

HOW NORTH CAROLINA RANKS WITH OTHER STATES

Prepared by Miss Lillie Hampton of the Bamboos School. The state of North Carolina is included between the parallels 34 and 37 1/2 north latitude and between meridians 75 and 81 1/2 west longitude. The entire length is 303 miles and breadth 188 miles. The western part of the state is mountainous while the eastern part almost level. The Appalachian mountains consist of the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky Ranges and the so-called Asheville plateau. North Carolina has the inflated peak east of the Mississippi River, Mount Mitchell which is 6,711 feet above sea level. This peak was named in honor of Elias Mitchell who lost his life while exploring it in the year 1857. The Cape Fear River is the only river of commercial importance in North Carolina. The sounds and rivers in the extreme east are of great service to commerce, especially the Neuse and Tar Rivers. North Carolina is situated in the warm temperate belt. Therefore it has a temperate climate. The annual temperature is 59 degrees. North Carolina produces almost every kind of wood from the mountain oak to the brier root, therefore lumbering is an important industry in the state. North Carolina abounds in game and fish. Fishing is carried on extensively. The wild turkey and eagle are found in the eastern part of the state. North Carolina leads the union in the production of mica. Gold and coal are found but are not mined to any extent. The second largest and heaviest piece of virgin gold that was ever dug from the earth was taken from Cabarrus county. The nugget weighed 28 pounds. The largest granite quarry in the world is near Salisbury. A gem has been taken from the soil of North Carolina that is one hundred per cent more valuable than the purest diamond. Three fourths of the people of North Carolina are directly interested in agriculture. Almost every temperate belt crop and some of the sub-tropical ones can be grown in North Carolina. The three most important crops of North Carolina are tobacco, cotton and corn. North Carolina ranks second in the production of tobacco. Winston Salem has the largest tobacco factory in the world. It makes more than half of the cigars and cigarettes supplied to the world. The town of Wilson is the largest tobacco market in the world. North Carolina makes a considerable contribution to the world's supply of cotton. North Carolina has more cotton mills than any other state in the union. Scotland county raises more cotton per acre than any other place in the world. North Carolina leads the union in the production of peaches. North Carolina ranks first in the production of sweet potatoes. The greatest peach orchard in the world is in North Carolina. North Carolina ranks among the first in apple growing. Mr. Arty is the largest cabbage center in the world. North Carolina is coming to the front in manufacturing. North Carolina ranks among the first in furniture manufacturing. The largest pulp plant in the world is in North Carolina. Greensboro, in the mills of the Cone Company weaves more denims than are woven by any other company in the world. The largest overall factory in the world is in North Carolina. The Cannon mills at Kannapolis is the largest towel factory in the world. The Henrietta mills weave more gingham than any other gingham manufactory in the world. North Carolina has two silk mills and five woolen mills. There are more than 130 knitting mills in North Carolina. The Hanes Knitting Co. at Winston Salem makes more knit underwear than any other like factory in the world. The Southern Power Co., is the second largest hydro-electric power company in the world. The manufacturers of electric bulb are dependent entirely the world over, for a certain sand which is a component of the filament, which is found only in North Carolina. North Carolina has four great railway lines. The state is divided into nine highway districts, each district under a competent road engineer. The University of North Carolina is the oldest state institution of learning in America. Salem Academy for Women is the oldest college established in America it being in North Carolina at Winston

Salem. North Carolina has fewer foreign born citizens than any other state in the union. There are twenty five cities in the state. Some other facts about North Carolina are: The first and oldest white settlement that has been continuously established in America is the town of Bath. The first real clash of arms against the British was at Moores Creek N. C. Andrew Jackson, twice president of the United States and greatest exponent of blood and iron, was born and reared and practiced law in this state. James K. Polk, soldier of the Mexican war and president of the United States was born raised and learned the sailor's trade in North Carolina. The first Declaration of Independence was written in Charlotte May 19, 1775. The town of Durham has more per capita wealth than any other town of its size in the world. North Carolina raises and sells more Bermuda onions than the Bermuda Islands. North Carolina is becoming more popular every day. It is one of the grandest states in the Union. City Life the Child's Jail The apartment house is one of the greatest negatives to civilization says T. H. Bailey, Dean