

Remseur, N. C., R. F. D. No. 2,  
February 20, 1908.

Mr. Chas. D. Cunningham, Mgr.,  
The Keeley Institute,  
Greensboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Sixteen years ago I was completely relieved of the drink addiction at your Institute. Then The Keeley Treatment in North Carolina was in its experimental state; I did not know what it would do for me; but I know now that the efficacy of the Cure is certain, as I frequently meet people who have been cured at The Keeley Institute at Greensboro. Any one can be cured who will go there and give himself up to the treatment. I have just taken my fourth patient to you, and I shall continue to try to send you all of my friends who are in need of the treatment. You have the best equipped place now I have ever seen for the treatment of the diseases which you cure. The use of electricity by your physician is a great adjunct to your treatment for nervous patients, and I certainly wish you great success.

Yours very truly,  
G. F. MARLEY.

Write THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Greensboro, N. C. for a  
copy of their Handsomely Illustrated Booklet

THE BAPTIST GROVE FREE (COMMON) SCHOOL

"Where are the Snows of Yesterday?"

By A. B. STRONACH.

Where are the boys of yesterday who attended the Baptist Grove Free School? Moore Square, before the war (1861), was called Baptist Grove on account of a Free Will or Ironside Baptist church that stood in the square near the northeast corner, and the magnificent grove of old oak trees that shaded the entire square except a small space to the west that was used by circuses and traveling shows for exhibition purposes. The Baptist Grove during the Federal occupation of the city of Raleigh was used as a corral for the army wagon train and the mules and horses gnawed the bark from the trees, causing their death. "How are you, mine friend?" Theo. Joseph was wagon master of the Corral. Writing of Mr. Joseph reminds me of a story of brother W. C. Stronach's. Mr. Joseph was quite ill and my brother enquired of Mr. Joseph's son, Theodore, as to his condition. Theodore replied (Theodore was a little weak in the upper story): "He's old man was going to die, and ye will have a big funeral, so Masons ye will turn out, and to Odd Fellows ye will turn out, and to Knights of Pythias ye will turn out, and to Raleigh Rifles ye will turn out, and ye will have Rufe Stanley's Band and there will be a big parade, and I will ride in to front row and ye will ride up Fayetteville street and ye will reach to Capitol I will poke mine head out to ye vinder and call out Strike up Rufe."

Like the snows of yesterday, the Baptist Grove school house, the trees and the boys who attended the school have disappeared, except a few of us who like lingering patches of snow, wait the sun of summer to cause them to disappear. Of the boys with whom I attended the Baptist Grove Free School older than myself, there are living today John and Louis Womble, John Bashford, Bart Royce, T. J. Bashford, N. B. Broughton and John King. John King was a very quiet, good boy, fond of reading, which habit still holds with him. I have quite often seen his gray head bent over a book in the Roney Library.

The Baptist Grove School House, a weather-boarded, frame structure, neither lathed and plastered nor celled, 25 or 30 by 50 or 60 feet, running lengthwise north and south, sat exactly in the centre of the square. There were two or three windows in the east and west sides and a door in the north and south ends.

The teacher's desk, a flat top table with a drawer and his split bottom hickory chair, sat on a form (platform) two steps rise in the middle of the east wall. From this vantage ground he overlooked the school and from time to time cast his ruler to some offender who returning it received his due reward. The seats were long, wood benches, without any backs. The boys who wrote sat at desks, so-called. These were made of plank with desk-shaped tops, with shelves underneath for books. The stove, box-shaped, and not a very large one either, sat in the middle of the room, and it was no idle request when a boy asked, "Please, may I go and warm?" The school house was raised about three feet off the ground and the steps, if there had ever been any, had disappeared in my day. You entered by stepping (sticking your toes through the cracks) on the plank that was nailed around the house to keep the pigs from underneath, caught hold of the side of the door, and swung yourself in. A little experience impressed the height of the door from the ground on my memory. During Mr. W. T. Womble's administration, the last lesson of the day was the speller and definer. Those qualified for the revenge of my mouth. The royster had held the head of the class, I next. Missing a word I cut him down and Ark promptly pushed me out of the door. Like the countryman who fell in W. C. & A. B. Stronach's cellar, when asked if he were hurt, replied: "I ain't to say hurt, but I'm jarred as hell." So was I. A few days afterward Ark cut me down and I as promptly pushed him out of the door. We were both punished, but the sting of the ruler in my hand did not take the sweetness of the revenge out of my mouth. The school house door was not unlocked until the teacher came and on a cold winter morning the only at all warm place was on the south end of the building. The small boys fared badly as the big boys often crowded them out of the school was promptly matched against some boy of his size and must fight to make good his footing. It was a rough, unruly crowd that attended the Baptist Grove.

