

CHILDREN'S CORNER

By the Boy and Girl Readers of the Reporter.

From Lucy Blancett.

Peter's Creek, Va., March 16.
Dear old Reporter:
As all the little girls and boys are writing to the Reporter I thought I would write too.
I like to read the Children's Department.
Our school is out. Misses Mamie Leak and Flora Hutchens were our teachers. I like them fine. I study ten books. Practical Word Book, North Carolina history, United States history, civil government, agriculture, spelling, grammar, geography, physiology and arithmetic. I like arithmetic best of all my studies. I would like to go to school all the time but ma needs me to help her some as I am all the the girl that is here.
I like to piece quilts, I have worked one crazy quilt.
I am 14 years old.
I have two brothers; their names are Mat and Jim.
LUCY BLANCETT.

Roy E. Leak.

Campbell, March 16.
Mr. Editor:
As I have never written to the dear old Reporter, I will try to write a short letter to the Children's Corner.
I am a little boy eleven years old. My school is out now. But I still study my books at home some times. But work time is here now and I am preparing myself a garden. I have ordered some seed to plant in my garden. I always plant me a little garden of vegetables every year.
I have a small Nursery, but when I am a man if I live to be one, I am going to be a farmer, for I don't think there is anything as nice as farming, and raising cattle for I like it so well.
Well, as this is my first letter to the Reporter, I will close.
I wish to exchange post cards with some of the little boys.
ROY E. LEAKE.

Sam Gillely.

Pilot Mtn., March 16.
Dear Reporter:
As I see so many of the little boys and girls writing to the Reporter, I hope you will give me space for a few lines.
I am seven years old. And like to go to school better than anything else. Our free school is out, but Mr. Edgar Taylor is teaching a subscription school. I am going to say two speeches the last day.
My brother takes the Reporter and I like to read the Children's Corner.
How many of the boys and girls like to go to Sunday School. I do for one. My brother is Superintendent, and he always wants me to go with him.
I will close for fear this reaches the waste basket.
Your little friend,
SAM GILLEY.

Sarah Moser.

Rural Hall, March 19.
Dear Reporter:
I am a little girl ten years old. I went to school nearly every day. Our school is out now. I studied four books, grammar, spelling, fourth reader, and arithmetic. My teacher was Miss Wilmata Smith; she has taught for us two winters. She was a good teacher.
I have three sisters living and one dead. One brother at Whitsett Institute.
I have two pet cats, their names are Tommy and Tab, and a dog named Jack.
My papa takes the Reporter, and I like to read the Children's Corner very much.
Wishing you all a happy vacation, I will close.
From your little friend,
SARAH MOSER.

Ola Duggins.

Walnut Cove, March 18.
Dear Reporter:
I am a little girl twelve years old.
I go to school nearly every day. I have two teachers, their names are Mr. Joe Hill and Miss Lizzie Adkins. We like them but they won't let us whisper. I study grammar, spelling, arithmetic, fourth reader, and geography.
My papa takes the Reporter and I like to read it fine. Our school will be two weeks longer.
Your little friend,
OLA DUGGINS.

Mr. T. S. Petree paid a short visit to Walnut Cove Thursday of last week.

Mary Sue Alley.

Madison, March 16.
Dear Reporter:
As I see so many boys and girls writing to the Reporter I thought I would write one too. I haven't any thing much to write about but will tell you what I know.
I have been going to school most all the winter, but it has closed now. I certainly was sorry when school was out, for we had such a splendid teacher, Mr. Thomas J. Covington. Mr. Covington certainly was a good teacher.
I have a great desire for a good education. I have been going to school ever since I was 8 years old, and I am now 14 years old. But I never did go very regular.
I haven't any pets to write about. But I have 3 brothers and 4 sisters.
I enjoy reading the Reporter more than any other paper, especially the children's corner.
I remain your friend,
MARY SUE ALLEY.

Jim Blancett.

