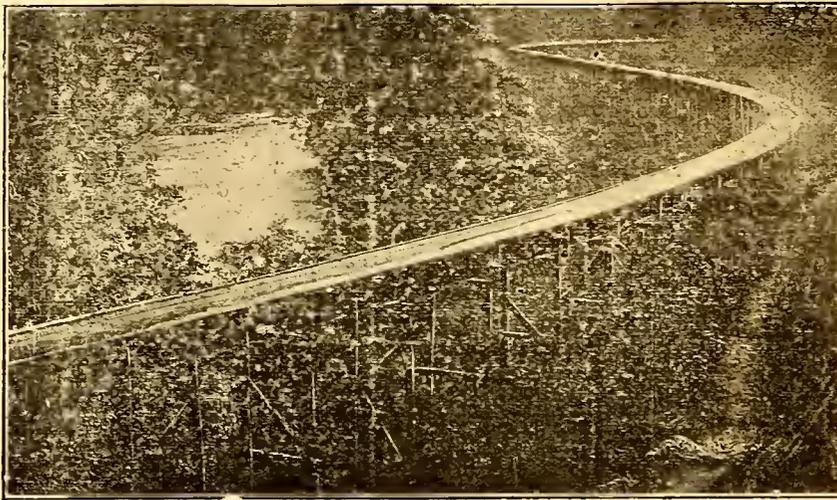
Reddies River is a lively stream that rises near the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains and it empties into the beautiful Yadkin at a point between the interesting towns of Wilkesboro and North Wilkesboro, the former the county seat of Wilkescounty, N. C. In the neighborhood of the source of Reddies river are ten thousand acres of forests, containing chestnut pine, and poplar trees of the very finest growth.

A short time ago this splendid forest, and the means of bringing it into touch with the commercial world, deeply interested Mr. T. B. Finley, of Wilkes. He told his story to Mr. J. M. Bernhardt, of Lenoir, who began the organization of the Giant Lumber Company, capitalized at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, with J. M. Bernhardt, president, and F. G. Harper, secretary and treasurer. It is a North Carolina company, having Lenoir and Greensboro gentlemen holding stock in the company.

The company has constructed a flume, by which the lumber, the tan bark and the fuel are floated from the forests, where the mills are located, down to North Wilkesboro, in touch with the railroad and the tannery. This flume (a section of which is shown by the picture) is built after carefully prepared surveys. The flume is V-shaped, being 42 inches wide at the top and the sides of the V are 30 inches. The flume or trough is strong oak plank, lined with smooth, tongue and groove pine, so well put together that it holds water perfectly. This flume is nineteen miles long, reaching from North Wilkesboro to the company's mills at the foot of the

Blue Ridge. It crosses Reddies River probably ten times in its graceful curves up to the forests. At places the flume is elevated thirty feet and at others it passes through cuts of the depth of eight feet. The first twelve miles is on a grade that rises 13 feet in a mile; and in the other seven miles rises at the rate of 16 feet in a mile.

Into this flume, at its head, a sufficient amount of the water from Reddies river is turned to fill the flume. To see the planks, tied together, and supporting several bundles of tan bark, floating down



CARRYING FLUME, NEAR NORTH WILKESBORO.

this flume, which resembles a huge serpent, winding its way up to the scene of the mills, is an interesting sight. The lumber is started each morning at 4 o'clock reaching Wilkesboro at 9, it requiring five hours to make the trip. On the top of this flume a railroad bicycle runs. This is used in the inspection of the flume, or to make a quick trip to the saw-mills. Parties have, for the sake of an outing and a boat-ride, started in at the forest and come the entire distance of nineteen miles riding on a bundle of plank.

The capacity of this flume per day is 100,000 feet of lumber and 35,000 pounds of tan bark, or more than ten cords, the latter being sold to the immense tannery, which is being successfully operated at North Wilkesboro. And, in passing, it is well to say that the construction of this flume cost the company \$1,500 per mile; and that on their present holdings they have material to keep them busy for twelve or more years.

The conversion of the forests

heretofore into marketable stuff has been attended by a wastefulness that amounted to little short of a sin. The Giant Lumber Company loses nothing, except the smoke that rolls from the boilers that belong to the portable saw-mills. When the water after carrying its freight for nineteen miles leaves this flume, it empties itself onto an over-shot wheel, which furnishes power for running the gauge saws, the planer, the rip saws and other machinery. The ends and unmerchantable lumber are sawed into stove-size blocks and dumped into bins. These supply the big demands of wood users.

A lesson is taught by a visit to this plant. The product of brains, energy and faith. It teaches system, order—it is discipline—and gives a rebuke to the wasting of our great resources, which heretofore has been our public sin and shame.

There are several other lumber flumes in North Carolina, but none so long and none so elaborately and substantially constructed. The fact that any North Carolina company had the nerve to expend nearly thirty thousand dollars to execute a scheme—to knock out the expense of wagon and driver, and make an inroad on the prerogative of oxen—shows that the Southern Yankee has appeared in our midst. But the character of the practical business men behind the Giant Lumber Company permitted no doubt of the ultimate financial returns for this exercise of judgment and this enormous expenditure.

With all this volume of lumber coming down the flume daily, one would suppose that the whole incorporate limits of North Wilkesboro are covered with stacks of lumber. Not so. Like hungry wolves, the factories engaged in making buggies, wagons, furniture, coffins, and all things made of wood are awaiting it.

NOTE:—There is enough water power between Wilkesboro and Elkin, going a-glimmering, to run perhaps all the machinery in North Carolina.

DAILY ROUND AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

Persons connected with the school are so often asked concerning the daily routine of the Institution that it seems the proper thing to outline it for the benefit of THE UPLIFT readers. Such an outline was published in an early number but it will be new to the many subscribers who have been added to the list since that time.

The day's work begins with the calling of the kitchen details at five o'clock, when the boys assigned to assist in the preparation and serving of meals report at the place of duty. The boys assigned to housework report at the same time and put the house in order for the day. Thus, at five o'clock, in each cottage two boys are at work in the kitchen, one in the dining room, and one in sitting and assembly rooms.

At sixty-three the officers in charge of cottages call the rest of the boys, superintend them while they make their beds and march them to the ground floor where they put away their night clothes, perform their morning ablutions and dress for the day's duties. During this time they are kept in military formation and wash and dress by fours. They are then marched to the assembly room on the second floor and seated until the call for breakfast at six-forty-five. At the call "Attention" they rise and are marched to the tables, where a plain but wholesome and substantial breakfast is served. The tables are arranged to seat six boys at each and presided over by suitable boys selected for that purpose.

At seven-fifteen "Morning Inspection" is held, and the various delinquencies and misdemeanors of the preceding twenty-four hours are inquired into and all necessary settlements effected and differences adjusted. The discipline of the Institution and behavior of the boys have now reached such a satisfactory stage as to render this ceremony largely a matter of form.

At seven-thirty the drum gives the signal for the families to assemble on the ground floors of their cottages for the necessary preparation for out and indoor work. Then at seven-forty-five, the "Assembly" is sounded and all the boys, with the exception of the house and kitchen details, are marched to the parade ground, formed into two sections, one for school and one for work. The school section is marched to the school room and the remainder is detailed to the various duties of the

farm, the printing office, the care of the grounds, the laundry work, and whatever other work may need attention. While the Roth Industrial Building was in course of construction a large number of the boys were employed in assisting the bricklayers and carpenters, thereby reducing the cost very materially. Some of the boys do excellent work on the farm, plowing, harrowing, hauling sand and gravel for road making, filling ditches and doing other useful and innumerable things that a farm requires. While the work section is thus employed the school section is engaged in making up lost time in their studies, and there is nothing more encouraging in the work of the Institution than the rapid progress they are making in learning.

At eleven-thirty the bugle or drum sounds "Recall" and both sections assemble on the parade ground for the formation of the line and return to their respective cottages. All necessary preparation for dinner is made in the lavatory on the first floor and the line is marched to the assembly room. At eleven-forty-five dinner is served, after which the boys are free to amuse themselves as they will in the assembly room until the drum sounds again for assembly on the first floor at twelve-forty-five. At one the call for assembly on the parade ground is sounded and all march there for the afternoon details. The sections are now shifted and the boys who worked in the morning attend school in the afternoon, while those who were at school in the morning form the work section.

At four-thirty the "Recall" is again sounded, the line is formed and every boy is required to be present for an hour's drill or play. Drill one day and play the next is the rule, and it is difficult to judge which affords the boys the more enjoyment. Baseball, football, racing and romping are the favorite games. The drill is conducted by an officer who has had sufficient military training to make it interesting to the boys and at the same time exact a rigid military discipline. In the short time that they have been under instruction they have learned to perform many evolutions very creditably and make an excellent appearance in marching. The wide and smooth roads in the neighborhood of the school afford an ideal drill ground and the marches frequently extend out a mile and a half either way from the Institution

grounds, and, no matter how far the march extends there is always a wish and often a request to go farther.

At five-thirty "Retreat" is sounded and all return to the parade ground where the boys are dismissed, under the charge of an officer, to their respective cottages and make their preparations for supper at five-forty-five. After supper reading and games furnish amusement until seven-fifteen when "Attention" is called and a reading from the Scriptures closes the day. Then all march to the ground floor, go by fours to the shower bath, put on their night clothes, march to the dormitory and, at the given signal, kneel, each by his own little white bed, and in concert with the cottage officer, repeat the Lord's prayer, after which all remain kneeling to make their own private petitions to the Father in Heaven. Then "Good night, boys" by the officer and a hearty chorus of "Good nights" in return, and then, there isn't a quieter boys' bed room in North Carolina than those in which the Jackson Training School boys sleep.

Such is the week-day routine. On Sundays the morning call is later by an hour, and the mornings are spent in the assembly room, in reading, conversation and in various other ways under the supervision of the cottage officer. In the afternoon, after the service, conducted by one or other of the Concord ministers, the boys are taken for a march out on the country roads, coming back to supper and the usual routine for the rest of the day.

As a result of the regularity of life at the Institution the health of the boys is perfect and all improve in appearance, and gain in weight. The moral effect of the military discipline is seen in the promptness of obedience and general deportment of the boys. Those friends of the Institution who make occasional visits to the school are accustomed to express their gratification at the marked improvement noted at each visit.



Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness every chance
You get—and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The by-ways as you grimly
Pass along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes;
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and happiness
Are chums.

—Journal of Education.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF A GREAT NORTH CAROLINA INDUSTRY.

It is a part of the mission of THE UPLIFT to make as public as in its power lies the industrial development of the state. Anything that gives remunerative employment to people, and that employment under environments that are conducive to the betterment of the people, concerns us and our readers. The story we ask you to read is both industrial and educational. It fits in the purposes of this journal and its mission; and to the several hundred Northern readers, who are on our subscription list, it will prove a revelation. In fact there are hundreds and thou-

and 60,000 spindles. The total for the two reaches 3,500 looms and 105,000 spindles.

Both mills make nothing but indigo blue denims, of which the great bulk is sold direct to the manufacturers of overalls in all parts of the United States and in many foreign countries. The two have a capacity of 80,000,000 yards of denim annually, and use in the neighborhood of 60,000 bales of cotton. We can not comprehend these figures, so let us think for a moment. The annual output would almost reach around the world twice; or the year's make

company. A system of prizes for the prettiest yards is maintained at a considerable cost by the company. The rear premises are used by the occupants for truck gardens.

The White Oak Mill is known as the largest Denim mill in the world. It consists of a number of buildings so arranged that the cotton, which is received from the railroad cars and stored in the cotton warehouses at one end of the plant, moves continuously forward through the picker building, dye house, weave building and finishing room, and is again delivered on board the cars in

bales of denim at the other end of the plant. The several buildings have a floor space of 16 acres. The weave building is 904 feet long by 180 feet wide (nearly four acres in one room) and has a roof consisting of one vast skylight. The cotton warehouses have a capacity for 30,000 bales.

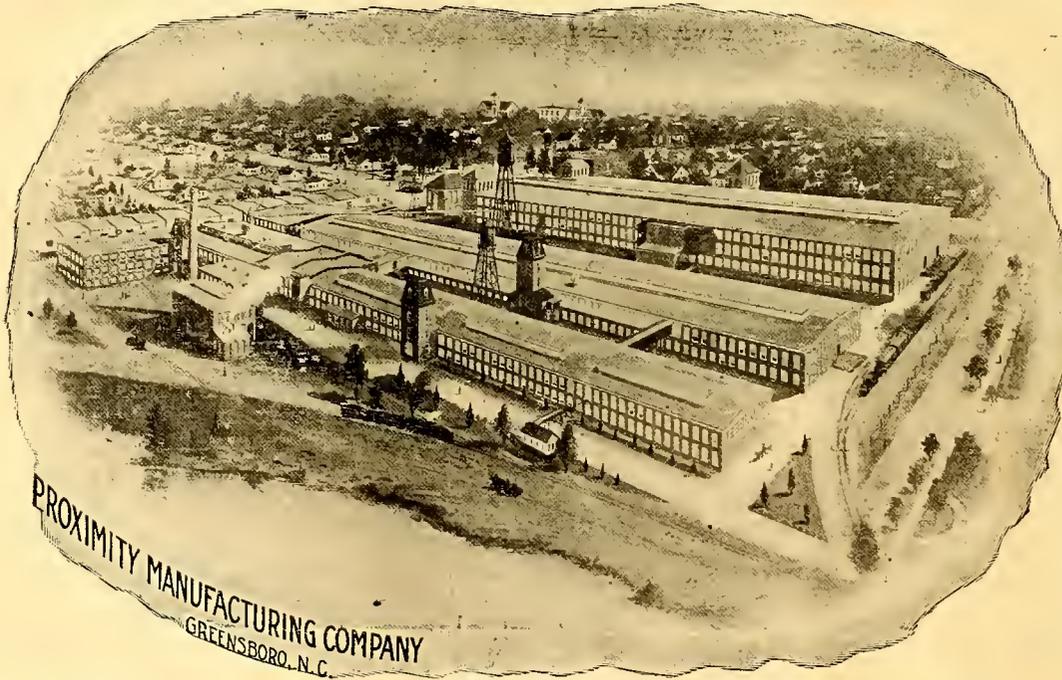
Power to run both of these mills is developed at the White Oak power house, which is equipped with four large steam engines, connected with electric generators, having a capacity of 10,000 horse power.

These mills continued uninterruptedly throughout

the year of 1908 when the panic was at its worst.

School and Welfare Work.

We are not advised, but we feel safe in saying that in the older territory of the cotton mill industry, in the North and East, the matter of school and welfare work has never concerned the management of the mills. Many harsh things have been said by word, in print, and by hysterical folks, who, taking the worst specimen to be found, built up a story that had the effect (and so intendid) to picture the cotton mill interests of the South as crucifiers of the youth. There have been



45,000 SPINDLES, 1500 LOOMS, 1200 EMPLOYEES OUT PUT 100,000 YARDS INDIGO DENIMS, DAILY.

sands of people within the borders of North Carolina who will be, perhaps, astonished at the magnitude of the manufacturing industry which is the subject of this article.

The Cones, led by Mr. Ceasar Cone and his brother, the late Moses Cone (whose untimely death was a serious loss to the state) have built, in sight of Greensboro, N. C., a manufacturing plant which is a marvel. It began in 1895 as the Proximity Manufacturing Company. In 1903 the Proximity Manufacturing Company built the White Oak Cotton Mills. Proximity Mills have 1,500 looms and 45,000 spindles; the White Oak Mills have 2,000 looms

of denim would reach from Greensboro to Washington—288 miles—over one hundred and fifty times. The cotton needed for a year's run at fourteen cents would cost over four millions of dollars.

These mills employ nearly 3,000 operatives, who with their families occupy cottages owned by the company and located near the mills. Each cottage occupies a lot 75x150 feet and rents at \$2.50 to \$5.00 a month, according to size, this being about one-third the price of similar accommodations in the city of Greensboro. The front yards are used for flower gardens—seeds, bulbs, flowers and shrubs are furnished free by the

some abuses—in fact many. That abuses even worse than these have prevailed in the mills and factories of the North and West, does not excuse us. We refer to this not in bitterness or even in an ugly mood, but merely to emphasize the fact that the management of this mill and others in the state are constantly striving to bring about an ideal condition for the great populations that gather in cotton mill settlements. The growth of the milling industry has been so rapid, that it required time to survey the situation and know just what was the proper solution of the difficulty. The light is breaking, and already many mills removed from the possibility of a participation in the regular organized schools of our towns and cities are solving for themselves, and at their own expense, the problem.

At each of the two mills, referred to at the beginning of this story, splendid school buildings have been erected and schools are maintained at the entire expense of the mills. In another part of this paper you will see the picture of the White Oak School. It is one of the handsomest school buildings in North Carolina. It is a large brick and granite building, containing eight class-rooms, and will accommodate 400 children. It is steam heated, and is equipped with an up-to-date ventilating system. Each room is 26 feet square, and has 32 lineal feet of real slate blackboard. The building and equipment cost about \$25,000, and every cent was furnished by the company.

The school here is in its third year. The enrolment is 256 and the average daily attendance is 242. This school employs seven teachers, whose salaries are provided for by the management, and the school term is nine full months. There is no cost whatever to any pupil. The Proximity school has been in existence for eight years, and has an enrolment of 226 with an average daily attendance of 205. The two schools employ including the special

teachers in music, cooking and sewing, 23 teachers, the entire expense being borne by the company and their services are free to all operatives' children.

At each school is a well-equipped library, with reading and game rooms.

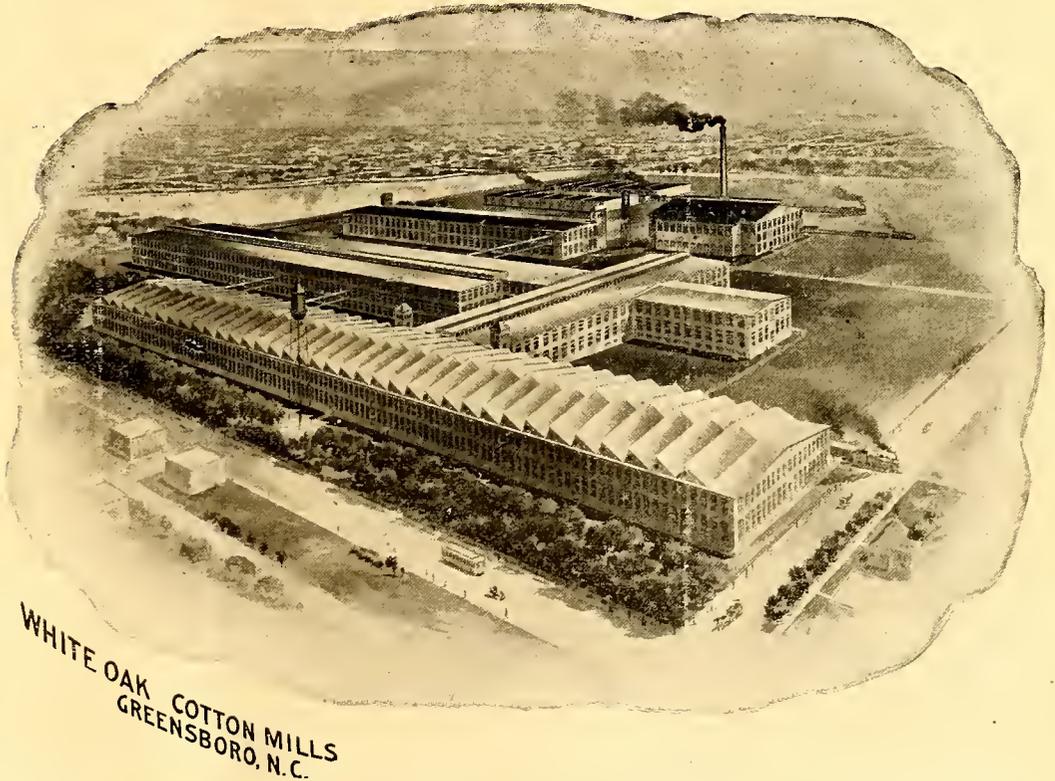
The Desire and Hope of the Company.

It has been the policy of the management of these mills to encourage the children to attend these schools. To this end, prizes are given all children who attend every day and are not tardy during

quotations from the Textile Manufacturers Journal, of recent date:

Welfare Work Development.

Hand in hand with the schools go the welfare departments which are maintained at each village, under the direction of a young lady, known as the Social Secretary. These ladies are graduates in domestic science, and together with their assistants have charge of the cooking and sewing classes. Such classes are organized, not only for the school girls, but for the older women; during the week for those of the wo-



WHITE OAK COTTON MILLS
GREENSBORO, N.C.

60,000 SPINDLES, 2000 LOOMS, 1800 EMPLOYEES, OUTPUT 150,000 YARDS INDIGO DENIMS, DAILY.

the term. The teachers are expected to spend several afternoons during the month visiting the children's home; and once each month a Mothers' meeting is held at the school. These mothers visit the class-rooms, inspect the work, and the afternoon winds up with an entertainment and refreshments. These meetings are largely attended.

Each school has a Christmas tree and holds a Christmas exercise. Each child receives a gift, a box of candy, nuts and raisins, an apple and an orange, all provided at the expense of the company. But the interest of the company does not stop here. Each family, numbering about 1,000, is presented with a turkey.

We conclude this story with

men who do not work in the mill and Saturday afternoons for the mill girls. Not only cooking and sewing, but basketry, raffia work and embroidery are taught, and the individuals helped and encouraged in anything useful and helpful which they wish to take up that goes toward the elevation of their home life.

At each village one of the regular operatives' cottages is allotted to the secretary for social and recreational purposes. Here various clubs and classes are organized and hold their meetings, parties and entertainments being given. Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Thanksgiving—no occasion

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

AND THIS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The exhibit of a manufacturing plant, together with provision made by the company for the comfort and welfare of its operatives, which THE UPLIFT publishes in this number, makes a story full of human interest. It would be untrue to say that this plant is an average of what may be found in the state among our manufacturing enterprises. It is in size, equipment, system, and provision for the general comfort of operatives, above the general average.

We are carrying this story not only to acquaint our own people with what an enormous manufacturing plant there is in the state, but more particularly to correct certain erroneous ideas that prevail beyond the Potomac. There are people in the North, who actually believe that in our Southern mills it is a common thing to grind up not a few children. They are not to blame for this belief for it is the result of numerous misleading articles in papers and magazines, and the vaporings of extremists and agitators.

There are instances, no doubt, in some of our Southern mills where the child has been overworked, where he has been deprived of educational

advantages, and where his little body has become dwarfed for the lack of proper care and treatment. But agitators—to call them by a modest name—have taken these as prevailing conditions of child-life and mill-life in the South. The very same agitators could have found at home one hundred cases for every single case here, where the child has not had a show. But this is said in friendly spirit.

Much of the short comings in the South where the condition of the child in the mill district is not what it ought to be, is due not to carelessness, indifference or to wickedness, as some would have us believe, but is due to inability to meet the emergency promptly. Mill districts have grown up so quickly, even suddenly, that the civic side of the community offered too big a proposition for immediate solution and handling. It was for years a question of what was the best thing to do. Various experiments were made; and it is only in the past few years that the way seemed clear.

What the Cones have so magnificently done and are doing at Greensboro for the education of the children of the operatives, and for the pleasure, comfort and welfare of the operatives themselves, is being accepted by many others in the state as the proper solution of the problem. A more orderly community, with a happier people, interested in individual and family betterment, can not be found in the oldest and best organized mill settlements of the North. We are progressing. We are meeting new conditions and new questions in a sensible manner, just as rapidly as means will permit. No other people could do more.

Our successful mill folks, even if they did not have it in their hearts so to do, would be forced by public sentiment as well as by the demands of their own mill communities, to secure for their settlements educational advantages and the means for a life worth living.

Mr. Cone's manufacturing plant at Greensboro is a wonder; and the provisions he has made for the up-

lift of his entire community are but the reflections of a big brain and a noble heart. Mr. Cone is all right. And there are hundreds of others in North Carolina, Mr. Agitator.

A WORD EXPLANATORY.

You have seen flowers piled on the coffin of the dead; but you have never seen placed on the casket of the dead a pocket-book, or the sum-total of the earnings of the deceased. These are left behind, in many instances, to be squandered and wasted in idle, riotous, selfish living. The subject of the death could have, in life, made a disposition of earnings in a way to have reached far down the ages on a mission of good—here and there everlasting monuments could have been set up to mark forever the short existence on earth of the wise man, who left much to charity, to hospitals, orphanages, churches, educational institutions and objects of mercy and relief rather than leave it to undisciplined and misguided children. In hundreds of cases these children would have fared better with a small annual pension.

But we started this piece for a different purpose. We mean to declare that a flower thrown at the living does more good and is more sincere than wagon loads piled on the dead. In life give him a boost; give him the glad hand; give him encouragement. It will do good; it will put hope into his heart; and put action into his desires. When death comes, God assumes the entire direction and disposition of the subject. If you feel a kind thought or a generous impulse, turn it loose now while the object of your consideration is yet in the flesh.

This answers the question put to us by one who ought to have more sense, when he asked: "What do you mean by publishing those biographical sketches?" The real analysis of the thing is that THE UPLIFT, as well as other institutions, is dealing entirely with THE LIVING. The dead are beyond us. There are people, male and female, throughout the state whose lives have been along-

some lines a benefaction. They have been worth while; they have caused things to happen; they have made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; they have brought happiness and cheer to mankind; they have done the state a service; and they have made the world better by having lived in it. Such lives are not measured, either, by the number of dollars they have accumulated—goodness is not measured by the dollar.

After all, the history of a country or a state is the combined biographies of its individuals, who have risen to a proper understanding of what life is. Nothing more, nothing less.

In them, we find so much that is good. This we prefer to make known while the subjects may yet call us to account, for anybody can say something good about the dead; and these examples of splendid manhood and womanhood are to the young an inspiration and a lesson.

If you have anything good to say of us, let us have it while we are yet in the flesh.



THE CLERGY MUST NOW BE GOOD.

"The clergy is too much inclined to give gratuitous advice which is frequently detrimental to the public" is the deliverance of Dr. Burroughs, of Asheville, who bitterly objects to a "Sanitary Sunday." Dr. Burroughs is perhaps the only man in North Carolina who entertains an opinion of the clergy in keeping with his own. He's got a cinch. It is hardly probable that any minister could say or do anything that would cause the spread of tuberculosis; but quite a few might give some knock-out blows to a certain supposed remedy that has heretofore been largely adhered to.

The preachers could, if permitted by Dr. Burroughs, render a great service to the public good if they were turned loose on some subjects not exactly religious and spiritual questions, but "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." After all is this fit due to fear that the public will suffer some damage at the hand of ministerial advice on a "Sanitary

Sunday", or is there some imaginary principle of professional politics rankling somewhere and somehow?



FOR PUBLIC INFORMATION.

December 25th will be the first Christmas for the Jackson Training School. It is approaching that day with the hope of making it a pleasant and profitable one for the boys and all connected with the affairs of the Institution.

It would be a surprise to THE UPLIFT if this great day should pass and this institution should not be handsomely remembered by men and women of the state in some form or other. The great heart of the state's citizenship responds to the cause for which the institution stands, and that heart needs only to be directed to our needs. Our family of boys is a family of orphans as well as wayward ones. They feel, have tastes, desires and hopes just like normal boys. AND THEY MUST AND WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

That no doubt may exist in any mind as to what will prove an acceptable gift we make bold to say that anything from a barrel of apples or sugar to a much needed two-horse surrey (very much needed) or a market wagon (also greatly needed) would be appreciated; or a check from five dollars (the price of a five year's subscription to the UPLIFT) up to a check for \$7.000 (the cost of the school house we need and wish to erect at an early day) would make our Christmas of a proportion and character that we could never forget it—and we would be inspired to greater earnestness, if that were possible.

What will our Christmas be?



The personel of the commission is such that we cannot refrain from expressing great pleasure over the donation Mr. Rockefeller has made for the extermination of the hookworm. Absolutely turned loose, with no strings attached, his million will go out to relieve a condition of suffering and destruction. He makes provision for no scheme by which he may be personally perpetuated in

a pile of stone and brick, forever afterwards to be maintained by taxation of or contribution by the people. His gift is in a spirit that permits, as we see it, of no criticism.



That's an interesting story Dr. Herring gives about Hatteras and Diamond Shoals. The doctor pulls teeth gracefully and gives no more pain than is necessary to make the situation lively; and he can pull with equal grace a readable story from most any situation. The story in this number is so instructive that it calls for another.



Ex-Governor Glenn has displeased some folks in certain states. It would be hard to please everybody. Glenn is not perfect—a quality neither he nor any of his thousands of friends claim—but Glenn is great. He is a power, and a man who makes a speech like a house on fire will always have great audiences to hear him.



State Supt. Joyner has fixed December 17th for North Carolina Day in the public schools. He has also issued a very attractive programme for the exercises of the occasion. It is a booklet of 68 pages; and it is the work of Mr. R. D. W. Conner, by the special request of the superintendent.



Our neighbor, the Concord Times, just had to do it. The demand upon it for advertising space has brought about a change in its form. It is now an eight page paper. Mr. Sherril has had a wonderful and pleasing success in journalism.



September 5 should be November 5 in the first paragraph on 14. And September 12 and 13 should read November 12 and 13 in second paragraph in article on page 11.



We knew all the time that there was something like it in certain quarters, but we had no idea that hookworm was quite so unanimous.



Merry Christmas to all.

Panoramic View of a Great North Carolina Industry.

(Concluded From Page 7.)

is allowed to pass without some appropriate celebration at "The Cottage," as the secretary's headquarters are familiarly known. A recent extension of the welfare work has been the organization of a glee club.

Work by Department.

For the past two years the welfare departments of the Proximity and White Oak mills made exhibits of their work in the educational department of the Central Carolina Fair, held at Greensboro, each

dresses, aprons, waists, hosiery and clothes of all kinds, made by the women and little girls.

There was a large exhibit of sofa pillows, dozens of baskets, several hats, a number of paper flowers and various other articles contrived by feminine skill and ingenuity. The Boys' Garden Classes contributed corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, peanuts, beets, collards, gourds and peppers.

From the cooking classes came a beautiful display of preserved fruit, tomatoes and jellies. Around the central booth was arranged a series of pictures showing various phases

mills express themselves as highly satisfied with the results of their efforts along the line of industrial betterment. They find that under these conditions their operatives are more contented, more cheerful, more loyal and more efficient. Mill operatives, as a rule, are extremely migratory, and roam about from place to place, always looking for a new job. At Proximity and White Oak conditions are different; the families once settled there, stay there. They enter a cheerful atmosphere, meet kind treatment on every hand, find good schools for their children, and what is at the base of it all, their houses become homes.

The conclusion of this story is pictorial, and will be seen on page 11. One is a Typical Class Room (Second Grade) of White Oak School; the other is a picture of the Proximity Cotton Mill Kindergarten. These pictures tell a story of interest, brightness and hope. As Secretary Wilson of President Taft's Cabinet declared: "I can see no signs or any evidences of the hookworm."



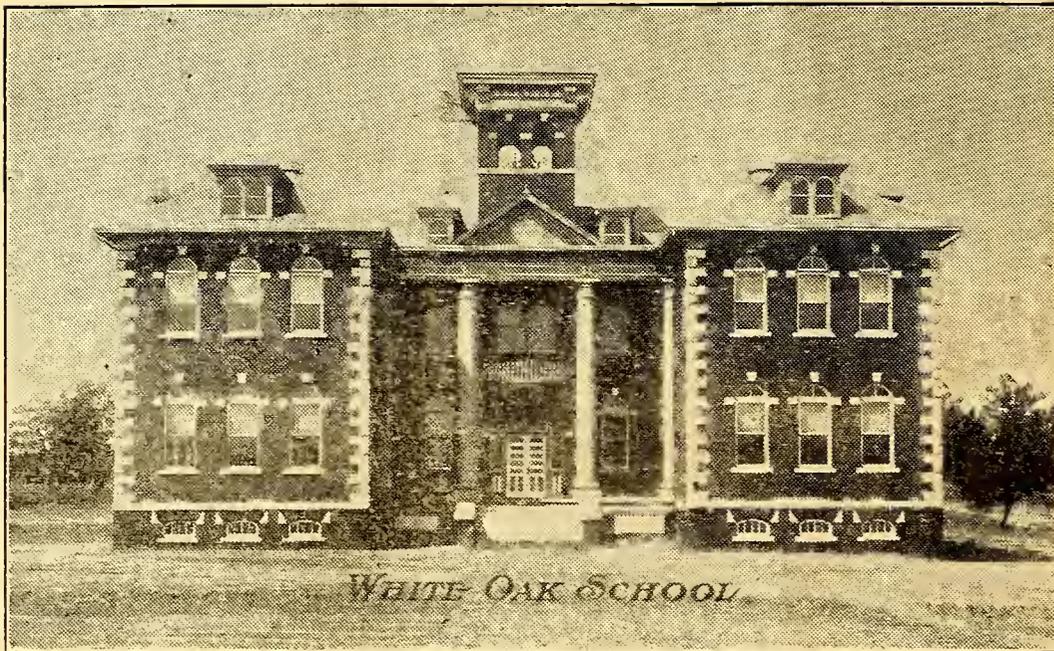
ANNUAL MEETING.

The Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School will meet at the institution on December 2nd at 1:20 to be in session through a part of December 3rd. It is in the nature of an annual meeting, to go over a year's work of the institution, inspect all phases of the institution and to cast up an account.

The Board will also legislate upon some rules governing certain matters in connection with the institution; but its chief work will consist in adopting plans for the administration building, additional cottages and other necessary buildings. A full attendance is sincerely hoped for.



You owe it to your mother to lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.



FREE GRADED SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN OF OPERATIVES BUILT AND MAINTAINED BY WHITE OAK COTTON MILLS.

October. These exhibits were generally commented upon as the most interesting feature of the fair, and served as a revelation to many members of the community. The exhibit occupied an entire wing of the fair building, and was like a small fair or bazaar in itself. Overhead the rafters were covered with many fancy and patch-work quilts, which made a most effective canopy. The walls were decorated with embroideries, drawn-work, stencil-work, curtains and rugs. Part of the space was given over to the schools, and was hung with colored pictures, leaves, cut work, maps, manual training work, etc., made by the children. There were two large doll houses surrounded by dolls dressed by the children in the sewing classes. Then there were real

of the welfare work which could not have other representation. There were pictures taken at the Fourth of July picnics, which have been held the past four years; pictures of the bands and baseball teams, of the churches and Sunday-school classes, of the road machine, the well-drilling machine, even the force of street hands at work.

Work For Young Men and Boys.

Last year a further extension of the welfare work was inaugurated at White Oak to make more special provision for the young men and boys. One of the cottages was fitted out as a temporary clubhouse and a young man employed to conduct this part of the betterment work.

The officers and superintendents of the Proximity and White Oak

AN AWAKENING AND THE EARNEST LEADER.

Happy is Wilkes county, North Carolina. She has come into her own.

This writer, by invitation, spent the 12th and 13th of September in Wilkes county, mingling with its splendid people and enjoying with them the pleasures of the annual

scarcely believe the story of the growth of this town. Its population now approaches three thousand, perhaps; the buildings are brick and of a modern type; considerable street paving has been done; light and water systems will be complete acquisitions of the near future;



TYPICAL CLASS ROOM (SECOND GRADE) WHITE OAK.

gathering of the teaching force of the county. It is a revelation—the progress made by the citizenship of Wilkes county in the immediate past ten years.

Many flings have been made at Wilkes for its numberless blockade stills, for its provincialisms, for its backwardness. That's a story, if ever true, that is forever in the past. The growth and development of all the best interests of the people are little short of marvelous—the story is itself an inspiration.

Old Wilksboro, a little jewel, nestled among the lesser mountains at the foot of the grander ones, began to come into its own when the railroad started its course up the Yadkin. When the railroad broke faith, if not the contract, with the people and stopped its line on the North side of the Yadkin river and did not attempt to touch Wilkesboro proper, there was disappointment and the hopes of the people of that splendid town were staggered. But the stagger to old Wilkesboro gave birth to a life, which began to move and have its being in the form of a little collection of little individual endeavors, near the terminus of the railroad, which now amounts to and is a well-defined beginning of a city—North Wilkesboro is its name. One can

men of sterling qualities. The manufacturing of the town is becoming diversified. To the flouring mills, the woodworking plants, the tannery, a movement is on foot for the establishment of a cotton mill. The public spirited people of North Wilkesboro are far-sighted, for they desire to avoid getting all their eggs into one basket. The demand for real estate has increased about 20 per cent in one year. This has been demonstrated by recent sales.

But Wilkesboro has survived the shock—its disappointment staggered and sickened her, but she has her eyes and hopes again set toward the rising sun. Sometimes a spell of sickness helps, and brave and determined people will not sit down and "grieve over spilt milk." Wilkesboro has good stores, a good hotel of brick and three stories high, two good newspapers, The Wilkes Patriot (now installing new and larger machinery,) and the Chronicle which has undergone a reorganization on account of the recent illness of Editor Deal, and it too is preparing to increase its plant and enlarge its capacity for usefulness.

Wilkesboro has about completed a magnificent brick school building,



PROXIMITY COTTON MILL KINDERGARTEN.

three banks serve the needs of the people; splendid church buildings speak the religious spirit of the people; the hotels are creditable; and the public school system of the town under the superintendency of Prof. Coltrane is the pride of the people.

North Wilkesboro has a good paper in the Hustler, edited by the Messrs Pharr, two splendid young

the first brick school house in the county, in which there is conducted a school of high type. The superintendent is Prof. Suttlemyre, who has demonstrated that he is a leader in educational matters. An entertainment, quickly gotten up for the pleasure of the visiting county teachers, exhibited snap, resourcefulness, purpose, capacity and

ability. The court-house is the equal of any in the state.

There is plenty of room there, and backing too, for two towns to grow and develop. The distance of one mile between them now has been reduced to a minimum by the operation of an automobile line. Who knows but that at some early time the two may lock arms and become Greater Wilkesboro, forgetting the Yadkin, which now alone separates them, except for its beauty, music and future utility.

A Mighty Force

That has had to do with the arousing of the citizenship of Wilkes county to the tune of progress, development and civic pride, is none other than an educational leadership. The greatest glory of Wilkes as well as of all other counties, is rising to her educational obligation. When the proper education of a people is attended to, then all the needed developments are sure to follow.

The teachers of Wilkes county's schools (there are 149 of them; and the county is nearly half the size of Rhode Island) number about one hundred and fifty. Only a few were absent. This is a compliment to them as well as to their leader. They are serious, earnest people. No county has a finer looking set of local educational leaders. They attended every meeting held during the two days—they were awake, and were eager to catch whatever was aimed at their better qualification and efficiency as teachers.

Supt. Wright had arranged a programme for Saturday covering agriculture, school problems, historical reminiscences, health, and good roads. Some of the speeches were eloquent, particularly that of Col. R. Z. Linney, of Alexander county. This inimitable genius and student of men thrilled, amused, inspired, entertained and edified the splendid audience for nearly an hour. Others made clear, impressive talks on their assigned subjects. The association enjoyed the presence and the helpfulness of Prof. Padgitt, of the Winston Business College. Prof. Padgitt manifests a deep interest in school problems, and his discussions made a fine impression upon the audience. The teachers and the audience in general displayed a pleasing interest in the story of the Jackson Training School, and they put themselves on record as supporters of the cause of the school.

No county in North Carolina has made greater progress than has

Wilkes. She has a library in every district, and sixty-eight districts have also supplementary libraries. The county has 36 local tax districts. In ten years under the present county superintendent the illiteracy has been reduced from 13 per cent to 6 per cent; the enrollment has been increased from 62 per cent to 76 per cent and the average attendance has been

DOUBLED, There is a cause for this; for where ten thousand children are concerned and they scattered over a large, hilly and mountainous territory, it requires the very finest brand of generalship to bring them into order, system and discipline. The leader, who has accomplished this wonderful work, who converted chaos into order and discipline, who aroused such an interest as to double the average attend-



CO. SUPT. WRIGHT, OF WILKES.

ance, who has no trouble in getting almost a unanimous attendance upon the meetings of the association, and who has let loose the agencies that are making for the development of one of the finest counties in the state, is none other than County Superintendent C. C. Wright, a solid, serious citizen, earnest educator, and wise and efficient officer. He has no superior in the state, yet the problem that has confronted him has been beset with many serious difficulties.

The character of capacity, ability and loyalty, which has been expended in making the schools of Wilkes county the pride of its citizenship, and of the deepest interest to admirers all over the state, would have put Prof. Wright in green financial pastures had they been turned into commercial channels. He is a patriot—and, when reminded of the great work he has accomplished, he modestly responded: "the glory of all this accomplishment belongs to my teachers."

You can't ask Supt. Wright a

question concerning his schools that he can not answer. His office is a model of system. His records are complete. He has fitted up, also, shelves in his office, where he has gathered one of the best libraries in the state. The register of deeds in the absence of the superintendent acts as librarian. Thousands of people have read the valuable books in that library, and who can estimate the great good this work alone has accomplished?

It does one good to spend a time with the splendid, active citizenship of Wilkes county. No people could make greater strides. The light has broken over them, and they are pressing forward with an abiding hope and faith.



Dr. Whitsett Makes Us Happy.

Dr. W. T. Whitsett, who conducts one of the state's most successful schools--the Whitsett Institute--appreciating the purpose of THE UPLIFT to raise funds for the Educational Cottage, through subscriptions to this paper, sends this under date of Nov. 22, 1909:

"Enclosed please find five dollars for THE UPLIFT which I have just finished reading with much interest.

With many good wishes for your noble work, I am,

Sincerely yours.

(Signed) W. T. Whitsett."



Thoughts From Ruskin.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion.

You may assuredly find perfect peace if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required.

There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

Surely no one can always know what is right? Yes, you always can for today, you will see more tomorrow.

There is no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the melody of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.



If you are troubled with the blues, take a map and census table of the world and try to estimate how many millions there are who would gladly change places with you.

FACTS ABOUT HATTERAS AND DIAMOND SHOALS.

By Dr. H. C. Herring.

Boys how would you like a lesson in geography? Then if we have time I will tell you how they catch the porpoise, a large fish, that lives in the ocean.

Now turn to the map of North Carolina and at the most easterly point on a chain of islands, extending from Wrightsville to Cape Charles, you will find the island of Hatteras—with its point, or cape, extending way out into the ocean which you will notice is on one side and the broad waters of Pamlico Sound on the other—just fifty miles across, the island proper is about twelve miles long and about five broad at its greatest breadth.

If you have ever read anything about Hatteras no doubt you have formed the opinion that it is a bleak, sandy waste, incapable of sustaining animal or human life. Sea-faring people and others who pass Cape Hatteras only see its uninviting shore. For miles and miles its beach is decorated with hundreds of wrecks from the largest steamers and sailing vessels to smaller craft. These wrecks not only represent the destruction of millions of money but hundreds of lives.

Just above and below the cape are the dreaded Diamond Shoals.

Steamers and vessels are supposed to keep in the gulf stream but if, during a fog, they lose their course or are blown into other shoals, destruction is certain. These shoals are drifting quicksand, they may be deep today and out of the water tomorrow. A vessel so unfortunate as to get on them will bump a few times and if she is not broken to pieces she is caught in the "suck" and sinks out of sight. I once saw a vessel, which had lost her way during a fog, and when the fog lifted she was fast and tight in the sand, by night her hull was under water and though the main mast was seventy-six feet high, next morning it was out of sight. Every few miles will be found stations. In each of these stations nine men stay all the time except during the month of June when all are given a vacation.

If the sea is too rough to take a boat out to a distressed vessel they have a big gun, a small rope is fastened to the ball or slug and this is shot over the vessel. The sailors then pull in the ropes to which a larger and still larger rope is fastened. When one of sufficient size is pulled aboard, the station men

then send out what is known as "breeches buoys."

They are made of cork and resemble breeches. Some one on the vessel will put them on, then the signal is given to the station men and it is pulled in by a windlass at an automobile speed. This is all right, but much of the time he is way under water. But if you don't get to see him he is coming just the same.

As soon as he reaches the shore he is quickly taken out and rolled on the sand and stood on his head until all the water runs out, then he is put to bed. Two years ago, while down there a vessel stuck in the Shoals and something very unusual happened—she neither sunk nor went to pieces. The sailors were sending up signals of distress—"Help us."

There was such a high wind blowing as often as the men would start a boat it would turn over. And the vessel was too far off to shoot a line over. The men were unable to render them any assistance. Next morning as soon as it was light we saw six men tied safe and fast way up on the masts. But two of them had turned and were hanging head down—they were dead. On the outside of these Shoals and on the edge of the gulf stream, there is a light-ship placed there by the government. It has an arc light and a wireless outfit and though held by four stout anchors, it has frequently been blown away. The fourteen men, composing the crew, are kept busy cleaning up the ship and keeping the lights in order. The government has offered large sums of money for a foundation on which to build a light house. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the hope of finding such a foundation, but as there is no bottom, all quicksand, perhaps it will never be attempted again. We will now study the island proper and the inhabitants. In addition to the horrors which we have already described we shall find it a most delightful place where reigns supreme peace, happiness and contentment. Here are as fine forests as can be found in the State. The largest trees you ever saw, think of a holly tree measuring four feet in diameter. For furniture and inlay work this wood has no superior.

The juiciest and most perfect Scuppernon grapes are grown to perfection. Fig trees a foot or more

in diameter should suggest to some enterprising man, fig raising.

The best flavored peaches found anywhere are abundantly grown.

While the soil is light it is responsive and being right on the gulf stream the trucking industry would be a month in advance of any other section of our State. The woods are alive with mocking birds, and seldom is the time, night or day, that one or more are not heard singing. And squirrels and 'possums to beat the band.

It is said there are more deer here than can be found anywhere else in a wild state.

In the summer season it is not unusual to see from three to eight deer in one herd. The islanders will not permit them to be hunted with dogs. A dog found in the woods is promptly shot.

In the winter season millions of wild geese, duck and swan are seen at all times.

There are perhaps seven or eight hundred people living here. They are quiet, honest and contented. Every one seems to be happy. Their wants are few and easily supplied. The women knit nets and seines and the men follow fishing, oystering and many of them are engaged in supplying the northern markets with game. The preachers up here are grieved because so few people go to church, and so many break the Sabbath day, using it for a holiday. At Hatteras everybody goes to church, even the dogs and children. None ever miss a service. No big hats, no paid choirs, no solos with a voice sounding like trying to take hold of a piece of calf foot jelly. God likes to be worshipped in a natural manner and when it is done in an artificial style we are just that much further from Him in true worship. The congregation is quiet and all attention. The preacher reads the hymns, two lines at a time, and everybody sings. After the service all go home and not for love or money could you induce one of them to take you out on a pleasure sail. A model people—where the women are so pure that the breath of suspicion has never rested on any of them.



The time will come when all true happiness will be found in doing the right, and only the good will be found to be real.



The time will come when everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

WHEN WE COME TOGETHER, GOOD RESULTS.

By Jim Riddick.

The electric cars were stopped; the teams and hacks were turned into another street; and all attempts to move on Elm street, Greensboro, N. C., on September 5th, were futile. I stood for two hours in a pack and a jamb, as far as one's eye could see, looking at an Educational Parade by the young folks of Guilford county.

This is an annual gathering of the schools and the educational forces of Guilford county, which Superintendent Thomas R. Foust manages to pull off once a year. It has the same effect on ignorance and the careless in regard to education as a singing parade does in a local option contest or a barbecue on an election, or the circus parade on the crowd—it helps the undecided and the doubting ones to make up their minds.

It is estimated that ten thousand young folks were in that parade. I have my doubts about that figure, but I am sure that in that parade were at least eight thousand of the hopefuls. It was inspiring—it was stunning—it was enormous—it was instructive—it was enthusiastic. The State Normal, the several schools of Greensboro under that wide-a-wake Prof. Swift, and the schools at Whitsett, Pomona, Proximity, Revolution, White Oak, and scores of other schools had from forty to four hundred of their pupils lined up, two abreast, marching behind a banner naming the school. This parade formed on the grounds of the Greensboro Female College, and marching on West Market and down South Elm, turning into the street where the auditorium is located, completely filled that immense building.

When assembled, a little preacher with a kindly face and a voice that was music itself, without any effort, or begging, or pleading, began to offer up one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard. That big crowd of men, women, young ladies, young men, children and babies became so quiet that the beautiful prayer of that sweet-voiced minister could be heard in every corner of the great building. It was grand. Dr. Foust announced singing of The Old North State by the Normal girls. Well done, and thrilling.

The next was singing by the Proximity School (this is a factory school), and it, too, was good and pleasing. Then the city schools did some splendid singing. At this

point, Dr. Foust announced speaking in the local theater by Dr. Knapp and others. There was just too much in one day. The crowd itself was too big for one to move freely and catch all that was going on without losing himself.

I pause here to tell a story. They gave prizes for the best showing in the parade. Every time a school would come passing, under an ideal sky of Indian Summer, in my mind I would vote for that—in fact, the Normal parade was so long that I voted several times as the girls in white went marching by. Then when a country school came into sight—just spank and clean, with perfect step, bright faces and pretty teachers by their sides—why, I did some more voting. But I was not a member of the committee; and, if I had been, I would have given every school the first prize and broke the committee on finance in providing sufficient prizes.

You have heard of the child labor agitators from the North. You have seen some short haired female inspectors moving among us; you have heard of long articles in yellow journals telling how the life, the blood, the liver and the souls are being stamped out of the youth around our cotton mill settlements. There are cases of abuse—there are many of them but they do not compare with the number housed in damp, vermin-besieged tenement houses of the cities of the North, where modesty and virtue have a hard time. But do you know that that intelligent committee (the judges of that parade) actually picked the winner of that first prize in that parade of the thousands and thousands, where public schools and the great state Normal figured, to be Proximity Cotton Mill School. The school, representing one of the cotton mill sections of the country, actually carried off the first prize for the best showing in that grand parade. It was a just and righteous decision, that met the universal approval of the hosts and hosts of people that thronged the city of Greensboro that glad day.

That parade was worth thousands of dollars to the cause of education in Guilford county. It inspired folks; it made mothers and fathers proud of their children; it made representatives of school districts take notice and begin to wish for greater efforts in their own districts. Then,

not a jar, not a discordant note, not a whine, not a grouch was heard. It was like one big family coming to the annual reunion where the fatted calf had been butchered.

But Greensboro had more than this that day. State Superintendent Joyner was holding one of his quarterly conferences in the city at the time. County Superintendents, city Superintendents and high school teachers were there. They caught the spirit. Bringing up the rear, smiling and happy, came Supt. Joyner and a number of his staff. They did not get the prize; but nothing on earth could have prevented these educators, from joining in that magnificent parade.

There was another stir. About noon hour you could see scores of people coming from the depot. These people were not our own—that could be seen at a glance. Male and female—none of them were ours. A Special train had arrived from Raleigh bringing a large number of the delegates from the Farmers' Congress, which had decided to make some side visits. They were from Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Virginia, Oklahoma and dozens of other states.

Some enterprising people of Greensboro (Mr. Ceasar Cone was much in evidence) had a special train to carry that vast crowd to the Guilford Battle Ground. Then from there the train was run to the White Oak Cotton Mills. Heading the crowd that spent one hour in going through the enormous Denim Mills were Secretary Wilson and Mr. Cone—we all followed, It lead to the banquet hall. The stage was carpeted with denim; flags waved everywhere; there were hundreds of chairs that all might sit. The artist took a snap shot of Secretary Wilson; the good looking ladies of the White Oak Cotton Mill settlement began to serve lemonade. Col. Cameron introduced Hon. E. J. Justice, who made an address of welcome. It was fine—enough said. Then Secretary Wilson resumed his speech. He let loose some fine sentiment that thrilled us Tar Heel folks. He looks the fine old gentleman he is; and to the agricultural cause of the land he has been a power. There were other short addresses. About this time, strong men of the mill came through with neatly tied packages—souvenirs for everybody—and it was a sample of Denim, enough to make overalls for the man of the house.

Nine out of every ten of this

great crowd had never seen a cotton mill or had never been inside of one. It was a pity to take them into such a large one on start—they were visibly startled and affected. The charming Col. Richards, Land and Industrial agent of the Southern Railway, was on hand; and whenever he heard a longing for information come from any source, he immediately threw light on the subject. I, myself acted as guide to an old gentleman from Illinois. He is a native of the Isle of Man. He came to America in 1866. He settled in Illinois. He married a girl, who was born in Virginia (a pretty good state to be born in), and he was lamenting her inability to accompany him "down South." This old gentleman wanted to know how often you had to plant cotton; and he wanted to know how often and when you picked cotton. The great majority of them believed that all cotton opened at once and it was all gathered at once, like corn or Irish potatoes. Then a large number of them thought cotton was like a rose bush—shed its leaves in the fall, sent its sap to mother earth, and then when the gentle breezes returned and the April showers began to fall the sap would rise again and revive the old stock. At fifteen cents a pound and cotton acting that way, the whole West would move South; and the gamblers on the New York Cotton Exchange would give away their seat in that gambling den and move South, too.

That old gentleman said he saw the finest roads of his life in North Carolina. He was struck by the condition of the farm houses he saw. And he said somebody had fooled him in making him believe that nobody lived in the rural districts of the South except (as he put it) "niggers." It does us much good to have the representative people, the bone and sinew of other states, to come among us—and it does our narrowness good to visit other states and learn other people's ways and thoughts.

Whoever planned that excursion across the state, and carried it to the Guilford Battle Ground and took it to the big mills at White Oak, near Greensboro, is a benefactor of the state. It beats all the advertising that can be done. It is a living, everlasting story seen with the eyes. It burnt itself into the brains and hearts of those fine gentleman and women from the West and the North.

✿ ✿
If you would be popular be helpful.

An Estimate of Near Beer.

To supply a supposed thirst of the citizenship of Charlotte, a man by the name of Dannenburg set up a Ni-Beer saloon in Charlotte, got pulled and started in to test the constitutionality of an ordinance by the city that required a license tax of \$1,000 for the conduct of a shop in which the stuff might be sold. The first or lower court found against the visiting benefactor of the Charlotte thirst; and he took an appeal to the highest court of the state.

The case was heard in Raleigh on the 16th. Attorney-General T. W. Bickett, by virtue of his office appeared for the state. Presenting his side of the case, General Bickett concluded in a way that is both unique and striking. Among other things he said:

"What is near beer? The testimony in this case shows that it is a beverage that finds ready sale as a substitute for real beer. Our bibulous constituents cry for it as children cry for Castoria. It is made by the people who make beer, and drunk by the people who drink beer. It looks like beer, smells like beer, tastes like beer. It is served by the same white aproned, many chinned friend who was wont to comfort us in other days. It is shoved across the old oaken counter, and the mirrored back bar, with the picture of Aphrodite springing from the foam makes the illusion complete. And sometimes in the gloaming the alchemy of a shadow projected from a policeman's expansive back and falling athwart the bar, works a transformation and suddenly, even as the thirsty one lifts the cup to his lips, near beer becomes the real thing.

"And yet this court is asked to relegate this lusty beverage, this scion of centuries of vats to the insipid level of soda water. Perish the thought! It proclaims itself in North Carolina as sole heir and successor to the gaudy fluid. It boasts of its bubble, and sparkle and snap. It says to the disconsolate legions in an arid land, 'I may not be entirely wicked—but try me.' It capitalizes its kinship with Budweiser and Schlitz. It scorns soda water as Roosevelt scorns a mollycoddle, and lords it over grape juice like a mint julep over a milk shake."

✿ ✿
The world wants men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life.