The games played included baseball this with a paddle instead of a bat, and a rubber ball. The ball was thrown at those running between bases, and given a cold winter day

the strike of a ball on a tender spot, meant bruise or blister. "Stick it to him," was another game in which they "stuck it to you" with the rubber ball. Hall over, another game in which, with the cry, "Hall Over," the ball was thrown over the school house to be caught by a boy on the other side. Of course in the summer time marbles, mumble-peg and knucks. In the game of knucks three holes were hollowed in the ground about three feet apart. You rolled your marble to fall in these holes up and back. The last boy had to hold his knucks in the last hole while the others shot at them with their taws (marbles). Maybe it didn't hurt! One other game was after the leaves began to fall, of which there were immense quantities to rake up a huge pile, then for several days boys to catch a boy, take him by the legs and arms and toss him in the pile, cover him quickly and then fall on top of him.

School hours were 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m. The only holidays were Christmas, 4th of July, and Thanksgiving Day. At Christmas we had a short vacation, if I remember correctly. My first school experience was under the rule of Mr. Jordan Womble, called Young Jordan, in contradistinction to his father. The novelty of attending school lasted ten days with me. On the third day, seated on a bench with my toes just touching the floor, I received three raps on my hand for scraping my feet on the floor. For several days thereafter my brothers, George and Will, had to tear me loose, screaming, by main force, from the fence pickets, then run in front of our yard, and they were noways gentle about it, either. A Mr. Brown, a Scotchman, through my father's influence, who was a good teacher, but a man of violent temper. My brother George hearing my father telling how that in Scotland the boys would take the teacher's rod made of ratan, bore holes in it at intervals and fill the holes with horse hair, then when the teacher undertook to use it the rod would split in two. George worked the scheme on Mr. Brown's last day. The ratan split at the first call and George received an unmerciful thrashing. This ended George's school days at the Baptist Grove. George was sent to Mr. Lovejoy (old Jeff), where he attended the summer session. After the winter session, my father called on Mr. Lovejoy, my George's tuition. Mr. Lovejoy said, "By heavens, man, the boy has not been to school." Questioned, George acknowledged that he, Silar Whitaker, and John Carter had snatched the entire session, making the headquarters in one of the caves the boys had in those days in the deep ravines that were in those days between what is now North Person and East streets. This ended George's school days, and he was put in the marble yard to learn lettering.

Mr. Brown and his temper departed at the end of the session. Mr. Henry Utley, I think, taught next. He was a good teacher, not overly strict, popular with the boys, entering into and playing their games with them. Mr. Utley taught for one session. After him came, I think, Mr. Elisha Young, quite a young man. I only remember of him that recognizing in me a like love for reading he gave me a copy of Bionzo—a rather strong food for a ten-year-old—although the description of the Pegasus I never forgot. It seems to me that a Mr. Judd also taught. If he did, in my memory, it is a case of "also ran."

Mr. W. T. Womble, Billy Womble, as the boys called him, was the last ruler whom I served in the Baptist Grove, and Mr. Womble in his old age still teaches the "young ideas" how to shoot, still hauls in the chub and white perch, for he is a mighty fisherman, and I hope to go fishing with him this summer.

