

THE GREENVILLE INDEX

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GREENVILLE, N. C. MAY 4 1894.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
AT 50 CENTS A YEAR,

Entered in the Post Office at Greenville, N. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Hurrah For The School.

On March 16th, less than two months ago, the INDEX began to agitate the public school needs in Greenville. At that time the prospect was for the children of this district being deprived the benefit of public education, altho' six hundred dollars were lying idle in the treasury. The only recourse left the school committee was to wait for several years until funds sufficient accumulated to buy a lot and erect a building. They had done all they could. A wealthy man who had a building, charged them \$25 per month for one room and there was no other building in town. The INDEX hated for the outside world to know the facts, but duty to the public demanded some plain talk. It did good. We had almost despaired. The very week we had determined to offer the use of the Delaney building free of charge to teach school in this fall, Col. Skinner came forward and donated a splendid lot for a building and to day we publish a notice to contractors for bids on a building.

The committee now think that the building will be completed and school ready to begin by September first.

The lesson to be learned from this is valuable. You must first have your heart in your work. You must have brain in it, that makes courage and determination. Criticism cannot thwart or selfishness defeat a worthy object when properly and conscientiously and persistently presented to the public. The INDEX must say that the Superintendent of Public Instruction has shown a strange indifference to the fight for a free school. Even our enterprising contemporary, the *Reflector*, who is generally alert for news, from the catching of a shad to the building of a plank bridge across a town gutter, has been as silent as the grave in this fight and does not even take interest enough in it to announce the procurement of a lot for a free school and the probability of a school. It is this supineness and indifference to public matters of material importance that has caused such a dry rot among our people, in matters of the utmost importance to us as a county in all that tends to practical advancement. Our whole public school system needs revivifying and overhauling.

Our roads need more attention and a better system or plan of working. But space forbids further illustration. We are truly thankful for present progress and promise after the Greenville school is a finality to pay some attention to the needs of public schools all over Pitt county, and it will be mighty interesting reading.

Town Improvement.

In every town there are three elements. Men who are all progress from an inherent desire to outshine other towns, regardless of expense, debt or the practical utility of their schemes. Among this class you most often find the source of a town's bankruptcy or depreciated credit. Many times they are honest enthusiasts and are generally led to extremes by an admiring public, all eventually being brought up standing by some slippery financial shark, who has feasted on spoils while the innocent and vainglorious were prating over the public spirit of the people.

Then comes another element who oppose every thing that is proposed by any one but themselves, or who attribute mercenary motives to all who favor any progress at all. Among this class will be found old money bags, who has made his money out of the people and started out with money for a God, but it must be his money before he worships it. This man seldom pays for a paper, but borrows it, he loafs, but is not a vagrant, he criticises everything and everybody else and thinks he is the universe, when he is simply a universal nuisance and so regarded by all who do not worship money. But when any public improvement does start he is apt to be the first bird of prey to light on the carcass and pick the official bones, or rob the confiding enthusiast. In this class too belongs the honest kicker. He is not necessarily an old fogy. He really likes everything after it is all done, provided it is well done and has not discommoded him mentally or physically. He often contributes liberally on the sly, but he kicks and can't help it. God made him so and like a mule he is a splendid animal and the world is better off for him, even with his balks and kicks.

Lastly comes the main body of the people, composed of men with and without money, prudent, liberal business men who do not growl at taxes and everything else, industrious, but poor men, who often cannot pay their taxes, yet are of more value to the trade and well being of a community than a skin-flint or a croesus. This element has made North Carolina glorious, it will yet make an embryo empire out of Pitt county and a noble town of Greenville. Conservatives they are in judgment of others, and in general conduct. Why one asks, if this is so, does the kicker or the selfish money bags generally come out on top in every contest? Because there is often not a contest. Right there is the trouble. This conservative class is apt to be modest and non-assertive. They endure the humiliation of martyrs rather than seem to be officious or pushing, forgetting that it is on this very element of their moral strength and personal charm that the blatant demagogue or schemer or shyster imposes. Let this conservative element once get on fire with the true spirit of patriotism, and tyrants tremble, or the desire for reform, and corruption slinks away, or aroused to the need of public improvements sufficient to

assert themselves and face a contest heedless of natural modesty, and the skin-flints, croakers, old fogys and kickers are always worsted. But it takes the sword of the spirit to conquer. There are, thank God, but few in Greenville who do not wish to see her improve and advance, the few are self assertive, active, sometimes vicious, even to slander. But the many who make the town can save it from the croakers, from extravagance or parsimony, if they will only show that courage which is born of conviction and zeal and love.