of the Cleveland School of Art. He gives several reasons, strongest of which is that the apartment does not furnish enough room for the individual child, let alone the raising of large families. Living in apartments children lose the education gained through co-operation of home chores and of nature study out where there are grass and trees and sunshine. Thirty years ago, people were horrified at the mention of tenements. And yet cities are steadily congesting to the point where all will live in high grade tenements — apartment houses. The goal of cities as now planned seems to be streets lined with unbroken stretches of high brick apartments crowded as close to each other as the law permits. It used to be the custom to keep a strip of grass the size of a living room rug out front. This is being done away with, apartments crowding the sidewalk. Death lurks in the streets where auto-maniacs whiz by. No place for the kiddies to play except dangerous streets, sidewalks back porches and parks that are miles away from most of them. The alley, natural heritage and right of every red-blooded boy, is being eliminated by soaring land values. The city is becoming a jail for the child over more than the grown up. Every problem, however breeds its own solution in time. People usually prefer to make their homes in the suburbs. The handicap is transportation. Autos, especially cheaper makes, are helping a lot along this line. Rapid transit is in sight for the more progressive communities. It's badly needed, for there isn't a city in America that isn't at least five years behind its transportation needs. A childhood spent in the suburbs or better still, out in the country is worth more to boy or girl than a large cash legacy later. Get out near the fresh air and larger playgrounds if you possibly can. It may take an extra hour of your time, getting back and forth from work each day, but it's worth it times over. Help get the children out of their jail—the congested part of the city—Exchange.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PRAYER

By Dr. Frank Crane. My God, first of all let me learn of Thee and to teach them under my charge as thou teachest all Thy creatures. That is, let me lead them to be just because I am just, wise because I am wise, great because I am great. And if their keen eyes see that I do fall short in these qualities let them also perceive that I recognize my shortcomings that I pretend not to virtues I do not possess and that I honestly strive to improve. My God, let me study Thy methods and imitate them. As Thou dost bring all life to its possible perfection by Growth, so let me duly value the element of time in my pupils and endeavor rather to guide them to maturity than to force them to perfection. Teach me Thy noble disdain of force and Thy shrewd indirection, that I may always induce and never resort to the weakness of compulsion. Let me be a gardener of Souls and not a mere Merchant of Facts. Imbue me with Thy patience that I may thoroughly learn the supreme art of teaching which is to wait. Let me see every pupil of mine as a Candle of the Lord and know that my business is to light him. May I stimulate curiosity and feed

Show me how to handle Fear and turn it into courage, to make the weak will strong, to cure indifference and transform it into ambition to them self-pity into self-confidence. Give me the love of my pupils for without love there is no teachableness. Give me strength and that gentleness which is the garment of strength and preserve me from weakness and from petulance and tyranny which are the signs of weakness. Give me so mature a mind that I will have a sense of values, that I may distinguish between essentials and non-essentials and that I may not magnify little things. Give me a wise blindness to the faults of exuberance and a wise evaluation of enthusiasm. Make me sympathetic with youth that I may not criticize as evil what is nothing but immaturity. Teach me never to resort to the folly of reward and punishment but to recognize that every human being wants to learn, wants to be strong and wants to be right; and show me how to uncover and to develop these wants. Let me never forget the profits of my calling and that the greatest wealth one can gain in this world is the property right he clears in souls. Invest me with the true dignity of my office that I may always have a proper pride in knowing that mine is the highest of all callings and that no man's business is nobler than his whose office is to guide and mold the unfolding mind. Keep me humble that I can continue to learn while I teach. May I strive not so much to be called Master as to be a Master, not to show my authority so much as to have authority. And give me that joy in my work, that exaltation in my privilege and that satisfaction in my service that comes from the knowledge that of all human occupations, that of teaching is most like the business of God Himself. LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON Written and published by Request of Miss Lena, Critcher, Bamboos, N. C. Among the builders of our country one man looms up above them all. Thousands have risked their lives in America's battles. Hundreds have given the best of their energy to the building of America's