Care of the Children.

Edwin S. Solenberger, general secretary of the Pennsylvania Children's Aid Society, yesterday afternoon delivered the fifth lecture in the course of Problems of the Child, at the Church House, Twelfth and Walnut streets. He pointed out that the oldest institution of charity in this city was St. Joseph's Catholic Orphanage, founded in 1798. In 1814 the Orphans' Society of Pennsylvania was founded; in 1829, St. John's Orphan Asylum; in 1837, the Foster home; in 1841, the Southern Home, and the House of Refuge also in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The public, he said, began to take a keener interest in the care of neglected and delinquent children when, in 1877, the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty was founded, and in 1882, the Pennsylvania Children's Aid Society, while the White House conference in 1909 voiced the sentiments expressed on that occasion, by President Roosevelt, who said: There is ample room for the work of all existing institutions but the work of extension should be along the line of placing children out in private homes.

Children who for sufficient reasons must be removed from their own homes, or who have no homes, if normal in mind and body and not requiring special training, he said, should be cared for in families whenever practicable. The carefully selected foster home is for the normal child the best substitution for the natural home. Such homes should be selected by a most careful process of investigation, carried on by skilled agents, through personal investigation and with due regard to the religious faith of the child. After children are placed in homes adequate visitation, with careful consideration of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual training and development of each child, on the part of the responsible home finding agency is essential.—Glenn Mills Daily.

✿ ✿
The time will come when no man will be allowed to say that the world owes him a living, since the world owes him nothing that he should not pay for; it owes a living only to cripples, invalids, and all others who cannot, through some misfortune, help themselves.

✿ ✿
The world wants philanthropists who will not let their right hand know what their left hand is doing.

A Boy's Farewell Kiss.

I saw a picture the other day which touched and thrilled me and melted me—yes, and made me gladder than ever, more thankful than ever before that there is such a sacred place as home and such a sacred, tender tie as parent and child.

I was on a Seaboard train going to North Carolina and when we stopped at Athens, I saw a manly looking university student, dressed in the uniform of an officer accompany his father (a warm friend of mine) into the Pullman car. The train was started and I saw that student throw his strong arms around his father's neck and tenderly kiss him good-bye. As he was hurrying off the moving train I laid my hand on his shoulder and said; "Bless your heart, my boy!—I would give a world like this if I had a father to kiss good-bye!"

Then I turned, to see the tears standing in the eyes of that student's father, and he said; "Brother Upshaw, I would not take a billion dollars for that goodbye kiss from my boy."

And here is a lesson for every boy who is blessed with a father. Was that young man a sort of effeminate "sissy" sort of fellow? Not by a thousand miles. A more splendid, vigorous young man does not bless the college life of America. When he was in the Boys' High School in Atlanta he won Tom Watson's "Napoleon" as a prize for oratory, the Joseph Habersham Chapter medal, and gold prize for essay from the Daughters of the American Revolution. He won another gold prize from the "Daughters of 1812," and also the Upshaw Ready Writer's medal for the best essay written in one hour. And because his victory was so evident his modest father, who was then principal of the Boys' High School, would not allow him to enter two or three other contests.

I would that every school boy in the land could have heard the conversation that took place between the father of this young cadet and the writer as we sat in the sleeper that night. The tears came again into the eyes of this fond and faithful father—one of the strongest, one of the most cultured men in the South, as he told of the comfort that this brilliant and dutiful son had been to him, and he said: "I am not ashamed of these grateful tears. I would not take a billion dollars for the love, the tenderness, the loyalty and the character of that boy who kissed me good-bye today."

It is a sacred story to give to the public, but it is so beautiful—so full of meaning and may mean so much to some father's boy who reads it that I feel constrained to give this glimpse into the heart-life and home life of young William Slaton and his devoted father, who is a prince among the sons of men. When so many sons are breaking their fathers' and mothers' hearts, how refreshing to meet such a boy!

I told this story for the first time the other day in a chapel talk to the students of Wake Forest. There was a holy hush as they listened—not because of the way the story was told, but for the sake of its sacred meaning, and when I had done Prof. J. B. Carlyle, the genial and eloquent Carolinian who fills the chair of Latin in that great institution, came and said to me. "That story will be an abiding blessing to our boys."

As I looked into the face of this college boy, saw his filial affection and then talked with his royal father afterward, there came to me the memory of an experience in my own life that I can never, never forget. I was leaving home for the first time for a stay of several months after my seven years on bed. Of course I kissed my mother goodbye down at the house, just as you would have done, and came away with a parting benediction in my heart. We were waiting at the depot. A crowd of boys and other friends were standing around. The train blew in the distance and I saw a tear flash answer in my father's tender eyes. I knew what was the matter. It was hurting his heart for the son who had been so long prostrate in the home and under his daily ministrations of fatherly kindness, to be going away so long. And I'll tell you what I wanted to do, my boy who reads these words—I wanted to put my arms around my father and kiss him good-bye, just as I had done my mother at the gate. But I was a coward. I was afraid those boys would go down town and say: "Did you see Will Upshaw kiss his pa good-bye like a girl?" That unmanly fear conquered—and I only laid my hand on my father's shoulder and said: "God bless you, father, and keep you till we meet again." And then the train began to put distance, distance, distance, between my father's face and me. I saw the unshed tear in his honest, tender eyes, and something said to me: "Yes, you know that your father has heart trouble and for years you have ex-

pected him to drop dead at any moment. What if you receive a telegram calling you to his lifeless body?"

And I determined then and there that if I should ever get home, though a thousand boys might be standing around the depot to laugh and to jeer, I would always tell my father good-bye as tenderly as I did my mother. And I did, my boy. Sometimes I saw a critical smile go round, but my heart was tranquil in the sweet aftermath of love that had spoken.

One day I received a telegram down at Jacksonville, Fla., saying: "Come at once. Father is sinking rapidly." I shall never forget the meeting. He opened his arms to me and said through his happy tears: "Thank God I lived to see my boy." I had tried during the last years of his life to be a dutiful son, but there lingered yet the bitter memory of times when, as a boy, I had answered back in a tempest of temper. O God, forgive me! I could not bear to see him go away without telling him the pain that was in my heart. And watching my opportunity one day when there was no one else in the room, I dropped on my knees at his bedside and said, as I held his thin hand: "Father, if I have ever done anything that seemed like irreverence, won't you please forgive me?" Lifting that dear thin hand, in a gesture of deprecating love, he answered: "Ah, my son—that is all right; that is all right!"

And I knew it was all right before I spoke, but I could not—could not—allow his tender lips to turn to dust without hearing them speak that blessed word, "Forgiven."

Go to your father, my boy (of course you will do your mother that way), put your arms around him and kiss him as you did when you were a child, and say: "Father, I love you better than I have ever told you—and from this day I will try harder than ever to be what you and God would have me be."

And everywhere be a gentleman. Be tender. Then your own heart will be glad, and you will carry gladness to every heart and life you touch.—William D. Upshaw, in *The Golden Age*.



The time will come when it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from all physical drudgery, and so free his mind from the burden of living-getting that he can make a life.

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results---In January we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose. McDowell County, Prof. D. F. Giles Superintendent, Cabarrus County, Prof. C. E. Boger Superintendent, and Wilkes County, Prof. C. C. Wright Superintendent are now marked "RAISED." Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

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

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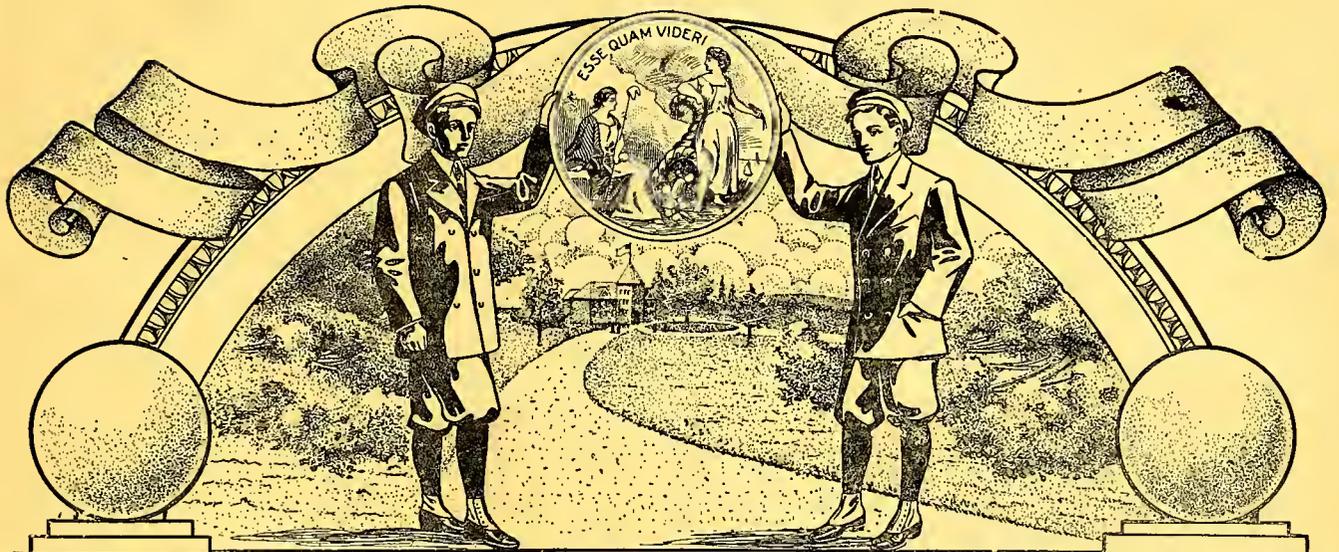
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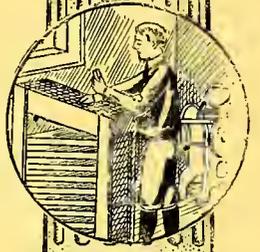
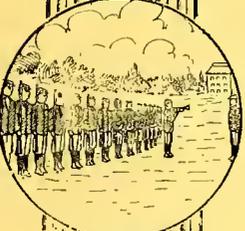
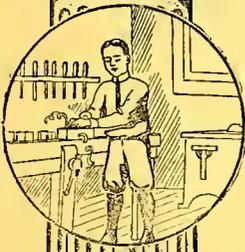
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Prof. H. W. Walker



THE UPLIFT



To Readers, Friends and Everybody:
 Whilst you are ascending the hill of
 prosperity, during the year of 1910, may you
 never meet a friend!

JANUARY, 1910

NECESSARY ARTICLES

Required by progressive teachers for satisfactory and up-to-date work:

Comfortable Desks We handle the best and most popular made; the cheapest if quality is considered.

Hyloplate Boards We have these in stock in Raleigh; also Slated Cloth and Liquid Slating—Black & Green.

Dustless Crayon Contains no grit, grease, or Plaster of Paris, no dust—cheaper than common grade chalk.

Colored Crayon Dustless, packed in gross boxes, eight assorted colors to the box.

Dustless Erasers Clean the boards better and without injury to them, hold chalk dust; cheaper than common grade.

Good Maps We handle the best and the cheapest—shipped subject to approval, if desired.

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School Bell Every school needs a large bell customers say ours are cheaper and better than others.

Our business extended over the entire states of North Carolina and South Carolina. We are supplying practically all the Graded Schools and Colleges in the State and there are less than a dozen counties in North Carolina that have not ordered supplies through us during the past school year.

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CHAS. J. PARKER :: RALEIGH, N. C.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY, 1910

No. 8

JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR.

He, whose picture adorns this page, is North Carolina's most unselfish and generous citizen. By the practice of these virtues he has become North Carolina's best known citizen. Therefore, he is great; and following the impulses of his great heart, he is known beyond the bounds of the state as North Carolina's indispensable asset.

Julian Shakespeare Carr was born at Chapel Hill on October 12th, 1845. He attended the village school; he worked at times in the store and on the farm of his father, who was an influential citizen of that section of the state. He later attended the University, but did not complete his course. In his case, as in hundreds of others in North Carolina, the war between the States put an end to his educational career except in that school of action and experience, to which many others must point as their real and true alma mater.

After the close of the war, Mr. Carr, like thousands of others, scarcely knew where to turn—chaos, starvation, distresses of all kinds and wastes everywhere confronted the survivors of that memorable period. Association with his father in business at Chapel Hill and a year spent in Arkansas brings the subject of our sketch to 1870.

At a time when but little energy and less capital were invested in manufacturing in the South, and when it required a nerve to venture into any industry requiring capital on account of the scarcity and the high interest of money, Mr. Carr embarked in the tobacco business with two other gentlemen at Durham. This was practically the beginning of the great tobacco industry for which Durham is noted the world over. At a later period, and after the concern had grown to ex-

tensive size, Mr. Carr became sole owner. It continued to expand until it reached mammoth proportions. The splendid judgment, the indomitable will and the high character of Mr. Carr brought to him, as the sole owner and director of this great industry, a fortune at that time surpassing any thing in the state. There was one quality he possessed long before, and which needed no cultivation for it was nature itself, which began to become known far and wide—his generousities to people, to causes, to schools,

tions and other financial institutions. General Carr has always been a very busy man, a tireless worker he is. Though busy, he never loses an opportunity to mingle with those gatherings brought together to do honor to some cause or some occasion. He lives, as his nature requires, in the open. He enjoys and loves his friends, and they are legion; he hates no one. A more companionable and affable gentleman never lived.

It is history that when Dr. Craven died, General Carr together with two other gentlemen saved to the Methodist church of North Carolina Trinity College; and when that institution was moved to Durham, it was his \$20,000 check that purchased the beautiful site which is now Trinity College's home. In the dark days of the Greensboro Female College, that institution that has given to the state so many strong women, General Carr appeared in the opening and saved it to his church. Though a loyal Methodist, and having held in its councils important and responsible positions, General Carr has made handsome donations to the University, to Wake Forest, Davidson, Elon, St. Mary's and Meredith.

The thoughtfulness, the interest and the patriotism of

General Carr are beautifully shown in what he did for the North Carolina soldiers during the earlier part of the Spanish-American War. It was he, who met the condition as it direfully confronted the men of the First North Carolina Regiment. He promptly telegraphed Secretary of War Alger tendering his own check for \$25,000 to cover a month's pay to the men to relieve a condition that approached destitution. And the direct touch he kept with the families of the two companies that went out from Durham—relieving their suf-



JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR.

to religion, to distresses. As his fortune grew and developed, his gifts widened and grew. That was just Julian Shakespeare Carr's nature—he could not do otherwise. And in giving way to his nature's will he enjoyed the highest type of happiness.

The time came when he found it to his interest to dispose of his great tobacco industries and he retired entirely from that field of activity. Since that time he has devoted his talents and his fine executive powers to the conduct of banks, corpora-

fering or embarrassment—but attests his goodness of heart and his great thoughtfulness for his fellow man.

General Carr has wrought with entire credit to himself in the political affairs of the state. He has taken a lively interest in matters political that deeply concerned North Carolina. It is said that the nomination for Governor at one time could have been his had he been in a position to accept it. General Carr's friends pressed him into the Senatorial race, when Senator F. M. Simmons was chosen United States Senator. The time was inopportune, for the state had just emerged from two campaigns, in which the blood of men had reached a great heat—the leader in those campaigns made General Carr's competitor invincible; though it is safe to say that no man in the state could have made a greater campaign than did General Carr in that campaign with one so entrenched and so able and so gifted as was F. M. Simmons. Just like the unselfish man that he is, General Carr has "gone along" in the even tenor of his way, loving everybody, as if nothing had ever happened. This, too, is greatness.

A greater love hath no one than that which General Carr pours out in memory of the "Lost Cause;" and his manifestations of a genuine love, seasoned with the dollars, can be attested by hundreds of survivors who needed a kindly hand to give them a lift. Collectively, the United Confederates can point to General Carr, in his faithfulness and devotion to them, their work and their undertakings, as a rare jewel.

There are but few gatherings called together for the consideration of vital questions to the state, in which General Carr's influence and help are not eagerly sought and freely given; in gatherings called to discuss affairs that concern the nation, General Carr is usually a representative of North Carolina, and in these assemblies his views and his counsel have great weight and influence. And it has been a wonder to his closest friends how such a busy man could be ready on most any occasion and on any subject to deliver such powerful addresses, showing so much research and such a wide range of knowledge and information.

On the 19th of February, 1873, General Carr married Miss Nannie Graham Parrish, and to them have been born six children. They are Eliza Morehead, married to H. C. Flower of Kansas City, Mo.;

Lallah Rooke, married to W. F. Patton, of Pennsylvania; Julian S. Carr, Jr., married to Miss Margaret Cannon, of Concord, N. C.; Albert Marvin; Claiborne McDowel; and Austin Heaton. Summerset Villa, in Durham, is his home—it is one of the handsomest residences in the State where real, genuine Southern hospitality reigns unceasingly and unstinted.

The life of the state, in all phases of its existence and efforts, has been enriched by having had in it the great heart, the great actions, the noble deeds, and the unselfish living of General Julian Shakespeare Carr. May his days be long extended, and his tribe increase.



A New Order.

THE UPLIFT wants to throw out a suggestion which, it is hoped, will strike some good volunteer, male or female, somewhere in the state, and be the means of securing a leader in a splendid cause. It would be a capital idea for several ladies and gentlemen to gather during this month and work out the details for a boy's organization to be known as THE STONEWALL ORDER, or any other name that might seem more satisfactory.

This suggestion is inspired by a letter, from Mr. J. C. Kittrell, who is an influential member of the Henderson bar, and a leader in educational matters in his county. He writes under date of Nov. 22th as follows:

"Today is my boy's birthday and I have it understood with him that he is to give one dollar each birthday to the boys of the Jackson Training School.

He does it cheerfully and the first thing this A. M., he put by my bed one dollar to be sent to your boys. It is a little thing but if the boys all over the state, who are able, would follow the same practice yearly it would not be long before your great work would be absolutely independent. My little girl sent her dollar to the Baby Home at Greensboro. I suggest this plan as it will reach a great many people who do not otherwise give and then it is such a schooling for our children. Let them learn to give early and they will give more cheerfully when they are older.

With best wishes for your boys and you in the great work, I remain,

Very truly,

J. C. Kittrell."

The Jackson Training School would be the prouder and the better if it

had rallied behind it the cordial support of the youth of the state—it is the little child that leads us. As the originator of this idea, THE UPLIFT would anticipate the institution's thanks to Mr. Kittrell if he were to work out for us a simple order and rules for its management: naming the organization, setting a beginning and ending age, outlining a plan of keeping the record, &c.

We shall do all in our power to forward the Boys' movement along this line of cultivating a cheerful giving to noble and benevolent causes. What ever may be the name or the plans for this new order, it is of record that Master T. G. S. Kittrell, of Henderson, N. C., is the first charter member.



The Golden Apple.

An old legend tells us the following pretty story: In a certain village, during the early days of Christianity, on a great festival day, the people, to show their gratitude for many blessings they had enjoyed during the past year, met together in the church, and brought gifts of money and goods as an offering for the service of God.

Among those who brought offerings was a little boy who had special cause to be thankful, but who was too poor to bring a gift of money; so he brought the only thing he had to give—a beautiful, fresh, rosy apple. The clergyman, knowing the child had brought the best thing in his power, the only treasure he had to offer, accepted his gift with kindly words, and laid the apple with the other offerings; and the little boy went away with a happy heart, feeling glad that his humble gift had been accepted.

But, later on, when the clergyman went to remove the gifts from the church, he found that the rosy apple had vanished, and in its place was an apple of the purest gold! As he looked in wonder upon the miracle that had taken place, a heavenly voice whispered in his ear, "Thus does the simplest gift become as pure gold in the sight of the Lord, if it be offered in the right spirit!"—Exchange.



The time will come when the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture, and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unearned fortunes which they make it the business of their lives to squander.

WHAT YOUNG WOMEN FIND TO DO IN A BUSY WORLD.

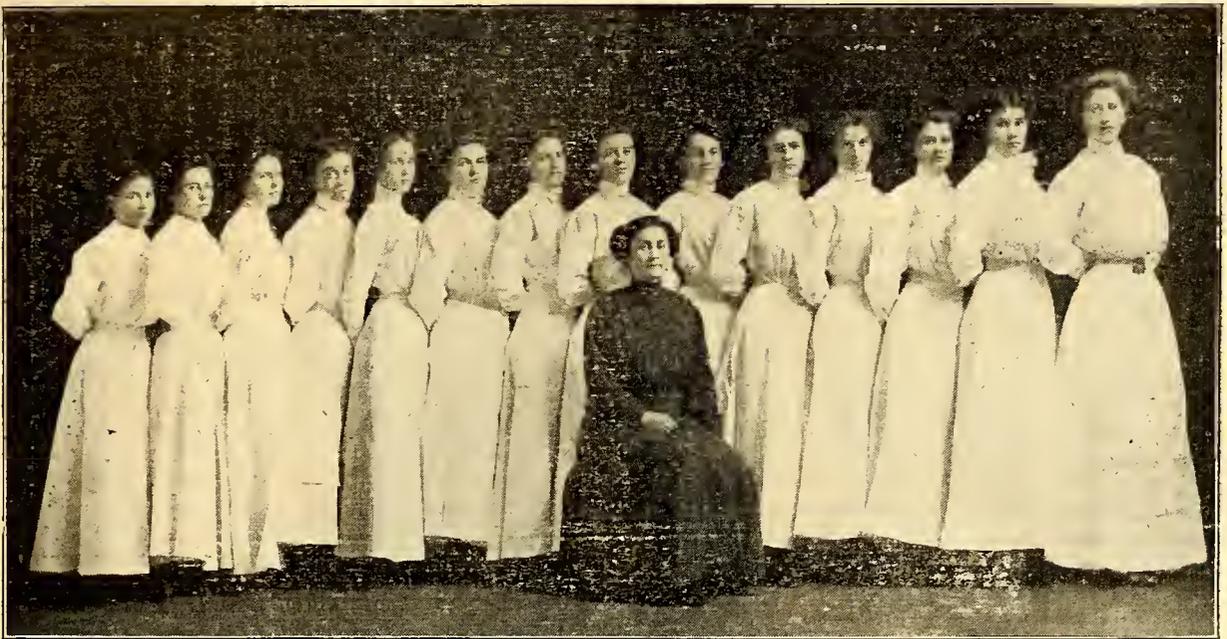
By Jim Riddick.

Twenty-two years ago when I quit my father's farm, where other brothers before had done the same thing (in fact one actually wanted to quit when corn had been plowed the second time) to go to town and get in the mad rush at making a living, I found certain conditions that are yet vivid in my mind. There were loafers then as there are now—able-bodied men, who seemed to prosper without the appearance of an income. Some of them still live and thrive,

ago you could not induce a young woman to go unattended. Young women are doing things to-day that were such to have been done twenty years ago by a woman, it would have set the whole town on its ears; and the gossipers and the slander mongers would have gone without sleep in order to properly attend to the necessities of the case. But these things are now common, daily affairs, and there is no longer room for a shock.

shop, into osteopathy and telegraphy—the only place she has entered without a shock to the most sensitive is into the work of a trained nurse. In this she shines with a glory, second to that of motherhood. It is in the relief of the suffering and the care of the sick where women outclass the other sex, and where man is largely in the way.

IS ALL THIS RIGHT? I have my doubts. It is far from a moral wrong—in fact, it is wrong in no sense. But it does not, when we cast the prophetic eye into the



and they are happy in keeping up with the gossip of the day and the town.

But, twenty-two years ago, as I started out to say, I found at that time only three women, who had quit home, quit things that women had heretofore done and had branched out on new lines. One conducted a hat-shop and the two others attended to Uncle Sam's mail. It was entirely respectable business, to be sure, but even then it looked "queer" to see ladies working in public places at that which only men heretofore seemed capable to manage and to do.

What do you find now? Stores are filled with young women as sales-ladies, book-keepers, cashiers, and stenographers; and the times upon which we have fallen make it imperative that milliner stores abound, or there be sadness in the land. More than half of the collectors and ladies

I heard a certain county superintendent of schools of a certain North Carolina county say that twenty-two years ago there was only one lady teacher in the rural public schools of the county—the others were men. It has changed. The Superintendent thought that if women could handle the letters and the postal cards that went through the mails, could collect bills, sell cloth, take dictation and manipulate a typewriter in a lawyer's office, then women had a perfect right to go into the rural school room and there do a work more important and certainly just as compatible with good taste as the work her sisters in town were doing. To-day three-fourths of the rural schools and nine-tenths of the city school-rooms are presided over by ladies.

In this section, in the past twenty years, the women have broken into the medical profession, into dentis-

second and the third generations, promise that the game is worth the candle. Do the dollars made pay for the lost health; for the breaking up of that continuous line of good housekeepers; for the cost of women having to come to man's level in manual labor? And can we hope to believe that the environment of a business life will bring forth a mother of the next and the succeeding generation as we all remember her to have been in the past? But there is work to be done; and did the women not give better results and greater satisfaction to their employers, why then the big brother would supplant them. The greatest problem, therefore, is "where is all this thing to stop?"

Even though the young woman escapes injury to her health, and by her operations in the business world causes no young man to be without employment, I very much fear

of a business career will render her, in many instances, unfit for domestic matters. These are sure to become to her too tame, too slow, too burdensome. And the exalted province of a mother, harking back to the impressions and influence of the business world, will be looked upon with an absence of that feeling which makes motherhood the most beautiful sphere of a woman's life and which controls the destinies of a family, a race, a people, a country. The home is robbed by this unlimited employment of females in the business world. God save the home—save it from a queen, who has lost any of her high-heaven esteem for motherhood.

There is in all our towns to-day a number of young men out of jobs, out of work, (all but common loafers) just because their sisters prove more reliable and render a better service. No young woman is given, except in rare cases, a job just because she is a woman or needs the employment. Business has lost all sentiment. The young woman has supplanted the young man, because the young woman renders a better service and for less money. The question confronting the temporal welfare of the young man, too proud to do manual labor, is a more serious one than that of the young woman. It is sad to see a young man content himself with a pressing-club when his sister clerks; or enjoy himself in the clubs, while his sister trims the hats, collects the bills, measures the cloth or keeps the books.

The life of the female in the department stores of the North is intolerable. It means nothing—it is slavery. There is no hope in it; and the miserably small salaries paid, and the hardships to be endured, make the earning capacity of a home or a tenement quarters so meagre that the future of the girl is anything but hopeful. These department stores are pressing the average store so hard that the latter sooner or later will find business unprofitable. The old-time merchant, carrying a sound line of goods, giving employment to men on salaries sufficient to maintain a family, cannot hope long to compete with the department stores that employ but few men and many girls for a mere song. Things are changing and changing fast. The cost of living is higher now, and the earning capacity of the average family has not kept pace with it, for too many girls are doing men's work on the wages of a girl. If

the home is to be robbed; and the girl is prevented from cultivating those things that lead up to what should be every girl's aim, the queen of some household, then public sentiment should arouse itself and demand that a price in keeping with the sacrifice be paid.

There are exceptions to the rule of remuneration for labor or service done by females. I know that in a certain town, several years ago, a gentleman secured for his private secretary the services of an exceptionally bright, talented woman. He pays her a salary of \$125.00 per month. She is worth every cent of it. The work of stenography and typewriting is quite well suited to ladies. A capable operator can command a salary or make a wage that more nearly approaches justice in this work than in any other line of work. And in the employ of a proper party she has the protection desired from the many embarrassing situations that confront a young woman along commercial lines.

It is exasperating, however, to meet up with, as is often times the case, an incompetent operator. This is not so much the fault of the operator as it is due to misleading and exaggerated advertisements of so-called business colleges. The whole race, forgetting the civic side in the main and unmindful of the future, is money-mad. Everybody is seeking a betterment of condition at any cost. The girl, dissatisfied with her surroundings, seeing the advertisement that offers for so small a sum complete instruction in stenography and a position at its conclusion, hastens off to the Business College. In a very large number of cases the student is poorly prepared to follow the work because of deficiency in a literary education.

There are other opportunities opened to young women for making a self-support, but some of them are beneath what would command the serious consideration of a high-minded young woman. Just why a woman would want, under any circumstances of life or condition of finances, to start on the road as a chewing-gum drummer is inexplicable and too sorry a business for even a passing notice.

I have come now to the consideration of what seems, in North Carolina at least, a great innovation on the part of young women. Yet when we think of it soberly we can find no good reason for any shock. Several years ago, a small hotel in North Carolina tried the experiment of using white waitresses in the dining

room, was enforced because of the triflingness of the colored help, which was here to-day and yonder to-morrow. It was reasoned that in small towns which had only boarding houses, in which the families did their own work, that the presence of a neatly dressed and modest girl serving the guests did not spoil the relish of the meal. Why could they not do the work as well in a larger place and on a larger scale. From this home experiment, it began to reach to the small hotels. Quite a number of the hotels in the state have adopted the white-girl help in the dining room. It is contended by those who use them that they have proven a success.

In this number THE UPLIFT carries a picture of the waitresses of the Guilford Hotel, Greensboro, N. C. It is a lot of bright, energetic and well-poised girls. Many of these girls are native born, though the head-waitress, dressed in black, is a native of New York and had her training there. Without taking into consideration any feature other than a purely selfish one, I am fully prepared to say that I like this innovation. The girls are mannerly, anxious to serve you promptly and correctly, and are neat and tidy in handling the meal. The condition of the table, the appearance of the linen and the touch of the tableware attest the presence of a woman.

So much for the selfish side. We come to that which concerns the girl, who has left her home to take up a work in a public place, in which she is liable to meet up with most any condition of life.

These waitresses perform a service that practically covers seven hours per day, devoted entirely to breakfast, dinner and supper. They are not continuously at work, for the six places at each table are not always occupied. They are allowed to sit down. They are supplied with furnished rooms in the hotel and all the necessaries, and receive their board. They are paid \$14.00 per month for their service. This is small, but how many lady teachers in our public rural schools, or city schools for that matter, after they have paid for their board, their washing bills and other little necessary items, can show a clear profit of \$14.00 per month? And waiting in a dining room for seven hours is not as hard as teaching school five hours in the best rural school house in the state. Mark you: I believe that she who feeds the mind has more glory than she who feeds the mouth; but it is the tax upon phy-

sical strength and the remuneration for the same that concern us in this thought.

There prevails these days a practice, which instead of abating seems on the increase. The salary of \$14.00 per month is about the smallest item of remuneration these girls enjoy. If this were all, they might not be so loyal to their positions. In the form of tips none make less than twenty dollars per month, and some have been known to receive as much as fifty dollars. So you find that an average waitress in a North Carolina hotel, receiving her board and all room expenses, makes a salary ranging from \$34.00 to \$64.00 clear per month. I know of two girls, tiring of aiding a widowed mother in just about paying off the interest of the mortgage every year, who quit teaching and in a hotel as waitresses soon made money enough to lift the mortgage and restore to their mother her plantation unencumbered. But all girls are not alike—in fact, all sisters are not alike. Some will save and look neat; while others will spend all and need more.

The picture might easily be taken for that of a graduating class, or trained nurses, or representatives of some of our colleges. The appearance made in the picture is true to life for bearing their waiters and serving their guest they look equally as neat and attractive. They have a class song, but it is a silent SONG OF THE DISHES.

I am not informed as to the opportunities these girls have for self-improvement and wholesome recreation. I know nothing about the environment of their lives beyond the dining-room, but I am assured that they are circumspect and careful; they hold themselves up and command the respect of their acquaintances; they are regular in their habits, observing a system that is necessary to make themselves efficient in their work. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are respectful and considerate of these young women; it is the rarest thing that even a \$20-cigarette-smoking guy has the nerve to maintain in their presence other than a dignified air.

If young women have to work or if the necessities of their lives and their families require it, it seems to me that a service in a dining-room of a reputable hotel, conducted by a high-minded, considerate gentleman, is not less dignified than that of clerking, is certainly more remunerative and is subject to no more embarrassments.

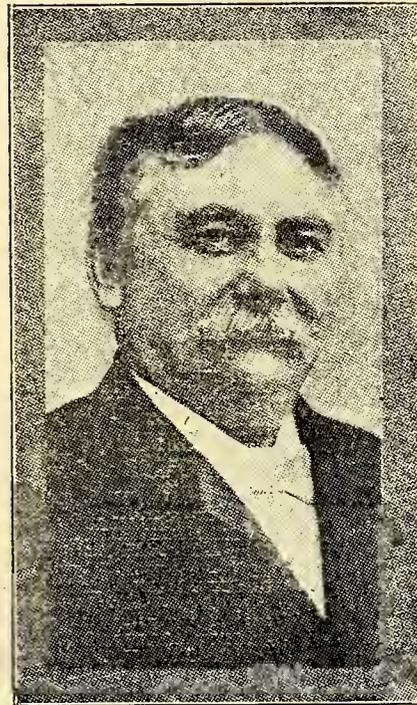
prominent school of an important town in North Carolina lost out. He was down and out financially. Several months afterwards, I recognized him as he served me my order in a New York Cafe. He recognized me. He was making, counting tips, much more than he did when he was the superintendent of that particular school. I have nothing to say about the pleasure he took in his work.



CRITTENTON--A PHILANTHROPIST.

By A Contributor.

The founder of the "Florence Missions" for fallen women, a unique philanthropy unequalled by that of any other American of his time, was Charles N. Crittenton, whose death occurred in San Francisco, November, 16, 1909. Early in life he was a wholesale druggist and by



Charles N. Crittenton.

strict attention to business and by wise and judicious management succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. In 1882 he lost his only and much beloved five-year-old daughter, Florence, and as a means of assuaging his grief devoted his time and money to charitable work. It is said that his "unique philanthropy" had its origin in and took form from the answer given by an abandoned woman when urging and entreating her to forsake her sinful life. Her answer was, "How am I to live, if I turn from evil, all avenues to my return to a decent living being closed to me?" It was in trying to

find a practical answer to her question that Mr. Crittenton finally determined to establish a Mission for the avowed purpose of giving abandoned women a chance to reform. He leased a large and suitable house in New York City, had it thoroughly cleansed and comfortably furnished, gave it the appearance of an attractive and desirable home, and then let it be known that any woman desiring to forsake a vicious life and renounce evil associations would receive a cordial welcome and would be cheerfully assisted in any and every effort to reform her life and to regain her lost position in society.

This first Mission was a splendid success and Mr. Crittenton was so much encouraged by it that he gave up all other business and devoted his whole life to this particular work. Similar Missions have been established in other cities of our country, and now more than seventy-four Florence Crittenton Homes are shining like beacons to those who have wandered from the path of virtue and are living in sin and shame. Thousands of social outcasts have been rescued from ruin and degradation. Many of them have been restored to their homes, others have been helped to get honest and useful employment, and still others have been happily married.

But Mr. Crittenton did not confine his evangelistic work to this country. He traveled in other lands and founded homes wherever the opportunity was afforded and the need seemed to demand it. Not a few populous foreign cities have homes for fallen women founded in memory of the little American girl, Florence Crittenton.

A great and noble man has passed away, but his work goes on. The monument he has erected will abide forever.



This number of THE UPLIFT is printed in its new quarters in the Roth Building. It's a splendid home, and the boys intend to keep it clean and tidy. Our old home was an old commissary shop, uncomfortable and unsatisfactory, built years ago by a quarry concern, but faith and hope begot charity. The benevolence of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, will never be forgotten—for the surroundings are too nearly ideal for memory to slip a cog. Having a home founded on such generosity THE UPLIFT shall ever strive to send forth only that which will have an uplifting influence.

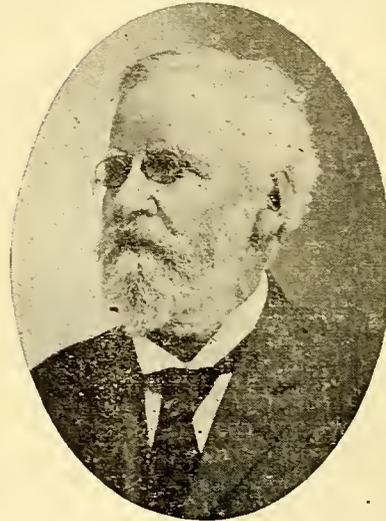
SOME THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By L. A. Bikle, D. D.

The discoverer and founder of Christian Science is said to be Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy who was born of humble but respectable parents in the state of New Hampshire. Her childhood, girlhood and womanhood were not characterized by any special talent, occupation, or achievement that foreshadowed a remarkable future. It was not until she was forty or more years old that she claimed to have arrived at the conclusion, or rather to have discovered, that such things as matter, pain, disease and death have no existence, but are mere fancies or vain imaginings of mortal mind. She has been pleased to inform the world that she did not come upon this discovery suddenly, that is, in the twinkling of an eye, but, as expressed in her illuminating way, "God had been graciously fitting her, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the Absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing." In some unmistakable sense she would say that this wonderful discovery has the stamp of divinity affixed to it and is not to be regarded as the product or result of mere finite mental cogitation. In addition to this she maintains that St. John in his prophetic vision, as recorded in 12th Chapter of Revelation, has special reference to the present age, and endeavors to create the impression that "a woman" mentioned in the first verse has evident fulfillment in her personality. Now, it might be pertinently asked, what foundation has this discoverer and founder of Christian Science for such suggestion or insinuating declaration? Is it the following description: "Clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars?" Can the height and depth, length and breadth, of assumption and presumption in this instance be exceeded by the most abundant stretch of the imagination?

Then again, in 10th Chapter of Revelation, is recorded a prophecy concerning an open little book. This book is in the hand of a mighty angel that came down from heaven and set one foot upon the sea and the other on the earth, and is claimed to have its fulfillment in the book she has prepared with great care and profound thought and laborious calculation, and given to this mortal world under the title of "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures."

It is well known that St. John's little book has been for centuries the subject of interpretation and discussion by the most erudite Biblical scholars and teachers of Christian countries, but it was left for "a woman" of ordinary intellect and education, after a variegated and precarious existence of forty years or thereabout, to brush aside as chaff all past thoughtful and scholarly comment and explanation, and announce herself as the discoverer of the only true Key to the Scriptures, having been graciously fitted therefor by divine guidance and preparation during many years. But no matter how absurd and fanciful the pretensions of this woman may



L. A. BIKLE, D. D.

appear, she has to be reckoned with as no insignificant promoter of error and superstition in the religious world. She has enthroned herself in the hearts of a considerable following and is recognized as the High Priestess of the Science cult. Her supremacy is never denied. To her are yielded sincere obedience, willing loyalty and reverent devotion. Recently Mrs. Stetson, Pastor Emeritus and Leader of the New York Scientists, who was accused of disloyalty and malpractice and of working against the interests of Christian Science, was cited to appear before the Boston directors, the immediate and obedient representatives of supreme authority, and establish her innocence and loyalty to the satisfaction of said directors. She appeared before them, made answer to the charges against her and after due examination and

deliberation was found guilty and excommunicated. She still clings to Mrs. Eddy and declares that no power shall be able to separate her from the love of God which is in Mary Baker Eddy, her beloved leader, and furthermore exhorts the New York Scientists to constantly listen to the beloved leader's voice; for, following her, they "cannot lose the way to heaven, harmony, eternal oneness with God." It is difficult to understand this superstitious devotion and veneration, but it cannot be gainsaid that the followers of Mrs. Eddy believe that her "character is pure and perfect, and her history without stain or blot or blemish." To them she is "loving, unselfish, sinless, widely cultured, splendidly equipped mentally, a profound thinker, an able writer, a divine personage, an inspired messenger whose acts are dictated from the Throne, and whose every utterance is the Voice of God."

Mental Evolution.

In Mrs. Eddy's Scientific Scheme for the cure and salvation of the human race, there is set forth the necessity of an evolution from the mortal condition of man to a spiritual state of being. In her elucidation of this scheme, she gives a definition of mortal or natural mind that is intended to explain the process of this evolution and show how it is accomplished. She declares that three degrees or conditions constitute the scientific definition.

The first degree is the common condition of the average man as he is seen and known in the ordinary walks of every day life. He thinks and speaks and acts according to human knowledge. He gives credence to the knowledge acquired by and through the five human senses. He knows things and gives them names, and moreover believes they have a real existence. He is convinced also by experience and observation that in the present life he has evil to overcome, appetites and passions to control, pain to endure, disease and death to expect and encounter. And he believes therefore that evil and pain and disease and death are realities.

The second degree is a higher condition of being. It is a partial evolution in the ascending scale of soul betterment. It is a reaching after higher things. There is upward development, for it is in this stage of soul progress that evil is shorn of its strength and supposed to be gradually disappearing, and as the exorcising progress continues

room is made in the soul for the incoming and indwelling of humility and meekness and kindness and goodness and temperance and hope. There may still remain some vestiges of the natural man of the first degree, and there may still exist in consequence some possibility of error and deception, but a decided advance in the evolution scheme has taken place.

The third degree is the completed evolution or finished product. At this stage of the development, the soul entirely freed from earthly fetters and bondage, are to be found and possessed and enjoyed superior wisdom, mighty power, unwavering faith, abounding love and conquering truth. Such is a brief outline of the growth, development and final evolution invented by the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. It begins with the domination of the physical, is succeeded by the control of the moral and is crowned with the triumphant reign of the spiritual. Mortal mind has been exorcised root and branch and relegated to obliviousness and nothingness. It is this exalted state of being, this life in a purely spiritual atmosphere, produced by systematic instruction and careful preparation, that furnishes the needed qualification for membership in the Christian Science organization and makes eligibility possible for the responsible position of a mental healer.

Benevolent Thought.

It is in the completed process of evolution that benevolent thought or scientific mental healing can be successfully employed and practiced. As the spiritual now reigns supreme, matter no longer having existence, and pain and suffering and disease and death having been totally banished from the vocabulary of thought, the only thing remaining to be done is to assure of this nothingness any and every patient who may apply for or submit to mental treatment, and thus endeavor to convince him that his ailment, no matter what he may have heretofore thought it to be and despite the pain he may be twitchingly enduring at the time, is simply and really a trick of mortal mind or imagination. He may be slowly and surely going the way of all flesh under the effect of the gradual wasting and weakening of consumption—he may be afflicted with a malignant cancer eating its painful way with directness and certainty to some vital spot—he may be suffering the torturing pains of rheumatism, and their agonizing

presence and existence made manifest by certain familiar contortions of the body—he may have an acute attack of appendicitis and creep like a snake or squirm like an eel on the floor, but the Scientific Healer calmly informs him there is no pain, no suffering, no disease. What bosh! What rot! Yet there are those in this age of reality and truth who pretend to believe that disease does not exist—that there is no consumption in spite of the awakening of the country at large to the necessity of an immediate crusade against the "white peril"—that there is no hookworm in the face of the million dollar contribution for its extirpation—that there is no cancer, no rheumatism, no pneumonia, no typhoid fever, no pellagra.

But what is the usual method of healing practiced by the Christian Scientist? No medicine is administered—in fact, its use is positively and emphatically forbidden. The patient is given nothing but mental treatment. As already stated he is caused to think or imagine that there is no such thing as disease and therefore he is not sick. Having gained this point and clinched it, the healer flooded with love and truth sends forth such an irresistible flow of benevolent and sympathetic thought for the healing of the patient that every symptom of his ailment is wiped out and washed away. If the first attempt is not successful, and the patient feels none the worse but possibly some the better, he is expected to continue the mental treatment until cured at \$5 per visit. Now it will be admitted that in an ordinary ailment and especially in one of a nervous character, it is possible to satisfy the patient that he is mistaken as to the seriousness of his complaint and that there is, or may be, little or nothing the matter with him, but no amount of concentrated thought, however benevolent and sympathetic it may be, has any inherent power to repair the deterioration of consumption, to arrest the erosion of a malignant cancer, to overcome the muscular irregularity of locomotor ataxia, or to render unnecessary the excision of a gangrenous or highly inflamed appendix. This mental treatment, this almost omnipotent healing power of thought, is the crowning superstition or delusion of the Scientific scheme for the cure of man's mortal ailments and for the securement of his spiritual welfare. "If its vagaries were universally accepted, the sufferings of humanity would be increased a hundred-fold.

If all knowledge of sanitation, of anesthetics, of surgical skill, of the human body were blotted out, pain would be greatly multiplied and death a much more frequent occurrence." But no one need be surprised at the claim made for this healing device—this mental panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to—for its discoverer deems herself a divinely chosen instrumentality for the accomplishment of a great mission in all that pertains to the life and salvation of the human race. In fact, she claims to be the whole show, and her claim is not to be denied nor even doubted; she holds supreme control and will not brook a rival. Her votaries must think and speak as she prescribes. Those who fail to acknowledge her supremacy and yield implicit obedience to her sway and will are cast out at once. Her word is law and must prevail. She alone is the arbiter of faith and practice. Is not her egoism immense and her presumption preposterous? What a superstition she has invented!

Malevolent Thought.

A dictum of the Science cult is that mind is the supreme force and that it can be directed to work good or evil. That it is believed that it can be directed with good effect has already received attention and comment. There remains still for consideration the belief concerning malevolent thought or, in the phraseology of Christian Science, "malicious animal magnetism." It is held that malicious thought can be projected against an enemy or offender or undesirable person to his injury and if deemed necessary to his utter extinction. The accusers of Mrs. Stetson in their voluminous testimony, against her have brought to light this astounding fact. They have even given the form of mental incantation employed by her for the projection of the death thought. It is the following: "His place is in the darkness whence he came. If his place is six feet under ground, that is where he should be." When she deems it necessary to use this formula she shuts herself up in a darkened room and sits with closed eyes for full and free concentration of mind on the one thought—the death of her selected victim. It passes belief that she could cause distress or injury or death by secret mental incantation no matter how powerful the concentration of the mind. Yet Scientists believe that malicious thought has inherent power to damage and to

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

Mr. William Carey Dowd, who in December was elected president of the Baptist State Convention, is a newspaper man. He is the editor of The Charlotte News. What greater honor could be done brother Dowd? The beauty about the whole thing is that Dowd is good enough to hold and well qualified for the distinguished place. He has the balance of us outstripped—we can never again get in sight of him in this ecclesiastical race.

Now it is possible that such men as Reece of the Greensboro Record, Clark of the Statesville Landmark, Robinson of the Durham Sun, Underwood of the Greensboro Patriot and probably a few others, may not know how to take the performance of a newspaper man breaking into high places like the honor that has come to Mr. Dowd, but those of us who have in a quiet way held some church office and gone through occasions when a white string tie was in splendid taste, and have been recognized just enough in churchly affairs to have the embarrassment rubbed off, can appreciate this recognition of the press and do considerable rejoicing over it.

Brother Dowd made a splendid

officer, a fact that all who know him are not surprised to hear. THE UPLIFT congratulates him and felicitates the great and influential body over which he presides. It is stated in the prints that Mr. Dowd is a great nephew of the president of the first Baptist State Convention.



MAKE THEM TOE THE MARK.

"The salvation of the people depends upon the indictment of some doctors" declared Dr. R. H. Lewis before the Board of County Commissioners of Wake, at its December meeting. He was appealing for the employment of a salaried health officer, who could and would devote his entire time to the work without fear or favoritism. When the town or county, in an organized capacity, provides the means and measures for preventing illness and for insuring splendid sanitary conditions, everybody should be forced to toe the mark. A town that goes into debt and forces a large interest tax on its people to maintain a sewerage system, and then lets her people within a stone's throw of the court-house go without connection with that sewerage system, for one reason or another, either has children for officers or needs a guardian. Where health is involved, the social or financial position of parties should be absolutely ignored—they of all men should be led right up to the scratch without ceremony.



They have commenced running down usury in Durham. One man has been convicted for carrying on a private tan-yard. The dispatch says also that the ultimate purpose is to get after some shyster lawyers, who are alleged to be charging exorbitant fees for negotiating loans and raking in now and then a premium for persuading the lender to permit a renewal. It takes all kinds of people to make up the world, it seems, but just why it is necessary to have those who love to thrive on the misfortunes of the poor and helpless—human buzzards, as it were—does not seem clear. That may be just a cute way Satan has to

make his presence known and felt. The great majority of the lawyers are just as clean, honorable and ethical as the members of other professions; but now and then among the lawyers as well as in other professions and classes you find dirt, pure and simple. To a layman the sight of a lawyer representing two clients, engaged in a sharp shrewd trade, is a monstrosity.



THE UPLIFT is not in the business of calling things by hard names, and it has not even the ability to characterize in proper language, fit for publication, that thing called "The South Eastern Tariff Association." That's one organization that deserves immediate death. It has no more soul than an Indian's tomahawk. Our Industrial Building is done, and it comes as near a fire-proof building as any in the state. It is not exposed a particle; it is brick, has cement floors, and a six thousand gallon water-tank stands above it some two hundred feet distant, yet this Monopolistic Tan-Yard demands an insurance rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. That's blood money. The concern is so concealed in its ways that it is not polite enough to issue even a calendar.



Officially speaking, Sunday does not begin in Greensboro until ten o'clock in the morning. The Blue-Law advocates have begun at the wrong end. If an old fashioned style of parental control were restored in Greensboro, the places and things complained of would disappear for want of patronage. Keep the boys and children at home until church hours and you put out of business the objects of Blue-Law legislation. It would be a good means of forming an acquaintance between parents and their children—it is good for a youth to meet his father and big brother and sister at home Sunday morning, all preparing for churchly duties.



Is there a city in North Carolina whose prosecuting attorney is so cruel that he can't smile?

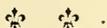
That man in Greensboro did the proper thing when he sat down to his desk and made out a list of twenty-five of his friends and sent it in with a twenty-five dollar check, ordering THE UPLIFT to be sent to each for one year. It makes that man feel good and makes us feel better, for we must have the Educational Cottage, and only subscriptions to THE UPLIFT will bring it about. If any other man has twenty-five friends, or more or less, let this be a suggestion to him.



Jim Riddick has something to say about the good women in this number. That picture of fifteen young women, unnamed, tells a story itself. The same contributor has for the February number an article, which may prove of great interest to that large class of young women, who are sacrificing their lives in the school room for the betterment of the rising generation, the article itself trying to solve a serious problem that confronts them.



Parker-Gardner Company, of Charlotte, have shipped to the Jackson Training School a piano, a generous gift, for which THE UPLIFT desires to express the school's sincerest thanks. Mrs. D. B. Coltrane, also, has our sincerest thanks for her unselfish efforts in securing for us an organ. But we lack that for which the editor of THE UPLIFT is longing--- brass-band instruments. We'll get them yet, never-you-mind.



THE UPLIFT is promised by an able writer, who uses his eyes as he goes through this world, a story about the great work being done by Rev. Baldwin in the mill districts near Charlotte. This will be in so close touch with what THE UPLIFT and the institution behind it stand for that the article will be well worth a year's subscription. It will be well to send in your name early.



Mr. Howard A. Banks has purchased the Hickory Democrat. THE UPLIFT is delighted, for it has long

wanted to see Banks turned loose editorially on some paper again. He used to do editorial work on the Charlotte Observer, and we are paying him the highest compliment possible when we declare that we could not tell where Mr. Caldwell ended writing and where Mr. Banks began.



Governor Kitchin knows how to sit steady in the boat. Whatever may be said about the matter, the Governor acted under the circumstances just like any other humane person would have done had he been in authority. If any erring was done, the Governor can enjoy the sweet consciousness of having done it on the side of mercy.



The Atlanta Chauffeur, who was stolen into matrimony by the daughter of his employer, is further distinguished by a divorce and the loss of a \$100,000 suit, instituted to bind a wounded heart. The gay young widow was married within two minutes to another man. The whole thing was a sorry mess.



The Boys' Stonewall Order could be made an effective agency for great accomplishments, and in turn would be a helpful training to the boys themselves to say nothing of the great pleasure to them when they become men and look back over their boyhood days. Tell your young son to join.



Everything, Col. Fairbrother's own inimitable, has concluded its year's rest and vacation, and re-appeared this month. It is an old friend, whose return is affectionately welcomed. That's a stunt that no one else could do—take a year's rest and resume without a jar or rust.



The November UPLIFT carried an article on Superstition by Dr. Bikle. He continues the discussion in this issue, dealing entirely with Christian Science-religion. It is a strong, analytical and scholarly paper. The treatment of the subject is unique and the style is engaging.

Red Buck in this number tells us in a characteristic manner and style what he thinks of the North Carolinian. It would take ages mingling with Washington ways and folks to cause Red Buck to slip a cog in a correct estimate of the Tar Heel citizen.



The week between Christmas and New Year made Charlotte look very much like a university town. It was full of strong, able educators, intensely in earnest; and it was a gathering that required no increase in the police force.



We have come upon evil times when law-breakers can not be run down without the evidence and testimony of a class of detectives, who afterwards get arrested for theft or getting goods under false pretense.



The great work the County Superintendents have undertaken—to raise funds through subscriptions to THE UPLIFT—shows progress. A few counties, however, have not yet been officially heard from.



Miss Twelvetees, a very talented Charlotte lady, contributes to this number a very entertaining and thoughtful paper on the Economic Question—Child Labor in Mills.



There is perhaps nothing quite so interesting as the reading of the wills, and codicils thereto, of rich dead men. You sometimes get jarred.



Jim Riddick is right, If women are to do men's work, then in the name of justice pay them men's wages.



We have not found him yet—the man to build our school house. But he is in the state, sure and certain.



If Curfew prevailed in these towns Blue Laws would eventually become unnecessary.



Are they safe yet—those resolutions?

Some Thoughts on Christian Science.

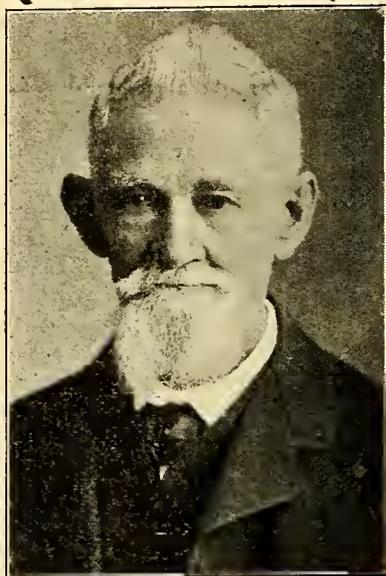
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kill. "The claim of this mysterious power, says a writer, brings irresistibly to the mind the witch agitating a chip in a basin of water to raise a storm at sea and thus destroy a vessel and the hag muttering her incantation over the waxed figure of an enemy." In all seriousness, is there a possibility of a revival in witchcraft? Is there a growing faith in the existence of a mysterious malevolent mental power and, as a consequence, the possible employment of occult malign influences for personal ends? If so, will not this condition of superstition, whatever its extent and power, be justly chargeable to the belief and practice of the Christian Scientist organization?

In concluding this paper the writer takes occasion to say that he believes in the dominance of the mind over the material and that he holds the opinion that right thought, silent or uttered, is an important factor in the production of conviction, in the formation of character and in the regulation of life. He therefore concedes this much to Christian Science, namely, that the flooding of the mind with love and truth presents a beautiful ideal and cannot but have a beneficial personal influence, but at the same time he does not hesitate to say that the Science scheme as a whole is outside the jurisdiction of sane and sound thought. Moreover it does not deserve the name Christian. It is more properly styled "the philosophy of nothingness," the same philosophy that has been taught in Pagan India for four thousand years. It is not Christian because it denies the fundamentals of Christianity—the personality of the Godhead and the divinity of Jesus Christ, man's Savior from sin and its guilt. It claims to the world that for nineteen centuries the great expounders of Christian truth had no proper understanding of it and that, as a result of the blind leading the blind, the people had been all this long time groping their way in darkness as to the real religion of Christ, but that when Mary Baker Eddy, some forty years ago, through divine guidance and illumination, discovered the Key to the Scriptures, the door of entrance to life and salvation was unlocked and thrown wide open. Mrs. Eddy is a religious "fakir" and her Christian Science has for its basis the theory and practice of one Dr. Quimby, a mental healer known throughout New England during the sixties of the last century.