P. S. People are so curious now days we think it proper to say, that we have no candidate for mayor or town councilman, no ax to grind, except for the public good, and no official bee buzzes in the INDEX office. Joe Blow swears he does not want any office. James Joyner fills all he can hold in church and Sunday school. W. F. Morrill is so modest he would run if such a thing was suggested, and the editor has sense enough to know he is not fit for either place and his judgment for once is approved by a discriminating and confiding public.

Thanks.

If the compliments the INDEX has received from readers at home and by letters in the past few weeks are indications of merit, this paper must be a good one. In one mail we received letters of approval and subscription from one of the highest State officials at Raleigh, from a most distinguished lawyer and ex-editor at Tarboro, from a colored minister at Grifton, from a commission merchant in Norfolk, two friends in New York, one each at Chapel Hill, Whitakers, Wilmington, Washington and Newberne.

We have three long letters from prominent men in different sections commending our stand. We have wanted to publish parts of them with comment for several weeks, but it has been crowded out by other matter each week. While the INDEX is distinctly a Pitt county paper, it is gratifying to know that strangers appreciate it, and that home people, white and colored, and of all political parties are sustaining it as no other paper ever published in Pitt county has been before.

For all of which we are profoundly grateful.

FIRE AT GRIFTON—The large and handsome Academy at Grifton was burned Tuesday night by some miserable wretch, who ought to have been burned up with it. The building cost several thousand dollars and was the best equipped one in the county. There had been no fire for several days and the incendiary is suspected.

Explanation.

It was impossible for us to get the paper on which to print a full edition last week. We mail the important matter of that issue in a supplement to those who failed to get the paper.

Our paper was ordered ten days before issue, but failed to come in time. We could get none from the *Reflector* and the *Free Press* at Kinston kindly let us have all it could spare.

Little Home Made Tales For Little Home Folks.

Jack Gay And His Foxes.

Near Faikland there lives a fine smart little boy, named Johnnie Gay. His grandpa and uncle Howell call him Jack, for short. Jack had a nice little dog, name Fido, with a little curly tail. One day Fido howled and whined, and doubled up so bad, they thought he was mad, but when grandpa came home he said, "Er-er don't you see what's the matter, er-er his tail's curled so tight its drawin' er-er, his insides out, er-er see here Jack get me a hatchet," and grandpa cut his tail off, and Fido quit howling, but Jack couldn't understand the trouble like grandpa and uncle Howell did, so he set up a howl because his doggie's curt was gone, and uncle Howell told him if he would not cry he would get him some baby foxes.

He had a great many large old flopped eared hound dogs, to catch deer, and bear, and foxes with. For the deer would jump in the field and eat the corn and peas up, and the bears would go to the hog pen and carry a pig off in his long black hairy arms or climb up a tree and jump on a cow and gnaw a hole right through her back, and the foxes would come and carry away the chickens and little pigs, and ducks, and guineas that Jack and his sister had. One day uncle Howell put the saddle on his horse and blew his horn, and all the dogs ran up to him, and howled and whined, and laid down and rolled over, and jumped and frolicked, and sniffed the air, and grinned, and bit one another's ears, such a fuss you never heard and all because they were proud to go and run a fox.

Jack had hunting blood in him too and he begged uncle Howell to let him go. Uncle Howell let him get behind him on the horse and Jack was glad. Too't, too'oot, too'wooret went the horn, hipplety-hop, ploppy-plop, bickity-blick off went the horse to the woods, with the dogs scurrying and running, and sniffing and wheezing along over the road, over the grass, over the leaves, in the bushes, smelling and nosing for Mr. Fox. It would be hard to say who was the happiest, uncle Howell, the horse, the dogs or Jack.

But Mr. Fox wasn't happy. He was a long way off, down in the woods under an old uprooted tree, eating chicken. He heard the horn away in the distance and he dug a little hole in the ground, covered up the chicken and sat down and studied. "That's Mr. Howell's horn and his dogs are the smartest in the county. They like to got me the other day, Mrs. Fox and the babies too. If I thought they would let them alone I would let them catch me, but when they get me, it will just make them want another worse. Anyhow it is time I was moving, for the last time when I fooled them by getting up on that bending tree and dropping on to another tree, and from that one laying on top of a fodder stack, right in sight of Mr. Howell's hounds, I heard Mr. Howell say, 'Never mind old fellow, I am bound to have your hide, see if I don't.' He's a bad man after a fox." So Mr. Fox crept through the bushes' listening if he could hear the dogs coming his way.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]