institutions, and many have served as her chief executives, but none of these have needed the steadfast faith and courage to build together a few crude colonies against a king's disciplined army. None of these have faced the problem of forming a nation out of thirteen impoverished colonies. At the close of a long war, at the very head of America's great men, stand George Washington, the father of his country. George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia on Feb. 22, 1732. As a boy he was a straightforward honorable little chap and as a young man served with distinction in campaigns against the Indians. When George was fourteen he took up the study of surveying, as that seemed to give the best promise for the future. By way of practice he surveyed the fields around the school house, and on the neighboring plantations, making exact and careful calculations, all of which he neatly put down in note books. Also when reading if he came across anything that contained a good piece of advice as to how he should behave he appears to have written it down so as to impress it on his memory. On January 6, 1759 he was married to Miss Martha Custis. Washington took his wife to Mount Vernon. To the best of his knowledge his military duties were at an end and before him stretched only peaceful years of plantation life. He was now one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. In the French and Indian war he rose to the rank of Colonel. He was frequently a member of the Virginia legislature and was a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775. He was commander in chief of the American forces during the revolution. 1787 he was president of the Constitutional convention at Philadelphia. He was twice president of the United States and served with distinction and ability. He died at Mount Vernon December 14, 1799. He was a man of purest patriotism of unusual ability, and statesmanship. "First in war, first in peace and first in the heart of his countrymen." When Mother Gets a Letter When mother had a letter then her eyes begin to twinkle, And the joy of hearing from him seems to banish every wrinkle, I think if I could see her as she hurries for her glasses There would never be a morning as the grad clad postman passes; And I'm sure if he could hear her as she hums some cheerful ditty, She would never be forgotten by the

boy that's in the city. It's no use to sit and tell her not to worry or be fearful. When a mother's heart is lonely then a mother's eyes are careful, And a mother's mind is troubled, and she is constantly referring To the dangers of the city and the accidents occurring; But the night I find her smiling and she says she's feeling better And she laughs across the tea cups then I know she's had a letter. From the pocket of her apron she pulls out his written pages And exultantly she tells me that he's had a raise in wages. Then she chuckles at his humor and the story of his labors, And I know beyond a question that she's read it to the neighbors. And we sit and talk it over proud as lovers duly smitten. Finding joy and satisfaction in each line our boy has written. When mother's had a letter, then the fears and doubts that grieve her And the thousand things she's dreading seem to leave her. Then I wish unto her chuckles some glad morning he could listen, Or could see her smile returning and her eyes begin to glisten; Could he know the joy it gives her, then he never would forget her And she'd never have to wonder why she doesn't get a letter. —EDGAR A. GUEST. JUST FRIENDS Mr. M. Wiley Jones, a jovial traveling man from Bluefield, W. Va. hands us the following poem composed by Miss Fannie Noblitt of Asheville, which we think worthy of space. We think our readers will agree that the sentiments are touchingly beautiful. With souls tempest tossed, Our pathways were crossed By a tender unseen power, And today it still guides Whatever betides— Each year, each day and each hour And life has but proved The hand that has moved In the making of friendships' tie. And the years but strengthen The links that lengthen A friendships' reality. In the thick of the fight We have stood for the right, No matter how futile the game. And whatever the weather We've faced it together, With hearts that were ever the same. When toil seemed in vain; When life was but pain And joys seemed turned to sorrow We've looked through tears To the future years And hoped for a brighter tomorrow We have shared the losses And borne the crosses, That are only a part of life's dower With resigned souls to meet We've made sacrifice sweet, Still trusting a higher power. In mid summer days On life's sunny ways With all dear bounties bestowed, We've tasted the sweet About our feet, And drank of a cup overflowed. Mid mazes serene, In days that have been, We've wandered where beauty abounds. And under the skies, With enraptured eyes, We've watched the sun go down. Then wandered back To the beaten track— To our place in the busy throng, But with hearts that were true And with souls that knew, Faced life with a lit of a song. Oh friend of my heart, In sorrow we part, When paths must often sever But out by the way, I dream of the day When ways will be parted—never. When day light fades Into deep night shades And the stars in heaven gleam In visions I see, A face dear to me, As the dawn of a tender dream. The smile that you give, Will after you live, As a star of infinite light, And your loving deeds Are fertile seeds That will yield a harvest white. Like a beacon light, In the darkest night, The light of your soul shines thru When tempests assail And courage will fail, 'Tis there I always find you. O friend of the years Through laughter and tears,