Mr. Womble opened school by reading a chapter from the Bible. This was an innovation, but in ran the school on the principle of "spare the rod and spoil the child." I do not remember that he ever punished me but twice—once for forgetting my slate pencil, and once, as I have always said and still stand to, because I did not write better one day than I did the day before, anyway, he did not punish me the day before for not improving—three licks, each time. Oh, Lord, those writing copiers! "A man today in bright array tomorrow may be laid in clay," etc. Mr. Womble was a strict but good teacher and ruled the Baptist Grove better than any teacher in my day. I think I attended school one or two sessions under Mr. Womble. Afterwards I attended a private school taught by a Mr. McKoy, a Virginian, in the Presbyterian Session House or Sunday school room at the Baptist Grove our school books were Webster's spelling book, speller and "Refiner, Murkin & Smith's grammar, Davis & Emerson's arithmetic and I think Mr. Guff's readers. In the time of Mr. Jordan Womble, N. L. (Nat) Brown kept a store. At recess, in one corner of the school room Nat's stock in trade was horsecakes; the currency was improving—three licks, each time, so many for a leg, etc. What use he made of the pins is like the problem of what becomes of all the pins, for Nat, "rest his soul," no better fellow nor braver soldier ever trod our streets, is dead. We buried him in uniform in a coffin covered with Confederate grey cloth, the cross of the Confederacy on the lid, and to me there was nothing of the horrors of death, only

"A warrior taking his rest." Gus Lougee was the typical fat boy of the Pickwick Papers. He was strong, lazy and good natured, especially with the small boys, but he and Jake Rogers got into a fight. Jake was tall and bony, Gus was shorter, but he simply lay down with Jake on top of him, but Gus lay down with Jake's thumb in his mouth and held on to it like a bull dog. No efforts of Jake loosened his hold; he just lay and placidly chewed and finally it was Jake who cried, "take him from under," not Gus "take him off."

The three R. R.'s—reading, (w) riting and (a) rithmetic of the old common schools gave a boy a firm foundation on which to build if he wished to push his education further; otherwise he could certainly spell, one thing, in my experience, in which I re-acted. As the old darkey, "and dat's the Lord's trufe, there never was a Stronach that could sing anything but the Long Metre Doxology." Any boy who attended the Presbyterian school in the old days can solve that problem.

A hi-ham-s, I have been tired and thirsty too for a week. A bottle of Budweiser seems to me to be the

medicine. I am afraid this Prohibition business will not be good for my "suggestion" (digestion) as one of my drivers used to term it.

THE NATIONAL GATEWAY.  
The New Union Passenger Station at Washington City.  
(By Arthur G. Lewis.)  
The opening of the new Union Station at Washington on October 23th by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was a matter of unusual importance. The great white granite structure whose classic columns and arches accord with the dignity of a great nation, became the vestibule through whose portals all must pass who enter the Capital City; the high and low, the poor and rich, the President or citizen, ambassador or diplomat, Senator or Congressman, friend or foe, alike will tread its marble floors.

From a viewpoint of sentiment, it was fitting that the Baltimore and Ohio, the nation's first railway and the first to enter Washington, should be the first to open the doors of the new terminal to be followed a few weeks later by all the lines entering Washington.

Although the great granite building with its huge concourse and high curved roof is practically finished exteriorly, the interior finish remains to be completed. The mammoth roof of olive green and rectangles of composition terra cotta, harmonize with the granite of the exterior and give a pleasing architectural effect. Some idea of the immensity of the station may be obtained from the fact that it is less in size than the capitol in one dimension only, that of height. Its length and breadth it exceeds the dimensions of the Capitol. From east to west the station proper is 180 feet against the Capitol's 74 feet 6 inches. The breadth of the station from north to south is 343 feet 9 inches against the Capitol's 270 feet 10 inches.

THE PROPOSED PROHIBITION LAW

What it Will and What it Will Not Do.