Peters Creek, Va., March 16.
Dear old Reporter:
I am a boy ten years old.
I like to read the Reporter, but I like the Children's Corner best.
My school was out the 28th of February. My teacher was Miss Mamie Leak. I liked her fine.
I have one brother and one sister; my brother's name is Mat and my sister's name is Lucy.
I would like to go to school all the time but I have to help papa work; he hasn't got any body to help him; my brother is crippled and can't work.
I study five books, spelling, history, grammar, arithmetic and geography. I like the arithmetic best.
Good bye.
JIM BLANCETT.

Lizzie B. Linville.

Walnut Cove, Route 2, March 12.
Dear Reporter:
I am a little girl only ten years old. I have been reading some letters from little folks. I thought I would try myself and see if my letter would come out in the Children's Department.
For pets I have a little kitten, its name is Tommy. I stay at grandpa's; I have a cat down there; his name is Mink.
I will close for this time, and see if this comes out next week.
LIZZIE B. LINVILLE.

Mat Blancett Has Two Calves Which Pulls Good.

Peter's Creek, Va., March 16.
Dear Reporter:
I am a little boy twelve years old. I have been going to school some this winter. I wish I could go to school all the time, for I can't work and I get tired of staying at the house. Papa won't let me go to the field.
I am glad to see the Reporter come, for I like to read it.
I have got two little calves; their names are Sook and Buck. Jim and I work them to my little wagon; they pull good.
Hoping to see my letter in print.
MAT BLANCETT.

From Bessie Martin.

March 18.
Dear Reporter:
I will try to write to the Reporter; this is the first time and I thought I would write. I go to school. My teacher is Miss Mae Wall; she is a good teacher. I like her fine. Our school was out the 28th of February.
I have been reading the Children's Corner; I like it.
I have one sister. I have a cow, her name is Susie.
We raise tobacco and corn and all kinds of vegetables.
I went to visit my grandma and grandpa.
I live near Gideon. I am a little girl twelve years old. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again.
BESSIE MAE MARTIN.

The Reporter is pleased to see so many subscription schools being organized in the county. There are lots of them. There is no better investment than in education for the children. If the State cannot give ten-month schools, by just a little extra expenditure private schools can be provided which will largely answer the same purpose.

More About Mr. Bowman's Criticism Of the Public Schools.

Dear Editors:
I want to say a few words to Mr. Bowman in regard to his criticizing the free schools.

It seems like he thinks because his free school is not what it ought to be, all of the rest of the free schools are just like his.
If their teachers have always been such terrible courting people why don't he or some of the interested patrons apply for a teacher that is married, and that will put an end to the courting teachers? If your school is not what it should have been by the teacher not doing her or his duty, why, you have a right to dismiss him, or her. And if you are so much interested in education, and want a good teacher and school why on earth don't you apply for a good teacher and get a good old married person?

I suppose he is just about one of those kinds of boys when a girl goes or speaks to another boy the next time you see him his lips are sticking out long enough to drag on the ground.
Now Mr. Bowman if you will let me know through the Reporter I will apply for a good old married free school teacher disinterested in courting to teach your school next winter.

I'm sure there isn't any thing wrong about the Graded school at Germantown. And as for the three teachers, you can learn as much going to one as you can going to three if you will put your mind on your books and try to learn.
And as for the switch and cross words if you would mind and respect your free school teachers as a refined boy should, you could say the same about them.

Not go to the free school with your hair standing like the feathers on a freezling chicken and your hands like you had been dobbing a barn bringing in enough mud on your feet to do a tobacco barn, hollowing, stamping, romping like a gang of mule colts. You ought to go to the free school and act as polite as if you were going to a graded school or College and do you do that? When you meet your teacher, or a lady, raise your hat like you was a gentleman and had been to school a day in your life. If you was a graduate and had no manners your education would not be much help to you; no man is not educated unless he is polite, too.

As for eating the Physiology, and Dictionary, I never heard of any one eating books to get an education. I thought they used their brain and common sense.