Through long nights and days, Each step of the way, Your spirit has followed me. When must I find away Which exceeds the brightest day, Of creation its beauties sublime, Where visions are new The souls that are true Will meet in a far fairer clime. HEIRS OF AN INDIAN CHIEF ASK \$100,000 Small Amount Deposited in 1859 Grown to Fortune. St. Paul, Minn.—For more than 90 years the spirit of Little Crow, Sioux Indian chief, has rested peacefully in the repose of his warriors, but his dealings with the white man still bear fruit. A son and daughter and granddaughter of Chief Little Crow today are seeking to establish their claim to the principal and interest on \$2,000 which their claim, was deposited by Chief Little Crow in 1859 in the First National bank of this city. The warlike chief subsequently left the peace councils and took the warpath against the encroaching whites. He became an outlaw and his money in the bank never was touched, it is claimed. Odd Story of Lost Legacy. The certificate of deposit still is in existence, and the money with its thousands of dollars in accumulated interest is waiting possession, according to Mrs. G. Blue Cloud of Minneapolis, a granddaughter and heir to Chief Little Crow. It is a long and strange story of a lost legacy Mrs. Blue Cloud tells, a legacy born of war, massacre and bloody Indian trails. The legacy now amounts approximately to \$100,000 with interest compounded annually at 4 per cent, it has been estimated. Following the treaty of 1851, in which lands west of the Mississippi river were ceded to the United States by the Indians, Chief Little Crow received a government allotment of \$2,000. This was deposited in the First National bank of this city in 1859, Mrs. Blue Cloud says. Gave Certificate to Friends. "The death of Chief Little Crow occurred in 1862, after the massacre of 1862," Mrs. Blue Cloud explained. "He left a certificate of deposit in the hands of friends. Later it was turned over to friends of the chief, and now, we believe is in the possession of a grandnephew of the chief. His name is Henry Westman and he lives in Santee, Neb. Eight years ago, according to Mrs. Blue Cloud, proceedings were started in Nebraska to clear up claims to the deposit certificate. Moses Wakeman and Hannah Red Earth, both of Peever, S. D., son and daughter of Chief Little Crow and Mrs. Blue Cloud, granddaughters, made claims as preferential heirs. The investigation dragged for several years, but nothing came of it. Mrs. Blue Cloud claims the certificate of deposit is still in possession of Mr. Westman. Many weary months has Mrs. Blue Cloud passed in her efforts to establish the claims of herself and the uncle and aunt in Peever. Her own home is in Granite Falls, Minn., but she has come to the Twin Cities where she has made a living doing Indian beadwork. Chief Born Near St. Paul. Chief Little Crow was born near the present site of this city in the Indian village of Kaposia. He was chief of the Kaposia tribe. At first he followed the footsteps of his father and lived at peace with the white man. After the treaty of 1851 he began to manifest a spirit of restlessness and a growing feeling of hatred for the whites. Finally he joined an uprising in 1862 when the Indians left the reservation allotted to them in northern Minnesota. There was a general massacre of the whites August 18, 1862, in which 1,000 were slain. The Indians were defeated and dispersed by Gen. Henry W. Sibley at Wood Lake, Minn., September 23, 1862. Little Crow fled with a small band to Canada. Believing it was his duty to his tribesmen he returned in 1863 and led a war party of Indians into Minnesota. A white settler and his son shot Little Crow to death at Hutchinson, Minn., receiving a reward of \$1,000, which had been placed on his head. The chief's scalp was taken and is now in the collection of the Minnesota State Historical society. Wisconsin Blacksmith Becomes Inventor at 75 Patreville, Wis.—John Piquette, aged seventy-five, veteran blacksmith and known far and wide as a shoer of race horses, has invented a tool machine for sharpening hard steel used in bars and drills in the zinc mines. It is very simple in construction, a steel wheel driven by a power shaft doing the work. Last Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Piquette celebrated their golden wedding. He works at the anvil every day. Bird Guilty of Arson Charleston, W. Va.—George Sharp's McCormick street residence was slightly damaged by a blaze. "Do you know what caused the fire?" a fire department lieutenant asked Sharp. Sharp didn't, but one of his children did. An inquisitive bird pulled a string from a burning trash pile and flew to its nest in an eave of the house. French Name Street Lenix The Communist town council at Chabon-Feuilles, France, has voted to name one of the streets after Nikolai Lenin.