CAPT. MONTFORD S. PARKER.

"I used to be a member of the Grange," said a friend of THE UPLIFT, "and twenty-five years ago I assisted in the organization of a grange near New London, Stanly county, N. C. The order started off in fine shape; and the folks seemed so well pleased with my work that day that they wanted me housed and cared for at one of the most hospitable homes in North Carolina, so they turned me over to Captain and Mrs. M. S. Parker, near New London. I shall never forget that night. I never ate a better meal;



Capt. M. S. Parker.

and I never slept in a better bed; and I never heard better music than the captain made on his fiddle. There were no charges except the injunction to come again. I have been unable to do so, but right here I want to discharge an obligation which is of rare pleasure.

The folks of Captain Parker's temperament and hospitality and age are growing fewer in number too fast. He belongs to a distinctive class of his own—he has never been money-mad; he is cheerful and he is growing old gracefully and slowly. Born in Stanly county, October 28th, 1824, he is now in his 86th year and he plays the fiddle every night before he retires. He does not look near so old, because he has cared for himself, refusing to worry over matters, though sorrow has knocked long and hard at times in his life.

Captain Parker was married April 30th, 1858 to Miss Mary E. Shankle, to whom have been born eight children, of whom only three survive. Messrs.

Charles W. and William Parker, of the Parker-Gardner Company, of Charlotte, are his sons. Excepting ten years spent in Albemarle, Captain Parker has lived all his life in his home near New London. He makes occasional trips to Charlotte to see his boys, but he does not stay long because he has left his fiddle at home, and no fiddle would sound so well at any place to the Captain's ears as around his own fire-side.

Every inch a chivalrous gentleman, a lover of his friends, a useful neighbor, a correct citizen, a matchless fiddler, who has played his fiddle every night, when at home, for sixty-five years—this is Captain M. S. Parker, of New London, Stanly county, N. C. God bless the old man, and prolong his days that he may enjoy his friends still more and may dispense music, for years to come, such as would put modern violinists to shame.

Charlie and Will Parker, of Charlotte, do sell, and may continue to sell for years to come, many organs and fine pianos, but they can never handle a fiddle like their good old father; and they know it.



A Small Boy's View of Washington.

A teacher in a North Carolina Graded School asked her class to write what they know in a brief way about Washington, D. C. Most of them gave very intelligent and accurate answers. An eleven year old boy saw fit to make answer as follows:

"Washington, D. C., has the white-house, state capitol, Washington monument, congressional library in it. And billo-possum lives there now instead of Teddy Bear." But this is a shining evidence of knowledge as compared to the exhibit made by a newly acquired educator from the West—one, who is a lecturer, a would-be leader, an author, and promiscuously important along all lines of endeavor in the state—who, being asked by an attendant upon an educational gathering in the mountains this summer, "what does sci fa Mr. Mekane has written on that blackboard mean?" replied: "Oh, that stands for some of these secret societies young men have in college."



You owe it to your mother to manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.



You owe it to your mother to seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

WHAT IS A NORTH CAROLINIAN?

By H. E. C. Bryant.

"I am going to ask you to do me a favor," said the editor of THE UPLIFT to me, just as I was leaving North Carolina, for Washington. "I wish you would tell our readers what you think of the North Carolinian."

Being in full sympathy with "THE UPLIFT" and the purpose of "The Stonewell Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School" I accepted the invitation gladly, but when I sat down to my typewriter, and began to ponder, the first question that arose was: "What is a North Carolinian?" I asked myself. "Is the brave, pious Scotch-Irishman of Mecklenburg county the North Carolinian? Is the great Scotchman of the Cape Fear the North Carolinian? Is the Rowan or Lincoln county German the North Carolinian? Is the Englishman of the Blue Ridge coves the North Carolinian?" I thought of all these and more. "Who is the North Carolinian? Go into any county of North Carolina, travel to the heart of the best rural districts, and there you will find the North Carolinian. The Scotchman has ceased to be a Scotchman, the Scotch-Irishman a Scotch-Irishman; the Englishman, an Englishman; and the German, a German; all have become Tar Heels. If I were going to paint the picture of a North Carolinian I would go into Mecklenburg, Union, Anson, Richmond, Cabarrus, Iredell, Catawba, or any other county and call at a country home, preferably an old place, where one family had lived for five or more generations—there are thousands of them—and holler "Helloa!" As quick as his feet could bring him I would be greeted by a North Carolinian—a man of sense and proper instincts. He might be a Presbyterian, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, a Lutheran, a Moravian, or a member of any other church, or even a non-church member. His skin would be white and his eyes bright.

I can see him now: he is a little less than six feet in his stockings, weighs 185 pounds, has a broad chest, a ruddy face, a clear eye, a frank countenance, is twenty-one years old, and every inch a man. He has succeeded his father at the old residence, and tills the acres that his ancestors tilled in former decades. He loves his wife and child, helps to support his church and school; respects the minister of

the gospel and the school teacher; treats every man as a gentleman until he finds him to be something else; thinks that every woman is moral and upright and is—

"Fair
And kind and square
To the one that's down and out."

That man, to me, is the North Carolinian. He goes to the county court house and finds the records of his family clear. Seven or eight brothers, and one, two or three sisters, hath this farmer, scattered throughout the nation. One brother is a ranchman in Wyoming—a fit companion for Owen Wister's "Virginian;" one runs a cotton mill in Alabama; a brilliant fellow preaches in a leading church of a great Northern city; a fourth edits a metropolitan paper, and so on and on.

North Carolinians have made the wheels turn in many states. Go where you will from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, and you will find him at the front. Hundreds we hear from but thousands succeed in their adopted states but are lost sight of at home. Look at some of those we do know: Rev. Walter W. Moore, Dr. Paul B. Barringer, and Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, three of the ablest men in Virginia; J. B. Duke, one of the greatest captains of industry the world has produced; James W. Osbourne, a powerful lawyer, and Walter H. Page, a great writer and publicist, of New York; Speaker Joseph Caunon, of Illinois; Senator Dixon, of Montana; Attorney General Davidson, of Texas, and legions of others. It is estimated that more than two million North Carolinians left the state to win fame and fortunes elsewhere. These are not true Tar Heels; the boys who remain at the old place, building as best they can under the circumstances, deserve the name. Nicholas Worth in "The Southerner" tells of his trials and those of his brother; he ran from the conditions that confronted the poor-starved out Southerners, just after the civil war, while his brother, Charles, remained at home, fought bravely on in the face of hardships, and built a mill, giving employment to hundreds of his unfortunate neighbors, and making for himself a livelihood. Nicholas went north and became famous but after it is all over Charles will have accomplished the most good and proved himself the greatest Worth.

When in Buncombe, Haywood, or any other county of Western North Carolina, mixing with the natives, I think that God, in his bountiful goodness, blessed that region beyond all others, but when among the affable Wilmingtonians, Fayettevillians, Edentonians, or other cultured men of the east, I feel certain that I have found the chosen people. So it is in Charlotte among the Scotch-Irish, Cabarrus, Rowan, Lincoln, or Catawba, the German; Forsythe, the Moravians; or Guilford the Quakers, and on and on throughout the state. Every county is blessed. The original stock, with its splendid ideas of right and wrong, is there.

The North Carolinian is proud, independent, mannerly, well-behaved and capable.

Former Senator Foraker, of Ohio, is a bitter partisan, but, nevertheless, an able, courageous man. He tells an interesting story of an experience with a North Carolinian. He was marching north from the South, and, while passing up the Cape Fear, he came upon an old man gathering pine-knots, "light'rd."

"Well, old chap, what is your excuse?" said the commander of the Union forces.

"My excuse? What do you mean?"

"Why, what are you—union sympathizer, onlooker, or what-not?"

The man, an antiquated fellow, with long beard, thin body, and keen eye, straightened himself, and said: "I am a rebel, by gad, from the tip of my toe to the crown of my head: Do your worst!"

The man's daring bravery won the Ohioan and he left him unmolested. In telling this Senator Foraker said he was so surprised at the boldness of the declaration that it took his breath for a minute.

In one of North Carolina's thriving business centres there lives a brilliant school man, of eccentric manners. One day he hailed a young farmer, clad in hickory shirt, overalls, and brogan shoes, and asked permission to ride up town with him. The tiller of the soil, who was hurrying to the city to have a bit of farm machinery repaired, pulled up his horse and invited the pedagogue to get in. Having lifted himself in by the driver, looked at the mud-stain togs, the teacher raised his feet, put them outside the buggy, turned half around and began to whistle. The countryman, who felt and knew that he was as good as any man, drove for three blocks, stopped his beast, and commanded: "Say, mister, get out! If you cannot afford to sit by me I can't afford to haul you

Get out until you learn better manners!"

Proud! Yes, the North Carolinian is proud. He has cause to be. He builds homes, communities, and character wherever he goes. You find him contending for fair play.

There are all sorts of North Carolinians. Contrast the fisherman, of Manteo and the bearhunter of Snow Bird peak; the cotton grower of Scotland and the tobacco farmer of Stokes, the trucker of Columbus and the trucker of Watauga.

But, withal, the North Carolinian is not all that he should be. There is much for him to do. The civil war and the dark days that followed blighted the hopes of many young men who were never able to get used to the changed conditions. Those bleak years are gone, now, the sun is shining, and a better time dawning.

Every North Carolinian must put his shoulder to the wheel and push with all his might. Better schools, better churches, better roads, and better farms are needed. The lack of desire for education is the greatest curse of the young North Carolinian. You go into the typical North Carolina home and see a handsome young man, full of vigor, cunning, and imagination, but indifferent to education and you become discouraged.

Not long ago, while tarrying in a little village, I overheard a conversation among a number of school boys from fourteen to eighteen years old, and out of the ten or a dozen there was not one that spoke correct English. They could run, jump, ride, swim, and do many other physical feats but did not talk as well as the negro boy that swept out the store in which they were gathered. It was pathetic to see those bright young fellows so illiterate. They had not even taken advantage of the local school. Every one of them, I learned, could have secured high school, if not college training, but none desired it. No doubt they will do well in a way but think how much better they could do with proper training.

How much more they could enjoy life, how much more they would be worth to the community. But conditions are improving. As the state becomes more prosperous the people become more interested in education.

The North Carolinian has the ground work for the highest type of man if he will build wisely. Indifference is a great curse and North Carolina has its share of it. When the North Carolinian becomes thoroughly aroused he will achieve great things. No state in the Union is

making more satisfactory progress than North Carolina in a business way. From an agricultural state it is becoming an agricultural and manufacturing state. Millions of dollars that others used to enjoy are being enjoyed at home now. There is no longer any excuse for the native to quit the state. We have the soil; the climate, the water, and the people. Every well regulated community in the Old North State has a church and a school. More than a hundred years ago that plan of settlement was adopted—the home, the church and the school—and it has been brought down through the ages. In the old country homes, where the North Carolinian dwells, you will find the pictures of graduating classes. The boys and girls who desire education get it; those who spurn it live to regret their indifference. The educated ones, as a rule, go into the world and do well. It is not every one that can take an education but the average North Carolinian—just the man that I have pictured here—can.

This is what I think of the North Carolinian. May God bless him and his and let him replenish the earth with his kind.



Mecklenburg Education.

One fine spot in North Carolina is Mecklenburg county, because not only of the city of Charlotte but more particularly on account of the high class of its citizenship throughout the county

Mecklenburg led off on the Independence matter in 1775; she has been leading on various matters ever since. She has the habit. And a good habit is a good thing to have in a family, in a city, in a town and in a county.

One of the best things Mecklenburg county enjoys is a progressive public school administration. Supt. R. J. Cochrane has the sympathy and confidence of his teachers, of the committeemen and of the public. He is active and he is positive—two things absolutely necessary to bring results. He called his teachers together on December 11th, and began, through an organization, certain progressive investigations that could not otherwise be done. The teachers were there and remained there until all business was done—they did this cheerfully and pleasingly, notwithstanding there were in the proud city of Charlotte that day a matinee, the Salvation Army, big crowds, a bright day, many attractions out of the ordinary, and the Christmas spirit

was running riot in everybody's bones.

The public schools of Mecklenburg county are all right—and though the spirit of independence and free thought have full sway there, it but attests the character of the people to say that they follow the leadership of authority that manifests the loyalty, the courage, the deep interest and the ability of the gentleman, who shines with good works and accomplishments in the office of County Superintendent. That's a fine lot of teachers that hold up the hands of Supt. Cochrane; but Mecklenburg county would not tolerate any other kind, leader or no leader.

The teachers of Mecklenburg county are interested in the work and problem confronting the Jackson Training School. Their sympathy and substantial help have been pledged and a pledge, voluntarily taken by a free people, always means gratifying results.



All Remembered Bountifully.

In the December number of THE UPLIFT a happy Christmas for the boys was forecast. Santa Claus was even more generous than many of us had found him to be in our youth.

The day before Christmas Dr. R. S. Young came over from Concord in his automobile and brought the boys a fine graphophone with about 75 records. Christmas morning each boy found on the back of his chair a fine fat stocking—the gift of the Julia Magruder Book Club.

Later in the day Messrs. Richmond Montgomery and Ralph Cline—from the Elks—brought each boy a bag of various good things; Dr. and Mrs. Houston gave each boy a handkerchief; and a gentleman living in New York, Mr. Henry Van Schaick, through Mrs. Houston, sent each a marked New Testament; Mrs. W. R. Harris' Sunday School class of small boys brought a basket; the Christian Reid Book Club sent over a box of oranges; Mr. J. M. Hendrix two bushels of apples; added to this nearly every boy got a box from home. Altogether it is a tribute either to the moderation of the boys or their vigorous digestion, that the holidays left no one sick.

The Graded School of Lexington sent us \$11.00 which on account of the shower of Christmas goods was not needed for this cause, and will be used for the nucleus of a library in Cottage Number Two.



The world wants men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.

CHILD LABOR PROBLEM AND SOCIAL BETTERMENTS.

By Anna L. Twelvetrees.

The great economic problem of the South is absorbing the minds of people today as never before—the problem of the Cotton Mill. Bills are prepared for the legislators to pass upon, magazines and newspapers continually have articles on the subject. What does it all mean?

It would seem, looking from any point of view, that children fare better today than they did fifty years ago, with the manifold advantages which were not in existence then, and the progress which is made year by year.

The subject of child labor is mostly directed toward the Southern States, as the "New South" is just about getting on her feet again in manufacturing since the civil war. "Child Work" seems more appropriate for the subject being discussed, than "Child Labor" as children's work is rarely laborious.

Now, children, and young children, both boys and girls, have worked in all ages. Perhaps not so much in this particular phase of work—the cotton mill—yet we read of Dr. David Livingstone working in a cotton factory at 10 years of age. Admitting that more children do work in the cotton mills than ever before, and even more in the Southern section, just so there never was a time when so many young women were working in offices and stores as there are today. In fact, in the same Southern section, thirty or forty years ago, such work for them was unknown. It is but 20 years ago that a young woman first entered a business office in the "Queen City" of North Carolina to do stenographic work, and today there are more than 350 young women employed in one way or another in stores and offices in that city. Has the question ever come to any one what this phase of work means to the present generation? It would seem that a halt should be made here, even as justly as one is being made on the child labor question, and a bill should be presented to the Legislature that a young woman could not enter a store or business office until she had gained some experience in the foundation principles of home making after her school days are over, in just the same way that compulsory education and an age limit is made for younger children working in cotton mills, in the light that it effects the standard of

the rising generation. The business life and other openings for women to work away from home is certainly deteriorating the old-fashioned home-life on which a city, state, or nation must depend for its real prosperity. Combine this with the up-to-date society girl, and one would hardly recognize a young couple marrying today, as being a repetition of a young couple fifty years ago. As we look at the two pictures, which means most to the welfare of our country?

This is diverging somewhat from child-work, but just as it would be better for every young woman to have a time in the home before entering a store or office to work, just so, it would be better for children not to go to work in a cotton mill or any other continuous work before they are at least 14 years old; there are so many things children should learn about the ordinary ways of living before they enter any specific work. Many families have to work, the older and younger ones, to meet life's necessities. There is one of the most successful manufacturers of today, who looks back with pride to the days when he worked in a cotton mill at the age of 9 or 10 years, and brought home the proceeds of his labor to help his widowed mother. He was a most happy boy, he attended a good night school after his day's work, kept right on, grew up with the mill business, continued his night school work, even took up the study of law, and today he is a man conversant with the great questions of the hour, and lives in luxury.

There is something in work and the serious responsibilities of life, which make a character nothing else can give. Yet it would never do for all characters to be molded in this serious groove, and there are many ways of making strong characters, but that gained by honest work is never lost.

There is another picture of a home today, where there is every comfort, as the mother in her declining years enjoys the blessings now, which came by work, hard work. The conditions thirty years ago were very different, when she was left a widow with four small children to provide for; and to hear the oldest daughter, (who has gained a good practical education while she worked in a mill,) tell of the experience of her very young days, would not elicit

sympathy, but admiration, to see what blessings come to those who help themselves in the true spirit of self-respect and honesty.

Work is not the worst handicap for any one, but for the ignorant and untrained mind, it is often considered a hardship, and lowers the standard of life.

These illustrations perhaps are exceptions—the good material was in both, but they are cited to show that in these cases, a law prohibiting those children from working, would have been a hardship to them whereas the work proved a blessing, and both instances are good specimens of physical, as well as mental development. Compulsory education is good, and the age restriction for children to go to work is good; and the best possible environment for the development of children of tender age is necessary; but the actual work, is not the worst feature for the child, providing of course, the work is not laborious.

The apprenticed machinist goes to a master mechanic for knowledge; the student to a college professor; the young man choosing a profession associates himself with one of the special profession chosen, and this class of people, especially in the South at this time, need some one to guide and teach them the many things that make life comfortable and bearable on a limited income. It is not so much the lack of income that creates so much sympathy and sentiment about the people working in cotton mills, as it is that they are in most cases utterly untrained in knowing how to utilize the means they have, and of knowing how to make a home (if it is but a room or two and barely furnished) a comfortable place of abode by neatness and cleanliness.

The class of people who work in the Southern cotton mills comes principally from the farms or mountain sections, where they have not had the opportunities of the progressive and more advanced sections. They are good people, but many of them are crude in the way of living, especially so in city and town life. In passing through the mountains, did you ever notice what listless life the children seem to lead? With nothing but nature surrounding them, it matters little to them how time passes, but as soon as these people come in contact with the new life of city or town, it does not take them long to find plenty of mischief to fall into, and principally because they have not been trained to do, or know how to do things that larger

opportunities bring; but bad things come naturally, handed down from Adam and Eve.

After visiting some mill villages, one realizes there have been exaggerated statements made regarding these questions. There is much credit due to the corporations in charge of them, and the progress made in civic improvement, social, and religious betterment work among their people, is most gratifying. There is organized, systematic work being done under the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations at a number of mills in the Carolinas, with excellent result. But this means the raising of money to do this, more than the organizations can obtain by fees and contributions from its members. In the case of the Young Women's Association there is a General Secretary employed, who lives in a cottage just as the operatives do. It is a model of cleanliness, neatness and economical, attractive furnishings. This Secretary must be a young woman of education, tact, and love for the work. There is a teacher of domestic science and arts employed. There are social, educational, and religious departments, and the women who live among these people, teach and open their hearts and minds to a life they never would know, without this instruction by example and personal touch. In the South the Y. M. C. A. has now passed the experimental stage in its work in mill villages. There is great demand from corporations for efficient leaders in this organization, to start their people, young and old, in the way for self-improvement, mentally, morally, and spiritually. As to what can be accomplished by patience and continuous work among untrained girls, one need only to attend the annual conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Asheville, N. C. The mill associations are represented in good number, and without being told, it is a question if anyone would have known but that they represented some college association, along with the other college girls. They enjoy everything, and on Field Day, they have their "stunt" which is well done,—while they do not have a "College Song" they have a "Song of their Work" often of their own composition, set to a familiar tune. Yet a few years ago these girls did not know how to do, what their eyes and minds have been trained to do, and which they do well. The Club meetings, etc., at these mill villages, associations, are

themselves, under the direction of their efficient leader. Other places in the South there is much personal work done in various ways, but much of this energy and time is lost, by the lack of continuous, systematic work, and proper organization to carry it out. It is only by patient, continuous precept and example that most of these people can be brought to a realizing sense of their opportunity and the benefit to be derived from it.

Most of the corporations have done much in betterment work among their people, and will continue to do their part. As to the sentiment for the mill people of the South, and criticism against the corporations, observation shows there is room for work to be done in many other sections, far more than is found in the South. The houses in the Southern mill villages are small, but generally most comfortable, with ample room for fresh air and a garden. Trees are planted, flower seeds are given to them, a church built, a day school, and often a library and reading room for their use, but in many cases, all this means little to people who have not had these things before, unless there is some one to direct the use of, and pleasure to be derived from them, because they have not had their tastes cultivated to appreciate the greater privileges.

Legislation and laws will not help them without the human personal touch of a wise head, and a good heart to guide them. Double and triple the wages would not help them, as many of them are in their untrained condition.

Many of the difficulties would be overcome with a proper understanding of the following:—

1. The rudiments of living.
2. A better understanding of preparing food, a knowledge of the best kind for them, for the least cost.
3. A knowledge of sewing.
4. Knowing how to have and enjoy wholesome amusement and recreation.

All the above is accomplished by the systematized guidance of the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations, as cited above. Reading an article written 46 years ago, the same problem, and the same solution of the matter was then, much the same as is needed today—patience, and enough love to help lift humanity to a higher level than they know, and this can only be

the purity, culture and refinement in their midst, unconsciously has its influence in a way, no amount of money or laws could have, without the human touch given with it.



The "Boy Police".

In the city of Council Bluffs, Ia., there is a unique organization known as the "Boy Police," composed, as its name indicates, entirely of boys, whose duty it is to preserve order among the lads of that city, and to see that the "rising generation" does not become too boisterous in its fun. The young law officers act under the eyes and orders of the regular Police Department of the city, and have authority to make arrests when necessary to preserve order.

The size of the force fluctuates, at times decreasing until not a single member is on the roll, and at other times increasing until it reaches a strength of two hundred and fifty. This is the maximum number allowed to serve in the "boy police" force. The boys receive no pay for their work, but are recompensed solely by the prestige which accrues to them as guardians of the peace.

So greatly is the honor esteemed at holiday times, when the mind of Young America naturally turns to mischief, that anything from five hundred to fifteen hundred boys besiege the police headquarters, seeking appointments as "policemen." It is the greatest honor that can come to a Council Bluffs boy to be made a policeman. Every grade of society is found among the applicants, from the street Arab to the son of a banker and railroad magnate, for practically every lad in Council Bluffs is a standing candidate for the "job of a boy policeman."

The "Kid Police," as the force is popularly known, originated in the mind of Chief of Police Richmond, of Council Bluffs, and was more the result of an accident than of mature thought. It was an inspiration, however, that has worked wonders among the boys of Council Bluffs, and has been so successful in its object that it is being seriously considered by a number of other American cities.—Thomas P. Reynolds, in *Wide-World Magazine*.



"Kind acts are never lost. If you sow courtesy you reap friendship; if you plant kindness you gather love. In the soil of the heart we reap what we have sown."



JIMMY.

By Charlie R. McManaway.

Outside a veritable war of the elements was in progress; a typical, just before Christmas storm. I had dropped into a cafe for my morning lunch, and while waiting for it to be served was interested watching the unfortunates, who were compelled to be out tramping it, in their futile efforts to keep dry.

Having always been fond of watching people pass, an interesting pastime any time and anywhere, (the frowns and smiles which sweep across their faces, as some thought strikes them) I was having a regular circus upon this particular morning. It was simply exciting as an umbrella cavorted here, as a skirt received aeroplanic aspirations there, and the rain an unaccountable tendency to come under the umbrella and fall upward into one's face.

Expressions fumed, eyes batted, and tongues, in whispers, condemned. So engrossed was I in what was going on outside that I failed to notice the entrance of a small boy, with a bundle of papers stuffed under his arm. Of a sudden I was startled by a loud, long drawn out "ur". "Mawnin papur," "What's eatin on you Mister? didn't you dream e'nuff las night? Mawnin papur, Sir, all about de guy in Nigger Rawga gittin smart and what he got. Please sir Mister," in a pleading whine, "aint made a jit all mawnin."

Irresistible,—who with a human heart, and with the least love of his fellow-man, could resist such an appeal?

Standing beside me, all drenched, waited a small boy, with bright red hair, freckled face, pugnacious jaw and the funniest little pug-nose that I ever saw.

Wishing to learn more of my little friend, I bought a paper and asked him to climb up beside me and eat—"Honest Mister, you ain't kidding?" Being assured that I was in earnest, he laid his bundle of papers on one stool and eagerly climbed upon another beside me. What a luxury to see that little pug-nose wobble like a rabbit's, and those little brown hands and mouth get busy when the steaming coffee, fried potato chips and ham and eggs were placed before him.

When his appetite was somewhat satiated, he began to be conversant and tell me some of his life history. He said that his name was Jimmy—just Jimmy, that once upon a time

he had been called James. It seemed like a dream, misty and indistinct, and great tears welled up in his eyes when he said that he had a mother. A mother, who loved and petted him, a mother just like other little boys' mothers. A mother who made him go to Sunday school and early each night, read pretty stories to him and with him say, "Now I lay me down to sleep,—If I should die before I wake."

"He was just five years old when a little brother came and then somehow, he didn't know just what, but mamma didn't seem the same. He would go in to see her and little brother, and she would just look at him with a vacant stare, and fold him in her arms and "sorter" cry. She seemed in great pain, and daddy, too, before mamma's sickness, always gay and full of life, now seemed worried and out of humor.

"And then one day, mamma died; and a few days more little brother died and only father and I remained. Daddy never was the same any more, he didn't seem to want to play like he used to when mamma was living. He wouldn't eat much and I was just miserable, for he would scold me and even whipped me once when I failed to go to bed promptly when he told me.

"Then daddy got sick and died, leaving me all alone, Gee, but I was miserable. For several days I just cried and cried, and slept anywhere, for I couldn't stand to be around the little home any more where I had once been so happy.

"I decided that the only thing for me to do was to go to work, so one morning I got some papers and started out to sell them.

"At night I would sleep up in the garret on the papers, that is, what little time that I did sleep, for I generally loafed around the restaurants with the boys, picking up a nickel here and there, and getting wise."

Now he was eleven years old and selling papers and sleeping anywhere where he happened to be, when he decided to turn in. He had, as I learned after our meal, developed into a real genuine sybarite—a real newsboy, found in every city. For when we finished, he pulled out a cigarette and puffed away as manfully as any twenty-two year old in America.

I was interested in this little fellow, however, and determined to

see what I could do for him. Questioning him and learning that he would be glad to go to school, I bade him a hasty good-bye and hurried to the station to catch my train.

"Only a news boy, and called a tough, Frequently proves, a diamond in the rough."

That night I wrote to an old friend of mine, who was at the head of a training-school, an honor to any state, and stated the case to him in detail. Later I heard from my letter and learned that there was room for our little friend. Immediately, I bundled him up and sent him off.

Seven years have passed, and now I find no greater pleasure than dropping into the office of the Daily News and chatting with the most popular and brightest reporter on its staff—our friend—Jimmy—now Mr. James W. Dickson, destined to some day mount to the highest rung of the "Ladder of Fame."



Preachers' Salaries.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate says that one hundred and twenty of the 222 Methodist preachers in Western North Carolina received salaries not exceeding \$600 and a majority of these did not receive over \$400 for the year's work. Some congregations are increasing the salaries of their preachers. All ought to do so. The cost of living has gone up so that a married preacher on a salary of \$400 must skimp and cut to the bone to make both ends meet.

The New Year is near at hand, That is the time for making new arrangements. Congregations cannot do a better thing than to determine to increase the salary of their preachers. They are faithful, give their full time to the work, and most of them are forced in this era of high prices to deny themselves books and comforts that would help them in their life of usefulness.—Raleigh News and Observer.



Bob Philips and His Dog.

Greensboro News.

If there is anything in heaven that looks like a shuckpen we expect to find "Old Watch" curled up in it, and to see him come bounding out wagging his tail when we get there!



"A sound mind will insist on a sound body. Lack of reasonable care of one's health indicates a lack of perfect mental sanity."

Things That Echo.

From a pile of letters we gathered up a few that have a peculiar setting that is pleasing and helpful. We have recently received more than fifty letters from prominent business men—not too busy to give notice to efforts in welfare work—from every quarter of the state, who write to commend the great work undertaken by the authorities of the Jackson Training School.

Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 1st, 1909.

The object of your effort is beyond any doubt a laudable one and what has been already achieved should be an incentive for the State at large to extend a helping hand for the redemption of wayward youth. With best wishes of success, I remain.

Sincerely yours,

A. Thies.

P. S.—Enclosed find my check for twenty-five dollars for the school.

Charlotte, Nov. 30th, 1909.

I congratulate you on your success and wish you God speed. I send you a small check and hope at some time to be able to show my appreciation in a more substantial way.

Very truly yours,

W. C. Maxwell.

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 30th, 1909.

I want to say that I am in earnest sympathy with the aim and purposes of the Jackson Training School, having seen its need when mayor of Charlotte years ago, and having made an effort for its establishment subsequently when in the State Senate.

I will be happy to visit the school and see its practical working at a future date. In the meantime, consider me as a subscriber of one hundred dollars towards building a school house.

Yours truly,

F. B. McDowell.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 29th, 1909.

I am promising myself the pleasure of a visit to your school at my earliest opportunity. I am anxious to see the work. You certainly have my warm sympathy and hearty co-operation, personal and official, in this work.

Very truly yours,

J. Y. Joyner.

Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 29th, 1909.

I feel much interested in the establishment of reformatories and training schools for wayward youth of the country, and I have not hesitated to express myself in the most em-

phatic way upon this subject whenever the opportunity has offered.

Well provided, efficient schools of the character I mention are of untold benefit, and to establish and maintain them is one of the best investments that people can make.

I have heard nothing but the most favorable reports from your work, and I feel sure that you are accomplishing great good.

Very sincerely yours,

Jas. E. Boyd.

Kendal, N. C., Dec. 7th, 1909.

I am sending two collars to help in any way you need. I think you are doing a noble work. I believe that we are entitled to two copies of THE UPLIFT, so you may send one to Mrs. Sarah Ferguson, Kendal, N. C. and the other to me at Lenoir. This donation was made up by the teacher and pupils of a subscription school at Kendal, Wilkes county, N. C. Best wishes for the success of the Training School.

Respectfully

(Miss) Eva Goforth.

Goldsboro, N. C., Nov. 30th, 1909.

Early in the year I want to assist you a little in this good work, not only with my small contribution, but I wish to try to get some of my friends also to assist.

Long after your directors have gone the way of all earth; your memory will be blessed by those who have been benefitted and saved in the Jackson Training School.

Sincerely yours,

A. C. Davis.

**"I'm Is," He Declared.**

"I want you," wrote Supt. Eddins, of Stanly county, "to meet with our teachers and present the cause of the Jackson Training School, on Saturday."

The invitation reached the representative of the school after his arrival at Charlotte, where he had an engagement to be with Supt. Cochran and his teachers for that very day. Courtesy to Supt. Eddins called for a polite answer, and the only way to reach him in time was by telegraph.

A wire was prepared that read as follows: "Engagement here today; will be with you at next meeting."

A Western Union delivery boy was called, and he quickly reported at Blair's Drug Store. He read the message, and said "twenty-five cents." In reaching for the change

there followed in the hand with the quarter three one-cent pieces.

The boy had a good face and a bright eye. The quarter was handed him; and then he was given one cent with the request that he drop it into the Sunday school collection. He twisted his mouth. Then another cent was given him with the invitation to drop it into the collection plate at morning service. He screwed up his face more and gave a quiet grunt; the third one-cent piece was handed him with the kindly suggestion that he put it into the plate at the night service. He raised himself up and with the air of self importance replied: "I'M IS." And off on his bicycle he rode.

At three o'clock that very evening I passed the Western Union telegraph office, and I saw that small boy (probably twelve years of age) in companionship with another boy whom I heard swearing like a sailor. He could use God's name as glibly in vain as the other one mounted his bicycle.

That boy's daddy thinks himself a financier—but for a few paltry dollars, perhaps, for a week's exposure to cold, to vice, to hellishness and to evil associations, which his brightness aids him to quickly absorb, the father may be selling his own son's usefulness, future manhood and his soul's salvation. Let us hope not. If that boy withstands, his heart is pure gold.

**I Will For 1910.**

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbors 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 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 strive 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.



"Kind acts are never lost. If you sow courtesy you reap friendship; if you plant kindness you gather love. In the soil of the heart we reap what we have sown."

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In February we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose. McDowell County, Prof. D. F. Giles Superintendent; Cabarrus County, Prof. C. E. Boger Superintendent; and Wilkes County, Prof. C. C. Wright Superintendent, are now marked "RAISED." Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

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

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ALEXANDER WEBB, Vice-Pres.
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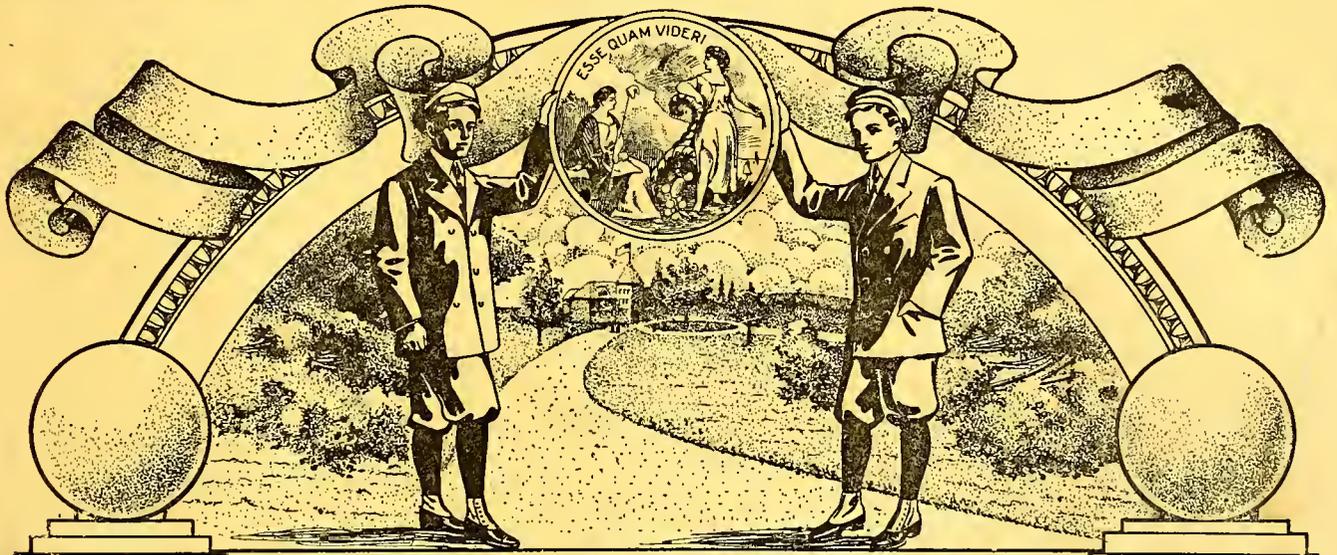
Is safe, solid, reliable and worthy of confidence. In patronizing it you help to
build up North Carolina.

Ask your Agent for North Carolina Home policies.

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Prof. M. W. Walker

If already a subscriber to THE UPLIFT, secure us another---that's the missionary spirit. If not now a subscriber send a dollar and become one---that's a pleasant act. By doing these things you hasten our Educational Cottage. This is a respectful invitation for the one now reading it.

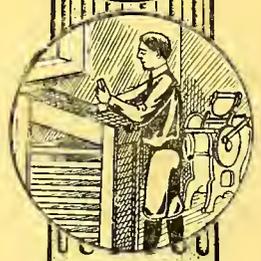
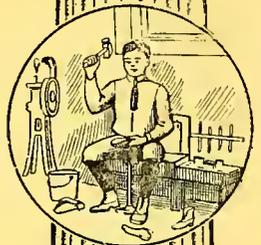
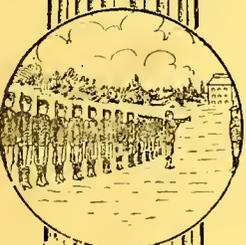
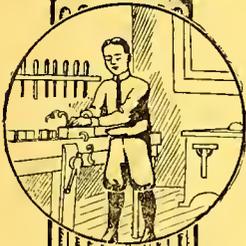


THE UPLIFT

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity knocks at every man's door. On some men's doors it hammers till it breaks down the door and then it goes in and wakes him up if he's asleep, and afterwards it works for him as a night watchman. On other men's doors it knocks and runs away, and on the doors of some men it knocks and when they come out it hits them over the head with an ax. But every man has an opportunity.

--- Mr. Dooley.



FEBRUARY, 1910

NECESSARY ARTICLES

Required by progressive teachers for satisfactory and up-to-date work:

Comfortable Desks We handle the best and most popular made; the cheapest if quality is considered.

Hyloplate Boards We have these in stock in Raleigh; also Slated Cloth and Liquid Slating—Black & Green.

Dustless Crayon Contains no grit, grease, or Plaster of Paris, no dust—cheaper than common grade chalk.

Colored Crayon Dustless, packed in gross boxes, eight assorted colors to the box.

Dustless Erasers Clean the boards better and without injury to them, hold chalk dust; cheaper than common grade.

Coods Maps We handle the best and the cheapest—shipped subject to approval, if desired.

Modern Globes We have in stock about 200 assorted sizes at special prices—shipped subject to approval.

School Bell Every school needs a large bell customers say ours are cheaper and better than others.

Our business extends over the entire states of North Carolina and South Carolina. We are supplying practically all the Graded Schools and Colleges in the State and there are less than a dozen counties in North Carolina that have not ordered supplies through us during the post school year.

We make every reasonable effort to satisfy our customers.

Our reputation for reliability and square dealing has been thoroughly established.

✉ Write us for quotations on anything you need. Everything we ship is guaranteed.

CHAS. J. PARKER :: RALEIGH, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. I.

CCNCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 9.

EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS.

I have traced so many good things to his door and have seen his footprints leading in the right direction so often, that it becomes a personal pleasure and a public duty to print on this page the picture of Eugene Clyde Brooks, the head of the Department of Education of Trinity College, at Durham, N. C. The picture does not do him justice, but every man's wife always thinks her husband's likeness at the time of their marriage is just the very best. I have heard this theory advanced pretty close at home, therefore I surrender any argument I might, unmolested, advance for another sitting.

Mr. Brooks' life has been active—there has been no period I can find where inactivity had any lodgment in his make-up. December 3rd, 1871, is not far removed, yet that day this man, who has accomplished a great work, claims as his birthday in Greene county, made famous by that unique character, the big-hearted Swift Galloway, who a few months ago was gathered to his fathers in the great beyond. Within two years after young Brooks' birth, the family moved to Lenoir county near the present town of Grifton. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, then in Randolph county; and graduated in 1894 at Trinity, then at Durham.

Even then young Brooks was taking notice. At his graduation, when he won the Hill prize of \$60.00 for the best thesis on North Carolina History, he had arranged to go to Washington, D. C., as correspondent for the Raleigh News & Observer, which position he filled until January following when he purchased a half interest in the Wilson Mirror (dear old Henry Blount's Album of Flowers.) He lived in Wilson for four months, at which time he was appointed to a position in the Treasury Department at Washington. Disposing of his interest in the Mirror, he immediately returned to Washington, D. C., and again resumed his newspaper correspondence in addition to the duties in the office to which he had been called.

When William McKinley became president, Mr. Brooks returned to North Carolina (like all normal North Carolinians ought to do) and entered the teaching profession. He became principal when the Graded Schools were established at Kinston. In 1900 he was elected superintendent of the Monroe Graded Schools, which he organized and directed for three years. In 1902 he was elected secretary of the Educational Campaign committee, when Hon. J. Y. Joyner, Governor C. B. Aycock and Dr. C. D. McIver went up and down North Carolina preaching universal

appointed by the American Historical Association on the committee of seven to prepare a course in history for the Elementary Schools of America. In 1906 he was elected editor of the North Carolina Journal of Education.

Prof. Brooks has written much on educational questions. He prepared the first bulletin on rural libraries of the state. The course of study for rural schools that is now in use was begun by him. He is the author of a Grammar School Arithmetic, the Building of a High School System in North Carolina, a Comparison of School Systems, and joint author of History in the Elementary Schools. Prof. Brooks has written interesting articles for the World's Work, The Chicago School Review, Country Life in America, The Atlantic Educational Journal and other educational magazines.

In December 1900 Prof. Brooks, at no time ever unmindful of some things equally as important and helpful in making a complete, well-rounded citizenship as was the strenuous life for public causes, wooed, won and married Miss Ida Sapp, of Kernersville, a sister of Messrs. O. L. and A. V. Sapp, of Greensboro. To this happy couple have been born three children, one boy and two girls.

I am told by those in high authority that Prof. Brooks has made entirely good at Trinity, where he has worked out and developed in a short time a very important

department in that magnificent institution. But along with this work, Prof. Brooks has discharged a labor of love, sacrifice and devotion to a great public interest that makes of him a patriot. I know what it means to direct and manage the internals of a journal seeking a common good and no special interests. The monthly magazine issued as the North Carolina Education, the organ of the teachers and the teaching forces of the state, is to Brooks a monument in the good it will accomplish now and in the future, and to him in the present is a certificate of loyalty to North Carolina and a voluntary testimony to his great patriotism, cheerfully and



EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS.

education. It becoming necessary, he resigned at Monroe and removed to Raleigh where he took a position in the State Superintendent's office, where in connection with the educational campaign he managed the Loan Fund for building school houses and the Rural Libraries.

In 1904 Prof. Brooks was elected superintendent of the Goldsboro Graded Schools—the discoverers of McIver, Alderman and Joyner—and here he remained until June, 1907 when the Department of Education was established at Trinity College, and he was elected to the head of that responsible work just inaugurated. In 1905 Prof. Brooks was

unstintingly exercised. Brooks started in, I am told, making his presence very much in evidence even at the time he decided to follow his parents from Greene county to Lenoir county, and since that day he has been a tireless worker in removing fetters from our people, to make sunshine where darkness bore down heavily, and making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before—in all this effort, this accomplishment and this sacrifice, he has never yet been heard to say: "And where do I come in?" And to me it is a happiness to think of him with the greater and more potential part of his life yet to live, for with all this great service he is yet on the sunny side of forty.

Here's to Prof. E. C. Brooks, and long life to him! Let him keep on dreaming good and useful dreams, for his dreams in the past—all for the good of his fellow man and his state—have materialized into substantial and pleasing actualities! THE UPLIFT sends greeting to the editor of the North Carolina Education in these words: "You are nothing in my past but a happiness—you are nothing in my future but a hope."



Seldom Meet Colts Coming to Town.

Two gentlemen from New Bern were returning from the live-stock market of the West. Their observations and experiences, furnishing the topics of a long railroad-ride, proved of considerable interest to those in hearing distance. Nine years ago, this very month, one of these men purchased in Norfolk a car-load of stock—mules and horses—the average cost of each when reaching his town was \$42.00. They were not "plugs," either. They were average good horses and mules. He sold them to well satisfied purchasers for from \$65.00 to \$100.00. He made money; and the purchasers could not feel that they had paid extravagant prices.

One of the horses of this car-load has a history. Nine years ago, mark you, he cost the dealer \$42.00. He was soon sold for \$65.00, leaving a profit of \$23.00 for the dealer. A year later the dealer came into possession of this very horse by trading for it a horse that cost him \$110.00. Several months thereafter the dealer sold this horse for \$165.00. Last summer, nine years after its original purchase for \$42.00, the original dealer tried to buy the horse, offering \$210.00, but the owner asked and demanded \$250.00 or "no trade."

Doubtless other instances of increase in the selling price of horses occur to many people. It is not magic, neither is it fine trading, but it is the result of a condition. This condition should concern our people, but it seems not. Live stock began to grow more valuable at the beginning of the Spanish-American war. This demand for mules and horses was followed by an enormous increase in railroad construction. There is another element that enters into the consideration—people to-day give less attention to their dumb animals, treat them worse, expect more of them, feed them less and kill them quicker; therefore, the demand is always active, and the Western Yankee has increased the number raised and made the East and the South pay a price that has become prohibitive. The tendency is still toward higher prices. Let the price soar, for after awhile the people of the South will stop putting all eggs into one nest and will go to diversifying their products.

Years ago one could drive out from most any North Carolina town and not go two miles before he had met several teams, following them being several colts. It is the rarest thing now that you meet a colt coming to town. The farmer has all but ceased to raise them, and as a result the Western stock raiser is having one continuous and long picnic at the expense of the Southern farmer.

The no-fence law is with us to stay (and it is good;) but it broke up a condition and substituted another from which this country has suffered greatly. It has reduced pasturage, and in turn sent us West for practically all our beef, our bacon and our live stock. The first step toward a remedy of this evil is:

BEGIN BUILDING FENCES FOR PASTURES.



Nuggets for Every Town.

Congressman Claude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, has written to his people, through The Commonwealth, a New Year's greeting that is so sound and sensible that it is at home in any journal on any day of the year. THE UPLIFT, circulating in every county in the state, feels that it is rendering a service by reproducing Congressman Kitchin's splendid words. The greeting is as follows:

"A new year is awaiting us. I wish to propose for our community a new resolve. Our people are unhappily divided into hostile factions. Strife and discord for the last few

years have prevailed among us. Factional bitterness has touched and blighted every phase of life in our town—commercial, social, educational and religious. It does for us what it always has and always will do for every community. It hates enterprise. It impedes progress. It paralyzes the educational spirit. It chills the ardor of the church. It deadens town pride. It disturbs the peace of the citizen: It impairs the happiness of the home. It brutalizes the instincts and impulses of our better nature, teaching us and our children the lessons of prejudice and hate, instead of love and forbearance.

A continuance of such conditions is a reflection upon the common sense of our people and a discredit to the christian citizenship of our town.

Have n't we denounced each other and fought each other long enough? Have n't prejudice and hate had their sway long enough? Each side has given and taken its full share. We are to live here. Our children are to be reared here. Do we wish forever to live in the atmosphere of strife and bitterness and, after we are gone, to transfer the burden, with its increasing severity, to the shoulders of our children?

Let us be done with our differences and dissensions! Let us put an end to strife and bitterness among us and return to the good old ways of our former selves, a brave, generous, christian people, happy and united in all things, glowing always and everywhere with pride and praise for our town and its people!

Let every good man and woman in our community greet the new year with the earnest resolve to do his part in bringing about a better feeling among our people toward each other and in filling up the gulf that separates them into bitter differences! And a brighter and happier day will dawn on Scotland Neck.

(Signed) Claude Kitchin."



Taken Literally.—Two men met on the street. They had n't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who occasionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked him, "Is your wife entertaining this winter?" "Not very," he said.—Everybody's Magazine.



The world wants men who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as in prosperity.

A MAN WITH A MISSION.

By C. W. Hunt.

If we would help the discouraged, the erring, the misguided or the oppressed, we must first gain the confidence of such. Any one can understand that.

With that as a text I am setting out to tell of the work of a man



JESSE A. BALDWIN.

with a mission to help those needing help, who feels that the call to that work is as God-given and as clear as that to preach the Word. Jesse A. Baldwin, a native of Richmond county, an alumnus of Trinity College, who went into the work of the Methodist ministry with a distinct call to preach, and among the very first works he was assigned to was a mill charge, where those to whom he was to minister were laborers in the cotton mills, and he was not long in discovering that there were other things besides the word of God needed by such; and the more he labored the more the matter was impressed upon him, and day by day the matter of evolving a plan whereby such as he served and such as would could have the opportunity of betterment. This burned its way into his very soul, it became a part of his life. There was nothing in sight upon which to work, but there was a plan in his head and heart, and so firmly was it fixed there that he resigned the pastorate in the year 1901 and spent the next following two years in studying the plans for the work, securing a location, and the fitting for what was to be a struggle based largely on faith in God, for his faith in man was to be sorely tried. And right here is material for a book that the writer will let others write.

The year 1904 saw the place se-

cured, 270 acres of land near Charlotte, bought mostly on faith, and the opening of an industrial school with a modest beginning of 11 pupils, and known as The Piedmont Industrial School, but now with an enrollment of 309 and 65 boarding pupils.

To accomplish this Mr. Baldwin had interested Mr. E. A. Smith, of the Chadwick-Hoskins Co., the owners of a string of Charlotte cotton mills, and a man with a heart for humanity, with whose help and that of many others who had confidence in Baldwin but little faith in his ability to carry out the plans he had made, the securing of the land and the buildings were made possible; but with the limited help the matter was left still largely on faith, and the struggle that followed would have "thrown down" any other than the man with a mission in the world, who felt that the mission was God-given and could not fail. But for



THOMAS F. PARKER.

this steadfastness of purpose The Southern Industrial Institute of today, the center of a system of industrial educational work of North and South Carolina could not have been.

In all this work the writer has felt a personal interest for the reason that the head of it is his friend. Baldwin had started out with a purpose to help the social, religious, educational and moral status of the industrial help of the country. My own personal experience with such as he had

attempted to help had been so very unsatisfactory, both as to church, education and business, that I had said they were far better off back in the isolated places from whence they had been gathered and segregated, as they had been; for back there they were as good, and felt so, as those about them, while here in the industrial districts they seemed to feel that "every man's heel was lifted up against them." I saw the worse side of the conditions; Baldwin saw through and into a brighter field; and that there is a way to reach and help even those with bad motives and depraved, not to mention those who were seeking better conditions and responsive. Mr. Baldwin first started with a direct Gospel from a denominational standpoint, which failed, seemingly, but that very failure acted as a stimulus and the vision came to move on different lines.

Telling of the beginning of the actual work as pastor-teacher, to a body of ministers in South Carolina not long ago, Mr. Baldwin said that one of the very first things he accomplished in the neighborhood of the school was in a social way; in that he helped to have parties as well as preaching, and these social gatherings took the place of the dance that at times had proved demoralizing. At these parties innocent games and plays were engaged in, confidence in the man came and a closer friendship sprung; hearts had been reached and touched. Results in church work followed. Closely following this came the idea of better premises at home, and the result was a number of prizes offered by the owners of the plants for the prettiest flower gardens and vegetable gardens. Getting the seed and distributing them nearly every family planted and worked them, resulting in a veritable wilderness of flowers where the year before were barren wastes. Pretty flowers and dirty homes, dirty people and



THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

dirty clothes do not go together and no one need to be told so: the suggestion came intuitively to clean up; wear clean clothes; be consistent with the sweet surroundings. The transformation was astonishing and lasting. With such surrounding, among a people that seemed interested in their good, the desire to move seemed to lessen, they became citizens, many seeking homes of their

operate a cotton mill in connection with the school, allowing pupils to work half the day and study the other half. In this work he has been discouraged by those who have run mills, by being told that it is impracticable; but he was told that he could not found the school that he has, and Mr. Baldwin still believes it can be done and will yet have such. You cannot down a man with

Parker, president of the Monogan Mills, Greenville, S. C., and his aunt, Mrs. A. A. Burt, of Philadelphia, and built the new school building which is pictured in this, which, in addition to the old building used as a dormitory, and the superintendent's home makes three buildings on the place. The farm is a valuable one and will in time largely support the school, under proper



JUST OUTSIDE OF THE UPLIFT OFFICE IN ROTH BUILDING.

On January 12th at the conclusion of a Board Meeting of the Trustees of the Jackson Training School and the exercises incident to the first anniversary of the institution. Reading from the left, those standing are: Mrs. Walter Thompson, Major B. F. Dixon, Mrs. A. L. Coble, Miss Easdale Shaw, Mr. J. H. Tucker, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper and Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn. Those seated are: Superintendent Walter Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth and Mr. J. P. Cook. All except the first two standing and first three seated are the members of the board present on that happy occasion--the formal presentation of the Industrial Building by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, who are seated between Supt. Thompson and Chairman J. P. Cook, to the Board of Trustess. Major B. F. Dixon was the orator of the day and was just as happy as the others.

own. Mr. Baldwin received new impetus here. This much of detail that it may help some one else laboring for an end.

Mr. Baldwin planned in the beginning to have an industrial school that would enable all who came to, in part at least, work their way and get an education while earning their living. The farm for those who would farm, the mill for those who would be better mill help, and to this end he planned to build and

a mission, and given half a show, he will yet operate a mill with pupil help.

Last year Mr. Baldwin saw in the industrial department of the Young Men's Christian Association a help that he had not been able to enlist before and the stockholders, at his suggestion, gave the property to the National Y. M. C. A., and it will be known as the Southern Industrial Institute. This done there came at once to his rescue Mr. Thomas F.

care, and furnish work for fifty or more boys seeking better conditions. Beginning with the new year there has come to Mr. Baldwin from South Carolina Rev. D. E. Camack, who, like Mr. Baldwin, has seen better things in the life of those who toil, and who has joined hands here making the work inter-state, and adding a new impetus to an already live thing.

All pupils are taken on the same terms. A price is fixed and all paid

so much in cash and the remainder in work, which is figured on the basis of so much per hour for actual work under the superintendent of the farm and work, and at such a rate as the party can earn if out on a job. This puts all on an equal footing that has proven very satisfactory. The government of the school is in the hands of a board of governors elected three times a year from the student body, and all discipline is administered by such, and trouble is a rare thing there.

I know of nothing better to give to show the reader how Mr. Baldwin feels than to quote his own words from the Charlotte Observer of the 15th of December last:

"A great development seems assured to us. Over and over again I have been impressed that the hand of God has been directing. It has never seemed more manifest than during the last few weeks. Many strong men and women are working together harmoniously for a great purpose. I do not believe that it is an exaggeration to say that never before in the history of the world has a finer opportunity presented itself for the development of a great industrial people of character and skill than we have with the cotton mill people of the South. It will require much labor and money and consecration, but for such results we should not count the cost."



Paragraphs From Supt. Thompson's Annual Report.

For Year Ending Nov. 30, 1909.

To J. P. Cook, Chairman, and the Board of Trustees of the Stone-wall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School:

The year just closing (Dec. 1, 1908 to Nov. 30, 1909) includes, broadly speaking, the completion of the buildings under construction at the date first named and the opening of the Institution and the first 10 months of its activity. I desire to speak briefly of the work accomplished during this period.

The opening of the school found us with the King's Daughters' Cottage sufficiently near completion for us to begin work in a small way. January 12th 1909 was named as the opening day. January 11th was set apart as a public day and on that day contributions were made to the school of many and useful articles. The response to our invitations was gratifying as to people present and entirely satisfactory as to articles donated.

The first boy came January 14th,

Worth Hatch, of Burlington. He was reinforced a few days later by Bezola Poteat and they in turn until we now number 45. Of the number received, two have been discharged by expiration of their terms—they having been transferred by the Governor to fill out unexpired sentences—and one paroled by the Superintendent on account of extreme illness of his mother who is a widow.

The work of the school proper has been as satisfactory as conditions would permit. School has been held in the boys' sitting room of one of the cottages and therefore subject to interruption of various sorts. The progress made by many of the boys impresses me as remarkable. One section studies and recites in the forenoon and one in the afternoon—each section being in school approximately 3½ hours. The teaching is done by Mr. W. G. Campbell.

