

above, beneath. This is no exaggeration. And it may not be amiss to say here that nothing but poverty compels our neighbors to use this makeshift for religious worship. Two hundred dollars on top of the land already given and labor and lumber ready to be contributed would build a structure where they could worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, rain or shine, in season and out of season. And twenty-five dollars would enable the Culdee church to exorcise the demon of frigidity and give every worshiper a warm welcome.

So we compromised on the Pine Ridge schoolhouse, and we effected a compromise also with the clerk of the weather. Did you ever stop to think that we must always throw a sop to Cerberus when we deal with this meteorological official? In New England in winter we surrender to him unconditionally. The El Dorado state and Everglade and Flowery state have their drawbacks to which concessions must be made. Paradise regained and Utopia are both *terra incognita*. Too many start out in quest of health with as foolish notions as possessed Ponce de Leon. So in Pinehurst and vicinity we must count upon some cool weather as a bracer and tonic. Under these circumstances the aforesaid temple of knowledge, a "counterfeit presentment" of which adorns this issue, was transformed into a reception room, the Christmas tree exercises being held out of doors.

Let us at this point introduce you to the "native" dominie. This pedagogue is an exception to the proverb that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." His rod of command is full of love blossoms, and no imported teacher could better control the school, or gain a stronger hold upon the affections of his pupils. Do any of our readers wish to make a profitable investment? This young man needs and hungers for an education. He will do his level best to support himself. But somebody ought to advise him and help shape his plans, as well as express an interest in a more tangible form. *Verb. sup.*

We ought to retrace our steps for a moment. It was voted to decorate profusely and the North was levied upon for bunting without limit, and flags enough for a brigade. A hundred of miniature "stars and stripes" attached to diminutive spears were made ready for distribution. But a delightful surprise was the display of evergreens by the girls of the school. An X-ray may detect physical defects, but an occasion like this brought into play aesthetic sense and taste where least it was to be expected. The spark was there ready to be fanned into a flame; and we venture to say that few public Christmas gatherings saw as beautiful decorations or better taste displayed in their arrangement. The green and the red, white and blue fairly dazzled the eye. As you take in the picture above, draw on your imagination for the interior aspect. Forty children will crowd it, and so the company of a hundred stood or sat down outside, while the Christmas tree, also too large to be "cribb'd, cabin'd, confined," was planted anew in mother earth, and lifted its branches for the Christmas offerings.

At two o'clock Santa Claus in appropriate costume faced a large company composed chiefly of children. An address of welcome by one of the scholars had paved the way for his

coming, and he was cordially greeted. Santa Claus summoned several assistants to his aid, then plucked the Christmas fruit, and sent it among the younger children and those of a larger growth. The very novelty of the whole affair quite took away the little ones' breath. Scarcely one of them had ever witnessed such a spectacle before, and it seemed to them as if they were in fairyland. The fabled Kriss Kringle was now a reality before them, and right generously did he dispense his bounties.

Rations of candy were first distributed; then books; next toys in abundance of different descriptions; and lastly big, luscious Florida oranges. The greatest care was exercised lest anyone should be overlooked. And after the exercises a count was made of the absent ones to whom gifts were sent. How strong the magnet of attraction was may be inferred from the fact that four little fellows tramped eight miles to take in the sight; and old mother Currie, despite her semi-blindness and aches and pains, forgot her more than threescore and ten years as she saw for the first time a real Christmas tree. The old ladies present were not forgotten, and useful gifts were bestowed where needed. The tree was denuded of all its fruit, and a happy company went home to enjoy in quiet what in the midst of intense excitement they could not fully appreciate.

Cui bono? Well, we drove through the settlement today and found as a result of our celebration that sunshine had been carried into every home. This red letter day in the calendar of these children will never be forgotten by them. The picture has made an indelible impression upon their minds; and not the intrinsic value of the gifts, but the interest in these children which the gifts suggest has brightened the lives of both "mither and bairns."

But what of the flags; are they an appropriate gift at the Christmas season? Yes, for any occasion, and here, especially, for not half a dozen children of that company had ever seen the stars and stripes before! The beautiful little silk emblem carries with it something more than sentiment; it teaches patriotism. In the homes we have visited today these flags have the place of honor; and the beautiful banner which like a sentinel in a tower guards the little schoolhouse day and night tells these children of a united country and teaches them that in union there is strength. Our word patriotism has a deeper significance than its surface meaning. Its Latin root is *patria*, one's country, its Greek root, *pater*, one's father. Loyalty and reverence are involved in its meaning; and why should this not be expanded still further to include "God and Home and Native Land?" What has been done is a source of gratification. The next Yuletide season will afford another opportunity to give this people a social uplift and stimulus.

The Colored People's Christmas Tree.

In a neighboring state a popular camp-meeting song runs somewhat after this fashion:

"Oh de Alabama niggah am de best in de world,
Juba hallelujah.
De banner ob de Lord nebber am furled,
Juba hallelujah.
Dis niggah's blacker dan de ace ob spades,
Juba hallelujah.
But de Lord don't care for de different shades,
Juba hallelujah.
REFRAIN: Oh juba, halle, juba hallelujah." (bis)

And what the Yule-tide season means to the dusky singers may be inferred by their materialistic anticipation of the glories of the New Jerusalem in the words:

"Up dere dese niggahs are drest up fine,
Juba hallelujah.
Up dere 'tis Christmas all de time,
Juba hallelujah.
REFRAIN: Juba, halle, etc."