If you never have been to a good teacher take and read the Reporter and you will see some of the good old free school teachers' names in it occasionally. I'll admit that I am not the best but I do what I can for the children, and have never had a scholar to get mad and was jealous because I didn't talk to them.
You said you would work ten months to get to a graded school two months. If you are that anxious for an education, want to work and can't get work, apply to some of the good old married free school teachers, I'm sure there are some of them will give you work to do. As I know they want you educated it being your sincere desire.
Let me hear from some more of the teachers, and let them have something to say in regard to the free school and any thing else concerning Mr. Bowman's letter.
Wishing him lots of success.
A TEACHER

In Favor of Prohibition.

Sandy Ridge, March 25.
I sympathize with Messrs. J. H. Covington and P. Oliver. I long to see the day come when we get whiskey out of the good old North State, and we can say that we have got a State of sobriety and not of drunkenness. We have got an opportunity now before us to get the vile stuff out of the State. Let everybody go to work and put their shoulders to the wheel and push with all their might.
O. T. E.

Notice.

All overseers of the public roads in Quaker Gap Township, Stokes County, are hereby notified that who fails to report his road under a sworn and subscribed report under Section 2716 and 2717 of the Revisal Code, his name and section of road will be strictly reported to the foreman of the grand jury.
This the 12th day of March, 1908.

J. P. LYNCH,
Chm. Bd. of Supervisors.

"Actions Speak Louder Than Words;" The Only Way to Find How a Man Stands On the Prohibition Question Is To See How He Votes.

Gann's, March 17.
Editor Reporter:
The old adage "that actions speak louder than words," is applicable to almost everything if not everything.

It seems to us that the way a man votes on the liquor question on the 26th of May, will show where he stands on this important question, much more than what he may say about the question between now and the election.
A drummer said that when he was with the drys he was dry and when he was with the wets he was wet. So you see you can't tell by what a man says sometimes and what he means; but if you know how he votes you then know where he stands. We can't understand how any intelligent, self-respecting man could so far forget himself to get full of liquor, for if he was to lie down with a decent hog, the hog would grunt a grunt of disapproval, and leave his warm bed, preferring a cold place to a drunken sot for a bed fellow.

Oh yes, they say we would be for prohibition if it would prohibit. We believe that there is no law on the Statute books that is carried out to the letter in every case, but that is no sign that the law does not do good. If prohibition was to do away with only three-fourths of the liquor evils it would be a step forward that would save many a mother and wife's tears and save the tax-payer many dollars in the way of costs.

Mr. J. E. Simmons Rings Clear For Prohibition.

Vade Mecum, March 12.

Editor Reporter:
In regard to the whiskey question, I wish to say a few words along that line. We have been asked a question whether we would have liquor or not. I say let us not have it in the country nor in the towns either, for we have some men that will have it if they have to go to town and to doctors to get it to get drunk on. So I say stop it everywhere. Some will say we need it for snake and spider bites. But I will refer you all to the doctors and ask them if it don't cause more trouble than it does good in such cases. I write this from home experience. I want you all to take it to the Lord in prayer and ask him to help you to wipe it out of the whole union, for we find from the word of God where it shuts men out of the kingdom of heaven. It also destroys their peace and happiness here on earth. We will refer you to the Smithtown people. How many families are separated on account of whiskey? Study and see which way you will vote when the election comes. We thank the Lord and our leading men for giving us the privilege of stopping it if we will. Wishing you all God speed in this matter.
J. E. SIMMONS.

ASK US TO PRINT IT.

TELLS HOW TO PREPARE A SIMPLE MIXTURE TO OVERCOME DREAD DISEASE.

To relieve the worst forms of Rheumatism, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal and at bedtime:
Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.
These harmless ingredients can be obtained from our home druggists, and are easily mixed by shaking them well in a bottle. Relief is generally felt from the first few doses.

This prescription, states a well-known authority in a Cleveland morning paper, forces the clogged-up, inactive kidneys to filter and strain from the blood the poisonous waste matter and uric acid, which causes Rheumatism.
As Rheumatism is not only the most painful and torturous disease, but dangerous to life, this simple recipe will no doubt be greatly valued by many sufferers here at home, who should at once prepare the mixture to get this relief.