The labor performed by the boys is of course largely outdoor work. The work on the grounds during the period since your last meeting shows for itself. It is almost accurate to say that the work has been done by the boys without hired help. Our site, though beautiful, is on the highest point of Rocky Ridge and, therefore intractable and presents great difficulty in its beautifying. The low places must be exalted for it is absolutely impossible to make the high places plane. Your Superintendent has felt the need of advice from the Landscape architect, but at the same time recognizes the fact that no plan constructed without absolutely exact knowledge of the ground structure could be carried out. Therefore we take courage of the natural difficulties, and press forward.

Much work has been expended on the farm and the general condition of the farm has been greatly improved. This has been a year of unprecedented drouth on the Ridge and crops are more nearly a failure than for years past. Our gardens dried up without doing us much good and our crops proved poor. It must be borne in mind that our family greatly increased between planting and eating time.

Horses and Cattle.

There are on the place 5 horses. There are 12 head of cattle, eight head of hogs, 6 goats, about 40 chickens, and 30 ducks.

There are 2 two-horse wagons, 2 one-horse wagons, a mowing machine, a hay rake, 2 harrows, 6 plows, 2 cultivators, 12 shovels and 5 picks. Also there are harness and

gears sufficient for the horses and vehicles we have in use.

The Roth Building.

Early in the summer Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, volunteered to build for the Institution an Industrial Building estimated to cost \$3,500. The building has been erected with no cost for unskilled labor except for a mortar maker. The boys have taken great interest in the work as for example, one boy taking great pride in the fact that he carried up the last hod of mortar. I suggest to the Board that it formally express to Mr. and Mrs. Roth the thanks we all feel.

The Uplift.

About the first of June we installed a small printing plant in small quarters. Three boys are learning the printer's trade and with the early completion of the Roth Building more room will be afforded and more boys may be employed in the print shop. With the installation of the printshop there was begun the issue of a monthly paper, "The Uplift." This has been edited by the Chairman of the Trustees and he will doubtless make report to you as to this enterprise.

Cost of Maintenance.

The boys have thus far been clothed in denims furnished without cost to the school by Mr. Caesar Cone of Greensboro. These we have had made by the Correll Overall Co. of Spencer. From now on we shall make them in the Industrial Building and as soon as resources will permit, I hope to be able to have made uniforms of gray cloth.

The cost of board has been larger than I trust it will be in the future. As pointed out above few were here to plant but many to eat. To this were added poor seasons and poor crops. I am unable to say just what the cost of board has been as the number present has been a constantly increasing quantity.

Discipline.

The discipline of the Institution has been good and the conduct of the boys such as to make one wonder, in many cases, why they were sent here. At the same time, some of the boys are so strong in certain characteristics that one can see why it is possible that they are probably stronger characters than their parents.



The world wants men who do not look at every proposition from the point of view of "What is there in it for me?"

Great Day for Jackson Training School--First Anniversary, Jan. 12.

The 12th of January past was the first anniversary of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the institution for wayward and unfortunate boys, and from which THE UPLIFT issues. We had hoped to give a full, stenographic report of the entire affair but circumstances beyond our control make such a course at this time impossible. But THE UPLIFT has plenty of notes from which to deal out to our many readers a fairly clear picture of the pleasant event—we want our readers, though absent, to share with us the rejoicing of the day.

Besides being the school's birthday, it was the occasion of the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees and a public reception to Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C., who spent the day with us in our rejoicing over the completion of the splendid industrial building which their unsolicited gift made possible. But more about the affairs and the workings of the institution, in an official manner, may be seen from Supt. Thompson's report in this issue, and from an account of the Board's actions.

At high noon everyone, including the guests of honor, the board and many representative citizens from Concord, the county and elsewhere in the state, assembled on the second floor of the machine shop (in the new industrial building) where after all had been introduced to the donors of the building a substantial lunch was served. This was carried out by the boys. Their ease, gentility, their great interest in what they were doing and their evident pleasure of it all was particularly noticed by the audience. It is no easy piece of business to carry around a loaded plate, a cup of coffee, wending your way through a throng without spilling coffee on coats and spoiling gowns. Not an accident happened. After this the fifty boys partook of theirs, and right here this writer wants to commend the influence and the care which has converted from hoggish manners in eating to that of refinement and sense, which the boys exhibited with an ease as if raised up to it from infancy.

Following this the audience seated itself on the first floor, comfortable arrangements having been made, and there witnessed an exercise of great interest to the institution, to visitors, to all lovers of humanity. Supt. Thompson presided at this

meeting, and began by announcing the singing of "America" by the boys and the audience, Mrs. P. T. Durham at the piano, (a gift just received from Parker-Gardner Co. of Charlotte.) Rev. Dr. J. M. Grier, of the First Presbyterian church of Concord, rendered a feeling and appropriate prayer. After some appropriate remarks Supt. Thompson introduced Editor J. F. Hurley (always deeply interested in all that concerns the welfare of the institution) who, representing the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, presented in a formal manner the building to the Board of Trustees. I am sorry that I am unable to give word for word all of Mr. Hurley's impressive address. It was splendid in thought and sentiment and delivered in a feeling manner. The building was received by Mr. J. P. Cook, representing the Board of Trustees. This is not the time nor the place for any further reference except to say that the chairman contained himself enough to express a very thankful willingness to accept the building. At this point Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, representing the King's Daughters' of North Carolina, was introduced and in tender words for the boys, reflecting the fine spirit of the Daughters and with words of approval of what had been done by the authorities of the institution, handed the chairman a check for five hundred dollars for the institution. A delayed mail, it may well be said right here, prevented the announcement of a handsome check from Gen'l Julian S. Carr, of Durham.

Though not intended for such, the event took the appearance of Benefactor's Day and it was so good that these anniversary occasions may be turned into a Benefactors' Day without running up against any opposition on the part of the authorities.

Supt. Thompson presented to the audience Treasurer D. B. Coltrane, who in well chosen words introduced the speaker of the day, Maj. B. F. Dixon, State Auditor of North Carolina. It would be fine pleasure for our readers, as it was for his audience to hear, to read the magnificent address, forcibly and eloquently delivered, by the distinguished speaker; but we find it utterly impossible at this time to give other than a brief reference to it. Dr. Dixon spoke along the line of people's real obligation to do welfare work,

and what may be expected of it. I have often heard the speaker, on various subjects and occasions, but that he delivered at the Jackson Training School at its first anniversary is undoubtedly the greatest. Aside from his speech, his presence among us, with the Board, and helping the Board pose for a picture (to be seen in this issue) was a pleasure and profit. THE UPLIFT will at an early day issue in booklet form a complete story of the day's happenings, together with the speeches of the occasion.

The boys and the audience then sang "Carolina," and the benediction was said by Supt. Smith of the Thompson Orphanage of Charlotte. After this, while the Board reassembled to transact other business, the boys gave an exhibition drill, under Mr. W. G. Campbell, who has had them in charge in school and on drills. The performance was pleasing to all, and when they drew up at the side of the Roth Industrial Building photographer Shaw made the picture, which appears in this issue.

The following members of the Board were present: Hon. J. H. Tucker of Asheville, Mr. D. B. Coltrane and Mr. J. P. Cook, of Concord, Mrs. I. W. Faison, of Charlotte, Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Weldon, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson, Miss Estelle Shaw, of Rockingham, and Mrs. A. L. Coble, of Statesville.

The chairman, the treasurer and the superintendent made their annual reports and the same were received and acted upon. An editor for THE UPLIFT was then formally elected, assisting him will be everybody on the ground. Treasurer Coltrane's report showed a healthy condition of the finances of the institution. The superintendent's report is published in this issue. The chairman's was merely formal and needs no further publicity.

The Board authorized the Building Committee to at once commence the erection of the administration building. This will be done just as soon as all the details of the plans can be passed upon. It was ordered that another cottage be begun and advanced as fast as the funds will justify. This is the Educational Cottage, which will be the outgrowth of the efforts of the educational forces in the state. Already the county superintendents' campaign for ten thousand subscri-

bers to THE UPLIFT has sufficiently advanced for plans to be made for the beginning of the work. The boys will very largely do the work, and it is hoped that the campaign will be so successful as to keep ahead of all demands.

It was a source of great regret that all the members of the Board could not be present, some being detained at home on account of illness and others by engagements that could not be postponed. On account

the authorization of certain committees, the Board finished the work of this meeting.



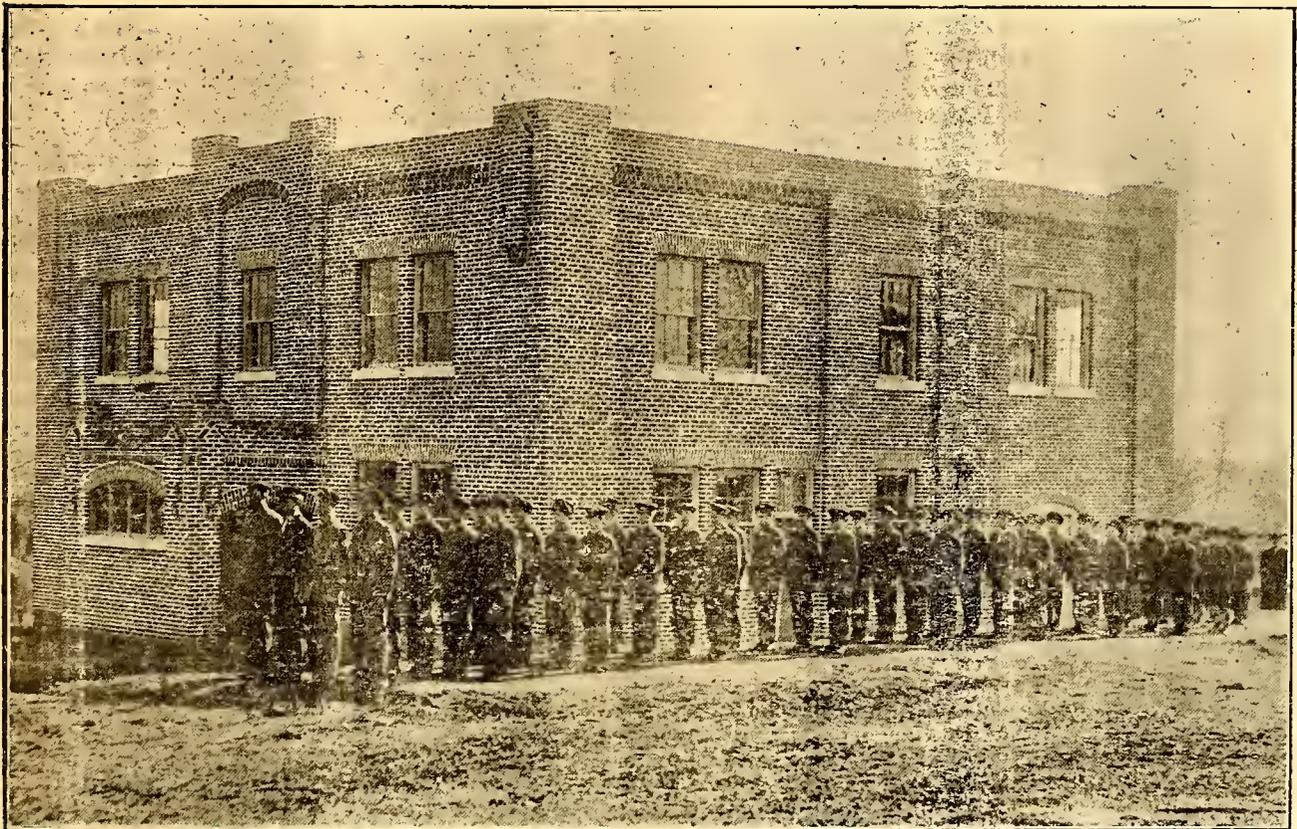
St. Valentine's Day.

Copied From The Century Book of Facts.

The custom of sending valentines can, without doubt, be traced, in origin, to a practice among the ancient Romans. At the feast of the Lupercalia, which was held on the 15th of February, in honor of the

quence, and was so very successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christianity that he incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, and was martyred by his order Feb. 14, A. D., 270.

When the Saint came to be placed in the calendar, his name was given to the day of his death, and this was made a festival, to offset that of the Lupercalia, and an effort was made to substitute the names of Saints for those of girls in the



ROTH BUILDING, AND PUPILS IN DRILL, AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

On January 12th, at the First anniversary. At that time the enrolment was fifty. The Boys served the guests with substantial lunch, participated in the exercises of the day, and afterwards under the direction of their teacher, Mr. W. G. Campbell, gave an exhibition drill which excited the greatest interest and commendation of the many guests of the day. The Roth Building is fifty-two feet square and two stories high. THE UPLIFT office occupies space 20x52; and above this are two rooms, which are to be used for sewing room and shoe-shop. The balance of the building will be devoted to wood-working machinery, workbenches and other things usually found in an establishment of this kind. The building presents an attractive appearance, is of the best material, and is substantially constructed. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, whose generosity covered every item of its construction, expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the manner in which their money has been spent.

of his pressing professional duties, Dr. Royster resigned the secretaryship, and the Board reluctantly accepted same. To fill the vacancy Mrs. Faison was unanimously elected secretary.

Appreciating the gift and the great interest in the institution the Board unanimously elected Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth to honorary membership on the Board to serve for life, and the secretary was instructed to formally convey to them the thanks of the Board for their gift. With

great god Pan, the names of all the virgin daughters of Rome were put in a box and drawn therefrom by the young men, and each youth was bound to offer a gift to the maiden who fell to his lot, and to make her his partner during the feast. This custom became allied to the name of St. Valentine, probably only thro' a co-incidence in dates.

St. Valentine was a bishop of Rome during the third century. He was of most amiable nature, and possessed remarkable gifts of elo-

quency, but naturally without success. Many other customs of mediaeval and later times, which have become allied in name to a holy saint of the church, are unquestionably of purely secular, even pagan, origin.



A Fixture.

Durham Herald.

You had just as well make up your minds that this state is going to be a long time getting rid of prohibition, even after the people have become tired of it.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

WE HAVE STRUCK OIL.

Shortly after the January number of THE UPLIFT appeared we had a letter of congratulations from Mr. Clarence H. Poe, who wanted to assure us of his great pleasure with the get-up of THE UPLIFT and the amount of human interest we had succeeded in pouring into it. He coupled us in a class with Archibald Johnson. That praise is just as high as we want.

And now comes Charity and Children, the existence of which and the good work it is accomplishing inspired us to attempt for the Jackson Training School what we knew Charity and Children was doing for the Thomasville Orphanage. That paper is good enough to say this:

"We are more and more delighted with The Uplift which represents the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord. It is worth a great deal more than the subscription price, and we hope that it will soon reach the ten thousand mark at which it is aiming. Every county superintendent of education in North Carolina ought to find joy in securing subscribers for so fine a publication,

aside from the substantial help it will be to the better equipment of the institution."

When unsolicited and voluntary commendation like this comes from long-headed journalistic masters like Johnson and Poe, we feel like we have struck oil, or almost so. We shall keep on boring with the same auger, hoping that sooner or later we may secure a flowing well, out of which great good and benefit may come to the institution and its cause which we love with a power and constancy like unto a mother's love.

We pray God that all the County Superintendents, as some have already done, may speedily rally to our assistance.



WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT!

Twenty-two years ago we accidentally got into the newspaper business, having years before that sent some local township news to The Concord Times, just started by the late Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig. We had taken a pretty daughter of a much-esteemed Methodist minister to a picnic, and we thought we would teach our old teacher a new word, so we spoke of a crowd of lovely women and gallant men "picnicing." The editor got the word in type as "picnieking. It looked better and was correct, but we had only used a rule that was not always a good rule. This short experience as a township correspondent set us on fire.

We say we accidentally broke into the newspaper business. That's literally correct; but in 1896 we voluntarily withdrew and—shortly afterwards—felt a stinging regret that has forever clung to us. In a modest and a reasonable way we are now just as happy as any mortal on earth. The chief reason for it all is the opportunity of seeing frequently scores of papers from every quarter of the state—papers that represent a constituency that in most instances is proud of its paper; papers that represent a sacrifice, a love, a

patriotism, and, it may be, some heartaches, for all is not lovely in a newspaper office. The personnel of the editorship has greatly changed, but the faces of the papers are enough like dear old ones we knew to make us feel that we are looking into the face of a long absent friend. But they have all improved, wonderfully so; this point alone suggested these few lines, which we pen to let others know that we see after all a great and marked improvement in the press of the state during the past fourteen years.

The best and most convincing testimony of the educational, moral and industrial development of the state of North Carolina is in the character of the newspapers of North Carolina. They reflect all these evidences of progress in their utterances and their advertising columns. No state, North or South, equals North Carolina in the type of county weeklies we see in the old North State. And they are in a class with our churches and schools,



FLIRTATION WITH THIRTEEN.

Look at that picture of the board, the superintendent and the guests of honor (same being in this issue) and, as counting goes, you will find the editor of THE UPLIFT to be the 13th. Before the painful ordeal was over the fact was discovered but very quietly concealed. THE UPLIFT wanted the picture and to have mentioned the unlucky number might have broken up the gathering. We have lost our faith in the unluckiness of 13, since a good lady was seen to plant her cow-lot in roasting ear corn on Friday, March 13. That woman had corn two weeks earlier than the crack gardner of this section, ex-representative Charles McDonald of Cabarrus, and it looked like that woman would never exhaust her supply of roasting ears. Just so we don't see the new moon through limbs, or have a rabbit run across the road ahead of us, the editor of THE UPLIFT entertains a contempt for all superstitious notions. He would love to sit in another gathering of thirteen, where one of them

gave the Jackson Training School a school building, a chapel, a central kitchen, a barn or even the instruments for a brass band. Just try us.



A representative of the Training School was given a cordial and interested hearing by the teachers' association of Gaston county, on the 29th. Superintendent Hall has gathered around him a lot of splendid women and men, who are making the public schools of Gaston the pride of the county. The meeting was held in the splendid graded school building of Gastonia, where Supt. Wray is working wonders. The head of the schools in the new county-seat and the head of the rural schools of one of the best counties in the state make a strong pair. The best asset of Messrs. Hall and Wray is their worthiness of the people's unqualified confidence.



The South-Eastern Tariff Association has reduced the insurance rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, which it placed on our Roth Industrial Building, to a 2.40 rate. That's coming some. If the uncalendared concern would send another man here, who fully understands things, there is no reason in the world why another cent should not be taken off. It is not a pleasant feeling to be held up this way, and have a nauseating medicine poured down one's throat. And if there is any possible way to avoid taking this nasty dose, it becomes our loyal and sacred duty to a great charitable work to find that way. And here's a start.



The kind and complimentary words of Editors Hurley and Sherrill, of the Tribune and Times, respectively, our neighbors, upon occasion of the first anniversary of the Jackson Training School, touching the part this writer has been permitted to play in the organization and growth of this institution, go right to the quick; and he would be inhuman if he did not from the bottom of his soul appreciate the same, and take courage to do that which

will bring from the same high source other pleasant commendations. What they have said sounds so much like music to his ears that he is tempted to reproduce them.



THE UPLIFT is proud of all its contributions in this number. In this connection, we are pleased to announce that numerous calls came for the January number, which was specially sought for the purpose of seeing the article on "Christian Science." The March number will contain the last of these articles, which started out to cover the ground of superstition. The remaining one will deal with those superstitions with which we are all more or less afflicted.



The wonderful growth of the circulation of The Progressive Farmer, of Raleigh, is unprecedented. It has taken over a number of farmer journals in other states until its circulation approaches 100,000. No one has yet arisen to cry "combine." The paper is accomplishing so much good and doing it in so unquestionably fair a way, that all must applaud the long-headedness and enterprise of Editor Poe.



The Ansonian publishes a communication on "where our high schools fail," and follows it up with an editorial. These things together give a jar that may lead to something more than merely a preparation for entrance into college. That should not be the object of the establishment of high schools (an entrance alone to some college,) but they should aim to prepare folks for the real battles of life.



Mr. Dooley declares on the front page that "Opporchunity" comes to everyone. None of us can pass through this life but once—and the passage is oftentimes of short measure—and it should be the aim of all to do some good, besides getting enough clothes to wear and enough to eat just for ourselves. We should leave our fellowman the better by our having lived.

We are just in receipt of the October number of the Agricultural Bulletin issued by the Agricultural Department at Raleigh. If we had to pay for this welcome visitor, which aids us so much in appearing wise when we move about on our plantation among real farmers, we might venture a suggestion that the date be pushed up a few months.



Scarcely a day passes in which some teacher of Wilkes county does not send in a contribution, collected in coppers, nickles and dimes from her pupils, to the educational cottage which the educational forces have undertaken to build at the Jackson Training School.



Though Saint Valentine's Day has occurred every year of our lives, its origin is not entirely familiar to many. In another column we give a short account of this day on which so much pleasure, and among the vulgar so much pain, is given.



THE UPLIFT is proud of the kind things the press has seen fit to say about our efforts. That we do not reproduce them in these columns is not from a lack of appreciation but of space. All of them act like a nerve tonic. That's how we privately feel about them.



Some of the bretheren are talking about a Charlotte newspaper war. It is a bloodless one. One thing is certain, however, that the constituency of the Charlotte papers are receiving lots more than they are called upon to pay for.



The Teachers' Assembly will meet this year in Asheville, in June. Next to Morehead City, this is the very best meeting place for the Assembly.



Notwithstanding unsettled prices, the public prints announced, in January, numerous dividends by cotton mills.



The pictures of two clever Washington correspondents will appear in the March UPLIFT.

FISHING IN PAMLICO SOUND AND THE OCEAN.

By Dr. H. C. Herring.

Well boys, after having told you about Hatteras and some of the other Islands off our coast, I imagine that you are fairly well familiar with them and can now appreciate anything connected with that part of the State.

I shall now tell you of a most pleasant and profitable recreation—A recreation which always brings joy and gladness to the heart of every boy. I believe I can recall at least two or three instances where I have known boys to quit chopping wood or hoeing in the field to engage in its exhilarating sport. It is about fishing. This little story then will briefly describe a few of the many methods of catching fish there; and while it is written exclusively for the "Jackson Boys," we shall raise no objections if others are found reading it.

There are so many species and varieties of fish which inhabit and visit our coast, it would be an endless undertaking to describe them all. So I shall just mention a few and some of the methods employed in catching them. At times the water is alive with fish, but if you go to the wrong place or use the out of season method, it is likely that you might remain fishing for days and never see a scale.

Hence if you expect success in any thing have a definite purpose, first knowledge then go ahead.—don't try to do everything which will divide your energies, but concentrate; keep one thing before you as the thing and you will come nearer realizing your ambition.

Perhaps the first thing you will think of is a great seine where hundreds of barrels of fish are pulled out at one haul. Not many years ago this was the case, with no ice and poor transportation a few of the choice ones were picked out leaving barrels and barrels of fine fish on the beach to decay.

Our law makers saw that ere long, if it were possible to exhaust the fish supply, that point would soon be reached, so a law was passed to prohibit using a seine in these waters. If they were permitted to be used men would have them a mile long. Then others and still others until every nook and corner of the sound would be daily covered.

But there is a net which is permitted to be used in most of the counties having sound waters which is really more destructive

than a seine. It is called a pound net. Such a net covers several acres of water and is very similar in its construction to the funnel nets used in small streams. Running out on either side are wings or leaders hundreds of yards long which direct the fish into a yawning tunnel, whence once entered, there is no escape.

There is only one fish having sense enough to keep out of the pound and that is the porpoise. We will speak of him later. Every other fish is directed by these leaders and are finally landed where escape is impossible. Even the sea turtle weighing hundreds of pounds is caught. The sly, cunning shark through folly or bent on mischief often goes in. After he has satisfied his ravenous appetite on the impounded fish, he goes through and through the net cutting with his dirk-like teeth holes large enough to float a horse through. One shark will often destroy a net.

If no accident happens to the net such as I have mentioned, nor storms which sometimes break the stakes to which the net is fastened, it is allowed to remain all summer. If the weather will permit every morning the fish are taken out. Some times there may be small catch—at other times thousands of pounds are taken. The fish are taken to a near by fish house where they are graded and iced in boxes ready for the market.

Carteret County will not permit a pound net in her waters, and consequently her industry is improving every year.

I must tell you why these nets are so destructive. The meshes are very small and thousands and thousands of little fish are caught and all are dumped in the fish boat. After the fish house has been reached and the salable fish iced away, these thousands of little fish are swept overboard, but they are dead.

I have many times seen the shore literally covered with these little fish, which if they were protected would soon grow into large and salable ones.

The next net of importance is the gill net. The meshes are larger or smaller, depending entirely on what particular fish is expected. Each net is fastened to poles driven in the ground. One man can attend to several nets. These nets are put out at night and are visited every

hour or so to see that they are kept clear and to take out the fish that are caught.

This is an all night job and while it is not near so expensive as a pound net, it is often as remunerative. I knew two brothers having only eight nets and yet next morning they sold the night's catch for \$380.00. Such nets are taken up in the morning and the men go home or to some near by camp to sleep. That most delicious fish known as the shad is only caught in a pound or gill net, never with a hook. He is only with us a short while—during the months of February, March and April, forging his way up the different streams to spawn. It is a curious fact, and a shad secret today, that he will not go up a stream where mussels are not found and when he gets through spawning he disappears and with all of Uncle Sam's vigilance to solve his whereabouts. All is a mystery, no one has the faintest idea where he is during the remaining nine months of the year, but he is promptly on hand the following February.

Trolling is another method of fishing, and while it is usually followed for its exhilarating sport, it is often attended by results which almost stagger belief, for many are the times that the pleasure party or the crew are ordered to haul in the lines as the carrying capacity of the boat has been reached. This mode of fishing is done at sea while sailing. No bait is used—only a bright substance called a squib to which a hook is fastened—a tooth brush even makes a very good and attractive squib. It is fastened to a line one, or more, hundred feet long which is put out and allowed to trail behind the boat.

Blue fish weighing several pounds and mackerel are the fish usually taken in this way. When one is hooked he generally jumps way out of the water. If the line is a little slack more than likely he will shake the hook out of his mouth. The line must be pulled in rapidly and when he is lifted in the boat, do not put your hand about it until he has been struck on the head with a stick, or you will more than likely be bitten.

A great many drum fish are caught in pound nets in the spring of the year, but during the months of October and November they are taken with a hook and line. The hook is baited with a mullet with a heavy sinker just above; the line is forty or more feet long, and is peculiarly looped. Wade in the surf to your waist, then the line is given

(Continued on Page 12.)

MORE SCHOOL FACILITIES, AND HOW WOMEN LIVE.

By Jim Riddick.

The same vexatious questions that confront municipal authorities in North Carolina are coming near to the embarrassment point with city school boards. The revival of educational interest in North Carolina is not alone to be found in the rural schools which perhaps have made the greatest progress for the past ten years in the history of the state, but progressive interest is marked in the affairs of city schools.

The rural districts have met the demands made by increased attendance upon the schools in an easier and more satisfactory manner. The machinery governing the rural schools is far superior to that which obtains in the towns and cities. The revenues of the rural schools seem more easily managed than those of the towns and cities, because of fewer hardships.

The great majority of the larger towns and cities in North Carolina find themselves in need of more school facilities—more room, and when once that is had the question of more funds will at once become a perplexing one. In one town in the state, though recently nearly fifty thousand dollars were spent from a bond issue for school buildings, there is the necessity of denying applicants for entrance, for already the rooms are packed like sardine boxes. In another town of much larger size there has been a crying demand for increased facilities—and bonds have been defeated which sought to remedy this trouble; yet this town easily raised a large sum for missions among the foreign heathen, still the confounding difficulty of accomodating the little ones at home, who seek admission to the schools, remains unsettled.

There has been alleged as the reason for this condition the loss of revenue arising from the sale of whiskey in many towns. It is claimed that whereas the towns have lost a revenue, the same drain exists but instead of going into the city treasury it is making certain druggists rich—and a rich druggist or one in extraordinarily easy circumstances, ten years ago was entirely unknown—and diverting from the city's working capital a sum that the revenue act can not overcome. This is doubtless true. In fact the elimination of the regular whiskey man has made poorer the treasuries of our towns and cities, but it has made rich men of some druggists

without adding anything appreciable to the welfare of the community.

But it is no use to spend our time in telling how it has been done; or even to deny the condition that confronts us. We need more school facilities in many of our towns; and to get them, we must have more money. This is the question that live men, having the good of the young at heart, should discuss and not whine over the loss of whiskey revenue, now going to the druggists whose number has wonderfully increased in the past three years. Prohibition by the state is fixed; and the only changes made will be doubtless in further tightening the system—for heaven's sake something ought to be done at least to wipe into utter annihilation the "near-beer" joints that have sprung up in the rural districts. They are dirty, sorry joints that deserve no existence.

Again, as if the question of increased facilities was not enough, there is a well-defined demand for better salaries for the teachers. One North Carolina city had some experience along this line recently. Nothing, however, could be done, for the same old trouble stared the authorities in the face—the lack of money. But this matter will not always stay down; it will rise again. It has not been many years since a country teacher secured board for four and five dollars per month; it has been less time since that the town teacher secured good board and room for ten and twelve dollars per month. This can not be done now anywhere. The average teacher, under prevailing conditions, is working for her laundry woman, the boarding-house keeper and her room-rent. In a certain town, where the salaries range from 35 dollars to 50 dollars, the "out-of-town" teachers have a novel experience in securing room for five dollars, table board for seventeen dollars and fifty cents, and the laundry woman gets two dollars. This is a tax of twenty-five dollars and fifty cents for the privilege of living and teaching in said town. When other necessary things are purchased, and the end of the school term arrives the poor girl will not have enough left to carry her home or to make a visit to Charlotte and stop at a first-class hotel. But people do not keep boarders for their health or for glory. It is a proposition of

pure business. So, ere long, the demand for higher salaries will become so loud that something must be done, or else other teachers must be secured. But where is the town to secure the funds, and how? These are questions that real, live school boards must face.

Carrying a method that prevails in some of the educational institutions of the state a little further into life and applying to the problems that confront out-of-town teachers, it has been suggested that there be in every town "a teachers' home." It used to be called a "mess hall", but the dignity of the case demands that it now be called "a teachers' home." It is said that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country. This may apply to school teachers. There is no doubt that a more extensive exchange of teachers would prevail among the towns of the state—and often times to the mutual benefit—were it not for the board and living problems.

Why, then, "A TEACHERS' HOME" for every town? It may be owned and be a part of the school facilities, or it may be some suitable building rented for the purpose. Into this home, the principal moves (if family conditions are favorable) or some one else of small family and of fine parts. He will be the manager. He is the buying agent, and his wife is the lady of the house. They get their board free and a small salary. The teachers can make out their own bills of fare—they may live high or economically—but it is certain that they can live just as well and cheaper in this "teachers' home" than they are now doing. I shall not follow this suggestion any further. It is certain, however, that grave problems confront the educational authorities of the towns and cities of North Carolina. They may as well begin their solution. More facilities and more money the cry.



Do Not Harmonize.

New Bern Sun.

From the way Judge Lyon is putting the screws to the blind tigers in Anson county we are led to believe that lions and tigers are not such good friends after all.



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

Fishing in Pamlico Sound and the Ocean.

(Concluded from Page 10.)

a peculiar, and I might say an ingenious whirl around the head, and goes out its full length. This casting is kept up until you get a drum hooked when you begin to haul in and make for the beach. They weigh all the way from six or eight to fifty pounds. Sportsmen rarely ever engage in this mode of fishing, for the drum is not a game fish. True he pulls heavy—more like dragging a water sogged mattress, but he does not jump nor show himself until safely landed on the beach.

The drum seems to make a more palatable dish when dried. The heads are cut off and the back bone removed, leaving two immense halves, or sides, which are salted.

They are then hooked on to a frame and hoisted up a pole about forty feet high, the limit of the fly zone of activity. Within a few days they are nicely dried and ready for market. Drums thus prepared are known as North Carolina dried Codfish—a delicious meal when picked up and served with an abundance of onion.

The last fish I shall speak of is the porpoise. This great fish belongs to the mammalia group. What is that boys? Its flesh is not suitable for food, but its commercial value is of great importance, furnishing remunerative employment to many of the natives. Large schools of these fish swim up and down our coasts, just out a short distance beyond the breakers. It is easy to discover the approach of a school, for every little while they must come to the surface to breathe. It is very interesting to watch the baby porpoise swimming along beside its mother's head. A thoughtful mother as often as she deems necessary will flirt them out of the water with her nose so they can breathe.

A porpoise will weigh from seventy-five to several hundred pounds. When a school is seen coming the men will run out a great strong seine with a ten or twelve inch mesh and if successful in surrounding them, they are hauled to the shore, then taken to the factory where they are skinned. The carcass which has an abundance of oil is put into large boilers and when cooked, all is dumped into a high press where the oil is extracted. The scraps furnish a rich fertilizing ingredient. The oil is sent North and when refined it is both odorless and tasteless. No doubt much of

it comes back under the brand of "Cod Liver oil."

The oil from the head and jaw is separately prepared and after it is refined it is very expensive and is used by jewelers and known as "watch oil."

Now boys here is an opportunity for both fame and money. Discover a method of tanning these hides. They make most excellent shoe and hame strings as they are; but for the many purposes for which leather is used, the porpoise hide is objectionable on account of the great abundance of oil, which if used, would soil the hands and clothing. Now then, discover a process for getting rid of the oil, then the tanning will be easy. This little discovery will give you fame and a financial toe hold which will last as long as there is a porpoise left.

If you feel like experimenting you can get as many hides as you want by writing to Capt. Uriah Neil, Hatteras, Dare County, N. C.

**Things that Echo.**

A lady, who declines to have her name publicly used, sends us from her Eastern North Carolina home a check for twenty dollars. This pays for twenty subscriptions and goes considerably towards helping along the Educational Cottage. There are others just like this, if they only thought about it.

Mr. R. O. Everett, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, has sent in ten dollars to pay for ten subscriptions to THE UPLIFT. That is a good example for others who may want to follow.

We have recently received from Supt. G. F. Holloway, of Roxboro, N. C., seventeen dollars and fifty cents on subscription to THE UPLIFT. This is credited to Person county's allotment. It's a good start.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, of Charlotte, has sent in a subscription to cover five years. That shows a beautiful and encouraging faith in THE UPLIFT.

Here's a letter that explains itself:

Ronda, N. C., Jan. 29, 1910.
Dear Editor:—

You will find enclosed \$10.69, the amount raised in the Ronda High School for the Educational Cottage at the Jackson Training School.

Yours is a noble work nobly done. The other teachers of the school send their greeting, and we pray God's blessings upon your efforts to uplift the unfortunate boys of our state.

In my school work I never count a boy a "tough," and so far I have not been disappointed in a single one. Boys love to be trusted, and I find as a rule they will strive to be what you expect of them. May the Father's blessings rest upon the neglected boys—yes, every boy—of our fair state; and may He give us grace to deal patiently with them.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) M. F. Bumgarner, Supt.

**"Tar Heel Tales."**

By a Friend.

Mr. H. E. C. Bryant's book, the "Tar Heel Tales", Messrs. Stone & Barringer, of Charlotte, publishers, is now to be found at the book stores. It is attractive. It is bound in North Carolina gingham, and across the cover is strapped a pine limb, showing the pine burr, and gracefully nestled among this is the title: "Tar Heel Tales."

The preface is written in a delightful manner by his friend, another North Carolinian, Thomas J. Pence. In fine taste, and a sentiment that touches a beautiful loyalty, it is dedicated to Joseph Pearson Caldwell. The book contains 218 pages and carries eighteen stories well illustrated.

It does one good to read these stories—they carry him back and set him down among a people in an environment that leaves him better by having taken the little journey. It is fitting right here to applaud the patriotism and loyalty of the Messrs. Stone & Barringer Company, who show their faith in a substantial manner by putting on the market so many of the productions of North Carolinians. "Red Buck's" book is entirely worth your while.



She: "She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

He: "The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

She: "I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."—Unknown.



The world wants statesmen who can not be intimidated or bought, who will not pack caucuses, pull wires, or be influenced in their policy by personal motives.



Quit grumbling.

THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

By E. McK. Goodwin.

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve and no wisdom teach."

These words of Lucretius, the Roman poet, express not only the sentiment of the Roman people of the poet's time, but of all the civilized world up to the beginning of the 16th century—the philosophers, the physicians, the common law and church, all agreeing that the education of the deaf was an impossibility, and that the deaf themselves were but very little better than the beasts of the fields, or classed with idiots. But the beginning of the 16th century marked the revival of learning and men began to discredit some of the old and accepted ideas and to think and work things out independently. Some of the Reformers, among them Luther, began to assail the old beliefs regarding the education and social and religious standing of the deaf; consequently the education of the deaf by private teachers, began. No regular school, however, was opened for them until about the middle of the 18th century when Abbe de l'Epee established his school for poor deaf-mutes in France and met the expenses of same out of his own small income. He instructed through the manual, or as it was later called, the "French System." In the latter part of the century a school was founded in Leipsic, Germany, by Samuel Heinicke. This was the first school to be recognized by any government. Heinicke instructed through the oral, or "German System."

The education of the deaf in North Carolina dates back to 1845, when the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind was opened at Raleigh, May the 1st, with seven pupils. While the movement met with the approval of the State's best citizens, the serious difficulty in the way of the establishment of such school, was the belief that there were not a sufficient number of deaf children to justify establishing such school. But upon careful investigations it was found that there were many growing up in the most pitiable ignorance, for surely no human being is to be pitied more than the uneducated deaf and dumb man or woman, who does not know his own name, nor that of his father or mother. He knows nothing of

his responsibility to his fellow man; he has never heard of his Creator or Redeemer. Be it to the credit of our State, that North Carolina is among the first states in the union to establish and maintain an institution for this unfortunate class.

Governor Morehead urged the creation and establishment of such an institution, and his successor, Governor Graham, also endowed and aided in the movement.

Mr. W. D. Cook, of Virginia, who had some knowledge of the deaf, was the first principal, continuing in charge till 1860. One great difficulty at that time, was the lack of trained teachers. There was really no developed methods for the education of the deaf and the work done for years, from all available records, was crude and unsystematic, but the accomplishments attained by some individual deaf students were regarded marvelous, if not almost

Getting the Most Out of Life.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us as yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thought--proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us--houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

---John Ruskin.

miraculous. But from year to year definite methods and systems have been developed and worked out, till at present we claim that a bright deaf person can take almost any course that his hearing brother takes,—and we often say he can do anything that his hearing brother does, except to hear. Of course, every deaf person is handicapped, and while educators of the deaf acknowledge it, they should minimize the difficulty, rather than emphasize it, for the good of the deaf themselves.

In the profession we deem it unnecessary to speak of this class any longer as "dumb." Their trouble is deafness, while dumbness is only the consequence. Every deaf person could talk, if he could only hear.

The deaf and the blind were in the same institution, from 1845 till

1894, when the white deaf children were transferred to the North Carolina School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Morganton. At that time there were 102 in attendance, while our attendance since that time has reached 249, and there are, perhaps, 150 others in the state, who ought to be here.

When our new Primary Building shall have been completed, we will have room for 350, which will give us the largest school for the deaf in the South, with perhaps one exception, that of Texas, whose population is much larger than ours.

At present, the law prescribes the public school course of the State, and together with the High School work, we can prepare our brightest boys and girls for college, where some go, taking a college course. At present, there are six North Carolina students in Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., out of an attendance of less than one hundred.

There are over a hundred schools for the deaf in the United States, with an attendance of about 14,000 pupils, taught by about 1400 teachers. The method of instruction used throughout the country, by a majority of the schools, is known as the "Combined System" school; that is, having both oral and manual classes. The method used till 1868 was that known as the "sign or manual" method, adopted from the French; but in 1868, the German, or oral method, was introduced, and has steadily increased till today more than 70 per cent of the pupils in schools for the deaf in the entire country are taught by the oral method.

It must be understood that the sign language of the deaf is only a means to an end, and as a matter of fact, the orally taught pupils in a "combined system" school, are quite as adept in the "sign language," as those taught manually. No school teaches signs as a subject, but incidentally.

The policy of the North Carolina School is to give every child, who enters, an opportunity to acquire speech, and to learn to read speech of others. But after fair trials and patient tests, if it is believed a child cannot be taught orally to his advantage, then he is transferred to the manual department, continuing the same course of study, but by a different method.

It is generally conceded that orally taught children acquire

(Continued on Page 15.)

BOB AND I, AND THE BUTTERFLIES.

For the Boys. By Rev. J. C. Davis, D. D.

On beginning this story, the thought comes to me that you don't know Bob, nor anything about him. But that makes no difference, for he will soon make himself known. But I may be permitted to say something about him that he may not say for himself, and this, I think, will take up most of this article, and then I can give you the rest of the story in another article.

In some respects, Bob was a boy all to himself, as we say when we want to express peculiarity in any one. Through some years of his young life, he labored—and sometimes suffered—under a strange superstition regarding the influence of the number 13, both in character and life. I think he inherited this from his father, and from a queer old aunt who lived in the family. Of course, it was nothing but a foolish notion; but then, with some persons it is just the same as if it were true, that the number 13 brings one bad luck. And I am sorry to say that this notion got too deep into Bob's mind. And if this is true, Bob had enough of number 13 grafted into his early life to have made him one of the most unlucky boys in his generation. Just see:—

Bob was born on the 13th day of the month as a starter; and the queer old aunt gave just 27 groans and grunts to counteract the influence of that baleful number. On the 13th day of his 13th month of age Bob was taken with the measles, and the father said, "I knew something would come." Of course, Bob didn't know anything about the connection between the number 13 and the measles, and therefore he did not worry over it. But it must be said that Bob had a bad time of it. But after this "bad time" Bob had a good thing come into his life, for, on the 13th day of his second year, he was baptized; and the old maiden aunt hoped that the spell of number 13 would be broken and pass away with that event. On Sunday, the 13th day of his fifth year of age, that Bob was taken to the Sunday school for the first time; and as fate would have it, he was put into a class of twelve children, and he made the 13th. He became a little fractious after school on his way home, and, running ahead, he tried to cross a narrow and shallow creek on a log, and fell in, and came near drowning. "Number 13 is on that child" said the old aunt.

On a Saturday, which was his 13th birthday, Bob was to "speak a piece" at a day school celebration, and strangely enough, he was the 13th boy in a class of three girls and ten boys. The fright was over, the speech was off his brain, and Bob with the other boys came bounding down the school house steps like a wild goat: he made a misstep, and he plunged into the back of another boy, and the consequence was a fight and a black eye for Bob, and a bleeding nose for the other boy.

"Bob", said the father, "if this wasn't the 13th, I'd give you a licking for getting into that fight today." "It ain't I" said Bob, "its 13 working out."

So it is easy to see that number 13 was making an impression on Bob's mind; and at times he almost believed that he was doomed to live an unlucky life. Through the influence of his mother, he tried to fight against it.

With all his faults, none could deny that Bob was unusually bright; mentally quick, and a very close observer of men and things; abounding in health, and overflowing in impulse. But we must say that Bob grew bad, and worse. He got in the habit of sneaking out of nights, and meeting with other bad boys, and then came the cigarette jubilee. But Bob must have fun—for fun and the boy are inseparable; and a boy without fun in him, does not seem to be a natural boy. Just let him keep within the bounds of innocent mischief, although he may be a little rough, let him have full liberty to let out his abounding spirits. But Bob was not content with this.

One night about eleven o'clock, two physicians received each a note, urging them to hasten to the home of Mrs.—as she was dangerously ill. In a very short time one of the doctors arrived, and going into the parlor, found Mrs.—at the piano playing a very lively tune, for a sick woman, and of course, the doctor saw that he was the victim of a trick, and had to explain how he happened to be there as an uninvited guest. While the note was in the hands of the lady, there came a loud and impatient ring at the door, and immediately the second pull at the door bell: "I came to see your wife," said the doctor.

"Well, Doc., you needn't split the door bell to pieces.—Walk in, my

wife is in the parlor," said the husband.

"In the parlor? I just got a note that she was dying, and urging me to hurry, and I've nearly broken my legs off in getting here," said the doctor.

"Well, never mind," said the husband, "you've got enough of them left to navigate to the parlor—Come on."

When the two doctors faced each other, and learned that they were both fooled, they were not in the most amiable humor, although the first doctor tried mighty hard to enjoy it as a joke. But the second was mad to his backbone.

"If I catch the wretch that did this, I'll put him beyond the power of playing pranks. I liked to have broken my neck leaping out of my warm bed; and I'm afraid I've taken my death of cold going to the door in my bare feet. Just let me catch him, or her, whoever it was," and with a sneeze he turned and left the house. He was evidently a mad doctor, and in that state of mind, was ready to use the scalpel on the "wretch" at sight.

Now, among the worst things in this matter was, that Bob wrote those two notes, and delivered them successively, and he and the other boys were hiding on the other side of the street, to watch the doctors come out. Then they ran to the "sick" woman's house to see what their trick would come to. After the second doctor entered, Bob ran across the street, peeped through the window, and saw the doctor that came last gesticulating with the note in his hand, and as the doctor turned to leave, Bob was off in the highest glee. When he reached the "other fellers", he pulled out a cigarette, and after a few whiffs, he pulled out a crumpled piece of paper, held it in his outstretched hand, and imitated the gesticulation of the angry doctor, to the great amusement of comrades in fun. Then the boys scattered each to his home, and Bob sneaked his way up to his room, and as he said the next morning, when his mother asked him how he slept last night, he replied with a smile, "I slept like an angel on a downy bed," and smiled innocently over his comparison.

There is more about our Bob to come, but we will have to defer it to another article.

(To be continued.)



The world wants men who can not be bought.

The Education of the Deaf.

(Concluded From Page 13.)

smoother English than the manually taught. Assuming that both take the same course of study, and do it equally well, whatever speech and speech-reading that the orally taught acquire, whether much or little, is that much more than the manually taught pupil gets.

In addition to the public school course given in this school, every boy and girl is taught the rudiments of some industrial work. The boys are taught printing and type-setting, shoe-making, carpentry and wood-work, and practical agriculture. The girls are taught sewing and dress-making, cooking and domestic work in general house-keeping.

It is gratifying to observe that the educated deaf, as a class, are quite equal to the hearing brothers

you see, they can't play and be happy as children should be unless things are made easy and just right for them. So Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, thought about these little unfortunates, one day, and decided that he would like to do something to make them happy while they were children, and enable them to grow up into useful men and women, as far as their condition would allow.

He built them a beautiful home on the outskirts of the City of Brotherly Love, in which everything is planned just for the comfort and convenience of the crippled children. And in order that the work may not be interrupted for lack of funds at any time, he pays all the bills himself.

There is a beautiful open-air playground, a large gymnasium, bath rooms, and dressing-rooms, and light and airy winter play-rooms. Eleva-

is put aside for their board and lodging, and anything above this amount is placed to their credit, and when they finally leave this home of their childhood and go out to begin life in the great world this money is handed to them.

The home life of the children is under the care of a number of matrons, and each one is a mother to the group of little ones under her charge.

The buildings of this beautiful home are modeled after what is called the Georgian period of English Renaissance, out of which our colonial style was developed. At one end of the building is a medical ward and sun-room. At the other end is the school-room, and in the center are the surgeon's room, reception-room, drug store, laboratory, the kitchen, and two private wards. On the floors above there are special and surgical wards, completely equipped operating room, photographic and X-ray rooms, microscopic and store-rooms. The detached buildings are the educational and industrial, and dormitories for the boys and girls.

Everything is done that can be thought of to lighten their physical handicap and when they grow up as useful men and women, they have the memory of a happy childhood, a beautiful home and play-mates, kindly, wise and loving care instead of the neglect and weary suffering which is too often the lot of poor little cripples in our large cities.

✿ ✿ Puts a Stop to It.

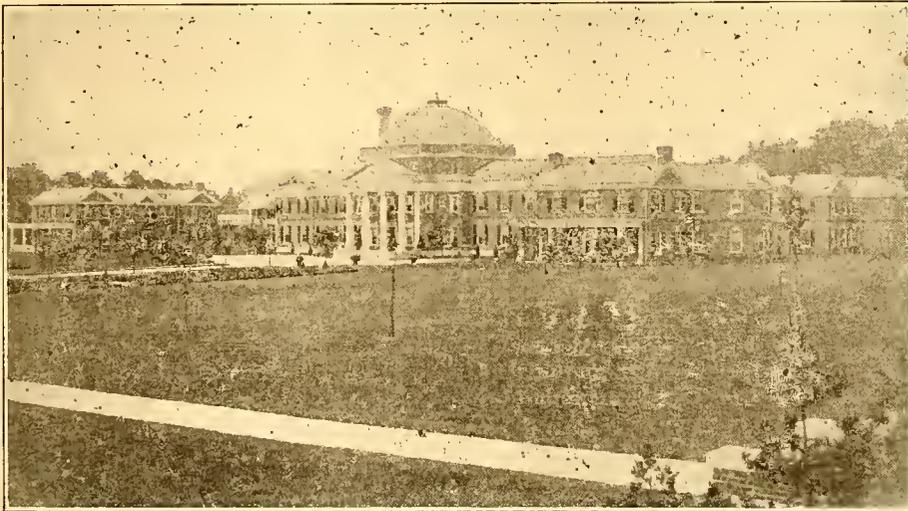
Charlotte Chronicle.

The official investigation by the Corporation Commission into the cause of the Reedy Fork wreck exonerates the railroad company from blame. The Commission found that "the latent defect, commonly known as 'pipe' in the rail, was the immediate cause of the wreck and that this defect was in the manufacture and could not have been discovered by the railroad company or its officials and employes." This puts a stop to the talk about a rotten tie and a neglected track. The Southern will have enough to pay for the wreck, even if it was not to blame by reason of negligence or any other cause.

✿ ✿ Changed Tune.

Greensboro News.

The remarks of the governors to each other in Washington do not sound a bit familiar!



WHERE CRIPPLED CHILDREN LIVE IN HAPPINESS.

and sisters in the same sphere of life, and under the same environments. They are usually able to find work, and do the same, beside the hearing person in the same line.

It should be a matter of pride to every good citizen that North Carolina has kept pace with the progressive states of the union in the education of the deaf.

✿ ✿ A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

By Grata Bryar in Young Folks.

When robust boys and girls are running and jumping about in healthy play, they are not likely to think of those other boys and girls who cannot run and jump about because they are cripples. There are so many of them too. And it makes it all the worse for them because their desire for play is just as strong as that of the healthy children. But

tors are used wherever possible, and in places where they are impracticable inclined planes are used so that the little cripples may not have to climb stairs.

Everything is done with a view to helping the children in after life. The boys and girls are taught trades and occupations suited to their condition. If a boy's legs are crippled, for instance, there are many occupations he can be fitted for where the worker sits at his work. So it is with the girls; and the plan is to do everything for the children to enable them to become self-supporting as soon as possible.

The superintendent makes a special study of each case, and trains each child to do just the work which will enable him to earn money while still at the home. When any of the children reach the earning stage, a certain amount of what they earn

Four Strong Men.

Charity and Children:

President A. E. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, will be one of the principal speakers at the fourteenth annual meeting of the national Association of State Universities in Boston early in October. And he will make good. He always does. No other man at that meeting, we dare predict, will speak so clearly or so well. We rejoice in the growing reputation of this brilliant North Carolinian. In President Alderman's class at the University of North Carolina, if we are not mistaken, were three other boys who have shed lustre on the old State. One, the late Charles D. McIver, has finished his work and gone to his reward. The other two, Charles B. Aycock and James Y. Joyner, are in the prime of vigorous manhood. Mr. Aycock and Mr. Alderman easily led the others in the charm of oratory, but all of them contributed and are contributing no little to the strength and glory of the State and the country. What a quartette was that! We doubt if four stronger men have graduated in the same class from any Southern college since the war.



What Love Does.

Durham Sun.

"Love is not easily provoked." What a panacea for every irritation of home life, how it wards off those hasty impulses and prevents the escape of harsh rebuke. How it bends low the head until the storm passes and then how much brighter is the sun's glow when the mists have cleared away. Let this love illuminate your home and you will behold in it the counterpart of heaven.



A New Trick.

Washington Star.

Any way this season was distinguished for the fact that cotton did not commence to go down until the farmers had cashed in.

STOP at SELWYN HOTEL.

When in

Charlotte, N. C.

Mildness.

Young Folks.

Brusque, boisterous, emphatic, strenuous people may prove diverting for awhile, but they are bound to become tiresome in time. Anything extreme, intense or in excess becomes undesirable and brings its own punishment.

But mild, gentle, quiet people are a joy forever. We do not pall of moderate measures. We do not grow weary of gentility and a calm, serious consideration for our feelings.

America is a nervous, ambitious and strenuous land. There is every inducement under the present order of things to become energetic, hasty, assertive, impatient and bold beyond the normal. Evidence of this is discoverable in the idioms of the language in popular use. Ordinary rhetoric is too staid and slow. Slang has come to the rescue by abbreviating several sentences with one word.

Words and expressions naturally have their origin in thoughts and dispositions. But it is also true that spoken words have a reaction upon the mind and temper which does not commonly receive the attention it deserves.

People who become addicted to forceful expressions, strong adjectives and emphatic manners, grow to feel and think consistently with their outward expression, with undue tenseness and fervor. Words are the foliage of the thoughts; but spoil the foliage and you affect the roots.



Forgave One Enemy.

Wadesboro Messenger.

Solicitor Robinson was examining one of his state's witnesses in a case in which the said witness had been shot in the leg. The witness said he thought he was going to die after he was shot. One of the defendant's lawyers then took him over and asked him if he had not made up with all of his enemies at such a time.

"Nobody 'cept de Lawd," the witness hastened to answer.



Only State Without Veto.

Statesville Landmark.

Attending the Governors' conference in Washington last week, Gov. Kitchin learned that North Carolina is now the only State in the Union in which the Governor does not have the veto power. THE LANDMARK has always thought the Governor of North Carolina should have the veto power and it hopes it will yet be vested in the office.

An Injustice.

The Ansonian.

Courts are a law unto themselves. When a man tells you that he will be ready to transact a certain matter of business at a stated time, you expect him to be ready for business then and there. The courts call a man and tell him to be ready for a few minutes business. He comes, as he is bound by the law to come, waits the entire week for his case to come up and is then told that he must wait until the next term, some four months off. A greater and more needless injustice is unknown.



Auditor Dixon's Great Roster.

High Point Enterprise.

State Auditor B. F. Dixon has compiled a roster of all the Southern troops, which has consumed several years' work. The work is now finished and the copy is now ready for the printers, but it will take from \$250,000 to \$300,000 to print this roster, which will require a congressional appropriation. Efforts will be made to have Congress authorize the publication.



Remove the Cause.

News and Observer.

The way to preserve public health is to remove the cause of the diseases that menace it. Everything that is done to remove the causes which bring tuberculosis is a step in the direction of improved public health. The people at large should avail themselves of the protection offered by every preventive measure.



A Sound Statement.

State Democrat.

Every man, before he can be a good citizen, must be willing to obey all the laws of his State and his country, whether they be good or bad laws. This is, however, a lesson not easily learned, or, if learned, is not easily lived up to.

THE GUILFORD HOTEL

Wants You

when in Greensboro, N. C.

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In March we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose. McDowell County, Prof. D. F. Giles Superintendent; Cabarrus County, Prof. C. E. Boger Superintendent; and Wilkes County, Prof. C. C. Wright Superintendent, are now marked "RAISED." Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE must be a reality. HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

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

R. H. BATTLE, Presiden
ALEXANDER WEBB, Vice-Pres.
GEO. P. FOLK, Sec. & Treas.

Established in 1868.
Has a record of more than Forty Years of
successful operation.