By STATE ORGANIZER OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

1. What it Will Do.  
It will abolish every licensed whiskey and brandy distillery in the State. It will abolish every saloon and dispensary in the State.  
It will stop the wine traffic within the State. For wine can be sold only at the place of manufacture in quantities of two and one-half gallons or more and not shipped anywhere in the State.  
It will stop the sale of all those chemical mixtures by whatever name known that will produce intoxication. It will place under the most stringent and binding regulations pharmacists and physicians, who may handle intoxicating liquors for medical purposes only.  
It will allow the officials of any county or town to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors by pharmacists in the drug stores.

2. What it Will Not Do.  
It will not prohibit the farmer from making cider from fruits grown on his own land and selling the same at home or in his market town.  
It will not stop the manufacturer from making his wine and shipping it outside of the State.  
It will not stop the sale of those medicinal preparations and essences that may have alcohol in them to preserve them or to hold the medicinal agents in solution, such as camphor, vanilla, etc.  
It will not repeal existing prohibition laws.  
It will not prohibit the sale of wine to ministers or church officials for sacramental purposes.  
If this law fails to be ratified by the people at the polls on May 26th, 1908, it will not affect the present status of any existing prohibition law in the State. In other words, the dry territory will not be changed.

decorations, and can accommodate 1,000 people at one time. Attached to it is a commodious lunch room.  
The ticket lobby will be 165 feet long by 51 feet wide, with ticket offices on one side, and the baggage room on the other.  
The portion of the station now in actual use is that which will eventually be devoted to the reception room of the President and distinguished visitors to Washington; the entrance to which will be through what will be known as the State Entrance, reserved exclusively for the President and representatives of foreign governments.  
As has been stated, the station is not completed, and it may be several months before it can be entered as an entirety. The Baltimore and Ohio abandoned its station at New Jersey avenue and C streets to make way for the great plaza. In like manner the other Washington station, on First street south of Pennsylvania avenue was abandoned, and now all of the Southern lines: Southern Railway, Chesapeake and Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Seaboard Air Line, and Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad enter the new Union Station, bringing all of the railways which cater Washington together under one roof, giving the connection to the Potomac and Ohio Railroad both former enjoyed.

Washington, D. C.  
Whose Boy is in Danger?  
(Epworth Herald.)  
Dr. Cortland Myers, of Brooklyn, relates the following story, as told by a ship's surgeon:  
"On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times and worked his hands and his feet. When they had done all that they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away, as I said to them, 'I think you have done all you could, but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the

boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been over that boy. I blew in his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four long hours I worked, until, just at sunset, I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy."

"For Short."  
The names bestowed upon some of the small Southern negroes remind one of those of the old Roundhead days—Hope-above-Williams, Have-faith-to-be-saved-John-Mitchell, and so on. Not long ago a visitor in Richmond was having his shoes polished by a little coal bla k specimen about eighteen inches in height, but possessed of gleaming white teeth and rolling eyes.  
"What is your name?" the visitor idly asked. "Gen, sah," was the reply, accompanied by a grin of startling proportions.  
"Gen? I suppose that is an abbreviation of Gene al?" the visitor, who had some idea of the fondness of negroes for titles, inquired.  
"No, sah, don't know as 'is," was the reply. "Abbreviation" evidently being too much for him. "Mah name 'ough name an 'Genesis-XXX-33-So-shall-my-righteousness-answer-for-me-in-time-to-come-Washington Carter,' an' day des calls me 'Gen' for short!"—From the March Bohemian.  
NOTICE.  
Having qualified as administrator of Fatsy Herrick, deceased, of Wake county, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned for payment on or before the 15th day of January, 1909, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.  
N. SHARP WILDER,  
Adm'r of F. Herrick, deceased.  
1-19-law-4e

CORRESPONDENCE  
CONFIDENTIAL  
**THE Keeley cure**  
LIQUOR MORPHINE