It is said that a person who would take this prescription regularly, a dose or two daily, or even a few times a week, would never have serious Kidney or Urinary disorders or Rheumatism.

Cut this out and preserve it. Good Rheumatism prescription which really relieve are scarce, indeed, and when you need it, you want it badly. Our druggists here say they will either supply these ingredients or make the mixture ready to take, if any of our readers so prefer.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE GARRET

The other day I fell asleep and had a most curious dream.

I dreamt I was dead and had gone up before the bar of Heaven to answer for the deeds done in the flesh. I stood, the last one in a long line of men and women, who filed solemnly and terribly before the recording angel, and I noticed as each one stopped for a moment, before that august presence that in some strange fashion, as in a mirage, we saw pictured the good or evil of the life that was being judged.

Before a man who had been a millionaire on earth rose wan faces pinched with hunger and cold, and the workknotted hands of those out of whom he had ground his fortune. Before a man whose fame had followed him even beyond the grave stood the shadow of a poor, forlorn, neglected wife with the tears still wet upon her cheeks. Before a murderer there fitted the bloody corpse of his victim. Before a humble old man who had been too poor to do more than divide his crust with a starving child and share his room with a beggar, there shone the faces of all he had succeeded.

Before a woman who had had a shrewish tongue there appeared an endless array of bleeding hearts, every one of which her tongue had stabbed, but a woman who had found a lost babe crying in the street and comforted it, smiles and stretched out her hands as if she would take the little one again to her breast. And as the dead men and women looked upon the visions of the things that they had done, they turned one to the right and one to the left and each went to his or her allotted place.

At last my turn came, and with a certain degree of self-complacency, for I had been neither beautiful enough to snare the affections of men, nor clever enough to outwit them in business, nor cruel enough to willfully injure any, and so feared none of the visions that my fellow pilgrims had been confronted with, I took my place before the great judge, when to my horror I saw a grotesque and motley procession moving toward me.

It consisted of old chairs, old tables, old bed springs, nicked china, discarded clothing, piles of shabby books and old magazines, and a hundred other odd articles of household furnishing, each of which I recognized as something that once had belonged to me. But about each familiar thing there was a look of awful accusation that turned me, I knew not why, cold with fear and apprehension.

"What is this?" I asked, when, at least I could command my voice sufficiently to speak.

"We are the ghosts of your garret," replied the Things, in sepulchral tones, "that have arisen to confront you on the Judgment Day. We are the things that you stored away to rot, and mildew, and be moth eaten, and rat eaten, while all about you were people who were cold, and shabby, and wretchedly uncomfortable for lack of us. We are the good that you might have done with no sacrifice to yourself, but that you withheld your hands from doing."

"I was always a careful woman, and a thrifty housekeeper," I replied by way of excuse, "and I was taught that if you kept anything long enough you would always find a use for it."

But at this the Things smiled a bitter, mirthless smile that pierced me to the heart, and presently I heard a deep, rich voice saying in accents that sounded to me like the sentence of doom:
"I am the big, softly cushioned chair that you sent up to the attic when you refurbished the library five years ago. All of that time I have sat there idle and empty, while the mice cut holes through my covering, and the dust settled in my carving, and the spiders spun webs across me. In all that time I have been of no use to any human being, yet three or four times every week you have passed a house where a little hunch-backed girl sat in a window making paper flowers, with no seat but a hard straight-back wooden chair. How I have yearned to take her in my arms and rest her but you kept me from it, and therefore do I condemn you."

Scarcely had the chair ceased speaking when a squeaky raspy voice began upbraiding me: "I am the bed springs that have been rusting in your garret for dear knows how long," it said, yet there was right before your eyes the chair-woman who comes every week to scrub and clean for you, and who, when her hard day's work is over, has nothing but a thin mattress laid on hard boards on which to sleep. It would have rested her and comforted her beyond all telling to have had me, but you never gave me to

her. You let her sleep hard, while I fell to pieces with decay in the garret."