The North Carolina Home Insurance Company, Raleigh.

Successful in business since date of organization.

Leads all Companies in premium income in North Carolina.

Is a Southern institution, seeking Southern patronage.

In the payment of \$1,200,000.00 fire losses in North Carolina it has established an
honorable record for fair dealings.

Is safe, solid, reliable and worthy of confidence. In patronizing it you help to build
up North Carolina.

Ask your Agent for North Carolina Home policies.

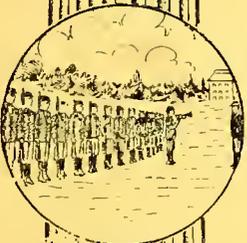
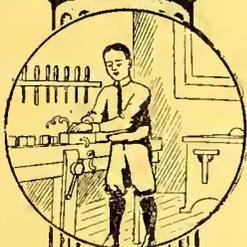
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Prof. W. W. Wallace

If already a subscriber to THE UPLIFT, secure us another---that's the missionary spirit. It not now a subscriber send a dollar and become one---that's a pleasant act. By doing these thing you hasten our Educational Cottage. This is a respectful invitation for the one now reading it.



THE UPLIFT



There is no Luck.

One ship sails east,
 And another sails west,
 In the very same winds that blow ;
 'Tis the set of the sails,
 And not the gales,
 Which settles the way they shall go.

March, 1910

PRIZES IN NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

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

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

No. 1.—\$50.00.

No. 2.—\$30.00.

No. 3.—\$20.00.

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

What Is It ?

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

The Conditions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Signed) _____ (Name.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Statement.

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

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

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

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH, 1910

No. 10

JAMES ANDERSON LONG.

The subject of this sketch—Hon. James Anderson Long—was born three miles from the town of Roxboro, Person county, N. C., on May 23d, 1841. He is a member of a family of eight children, only four of whom are now living. He is a graduate of the Old Field School, whose most modern school furniture consisted of benches made of slabs. The school was an all day affair, and the course of study was simple, definite and sound. It eschewed ruffles, dropped-stitch methods, red-taped reports, and recognized the efficiency of the rod whenever occasion demanded. That kind of a school, housed in a crudely constructed log house with a fire place taking up the entire end of the building, is J. A. Long's alma mater. Such a school is the alma mater of ten thousand other good, useful and great men in North Carolina. Let us, therefore, say nothing gay or unkind about the educational institutions of those days where a genuine type of manhood was struggling with problems much more serious than those confronting the statesmen of the present.

Our subject worked on the farm. When the call to arms sounded throughout the South, young Long went to the front and offered his country and its cause a loyal and brave service. He was in thirty regular pitched battles, and it is remarkable that during all that active service in so many engagements he was struck just one time and by a spent ball, which he caught on his hat band. He was taken prisoner on March 24th, 1865, and released on July 3d, 1865 at Point Lookout. Mr. Long was Orderly Sergeant of the 24th Regiment of Ransom's brigade. Just six weeks before his return from the war his father died.

Mr. Long is so constituted that he does not know what "split milk" is. His eyes are set toward the rising sun in all his activities among life's duties. He put away his instruments of war—he buckled on that instrument, which, in peace, makes for existence, for happiness, success and his country's welfare: a conscientious loyalty to every duty. He

was then, as he is now, honest, industrious and sincere.

He entered a store soon after the war as a clerk at a salary of one hundred dollars per year. All failures can be traced to one thing, and that is: spending more than is made. This Mr. Long learned right at the start, or perhaps it was just born in him. Anyway, he made, he saved and wisely invested in lands and other holdings. Today his estate reaches if not exceeds the five-hundred-thousand dollar mark.

To have done this at the sacrifice



JAMES ANDERSON LONG.

of life, honor, dignity, or the welfare of his fellow man, his town or his state—or even giving them but a passing notice—would not have been such a great accomplishment. No life, however greatly the dollars are piled up to his bank account, is a success when divested of the cultivation of other things which sweeten one's life in this world—certainly in the life to come. Right here Mr. Long shines with a credit to himself and pleasure to those close to him. He has not been unmindful of the duty he owes his neighbors, his church, his town, his county, his

state. Along with the discharge of his personal duties, he has given to the public a sincere and patriotic service.

Mr. Long is the president of the bank at Roxboro and of large cotton mills in which he owns large holdings, in the same town; he has investments in many other manufacturing plants in the state—he has always manifested the very liveliest faith in the industrial development of North Carolina. Though he has a reason for feeling proud of these positions of responsibility and trust and power, I dare say that he regards his position as trustee of the Greensboro Female College with just as lively a concern and pride. He is letting up a little in the actual personal execution of the details of his great interests, and properly so, and resigning these to his two worthy sons.

I first met Mr. Long at Raleigh where in the General Assembly he was representing his county. Since that time he has represented in the Senate of North Carolina his district in the assemblies of 1891, 1900, 1905 and 1909. He was a delegate to the National convention which gave Cleveland his second nomination.

Ex-Governor Aycock when he ran for Governor told with a great pride that the only office he had ever held at that time was the position of a school committeeman; just so, the subject of our sketch never forgets that he himself held the position of a magistrate for a term of two years. In fact I heard Mr. Long called "squire," and it sounds odd to me; for I know him as a safe, wise, conservative, faithful legislator. In the Senate every member regarded his judgment on all public questions with great respect and confidence. In 1908 when the matter of candidates for high positions was uppermost in the minds of the people of the state, many were the times when the name of James Anderson Long was mentioned in connection with the position of Governor. He is undoubtedly gubernatorial timber; but his aspirations were not such as to make him consider the call for a moment, besides there resided in his own town another distinguished

citizen whom thousands of North Carolinians were pressing to the front and Mr. Long said: "No, my man is W. W. Kitchin" and his wish prevailed.

The public service which Mr. Long has rendered and which gives him the greatest personal pleasure and pride is the part he played in the building of the Norfolk and Western railroad, which runs through his town from Lynchburg to Durham. It was Person county's first and only railroad; and I am told that its construction is due more to Mr. Long's activity and influence than to any other source.

Not in all matters that concern the material welfare of Roxboro or the progress of Person county, and in all efforts that look to the moral betterment of the people of his county, is there any one more active or one who joins in more liberally with his influence and financial help, than does the subject of our sketch, whose picture we are pleased to have the privilege of offering along with this story.

Mr. Long has married twice. His first wife was Miss Mary E. Winstead. By this union there were two children, one living—a daughter Mrs. Dr. Tague, of Roxboro.

In May, 1883, he was again married, to Miss Laura R. Thompson, niece of Hon. Jacob Thompson, who was a member of President Buchanan's cabinet. Born to them have been two boys, now 21 and 24 respectively, who already demonstrate that they are determined to be "chips off the old block," and what better determination could they have?

Mr. Long has been a success—to himself, to his family, to his state, and he fears God; and may the active and useful life of James Anderson Long be long spared to North Carolina, which he loves and to which he has contributed honorably and nobly.



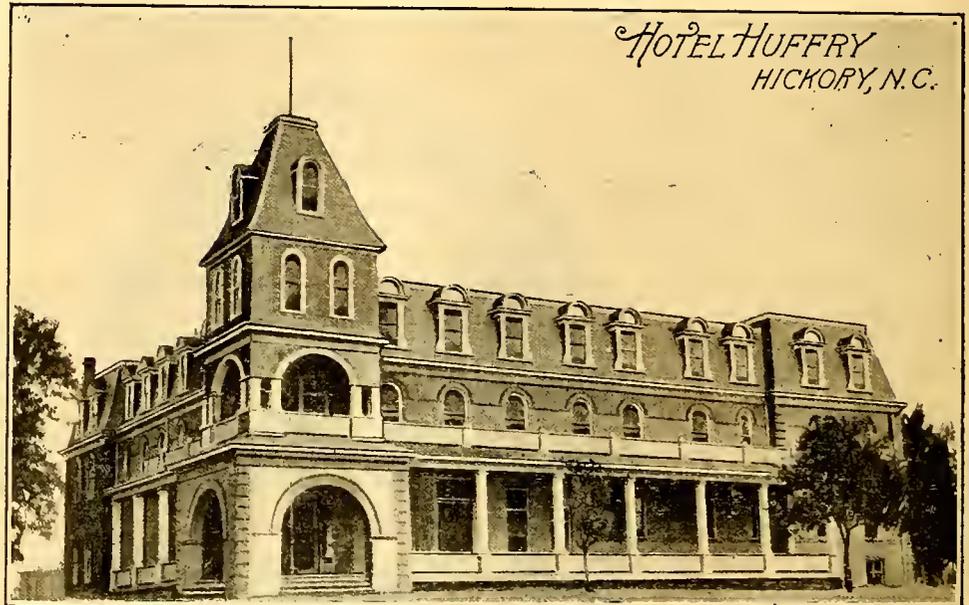
Don't be too ambitious; the canker of an overvaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life and shortened its years.

THE KNOWING HOW IS THE KEY-NOTE---TAXIDERMISTRY.

By Dr. H. C. HERRING.

Boys, did you ever have two great big thoughts in your head at the same time, and as soon as you began to develop one the other one would begin to tap for recognition? Well, I started out to tell where the greatest abundance of wild ducks and geese in our state is to be found, and to tell you of the different methods employed in hunting them; and to emphasize the fact that to succeed at any thing is to know

pleasure and success; but when he has had a bad day and you attempt to console him with excuses, he at once begins to growl about the price, if only fifty cents a day, and your reputation as a guide is brought into question. Then boys, you must "know how" and work right up to it, and it matters not what you are engaged in you will always be found right in front of the procession. Don't rely on acci-



A MODERN HOTEL.

This is a new place opened just a few months ago. The hotel has fifty-five bed rooms with hot and cold water in each; besides many of them are fitted up with baths. And as nearly as possible the help is all white; the service in the dining room is entirely in the hands of white waitresses. The proprietors, Mr. Huffman and Dr. Fry, are the owners, out of whose names, the name of the Hotel is devised.

how, then with energy directed by common sense, there are no obstacles which will prevent your achieving success. Just think, it is necessary always to have a good guide, who demands a wage of five to ten dollars a day. But it is necessary for him to thoroughly understand the business, to familiarize himself with the waters frequented by the ducks and geese and to know their habits. You should not only know why the game is not at a given point, but you should know where it is and be there with your party.

A real sportsman has an abundance of money. A man may possess all the other qualities of a sportsman but if he is wanting in money, he must content himself with the excitement of hunting rabbits. A sportsman then is liberal in paying for services which will bring him

dents, which bring bad luck, the same to be used as an excuse to tide you over.

I am over fifty years of age; I have been broken up, bent over, and seemingly knocked out for good several times, but I have never yet known of an accident, which care would not have prevented. But I started out to tell you about the other thought. It is about a very fascinating profession. It is noble, inspiring and in every way worthy of your most serious thoughts. It is not only pleasant but it can be made profitable. After you are dead and gone, unborn generations seeing your handiwork will applaud with admiration your genius. I refer to Taxidermy or the science of taking the skins of birds and animals and restoring them to their original form and beauty. After a little

practice a canary or a humming bird can be skinned and restored to everything except life. You may wonder how all this can be done without tearing it all up—you must have the "know how" of it, then with practice you can skin the smallest bird and never tear the skin at all. Of course the skins must be so treated as to make them objectionable to worms and insects and to resist the ravages of time.

Two or three of you should become interested in Taxidermy. I have no doubt but that Supt. Thompson or Mr. Cook would bring you in to see specimens, which I prepared. Then if you are still interested you can practise on pigeons or any other bird or animal you can get a hold of (I don't mean to encourage in bird-killing; not at all). As you become more and more proficient, no doubt the management will set aside a room filled with native birds and animals all prepared and set up by the Jackson boys. Then I can almost see some wealthy visitor, on beholding the fine specimens you might have, suddenly become enthusiastic and make the proposition and furnish the money to pay for a trip to the Eastern part of North Carolina to obtain specimens of birds and animals for the "Jackson Museum." Is it not a pleasant thought, boys? It is in keeping with the progress of the school for just such a thing to happen.

When you have finished your course at the Jackson Training School and gone out into the world to battle for yourselves, you would have not only a pleasant but a profitable profession.

✻ ✻ MAX JACKSON.

By Supt. Alexander Graham.

Thirty-two years ago the superintendent and principal teacher of the Fayetteville Public Schools were attracted by the brightness of a small Hebrew boy, who was a member of a large class corresponding to what is now grade seven in a well regulated City School.

Max's father, William Jackson, kept the regulation clothing store and announced the fact in front "Cheap John." As I remember him now, he was deeply marked by smallpox. Max was more like his mother, who had bright and almost scintillating black eyes. Every shade of society was represented in Max's class. The Free School was the only one in the township and numbered five hundred and five pupils, then 1876, the largest in North Carolina. The daugh-

ters and sons of bank presidents, cashiers, lawyers, doctors, farmers and all the trades down to the little girl who sold milk for a living. The little daughter of the hostler was a pupil, though not a member of Max's class; she was a class-mate and a competitor of a great-granddaughter of one of North Carolina's most distinguished United States Senators.

The government of the school was democratic and every one said that the pupils got a square deal. Some one has said "History is philosophy teaching by example," also that history repeats itself. In the same town—perhaps in the same spot—the fact is recalled that Judah P. Benjamin, United States Senator from Louisiana, Secretary of War of the Confederacy and later Queen's Counsel in England, along with his sister Judith and brother Solomon, attended school taught in the academy in Fayetteville, N. C.

Max graduated in the usual time and was promptly assigned a place in his father's store. In the years Max was my pupil I became fond of him and I persuaded the County Commissioners to give Max the county scholarship and I persuaded William Jackson that he had a splendid son and that he must go to the University of North Carolina.

Max went. He was one of my assets—I wished to prove that a boy could be prepared for the State University in a free school, so that in time the free schools would feed the University, the head of the system. Max entered on examination, not on certificate, unconditioned. He was a marked student while at the University, a loyal member of the Zeta Psi fraternity and loved by every one for his honesty. Commencement and on graduation day Max received the forty dollar gold medal for making one hundred per centum on general chemistry—a feat never accomplished before by a University student.

Returning home Max accepted a place in the H. R. Horne Drug Company at forty dollars per month. William Jackson thought Max had been idle long enough—he must go to work; he said that he could do nothing more for Max. He said he had a brother in New York and I appealed to Max's uncle in his behalf. In the fall Max enrolled at the "College of Physicians and Surgeons" in New York, and at the end of three years he received his diploma and degree of M. D., graduating with distinction in a class with my friend, Dr. W. A. Graham, an

eminent physician of Charlotte, N. C. William Jackson had improved his affairs somewhat and was so proud of Dr. Max that he bought him a complete outfit and a hickory buggy and a horse. My school duties ended every day at 2:30 p. m. and at that time Max would call and carry me to my home three miles in the country, thus saving me often a long, sandy walk. Max, however, was down to hard pan as far as Pa was concerned and I persuaded him to return to New York, where so many of his people lived, and to watch the great dailies: the Herald, Times, Tribune, World and Sun. He took my advice and to carry out the scheme he visited a friend in Connecticut. One day, while there he saw the following advertisement: "WANTED, a surgeon in Mount Sinai Hospital; application to be made by a written thesis on a given subject, under a nom de plume—position to be given the writer of the best thesis." Max entered that contest. He came; he wrote; he won, and one night in that great city a man before a cultured audience and blazing foot-lights announced that the doctor who used the following nom de plume would please present himself on the stage, and Max—yes, my Max Jackson, walked up and was commissioned Surgeon of Mount Sinai Hospital, a position he filled acceptably for six years. A call was made to supply the place of an eminent surgeon in Macon, Ga., a city of fifty thousand and Dr. Max Jackson was sent. Fame and fortune and a wealthy bride have blessed him—in his adopted home and city.

Several years ago when on a visit to old Fayetteville I called on William Jackson. During our interview he produced a worn letter and I recall now this pregnant sentence: "Another year like the past one in my business will enable me to offer you a home the rest of your life." This was before Max was married.

The work you, Mr. Editor, and Mr. Thompson and your associates are engaged in appeals to me—it always has—and if this sketch will encourage some timid one, stimulate some idle one or rouse to more noble effort some ambitious and aspiring one it will amply reward your friend. Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 16th, 1910.



Some good reading matter from our esteemed and vigorous correspondent, Jim Riddick, has been unavoidably omitted this month, much to our regret and our readers' loss. Better luck next time.

WHERE THE STATE'S LIFE HAS BEEN ENRICHED.

"He's been taken to the hospital" sent a shudder to the average person in the state of North Carolina fifteen years ago. That meant to the average mind that the poor fellow had been carried off to die or to be mutilated for life.

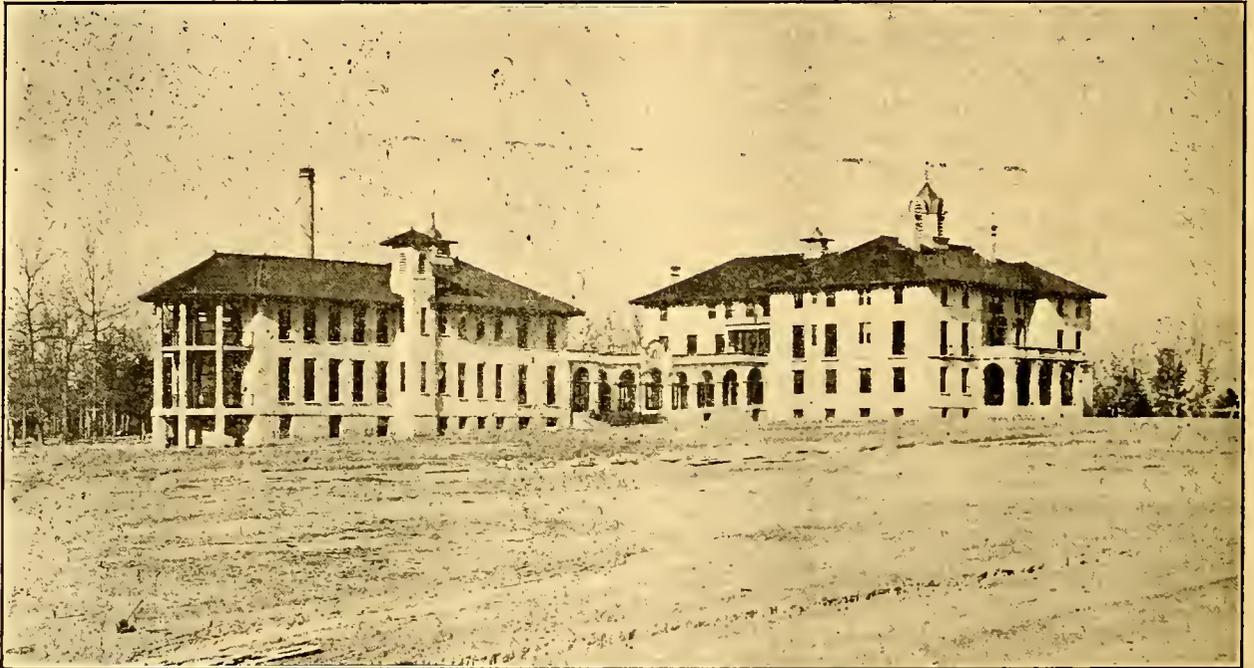
There have been more deaths in North Carolina for the lack of proper nursing, with sanitary conditions absolutely ignored, than is possible to estimate. A real sick person has no business to be treated in a private home of the average

that were snatched from accident and suddenness with just enough life left to carry them to the hospital, oftentimes to have the agonizing scenes of death removed from the eyes of loved ones.

Hospitals, like orphanages, are the hand-maidens of the Christian church—in fact, hospitals are religion in action. That's a genuine, real kind of religion that prompts a man or a woman to put money into the establishment of hospitals to care for the afflicted. Money in a store, in a

thousands of hearts and lives, at Raleigh, Salisbury, Statesville, Asheville, Greensboro, Charlotte, Wilmington and at other places in the state. There are others, but suffice to say that it will not be many years at the present rate before every town of any size in the state will have a well-equipped hospital to care for its own—the ordinary cases needing medical attention and surgical operation, which cannot be well had in private homes.

The great majority of the hospitals thus far established have been the results of private individuals as



THE NEW WATTS HOSPITAL RECENTLY COMPLETED AT DURHAM.

kind without the presence of a trained nurse with full and complete authority in charge of the patient. The doctor may be ever so good, but when his instructions are not carried out—as is often the case—or where conditions do not permit them to be carried out, the patient has a rocky road to travel.

Yet many a poor though worthy person finds it beyond his power to avail himself of the services of a trained nurse or a treatment in the average hospital. He must take his chances with the environment that surrounds his home and his affairs.

There may have been a few, but we cannot recall the existence fifteen years ago in the state of any hospitals that had reached that proficiency that made them better than the average home—they dealt tirelessly with emergency cases, cases

corporation, in a bank, in a factory, is for personal ends with a hope for personal benefit; but money in a hospital or an orphanage or schools for the wayward and the unfortunate is an unselfish investment.

Since people have come to more fully understand the real objects and the benefits of hospitals, they have come also to have a different estimate of them. The few already established in the state have saved thousands of lives, and in other cases have restored many to that condition of health where life becomes a pleasure and a profit.

THE UPLIFT has no statistics at hand to enable us to enumerate the successful hospitals now in operation in North Carolina, but from memory we recall the existence of successful hospitals, which have relieved suffering and carried hope and joy to

a business investment; yet in every one of them any deserving case, though poor, will not go wanting for efficient and gentle care. Through the lives and hearts of average physicians there runs the hope of doing a good, a service, the rendering of relief from suffering and the restoration to health and happiness with but a small consideration to the financial returns. With most surgeons the hope of saving a life, the desire to remove a cloud, become the ruling passion—and money is of a secondary consideration. We are not writing as one in the dark. Professional ethics make it ill-advised for us, however, to specify but there are controlling spirits in some leading hospitals of the state today who care nothing for money except to meet honest obligations—to save a life, to lift a cloud, to break crushing

fetters, to restore a being to a power and condition to enjoy once again his existence is to them a mighty compensation; this and no more.

Some years ago Mr. George W. Watts, a substantial and very valuable citizen, gave to the city of Durham a hospital. For a long time it was poorly patronized simply because the people had not yet come to know the great value of hospitals. When this ignorance was removed, when the light broke over them, the institution which Mr. Watts had provided soon became too small. Like everything he does, he quietly and unostentatiously began the plans for the erection of a new hospital that would care for all demands in Durham and Durham county for all time to come.

On December 2nd, 1909, there was opened for inspection and for the ceremony of delivering to the proper officials of the city and the county of Durham the largest and best equipped hospital in the state. This is the sole gift of the same generous benefactor, Mr. Watts. The property includes twenty-five acres, and on it has been erected a fire-proof building in keeping with the most modern requirements of a hospital. The capacity of the building will meet the wants of ninety patients.

The building and the grounds cost Mr. Watts nearly \$225,000; and on the day when he presented it to the officials of the city and county, he very modestly turned over to the governing board an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars. Along with this the announcement was made that at an early date Mr. Watts would erect another building of the same high-class construction for a home for the trained nurses.

This princely gift, while alone to Durham, is in the life of the state an affair that enriches the whole state. It sets an example by a modest, Christian man, for others in other parts of the state. It is to the entire state a blessing, and the people of North Carolina look upon Mr. Watts as a benefactor of the state though this great gift comes primarily in reach of only Durham people.

A normal Marylander, when he comes to North Carolina, makes a mighty fine North Carolinian. The gift, and what the gift stands for, impresses THE UPLIFT so forcibly that we present in this issue a picture of the new Watts Hospital at Durham, but no picture can give it justice.

Living in a Hotel.

Not everything in the state has improved in the past ten years, but the hotels have. Ten years ago not a hotel in the state had a private bath, excepting of course the Battery Park at Asheville and one or two resort hotels in the state. Now it is a small town that does not have a hotel with modern conveniences.

The man, who is responsible for this awakening in improved hotel comforts and conveniences, is perhaps the most unpopular (and unjustly so) man engaged in the hotel business in the state. He is "knocked" more than all others combined; and if you would pin the worst knocker-down to a specification he would be unable to name one except that the proprietor stands aloof, is in the back ground and does not mingle with his guests. That is the whole secret. But when a man does not have it in his nature to mingle with folks, his place is in the back ground where he can pull the strings (as this one surely does) that make a comfortable home for the weary traveler where before was an intolerable "joint," and where a great part of a fortune was accumulated.

There has been considerable talk about the increased rates at hotels in the state. This has been necessary on account of the increased cost of provisions and the increased cost and less efficient help in the average hotel. Of course, there are some automatic hotels yet in the state, and such will continue where the landlords force the management to pay an exorbitant rent, a rent that compels the proprietor to take on a side-line in order to make tongue and buckle meet.

We print elsewhere in this number the picture of a new and modern hotel. This is not an advertisement—it is an illustration of what has been going on in the hotel business of the average towns of the state. But the sorriest fellow in the world is the traveling man that kicks—he tells the world that some body else pays his expenses by so doing, and he advertises to the world that he gets powerfully poor stuff at his own home. Stop kicking, but just behold the wonderful improvement in the North Carolina hotels.

"Help My Mammy."

It was 11 o'clock in the morning. I met him at the foot of the steps that lead to a barber-shop, a photograph gallery, offices and junk rooms on the second floor. His face was as dirty as the ground. He was

twelve years old. He sported a cigarette. This dialogue took place:

"What's your name?"

"Oh, nothing."

"What's your name?"

"What's my name; why round on Spring street."

"But what's your name?"

"What's my name; why, I had just gone up there looking for a friend."

"Say, I want to know what your name is."

"What's my name; why my name is——," (and he had discarded his cigarette and was getting into a running posture.)

"Why are you not in school?" I asked him. He replied: "I have to stay at home and help my mammy."

This occurred in a town of over ten thousand inhabitants. The boy was chunky, round faced and looked as dirty as a hog, and was as dirty as any hog could be. "Help my mammy." The question that confronts those people who are not too selfish to give a passing notice to the trend of affairs in their midst is "What is that mammy doing for her boy?"

You may feel that financial gain and position in society have unalterably fixed your security for the future, but not so. All around you are conditions, lapses, short-comings and disabilities, that cry out for the lift of the strong arm of those who regard themselves secure for the future. Don't be deceived. Too many children are growing up today without a restraining influence, and without a well-directed system of discipline, to make any man or woman, however rich, happy and high in society, to feel a security. Listen: you must give an unselfish concern for the conditions around you; or your dollars will rise up or fall down sooner or later (or in the hands of your heirs) to damn and molest you.



The Real Question.

Catawba News.

Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing and then you will not be criticized, but the person who says something and is something will receive his share of criticism. The real question is whether the individual is doing his or her best to make the most of life and make the world brighter and better.



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

SMALL TOWNS AND MODERN SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

This writer visited Lenoir, N. C., in the midst of a snow storm on the 11th of February. It was beautiful and exciting. It was not long before County Superintendent Y. D. Moore gathered us up and carried us to the building in which the town of Lenoir conducts its public schools. The general educational meeting called for the following day was called off on account of the snow storm, but the young hopefuls of the town reported for school as if

of the Lenoir Schools. And the way they do sing sets one on fire with enthusiasm.

But we want to say something else. The population of Lenoir is, according to the Federal census of 1900, a little over 1200. It looks now to us to have in the neighborhood of 4,000 or more. But even though it has six thousand, the building Lenoir has for the conduct of its public schools is a credit to any town. We thought so much of

following; and while there is unmistakable evidence of thorough and efficient work in all grades, one naturally is attracted more by the product of the hands and minds of the least little tots. The primary rooms are a wonder.

Lenoir has set the example to all other small towns of the state and answered the question how can we secure good and adequate buildings for the public schools. The character of the building, the manner of its furnishings and the high type of the teaching force in the school,



LENOIR PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING, ONE OF THE STATE'S BEST.

the weather had been bright and balmy.

Superintendent J. L. Harris, through his teachers, marched the pupils into the auditorium, and right here permit us to say that no school building in the state has a better one. We told the teachers and pupils a story about the beginning, the conduct and the hope of the Jackson Training School. The kind treatment accorded the representative of the Training School tells what Supt. Harris and his teachers have done towards the work of discipline. No audience ever gave a more attentive and constant hearing to the presentation of a cause than did those children

it, as reflecting a faith and a hope, that we arranged to print a picture of it in this number of THE UPLIFT.

The arrangements are fine, the construction is substantial; and, upon our sacred word, we have not yet seen anywhere in this state or in any other state a cleaner building—yet all that day it poured down snow and sleet. To see those pupils from little tots to good sized lads and lasses march with perfect time, made us want to drop in and march too. The discipline is so perfect that the fire drill, down a high fire-escape, can be pulled off in three minutes.

Superintendent Harris carried us through his several rooms on the day

attest the superiority of a business board, full of horse-sense and loyalty behind the whole case.

The personnel of the teaching force is composed, outside of Supt. Harris, of Prof. James T. Jones, Misses: Alice Wilson, Mary Coffey, Callie McNarey, Jennie Burfoot, Celeste Henkel, Laura Fauscett, Fries Hall, Helen Cunningham, Elizabeth Cunningham; Mrs. Susie Fuller and Mrs. Nettie Robt. Miss Maud England is in charge of the music. And, though as well paid as any other teachers in the state, they like other teachers in the state are doing in a large measure "a labor of love." The great army of

(Continued on Page 13.)

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES---NO. 2.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

When Bob had thrown himself on his bed after he had played his trick on the doctors, he found he could not get to sleep. It was all too funny for anything." He went all over it again in his mind, and his "sleeping nerve" was getting wider and wider awake. But Bob finally got tired of this wakefulness. Every effort to sleep was a failure, and the night was wearing away. Then he thought of his cigarette: he got one, lit it, and lay down, and began to puff away at it with his eyes shut. He began to feel a little drowsy. He was just about to pass into deeper slumber, when he was aroused by a sense of heat on the side of his face. He reached up his hand to find what the matter was, and it went into a small flame, and was slightly burnt: his pillow was afire from the sparks of the cigarette. He was quick-witted enough to spring out of bed, snatch the blazing pillow and dash it on the floor, fire downwards, and press it hard; and so the danger of setting the house on fire was averted. But this little achievement had to be explained the next morning, but not to his father (he was to know nothing about it, and the mother knew why, and so did Bob.) But Bob lied about it to his mother, and the mother saw and felt that he was trying to deceive her; and it almost broke her heart to know that she had a child that would deliberately lie to her. As Bob was leaving the room he turned round with a sad, guilty look on his face and said, "It's all on account of 13, mother, and I can't help it."

And the sad fact was, Bob was going from bad to worse. He and several other boys had already formed themselves into a "Club" which they called the "Rob-Roy Infants", and Bob wrote out the "Constitution and By-laws", the most essential clause of which was: "Fun, Frolic, and Finance." Bob was the "President and Dictator" of this "Corporation" of "Infants;" for the other boys admitted that Bob had more sense than all of them put together. It was not very long after their "organization" when "The Infants" began to be very prolific in mischief, some of which was more amusing than serious; but much of it was more serious than amusing, and Bob was generally at the head of it; and he was getting a very bad name through the town, and more and

more unmanagable at home: a torture and a torment to his mother.

Without going into the many details of Bob's life on the bad side of it, I will mention only two or three. He was strongly suspected of having stolen money from his father in a very ingenious way, but the father never accused him of it. And then some jewelry belonging to his sisters was found in a pawn shop, and suspicion rested upon Bob. It was also suspected that he and some other boys had turned burglars, when a small hardware store in which "guns" were kept on sale. It was done in such a bungling way "it must have been done by 'freshes' and not by experts," was the opinion of the police. The police kept an eye on the boys, and especially on Bob. Finally they thought they had enough evidence to arrest him, and they haled him before a magistrate. This excited my deep personal interest in Bob, and I went to the magistrate's court. His mother heard of it, and mother-love and anxiety put hasteful energy into her feet, and she sat beside me trembling and weeping. The evidence was all circumstantial, and really not very strong against Bob, yet it gave some grounds for suspicion. After the evidence was all in, the magistrate turned to Bob, and in a very kindly way, said:

"Well, Robert, what have you to say for yourself?" You just ought to have seen the effect the calling him by his proper name had on Bob. When the magistrate said "Robert", he just straightened himself up, until he looked two or three inches taller, and one could see that a sense of dignity had come into him, and looking straight into the benevolent face of the magistrate, he said:

"I haven't got much to say, y'r honor; I may be a bad boy, but I'm not the worst. I don't do everything people put on me. Y'r honor don't know what I know; if y'r honor did, you would see that this is a trick to ruin me."

At this his "Honor's" face lit up with a gratified and inquisitive smile, as he remarked:

"Well, Robert, my boy, you are charged with having broken into Watson's store, and stealing things: but what it is that you know and I don't know?"

"Why, y'r honor, that I was born on the devil's day, over fourteen

years ago—on the 13th day of the month, Y'r honor did not know this; nor does y'r honor know the trouble this has brought on me, and will bring on any boy however good he may try to be. But, y'r honor, I didn't break into this shop: I am not guilty of stealing anything from this shop. If I did it was wrong, and a bad thing to do, any boy that will do it ought to be punished. That's all I have to say, y'r honor except that I was born on the 13th day of the month, and I must suffer for it."

This little speech was a surprise to the court, and to the dozen other persons present. The Court smiled again as if gratified. He noticed one thing in this speech that may have escaped the notice of others, and that was that Bob put emphasis on the word "break" as above. As I said, the evidence was not very strong against the young suspect. The upshot of the trial was, that I, having engaged a lawyer to defend Bob, suggested to him to get the magistrate's consent to parole the boy either in his care or in mine. He preferred to do the latter, and made a very fine speech on this point. After the speech the magistrate said:

"Well Robert, my boy (again Bob straightened up) I understand your trouble: but let me tell you, my lad, that 13th day you spoke about is all nonsense—a boog-a-boo—to frighten people. You've got too much sense, Robert, (one could see the sense of self-respect in the face of the boy at this) to let such a foolish thing have any influence with you. I don't ask you to make any promises, but I'm going to suspend sentence on you, and give you to the care of the best friend next to your mother"—and after asking me if I would assume the responsibility, and getting a favorable reply, he said to the lad:

"Look at me, Robert. I'm going to put you on your honor in the care of your friend. I now suspend sentence indefinitely. You are free; forget the 13, and be a good boy: love your mother more. Remember! I put you on your honor!"

"I won't forget it, y'r Honor", said Bob, as he turned to leave, with his mother and me at his side. As he left the magistrate's office he heard an older boy speaking to another boy:

"Bob's the Little Lawyer Number Thirteen," when he faced the boy and said:

"None of that, Alf: I've had
(Continued on Page 13.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

START YOUR PUPILS ON THE STORY.

There are ninety-eight splendid counties, with a fine people, in the state of North Carolina. There are also ninety-eight interesting stories about the ninety-eight counties, but they are yet unwritten. THE UPLIFT wants these stories written by pupils of the North Carolina public schools. It means much for the county, for the pupil and for the state.

This is not a money-making scheme. There is no one connected with THE UPLIFT or the Jackson Training School that is trying to make money out of a single thing in connection with the institution. It is a fight for an uplift along all lines. It is the good we are after—we want to bring into existence some good thing that does not now exist.

This is for every city and county superintendent in the state. You know some bright boy or girl in your schools. Put an idea into his head. Sit down and read to some pupil that has ambition the matter on the second page of the cover of this issue. Get that pupil interested—inspire that pupil that here is the opportunity to strive for some-

thing, to do a service of love and patriotism; and yet that effort may bring to that very pupil the first prize, the second or the third—but if no prize is won, the pupil has had the satisfaction and the benefit of making an investigation into the splendid history of his or her home county. It will do good. Mr. Superintendent: THE UPLIFT expects you to arouse the pupils to get busy. Don't put it off. Bring the matter to the attention of all your teachers, at once. Get your county paper to say something about the contest.

The smallest and the least known county in the state has just as good a chance for the prizes as the largest and best known. Every boy at the Jackson Training School will pretty soon be called upon to write a story about his county, but we shall not allow them to compete for the prizes of this contest—we have separate prizes for them. North Carolina is a great state with ninety-eight great counties. We all say this. But let us prove it by the children of the public schools of North Carolina. This is one chance.

\$800 FOR A BALE OF COTTON.

The caption is stunning. A five hundred-pound bale of cotton manipulated so as to bring, on the retail market, eight hundred dollars is possible. It is being done now, yet those who grow the cotton do not participate in such returns.

The Ansonian in a timely editorial on "Where Our High Schools Fail" took occasion to say something like this:

"Take this county's cotton crop, estimated to be worth a million dollars, most of which is sent in its crudest form to northern mills and, at a handsome profit, made to bring on the markets of the world seventeen times as much."

"Made to bring on the market seventeen times as much" sounded so startling to us that we at once began to think over a number of things that, manufactured out of cotton, could be so increased in value. We struck on one thing—Red Cross Absorbent Cotton. This is put up in New Brunswick, N. J., and it is

safe to say that not one hundred people in that city ever saw cotton grow. Yet in that town they manipulate a bale of cotton in such a way—sterilize it and put it up in attractive rolls and label it nicely—that, provided there is no loss or waste, it retails for one dollar and sixty cents per pound or ten cents per ounce, or eight hundred dollars for the entire bale.

Even though the retail merchant gets a 25 per cent profit, and the cost of preparation and loss reaches another 25 per cent, there is still left 50 per cent, or four hundred dollars. That would not be bad for the handling of one five hundred-pound bale of cotton.

The farmer has been putting too many eggs in one nest, so the Southern manufacturer has probably been diversifying his products too little. Cotton can be bleached in the South; it can be carded until it stands out fluffy; it can be rolled; it can be nicely labelled. Can't our folks sterilize it just as well as the New Jersey man?

Increasing the value of our raw product one hundred and sixty times or even seventeen times, will make the South the banker of the world.

TO NEWSPAPER MEN.

We are patriotic enough, and have state pride enough to believe that no state in the Union has a better equipment in the matter of journalism than this same old North State of ours. And, even if we had not already reached that conclusion as a consequence of the patriotism and pride above mentioned, and were considering the matter in the cold judicial attitude of an outsider, our weekly scanning of the list of our exchanges would bring us to the same conclusion.

The furnishings of our print shop do not include a newspaper directory and there are doubtless many newspapers in the state just as good as those whose weekly visits brighten our sanctum, and we hope that every one of them will put THE UPLIFT on its exchange list. We are relying largely upon the press of the

state to aid us in our work by giving publicity to everything that tends to convey to the people of North Carolina the information necessary to the creation of a wide public sentiment in favor of reclaiming that valuable material for making good citizens, and useful men, that is going to waste all over the state.

All that has thus far been accomplished here is the direct result of a public sentiment created by newspapers of the state, and it is to the press that we must look for the completion of the great work so happily begun.

The time is coming when the Jackson Training School will be the best loved of all our public institutions, and this will be due to the press of the state. Until our dream of ten thousand subscribers comes true we must have the help of the men who make public sentiment.

Gentlemen of the press: we are asking your help. Nobody knows better than you how to give it, and our experience tells us that nobody is more ready to help than you are when the cause is a good one.



WHO SAID RALEIGH IS DEAD ?

Raleigh N. C., is not dead. The first column on the first page of the News and Observer of February 17th carries a story that reads like a novel and a good one. "The Girl from Rector's"—a soiled, foul play that carries death to moral health—was ordered not to show. The local management, the lovers of the bad and the show's management made every effort to over-ride the mayor's edict. No over-riding was done.

Raleigh's mayor, J. S. Wynne, the police and Walter Clark, Jr., the lawyer, are heroes, full-fledged. In fact, Oliver Allen, who was holding court at Lillington and who refused a red-taped order permitting the indecent show is right smart of a hero himself. This occurrence is worth thousands of dollars to Raleigh. Besides saved from an exhibit of indecency, it demonstrates to the people of the state a great

lesson: if moral folks back moral representatives of the law, then indecency and lawlessness can be stopped; and the city of Raleigh will get credit for this in every paper of the state—and advertising pays.

But while the city of Raleigh has its hand in the business and has come off so gloriously in its first battle for the right, it might lower its sight and take in some of its vaudeville shows. There are some things being said and acted in the theater that was finished on a Sunday to be ready for the opening engagement that in no sense reminds one of a Sunday school.

While all that excitement was going on up to 10 o'clock into the night, how many youngsters do you suppose were mingling in the crowd? They were there, but how many?



Prof. Alexander Graham, of the Charlotte Graded School, gives us in this number the story of Max Jackson. It is full of human interest, and gives emphasis to a hope and faith that would make us all better to espouse. It reads like a novel—and a good one. The man at the head of schools with an enrollment of 5,500 pupils has placed himself where nothing short of another article at an early day for THE UPLIFT will keep down hostilities.



THE UPLIFT is thankful to Col. Fred Olds of Raleigh for his kind words privately received. It is so sweet to be patted on the back by the masters. By the way, gentle reader, you dare not fail to read in this number Col. Olds' "Boxing Kangaroo." Really, prepared for the entertainment of your boys, it is good reading for grown up boys that do not belong to us.



The oldest and one of the best newspapers in North Carolina—The Greensboro Patriot—has passed into the hands of Mr. W. I. Underwood. It is a mighty pleasant feeling to know that Will Underwood is to be with us hereafter both in the flesh and the spirit. THE UP-

LIFT felicitates him on his acquisition of The Patriot and congratulates its readers.



What a pity that the author of "The Southerner," A Novel—The Autobiography of Nicholas Wortt—saw his way clear to have it published. It is a disappointment. A novel that has to assume a warped setting (when dealing with vitals) which never existed, does not now exist and never will, is a useless contribution to the literature of the day. And some parts of it are even vile.



Time hangs mighty light, but the days seem mighty short, for we can't keep from reading daily the paragraphers' work on the editorial pages of the Greensboro News and the Durham Herald. These columns are real moving picture shows of current action.



Editor Bivins, of The Ansonian, is having a time in his good town of Wadesboro. He's everlastingly right. Enforce the law—if it's a bad one the enforcement will soon cause its repeal; if it is a good one, the enforcement will accomplish a lasting benefit.



It makes us happy to see in nearly every exchange coming to this office that "editor J. P. Sossaman won't need a crutch." It has been a long time since we have seen him, but we would love to see "Richard Razor." No; he will never need a crutch.



It is hard to understand why nineteen young men failed in passing examination for license to practice law, but this was the number that went down at the recent examination before the Supreme Court of the state. It must have been stage fright.



Editor Clark, of the Statesville Landmark, has illustrated the truth of the adage which declares: "The light that shines the farthest shines brightest at home."

Around the Teacher's Desk.

By Nem. Con., Pedagogue.

THE SCHOOL roll now carries the names of fifty-seven aspirants for the honors and emoluments of a liberal education, though most of the youngsters are yet just within the vestibule of the fair Temple of Knowledge so alluringly displayed on the first page of the "Blueback." We have grown some since the preceding number of this little monthly greeted its readers, though hardly so fast as one of our boys may lead his homefolks to think, after reading his letter, mailed a few days ago, in which he tells them that "we now have fifty-five boys and more coming every day."

OUR NEW quarters in the Roth Building are nearly ready for occupancy, and by the time this is in print, we all hope to be enjoying the novelty of comfortable desks and plenty of blackboard surface. Also all officials will doubtless enjoy the consequent relief from the incessantly recurrent inquiry: "When are we going to move into the school-room?" The daily round of life in any well ordered institution necessarily becomes monotonous, even to the grown-ups, who have resources unknown to the ebullient youngsters who are dependent upon the happenings around them for their amusement, so that anything that has happened, is now happening, or may be expected to happen, breaks the monotony and furnishes a topic of animated conversation among the boys, and a subject of eager inquiry for information from any and all who may be supposed to know anything whatever about it. This is the way boys are made and none of us have any complaints to make about it.

WHILE OUR new schoolroom may be only a temporary makeshift, pending the arrival of some big-hearted benefactor who will give us a building erected for the sole purposes of the education of the boys, and though it occupies a room designed for the teaching of a mechanical trade, it is, nevertheless, a very comfortable and convenient place for our purpose, at least so long as the institution consists of but two cottages. The room is large enough to accommodate thirty boys

and that is the number that we have to provide for in the morning and afternoon school sections. The desks and blackboards are of the best kinds and were selected with a view to their adaptability to their place in the permanent school building, when we get it. Here, as everywhere else in the institution, the boys are surrounded by neat, clean and uplifting influences, and are taught system and order under a firm and exacting discipline that merits and receives their hearty respect and obedience.

SPeaking of the appointments and furnishings of the schoolroom reminds me to mention the fact that our desks and some of our maps were purchased of one of our valued advertisers, Mr. Chas. J. Parker, of Raleigh, who also presented the school with a handsome set of wall maps. These together with a fine terrestrial globe of our own providing will make the study of Geography interesting and profitable to these young candidates for honorable citizenship confided to our care by their good civic mother, the good old commonwealth of North Carolina. Any good friend of boys who wants to do them a kindness and help them in their uphill struggle for useful knowledge can do so by providing the school-room with a Webster's International. If some of our readers could see them thumbing their little pocket dictionaries in the quest for information in the meaning of words they encounter in their reading there would be a big dictionary here before the next number of THE UPLIFT reaches its readers.

BODILY SIZE and weight seem to be no indication of mental calibre and proficiency in studies. Some of our biggest boys are in the lowest grades, and vice versa, some of the smallest and youngest in the highest. One class in the first reader is composed entirely of boys whose stature would admit them as recruits in Uncle Sam's army, and a class in reading "Literary Masterpieces" would have to have the requirements reduced about a foot before they could do military service for their country. One of the most encouraging features of school work

here is the willing and earnest way in which big and little fellows go to work on their books. Most of them are bright naturally, but woefully backward in their studies. This is due, for the most part, to their habits of truancy when they had the opportunity to go to school. Here there is no opportunity to "play hookey," for the teacher knows where Johnnie or Jimmie is every minute of the time, and if Johnnie or Jimmie isn't in school the teacher will, at least, know the reason why.

CONCRETE EXAMPLES often give one a better idea of some truth than mere description is able to do. In speaking of the progress of some of our boys in their studies it may serve to show what has been done in some cases to particularize. We have many boys who, when they came here, were entirely unable to recognize a single letter of the alphabet. Some of these boys who have been here longest have made such progress that they are now reading well in the Second Reader, and a few of them are doing very satisfactory work in the Third. In fact, one boy has read through the Third Reader twice and is ready for the Fourth. Another boy who has been here less than two weeks began with his A-B-Cs and is now, at this writing, on the forty-eighth page of the First Reader, and reading it well, spelling all the new words "off the book" and giving every evidence that he knows what he is about.

JUST ABOUT eight months covers the period during which the boys who have been here that long have had the advantage of regular and continuous schooling. The progress made by the most of them is much like that of the boys alluded to above. It is not claimed that these results are due to the methods of teaching in vogue here, for as a matter of fact the old and well tried methods that experience has proven effective are in use at this institution, but the point I am trying to make is that the majority of our boys have reached that period in their adolescence where they make good material for the schoolmaster, and are matured enough to get the

results of any method that might be used with them. When one calls to mind the fact that most of these boys were the bane of their teachers' life, during the interval in which they condescended to attend school at all, and that even their parents, in the cases where there were parents, despaired of them, it looks like it might be worth while to maintain an institution like this, even if there were no better results accomplished than the education which these boys are getting. That there are results of other kinds just as valuable is apparent to all who visit the institution, but I am speaking only as a pedagogue now, and will leave it to some one else to speak of other results.

THE TYPESETTING ON THE UPLIFT is done by three of our school-boys, and the typographically clean work evident in each month's issue would be very creditable to them provided they were responsible for it. But, as a matter of fact, we are not making any such claim. Various and sundry officials of the institution have tackled the job of reading the proofs and it has been found expedient, and, perhaps, necessary to turn over that work to a mild mannered and retired minister of the Gospel who has, by long and arduous service earned the title of "emeritus," and seems to possess the necessary meekness of spirit to qualify him for the job.

THERE IS more or less pathos in the sight of a big, husky six-footer, nearly old enough to vote but certified to us under the seal of a clerk of the Superior Court of this or that county to be under the age of sixteen, wrestling with the intricacies of the proposition that "Ann can spin flax," but experience has demonstrated that it won't be long till that same husky six-footer will be calling for something to read out of the library of good books for boys that generous friends of the boys have provided and are still providing. It is a sight to make a father's or mother's heart glad to see the interest these boys are beginning to take in good literature and one that augers well for the republic. When a boy gets a taste for good literature, if only literature of a boy's calibre, it is a thing to be put down to his credit, and a result that somebody has a right to be proud of.

THE FIRST Section of the "Masterpieces of Literature" and Con-

nor's "Story of the Old North State" spelling classes has just finished the "Blueback" speller and is starting in on the second round. Those old-timers who were brought up on the "Blueback" can rightly estimate the consumption of the gray matter of the brain involved in this literary stunt, and will be prepared to give our boys due credit for their performance. It gives this writer a real pleasure to bear witness to the fact that they did it all right and received no favors in the way of two trials or any other form of assistance from the man that held the book. The rule in spelling at this school is: "Next!" and if the next fellow says "What is the word?" the answer is: "Next!" This method makes attentive hearers and prompt spellers—or missers, one.

EACH SECTION gets three-and-a-half school hours each day, with the exception of the afternoon section which does not recite on Saturday afternoons. This extra half day amounts to something, as shown in the fact that the Fourth Reader class of the morning section has just passed the "Masterpieces of Literature" class of the afternoon section, in spelling. Another exemplification of the truth of the old adage that "Many a little makes a mickle."

THE MORNING school section was depleted for a few days about the middle of the month on account of illness due to vaccinated arms. At the morning calls for turning out of good warm beds there were several that reported sick and took their nourishment in bed. It seems to be a fact worthy of the attention of the medical faculty that vaccination of our boys made nobody sick except such as belonged to the morning school section, and these preferred a day in bed to a closer acquaintance with that well known friend of youth, Noah Webster.

AN ILLUSTRATION of the fact that everybody, sooner or later, meets his match on his own ground of supposed superiority was furnished by the arrival, recently, of Randolph Williamson, late of Wilmington. Allmond has enjoyed, ever since his coming here, away back in the early days of the institution, the proud distinction of being the tallest boy in the school, and one to whom, in point of height at least, everybody but the Superintendent had to look up to, but since Williamson's arrival he has had to

take second place. It is but just to Allmond, however, to say that he has surrendered his place at the head of the line with a grace that does him credit, and that Williamson wears his honors as easily as if "to the manner born."

SOMETIMES WE have an unexpected diversion in the midst of serious, and in some instances, hard work in the school room. A few days ago, while in the midst of study preparatory to showing the man who holds the book how much real knowledge had been acquired in this study period, old Tom, who has the honor of being official mouse-catcher to the institution, walked into the room with a mouse in his mouth and proceeded to give an exhibition of the manner in which a well-bred cat handles its lawful prey. The disposition of the chairs in straight rows around the walls gave him an excellent opportunity to make a display of his skill in turning his prisoner loose and capturing him again after a lively chase around the room, under the chairs, and between the feet of the boys, much to the delectation of the youngsters and their evident regret when he concluded the performance by disposing of the mouse in cat fashion. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and we all agreed that a lesson in "Nature study," such as this, is as good as something out of the books, though some of us felt sorry for the mouse.

SCHOOL TEACHING in an institution like this has two very helpful advantages over that done in the public schools of the state. One is the constant attendance that residence in the school makes possible. No weather conditions whatever can possibly affect the attendance. No matter if the fish are biting, or the rabbits running, no matter if the coasting is fine, or the water in the old swimming hole is warm and inviting, no matter if the festive circus spreads its gilded lures for the ever-willing young American; none of these makes any difference here—the youngsters of the school section, all without exception, line up for school duty at the sound of the bugle or the roll of the drum. The old familiar excuses that look good to over-fond parental indulgence seem futile and far-fetched to the calm, judicial teacher who stands "in loco parentis," and nothing but a well established case of illness looks good to him. The other advantage is the quiet and orderly con-

duct of the school due to the military discipline enforced here. This makes application to the books easy, and encourages the habit of study, much to the benefit of the pupil and the pleasure of the teacher.

ESTIMATING THE educational possibilities of the future by what has been accomplished, thus far, in the school work of the institution, there is good reason to expect very gratifying results. Our boys have two qualifications that render rapid progress in education easy: conscious and self-confessed ignorance on the one hand; on the other, a mental vigor greatly in excess of the requirements of the elementary work in which, necessarily, they are engaged. With both the desire and the ability to learn, on the part of the boys, and the excellent equipment of the new school quarters, on the part of the institution, future results should be better than ever.

WHAT SEEMS to this pedagogue one of the most hopeful signs of educational progress in our youngsters is the spirit of emulation that most of them show in their efforts to excel each other in their recitations, and their very evident assumption of an air of superiority over the boys that fail to show up well in class. That this has a stimulating effect on the backward fellows is a self-evident proposition to those who know anything about the virile sort of boys that get into an institution like this. It is hardly necessary to say that the "little Lord Fauntleroy" and the "Sissie" types of boyhood constitute no part of our school population. Sanford and Merton furnish no ideals for these fellows; Jack Sheppard and Claude Duvall are far more to their notion—or would be if their reading included the history of those enterprising knights of the road. It may be that possession of an abnormal amount of original sin, reinforced by the experiences of a vagabond life, fosters mental development—I don't say it does—but the fact remains that all our boys are well endowed mentally, and respond very satisfactorily to every effort to advance them along the lines of book learning, which is more than can be said by the teachers of the ordinary, everyday kind of school. Our experience here demonstrates the fact that a school of this kind would form a very necessary and important adjunct to the system of public schools aside from the reformatory work

which is its true province. The advantages which we have here, in taking care of and providing for the needs of recalcitrant and truant pupils are such that this ordinarily worse than wasted element of the public schools becomes a very valuable asset of the state when subjected to the methods in use here. It will be a great civic accomplishment when the state shall have accommodations here for all her boys who need the special care and treatment of an institution such as this, and that time should not be very far in the future. Let us hope that it is not!

HAZING, "A CUSTOM more honored in the breach than in the observance," has never found favor in our school. This isn't saying that new-comers do not furnish their quota of amusement, however. The lack-a-daisical and "devil-may-care" attitude assumed by new recruits in the school section, and their apparent indifference to the few, simple and substantial rules under which the affairs of the school are administered seem to be sufficient to afford the boys the necessary amusement without calling in the adventitious aid of their own invention. Old Democritus himself, the laughing philosopher, could have accumulated some points on getting fun out of Things As They Are, had a kind Fate cast his lot in these latter days of modern pedagogical methods supplemented by some of the milder measures of the old field school in use here. There is, perhaps, no school nor institution of any sort in North Carolina where the discipline is more exact, nor where even-handed justice is more faithfully administered, nor where more fun and good nature on the part of all concerned go with it, than in the Jackson Training School.

SINCE THE foregoing observations have been put into type we have moved into our new and convenient school quarters, with wall maps, blackboards and all the other paraphernalia and appointments necessary to and connected with the conducting of a modern and up-to-date school. What, with the new desks, the new books, the new maps and the new terrestrial globe, we will be able to do in the near future is a matter of considerable interest to us and the young hopefuls confided to our care. That the results may be commensurate with the expectations of our friends is the earnest wish of this pedagogue.

"Ita sit," as our esteemed predecessor, Marcus Tullius, used to tell his school boys.

