

The Sacredness Of Teaching

By MILDRED MARTIN HILL

That "There is that of God in every man," was spoken by George Fox, the Quaker, almost three centuries ago; nevertheless it is no less true today. Men's phenomenal strides in every field of endeavor, and especially in science and invention are concrete evidences of this super-human power!

The above being true, where except in the mind, would such powers be invested? Reflecting upon that foregoing fact, one marvels and despairs over many of the attitudes and conditions found in the teaching profession.

At the great over supply of persons willing to undertake the Herculean responsibility of molding the psychic abode of God, the mind, one truly marvels. How aspiring youths, who find themselves incapable mentally, physically and financially for other professions, finally decide upon teaching, causes one to despair for the warped intellectuality of future generations.

That these persons are allowed to enter the sacred profession of teaching is not an abominable reflection upon the standards of teacher qualifications, but is in its profoundest aspects—sacrilege.

Who is guilty of this exploitation? The individual? The college institution that turns them out? Or the State which accepts them? The question is truly problematic; however, it appears that, in truth, all three are not above reproach. And while one is able to sympathize with the individual seeking existence at any cost; the college accepting inferior persons for material subsistence; the State's certification of the unqualified in generous cooperation. Yet one sympathizes far, far more deeply with their victims, little children.

This Spring, another material minded horde is going to be sent out from institutions with only a very slight concept of the true responsibility which they take upon themselves. It is the duty of someone to speak to them for the sacredness of the profession before they enter the field. For once in, they cling callously, regardless of their detriment, like the parasites which they are—for mere existence.

Ultimately, as is very sure, the pendulum swings back revealing to the individual a life which has been spent in only bars, misfitted existence; the institution finds it has no immortal halo or intellectual gradates to endure and reflect its grandeur the world over; the State finds it has nurtured the canker worn, ignorance, and has thereby destroyed its most sacred treasure—the Godly intellectual opportunities of its youth!

How?

How has God made so many flowers with no two kinds the same—
So many, many lovely ones I cannot even name?
How does he make a bumblebee, a snail or butterfly?
How can he(just from tiny seeds, make trees to grow so high?
How do the plants know when to grow and how to come in season?
They never seem to get mixed up— I wish I knew the reason.
I thought and thought about these things, but never understood.
I only know that God is wise, and wonderful and good.

—Ann Codrington

Commonplace

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh:
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers faded and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul!
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

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A brown colt scenting fields afar,
Quivering all the pasture bar,
Or at your knees
A ten-year boy, half man, half child,
All wild,
Who shies at the halter. By what art
Do you corral therebel heart.

Tether them along, that their clear eyes
Keep that look of freer skies.
Light saddle and a gentle bit,
See their growing-up shoes fit.
A hand on the bridle, so they know
Love goes with them where they go.

—Bianca Bradbury.

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