"We are the old clothes that you let rot in trunks and chests, that came in a sort of muffled chorus through which I distinguished of voice crying out, 'I am the overcoat that the moths ate, yet winter after winter you saw shivering men with thin coats buttoned across their chests—men who coughed as they passed them on the streets,' and another, 'I am the warm jacket that your little boy outgrew, and that fell to pieces with age, while you watched little children pass your door crying with the cold.' And still another voice wailed: 'I am the trunk of the little clothes of your baby that died. For twenty years I gathered yellowness and decay, and finally fell to pieces unused, yet there was your poor housemaid, who when her little fatherless child was born, had nothing but an old bit of flannel in which to wrap it. You have known innumerable poor mothers to any one of whom I would have been a blessing, and yet you would not bestow me upon them.'

"I thought that it was economy to save my old clothes, and that perhaps I might have them altered some time, or use a bit of trimming—or something," I moaned, feebly, with my face in the dust.

"A curse they replied sternly, 'is upon every unused garment that perishes from moth, or mildew, or rot.'
Then there was a clamor of many voices speaking at once. "We they said in chorus, 'are books' and the magazines that year after year were piled on the garret shelf to gather dust, and for rats and mice to gnaw, yet you knew boys and girls who were finished for knowledge; libraries where we would have started out on a mission of sweetness and light, and lonely households where the coming of new books and periodicals would have been like a ray of sunshine. It would have cost you nothing to have passed me on, but you did not do it."

But I could hear no more. With a scream I awoke, and as soon as I could gather my distracted nerves together, I made a rush for my garret and before the sun set it was swept as bare and as clean as a new pin.

For I needed no dream book to interpret my vision to me. Do you.

FEDERAL COURT JURORS.

The following jurors will serve during the regular term of United States District court to convene in Greensboro on the first Monday in April:

- R. A. Gilmer, Greensboro.
- Walter F. King, Brown Summit.
- C. M. Hauser, Winston-Salem.
- C. M. Pritchett, Greensboro.
- T. S. Griffin, Graham.
- Joseph D. Schoolfield, Greensboro.
- A. F. Neal, Madison.
- R. E. Dalton, Winston-Salem.
- L. W. Smith, Guilford College.
- Thos. R. Schoolfield, Brown Summit.
- Jas. K. Norfleet, Winston-Salem.
- E. C. Murray, Vincent.
- John H. Alley, Danbury, R. 1.
- W. A. Tilley, Francisco, R. 2.
- R. F. Byerly, Winston-Salem.
- Stephen H. Davis, High Point, R. 1.
- Jesse Holt, Burlington.
- Chas. B. Aiken, Reidsville, R. 2.
- Amos Hinshaw, Ramseur, R. 1.
- T. V. Hamlin, Dobson.
- A. R. Moore, Mt. Gilead, R. 2.
- Frank Allcorn, Ruffin.
- John T. Joyce, Sandy Ridge.
- Thos. L. Moir, Walkertown.
- C. A. Wharton, Gibsonville.
- C. L. Badgett, Jackson Hill.
- John W. Cook, Greensboro.
- D. I. Reavis, Yadkinville.
- John G. Clark, Snow Camp.
- Wm. H. Slate, Mizpah.
- J. L. Brockmann, Greensboro.
- Lee Jessup, Westfield.
- T. A. Donah, Milton.
- J. C. Beamer, Mt. Airy, R. 8.
- Jesse Greenwood, Rusk.
- Charles Schrest, Thomasville, R. 4.
- Dobson Nelson, Stokesdale.
- P. L. Ledford, Graham.
- Samuel L. Ray, Teer, R. 1.
- Chas. D. Cabb, McLeansville.
- U. W. Long, Tobaccoville.
- S. A. Vest, Haw River.
- Lee Davis, Greensboro.
- R. R. Ross, Asheboro.
- B. W. Johnson, Graham, R. 1.
- S. N. Allen, Aconite.
- R. T. Stone, Stoneville.
- C. D. Rominger, Winston-Salem.
- J. A. Elliott, Thomasville.
- J. S. Connard, Pfafftown.
- R. O. Bunter, Bethania.
- Joseph Smith, Hillsboro, R. 1.
- Ellis Y. Coleman, Cedar Gro.