ONE OF THE daily drills in the reading classes is the absolutely correct rendition of the reading matter, "verbatim, punctuatum et literatim," and one of the most difficult of all things to secure. The ability of the average youngster to substitute synonyms for the words in the book is a matter of constant surprise to the teacher, for his experience has given him an adequate idea of the poverty of the average boy's vocabulary, and this ability provides a constant source of wonder as to how he does it. Aside from its value as a training in accuracy of observation this drill has the additional merit that it teaches the importance of telling things just as they are. Every sentence, as it is read, passes under the critical scrutiny of the class, and every boy in it has been taught to watch for the slightest deviation from the exact language of the book, and to challenge the reader to "show me" when he departs from the wording of the text. The mortification and confusion incident to a failure to make good when called down by some observant member of his class make the reader more careful next time to "read it like it is in the book," and, incidentally, to have a higher regard for the truth, on general principles.

SCHOOL DAYS are counted among the most pleasing recollections of a life time by most of us. And the longer the vista of years through which we look back upon them the softer the shadows seem, for shadows there were even in the school-day life; and the more a perennial sunshine seems to linger over all the associations of our youth. The remembrance of the hardships, the sometime disgraces, of that period fade under the kindly touch of Time's "effacing fingers," and only the good, the true and the beautiful remain. It is a motherly way that dame Nature has in dealing with her children good and bad, a kind of kissing the hurt place and "making it well," that ends only when she kisses us good-night for our last sleep. By and by these boys of ours will be men and, if God pleases, some of them will be old men, and we want them to have the same happy school day recollections that you and I, gentle reader, look back upon now with a never diminishing pleasure; and, I believe they will.

Bob and I and the Butterflies.

(Concluded from Page 7.)

more than enough of it; don't rub any more of it into me; it begins to hurt." After Bob had been committed to my care, I had a talk with him, and he seemed to be grateful for the interest I had taken in him. After thanking me he aid, with a "twinkle" in his eye:

"But, doctor, while I can try to be a good boy, you mustn't expect me to be an angel: I wasn't born that way; very few boys are; I hope I'll not give you any trouble; but I'm only a boy, and no boy can tell just what he's going to do."

Now, I didn't like that "twinkle" in Bob's eye: to me it meant insincerity, and seemed to say—"don't be surprised at anything that turns up."

The next day was a bright and beautiful day in June with just enough moisture in the atmosphere from the drizzle of the previous day to suit the butterflies. I knew they would be more or less plentiful, gambolling through the rural flower gardens, and along the water courses, and I decided to take a day off, and add to my collection of specimens of "Natural History." So, I got into my hunting suit; arranged my catch net; then the poison bottle; and finally, my shallow basket with cork fixed to the bottom on the inside, for pinning the catch for safe carriage, and then I started out with the net-staff across my shoulder and the basket in hand.

It so happened that, as I turned a corner of the street I saw Bob coming towards me, with a cigarette in his mouth. When I saw that he recognized me, he gave one strong "pull" at it, blew out the smoke, and then threw the thing away behind him as if he were ashamed for me to see him. I took this to mean that he had some respect for my opinion regarding this habit with boys, and I gave him credit for it, for before this he didn't seem to care what I thought about it. When he came near enough, I hailed him with:

"Hello, Bob! What are you doing to-day? Anything particular? I'm going on a butterfly hunt, and I'd like you to go with me. We'll have a jolly time. Can't you go?"

"I can't go to-day, doctor: the Rob-Roy Infants have a special meeting to-day, and as I am the president, I must be there: some other day, Doc., and I will go with you. But won't you let me come over some day and see your butter-

flies? I hear you have hundreds of them. I'm mighty fond of butterflies: I've got two beautiful fellows pinned on my wall at home."

"Yes; come over at any time: but Bob, don't forget that I am responsible for you: whatever you do, don't go back on me. I want to feel proud of you, and your mother to feel happy in having such a son."

"All right, Doc, just wait and see:" and so we parted for the time.



A Family Full of Troubles.

A little eight-year-old girl, just like any other normal child, sees a thing just as it is. Conscious of a silence too long existing in the communication between close friends and relatives, she undertakes to make clear the situation as she sees it by writing the following letter:

"Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 6th, 1910.

Dear Aunt Peggy:—

I hope you are all right. I am crazy to see you. Why don't you come over, and spend the day? I know that's the limit for you. I would come over if all were well. Mother has got the stomatitis; Mary is half way sick with the grippe; and father has a dreadful cold. Mr Springs is in the bed with the grippe; and father has new help which keeps him busy.

Mother has been in the bed and we had to get up and get what we could because we did not have a cook—she's sick too. I hope all are well with you. I will have to close.

Your loving niece,

Louise B.

P. S.—When they get all right, we will come over one Friday and stay till Sunday and come back on Sunday evening."

And who in all the world does not love the child—she leads us into paths where beautiful thoughts and good deeds are prompted. And no one can do it as does the child.



Passing It On.

N. C. Education.

The Uplift asks this question: "Is there a city in North Carolina whose prosecuting attorney is so cruel that he can't smile?" We might pass this on to the teacher. Is there a teacher in North Carolina too serious to smile? Then take something for it. Good humor is as essential to success as mathematics, and a sight more easy.



Happiness is found in facing life with a smile.

Small Towns and Modern School Buildings.

(Concluded from Page 6.)

public school teachers in North Carolina is the hope of the state. It does one good, who years ago was a Superintendent of the rural schools when the office was entirely clerical if anything, to sit in Supt. Moore's well-equipped office and commune with him as he manfully and efficiently wrestles with the great problems confronting him. He finds a great backer in the person of the efficient city Superintendent, Mr. Harris; and Mr. Harris has a real Good Friday in Supt. Moore. A fine pair, they are.

We have in mind to tell a story about Col. John Gaither Hall, who lives in Lenoir, but we had better postpone that until after our next trip on March 12th, when the beautiful white snow is no more.



Successful Meat Boycott.

A beautiful North Carolina lady teacher, in full sympathy with the protest against the high prices of meats, has solved the question. She has a domestic turn of mind and is temporarily the house-keeper. She purchased a 5-cent soup bone. She made soup two days in succession and on the third made hash. This conduct on the part of many house-keepers would soon bring the beef trust to its knees. When the pinch comes, the women of today are not too far removed from their sisters of the '60s to know how to cope with dire difficulties and overcome them.



What a Boy Can Do.

Asheboro Courier.

Master Howard Parrish, son of William Parrish, of Cox, Randolph county, found a turkey egg in the woods last spring, which he carried home and put under a setting hen. When the hen came off with her brood of chicks he gave the turkey egg, with other eggs, to another hen. At the end of a week, which made the fourth week, the turkey was hatched. The hen left her nest and raised the turkey. The boy sold the turkey for \$2.20 and with the money bought a pig. He fattened the pig and sold it yesterday to Mr. Frank Delk for \$19.20 cash. Mr. Parrish had no turkeys and it was thought that the egg was from a wild turkey.



Happiness is found in friendships.

THE BOXING KANGROO.

By Col. Fred A. Olds.

One day, while looking at the animals in Wombwell's English Circus, then on tour of this country, the manager came up and pointing to a kangaroo and a young man who was boxing with the animal, both having on medium-weight gloves, said: "I know a capital story about a boxing-kangaroo, and it is true too, every word of it. I am an Australian by birth, and was a boy there when the 'Bushrangers' were perhaps at their worst. You know Australia is really a narrow band of settled country around a vast wilderness of trackless and almost untrodden waste. The latter is the 'bush,' and in this thick and oftentimes thorny scrub were the 'Bushrangers.' These were in some cases convicts who have broken their ticket-of-leave, and in other cases desperadoes who took to the bush on their own account or who joined themselves with the already seasoned criminals who lurked there. Not far from where I lived was a boy whose name was Barney Harthcote, an orphan, aged about fourteen years, who had a really singular pet in the shape of a kangaroo, which had been taken when very young and had come to love the boy, his master and companion, with the love of a dog. Barney had taught the kangaroo to box and the animal showed the liveliest interest in the sport. Of course the animal was kept gloved on such occasions, as he could, when he wished to do so, deal a powerful blow. A kangaroo, you know, sits up most of the time, balanced on his enormous hind legs and tail, and while he is comparatively weak in his fore-legs, his power is almost beyond belief in the hind ones, with their wide-spread toes, with which he springs from the ground almost like a bird, making prodigious leaps, nature having given him this means of movement through the scrub, over which he bounds with ease. One day Barney, whose home was near the very edge of the "bush," started out to go to see a friend some miles away, and his faithful kangaroo accompanied him. The boy, going carelessly, lost his way in a maze of little pathways and found dusk coming on. He stopped irresolute, near a mass of scrub, when suddenly there was a low whistle and two Bushrangers, with villanous faces, sprang out. The boy faced about and, being unarmed, by instinct put

up his fists in the boxing attitude. The kangaroo, now a great animal, known there as an "old man," which is the term used for the grown males, followed his master's lead, but to far more purpose. He gave one astonishing leap forward and before the now startled, or at least surprised, Bushrangers knew what had happened, felled one of them with a blow upon the jaw. The moment the man was down, the kangaroo struck him with a mighty hind-foot and the stroke finished him. The man's companion turned, but the kangaroo was upon him, and brave little Barney, determined to do his part, rushed up beside his faithful friend, and in a moment the kangaroo finished this Bushranger, almost as he had the other. Night-fall came on and there was nothing to do but to rough it in the bush until daylight. Then Barney and his "old man" contrived to return homewards. He carried the news of the killing of the two Bushrangers and described the latter the best he could. An inspector of the police happened to be in the village that day and he and a few constables and mounted citizens went to the place, guided by the boy. There they found the dead men, and examination showed that they were notorious criminals, for whom large rewards were outstanding. It was found that around the waist of each was a belt containing money and jewelry. Upon their persons were found weapons which they had taken from men they had murdered, one of these weapons being a double-barreled pistol, really a shot-gun in miniature, and carrying buck-shot cartridges; one of the kind specially made for and used by the constables in their pursuit of the dreaded and daring Bushrangers. Barney became a hero of the time, was complimented by the authorities and his conduct was even brought to the attention of the Home Government. An allowance was made to him, and people went from near and far to see the, "boxing kangaroo." The boy was engaged by one of the show men then on tour in Australia, and he and his faithful "old man" made a hit wherever they went. So far as I know this was the first kangaroo ever taught to box. The one we have here you see uses his fists well, but like Barney's friend, he is fond of the young man with whom you see him sparring in the cage. The

kangaroo, you may perhaps know, is one of the few survivals of what I may call pre-historic animals, and is a sort of first cousin to your United States opossum. They are very queer in every respect. The mother carries her young in a pouch at her breast, as the opossum does, and I tell you a mother with her load of kangaroolets is a funny sight to see. Nature has provided the animal with exactly the means needed for making fast time in Australia, that strange country, and also for defending itself, although it is really a shy animal, and does not know its own power, in most cases.

The kangaroo is only one of many queer things in Australia, where in some respects nature seems turned backwards. Do you know that there the biggest trees cast no shade? The leaves are not horizontal, as they are here, but are perpendicular, all set up on edge, so of course the sun comes right through."



Echoes From the Farm.

The exceedingly wet weather of the past month made outdoor work unusually hard to provide for the working force but diligent use of his mental faculties enabled the manager to find something for the willing workers who constitute "the force," as the boys call the working section, to turn their hands to.

When all other resources failed "the pines" furnished an ever ready reserve upon which to fall back, for there the nature of the soil made work possible in any kind of weather except in a downpour of rain.

These first days of March with their sunshine and showers have made the rye field a thing of beauty, which in turn delights the hearts of the boys who prepared the ground and sowed the field.

Cleaning up "the pines" has not only furnished the boys outdoor employment when they needed it badly, but has provided an abundance of good wood, and "lightered knots" for kindling, and has added much to the natural beauty of a very pretty part of the farm.

This spring finds the farm much better equipped for work than last year. Then "the force" numbered about eighteen boys, most of them too small for real work. Now we have enough for all work indoors and out, and it is due the boys to say that they do all that is asked of them with a hearty good-humor and as much efficiency as could be expected of boys.

The Man Who Wins in the Battle for Success.

The man who wins in the battle for success lives in the present but prepares for the future. He makes the most of things as they are but he also looks with a worshipful eye on the God of Things-as-they-ought-to-be. He is willing to take temporary defeat and submit to poverty and disaster so long as he can see in the future ultimate triumph and prosperity. The harder the blow, the greater becomes his power of resistance. Adversity acts only as a spur upon his powers—it adds to his courage and makes his will indomitable.

He is the sort of man that becomes an optimist at the time when others about him are most pessimistic—a kind of practical Mark Tapley, whose spirit no seeming misfortune can dull. All men have not been constituted this way, but it is from the best of them that our lessons must be learned.

He is a believer in mankind—he strikes at an average and then lets that average govern his trust. His confidence is rarely misplaced and yet he does it out with a willing hand. He detests the thief and scorns the cheat and yet he belongs to that class which would rather see a thousand guilty go free than that one innocent man be falsely condemned. He is neither soft nor stony hearted. In times of sorrow and bereavement his sympathy assumes surprising form. And yet he is so firm a believer in nature's laws and nature's final adjustment that the cruelest blow makes but small impression upon him.

He is a believer in the law of the "survival of the fittest"—it is his creed. And yet while he asks no charity for himself he is ever willing to bestow it upon others. If he is weak in body or in mind he works zealously to make himself strong. But if he be strong he is the first to stretch out his hand to those who are weaker than himself. He is willing to wage war in the land of the Cyclops and exchange uneven blows with them; but warfare in the country of the Pigmies he never makes.

He is neither possessed of femininity nor golden goodness—he is

merely virile. Merely a man. Confidence in himself he has in abundance and yet the word conceit holds nothing in common with him. Self-satisfaction, he says, is the first step toward retrogression. His mind is broad—his religion capacious, and yet he does not wholly despise those who are more narrow-minded than himself.

His body and his mind and his heart he tries to keep of equal strength, for an over-development of one or the other sows the first seeds of dissolution. When he finds his body failing he goes out into the country and hews trees. If his mind is tired and distressed he seeks the soothing influence of a life close to nature, while if it is weak he seeks

—and yet he accepts criticism, honestly intended, in the most sportsmanlike of ways. He seldom offers advice to others and never forces it upon them and yet when it is requested of him he gives it quickly and with unerring aim.

He would rather give more than is demanded of him than a few grams less. When he is employed by another he keeps within the province of the hired man whether his station be that of vice-president of a corporation or serf on a private estate. But if he himself be the employer he holds himself no better—structurally—than the lowest paid of those whom he employs.

The man who wins success gears himself to the pace of the age in which he lives. No race of consequence, he realizes, is ever won by the man who takes the lead at the firing of the gun. Too fast a start invariably brings final defeat. He believes in a good beginning but he knows also that there must be something in reserve when it comes time for the telling spurt. He would rather be returned victor at the end than maintain a lap lead through seven furlongs of the mile. A wise conservation of energy, he says, is the fulcrum by which the heaviest of obstacles may be raised.

He is willing, at times, to hold back and let the other fellow set the pace—for it insures him that latent power by which

the battle of success is won. The man who boasts the least "stray power," this man will tell you, is the most dynamic individual in the world of today. Alert constantly and possessed always of his greatest strength he is ever ready to land the crucial blow. His full resources are constantly at his command.

He is no gambler in the narrow sense. He admires stability and believes in its reward too much for that. He would rather hold his ace to take a king. He hates the game of bluff and is an avoider of it and yet—if the odds be even he will back his hand till his last chip is gone.

And because this man does not gamble and hates the jingle of the

The Way to Win.

"Strike" while the iron is heated,

"Pause" and the iron is cold.

If you strike too late on a hardened plate
The weld will never hold.

"Seek" and success will follow ;

"Wait" and it passes by.

Be quick to grasp, then hold it fast
And trust for a better try.

"Work" and the world works with you.

"Loaf" and you loaf alone.

This strenuous world's a continuous whirl ;
It offers no place for the drone.

"Life" is an undertaking ;

"Death" is a battle fought ;

So let life's light illumine the night

With the deeds that you have wrought.

—Exchange.

companionship among those whose intellects are clearer and stronger than his own. If his heart is at fault and a callousness seems apparent within it he goes out among his less fortunate neighbors and learns anew the lessons of life that he has lost.

Possibilities and problematical situations hold little horror for this man. For, while he is respectful of the vicissitudes the future may bring, he lives in the actualities of the present. He prepares himself for all emergencies and is ready for them but he wastes no strength in fighting battles before the call to arms has sounded in his ear.

He is his own severest judge. He admits his own fallacies long before others have called them to his mind

word there are those who will call him cowardly and weak. To this he says nothing—he has no answer to make. He is willing to back his convictions silently against theirs. And when in the end he succeeds and they fail, the "told you so" spirit is the last sentiment that enters his heart.

He is a respecter of himself. He knows that if he is to demand respect of others he must have that about him which will win it for him. He is no faddist—he hates style. And yet there is a neatness about him that makes him stand out among his fellow men. He does not believe in wearing an \$80 suit for a \$10 job—and even after prosperity has smiled upon him his old tailor is still quite good enough.

In times of prosperity most men prepare for disaster. The successful man reverses the rule. Throughout the day of adversity, poverty and sometimes hunger, this man is steeling himself for the better days to come. He knows that the contrasting conditions of life and environment that prosperity will bring will test him to the extreme. And so he is determined to be prepared. He is determined to still be his "old self." He wants riches for the advancement they will bring rather than for the degeneration they oft-times cause.

The successful man "looks before he leaps" but he does not look long enough to allow a push from behind to determine his course. Thought coupled with action, this man says, is the most pronounced ingredient of success. He believes in conservatism as a whole and yet—in direct contrast—initiative is his strongest means of offense. Combining the two he carries the intrenchments of every foe.

When some men get to be fifty—and look back—they are often surprised at the opportunities they find they have missed. Not so the successful man. He believes in the creed of Bacon, who said, "A wise

man will make more opportunities than he finds." And believing in it he goes out into the unknown forests and blazes a trail of his own.

The undergrowth of the virgin forest has no terror for this man, the yells of the wild beasts he hardly hears. For the successful man prepares himself for all these things. He knows the necessity of a good gun but he knows also the greater importance of a keen eye. He knows the power of a sharp ax but he realizes also the greater capacity of a strong arm. For he knows that most important of all human laws—he knows that the best creations of God or man are useless to mankind without the strength and mind of man himself.—Selected.



Changes in Educational Ideas.

By Supt. C. M. Staley in Hickory Democrat.

About fifteen or twenty years ago there began a change in educational ideas and methods. It was proclaimed that the old views were all wrong, and the time had come to make a radical change. The methods of teaching must be made up-to-date, and more subjects must be put in the school course. For a time the advocates of these so-called reforms had their way, and the results were not satisfactory. The number of subjects to be taught was doubled; and so much was attempted that nothing was taught thoroughly. Good spelling became the exception instead of the rule; reading and writing were sadly neglected; and the ability to solve a complicated arithmetical problem with rapidity and accuracy almost became one of the lost arts.

But within the last two or three years a decided reaction has set in. Parents are beginning to realize that it is more important that their children shall learn thoroughly a few essential subjects than that they shall acquire a mere smattering of many subjects. Business men are demanding that the schools shall teach their pupils to spell correctly, to write legibly, to know how to use the English language, and to be able to solve a problem in arithmetic without making a dozen mistakes in addition or multiplication. And the teachers have been making a vigorous protest against the multiplicity of subjects and text books to be taught.

Recently there was held in Durham a meeting of the city school superintendents of the State to discuss plans for the improvement of

the schools. About seventy-five of the leading towns in the State were represented at this meeting. The subject which received most discussion was the question of how to simplify the course of study so as to make it more practical and of more real value to the pupils. The sentiment among the superintendents was practically unanimous in favor of getting back to some of the old time methods. * * * * *

It is never a safe thing to predict what the future will bring forth. It is very probable, however, that in a few years the course of study in all the schools will be greatly simplified. Instead of running wild over some fad the schools will devote more time to a thorough drill in the subjects which are of most importance in a practical, common-sense system of education. More time will be devoted to spelling, to syllabication and pronunciation, to reading, to writing, to English grammar and composition, to North Carolina history, to civics, and to arithmetic. It is very likely, too, that such old time text books as Webster's Blue Back speller, Sanford's arithmetics, and Reed and Kellogg's grammar will have a place again in all the schools. At present the tendency is along these lines. It will be a great day for our educational system when we all recognize the fact that it is worth a great deal more to the child to have mastered a few essential subjects than to have hurried over a great many unimportant subjects without any clear understanding of what those subjects may mean.



Established Kinship.

Lexington Dispatch.

Editor Blair, of The Christian Advocate, having established his claim to kinship with Daniel Boone, will be welcomed at the Davidson-Rowan-Davie celebration at Boone's cabin April 30.

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

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

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results---In April we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose. McDowell County, Prof. D. F. Giles Superintendent; Cabarrus County, Prof. C. E. Boger Superintendent; and Wilkes County, Prof. C. C. Wright Superintendent, are now marked "RAISED." Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

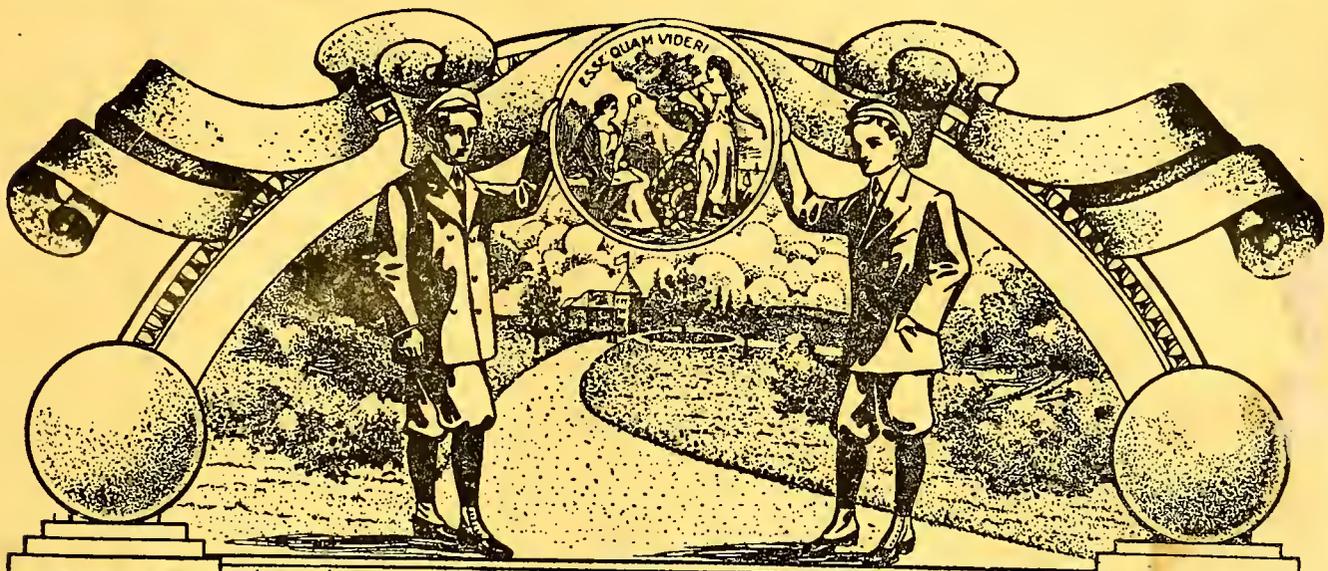
Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.				
Alamance	P. H. Fleming.	250		Johnston	J. P. Cannady.	150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe.	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones.	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75
Anson	J. M. Wall.	80		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25
Ashe	W. H. Jones.	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100
Beaufort	W. L.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

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

364

Prof. W. W. Walker

If already a subscriber to THE UPLIFT, secure us another---that's the missionary spirit. If not now a subscriber send a dollar and become one---that's a pleasant act. By doing these things you hasten our Educational Cottage. This is a respectful invitation to the one now reading it.

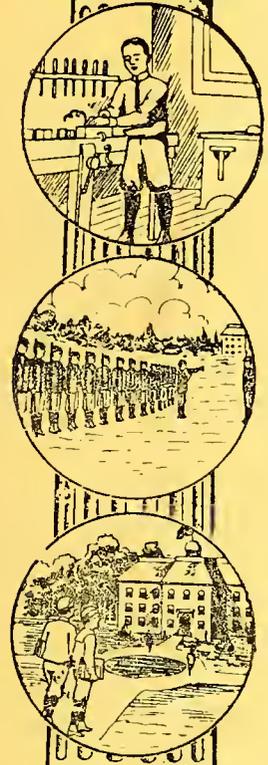


THE UPLIFT

Connected Ways.

It is not a question of setting at the outset of life two sign-posts, one bearing the inscription "The Right Way," the other the inscription "The Wrong Way," and of saying to those who come there, "Choose." One must needs, like Christ, point out the ways which lead from the second road to the first, to those who have been easily led astray; and it is needful that the beginning of these ways should not be too painful nor appear too impenetrable.

---Alexandre Dumas, Fils.



APRIL, 1910

PRIZES IN NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

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

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

No. 1.—\$50.00.

No. 2.—\$30.00.

No. 3.—\$20.00.

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

What Is It ?

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

The Conditions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Signed) _____ (Name.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Statement.

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

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

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

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. I.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1910

No. 11

BENJAMIN RICE LACY.

By Gov. Chas. B. Aycock.

I have been asked by the young men conducting the *Agromeck* to write a short sketch of the life and character of my friend, Benjamin Rice Lacy, to whom this issue of the *Annual* is dedicated. They have furnished me with a few facts relative to Mr. Lacy's life. He was born in the City of Raleigh on June 19th, 1854. He is a son of the late Reverend Drury Lacy, a distinguished and learned Presbyterian minister, who was for seven years President of Davidson College. Both of Mr. Lacy's grand-fathers were Presbyterian ministers. On his mother's side he comes of a long line of notable preachers. At the age of fifteen he went into the Raleigh and Gaston R. R. shops in Raleigh as an apprentice. For about fifteen years he was a locomotive engineer. He became a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and holds his connection with that compact and wisely managed organization. As a member of the Brotherhood, he served for a number of years on the Grievance Committee, and his wise and considerate conduct in that delicate position gained for him and he now holds, the love and confidence of the men to a degree rarely equalled, and he always enjoyed the respect of the officials of the railroads.

He served six years as Commissioner of Labor, having been first appointed to that office by the late Governor Elias Carr. He has twice been elected State Treasurer, being nominated to that high office the last time by acclamation. Mr. Lacy spent some years of his life on the plains of Texas and in the Southwest, where he became acquainted with ranch life and contributed his part to the history of those brave men who combine sound judgment with an attractive, dare-devil recklessness. These meager

facts furnished to me do not make Mr. Lacy's career or his character understandable. To those of us who know him best, he yet remains something of a mystery. Simple in his life, a quiet and orderly man, with only such knowledge of books as he has picked up at intervals in a busy life, what is it that has won for him such distinguished honors, and enables him to count the whole population as his friends? An intimate association with him for four years has solved this question for me to my entire satisfaction. He is,



BENJAMIN RICE LACY.

in the first place, a man of fire natural sense, but beyond and above this, he is possessed of a warm heart which never tires in service for others. He takes the minutest interest in all that concerns his friends and acquaintances. He knows children, not only by sight and favor, but by name. He knows the working people of the community in which he lives and calls them by their Christian names, not as a matter of condescension or patronage, but as a mark of his sense of

equality and friendliness. He is on terms of friendship and intimacy with the learned and powerful. He sees things from the point of view of the wage earner, and realizes how the employer looks at the matter from his position. His concern about the interests of those with whom he comes in contact is real. He rejoices with those who rejoice. He is present at the weddings of the sons and daughters of his friends. He weeps with those who weep. He attends the funerals of those who have crossed over the river. He sits up with the dead, visits the sick, aids the widow and orphan. In doing these things he never counts the cost in time or labor. He is a poor man, but finds enough money to spare to needs that are greater than his. His sympathy is always on the alert for those who labor.

Knowing these few simple facts about Ben Lacy, one knows and understands the man and his popularity. He may not be a great man, but he is a good man. He has his faults, but others may tell of these. I shall not. I will leave this to his enemies, with the certainty that the public will never be enlightened on that side of his character by any North Carolinian.

Ben Lacy's career is an inspiration and a hope to every toiling boy in the state.

For years he has been a great sufferer from asthma. A great many nights he sleeps not at all, or only from exhaustion after weary coughing. Day after day, passing nights of wakefulness and suffering, I have seen him in his office at his desk at work with a smile on his face and a ready greeting to every one who called, whether on business or just for a chat.

Patience, cheerfulness, industry, helpfulness—these make a combination out of which success can always be wrought, and successful men know it. This lesson Mr. Lacy

teaches. Love of his fellow men, of his community, of his state, of his country, this endears him to us all. May he have long life in which to serve the people well and to add to the comfort and cheerfulness of life.

Note: The above was written by Ex-Governor Chas. B. Aycock in 1905. But what was true about this splendid North Carolinian in 1905 is true in 1910 with the additional statement that Mr. Lacy is serving most acceptably efficient his third term as State Treasurer. It is the custom in this office to write our own biographical sketches, but having run across Gov. Aycock's gem about this charming personality there was no getting away from it—we surrendered by appropriating it bodily.—Editor THE UPLIFT.



Dr. Stiles to Become a Citizen.

Dr. Stiles the eminent physician who has discovered the hookworm and has about convinced the public that it is a real and not an imaginary trouble is to become a North Carolinian by taking up his residence in Raleigh.

Dr. Stiles is a thorough gentleman, very frank and is in no sense a crank, as so many professional men become when they start out as the wet-nurse of some cause. His presence in the state will be a distinct gain in our professional life and the service he will render the state, by the distinguished backing he has both in men and means, will result in a permanent good to thousands.

Dr. Stiles adds to his otherwise splendid equipment a spirit both tolerant and respectful, two things small specialists never have sense enough to know that really great men are born with or acquire at an early age in life. It is, therefore, no small event for North Carolina that Dr. Stiles likes us well enough to become one of us.



Field Sports.

The opening of Spring weather has put the craze for outdoor sports into the virile veins of our husky youngsters. The recreation period grows more interesting to them as the evenings lengthen. Baseball is the favorite although it shares the honors with racing, wrestling, and prisoners' base, any and all of them enjoyable to boys "who lightly draw their breath and feel their life in every limb," and each enjoyed largely in proportion to the amount of noise that may be made to accompany it. Several match games have been played with neighboring teams, some successful, some otherwise.

SOME MATTERS MERITING NOTICE AND THOUGHT.

By Jim Riddick.

Why shouldn't the farmers have an organization? Just about this time of the year we note where annual meetings are called for the teachers, the lawyers, the doctors, the dentists, the manufacturers, the laundrymen, the editors, the bankers, the undertakers and others, and why in the world should the farmer not have his organization that calls for an annual meeting?

Several weeks ago I met up with Dr. Templeton and a Mr. Crowder, of Cary, N. C., at Warsaw, upon their return from Clinton where they had been to speak to the farmers on the subject of Farmers' Unions. That meeting impressed me. I could see nothing in either of them except a love for their fellow man and a hope to better the condition of the farmers from the standpoint of the teachings of the Farmers' Union. "Is there any politics in the movement?" I asked Dr. Templeton. He said: "No." Dr. Templeton, who by the way is a native of Iredell county and had some of the hard rubs that came to those who were youths at the close of the war, does not look to me other than "the salt of the earth," who will under the slightest provocation call a spade a spade—and all men should do that very thing. He is too frank, sincere and honest to ride a concern for a personal benefit over his associates. It's his love for the cause that made him leave his home and go way down to Sampson county and preach the gospel of the Farmers' Union.

And Mr. Crowder. Why, I liked him too, for he made me think of that Godly man, the late Rev. Jesse H. Page. He looks like Mr. Page did, and he has some of those fascinating ways that use to make me love to have the old Methodist preacher, who knew no fear and was a stranger to a hate, come into my office, put his feet under my table and for hours read my exchanges. No, Mr. Crowder, like Dr. Templeton, has his heart in a cause which will receive the best and most unselfish service that in him lies.

The Farmers' Union, we are told, is growing at a rapid rate. This is not surprising; for every one built on normal lines recognizes at once the needs for the organization among farmers. A lawyer can't join the dentists' association; a doctor can't join a banker's association; an undertaker can't join a manu-

facturer's association; a laundryman has no business in a pharmaceutical organization; then why should a politician or chronic office seeker, or a fellow with some wares to sell want to get into or be eligible to membership in the Farmers' Unions? Politics has been the undoing of all former farmers' organizations. Being very largely interested and dependent upon farms, I am sincerely hopeful of seeing the organization strong enough and stiff enough to withstand the wooing of certain ones bearing gifts.

This reminds me that several people who have gotten a taste for royalties and striving for more, and some who are in training for getting their feet under the table, are terribly disturbed over the inadequate provisions for agricultural teaching in the public schools. It is funny to see a man who probably knows enough to know which end of the plow to hitch the horse, trying to tell the farmer how to farm. Every fourteen year old boy in North Carolina knows more about practical agriculture than any author on that subject in the world. The farmer can and does make a living—the theoretical agriculturist, shedding great, wet tears over the lack of instruction along these lines, would actually perish putting into practice his views and superior (?) knowledge out in the fields. The Farmers' Union can well afford to keep an eye trained on these.

Men who control and direct the policies of the average agricultural colleges are turning out more professional men and men who take to other callings than farming, and why should they be such infallible guides when it comes to directing the educational work of the Farmers' Unions? In fact they are taking many farmers' sons and educating them away from the farm. This ought not to be.

The average farmer is a mighty hard individual being to be fooled in this day of grace. He has had enough to happen to him in the immediate past to make him take on the Missouri spirit. The day was when men with wares to sell and newspapers carrying a seductive announcement with schemes to work could fool a large class of the farmers and get into the saddle and ride the organization into a haven of peace, rest and profit themselves, but the farmer has come into his

own and very properly turns a scrutinizing eye on the nature faker, the schemer and the man with personal ends to reach. It is well.

But every few years we must have fads and fancies. The very same crowd a few years ago who were contending with filling up the rural schools with so-called classics and frills and ruffles and tommy-rot, are now clamoring for the extreme reverse. The craze now on is to teach every farmer's son so that he will remain in the country and never have any desire to go to town. It is the impossible. Except for the influx from the country and outlying districts, the average business of the towns would have gone into dry-rot. The great majority of the great industrial plants, the large and successful mercantile establishments, the professions (even the high office of the Christian ministry) and other city developments can be traced to the country-bred and reared boy. The fadists and fanciers, and they all live in town, had better get themselves down to considering the conditions that prevail in our towns. The future of the town boy give the average, thoughtful man more concern than does the county boy. If you want to render your fellowman, Mr. Faddist, a lasting service, turn your your great brain to solving not how you can sell something or advance your personal interest, but how you can induce a large number of the town and city boys, going to absolute waste, to pull up and go into the country. You will show your ability in this, and prove thereby (if you succeed) real benefactors; but stop meddling with that which you know precious little about.

The farmer has grown tired of being ploughed by the professional and theoretical farmer. He has his spirit trained for the real thing in the race now being run. It may be hard on the nature faker, but it will be to the eternal interest and welfare of the farmer.



The Presbyterian Standard after giving the numerical strength of the several larger denominations in the United States in the following figures:

Methodists	6,477,224	members;
Baptists	5,510,590	"
Lutherans	2,173,047	"
Presbyterians	1,848,046	"

Makes the following very sensible and timely comment:

The growth of the evangelical churches is altogether too small. If our churches, every man and woman in each of them, were working as

strenuously as they are called to do in the Scriptures and as strenuously as reason says the world has a right to expect, the growth would show very much larger gains. What we need everywhere is a revival among the hosts of the Lord."

In the issue of March 16th, The Presbyterian Standard carries a very strong article on "America's Greatest Problem" by the Rev. J. E. L. Winecoff, whom this writer well knows and greatly appreciates. I don't know just how much Mr. Winecoff's suggestions, were they put into execution, would buck up against the constitutions of the state and the United States, but what he says upon the necessity of a broad religious training in the public schools is so well said that it causes one to sit up and take notice. There is with all our advancement and progress and real, genuine improvement, a growing feeling that there is something lacking. What is it?

The first article on the first page of the Biblical Recorder of the 16th asks the question: "Is the Devil a Person?" There are times and places when it appears to us that he is several of them.



A County as Big as a State.

I went to Clinton, Sampson county, N. C., on March 5th and met with the teachers of the town and county. County Supt. L. L. Matthews and City Supt. J. H. Campen are zealous men, thoroughly equipped for their respective responsible positions. The patient and attentive hearing given a representative while discussing The Delinquent Child clearly demonstrated the great interest that intelligent audience feels for institutions that deal with the wayward and the unfortunate.

There is an indefinable something about the atmosphere of that section of our good old state that made me like it—that something could possibly be explained to a definite fineness by a native of the county, our fishing and taxiderming contributor, the genial Dr. H. C. Herring; or if beyond his explanation, surely Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Smith, other natives of this wonderful county, could shed a great light on that indefinable something. There is any way a brightness and a cheeriness about the lady teachers I saw that tell part of a story; and the way the fine specimens of manhood among the male teachers could look through you and give your hand a warm shake tells another part of the story.

There is an air of aristocracy without the nauseating frills that people supposing themselves aristocratic put on, there are evidences of a substantial culture of marked proportions, there is a spirit of hospitality, which even extends to the barber, that takes hold of a visitor to Clinton. Even those who are not educated show some of this "indefinable something" that makes one like them. I believe I know now what it is.

You cannot hide a light. You cannot make impotent a power. You can scarcely eradicate with rust or effort effects of a well-planned and well-executed purpose into which one well-balanced, far-seeing, determined man has thrown his life. Way back yonder in the first half of the last century, a man by the name of Graves (we believe) maintained a school of the character of Salem Academy, to which girls from far and wide came. The teachers in that school were the product of the best school abroad. I am told that a Sampson county girl educated in that school could go abroad and talk in French with a clearness and accuracy that made the real article envious.

Following this came the school of B. F. Grady and John McCloud. The life of no living person today will reach the end of the influences of the forces for good they brought to bear. A definiteness and a distinctiveness make a foundation that can be built upon somewhere and somehow for ages, even though they may not now be greatly stressed. It is all but impossible to destroy a forceful purpose once taken root—it is almost as indestructible as material. It may go down through generations and bob up in a different form or phase, but its true cause can be located and accounted for. And this in part explains that "indefinable something," that takes hold of a visitor to Clinton.

I availed myself of the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of one of God's noblemen, the Rev. Dr. Luther McKinnon, who has made his home for years in Clinton. It is a perfectly natural thing to think of Dr. McKinnon when one has been discussing the effect upon a community and generations to come of a well-fixed purpose in the keeping of a strong masterful hand and soul. But right here I stop this reference to a personality, who stands out big, high and strong in the state, until a subsequent issue.

I have not the data at hand, but Sampson county is one the biggest-

counties in North Carolina—it may just lack a fraction of being as large as Cumber-land. One thing is certain and that is that it is the exact size of the whole state of Rhode Island. If I were a pupil of the public schools of Sampson county, not because it is large but because of its possibilities, I would like to enter the contest for the prize THE UPLIFT is offering the public school pupils of the state for the best county story. And if Profs. Matthews and Campen don't inspire several to enter this friendly investigation into the history of the county and put it down in words, they are not just what I have quietly and unconsciously allowed myself to be led on to believe. Sampson county is all right.



The Audubon Society of North Carolina.

By T. Gilbert Pearson.

The Audubon Society of North Carolina for the study and protection of birds, and the preservation of game, is one of 33 State organizations, all working for the same general objects. It was in March, 1902, that our society was formed, and a year later was incorporated by the Legislature with the power of appointing for the conservation of the wild bird and animal life of North Carolina. The principles for which the Audubon Society stands are as follows:

FAVORS PRESERVATION OF GAME.

1. By short seasons for hunting.
2. By limiting the number killed in one day.
3. By prohibiting the sale and exportation of quail and grouse.
4. By prohibiting the netting and trapping of birds.
5. By encouraging private and public game preserves.
6. By stopping the spring shooting of wild fowl.
7. By prohibiting bird hunting dogs from running at large during the breeding season of the birds.

FAVORS PROTECTION OF NON-GAME BIRDS.

1. By protecting the birds of song and plumage.
2. By protecting the valuable insect and seed-eating birds.
3. By protecting the rare and beautiful herons and terns of the coast country.

FAVORS A STATE GAME WARDEN SYSTEM.

Supported by a non-resident hunters' license tax of \$10.00, and a resident hunters' license tax of not

less than \$1.00 for all persons shooting off their own lands.

The Society has always been greatly handicapped for lack of funds. When one takes into consideration the tremendous work which the Society is doing on an income which has usually ranged from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year, it can readily be seen the difficult task with which the officers and Board of Directors' is constantly confronted. There are few States in the Union where serious efforts are being made to enforce the game laws that the work is attempted with so small an outlay. In five States in the Union the game protection fund annually amounts to \$100,000 or over, yet the Audubon Society in North Carolina annually employs from 60 to 100 game wardens, distributes a great deal of literature, works for better laws, and keeps the subject constantly before the people of the State by means of public lectures and a liberal use of the press. The following are some of the things that the Audubon Society has accomplished for bird and game protection:

1. Secured the enactment of many laws; (a) making close seasons on quail, turkeys and deer where they were unprotected before; (b) prohibiting trapping of quail; (c) keeping up bird dogs in summer; and (d) making illegal many unsportsmanlike methods of killing game.

2. Secured the enactment of the "Audubon Law" one feature of which is the game warden system without which all game laws are virtually dead letters.

3. Broken up in many sections the smuggling traffic in quail.

4. Collected over \$15,000.00 from membership fees and contributions to help enforce the game laws of the State.

5. Examined thousands of reported cases and convicted in the courts hundreds of persons who have violated the statutes protecting birds and game.

6. Secured the passage of the State law protecting the insectivorous birds so valuable to agricultural interests.

7. Established many Junior Societies among school children for bird study and furnished them with hundreds of bird books and tens of thousands of leaflets.

8. Guarded with wardens each summer the breeding colonies of sea birds.

Every year more people in North Carolina are becoming interested in this work, and to persons who may

desire to help protect the birds and game of North Carolina, it may not be amiss to state that they can help greatly in the work by complying with one or more of the following suggestions, for the Audubon Society needs the hearty support and cooperation of all such persons:

1. By not allowing birds to be needlessly killed on your land.
2. By putting up bird boxes about your home for nesting places.
3. By providing crumbs and seeds for the birds in winter.
4. By speaking a good word for the birds to your neighbors.
5. By writing to the Audubon Society for the free copies of the game laws and other literature.
6. By asking your Representatives in the Legislature to support good, conservative game legislation.
7. By becoming a member or contributor to the Audubon Society if you feel able.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

Regular member, one fee - -	\$1.00
Sustaining member, initiation fee - - - - -	5.00
Annual fee, afterwards	1.00
Life member, one fee - - - -	\$10.00

Copies of the Annual Reports, leaflets with colored pictures, other literature and information will be gladly sent to all persons making application for the same to T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary, at Greensboro, N. C.



No "Fool Sentiment" in Gaffney.

Statesville Landmark.

The Palmetto folks have many shortcomings, as have their brethren on this side of the line, but it is gratifying to note that the fool sentiment which does not permit children to be controlled either at home or in school, has little support in Gaffney.



What does your money say to you? Does it speak of helpfulness, of self-improvement, of education, of culture, of travel, of books? What opportunity to help others has it brought you? What chance for widening influence, a larger usefulness? Does it breathe of generosity or of meanness, of larger aim, or of a self-centred, narrow life?



The man who does things is usually too busy to talk much about how he does it, or give other people points on his business. It is the professor of things in general that does the talking, and nothing else to speak of.

Honor Rolls For March.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Randolph Williamson,	New Hanover.
Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Raymond Lee,	Forsyth.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Curtis Heagan,	Buncombe.
Tate Fisher,	Mecklenburg.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
Bryant Whittaker,	Forsyth.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Randolph Williamson,	New Hanover.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Arthur Herbert,	Cherokee.

Twenty-seven boys in the First Section. Seventeen on the Department Roll. Twelve on the Study Roll. Eleven on both rolls.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
Dan Stafford,	Buncombe.
Paul Livengood,	Forsyth.
John Howell,	Greene.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Hermann Laughlin,	Cabarrus.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Gilson Manuel,	Forsyth.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Pike Page,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
John Proctor,	Guilford.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.
Bezola Poteat,	Gaston.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul, Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Arthur Johnson,	Mecklenburg.

Dan Stafford,	Buncombe.
John Howell,	Greene.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Hermann Laughlin,	Cabarrus.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Pike Page,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Sylvester Beach,	Burke.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.

Thirty boys in the Second Section. Twenty-four on the Department Roll. Nineteen on the Study Roll. Seventeen on both rolls.



Superintendent Thompson's Trip.

With little notice, I was asked by the Editor of THE UPLIFT to go to Lenoir March fourth to speak for the school and the paper to the Caldwell County teachers. It was my first visit to Lenoir and also my first ride on the old "Narrow gauge" since the track had been widened many years ago. I had served the railroad in a minor way when I lived at Lincolnton and was glad to meet Engineer Smyre who told me he was the only one running on the road who was running in my day.

The editor has written of Lenoir and little needs to be said except that I enjoyed my little visit very much. The Caldwell teachers and those of Lenoir are a fine lot of people. I am obligated to them for many courtesies. I met Judge Council, one of the warm friends of this school, and he gave us a few kindly words of encouragement.

On the afternoon of the 4th I left to be at Newton the following day. I stopped by and spent the night at the Huffry with my good friend Dr. Fry and went on my way well lined and happy Saturday morning. On the train was Mr J. A. Bivens of the Department of Education at Raleigh with whom I had been at Lenoir the day before. Here also I met Supt Long of Catawba County who placed me under many obligations. Aside from a few minutes some years ago, I had not been to Newton for 18 years. The history usual to all our small North Carolina towns of that day had taken place here. I would scarcely have known the place, so many and varied had been the changes.

Fear had been expressed by many on account of a smallpox scare that

our meeting would be a failure for lack of attendance. This proved not to be the case, for more than 60 teachers gathered together to hear Mr Bivens and the writer. Catawba is as fine farming a county as can be found in this state and has a very fine quality of citizenship. The prosperity of the county and the type of people it contains were illustrated by the appearance and demeanor of the teachers. Supt. Long appears to be doing excellent work and his teachers certainly appear willing to work with him and to join him in the very intelligent efforts he is making for increased efficiency in the school.

My good friend Mr. C. H. Mebane was in Raleigh and I missed seeing him—much to my regret. Mr A. C. Sherill who has charge of Mr. Mebane's paper was present and gave the visiting teachers kind attention and consideration.

I was glad to meet again Editor Williams of the Enterprise with whom the years wear lightly. The writer is much beholden to him for the account of the exercises and for copy of paper containing the same. Mrs. Williams was in the office when I called and I found that the ups and downs of life had left her the same bright cheery woman as before.

This article would be incomplete without mention of Mr. W. C. Feimster now attorney at law and formerly superintendent of schools in Edrell. By his continued interest in Education and by force of a good habit early formed he was present with the teachers. Walter Thompson.



Several Hundred More.

Next month the school commencements of the several colleges and schools of the state will be taking place. Hundreds of young men will go out to enter the various occupations and professions of life. One wonders where they all find places and where they go. But there is room for them all—there is always room at the top of the ladder, and the world is constantly demanding new and more men, full of young life and rich, red blood.

And the bewitching young girl graduates will be making their presence felt these graduating days. And where are they to go? Don't you worry yourself, for the average girl graduate can care for herself; she can mighty quick get married, and as the head of a home shine with a light that reaches down into the ages, and in that sphere she is every inch a queen.



All Around the

As Observed by

WHILE the press was running off the March number of THE UPLIFT we moved into the new schoolroom in the Roth Building, and now we are enjoying all the conveniences of as comfortable and complete quarters as the most exacting of school-masters, or school-masters either, could desire. With desks graded down from the size adapted to the needs of our big fellows who wear clothes made for men, down to the size made for the little fellows who wear overalls of the "Brownie" pattern, every body, including the pedagogue, who is neither the "big bear" nor the "little bear," but is just the "middle-sized bear," has his own sizable place to sit and be comfortable, exactly like the bear family in the First Reader. But, since comfort isn't the main purpose of the school, there are accessories, such as wall maps which show the earth in general and all parts of it in particular, a handsome twelve-inch globe to enable the juvenile mind to grasp the idea of the earth's rotundity and assist it in comprehending the relative sizes and positions of the land and water divisions of the earth's surface; blackboards for number work, and, not the least important of all, books—all the books necessary to fundamental, ground-work teaching.

AS MAY be inferred from the preceding paragraph the classics and higher mathematics have no place in the curriculum of what one of our boys, in a letter home, alluded to as "this college." With the material we have, and the time it is in our care, the best service we can render the state is to furnish these boys the foundation of an education and put into them an ambition to go further. As the institution grows, and its intention becomes better understood, there will be fewer and fewer boys sent here at an age when it is too late to accomplish much with them or for them. To teach these boys, coming here as most of them do, with but the slightest knowledge of the rudiments of spelling and reading and still less acquaintance with figures and numbers, to know something of the world they live in, to read, write and spell well, to know the history

of their own state, to express themselves in grammatical English, and be able to make simple computations in arithmetic, is, perhaps, as much as may reasonably be expected in the time given, at least, so far as the mental training of the boys is concerned. But the school has a higher aim than the mere intellectual development of its students, and the results of its work would be inconsiderable without such a course of training as should accomplish a permanent reformation of the moral character of its boys. Every rule of conduct and every requirement of the institution is based upon some principle of right living, and habitual obedience to such rules is character-forming in its very nature. With boys of tender and susceptible age satisfactory results are sure, but the reasonable expectation of permanent reform diminishes in proportion to the advancing age at which boys come under the formative influences of the institution.

QUESTIONS that are not in the book frequently receive very curious and interesting answers. Even geography, which deals mainly with plain and obvious facts, furnishes its quota of unexpected answers to unlooked-for demands of the pedagogue for information. One of our classes taking its first lessons in that attractive study recently exhibited a satisfactory knowledge of the subject as long as the investigation was confined to surface indications, but when asked "Where is the earth?" they were thrown on their own resources for an answer, and, after the usual amount of guessing with which the average class of school-boys meets an unexpected question, they got down to real thinking. Finally, after serious reflection, one youthful philosopher announced that "the earth is in the air," but gave it up when convinced that the air is but a part of the earth itself. Another youngster, with the deliberation of a scientist sure of his facts, gave us the information that "the earth is on this side of the moon." After being convinced that the moon is a piece of property that belongs to the earth, and that it wouldn't be enough to say that the man is where his dog is, unless we located the dog,

he also gave it up. At last one more thoughtful than the rest expressed his belief that "the earth is in the sky," and after an interesting discussion of his proposition we all agreed that he was right.

AN EDITORIAL in this number entirely meets the approval of this pedagogue and no invidious distinctions are intended in calling particular attention to it; he means only that such sentiments on such a subject are timely and well put. It is high time that such words of wisdom should have a hearing. As may be readily inferred this reference is to the article on parental inefficiency and the decadence of some of the old-time methods of that ancient but best of all institutions of learning known as the old field school. We are not in that class which says in its heart the former days were better than these, but we are firm believers in the doctrine that the teacher stands in loco parentis, and the right kind of a parent at that, with all the responsibilities and all the rights of such. And we believe that the boy should be educated whether he wants to be or not, for he is no proper judge of such matters. The old field school has long ceased to be but its product is yet with us in the strong and cultured men of a generation that is fast passing away, and the like of whom we shall not see again until some radical changes are made in the methods of public education.

"John P.

Robinson, he

Says they didn't know everything
Down in Judee,"

but in the matter of educating boys our fore-bears could give us cards and spades and then beat us out of sight. If you have overlooked that editorial you will do the state some service by giving it the thoughtful reading it deserves.

ONE OF the unexpected pleasures of the last school week in March was a visit paid us, one afternoon, by two of the most progressive county superintendents of the state. It is love's labor lost to praise either of these gentlemen to the citizens of Cabarrus and Mecklenburg counties, for the reason that most of them can beat us at our

Teacher's Desk.

Nem. Con., Pedagogue.



own game when it comes to speaking good words of superintendents C. E. Boger and R. J. Cochrane. This is not because we love them less but because their people know them better. In their own counties they are men "whom not to know is to confess one's self unknown," and men whose private lives and official acts can stand the sunlight of publicity. The visit of such men to our schoolroom, and the helpful words they speak to the boys, exert an influence for good that cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Boger talked to the boys on the subject of their studies; what things they most needed to know and how to learn them. His exemplification of the proper way to study a spelling lesson was especially fine and will be long remembered and practised. Mr. Cochrane talked to them on the necessity of self-respect as a foundation upon which to build character, and urged them to make of themselves educated and self-respecting gentlemen, with the assurance that, no matter what the past had been, everybody would respect them when they became such men. Both men showed their training as teachers, in the simple language and engaging way of putting things which they used in talking to the boys, and the alert and interested attention which they received must have been as gratifying to the speakers as it was to the pedagogue.

A WISE old saw says that all beginnings are difficult. It seems, sometimes, that the god Terminus is habitually unpropitious to the promoters of all new undertakings and discourages them by all sorts of unexpected obstacles. This institution furnishes no exception to the rule and its pathway to the place it occupies now has been rough enough to satisfy Mark Tapley himself. But nobody complains and everybody about the place seems to possess sufficient philosophy to take things as they are and make the best of them. It is a great satisfaction to know that none of the difficulties are of our own making and that a better acquaintance with the object and purposes of the institution on the part of the public, the law-makers and judges will soon have the effect

of making things smoother for us all. The most discouraging fact connected with the work here is one with which no one at the institution has anything to do. The one aim of all our officials is to give these boys back to the state as solid and substantial men of character—men who will be an honor to the state and a credit to the institution. Character building of strength and endurance is not the necessary result of a year or two of training, especially with boys who are just closing the period of their minority. In the case of these older boys we see marked improvement in every respect, and the reform may be real, or it may be the result of watchful supervision and the absence of temptation. How fixed and permanent this improvement in character and habits may be is a question to be answered with hesitation in the face of the fact that these boys of maturer age will soon be at the limit of their detention here and go back to the old association and environment to find them both unchanged. These older boys will be the first products of the Jackson Training School and by the impression they make upon their home communities the work and value of the institution will be judged. What adverse conditions the institution has been subjected to is shown in the case of a boy about eighteen years old who was transferred to its care for a period of six weeks to fill out an unexpired term on the chaingang of one of our counties. Under the terms of his commitment he was discharged at the end of that time without any permanent benefit, and is necessarily regarded wheresoever he is known as a graduate of the Jackson Training School.

WE ARE printing, on the fifth page of this issue, some reading matter that will carry pleasure to the hearts of many parents and friends of our boys. The Honor Roll, for the school month just closed, will be found there, and a careful consideration of it and some facts connected with it will give a great many people some useful information in regard to our work here. Judging by the number of names on the roll one might sup-

pose that the bars had been let down and the conditions of earning the honor made easy for everybody. On the contrary the terms of admission to a place on the roll are made difficult enough to require hard work, and plenty of it, to meet them. The fact is that a vigorous effort has been made by the pedagogue to keep the list as small as possible, with justice, and the boys have made just as determined an effort to get on it, —and, there they are,—and welcome to them. Everybody whose name appears on the roll has the privilege of sending as many copies of THE UPLIFT to homefolks and friends as he furnishes us the addresses for, and the pleasure they are finding in doing this repays them for all the hard study and good behavior of the past month. When it is remembered that one lesson failure keeps the name off the study roll, and one correction for misconduct does the same for the deportment roll it doesn't seem so easy, after all, and the boys who have accomplished it are entitled to all the honors the Institution and their friends can give them.