FEWER PALMS ARE FOUND IN THE U. S. Fossil Remains Show They Used to Cover Continent. Some of the most beautiful of the palms which are native to this country seem to be retreating to very circumscribed areas, the royal palm, for example, which about the middle of the Eighteenth century was to be found far down the Saint John's river, between Lake George and Lake Dexter, in Florida, not now being found in that locality, according to Dr. John K. Small, lecturing on palms recently at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx park. Increasing spells of cold weather and "freezes," he said, seem to be responsible for the retreat of this palm, which today cannot be found growing naturally within 250 miles of the locality in which it was found and recorded by William Bartram at the earlier date mentioned. Few Palms Thrive in Pots. "Of the royal palm Bartram records: 'The palm trees here seem to be of a different species from the cabbage tree; their straight trunks are 60, 80 or 90 feet high, with a beautiful taper, of a bright ash color, until within six or seven feet of the top, where it is a fine green color, crowned with an orb of rich green plumed leaves.'" Doctor Small is well known for his studies in the floristics of eastern North America. For several decades he has devoted much attention to the vegetation of the Southeastern states, having paid especial attention to the cacti, cycads, spider lilies, flags, palms and other special groups of palms. This region, although the cradle of the white man's civilization on the North American mainland, remained for a long time a botanical terra incognita. Curiously enough, as Doctor Small pointed out, all except one of the 15 native palms of the continental United States are confined to this region. "Although millions of persons outside of the tropics are acquainted with palms, their acquaintance is largely limited to palms in a potted state. It is not under such circumstances that palms reveal themselves as the princess of the vegetable kingdom," said Doctor Small. While there are many kinds that develop well in large greenhouses, most of the specimens grown indoors are puny, and even if well-developed, their surroundings so detract from their true characteristics that much of their natural beauty is lost. Fossils Found in Arctic. During the later geologic ages palms grew in most parts of North America, as is shown by the fossils preserved in the strata of the continent. Remains of various organs, mostly leaves, have been found, not only in temperate North America, but also as far northward of the Arctic circle as collectors have thus far penetrated. Owing chiefly to the firm substance of their tissues, moreover, the minutiae of some of these ancient palms have been preserved to us in greatest detail. These palms of the North occurred mostly, if not wholly, in the later geologic ages, being most abundantly preserved in the strata of the Tertiary period, although they definitely appeared, developed and multiplied in the preceding period, the Cretaceous. In modern times there are two main centers of geographic distribution for palms—the one, tropical America, and the other, tropical Asia, with a minor center in tropical Africa. Instead of extending into the Arctic regions as they formerly did, the northern geographic limits are now in the southern United States, southern Europe and southern Japan, while the southern limit is about middle Chile, or, in other words, the geographic distribution is within 38 degrees north latitude and 37 degrees south latitude, in regions with an average temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit or more, and a minimum rarely, if ever, below zero. Sixteen Varieties in United States. The history of the palms of the continental United States, appears to cover nearly four centuries. The earliest reference seems to be the "Rio de las Palmas" on the map of Amerigo Vespucci, published by Cantino in 1502. This river seems to be intended to represent the Rio Grande. If this is so, the genus Sabal, represented by the Texan cabbage tree (Sabal texana), would be the first of our palms to be referred to, though indirectly. The last genus to come to light within our boundaries was Purostis—the saw-cabbage palm—which was discovered in southern Florida in 1888. Today sixteen different kinds of palms are known to grow naturally in the United States—four-feather palms and twelve-fan palms. The former seem to represent a more primitive type, at least as indicated by the structure of the leaf, in which the divisions are arranged along the sides of an elongate axis. Granted Victoria Medal The Victoria medal of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain has been awarded to Director John F. Hayford, head of the College of Engineering of Northwestern University, for notable achievement in establishing the theory of isostasy, officials of the university announced at Chicago. French Name Street Lenix The Communist town council at Chabon-Feuilles, France, has voted to name one of the streets after Nikolai Lenin.