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Editorial Board: E. C. Branson, L. R. Wilson, E. W. Knight, D. D. Carroll, J. B. Bullitt.

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LIBRARY EXTENSION SERVICE

CAROLINA LIBRARIES

North Carolina has a University library with 94,000 volumes, a State Library in Raleigh with 47,000 volumes, a preme Court library with 23,000 volumes, 30 college libraries with 220,000 volumes, 52 public libraries in our towns and cities with 187,000 volumes; in addition there are 300 traveling libraries operated by the State Library Commission, with 13,000 volumes, 4,190 rural school libraries with 325,000 volumes, and various city school libraries with 1,000 volumes.

All told, there are nearly exactly a million books in the free public libraries of North Carolina; or nearly two books for an average for every household in the state, both races counted.

However, a full fourth of all the public library books of the state are in Wake county and Orange county alone—most entirely in Raleigh and Chapel Hill.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand or more fourths of all the library books of North Carolina, are in the libraries of the state and state institutions, the colleges and city schools, and the public libraries of 52 towns and cities. And the population served by these libraries is fewer than 400,000 of our two and a half million people.

Which means that around two million people in North Carolina are meagrely served by rural school libraries and by the traveling libraries of the State Library Commission; with about one book for every other household on an average. Only nine counties of the state have public libraries of 5,000 volumes or more; 53 counties have no free libraries of any sort except those of the country schools.

In the United States as a whole 27 percent of the counties contain public libraries of 5,000 volumes or more, but in North Carolina such counties number only nine, or less than 10 percent of all the counties of the state.

The Urgent Need

Sixty million or 57 percent of the people of the United States are without adequate library facilities; but in North Carolina two million or 80 percent of our people are bereft of books, and mainly they are the dwellers in our countryside.

We need a tremendous library revival in North Carolina. The hope of a civilization lies with the people who read and think, who have a chance to live daily in the shadow of great ideals of character and achievement.

We need county library systems in every county, and effective county-wide service on part of every existing library in North Carolina. Greensboro and Durham are leading the way in library extension service. Every other library in the state needs to follow suit.

Already we have far more books than readers. We need more books, but also we need more readers. Getting across to the folks with informing, inspiring books is a tremendous problem. Library efficiency needs to be reckoned in terms of circulation, and library circulation needs to be quadrupled in North Carolina.

As for our 900,000 negroes, their chance at public library volumes approaches zero. The State Library Commission reports fewer than 40,000 volumes in two city libraries and eight negro colleges, or only one book for every five negro households in the state.

OUR MINES AND QUARRIES

The total output of the mines and quarries of North Carolina in 1917 was valued at \$5,246,000 in round numbers, to quote the figures of the last bulletin on this subject by the federal Geological Survey. It is a bare pin's fee when compared with the crop wealth produced in North Carolina from year to year—\$683,000,000 last year. Our Irish potato crop in 1917 was worth a full million dollars more than the output of the mines and quarries of North Carolina, and our peanuts were worth two and a half times the minerals of all sorts produced in the state.

In the order of values our mineral products were as follows:

2 Raw clay and clay products.....	1,844,483
3 Mica.....	577,341
4 Iron ore.....	445,898
5 Sand and gravel.....	231,813
6 Feldspar.....	131,442

Something like a score or more of other minerals were mined in the state, on a small scale in each instance. The most important of these were corundum, talc, copper, marl, gold, and barytes, the output ranging from \$5,000 worth of barytes to \$67,000 worth of corundum. The value of the beeswax in North Carolina is considerably greater than the value of the gold we produce from year to year.

Thirty-eight states outrank North Carolina in mineral production. In the South, only Mississippi and South Carolina have smaller mineral outputs.

North Carolina, however, has a creditable rank in the production of certain minerals. For instance, our rank is first in the production of mica; second in the production of feldspar, with Maine alone ahead of us; third in the production of garnets for abrasive purposes, with only New York and New Hampshire ahead of us; third in millstones, with only New York and Virginia ahead of us; third in aluminum, with only New York and Tennessee ahead of us; and fourth in silica, with only Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin ahead of us.

All of which means that North Carolina is dominantly agricultural and industrial. Doubtless we shall some good day cash in the commercial possibilities of mineral production in North Carolina; but the chances are that this day is far distant, because in competition with other states we must compete with larger deposits of this or that mineral, better transportation facilities, and greater local demand by furnaces and foundries.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

I fail to see how we can have an efficient, intelligent democracy, capable of solving its own problems, on any other condition than that social studies be made central in the curricula of all of our schools. Democracy has everything to gain and nothing to lose from growing social intelligence and education. Democracies are like all other human societies—they can achieve great things only through capable leadership. But in a democracy the people themselves must provide and select their own leaders. This means that the whole educational system should be devised to select and train the most capable for social leadership. This places the main responsibility for the success of democracy upon those higher educational institutions which are supposed to be equipped for the training of social and political leaders, namely, the colleges and the universities. Are American colleges and universities awake to their full responsibility in this regard?