MENTION HAS been made above of the visits we had, the past month, from gentlemen experienced in educational matters. Since that paragraph was written we have had with us Mr. J. A. Bivens, of the State Educational Department. Unfortunately his visit occurred on Saturday afternoon when our knowledge factory is closed down, and we were debarred the privilege of having him see our boys at work. Like many other observant visitors, accustomed to deal with large affairs, Mr. Bivens expressed surprise to find the Institution so well advanced along all lines of its development, and was kind enough to say some very complimentary things about the management. There is a hearty welcome here for all visitors interested in the welfare of the state's wayward boys, and we are sure that a visit to the institution will result in the friendship and assistance of all who see its work. Only those who know something of its inside workings can realize the urgency of the need of such an institution in the state.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

WHERE WE ARE LOSING.

One thing that marks the passing of a systemized effort in the name of home and parental control of children can be traced to the almost absolute delegation of this responsibility to the Sunday schools. Years ago nearly every family, however humble and however short in educational ability, maintained at stated periods in the home a certain organized effort towards the study of Bible stories and to the learning of the catechism. It was oftentimes made the price for certain concessions—this, itself, was probably the wrong principle, but even that was better than the complete obliteration of all home training in these subjects.

The great and important responsibility has been transferred in nine cases out of ten to the Sunday School. When we solemnly declare this to be a great blunder, we beg to be relieved of the accusation of fighting the Sunday School. Our contention is: No Sunday School, however good and efficient, can successfully take the place of a well-meant home training in like subjects.

Another let-up in a system of home control of children can be traced to the lengthening of the school terms and to the establishment

of new ideals of government in these. The knock-down and drag-out system seems intolerable to us; but when you establish and declare publicly the principle that no child shall or can be punished corporally at school, you have given a cruel blow to school and home government, and you have done the youth an injustice that approaches the character of a sin. And this delegation of the power of punishment from the teacher to the superintendent alone, in case the efficacy of punishment is yet recognized, is perhaps the most foolish innovation in modern school ideas. It robs the teacher of an authority that must at all times appear as hers to exercise if need be, if she is to be the mistress of her room.

This modern practice in school government has reached another point, where the little devil in the average boy is receiving support at home. The meaner, the more ignorant and the more contentious the patron is, the more he insists upon his child enjoying the privilege of doing just as he pleases at school and elsewhere. He stands ready at the least provocation to go thrash the teacher or to give a public tongue lashing. They are in every community, and their number is increasing every year.

A teacher may make a mistake—who does not? But no teacher can make a mistake big enough to justify any father to want to whip the teacher, or on ex-parte evidence want to “give the teacher a tongue-lashing that she will not soon forget.” An act like that is construed by the boy as a parental endorsement of him and as a license to do just as he pleases in the future—and it will not be long before that father will soon learn that he himself is a pretty good sized fool.

Some of the best and most useful men to-day (and women, too) are those who when punished at school made their greatest effort to conceal the fact from the parents—a knowledge of that punishment was sure to get them another at home. And in those days fathers and mothers did not have to ask a child the second time

to do a thing, and the practice of buying or paying children to do a thing is a product of the sorry end of modern society.



EXTENDING HIS CAUSE AND RAISING FUNDS.

A prospectus of the Juvenile Protective Association, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia, falls into our hands. We are greatly interested in its showing of 1907, which is the subject matter of the said prospectus.

On the face of its contentions, it seems to be trying to do just what is now being done in North Carolina by all those giving deep consideration to child life, as expressed in the institutions and orphanages by

The Episcopalians, at Charlotte,
 The Presbyterians, at Barium Springs,

The N. C. Methodist Conference, at Raleigh,

The Baptists, at Thomasville,
 The Western N. C. Conference, at Winston,

The Catholics, at Raleigh,
 The Lutherans, at Salem,
 The Children's Society of N. C.,
 The State, by the Jackson Training School,

The Odd Fellows, at Greensboro,
 The Knights of Pythias, at Clayton,

The Masons, at Oxford,
 The Christians, at Elon.

All these institutions have to husband their strength and guard well their resources to make tongue and buckle meet. We note, however, in glancing over the financial exhibit of the Juvenile Protective Association that in the year, the report of which is before us, that out of an expenditure of \$5,785.18 only \$487.15 were expended for “Stock and Farm Supplies” while \$5,298.03 were spent for salaries, traveling expenses, office expenses and bank discounts. And Mr. Crawford Jackson, the moving spirit of this Association, has brought his warfare into North Carolina and is now, we understand, preaching in various places the merits of his work and raising funds.

ABOUT SOME SERMONS.

You hear it whispered that sermons are "deteriorating." We must confess that many we now hear are not even remotely akin to those we heard when we were a boy. Dr. Law, the scholarly and observing editor of the Presbyterian Standard, recently wrote:

"Too many of the sermons of the times contain little to increase the knowledge of the Scriptures in congregations. Many of them are sentimental narratives and however pleasing to the ear (at a first and single hearing—ours) are yet lacking in the structural features that enable the hearer to carry them away for use in after days."

The good doctor, denying that this is due to a lack of training in theological schools, contends that the reason for this is the shifting of too much work upon the ministers, that they are "doing the work of the elders, deacons, sextons and unofficial members." There is much truth in this. But most of the sermons we have heard that may be classed as "deteriorating" are largely from those who are money-mad or fashion-struck or over-fed, and not from the great majority who enter the ministry because of a call from on High and who take no thought of to-morrow.



CALLS FOR ANOTHER LAW.

The deplorable, fatal accident, brought about by an automobile in Mecklenburg county in March, carries shudders to thousands. The poor negro will have to suffer for losing his head at a trying moment when he was serving in a capacity for which, by nature and otherwise, he was not qualified. They make doctors stand examinations, druggists and dentists have to go through a form, and even lawyers are required to apply for license before hanging out a shingle, but here is a death-dealing machine, which produces gayety and excitement and which goes dashing about in crowds promiscuously and only guided in many instances by negroes and young folks totally unqualified by nature, training and temperament to properly handle. If this brutal

killing of folks, scaring of teams and making folks jump for the fun of it continue, another law will be demanded by an outraged public requiring a license of those who seek to run machines, predicated upon an examination of one's knowledge of a machine and whether there be any germs of "confusional insanity" in the applicant.



WHERE COMES THE GOOD?

What good can the colored supplement to the Sunday papers accomplish? If any paper, that condemns deception, fraud, hideousness, rascality, vulgarity, violation of the law, roughly handling of the affections of men and women and the holding-up-to-scorn of innocent parties, can give one good, logical reason for the hope of accomplishing any good for children and weak-minded and abnormal folks by the distribution of the average colored supplement then THE UPLIFT will be tempted to learn to see some good in them. The finest specimen, as this writer sees it, of any Southern newspaper in the South, has permitted itself to drop into this means for the satisfaction of depraved tastes, rather than stand out as it could and should against such as the average colored supplement carries. And all this rot and stuff must compete with Sunday Schools and the all-but-forgotten observation of the Sabbath. Amuse the children will not answer—they are sufficiently amused now.



Prof. John L. Harris of the Le-noir Public Schools has sent us twenty-six subscribers to THE UPLIFT. He did this with little effort among his associates and patrons. It is a contribution to the cause of the Educational Cottage; and in turn Mr. Harris is kind enough to say that his neighbors will be benefited more than a dollar's worth by reading THE UPLIFT for a year. If all the city superintendents and the county superintendents could be made to know how great a power and influence they exert in their own respective communities, it would not be sixty days before all

the funds for the educational cottage would be in hand, and THE UPLIFT would be going to ten thousand subscribers offering its best efforts towards the general uplift in all that concerns and pleases a model North Carolinian. Mr. Harris, of course, desires his subscription to be credited to the allotment of Caldwell county, which is an even one hundred. Two more returns like this will enable us to mark Caldwell as "FINISHED."



Would you not feel proud to have your son or daughter interested enough in your county to write a story about it? It would season that pride if that story won the first or the second or the third prize. Even though it did not win the prize, you would glory in the fact that your own offspring had become interested in the history of the county and thereby had unconsciously gained a pride. This means the first step in making a good citizen. Then read the announcement on second page of cover and then tell all the boys and girls in reach of you. This is one of the many ways that you can assist in the cause that lies deep and strong behind the purposes of this institution and the organ which speaks for it. No man is too humble to encourage any boy or girl by suggesting to him to strive to win a prize or gain a knowledge of the county which is his home.



Superintendent Thompson met with the teachers of Catawba county at their meeting on March 5th. He was given an attentive hearing in the interest of the Jackson Training School. Our good friend, editor Williams, in his Enterprise gave quite an appreciative notice of Mr. Thompson's visit and address. A representative of the school, on the same day, met with the teachers and others in Clinton, Sampson county. The interest manifested there in the cause of the the Jackson Training School has already commenced to show itself in the form of subscriptions to THE UPLIFT, six new subscriptions having come in on one mail.

AN ARTICLE ON THE JUNIOR ORDER.

THE UPLIFT will carry in its May number a very interesting article from Hon. Theo. F. Klutz, of Salisbury, on the Junior Order. He sets forth clearly the beginning and origin of the order, the great principles it teaches, its strength and what it has done and what it yet hopes to accomplish.

ADD HYDE AND PERSON COUNTIES.

Those who are interested in our success in raising the funds for the Educational Cottage, according to the action of the County Superintendents in their annual meeting at Hendersonville last September, will find by examination of the third page of the cover that two other counties have trotted under the wire. These are Hyde and Person.

Let the good work go on, for in a very short time we hope to begin the building, and we hope to have the funds to stay ahead of all demands.

One of God's noblemen, the Rev. A. D. Betts (and his singing and praying and cordial greetings to every one, which we heard years ago when he drove about on his circuit in his pony cart, still make music in our ears) makes the following suggestion in the North Carolina Christian Advocate:

"Our Bishops have to ask forty-six questions at each Annual Conference. I hope the next General Conference will add two more: How many parents go to Sunday-school? How many Sunday-school scholars go to preaching? It is an alarming sight to see boys and girls between the church and preaching hour."

Just a little shop talk. We have made advertising rates. They are reasonable. We see no reason to swap dollars, therefore we do not intend to lower our rates merely to secure advertising. In this connection we may as well say—once for all—that we do not intend to accept any advertisement however favorable the price may be from any but

responsible concerns and individuals. We mean to guarantee the responsibility of every concern that puts an ad in this publication. We have a contempt for wild cat promoting schemes and that medicine that cures everything.

THE UPLIFT was made happy to receive the substantial aid and help of Miss Bessie Howard, the principal of the Pomona School of Guilford county. Miss Howard raised among her pupils and patrons eleven dollars for the furtherance of the Educational Cottage. THE UPLIFT desires to make this grateful acknowledgment of the splendid help given us by Miss Howard and begs of her to send us at her earliest convenience eleven names and addresses to whom THE UPLIFT may go for a year as a substantial appreciation of her efforts.

About the first moving thing that the babe sees from the window when it begins to take notice is a bird. To its little mind the bird is a wonder; and to the grown-up it is a wonder. And we sometimes wonder ourselves why it is that the bird has so few friends. Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson in this issue outlines the purposes of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, and tells what the society has accomplished. Read it. This will be followed sometime later with some observations that bring us right down to our own homes.

Even at this early date we have information that certain bright pupils of the public schools of the state, in certain counties, have become substantially interested in the Prize Essay. If the city and county superintendents bring this matter to the attention of their pupils, the contest will result in great good to the pupils engaging in the contest and to the counties themselves. Don't delay.

Mr. Superintendent: Request your county paper to reproduce in its columns the announcement on the second page of the cover of THE UPLIFT which sets forth the details

of the contest for the county story. This will bring it to the attention of a large number; then communicate with some of your teachers urging them to inspire some of their pupils to enter this contest.

Very happily the state is now prepared, where necessity demands, to do official execution by a less horrible method than by hanging. In March, as it may turn out to be, the last official hanging took place in Bladen county. There may be some cases strung out through red-tape that, resulting in conviction, would take this unwelcome bit of history from Bladen.

Several merchants of Concord and Mesdames J. P. Cook, Dr. J. E. Smoot, and J. A. Kennett made it possible for every boy in the Jackson Training School to enjoy Easter just as any other boy enjoys it—with a pocket full of colored Easter Eggs. These good people did the proper thing for which we are all grateful. The Old Rabbit sure had a hump on herself.

And Prof. N. W. Walker, of the High School Department of the Educational Department of North Carolina, has gone into journalism. His quarterly was recently issued for the first time from Chapel Hill. Editor Walker has a rich field before him.

The way Ex-President Roosevelt, coming out from the African wilds, struck civilization it does not seem probable that he has become inoculated with the sleeping germ, which attacks most African explorers. He is wide awake.

It is an interesting showing for the patience of the public when we observe how long Rat-Holes are supported and maintained by the contributions of that same public.

Is there anything in the Blue Laws of that town that has a prosecuting officer that can't smile that makes it illegal for its best hotel to serve real butter to its guests?

SUPT. WALTER THOMPSON.

Ever since THE UPLIFT has been running the editor of it has been running after Supt. Thompson in an effort to secure his photograph. There are hundreds of people in North Carolina interested in the workings of the Jackson Training School and who have often expressed a desire to look upon the face of our superintendent. The editor of this magazine is an obliging as well as a determined soul. Supt. Thompson half-way promised, but no photograph ever materialized.

Smarting under the delay, the editor of THE UPLIFT threatened to draw a kodak upon him at an inopportune time and to there take a snapshot. This brought the superintendent to terms, and the result is we are enabled to give to our readers for the first time a splendid picture of Supt. Thompson, of the Jackson Training School.

Mr. Thompson was born in Lincoln county in 1875 and stands considerably over six feet in his stocking feet—he is broad shouldered and active—and he weighs, well no one knows, not he himself. Mr. Thompson knows that he is fully grown, in good health, good appetite, good spirits, and weighs a plenty, and for these reasons he has no curiosity about his weight and no special desire to gratify any curiosity in any one else and in this he is fully on his rights. The editor will say, however, that there are but few men in North Carolina that equal Mr. Thompson in size. We say this because the photograph does not reveal these things.

At the time of his election by the Board of Trustees to the Superintendency of the Jackson Training School, the following sketch appeared in several papers of the state:

"The committee of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School charged with the responsibility of selecting a suitable and capable man for the position of superintendent of that institution, has canvassed many applicants and considered the advisability of others whose names have been suggested by friends of the institution. The selection of Mr. Walter Thompson,

now Superintendent of the Concord public schools, is announced.

Mr. Thompson, the newly elected superintendent, is a native of Lincoln county, N. C. The first nine years of his life were spent near the old Rock Springs Camp grounds. The following seven years were spent in Lincolnton in attendance upon the school of his father. In 1891, his father, Prof. D. Matt. Thompson, removed to Statesville to become superintendent of the public schools of that place. From 1892 to 1894, inclusive, Mr. Thompson attended the State University at Chapel Hill,

**WALTER THOMPSON.**

stopping temporarily at the end of his sophomore year for financial reasons. The next three years he taught in Statesville and Concord. The next year was spent at the University, graduating with the class of 1898. On his way home from the University he engaged as principal of the South Greensboro Graded Schools and remained there for four years.

It will be a source of pleasure to the people of the State that one capable in every way for this most important position has been found, by the Board, within the bounds of North Carolina. Mr. Thompson was in no sense a candidate or an applicant for the position. His peculiar fitness for the position was

pointed out by a friend of the cause, and from that time on it seemed that all roads led to him. The new superintendent has a robust and vigorous physique and his personal appearance is commanding and at the same time pleasing. He has an eye that seems to look you through and read your thoughts. He seeks to know the truth, and has no use for sham and deceit. He is himself frank, direct and truthful and sincere in his utterances, and demands the same style of speech from his fellowmen. He is not a tyrant, but when he is at the helm he directs the business in hand with fairness, strength and purpose.

His excellent work in school proves his eminent fitness for winning the esteem and interest of the wild and wayward boy. He has a way, in dealing with such boys, that brings about a betterment of behavior and eventually a thorough reformation. In intellect he is broad and never narrow. He has been endowed with an unusually large share of common sense, and is not easily fooled by the conceits of the visionary. He always takes a lively interest in the things that concern the public good. Mr. Thompson has a wife and two children. He is 32 years of age.

A prominent business man of the State, one that knows the subject of this article, and knows considerable of the workings of the proposed school says: "His trend of mind, his temperament, his earnestness, his education and his good business traits, make Mr. Thompson an ideal man to personally look after the burdens and the responsibilities the Board has to contend with in the inauguration and equipping of the Jackson Manual Training School."

The above is a full and frank story of a young life which has been full of action and accomplishments. It is better than we can prepare and for that reason we have incorporated it into our story from two of our esteemed exchanges.

Since that time—and we have gone through a crucial period—Mr. Thompson has kept his eyes set towards the rising sun and looking out for those problems that belong to all new institutions with splendid judgment and a fine determination.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES---NO- 3.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

A few days after parting with Bob, I found out what the "important business" was that made it necessary for him to attend the meeting of the Rob-Roy Infants. It was to mature a plan which had already been suggested, for a run-away of some of the boys, of which Bob was to be one, as he was the first one to bring the matter before the "Infants." The business to-day was to arrange for the financial part of it. They all contributed, as I had also heard; and when the treasurer announced the sum total, it was just \$13.13! I was told that as the treasurer announced the result, he looked into the eyes of Bob, to see what effect it had on him. Bob flushed for a moment, and he was evidently mad. He stood up with both hands in his pocket, and said with some passion,—

"Boys, I don't like that! It looks as if you fellers were playing a trick on me. I don't believe that you've counted that money right. If you have, I believe that you all got together to get just that much money, and make me feel bad over it. You fellers know that I'm getting tender on that thing. But, if that money is counted right, then I shall claim the whole of it, for it shows it was all for me;" and he took a couple of steps towards the treasurer; but he was halted by that young functionary by saying;—

"Hold on, Bob: perhaps I've made a mistake. I counted it in a hurry," and two or three boys got between Bob and the treasurer, and Bob took his seat and waited, but only for a moment. Then he arose and said,—

"Never mind boys; I've settled the matter. I resign my place as president of the Rob-Roy Infants, and also withdraw my membership from the Club. Consider me out," and he picked up his hat and left the room, leaving the boys perplexed and horrified.

I was a little surprised a few days after this outbreak among the "Infants," when Bob called to see me, and brought another boy with him, and introduced him to me as Oscar Green, and hoped I had no objection.

"None at all, Bob," said I "The more the better. I'm just going down to my breeding room to look after my several colonies of caterpillars. Come on down with me."

When the boys stood inside the

door, and looked around, they seemed dumbfounded, and as if I were playing a trick on them. At last Bob found his tongue, and said;

"Why, doctor, what's all this? I don't see any butterflies."

"No, Bob; here's where I feed caterpillars, and raise butterflies and moths; I'll show you some of my raising after awhile. Come on and look around."

There were some twenty wire cylinders, about eighteen inches in diameter, and twenty-four inches high, with a net cover on the top. These held several varieties of the flying insects in their season.

"Come here, Oscar! Here's great big fellows feeding on cotton leaves. They've got regular horns on their heads, and just see how the things eat! Whew! I wouldn't like to handle them."

"Perfectly innocent," said I, and I reached in and took a three-inch fellow in my hand. "A little mosquito will do you more damage than this dangerous looking beast, and then it makes one of the most beautiful moths to be found in this country."

"What's a Moth?" asked Bob: "I thought they were all butterflies that we see flying about."

"I'll tell you about that after awhile, and show you the difference between a Moth and a Butterfly. You observed how rapidly and ravenously they eat—as if they were half starved. How much do you think any one of them eats, say, in twenty-four hours?—for they eat-eat-eat—day and night: how much do you think they eat?"

"I don't know how to tell how much, as they only eat leaves," said Bob.

"Still, we can come within the merest fraction, if we go at it by the rule of weight," I said, and in this way: First, weigh the caterpillar, and then weigh twice its weight in leaves, and put them together for twenty-four hours, and see the result; there will be little or nothing of the leaves left if that fellow is faithful to their general tradition. Just think for a moment, and suppose that all creatures that eat should consume food in the same proportion to their weight! How long would all the food in the world last? Ask your mother when you go home, Bob, how she would like to have twenty-five boarders, averaging one hundred and fifty

pounds—each one eating twice as much as he weighs, and see—

"Stop a moment, doctor," said Bob, and I saw that he was interested in figuring the matter out.

"Why those twenty-five men would eat us out of house and home in less than twenty-four hours! Whew! They would stow away 7510 pounds of food if they could get it: the whole town clubbing together could not feed them at that rate."

"Well," said I "that is settled: now let us notice another thing about these little creatures. How many nostrils or breathing tubes have you? 'I've got one nose and two nostrils which I breathe through," said Bob. "I suppose they have at least two; though I never thought of it before."

"More than that, Bob. Do you see those little 'mounds' rising on each side of the back?—there are twelve of them; six on each side: each one of these is a breathing tube; a sort of nostril; it takes all of them to supply enough air to keep him in good health."

"I'd like to know how you found that out," said Bob, as if he had some doubts on this point: and I rather liked to hear him say this, because he was not willing to accept it without some proof.

"That's soon settled," said I. "If I were to put your head completely under water for a few seconds we would see air bubbles coming out of your nostrils, and that would show that you breathed through your nostrils—wouldn't it? Come over here and I'll show you." I dropped a good size caterpillar into a bowl of water, and Bob watched it with a good deal of interest, and presently the bubbles began to come up, when the convinced boy said with the satisfaction of having learned something;—

"All right, doctor: I believe that's so: but they must get plenty of air with their twelve noses: but why should they have twelve, and we only two, I can't understand: but if we had twelve, where could they be put?"

I was amused at these reflections of the lad, and encouraged, for they indicated that he was becoming interested in what he was seeing, and I thought I'd go a step further, and see if he would follow me: so I remarked,—

"Entomologists call these little 'mounds' on backs of caterpillars, 'spiracles,' that is breathing tubes."

"Who are Entomologists?—are they Frenchmen—or what?" the boy quickly asked, as if he wanted

MY VISIT TO THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

By C. W. Hunt.

to get at the beginning or the bottom of things.

"He may be a Frenchman, or a Dutchman, or anything else, but that wouldn't make him an Entomologist: it means that he is a student or teacher of the natural history of insects: have you got the idea, Bob?"

"I reckon so," he replied; "and I'm going to be an Entomologist—is that right, doctor?" Now, I just thought—if I can just keep him in that line of budding enthusiasm, every thing will go well.

"That's right, Bob: you are just the boy I've been wanting to get hold of to help me; and when you come over again, we'll get on further. But, by the way, Bob, I want you to prove that caterpillars eat twice as much as they weigh. I weighed a large insect, and then twice its weight in leaves; put them in a large jar, and then said:

"Mark the time I put these together—4:30, p. m., take them home with you, and watch them, and bring back tomorrow, and let's see the result."

"All right, doctor: I'll watch 'm good; and if the leaves are not all gone, I'll have one against you: good bye 'till tomorrow:" and so we parted for the night.

**Escorted Their Mothers To Church.**

Several weeks ago five little boys, the eldest less than fifteen years, accompanied their mothers to church. At the door, each little fellow tipped his hat and disappeared down the streets. They met. One of them had read a dime novel—his daddy had several times threatened to whip the teacher, and the boy took courage and became a man (?) and spent his time on the streets.

The five boys forced that Sunday night, while the dear mothers were worshipping a few blocks away, an entrance into a hardware store. They supplied themselves with guns, pistols, ammunition and knives and each deposited his newly acquired property at home and they got back to the church in time to accompany their dear mothers home. This is a true story.

They are now in trouble; the parents are in trouble; society is distressed, but there is no one to blame but the parents, who failed to render their children an intelligent and faithful service. No parental training, running loose on the streets, and dime novels will ruin any boy.



Happiness is found in good wishes.

Mr. Editor:—Sometimes a man gets an idea in his head and talks and thinks about it till he thinks the whole world ought to see it as he does. This may be for the want of appreciation for the meritorious, but, if he is not a fool, the trouble more often comes from the want of time for the people to think. The public has been busy with other matters, while the enthusiast has had time to burn, and, given the same chance to think, a great change in sentiment would take place in the general public's way of thinking and doing.

The writer hopes he is not out of the safe bounds when he says for a long time he has seen the need of helping bad and poorly raised, and unfortunate, and (sometimes) depraved young people to better things. Such a sentiment has crept into what has emanated from this pen occasionally; and this line of thought, this feeling for the boys, was given a new impetus not long ago, when on invitation of the chairman of the board of trustees, Mr. James P. Cook, the writer took a trip to The Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School (Reformatory) near Concord, into which a number of tender hearted men and women of the State have put sufficient money to enable a big bodied, big hearted, big minded man like Walter Thompson to make a beginning and fully demonstrate that almost every boy that is bad can be made a man if given the chance. The demonstration being all the stronger on account of the shortness of the time and the small things at hand to work with. I saw fifty boys of varying ages, every one of whom is on honor and doing well in all lines; working largely on the military idea. I with many others was delighted with what we saw. If you, kind reader, whoever you may be, doubt the advisability of the State going into partnership with good men and women in the business of saving boys, or if you are interested in helping the helpless who are exposed to all that is bad, and would like to know some more, just throw down the work for a day and go up to Concord and drive out to the Stonewall Jackson Training School. Your eyes will do the rest. You will need no teacher.

It was fitting, of course, that the Jackson Training School should be located in easy reach of the man who made it possible, (Mr. J. P. Cook) but aside from that the loca-

tion is not bad. It is "all to the good." On the main line of the Southern Railway, where the observing passenger can see it, yet too far away for the noise of the trains to detract. Along the elevation upon which is located the school runs a line of projecting rocks, huge boulders cropping out for miles, and especially prominent at this highest point, the site of the school. The rock is of a peculiar formation, looking more like broken concrete, when broken up, than like stone, making a fine ballast and road builder, and if possessing strength sufficient will be valuable in building the foundations of the other houses that are to go up in the years along that ridge. Aside from the usefulness of these stones there is something suggestive about these giant rocks cropping out every where at a place where the sole work is to make stronger the character of those who come or are sent hither for help.

The place was surveyed, and the location of all the system of cottages made before the two that now show so well were built. So while these two and the industrial building are the only ones of the dozen or more to come, yet they are in their proper place and parts of the system. From this elevation one can look to the west and to the northwest away to the Iredell line and beyond, up the valley of Rocky River for miles, the view being unobstructed and from this open country will always come a breeze laden with life-giving substance. Looking out upon this scene one has only to lower the line of vision to see the landscape of the school's farm. Standing in front of the buildings one sees little of the farm lands which lie under the hill to the back of the buildings; but there is an abundance of nice level land which can be made one of the prettiest and most productive farms in the state, as well as the most valuable asset of the Stonewall Jackson School. It only wants a farmer of intelligence in the art of farming to make it a beauty to behold. Already there is a herd of cattle there to make milk and butter for the boys, to utilize the by-products of the place and make fertility for the soil, now needing so much of such and other humus to make it bring forth. With the love I have for such work I can see in this farm more than any other agency can bring to the school. All boys cannot farm,

hence the need of the printing office, the wood shop, machine shop and perhaps the commercial course in the school room; but in that farm, with a man who loves and knows the work and who has a deep and abiding love in his heart for the boys, at the head of this department, I can see visions of transformation in character and the coming out from thence, to bless the earth, young men that are close to nature.

One reason so many boys go wrong in the cities and towns is because they see too much of the artificial as against the natural. The boy on the farm, with proper surroundings, and who mingies with the plants and the flowers, and sees the innocence of birds and animals, and learns to love and associate with such, seldom goes to the bad; and I see visions of new awakenings in life and character of these wayward ones, as they become a part of the school and farm for making men, as they get into the workings and learn that by tilling the soil, with intelligence, it yields man a fortune as well as freedom from the annoyance of crowded conditions, and makes him a better man at heart than he could possibly be anywhere else on the earth. Most of those who will go to the Stonewall Jackson School will come from the towns and cities where they know nothing, in a manner, of the natural, and to my mind I can conceive of nothing that will so transform the evil tendency of such as to put him down where there are cows and pigs, and horses, and sheep, and chickens, and goats on a finely kept farm, where the boy can commune with nature at its best; while being taught the duties of life and educated in industry and the needed fundamentals to build upon.

Can you conceive of a grander work for a man to engage in?

Such a work must have the very same blessing of the Almighty as that which comes to the preaching of His Word. This is what these leaders of thought have been trying to impress upon the public conscience all these years. This is no "pipe cream;" every line of it is possible, practical, and I have not half stated the results that must be plain to every soul not too narrow to feel. The saving of boys from crime calls for the best that wealth and the State can give. It is far cheaper to save the boy than to guard him as a criminal all the rest of his life; not to mention the fact that every good citizen is an asset to the commonwealth.

Have I pointed you to something you had not seen or thought of? If I have I have not written in vain. Here is work for many with means and time, work for some who are hungry for child love and thankfulness. Try helping the needy and helpless; not to be fed alone, but to be clothed and educated and made into men and women to bless the earth for having lived in it.



Scribblings of an Idler.

A great temptation to-day confronts the farmers of the Cotton Belt—the temptation to raise too much cotton. Will the farmers yield to the temptation? Wall Street bets he will. Wall Street confesses that it is powerless to permanently keep down the price of cotton, but to-day it is betting its millions that the farmers themselves will hammer down the price twenty dollars a bale. As I write there is before me a press dispatch from New York which reads:

"Everybody believes that an enormous acreage will be planted for the next crop, and that the next yield will exceed anything in the history of cotton culture."

Wall Street concedes that it cannot control the farmer but at the same time it proclaims to the world that the farmer cannot control himself. It to-day treats that lack of self-control as an asset. Will the farmer this year justify Wall Street's appraisal of his character? Will he commit financial suicide? He will, he will destroy himself, his family and his fellows, unless he shall follow the one and only way of escape from the temptation. That way is to make his own supplies. Let each farmer in the Cotton Belt write these two sentences on the fly leaf of his Bible: for reverently speaking, I believe that in them lies his temporal salvation:

I.

If I make my own supplies, then to save my life I can't make too much cotton.

II.

If I do not make my own supplies, then to save my life I can't help making too much cotton.

Let all good men pray that this year the farmers of the Cotton Belt may rise above the temptation which confronts them, and from smoke-house and crib issue a declaration of financial independence.

Then, not only will cotton be King, but the men who make it will have a share in the Kingdom.

"So mote it be."—Progressive Farmer.



Responsibility Unequally Shared.

On the train the other day a gentleman of professional work and one who contributes considerable time and ability to the extension of one of the very best fraternal orders took occasion, to make time, to examine a lot of mail. Among this was a letter from the duly authorized officer of his church enclosing a blank for his subscription to his church's expenses for the coming year.

The letter set forth that notwithstanding that the membership of the church in question is over 1000 the records showed that only 220 of the members contributed to the church's support—a little more than a fifth of them saw their duty and privilege. Some of the noncontributing members have already purchased, it is safe to say, expensive tailor-made suits and beautiful costly headgear to aid them in properly setting off the Sunday after Easter. There are some, too, who sport automobiles manned by rash youths and irresponsible negroes. And yet the world has gotten such a strong hold on them, that in this mad rush of absolute subserviency to style and conventionalities they have either forgotten or have been rendered financially unable to exercise a sweet privilege of supporting the gospel and the great church which stands behind it.

There are other churches—and, 'tis a pity to say it—that are just as bad. This mad rush to get rich, to keep up with somebody, to be a regulation patron of society's demands and requirements, has put the devil into too many otherwise good hearts and lives. It is beginning to look like some very responsible and special duties are being shifted to other shoulders in church as well as in the state. The laymen's movement could do no better service than arousing home folks to meet bravely and honestly some home duties, and then raise the sight of their guns on things further away from home.



Garden making has given the boys some needed opportunities for nature study and an insight into the mysteries of domestic science that may prove useful in the future when they have homes and gardens of their own. Garden cultivating comes next with plenty more to learn and plenty more to do.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF OUR FARM.

Lacking a small fraction the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the institution of North Carolina's so-called Reformatory, has a territorial home covering three hundred acres of land susceptible to a high state of cultivation. THE UPLIFT has been wanting for sometime to print in these columns a map of the grounds, but various matters crowd-

into a beautiful park, for the pleasure and profit of the boys and for the feasting of the thousands of travelers on this magnificent doubled-tracked railroad, which the Southern Railway Company is constantly improving both in physical condition and in operating features.

The officials of Cabarrus county—and they are patriots—have con-

annoyed by anyone or anything coming into too close contact with us.

The dots you see in the quadrangle represent our buildings, already erected, in course of erection and to be erected in years to come as necessity demands. Everything has already been fixed so far as location is concerned. There will be no wastefulness in pulling down to change or rebuild as the price of full, previous arrangements and thought



edit it out for the time. The cut in this number gives in a small way, (too much so for a very clear study) the boundary lines of our plantation. On the East is the main line of the Southern railway between Washington and Atlanta. The road runs at this point practically North and South. The spot of land lying along the railroad will, when our landscape gardener finishes his work and the patriot is found, be converted

structed at our request and out of sympathy and appreciation for the great work we are doing, a forty-foot, graded and gritted highway which can not be surpassed in the state. This you see running right through our property and in front, removed and below the site of our buildings. We are in touch with the world, by telephone, wire, electricity and a splendid highway, and yet we are not in the least

has already been paid. The dotted spots represent forests. You can very readily tell in the drawing where we have a pasture for our herd of cattle, and this is well watered from numerous springs which flow out from the elevation on which our buildings are located.

On the North and passing out through the Southern boundary of our estate is a very large branch approaching the size of a creek, This

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

is at all times a beautifully clear stream, and some of these days along this stream we may have instead of willows and other growth profitable and wealth-producing pecan trees. At a lower point in this stream our sewerage system empties. There is no danger or possibility of the source of our water supply ever becoming contaminated by the sewerage.

Lying on the West of our buildings, and in full view of the settlement, is some of the most beautiful farming lands in the state of North Carolina. In one continuous field are 75 acres, which already show the effect of an intelligent and determined touch.

Sitting at a window on the second story of any of our buildings one may see at night a train pulling out of Charlotte (seventeen miles distant) and trace it by the head-light until it passes at the foot of our property forty feet below; or the very same train may be traced as it winds its way during day by watching the clouds of smoke from the restless and steaming engine. We are, therefore, elevated. The skyscraper, the Tompkin's building and other important buildings in the city of Charlotte are entirely visible to those who have good seeing organs.

And last but not least, the beautiful, substantial old town of Concord (three miles away) with its splendid citizenship, who made this institution at a critical time possible, can be seen from that second story window, though various factories and forest intervene. The boys and all in connection with the institution never tire of thinking of the good old town that rallied to the moving spirits behind the institution as a foster mother. May she always feel proud as she now does, of a child.

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

Home Happenings.

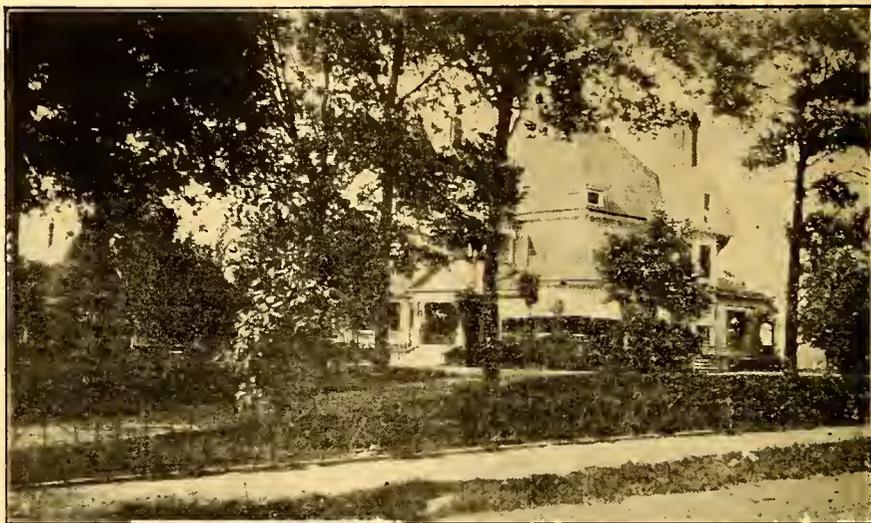
One evening, during the brief visit of the comet some of the official family gathered in the open space between the buildings to view the visitor from celestial space. The curiosity of the boys to know what it was all about, was satisfied by Tate Fisher, who informed them that we were "looking at the climate." As that is one of North Carolina's valuable assets it wasn't a bad guess.

As this number goes to press the subject of greatest interest to the

a showing that does the boys and their instructor credit. This is one of the features of the institution that visitors who happen to be present at drill time seem to enjoy very much.

The behavior of our boys during the Sunday school and preaching services is one of the things that we are especially proud of, and one that is always a subject of complimentary comment upon the part of visitors.

Everybody works here, not even excepting father, and with every-



A MODERN NORTH CAROLINA RESIDENCE.

This is the residence of Hon. Ashley Horne, of Clayton, N. C. In it reigns that genuine Southern hospitality for which North Carolinians are noted far and wide. Clayton is a beautiful, growing town of Johnston county, and is also the home of the new Knights of Pythias' Orphanage now building.

boys is the make-up of the Honor Roll, which appears in this issue. The anxious desire they all show for a place on the roll is one of the many encouraging things connected with the work being done here.

According to the notions of some of our boys the map showing the geography of our farm is very defective in one particular. It doesn't show the diamond on the baseball field. All the work places are there and they think the principal play place should have an equal showing. From a boy's standpoint the criticism seems just.

With "all present or accounted for" the drill has an imposing appearance now. The full ranks and military swing as they march to the rattle of the drum that "puts life and mettle in their heels," make

body everlastingly at it there is still much to go undone, as the Superintendent seems to see it. One of these days we will catch up with the needs of a long-neglected farm and have something to delight the eye of a good judge of what a model farm should be. With time, patience and hard work all things are possible.

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

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

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

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

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

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

PK

One

1

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Prof. G. W. Wa

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THE UPLIFT

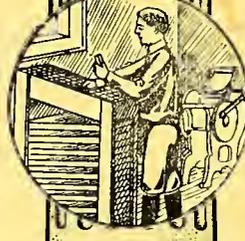
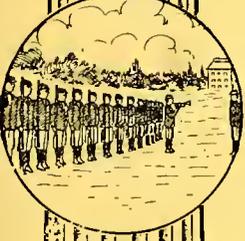
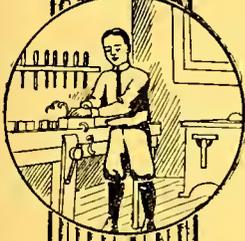
THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

If William Tell never lived, none the less does the story represent a sentiment that did live, and which will continue to live for all time, iconoclasts to the contrary notwithstanding.

If it could be proved that the meeting ascribed to May 20th never took place, still would the Mecklenburg spirit of independence in advance of that of the rest of the country survive. The emblem of the hornets, the resolves of May 31st, and abundant other proof of the independent spirit of the times survive to sustain the fact that everything else here was in accord with the Declaration of May 20th, 1775.

The same evidence and plenty besides goes to show that there was a declaration.

--D. A. Tompkins.



MAY, 1910

PRIZES IN NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

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

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

No. 1.—\$50.00.

No. 2.—\$30.00.

No. 3.—\$20.00.

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

What Is It ?

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

The Conditions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Signed) _____ (Name.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Statement.

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

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

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

THE UPLIFT.

CEASAR CONE.

A more splendid address on any subject was never delivered by the late Zebulon B. Vance, or by any other North Carolinian, than is the address on "The Scattered Nation," an appreciative recognition of the Jewish race. Senator Vance began his brilliant address by a quotation from the world's greatest geographer, Commodore Maury, who wrote:

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. The gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coast, are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of a vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

"This curious phenomenon," says Senator Vance, "in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its fountain is in the gray dawn of the world's history, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadows of eternity. It, too, refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race."

I have come to that point where an irresistible desire bids me tell a story about Mr. Caesar Cone, of

Greensboro, a man, a high type of citizen, and a captain of industry. Dealings with him, associations with him in a cause that appeals to both of us, and what his neighbors tell of him afford me ample reasons for the sketch of this able and much esteemed citizen of North Carolina; and we are proud to carry along with it a picture of our subject.

There came to this country in 1847, from Bavaria, Germany, at the age of eighteen Herman Cone, the father of our subject. His whole capital amounted to a lone fifty cents. Near Richmond, associated

try at the age of eight years. There were thirteen children, of whom Caesar was the second child; of the children (three girls and ten boys) three girls and eight boys survive.

Leaving the public schools of Baltimore, Caesar was employed in a Baltimore Stationery business. He took to the discharge of his duties of his first employment the lessons he was taught under parental guidance of rigid honesty, rigid economy and a faithful observance of every obligation. These lessons have ever been his guide, and his life is an exemplification of his parental training and drill.

Whenever you say Caesar Cone it is inevitable to think of the late lamented Moses H. Cone; when in life, you thought of Moses H. Cone, you invariably thought of Caesar Cone. They were one and inseparable. It is said that no two brothers ever displayed such perfect sympathy and agreement as did Moses and Caesar Cone. They were members of the firm of H. Cone & Sons, of Baltimore, when it retired from business in 1891. About this time the concern of the Cone Export & Commission Company was conceived. The conditions and the opportunities of the South were familiar to these brothers. It is natural that they should locate here, and the fact that they planted their vine and fig-tree in North Carolina attested a hope and faith in us.

Following this, the Cones (and our subject is yet inseparable from his devoted and talented brother) began

the development of a manufacturing plant near Greensboro. It is now enormous. It is perhaps one of the most ideal manufacturing plants in the entire country. The system and discipline are superb. The sympathy between help and employer is almost the envy of those who employ help. THE UPLIFT has already carried a story about what is done in the mill community of the Cones to better the condition of the help and to make living and the hope for the future ideal. Today the product of the plan and design of this powerful



CEASAR CONE.

with a brother-in-law, he conducted a prosperous mercantile business. A few years later he removed to Jonesboro, Tenn. Here, in the year 1859, Caesar Cone was born. About 1870 his father moved to Baltimore where the wholesale grocery business of H. Cone & Sons was established. In the public schools of Baltimore young Caesar Cone remained until he was fourteen years of age. This alone was his educational advantages, and this completed his education. The mother also came from Germany, reaching this coun-

captain of industry, alone in the manufacturing world, is the largest mill in the South, and the largest denim manufacturing plant in the world. More than four thousand people are employed; more than twenty-eight millions of pounds of cotton are consumed and fifty-six millions of yards of cloth are turned out annually. And every detail of this great plant, together with the great business of the Cone Export and Commission Company, is familiar to Mr. Cone.

Mr. Cone has other investments and is interested in other financial institutions, but to these mammoth manufacturing plants he gives his greatest service. He has no time for the construction of bubbles or air castles. His life is real, and it is earnest. He has no political aspirations or craving for power over man. His sole aim is to make a success of the plants over which he is called to rule.

Mr. Cone can not be remotely accused of religious narrowness. He can not be accused of narrow politics—he lives in the open. He is frank, sincere and just. Though deeply concerned in the affairs of his great financial investments, he yet has time and talent to give to the development of the community in which he lives. He gives of his time, his splendid judgment and his purse to the advancement of any movement that spells progress for the public in common. He is, without disparagement to hundreds of good and valuable men in that city, Greensboro's greatest asset. He is life to Greensboro, and it is alike creditable that the citizens of Greensboro esteem and value Mr. Cone in the light he richly deserves. And what he has stood for in civic pride as relates to Greensboro has found its way out into the state, which has time and again felt the influences of his splendid judgment and liberality. Were the late lamented Charles D. McIver yet alive, no man would be gladder than he to utter a loud amen to this appreciative sketch of one of the state's most successful and useful citizens. When Dr. McIver was struggling with his plans and schemes, he always found an ever ready help in the Cones.

No body or convention of progressive spirits or producers ever get in sight of Greensboro that Mr. Cone, assuming the responsibility, does not give them an easy and comfortable way to see the great industrial object lessons afforded by going through and around Greensboro. What people from the North and the West

see on these occasions is to them astounding. It gives them altogether a different view of home life, educational conditions and industrial developments, as they prevail in North Carolina, from that which they had formed from biased statements, embellished articles and the ravings of designing persons, who from time to time have come amongst us. In these object lessons afforded by the interest and generosity of Mr. Cone, he played the part of a patriot.

Talk about one's ability to gather around him bright young men to carry out and execute plans, looking to the accomplishment of great results; in this respect, Mr. Cone stands right with the head. The fact that he recognizes ability and capacity and has gathered around him a set of helping men of a higher order and splendid traits, brands Mr. Cone's judgment as wonderful and makes of him nothing short of a good general. This power of recognition of worth and ability as practiced by Mr. Cone has been the means of transplanting many young men from positions of ordinary opportunities and income to positions of responsibility and comfortable salaries. And the men, who help Mr. Cone carry out his policies and details of his plans, are never slow to show a loyal appreciation of him. It shows, therefore, that he has learned one of the greatest lessons of life early in his career—**KNOW MEN, and READ CHARACTER.**

In 1894, Mr. Cone was married to Miss Jeannette Siegel, a lady of splendid gifts and great accomplishments. To them have been born two bright boys. And their splendid residence, so beautifully located in a vast well-kept yard on the edge of Greensboro, is pleasing to every passer-by. It is an ideal home.

On the 22nd day of April of this year Mr. Cone was just 51 years of age. He is in the prime of matured manhood; he has ample capital, strong in body and mind, aggressive and far-sighted, broad and alert; and the splendid foundation he has laid promises for him and his adopted state a still grander achievement and profit.

Here's to Ceasar Cone, the man, the captain of industry, fine citizen, a believer in North Carolina, the contributor to mankind's benefit—long life to you, and continued prosperity.



A Man With a Head.

Here's a man, Captain M. H. White of Hertford, Perquimans county, is.

He does things. He is a mass of energy and a lump of human kindness at the same time. He is the author of his own fortune, for that is just what he has, being reputed to be worth a half million, and yet he started with nothing and scarcely any educational advantages at all. He is a graduate of the school of experience and active life.

He works all the time; and he is doing good all the time. He has helped many a young man get an education and took therefor only their note, which was worth of course only the price of the paper on which it was written. The great majority have appreciated his act and have responded—a very few have failed to rise to a proper appreciation of Captain White's kindness and help. But it does not make him sour or lose faith in man.

I am proud of his acquaintance. I saw him driving to the station a fine lot of cattle which he has fed during the winter. They go to Norfolk where he gets a good price, a splendid profit for his care and keep during the winter. He has shipped several cars during the Spring. If the statement is recalled aright, a car load a few years ago brought about \$900; last year between \$1100 and \$1200; this year he gets round about \$1500.

These cattle are purchased West and South in the Fall and are fed during the Winter. When Capt. White comes to pitch his crops—and he has large farming interests—the fertilizer proposition is a small matter to him. To say nothing of potatoes, peanuts and such things, his cotton crop is between four and five hundred bales.

From another source I heard something that must make Supt. Cole of the Methodist Orphanage of Raleigh have a pretty good opinion of the stuff out of which Capt. White is made.



Result of Storm Terrible.

The fearful storm of wind, sleet, snow and ice that visited the South and the Southwest in the latter part of April, has cost that section into the millions. It is almost heart-rending to read the destruction of the fruit, vegetables and the young cotton already up and growing. Added to this is the fear that there does not now exist a sufficient quantity of seed for replanting.

But the people of that section of our country are brave, and they will face this visitation as true men. The Lord still reigns.

Original Photographs Are Meant.

One pupil of the public schools that has already begun to prepare for the history contest writes to know if she may cut out pictures from magazines or use kodak pictures. We can not use pictures cut from a magazine or a newspaper—they will be worthless to us and your work will lack the appearance of being originally prepared for this contest. If the Kodak picture is a genuinely good one and well developed we can use it, otherwise do not send it.

The best and surest plan is for you to decide what person, what building, what scene, or what else you want incorporated into your work as helping to make clear your story, then get a photographer to make the pictures for you. It is possible that just what you want to show may be in the hands of the photographer in the form of a negative and he can soon and cheaply make you a picture, or the very picture may be in the hands of a friend, who will kindly lend it to you.

Don't cut out any pictures from magazine or newspapers—they are not original photographs.



And We Are Getting Busy.

By the time our June number reaches our readers—Volume II, No. 1—we will be throwing dirt in preparation of the foundation of the Administration Building. Everybody on the campus is excited on this proposition. The glorious work has enthused not only the management, but all who have any connection with the institution.

Oh, if some man or woman would rise up in a genuinely philanthropic humor, call a messenger boy and send this kind of a message to the chairman: "I am moved. Come see me and exhibit your plans for the needed school building and tell me the cost. I am ready to act." The message, if sent at night, would cost only twenty-five cents. If sent in the day, the chairman will pay the toll. Try him.



Entering Five Boys.

The following from Graham, N. C., will explain itself: "Several of our boys are entering the county history contest. I think that you have hit upon a fine scheme to stir up interest in North Carolina history. With best wishes."

(Signed) A. T. Allen.



To be popular, be sociable.

Conscience.

We should never disobey conscience even in matters which seem to be small. Evil gains control over us by gradual stages. Few realize as they should the peril of small sins. They fail to realize that these small sins are stepping stones to larger ones. No great criminal was so at the beginning. The petty thief becomes the bank burglar. Uncontrolled temper may lead to murder. The way of sin is downward, and the rapidity increases with the descent. When one starts on the downward course, like the coasters on a hill, speed increases constantly. Guard against the sins which appear to be small. A small germ may start a pestilence. Leave not a single weak spot in your character. A chain is no stronger than the weakest link.



Judges Growing Tired.

Several Judges of the Superior Court have resigned. There seems more to be made at practicing law than at dealing out justice. It is now Judge D. L. Ward, made so by the appointment of Gov. Kitchin. He succeeds Judge Guion, resigned. We have two Judges Ward in the state, and two Judges Alien in North Carolina. By the way, there are two Judges Adams. Folks do resign offices sometimes.



Love Your Friends.

Love your friends and do not put them from you. Tell them of your love not once, but often; and don't merely tell it, but prove your words to them and repeat the proof. Open your heart and love them kinglywise. Make merry for them, make them happy, give them brightness, make your home cheery for them! The lost opportunities we most regret were opportunities for loving.—Selected.



One County Is Enough.

A young lady writes to know if she may write the story of two counties together. No. One is enough at a time. You would accomplish much better results by sticking to your last.



The Time Will Come.

Success Nuggets.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right, and only the good will be found to be real.

When the churches will not be

closed as long as the saloons are open.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When the golden rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When it will be a disgrace not to work when one is able.



The Iron Gate.

From a poem read on his 70th birthday, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but
age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the
past.
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening
embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till
the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse
grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are
broken,
Its labors ended and its story told:

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund
voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's
hopeless cry.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion
To win from saddening scenes our
age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet
confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer
skies.

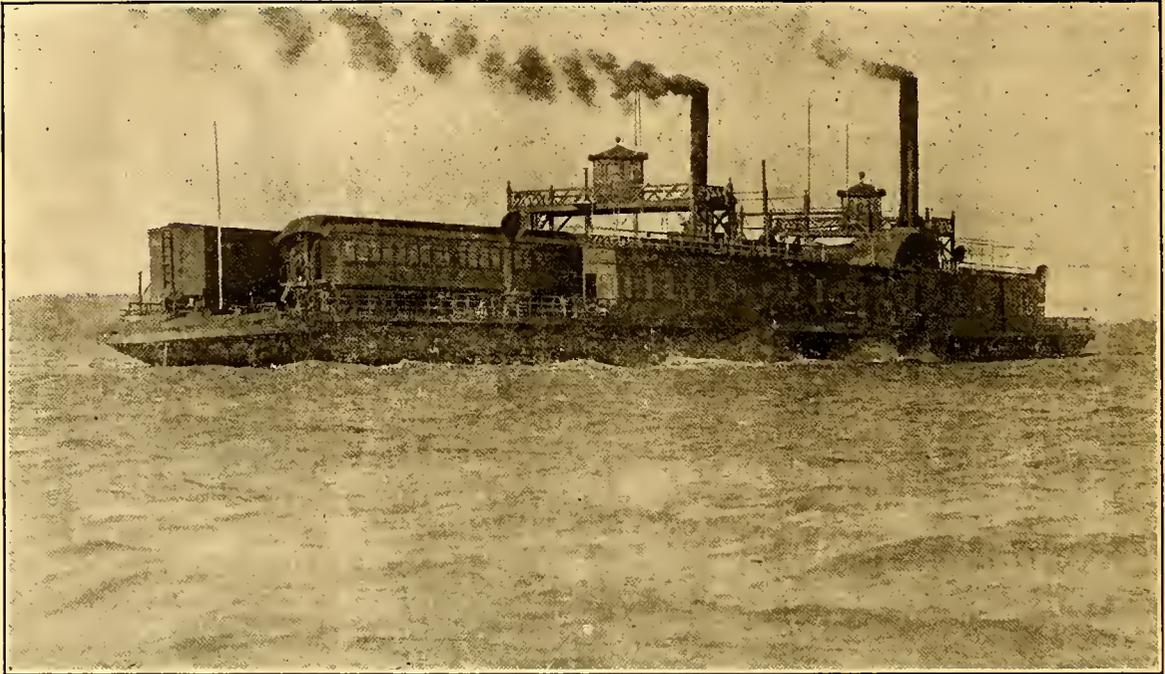
So when the iron portal shuts behind
us,
And life forgets us in its noise and
whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noon-
day find us,
And glimmering starlight shows the
gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to
sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his
staff,—
I, who have never dreamed it sin to
gladden
This vale of sorrows with a whole-
some laugh.