The eagerness of children impatiently awaiting the coming of Santa Claus is fully equalled by the restlessness of the average "cullud pusson," both by his anticipation and his enthusiasm in realization of the chief of holidays. It speaks well for the dwellers in Pinehurst that they put more energy and expended more money upon the Christmas tree for our colored friends than the cost of the affair of Christmas eve.

Mrs. Baxter and her co-workers, the Misses Gorrill and Miss Bradbury, assisted by Dr. Jones and Mr. Chivers, grappled successfully with several problems. A census of the possible beneficiaries was impossible. It is easy to provide for a definite number; but it requires genius to make provision for a provokingly indefinite number. And yet a modern miracle was wrought; for was there not enough and to spare? Coffee and doughnuts were superabundant. Oliver Twist's every encore would have been responded to. No granny, no pickaninny went away unsatisfied. Oranges and candy were lavishly dispensed; and a present was given to every guest. It was no mean task to properly select the gifts. Different ages were to be considered and various tastes consulted; but the voice of complaint was silent.

As to the exercises, it was in the air that the guests of the evening (three to five p. m.) had something in preparation, but it failed to materialize. However, an impromptu entertainment more than compensated for the absence of a formal program. The orchestra again laid us under obligations for several delightful selections, Mr. Oehlmer sang as effectually as on the preceding evening, Gladys Bradbury and Mollie Jones gave recitations, and then came the unique features of the day. Two colored girls, Annabel Scott and Mamie Cross, "spoke pieces." Next followed plantation dancing by Jennie Brown, Georgianna Cutting and Rebecca Taylor. Pelle Willis thrummed the banjo; while Simon, whose surname is lost in ignorance as dense as his dusky countenance, "set the pace" with his hands and feet. How that boy could "keep it up" as he did was a wonder. His unwearied efforts called forth the sympathies of the white portion of the audience, at least, who were fairly tired out by simply watching him. But the dancing! From minuet down through money musk and Virginia reel to the latest mazy waltz, there is nothing like it. And it was modest, too. Not even a Puritan could take offence. It does not need a skirt dance to make a sensation. This exhibition of "double shuffle" with its many pleasing variations is sufficiently entertaining. But we had almost forgotten a leading feature of the evening. The arch would lack its capstone if no mention was made of the contribution to the entertainment of George Washington, "our Wash," the factotum of Pinehurst. Marshall Wilder tells the story of an English tourist who in the course of his sight seeing in the city of Washington, came upon an old colored man "totin'"

coal. Said the John Bull to Sambo: "What is your name?" "George Washington," was the reply. "George Washington," drawled out the Englishman, "it seems to me that I have heard that name somewhere before." "Spees likely, boss," responded the coal heaver, "I've been workin' at dis job nigh onto ten years."

Our George is no less modest. In answer to a vociferous call he mounted the rostrum and repeated the classic:

"When I was a little boy my mammie kept me in,
But now I am a big boy, I'm fit to serve the king."

The audience was aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and in response to an encore he again ascended the platform eloquently responded with the lines:

"A boss man said one day:
'Boys, tell me if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's name should shine
In history more than mine?'
I hear a rumble in de hall,
'It must hab been a feller fall,'
Exclaimed a boy 'bout three feet high,
'Because George Washington never told a lie.'"

The hall was crowded. "Standing room only" was the order soon after the exercises were well under way. Curiosity and intense interest were manifested by the spectators, and every northerner present will cherish the day in pleasant remembrance. If the guests, the colored people, were grateful to the energetic, painstaking committee, the spectators were equally so. We trust that the arduous task the committee performed may seem in the retrospect a delightful privilege.

ABERDEEN.

Miss Ruby Page is visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. B. Clark.

Miss Ingram is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. A. McKeithen.

Mrs. G. W. Muse is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. W. Pleasants.

Messrs. C. N. Blue and F. H. Weaver are on the sick list this week.

Rev. Jesse Page's many friends were glad to see him in town Tuesday.

D. A. McLaughlin has returned after a several days visit to his mother near Vass.

A. D. McLean left Sunday for a several days' visit to relatives and friends at Dunn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKeithen spent Saturday and Sunday in town with relatives.

Misses Helen Maurer and Beulah Harrington left for Asheboro, Monday, to visit friends.

Messrs. R. G. Dunn of Raleigh and S. L. Dunn of Winder, Ga., are visiting the family of H. H. Powell.

Messrs. Rand and Green of Raleigh spent several days in town last week visiting the family of Dr. H. C. Williams.

"Just think of the extravagance of city folks, Joshua!" said Mrs. Wintergreen to her husband. "I read in the paper of a woman who had a gold-plated bicycle." "That isn't a marker to what I saw in the paper," replied the honest farmer. "What did you see?" "Why," said he, as he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I saw that some feller had a diamond-frame wheel. What do you think of that."—*Detroit Free Press.*