We need to see the vital relation between democracy and education, that both must rise or sink together. But we need especially a practical faith in education, such as will lead us to match every dollar spent for army or navy or military training by at least another dollar spent for our schools. Then, perhaps, we shall be able to safeguard our own democracy, and thus do our bit in making a world safe for democracy.—Charles A. Ellwood, University of Missouri.

NEIGHBORS

A big town offers advantages. There are unusual facilities for spending money, impressive buildings to suggest man's importance and show-houses where one may be entertained, at a price, by experts in the entertaining business. There are smooth streets to encourage the consumption of gasoline and smooth promoters to encourage the cutting of eyeteeth. There are pedestrians wearing the latest styles and newspapers chuckling over the latest scandals.

But there are no neighbors. In a city a good neighborhood is a part of town inhabited by people who have plenty of spending money. In a small town a good

I AM A FARMER

I love the country—it's God's land.
I love the trees, the birds, the flowers.

I love the starry skies and the sunlit fields.

I love the rain and the glistening snow.

I love the pure air and the sparkling brook.

I love the spring, summer, autumn and winter.

I till the soil and plant the seed.

I cultivate the crop and gather the harvest.

I supply the food that none may starve.

I work from sunrise to sunset.

I work for the joy of work and for my loved ones.

I have no time to strike.

I believe all who eat should work.

I believe in cooperation.

I believe in the brotherhood of man.

I believe my children should have the best in education.

I believe my wife should have every home convenience.

I believe in work, sleep, and play.

I believe my rights and privileges are those of every man.

I believe in a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

I believe in my God, in my Country, and in you.

I am a farmer.—Exchange.

neighborhood is one inhabited by people who make good neighbors.

A good neighbor is one who bids you good morning, calls to ask what he can do when you are sick, borrows your garden tools, keeps his chickens and children at home, never plays his phonograph after ten o'clock at night, and takes a mild interest in all of your affairs. He calls you Tom if you happen to be a Tom and feels free to enter your house by the kitchen door if that is the more convenient way. Are there any such in great cities?

When the wife bakes and has unusually good luck the best loaf goes to the neighbor. It expresses friendship and her commendable pride in good craftsmanship. After a few days the loaf returns in the form of a cherry pie, hot from the oven, or a bowl of dumplings cooked in the homemade blackberry wine left from the boiling of a ham. If one of the children cuts a finger the neighbor has iodine. He offers it freely, for tomorrow night he may forget to bring home a can of tobacco.

Small-town people are one big family. If their mode of life makes secrets impossible, it also lessens the number of things that should be kept secret; and their interest in one another—an interest that might be very annoying to a big-town man—is inspired by kindness rather than curiosity.

The man who asked "Who is my neighbor?" was not a small-town man, else he would have known.—The Saturday Evening Post.

PUBLISHING DESERTERS

Out of over 24,000,000 registrants the maximum number chargeable with wilful desertion is 173,911; considerably less than one percent of the total registration, and a tremendous improvement over the draft record of the Civil War. The War Department, in the near future, will publish to the country a list of men classified as wilful deserters, and desires to obtain the cooperation of the various state and local officials, patriotic societies and other agencies including the Department of Justice, in bringing about the apprehension of these men. Assurances of such cooperation have in many cases already been given. Exact copies of the list of names, grouped by states or other convenient divisions will be available for postmasters, police stations and other agencies.

Draft deserters are men who registered, and who were ordered by the draft authorities to report for military duty at a specified time and place, and who did not so report. Such men are

COUNTRY HOME CONVENIENCES

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BANISH BLUE MONDAY—III

Down in South Carolina is a planter who has 2000 acres of cotton land, and twenty-six families of negro tenants on it. He raises 900 bales of cotton a year. And this man has a herd of pure-bred cattle and a big red barn for them to live in, all fitted up with patent swinging stanchions and conveyors for their feed, and running water. But his wife and five children live in a little old house without any modern labor-saving device in it.

A friend of mine was down there, and he noticed that the wife had no help in the house, although there were negroes in plenty all round: her face was seamed with care and hard work. At the supper table my friend looked out the window at the Blue Ridge Mountains that pushed their purpled crowns up against the clouds only thirty miles away.