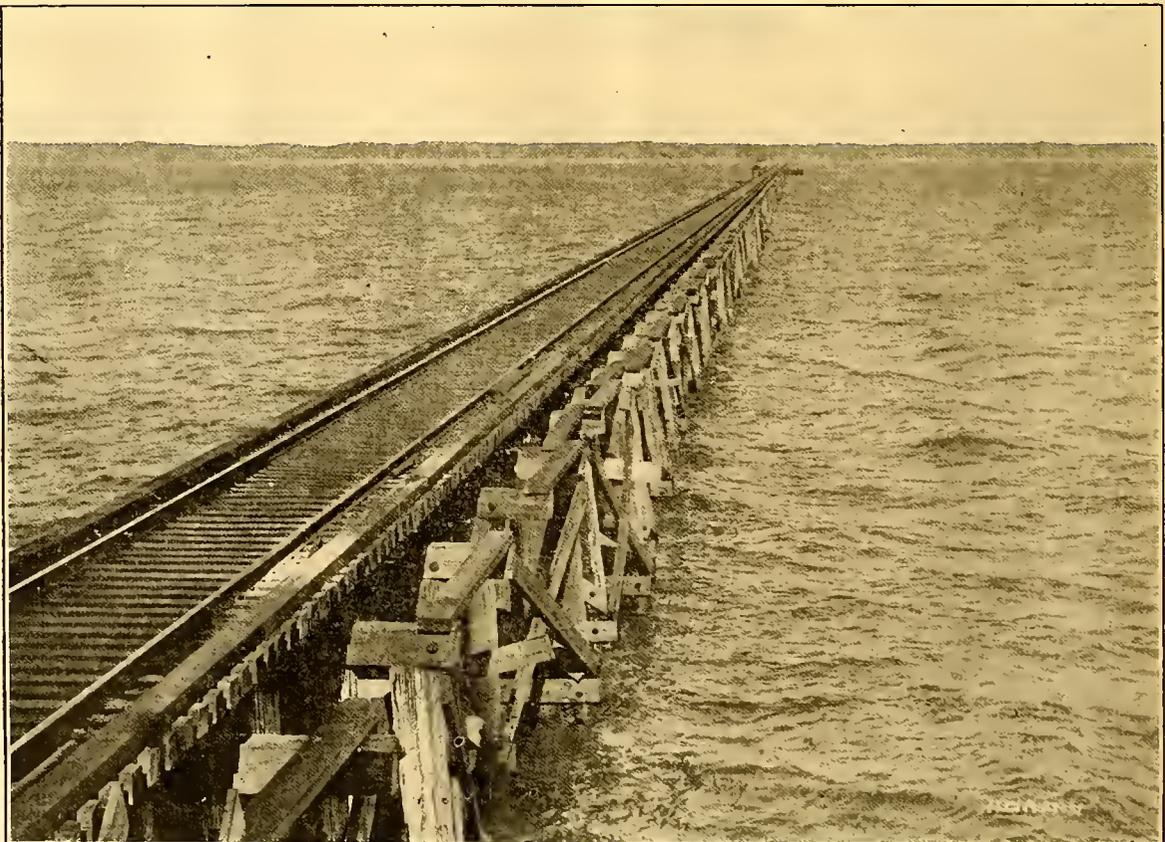
If word of mine another's gloom has
brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent
message came;
If hand of mine another's task has
lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not
claim.

And now with grateful smile and ac-
cents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word
can tell,
In simplest phrase—these traitorous
eyes are tearful—
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children
—and farewell!

The Old and the New Way.



Hauling a Train across Albemarle Sound.



Longest Bridge in the World---Substitute for Transport.

LONGEST BRIDGE IS THAT ACROSS THE SOUND.

Will you, dear reader, please look at the fourth page of this number of THE UPLIFT? It will be worth your while. The page is entitled "The old and the new way," in which are shown a transport carrying across a sheet of water a whole train, and below this is a picture of a bridge.

Let us tell you about these pictures and give you a little story which will aid an understanding of what all this thing is about. The waters you see in each picture make up Albemarle sound, that great sheet of water which extends from the Atlantic Ocean way into the state for sixty miles and which will average fifteen miles wide. This sound separates the extreme North-Eastern counties of North Carolina of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Perquimans and Chowan on the North from Washington, Tyrrell and Dare counties on the South. It is regarded a fresh water sound, being fed by the Chowan and other large rivers. Though during a long dry spell and when the prevailing winds are from the sea, the waters of this sound as far up as Edenton become somewhat brackish, but only for a short period.

In 1881 there was completed from Norfolk to Edenton, N. C., a distance of 73 miles a road known as the Norfolk & Southern. Later on another short line was built on the South side of the Albemarle sound. Though this section of North Carolina is rich in navigable waters and splendid boat equipment, the development of the timber interest through the five counties on the north of the sound and the half dozen or more on the south side made it necessary to run through trains from Norfolk to Belhaven some 20 miles south of Mackey's Ferry on the south side of Albemarle sound. But here was a great sheet of water—the sound—separating the two ends of the railroad. To unload on to boats, transfer and then load on to a train was out of the question. The company operated what is known as a transport, and on this a whole train was run and floated across. But to do this required more than two hours and a half.

The Norfolk & Southern began to extend its lines to Plymouth, Washington and then to Raleigh. The business in freight and passenger service began to increase at such a rapid rate that a better and quicker way to get across the sound was sought. It was finally decided to bridge Albemarle sound. This work

of construction was begun July 20th, 1907, but in November the financial stringency forced a suspension which continued until Feb. 20th, 1909. It was finished and opened for traffic on January 17, 1910.

A little more than three miles below Edenton this bridge begins at Skinner's Point and crosses the sound bearing S. 18 W. touching the south side of the sound east of the mouth of Mackey's creek—the bridge in all being 26,668 feet (5 1-5 miles) long and perfectly straight.

The average depth of the water where this bridge crosses the sound is 21 feet for 19,000 feet of its length, and each side shoaling to the average depth of 4 feet. Meeting the requirements of the National Government, in protecting the interests of navigation, there are two draw bridges, each 140 feet wide, and five passageways for motor boats each giving 25 feet clear waterway and twelve feet clear height above low water.

THE PILES.

The trestle bents are spaced 12 feet and six inches from centre to centre with six piles to the bent. The piles are untreated long leaf pine or cypress not less than 12 inches at one end and not less than 7 inches at the small end, with not less than 9 inches of heart at the cut off, and these piles vary in length from 55 to 98 feet. The piles after driven are cut off a little more than ten feet above the main water line. They were all laced and driven according to specifications and accordingly will sustain a load of 16 to 20 tons per pile. The minimum penetration in the bottom of the sound is 20 feet, the maximum 60 feet, the average being 40 feet. The caps are of long leaf pine 12x12 inches and fourteen feet long, being attached to the piles by heavy bolts. Each bent is braced transversely by two horizontal braces and two diagonal braces. The bents are braced longitudinally in alternate ways. All the braces are of long leaf pine. The stringers are of long leaf pine 8x16 inches under each rail fastened to caps by drift bolts.

It appears and is so declared by governmental experts that this bridge is absolutely secure and substantial. Nothing has been left undone to make it strong and durable. Without cuts it is impossible to make clear the manner of construction and operation of the two steel draw

bridges put into this long bridge to enable large vessels to pass. We had arranged for these cuts, but they are delayed and publication day will permit us to wait no longer. The draw bridges in large use and which we have seen, if he have seen any at all heretofore, are of the kind that swing around on a pivot. But the draw in this bridge is of the type known as the Scherzer Rolling Lift Bridge. It is operated by two gasoline engines. Instead of turning around, it rises right straight up, and is so constructed the balance is so perfect that the slightest pressure of the hand can stop or start it.

The foundations for these Scherzer Lifts are made of concrete, and the work of making a proper starting point for these piers was enormous and necessarily slow and important.

Though this bridge is five and one-half miles long and is built over water the greater part of which is 21 feet deep, a long and loaded freight train crosses without a "give" or a tremble. The passenger trains cross it from 18 to 25 minutes. The writer was on a train that took just 18 minutes to make the trip. The waters of the sound that day, as they had been for several days before, were quite rough and rolling. With all this, and naturally opposed to water, there remained with us at all times a sense of perfect security but it makes nervous women hold handkerchiefs over their eyes and grab the seats with hands—as if that would aid the bridge in accomplishing its work—but we all know just how the good women do, and they please us by so doing.

The cost of this bridge, according to the statement of one high in authority, approaches the enormous sum of one million dollars. It is, therefore, the outcome of a great, big, strong faith in the possibilities and future of Eastern North Carolina that a railroad concern would be willing to expend a million dollars for the sole purpose of saving several hours time in transferring its trains across the sound, and to develop a plan that seems behind still greater plans and a greater hope.

Those counties from the Virginia line, via the Norfolk & Southern Railway, up as far as Greenville in Pitt county are a veritable garden spot. Wonderful is the Old North State and she is growing more wonderful.



There is vast difference between a hoodoo and a who don't.

That Indefinable Something.

The Editor of THE UPLIFT has been to Sampson county and he raves over the universal urbanity of her citizens, and asks—"Why is it?"

Her people are descendants of pure Anglo-Saxon stock who from time immemorial have cultivated all the social amenities to the fullest degree. Where all were sober—yet every gentleman took his dram. The first preacher I ever saw refuse a dram was Dr. Charles F. Deems, presiding elder of the Magnolia circuit.

Where there was never a breath of scandal, yet the young people went to the woods hunting and in the swamps fishing.

Where a gentleman was never seen smoking or chewing tobacco in a lady's presence.

Where he never was seen waltzing with her at a ball or party.

Where he would never be seated while she was standing.

Where he stood with his head uncovered while in her presence.

Where there were no divorces, and where the "lady," (then universally called,) was treated as something sacred and celestial. With his hat in one hand, with the other he could as gracefully hand her in or out of a carriage or assist her from the horse-block to the mount as lightly as a passing shadow.

By ages of training the lady played her part as charmingly. At a dance, to the figure "balance all," she would sometimes slightly elevate her skirt and cut the "pigeon wing" or "broad shuffle" to a perfection utterly unknown today.

The Editor just saw the lingerings of the Sampson people.

Oh! The Clintons, the Buntings, the Faisons, the Holmes, the Royals and Coopers, and may I not add the Herrings? This politeness was innate, it pervaded every home and inoculated every inmate. Sampson county negroes brought a better price on the Richmond market on account of the urbanity absorbed from the white folks. Of course the Editor could not locate these divine qualities, they were in the atmosphere.

A social function did not depend on craps, cards or bilge water (modernly called "punch,") for a success, but where Shakespeare and the classics were as familiar and much better understood than the Lord's prayer or the Catechism today. Where French was spoken with the delicately shaded accent of a native.

Oh, my! Yes, these qualities have

been kept alive by the presence and use of a wild fruit, indigenous to that County, "Sampson Blues." This ripe fruit flings inspiration into the songsters, notes, and smiles decorate every countenance.

There is a something following the use of these huckleberries which is a mind awakener, and the man who is not too lazy to go after them is instantly berrie-filled and honored and given the power to pass these Divine qualities down to posterity. The above explains what the Editor of THE UPLIFT could not see but felt.

A NATIVE.

Honor Rolls For April.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Randolph Williamson, New Hanover.	
Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Claud Brewer,	Ashe.
Edgar Saintsing,	Wake.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
George Moore,	Halifax.

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Randolph Williamson, New Hanover.	
Claud Brewer,	Ashe.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Bryant Whittaker,	Forsyth.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
George Moore,	Halifax.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
John Russ,	New Hanover.
Arthur Johnson,	Mecklenburg.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
Coleman Caudle,	Richmond.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Hermann Laughlin,	Cabarrus.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Charles Pate,	Craven.
Gilson Manuel,	Forsyth.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Pike Page,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
John Proctor,	Guilford.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.

Sylvester Beach,	Burke.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.
Bezola Poteat,	Gaston.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul, Jacobs,	Forsyth.
John Russ,	New Hanover.
Dan Stafford,	Buncombe.
Coleman Caudle,	Richmond.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Pike Page,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Sylvester Beach,	Burke.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Bezola Poteat,	Gaston.

Teachers' Assembly In Asheville.

The North Caroliner Teachers' Assembly will hold its annual session in Asheville in June. The programme is attractive, resembling very much the one of four years ago, and quite a number of the leaders are the same.

The old subject—threshed out on divers occasions and at particular seasons, when a light appears—otherwise known as "the course of study" comes in for considerable consideration. It is an unsettled question and will be when the last trumpet blows. No course of study can be followed to the letter in any school except the individual one presided over by the man, who is strong enough to have his ideas prevail at the time of the adoption of said course. There may be some general outline made which can be hinted at in actual practice; but the folly of trying to make a course that will apply to and accomplish good results in the rural public schools as a whole will some day be recognized.

But every teacher should, if possible, attend this meeting. It helps to mingle with fellow teachers; the social feature is worth while, and a sojourn in Asheville will prove beneficial. It will do you good to know by sight the leaders and those who shape the proceeding and the accomplishments of the Assembly.

It is a grand thing for fellow men and fellow women to meet and wrestle over the great problems that confront them out in the open where they have to do battle.

"Where Washington Spent the Night."

A representative of the Jackson Training School spent a day with County Superintendent Gaither of Perquimans and City Supt. S. B. Underwood of the Hertford Graded Schools. They made it pleasant for him, and for an hour in the splendid auditorium of one of the best school buildings of the state the story of the Jackson Training School was told. Several representative citizens of the town were present, among them Rev. Sykes of the Methodist church and Rev. Butler of the Baptist church. This is the town where one of our pupils comes from. We had many inquiries from various people and especially boys about the health and progress of Master Thomas Saunders.

Supt. Gaither has to couple with his work, in order to make tongue and buckle meet, other work outside of the care of the rural public schools. Prof. Underwood is one of the best equipped school men of the state; he is an organizer; he is a disciplinarian; he is wide awake; and he goes about his various duties with a smile and a cheer that is catching. He wants to and knows how to make a visitor to his school feel comfortable. He enjoys the utmost confidence of those who bear the burden of sustaining this admirable system of schools. Prof. Underwood is a brother of our friend W. I. Underwood of the Greensboro Patriot, and Will Underwood ought to be proud of that brother.

But the hotel at Hertford is a novel one. One part of it (folks tell this) was built 214 years ago; another part 162 years ago and another part—an addition—107 years ago. The planks that ceil the front porch are 16 inches broad and all heart. They say George Washington spent a night in that house. This writer occupied a room in the part that was built 214 years ago right opposite the one father George had. I did not see any ghost, and in no wise was I disturbed by any spirits that he may have turned loose or sent back to arouse all of us to action and duty and "not tell a lie."

It is said that the right given for the erection of that "Inn" is somewhere in the old court house and is written on parchment. It prescribes how many meals shall be served a day, what the charges shall be and prescribes certain things that must be served at each meal. It is doubtful whether Proprietor Tucker is obeying that charter, but had nothing to do with its making.

A wonderfully clever people occu-

py that section of the state, and they spare no pains to make your visit pleasant. It was the home of the late Ex-Congressman Tom Skinner.

**One of the Old School.**

There are a few left of the old time rural teacher. He had his place and for the times and the conditions he did well his part. What he did in the public schools soon after the war left its indelibility upon all; and notwithstanding the

**PROF. S. M. McCALL.**

few that are left could not keep pace with hop, skip and jump which we have all seen, they have made good. Their reputations are such that there are always districts to demand their services and those in which they are peculiarly the right fit.

We introduce our readers to Prof. S. M. McCall, a veteran teacher of Caldwell county, N. C. He is now near seventy years of age and taught the past winter in the rural schools of Caldwell county. He has been in the harness continuously for forty-eight years. He looks good for the next ten years to "teach the young idea how to shoot" and that is just what he can do to a fine finish. Here's wishing a longer service in the cause to Prof. McCall of Caldwell!

**Can You Take a Bitter Dose?**

Just this minute, April 25, 5 p. m., comes a telegram from Solicitor Chas. L. Abernethy, sent from Greenville N. C. It reads: "Have boy want send to you can you take him."

It is awful. We are full to the roof. We are just one year old and every inch of our capacity is taken. We are moving might and

main for more room. There are now sixty odd applications just like this on file from several points in the state.

Only imagine the suffering there must be at the other end of the wire when the answer goes back: "We are crowded and there is no room now." This youth, gotten beyond the control of parents, has roamed the streets at night; and, like a sponge, he has absorbed all the vice and slime and filth and wickedness of the street. It has come out, and the law steps in and demands an accounting. There is no other place for him but the gang, the jail, the penitentiary. Send a twelve year old boy to a place like these—why you may as well give him a through ticket to perdition.

And yet fathers and mothers will allow their young to roam the street. And in all this performance there is death.

The preachers have been called upon to preach Sanitary sermons. The great white plague is a small item compared to the youths that are being ruined by the lack of parental interest and control. The preachers ought, and will by and by, open their batteries on careless parents and cry out for the restoration of the old fashioned parental training that obtained when all the good men of to-day were boys. It must come, even though some coca cola and other joints have to go out of business for the want of trade.

Loved ones in Greenville directly interested in the cause of this boy will be saddened by the message we sent, but no one can estimate the pain it gives this writer to have done so. He knows what it means; but he does not yet know how to arouse some financially able individual of the state to step up and say "increase your capacity quickly, I'll stand behind you." If there is a mother or father involved in the Greenville case, we sorrow all the more. If the state has to teach some of its wards Latin and higher mathematics and Nature Fakir stuff, it must come to the rescue of helpless parents. It is a bitter dose we are now swallowing.

**Questions Not Asked.**

Greenville Reflector.

While the list of questions to be propounded by the census enumerator is long, we notice that he does not have to ask if you have seen the comet, if you have paid your poll tax, nor if you owe for your county paper.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

NOT RED-HEADED BUT PATRIOTIC.

THE UPLIFT does not mean to be red-headed or gay. This month bears the date of the anniversary of that important event in North Carolina history known as the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. That was a red-letter day in the old state, and how else could we consistently show it? Besides we wanted our printing class to know how to do printing in two colors.

We invited Mr. D. A. Tompkins, a gentleman who thinks things and investigates things and who has been doing things for the advancement of the state, to write us a sentiment appropriate for this occasion and for that particular place on the front page. Mr. Tompkins has done it well, and THE UPLIFT counts itself fortunate in giving to its readers such a pleasing statement.



BACK TO SHORE.

On the cover page of this issue you will observe "Vol. I., No. 12." That means that THE UPLIFT has covered a year's journey. It has been a delightful experience, and in a business way it has been highly satisfactory and profitable.

When THE UPLIFT was planned, the design called for a small sheet

with no attempt at a mechanical appearance out of the ordinary. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. So with a plant that cost less than one thousand dollars, THE UPLIFT has managed to visit its patrons with a sense of being pretty well dressed up, but not proud.

We thought probably 200 people in the state would be interested enough in the cause to send in their subscriptions. About ten times this represents the actual circulation for this issue. And with the organization complete in the several counties of the state, by the end of the next year we expect to have ten thousand subscribers, and we intend having the Educational Cottage completed out of the profits of these subscriptions. In a few weeks with the funds now on hand this building will be begun.

The press of the state and a large number of good friends in the state have attested in no uncertain words a peculiar liking for the work of THE UPLIFT. That makes us feel awfully happy; and it gives us courage to strive harder during the coming year to make THE UPLIFT even more attractive.

There are many who would want THE UPLIFT regularly if we would break over the fence and start off in a mad run-away on the road of muck-raking. There are times when jars and poundings do good; but having set our eyes to magnifying the good and the pure and ignoring the vile and the slime, we must forego the profit of a few dollars from those who prefer seeing a man cussed rather than praised.

There is enough of the good in our men and women of North Carolina (God bless her) to keep THE UPLIFT busy for years to come. One feels better to see the good rather than the bad in his fellow-being.

We have on our desk filed away, as badges of honor, numbers of letters from good women saying: "THE UPLIFT is welcome; it is in the class with my church paper." That's high praise; for a regulation Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian; Episcopal,

Lutheran, German Reformed and a Christian stands by his church paper.

This has been entirely a labor of love with the editor. He had only the widow's mite to contribute to the support and upbuilding of the Jackson Training School; and the fact that this "mite" is acceptable to the Superintendent and the officers of the institution and to the patrons of THE UPLIFT, and has fetched splendid praise from high sources, makes the giver of the "mite" feel like Ex-Governor Aycock's spirited horse, which is alleged to have his "tail over the dashboard, head up to the moon and hitting the ground at high places—pressing onward."

All this year's work would have been impossible for a busy man had it not been for the splendid support in the office. Supt. Thompson has called time. Mr. Campbell has with a patience that is past finding out read the proofs and given an artistic touch here and there. Mr. Fisher, the teacher of our printing class, is a gem: A young, fat youth, sober, truthful, even tempered and faithful—and everything else that goes to make up a model young man. And our printing class of boys, Brooks Harris, Roy Matteson and Wesley Clegg, has done mighty well. They are little gentlemen and the growing interest they show in their work and THE UPLIFT makes the editor hopeful some day to greet them in charge of papers of their own—papers holding up the honor of the state and battling for the right in and out of season.

That our funds may continue ahead of all demands in the erection of the Educational Cottage, the county organization will be more strenuously pushed during the year.

Vol. II begins with the June number. We made no promises in the first number except to eschew partisan politics and denominationalism. We have kept the faith.

For the year, beginning with the June number, we renew our promise of the past. And we violate no confidence in saying that many of the state's foremost men and women

will contribute to the columns of THE UPLIFT articles on vital questions.

Our biographical sketches will be continued. There are so many men and women, whose lives, if held up to the young, will prove a guide and an inspiration; and the editor finds his happiest moments when he pens these words of commendation and truth. This promise we make, however, which was not possible in our first: THE UPLIFT will not be one bit worse than during its first year's journey.

Finally: we desire to add to our mailing list all the congressmen and U. S. Senators from North Carolina, we wish to visit regularly all our judges and solicitors; we would be proud to have all the professional men on our mailing list—but in no instance do we beg or permit our friends to beg. Over one hundred wayward and wasting youths are demanding through a friend admittance to the Jackson Training School, but there is NO ROOM. The support and sympathy of these fortunate and favored and prosperous men, who defend the honor of the State and the nation, who preach directly and indirectly the efficacy of the truths Jesus himself taught even unto the salvation of the naked and debased of heathendom, is wanted and needed. Of every dollar contributed, through a subscription to THE UPLIFT, Ninety-One (91) cents goes to the possibility of making room for one of these hundred youths, who, in their home towns are said "to be going to the devil."

THE UPLIFT craves the sympathy, the confidence, the support and the love of the brethren of the Press of North Carolina.

God help us to be worthy of it.

THE EDITOR.



PAUL BARRINGER MEANS.

Col. Paul B. Means is dead. Though a life-long citizen of Cabarrus county, he was of the whole state. THE UPLIFT mourns his death, for he was a genuine and true friend of the editor of this magazine. He had his faults—and so have we all—but

he had his virtues, the exercise of which has wrought things that will reach down to the ages. He was a friend of the cause which this institution is battling for. He it was who introduced this writer to Gov. Fowle, who was persuaded to write in his message to the general assembly the first public, official recommendation for the establishment of a Reformatory. He was among the first to voluntarily send in his subscription to THE UPLIFT. He stood ready at any time to aid us—we miss him.

Col. Means' life was strenuous—it dates back to the time when the boy went to war, and it reached within a few days before the man

WRITE US ABOUT IT.

A solemn request is hereby made. We want every county superintendent and city superintendent in North Carolina to write us a card, immediately upon reading this notice, telling how many young boys and girls they have gotten interested in the County Story Contest. Please don't delay. We desire in the June UPLIFT to forecast the interest and size of this contest, and make public acknowledgement to the gentlemen who have brought to the attention of their pupils this splendid opportunity to study county history and to run the risk of securing a prize worth while.

This to us is important, and we thank you in advance.

crossed the river to the beyond. Very few gatherings that looked to the betterment of the state or spelled progress that did not enjoy his presence and interest, and no man in North Carolina just on account of this great interest in public matters had a wider and more influential acquaintance in the state. His absence in the future will be felt.

God rest in peace Paul Barringer Means, our friend and a zealous friend of his native state.



WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

Mr. Jas. F. Hurley has sold his Tribunes and plant to Mr. J. B. Sherrill, of the Concord Times. The latter is continuing the Daily Tri-

une, but has consolidated the Semi-Weekly Tribune with The Times.

It makes us sorry to see Mr. Hurley retire from journalism. He had an ability for the work and demonstrated it. He tried to deal with justice in handling all matters. His paper, and no man likes Concord better than this writer, was always as good as the town; but he grew weary of the grind, and felt that the returns did not justify the expenditure of brain, effort and money he was making. Hurley had a host of friends among the fraternity, and his departure from our midst is regretted though there goes with him from every member the wish for abundant success in whatever field his heart and soul will lead him.

Mr. Sherrill is a trump, and the new property which he has purchased will become a profitable asset to him, and the town will be served just as good a daily paper as it can justly expect. The history of the rise and success of editor Sherrill in the newspaper field is of so much interest that THE UPLIFT means to tell it ere long.



SAID IT LIKE AN ARTIST.

THE UPLIFT has wanted all the time to reproduce the many nice things the various papers have from time to time seen fit to say of this magazine, but we really did not have at our command the space to spare. But here is an editorial reference from the Raleigh Evening Times of the 7th which touches a ticklish point in our make-up and we reproduce it.

"The April UPLIFT, published for and by the Jackson Training School, is up to its usual standard of excellence and that is saying a good deal. THE UPLIFT is a high-class publication. It is really filling a place that needed to be filled. As a magazine filled with interesting matter about the state and things in general there is no other publication in the state that will compare with it. A publication containing matter of this kind was needed and THE UPLIFT is filling the bill. And in doing this other work it is not neglecting its duty to the training school. Every issue contains information about that insti-

tution which the people of the state are interested in reading. We congratulate Mr. Cook on the fine publication he is getting out.

We are proud of this estimate of our work, and it gives us great courage to press forward and to keep up the licks. The editor of The Times has made us beholden to him.



Judge H. G. Connor was holding Federal Court at Elizabeth City when this writer dropped in. He looked just like he did when seen (for the first Judge) holding Superior Court. Honest, just, fair, without frills and has yet to learn (but he can't) how to play to the grand stand. But Judge Connor, as well as all State Judges, should wear a gown. It's a beautiful idea that teaches a lesson without giving comfort to any monarchical spirit that may exist. Judge Connor turned a negro hotel porter loose so quick for an alleged violation of the revenue law that the District Attorney looked relieved from an embarrassment.



A great interest has been aroused in County Story Contest. We have received numerous letters from those who have been encouraged to enter that contest. Just why every county has not already given notice of entering is not easily understood. It costs nothing. Even though a prize is missed, the investigation and the study and the writing effort will be sufficient to give good returns. Will not every county superintendent and every city superintendent see that his county is represented? It is the work of the young, and they need the encouragement of the older ones in whom the young have a confidence.



We are real ashamed to have overlooked our duty in a matter that at the time filled us with the greatest of pleasure. It is never too late to do right and we proceed now to do it: Prof. M. C. S. Noble was some months ago elected president of the Bank of Chapel Hill. He is the first, real live, active educator in the history of the state, so far as

we recall, that ever accumulated enough money at the teaching business to make him eligible to the presidency of a bank, or to cause bank officials to lay a trap for him. THE UPLIFT congratulates the bank and felicitates the genial Professor-President on this happy connection.



George P. Pell, Esq., has been appointed Judge to fill out the unexpired term of Judge E. B. Jones. You can't always tell where lightning will strike, but it struck right in this case. Pell is a newspaper man, well schooled, has a pride in accomplishing things, hates liquor, is just and carries no malice in his big heart. Companionable and sweet tempered is George Pell and no one in the state will enjoy more than this writer to call him Judge, whether he serves six months or sixty years. Governor Kitchin has wrought wisely. A knotty problem has been beautifully solved.



Peace to his ashes. A wonderful man hath passed. From the same platform this writer spoke in November last. Hon. R. Z. Linney spoke reminiscently of things and the writer took care of the delinquent child. Mr. Linney had a sudden call to the beyond. He had his faults (all we sinners have) but he had his place in the affairs of life—and he filled that place.



By the time this number reaches our readers it is expected to have all plans made for the beginning of the new building at the Jackson Training School which we are pleased to call the administration Building, and one that has been sorely needed since the opening of the institution.



Eastern North Carolina is great and growing greater. A power for its development is the Norfolk & Southern Railway. They talk it—they act it. This is a kick, however: some hotels serve no fish and yet the waters are running over with fishes.



Awaiting certain data, by which he meant to perfect his article on

the Junior Order, Hon. Theo. F. Klutz's contribution to these columns will be deferred until the June number. It will be a good article for the first number in our second year's existence.



It is much easier and reaches further into the heart of the grandstand to follow the business of criticising and condemning. To stand up for the right under fire, or to maintain a bold front in a constructive campaign is not the work of a weak man.



Before the June number is issued it is hoped to have all plans ready for the starting of the Educational Cottage. We will make a beginning, having absolute confidence in the final success of the plan.



The leading hotel in the town that has a prosecuting attorney that can't smile still furnishes a blue, slimy looking stuff (for butter) unfit for a human and which a brute might not eat.



This issue has much to do with affairs of Eastern North Carolina. Why not? It is a wonderful section of a wonderful state.



Coming events cast their shadows before them. The Educational muck-raker has begun.



And editor Bivins has gotten in his work at Wadesboro.



An Unsullied Mind.

An American writer said: "I would give half of all that I am worth if I could blot out of my mind the unclean pictures that I saw in my boyhood." And Dr. Parkhurst said after his visits to the vile haunts of New York City: "It will take the eternities to burn out of my mind the shameless scenes that I have seen. They have defiled like pitch."

A sweet, pure-minded girl, after her room had been burglarized, said: "I do not mind the money they stole, but I can never recover from the sense of defilement, in thinking that their slimy hands have touched the clothing I wear, and that they have desecrated my room with their beastly presence."—Gunnison.

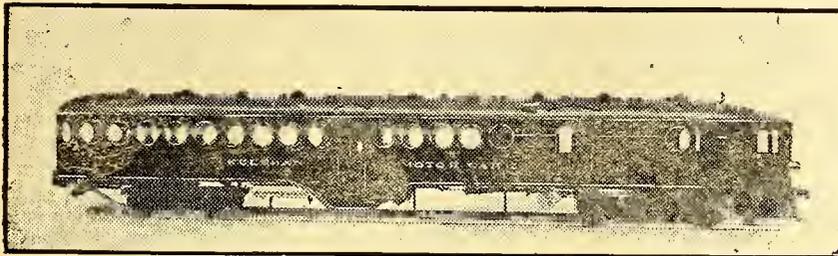
A NOVEL INNOVATION--NORTH CAROLINA STILL IN THE LEAD.

Where North Carolina is at the head of the table. That position was established in the conflict between the states, and it extends way back to the precedent established by the spirit behind the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, to say nothing about that important event which occurred in Halifax county April 12th, 1776, or the Wilmington Tea Party, which was the real thing by unterrified and undisguised lovers of liberty.

There is, in this day of strenuosity in social, political and industrial matters, a considerable amount of gas. There is gas in lots of things

Va. It makes, starting at Edenton, a round trip each week-day to Suffolk. It has taken the place of the dirty, smoky cars operated almost at a daily loss heretofore—a train that fretted men, tortured women and disgusted the railroad company itself. The operation of a daily train was legally necessary yet conditions were such that an old fashioned train failed to fill the bill.

The Norfolk & Southern Railway has a Gasoline Car. It is a charm. It is smokeless, dustless and cinderless. It's an odd thing running through the woods and small villages of Chowan and Gates county, N. C.,



—many people live by the art of gas. They talk their way through; and after all it is nothing but hot air, the product of burning, active gas.

But gas in the hands of sane and earnest people is worth while. It makes heat and power; it makes light, and it makes death come if you blow it out. It turns wheels—those wheels turning accomplish many things for the good of man and the development of the age. The good and the bad, the serious and the idle, the wise and the otherwise have stopped doing what their daddies did—walk. Many people are riding in automobiles propelled by gas for no other reason than because their daddies before they became forty walked, wrought and rose to affluence. But that is all right.

But seriously have you thought or heard of the great gas thing that has been introduced into the South, more particularly North Carolina? It is a pleasing thing, needful and useful and can be found nowhere else east of the Mississippi river. It is a new thing in the way of railroad rolling stock. We print the manufacturer's stock cut of the gasoline railroad motor car in this issue of **THE UPLIFT**.

This picture represents the real thing now in operation on the Norfolk & Southern railway on its line between Edenton, N. C. and Suffolk,

to carry its human freight, mail and express up to Suffolk in the Old Dominion. If it had the right color, it would remind one of a big gray hound as it went speeding along apparently without effort or care. The moment you see it, you have an irresistible desire to look under it, over it, in front of it, behind it and then before you know it you are climbing inside for a more minute investigation.

The car is built of boiler iron and painted black—it ought to be olive green, or white or even an ox-blood color would be more pleasing. You find your way into it through doors from either side placed at or near the middle of the car. When once in, you wonder if the thing can start and how far it will go were it to start. All of the readers cannot see this car, and it may be years before their introduction on other roads may become general. **THE UPLIFT** will, therefore, give a running description of the car.

It was brought to Edenton, N. C., on its own wheels and under its own power, from Omaha, Neb. It was put into commission on March 14th, 1910. That's a date we must establish, for if we don't the muck-rakers and the doubting Thomases will ere long try to becloud North Carolina's priority in introducing this wonderful means of travel.

The car is 72 feet long and weighs 35 tons, or 70,000 pounds. The front runs to a sharp point, like a boat; and the rear is rounded, like a boat's rear. The interior is finished in Cuban hardwood. The car is divided into six compartments. The front compartment is the home of the wonderful machinery of a most wonderful gas engine, the like of which I have never seen. This is operated by one man, and his job is a strenuous one. His job on this must be harder than on a steam engine. He sits with his back to the side, operates levers in front, levers behind, and does stunts with his feet—this is the brake feature. No unpleasant odor from the gasoline used in operating the car reaches the passengers or crew. A four-inch pipe from the engine runs down under the car and sticks out at the rear. Behind the engine room, which can only be reached from the outside, is the United States mail apartment in charge of one of their postal clerks. The next section is the baggage and express room. Behind this is the compartment for the colored passengers. Now comes the narrow hallway leading from the doors from either side.

The rear of the car is for white people. It surpasses an observation car. The windows are circular and about 30 inches in diameter and stand, in the construction of the car, close together thus giving the passenger an almost absolutely free view of the country along the railway.

The riding is ideal—there is no jerk, no smoke, no dust and by a superior and modern arrangement the air in the car is entirely renewed every four minutes. The car has a capacity of 75 passengers, who can be comfortably seated. There are toilet arrangements equal to any day coach. It is lighted by acetylene gas. The speed, where the track will justify, is a mile a minute. Even with this speed the engine with which this car is equipped can pull a trailer in the form of an ordinary day-coach. This it has already done to accommodate the travel on special occasions.

The speed on this run, however, is about 20 miles an hour including numerous stops. It starts from Edenton at 7 in the morning and reaches Suffolk 52 miles distant at 9:30.

This writer rode for twenty miles with the engineer in his compartment. The sensation is stirring. He held a time table, and the schedule by the clock hanging just ahead was at every station made on the minute.

The cows, the goats and the pigs—how they did stand in the middle of the track and gaze at us as we bore down on them. All had sense enough to scapper off just in time save a few pigs, which had in them the making of some very fine Smithfield hams. Of course these pigs not too large to put in your over-coat pocket will sooner or later be paid for by the railroad company at the rate of six dollars per.

The engineer, Mr. F. A. Staylor, mastered this new-fangled engine in a very short time; and he is a pleasing and capable man. The people through that country can blame him for knocking out of court many cases for the killing of stock. He does his might to save the old family cow, the pet billy-goat and the mother hog. He burns in a round trip 50 gallons of gasoline. Mr. Staylor's title now is motorman and not engineer.

The government handles its business through Mr. Rufus Potter, who is approaching the veteran in the business.

Mr. S. X. Stephenson, if he had on the proper dress, would be easily taken in any audience outside Norfolk for a preacher, and a good one at that. He attends to the baggage, the express and collects the tickets. He has no assistance, and of course he is a busy man who goes about his duty cheerfully and with the passengers in a delightfully cordial manner. That man has in his make-up the things that take the place of capital—common sense, cordiality, and a pleasing presence. Every baby falls in love with him upon entering the car.

Now here is a car—a single car—meeting the requirements of the passenger service of that division of the Norfolk & Southern railroad—doing it to the perfect satisfaction of the traveling public—that is operated by two men alone, whereas it required six men to run the former old fashioned train. The cost of the gasoline does not equal the cost of the coal formerly used on this round trip.

This gasoline car which cost the company the rise of \$22,000 is worth while; and it has made good to such an extent that it has attracted the attention and favorable interest of other roads. It is safe in predicting that ere long other roads will be operating similar cars on lines where the traffic is small or where frequent trips are imperative. The car has made money, we are assured, on every trip since its inauguration.

Assistant Passenger Agent Crox-

ton and his assistant Mr. Smith of the Norfolk & Southern railroad has placed this writer under obligations for courtesies and kindness—no pass.



A Most Wonderful Bank.

Some banks fail on account of poor business control and some banks may fail because there is no demand for the bank in that particular locality—and a few fail on account of down-right rascality.

There are many banks that do a real, conservative, genuinely legitimate business—these all make splendid showings and stand high. There are a few that astonish the financial world and are as strong as the rock of Gibraltar.

On the train a few days ago a few gentlemen were discussing remarkable banks with remarkable records. It was on the chair car between Norfolk and Wilmington. Mr. William H. Jones, Jr., was on the train, and it was his presence that turned the discussion towards finances and banking institutions. Mr. Jones was not in the party that was carrying on the discussion—in fact Mr. Jones was not in the class with these gentlemen; he is on easy street, the others are hustling for a living.

The Farmers Bank of Nansemond, at Suffolk, Va., was organized in 1869 with a capital of \$20,000, which has never been reduced or raised. Mr. Jones, the cashier, owns 98 shares of this stock and a few intimate friends and relatives own three more; the balance is distributed amongst various good people in that center of the peanut trade, Suffolk, Va. This bank is housed in an attractive, though not very expensive home. It has a stone front and powerful safes on the inside.

The Farmers bank has each year paid its taxes and paid to its stockholders a 6 per cent dividend, and has in addition to this accumulated since its organization a "Surplus Fund" of \$500,000, and has still in addition to this a fund of \$175,672.46, which it is pleased to call "undivided profits." The total resources of this little \$20,000 bank reaches the enormous sum of \$2,456,457.48. To show its power to take care of most any ordinary kind of a trade any of its friends may want to indulge in we need only to say that at its last statement the officers swore that the bank had cash in vault \$107,020.81 and due it from other banks is the snug little sum of \$336,903.66, making a total of near a half million of filthy lucre that could be rolled

out at the snapping of the finger of the genius that runs this financial institution.

Loans amount to \$1,866,917.94; deposits amount to \$1,677,915.12.

The book value of the stock of this bank is \$3,500; yet just a short time ago to gain a strategic point it is currently reported that three shares, which originally cost \$100 each, sold for \$15,000. The institution has never lost a cent.

The charge of usury does not lie at this bank yet a stockholder of a one hundred dollar share, starting in 41 years ago when the bank was established, has drawn in dividends just \$246.00 and could sell his share in less than one-half minute for \$3,500—and hundreds in the neighborhood would fall over each other trying to reach the seller first.

It is said that there is only one other bank in the United States that surpasses the Farmers Bank of Nansemond in its wonderful record of financial achievements. Too many like it would not be really good. (P. S.—This is in no wise an advertisement.)

N. B.—This bank is in Suffolk, Va., the greatest peanut market in the world and in a county where they raise a long snoot, horse-tail variety of hogs the only kind out of which the best hams in the world can be made. Suffolk is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, a live, hustling place, that gets no little of its business from the Old North State, which in considerable part accounts for the great business institution above referred to. (P. S.—This too is in no wise an advertisement.)



And There'll be a Cool Time.

The North Carolina editors will hold their annual convention at the Tarrymore Hotel, Wrightsville Beach, near Wilmington, on June 8th, 9th, & 10th. Secretary Sherrill has sent out a statement of detail, that will enable every editor in the state to fix for this meeting without the least possible trouble or embarrassment.

We have made up our mind to attend. Editor Sherrill knows how to pull the wires and inspire the boys to be up to their full duty towards the meeting of the Press Association. He cleverly stuck into his statement of details this declaration: "The time we meet is the very best season for soft shell crabs." Ugh! we have already packed our grip; and the madam is doing economical stunts looking to the packing of her grip, too.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 4.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

The day after Bob had taken home the big glass jar with the caterpillar in it to see how much it would eat in twenty-four hours, he brought them back. There was a curious, inquisitive smile on his face that seemed to mean something for me—and the meaning soon came out:

"Well, doctor, I think I've got one on you! Look here! You said this fellow would eat all the leaves you gave him in twenty-four hours: he has'n't eaten one fourth of them. Is he sick? or are you wrong?"

"No, he isn't sick; nor am I mistaken—except in this particular case, and for the time being. He knows what he is about, and so do I. He's just indulging in a very natural habit of his tribe: just take him home again, and don't disturb him; just have some fresh leaves ready for him by tomorrow afternoon, and after that make your report."

The next day Bob was back, and his first words were:

"Why, that thing has shed his skin like a snake, and his body is larger and greener than it was before; a beautiful green: do they all shed their skins? I was looking for him to die."

Now, I was very much pleased with this close observation of Bob as to the increased sized and improved color of the insect; and I knew from this fact that very few things would escape his notice; and I replied:

Yes, they all do it: you remember I told you that he knew what he was about. Now I'm going to weigh him again, and give him rations double his own weight, and get you to watch him for 24 hours and see what will happen."

"But what made him get out of his old skin?"

"Because he had grown too big for it, or the skin had become too small for him and something had to be done. The fact is, he was just getting ready to become something better than a despised caterpillar; He's just like a boy when he feels that he is getting too big for his knee breeches and short jacket; and verging on young manhood: and as the caterpillar is going on to something higher in its life, so should every boy determine that his boyhood shall emerge into a noble young manhood—into something that will be admired. Don't forget the lesson of the caterpillar, Bob!"

He did not take his eyes from my face during this little homily, and I

was curious to know what kind of an impression I had made on his mind.

"All right!" he replied. "I think I know what you mean," and started for the jar and caterpillar when I said:

"See here, Bob; do you know the market value of that caterpillar? Of course you don't, and I know you'll open your eyes when I tell you. If you take good care of him, and everything works right, the moth that will come out of that caterpillar will be worth Two Hundred Dollars!"

His face expressed almost anything except faith in my statement.

"You're not joking, doctor?"

"Not a bit of it; I imported his grand-daddy and grand-mommy from Europe some time ago, and he comes from the "royal family" of moths; "I have about fifty feeding in the cages. Take good care of him. But before you go come with me." We went into another room where I had a number of cocoons of different varieties of butterflies just beginning to emerge from their pupa state. I left him there to "look around" while I saw to some other things. It was not very long before I heard him call;—O! O! doctor! come here! That fellow's just come out of his cocoon, and begun to crawl up the cage!"

"Watch him, Bob, and tell me what you see on his wings: he's a beauty, or will be in less than thirty minutes."

The wings were damp, or wet, and clung to the sides of the body: and as he watched, he saw them grow longer and begin to spread out. At last they were fully spread and it began to "flap" them over its back, and then spread them out at right angles to the body, and Bob had a fine view of them.

"Of all creation! that beats it," exclaimed Bob. "Why, its got the picture of a poodle dog's head on each of its front wings, a real dog's head! Come here and see!"

The surprise and wonderment of the boy were genuine expressions of his temperament, and told me that I had a very interested pupil, on whom my lessons would not be thrown away.

"Yes, Bob, it is called the Dog Head butterfly, but there is a scientific name by which it is known, and which you ought to know if you are going to be an Entomologist, and

the name is 'Colias Caesonia.' If you want—"

"Hold on a minute;" said Bob: "I want to write down his real name, his scientific name—I never dreamed of seeing a pug dog's head on a butterfly's wing—it's a real dandy dog's head. What are you going to do with him, doctor?"

"I'll show you in an hour or so; and when the time came to treat it, I took it carefully from the cage by holding its front wings together over its back and dropped it carefully into the poison bottle, and in a few seconds it was dead, and remained there until I could get time to treat it further.

"But, doctor, you call this a butterfly, and you called the one in the big cocoon a moth: what I want to know is, what is the difference between a Moth and a Butterfly, and you promised to tell me."

"The difference is in the shape, coloring, and their different habits of life; a Butterfly is on the wing only during the day; it loves the sunshine, and never flies at night, The Moth does not seem to like sunshine, flies only at night; and if you should happen to see a Moth flying in the day-time, it will be because he is lost, and seeking a place to hide till night comes on. So if one wants to catch the Butterfly, one must go after him in the day, and the Moth at night. Now, I'm going to give you two of the Dog-head cocoons in a small cage: they will probably come out to-morrow, and I want you watch them, and when you hear them scratching, call your mother, and let her see what you have seen: here, take this poison bottle with you."

"Glory!" exclaimed Bob. "Won't she be surprised! I won't come back until the fellers come out: they might come while I was away, and then I'd lose the fun;" and he was off with his cocoons and poison bottle.

On his way home Bob met one of the members of the "Rob Roy Innocents' Club," who accosted him with,—"Hello! Bob! Have you left the Innocents for good and all?"—and without waiting for an answer, he continued, "What's them things you've got under your arms?"—for he saw the big glass jar under one arm, with the caterpillars in it, and under the other the small wire cage with the cocoons.

"No more of your Rob Roy Innocents for me, Dick. I'm after other innocents now: I've turned Entomologist if you know what that means; if you don't, I'll just tell

you that it is one who is engaged in catching and raising innocent butterflies and moths, and here are their caterpillars and cocoons. Just come around to-morrow and see this fellow eat his leaves, and these other fellows come out of their shells;" and on Dick promising to "come round" the next day Bob left. This is about the report that Bob made to me at our next meeting, of which I will tell you in my next article.



The Owl as a Helper.

A family of barn owls will num-

by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal, and swallowed four more mice. If this can be done by a single bird, what effect must a whole family of owls have on the vermin of a community?

It would be difficult to point out a more useful bird than the barn owl in any farming country. Like many other birds, it deserves the fullest protection, but man is often its worst enemy.—American Birds.



Convenient Charity.

Mark Twain, as the Ladies' Home

out exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."



How to Find the Blind Spot.

The blind spot that occurs in every eye, no matter how perfect may be the sight, is that precise point where the optic nerve enters the eye, about one-tenth of an inch nearer the nose than the center.

To discover this spot, take, for example, two rubber-tipped lead-pencils and hold them together at arm's length directly in front of you, one in each hand; close your left eye and fix the sight of the



FIELD OF TOBACCO IN PITT COUNTY.

The above cut represents a field of tobacco which grew last year in Pitt county, North Carolina. The gentleman, who furnished us the cut, was not sure whose field it was. THE UPLIFT could safely label it as a scene from Col. J. Bryan Primes' or Col. J. J. Laughinghouse's or Col. R. R. Cotten's farm or that of most any of the successful farmers in that splendid county. Whilst it shows what kind of tobacco that particular farmer raised in Pitt county, it can safely be taken as a sample of the average, improved farm in that section.

ber from three to seven birds. It is hard to believe what an amount of vermin a family of owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry. They will eat their own weight in food every night, and more, if they can get it. A case is on record where a half-grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight, one after the other. The ninth followed, all but the tail, which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of birds of prey is shown

Journal tells the story, once addressed an audience in the interest of his fellow-townsmen, Gen. Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for re-election to the United States senate, and said, in the course of a droll address:

"General Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right; he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty handed. He always gives them something—almost with-

right eye on the left-hand pencil; gradually separate them until about six inches apart, when it will be found that you have lost sight of the rubber on the right-hand pencil.

Many people doubt there is a blind spot, but a careful trial of this experiment will prove it beyond question.—Selected.



The fault of the age is too much reading and too little thinking.—President Gilman.



The torch of truth wanes dim when the winds of opposition die

Youth in City Streets.

New York Sun.

Philanthropic associations have been devoting much attention of late to the problem of how to furnish opportunities for wholesale recreation and social intercourse to the working class youth of large cities. The problem was discussed at a recent conference held in New York under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society, from the reports of which many newspaper readers learned for the first time that the proportion of crime is higher among boys and girls in the age of adolescence than among any other age classes of the population. The conditions of city life which account for the relatively high percentage of youthful crimes and which have given rise to a national movement for the public provision of facilities for social recreation are considered by Jane Addams in "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" (the Macmillan Company.) Years of observation as a settlement worker at Hull House in Chicago have led Miss Addams to conclude that as a rule young people who go wrong do so because the modern industrial city fails to supply legitimate means for the exercise of the instincts and emotions of adolescence. Her discussion of the moral disasters occasioned by misdirected exuberance of expanding physical and mental forces is illustrated by an abundance of examples and shows insight into the psychology of youth.

The discovery of the labor power of youth, Miss Addams points out, was like the discovery of a new natural resource. It was an incident of the invention of modern machinery and of the consequent subdivision of labor, and it has filled the streets of the big industrial city, which is an outgrowth of the factory system, with boys and girls released from the protection of the home and from the restraints of community opinion. Never before have such numbers of young people been thrown upon their own resources in the pursuit of recreation, for since the Puritans snut up the peoples' playhouses and pleasure fields the Anglo Saxon city has declined to furnish public means

of entertainment as a systematic municipal function.

However, the desire for making and meeting acquaintances of the opposite sex is the strongest of the promptings of adolescence. In obedience to this normal impulse virtually the entire adolescent population among the working classes frequents dance halls because these are now the main avenue of social intercourse open to the poor. The provision of such recreation centres has been left to private commercial enterprise and under the pressure of unregulated competition it has fallen into the hands of the most sordid and unscrupulous element of the business community. The dance hall, like the saloon, of which it is commonly an annex, has thus become a source of corruption, although it owes its existence to a legitimate social demand.

In her treatment of this as of other subjects Miss Addams remains content with describing and explaining evils without appearing as the advocate of any particular mode or measure of reform.

✧ ✧
The World in D.

Those words in D! A dismal, dreary
dose!
Here dilatory dandies dawning doze,
Here dunces dog our steps and dreadful
duns,
Dolors and dragons, donkeys, dolts and
dupes,
Devils and demons, and "the dreaded
name
Of Demigorgon! Dirks and daggers
daunt,
Dank dandelions flourish, dampness
daunts,
Depression and dejection drag us down,
Drear desolation dwells, and dire delay,
Disaster, disappointment, disarray,
Defeat, disintegration and despair,
Disease, decay, delirium, darkness,
death!
Yet through the darkest dens of dimmest
doubt
Dogged determination drives its way,
Dilemmas yield to diligence at last,
Deliberation dissipates dispute,
Dismay is dashed with draught of dear
delight,
Deft, dainty dances and delicious dreams!
The power to do one's duty still survives,
Still dawns the day, divine dominion
rules.

—Exchange.

✧ ✧
Lift up your eyes occasionally. All
good things are not on the ground.

The Edenton Story.

In a subsequent issue of THE UPLIFT will appear an interesting story of the good old town of Edenton, N. C.

The editor of THE UPLIFT is grateful to Co. Supt. Alderman, a friend of years, and City Supt. Bachman for an appreciative audience of the school population and representatives of the town in the opera house to hear a story of the Jackson Training School. Rev. J. O. Alderman, who is well and favorably known in Piedmont North Carolina, has done, we are told, splendid work among the rural public schools of Chowan county. He is an earnest and conscientious worker. He now lives in Edenton. He will yet tie marriage knots on the least provocation.

Since the organization of the Edenton schools, Supt. Bachman has been in charge. He has well organized schools and enjoys to a beautiful degree the confidences of his constituency.

But we must not spoil the Edenton story to be published soon.

✧ ✧
Will Honor Webster.

Noah Webster, the father of the dictionary, and out of it came the glorious Old Blue Back, will have his memory celebrated at 3 o'clock Tuesday May 10th, at the Jackson Training School.

The first section and the second section will meet in royal battle and have it out in a "Spelling Bee." A prize has been offered by a friend of the institution: and Mr. Campbell, our teacher, will conduct a spelling match. A few friends will be invited to this feast. Hoping to make it a monthly affair, only a few will be invited at each Bee.

We have boys, removed from their evil environment about one year ago and ignorant of the glory of Mr. Webster, that can "spell down" 99 per cent of the lawyers of the state—and this is saying something.

✧ ✧
The fruit trees do not hide their
fruit in their trunks.

✧ ✧
Happiness is found in friendships.

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Scribblings of an Idler.

And now they say he will have to go to the roads, and, by a token of mercy, it is not right. It is true that he has done wrong, that he has violated the law not once but many times, but somehow the feeling has taken possession of me that he is not entirely to blame. He is only 17 or 18, a mere slip of a boy, and all his life it has been easy for him to walk the primrose path. No restraining influences have been thrown around him. The streets have been his school, and idleness and even vice his teachers. He was not bad at first, just unrestrained. But turn any healthy American boy loose on the streets, free to his own resources and those of the street gang that is always waiting for youth and innocence—and he will go to the damnation bow-wows at a whirlwind pace.

This boy's mother never knew where he was; his father did not care. He came and went at his own sweet pleasure. He went to school at intervals for two or three years, but it was only at his own pleasure. If he did not care to go, he staid at home and no questions were asked—or went to school on the streets. If the teacher gave him punishment for some infringement of rule, he carried a tale of woe home and was allowed to stay there until his childish wrath was forgotten.

About his home he was a gentleman unquestioned, absolute master of his own time. There were no tasks assigned to teach him habits of industry. His dear mother made it very easy for him to go astray. On the streets he was not learning anything good. His teachers were not in the service of the forces of right-living. At a tender age he was a past master at the art of cigarette smoking and swearing; soon he was gambling on a small scale. Every day he learned some new lessons until now he is versed, seemingly, in all the ways of the underworld.

He has been into close quarters with the law on two or three occa-

sions, but every time the matter has been hushed up by sympathetic officials. But now he has gone too far. He saw something he wanted. His father could not give him the money to buy it. He had never been taught to restrain his desires. What was more natural than to just reach out and take it? This was the logical result of all his training. This time the law would not hush, and he was hauled before the mayor and bound over to the higher court. And his father had to mortgage his home to keep the boy out of jail until the session of court.

And so they say justice has overtaken him at last, but I have a sort of a notion that it is a miscarriage of justice. The real criminals have not been apprehended. The father and mother are the wrong-doers. To be in strict accord with justice, they should be before the bar and the boy should be the chief witness against them.

And the punishment—well, perhaps they have already been punished severely enough. They have the consciousness that they have ruined a human life.



Trains Every Hour.

The Norfolk & Southern railway has purchased and has in operation a gasoline car, which carries seventy people and requires but two men to manage it. This car is operated between Edenton, N. C. and Norfolk, Va., via Suffolk. The car is equipped with a gasoline engine and has all the comforts one would desire. The cost of running one of these cars is less than one half the cost of operating a train.

It has not been many years since the Southern railway, the South's greatest system, operated but two trains each way per day on the main line between Greensboro and Charlotte. Another train was put on, and people wondered where the trade would come from to justify the expenses. The patronage came and still others were added until there are now six passenger trains each way, and all well patronized.

They are talking and still talking about trolley lines, connecting the several towns along the road through Piedmont North Carolina. When the double track between Greensboro and Charlotte is completed and that date will be but few moons distant, it is prophesied that the Southern railway will put into service enough of the gasoline cars between the two cities to give each town an hourly service. That will be great. That

will make a trolley line not only unnecessary but impracticable.

We have just commenced to travel.



How They Fixed Piers in Albemarle Sound.

The following is an interesting account of how the authorities made preparations for the Scherzer Lift Bridge across Albemarle Sound. It tells how the foundations were made for the concrete piers for the great iron structure that rears up in the air at the will of one small man. It follows:

On account of the very soft material of which the sound bottom was composed, it was determined to secure satisfactory bottom on which to deposite concrete and to give necessary stiffness to pile foundation, to not only sustain the loads but to prevent as much as possible any movement of piers under strains while operating lift at this exposed position. To do this it was necessary to dredge to a depth of 16 feet below bottom of sound, the depth of water at this point being 21 feet. Cofferdams of timber were driven and properly braced, inclosing space required for each pier; the soft bottom material was removed and foundation piles driven. A 2,500-pound hammer was used, and piles were driven to resistance, the average penetration below bottom of dredge area being 19 feet. They were then sawed off by divers to an elevation of two feet above original sound bottom. The bottom of the dredged area being of gummy material composed of sand, clay and mud, a bed of sand two feet thick was laid on which to deposit the concrete. On this was placed a concrete filling of proportions 1-4-8; on this was deposited concrete proportions 1-2-5 for three feet, after which the Cofferd dam was pumped out and balance of concreting completed. The concrete coping was mixed in proportions 1-1-2.

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CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

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

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

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE.

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



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