"You have the mountains almost at your door, don't you?" he said to her.

"Yes," she said, "but I am as close to them now as I ever get."

"Don't you ever go up there in the summer, when it is so hot down here?"

There was a wistful look in her face as she answered: "No, I've always wanted to go there and rest among the

cedars on those hills. I tell my husband we ought to have a little cottage there."

The face of the husband wrinkled up and he tapped the table with his fingers in an annoyed way and said: "A rich man's dream, a rich man's dream."

He'll work and slave and save and at last die and leave it all for someone to squabble over. He can't take it with him: there's no pocket in a shroud.

Many men are like that—can't spare a hand to help the wife with the housework because there's cotton to chop or wheat to plant. They'll get up in the morning, whistle the family together for prayers, read Psalm 117, because it has only two verses in it, mutter a few words of prayer, then rush out to slop the hogs. Fifteen million farmers in this country are being taught how to take care of the hog, what slop to feed him so as to add a few extra pounds to his weight and an extra curl to his tail: we have in this country twenty-three universities that have departments for the study of the American hog. All very well. But let's give more attention to helping the overworked farm wives of this land.

"Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence."—Billy Sunday in the Country Gentleman.

by law held to have been inducted into the military service of the United States, where they remained until they are discharged. They are subject to trial by Courts Martial for their offense of desertion.

Draft delinquents are men who were required by law to register, or who, although they registered, as required, failed to report for physical examination, or failed to return properly executed questionnaires.

These delinquents have not been inducted into the military service and consequently are civilians, not subject to trial by military courts. The Department of Justice is charged with bringing these offenders to punishment, and had indicted thousands of them before the Federal Courts, of whom a considerable number have been convicted. The offense of draft delinquency is no more to be overlooked than that of draft desertion. The Department of Justice has most ably cooperated with the War Department in apprehending draft deserters.—War Department Bulletin.

FARMLESS FARMERS

Much is said about home-owning; little or nothing about farm-owning.

Taking our population as a whole, only 48 people in every 100 are landowners. And landlordism and tenantry in the country are as great menaces to sturdy citizenship and production as home-renting in cities is to the development of responsible citizenship.

Land speculators grab and hold the earth for the unearned increment. Tenants poorly housed and tied up in hard contracts scratch the soil and rob it of richness for few years and move to the next farm or the nearest town. High food prices have forced up the price of land till only capitalists own big farms.

The farmer's boys were weary of the isolation of the country before the war. These boys saw something of the world and learned something of the comradeship, good and bad, of great cities, and they are going back to the farm in numbers so small as to alarm both farmers and economists.

Farm bureaus, good roads, community movements social and commercial, better marketing and collective buying, will help make the farm more attractive and more profitable. There was a time when farm hours were too long and farm wages too small. Today the farmer must compete with industries where hours are short and pay large. Prosperity reached the farm too late to stop the migration to the white lights and the movie houses.

Private ownership of land is instinctive and will hardly yield to the seductive promises of universal welfare couched in various projects of land socialization. But legislators, publicists, and farmers themselves must devise more equal dis-

tribution of land ownership. Men who get out of farm life what they should to find it satisfying must have permanent interest in the land as well as social life, more direct distribution, and more capital for improvements.—Asheville Citizen.

GORKY ON RUSSIA

But are we making any new things or are we engaged in work worthy of a free people? No. We work without soul, carelessly, and without energy. Through lack of foresight for the proper adjustment of work and worker we are wasting the forces of our republic. Of course these are mere trifles, especially for us, who wish to edify the whole world with a new social order. But are the masters, who are unable themselves to work and do not wish to work, entitled to be considered educators? The master will soon have lost his last pair of pants. I do not believe that Europe's workers will be much edified by such masters. Revolutionary Socialist policy is assuredly a very beautiful thing, but we must work. We have created an atmosphere of general idleness and criminal negligence. We have never worked so ill or so dishonestly as at present. To be sure, this is in part the result of malnutrition and consequent bodily weakness, but in the main it proceeds from a lack of the sense of responsibility.—Maxim Gorky, quoted in the Literary Digest.

RUSSELL ON BOLSHEVISM

The Communist who sincerely believes the party creed is convinced that private property is the root of all evil; he is so certain of this that he shrinks from no measures, however harsh, which seem necessary for constructing and preserving the Communist state.

The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the oriental traits in the Russian character and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mohammed. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Czarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik regime, while it has to fight private property, will automatically cease, they say, as soon as it has succeeded.

These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races.—Bertrand Russell, quoted in the Literary Digest.

1 Stone..... \$1,896,554