

FRANKLIN COUNTY MINISTER'S WORK

Rev. G. W. May Said to Be Most Successful Pastor in South

(By G. C. HEDGEPETH.)

One of the most widely known and successful county pastors in the South is the Rev. George Washington May, of North Carolina. Mr. May was born in Franklin County, N. C., March 21, 1869. This was during the Reconstruction period following the close of the War Between the States and times were hard. The people had not yet recovered from the ravages of war, now in the rule of "carpet-baggers." Few people had any money. Mr. May's parents, like their neighbors, were poor. This retarded his education to such an extent that he was twenty-two years of age before he was ready to begin the study of mathematics, geography, history and English. It also made it necessary for him to cut wood by the moonlight nights for thirty-five cents per cord. But this did not discourage this young man, for he was determined to prepare himself for his life's work—the ministry—he having been converted in 1885 and later feeling the call to preach and being licensed to the gospel ministry in 1893. Mr. May continued to split cord-wood and to do any honorable work before him until he had prepared himself for college. He then entered Wake Forest College. During his college career he served a number of rural churches for an average annual salary of \$225. This, with the donation of his tuition by the college, enabled him to take the A. B. degree. When he graduated in 1900 he owed only the small sum of \$65.00 for his education.

Responding to the call of Red Oak church and the challenge of Messrs. J. C. Beal (now deceased) and J. T. Jones, two public-spirited men, Mr. May moved to Red Oak in 1901. At that time there was no united community spirit. They had no good roads. The school building was a discredit to the community. Only two teachers were employed and these but for a few months in the year. The religious life of the community was at a low ebb and the community church consisted of one small auditorium. But with a burning passion to build up the religious life of the community and to help educate the boys of not only his own but of other counties, as well, he, to use a slang expression, "palletted off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work" with the result that the following things have happened:

1. Educational status. When Mr. May moved to Red Oak, his salary as teacher in the public school was \$7.50 per month, and board and lodging furnished. As indicated above the school had a very small and inadequate building with only two teachers. There were only one or two boarding pupils and they were related to the teachers. There was no teacherage and not a dormitory and the school was accomplishing very little. But immediately after assuming management of the Red Oak school Mr. May began to formulate plans for a new school building and for three dormitories and other improvements. In five years' time the attendance had doubled and trebled. There were seventy-two boarding pupils representing a number of counties in the State. This was in 1906. At the end of the year Mr. May severed his connection with the school but his work was so thorough and well organized that the community continued to keep its pace until today they have one of the leading farm-life schools in the South. They have now a teaching force of thirteen. The student body numbers upwards of 300. The school is equipped with one of the best wooden buildings in the State. It has eleven class-rooms well equipped with the best single desks, an auditorium containing four hundred and thirty-two opera chairs, a laboratory, a workshop, a library and reading room, and boiler and engine room. The home economics room is equipped with the best modern domestic science desks, a cooking range, oil stove, kitchen cabinet, two sewing machines, running water and other necessary equipment. The workshop is equipped with necessary tools, and the laboratories are well equipped with apparatus and chemicals for teaching physics, chemistry, botany, and agriculture. The buildings are well lighted with electricity, the school building and kitchen have running water, and the school building is heated by steam. There are five dormitories, one of which is occupied by superintendent and family. The farm contains thirty acres of very fertile land and is equipped with a large modern barn and good farming machinery. The school owns a pair of good draft horses, six head of cattle, and has a good pasture. A poultry yard has been built and well stocked with chickens. There are two literary societies, the Woodrow Wilson for the boys and the Non-parallel for the girls and every student above the seventh grade is required to become a member of one of these societies. In addition to the awarding of diplomas to those finishing any prescribed course of study the following medals are given: Scholarship medal, Declaimer's medal, Declamation medal, Recitation medal, Debater's medal, Bread medal and Music

medal. Athletic games are under the direct supervision of members of the faculty. In addition to the baseball diamond they have a basketball court for boys and girls, and a tennis court. This school now succeeding in such a large and effective way had its foundation laid mostly by the man who as a boy had to cut cord-wood by moonlight nights in order that he might be able to educate himself. His example in building up the rural school of his adopted community needs to be followed by thousands of country pastors in the rural South.

2. Good roads. The building of this school brought about another need in the community. This need had existed all along but became more noticeable in the educational advancement of the neighborhood. I refer to the good roads. Not only this pastor but others in the community felt the need of better roads. Bad roads and illiteracy are twin-sisters. Long stretches of deep heavy sand, poorly built bridges and narrow roads are a disgrace to any community. This was the kind Red Oak had. But as I have already indicated the school brought about a desire on the part of the people to change this condition and today you will find no better roads in the eastern part of the Old North State than those to be found in Red Oak community.

3. Better homes. This rural pastor and friend of county schools, George W. May, has helped to bring about another change. Having led the community to build a high school that later developed into one of the best farm-life schools in the South and through this having also brought the community to see the need and to build better roads it followed as a matter of fact that the easiest and the most natural thing in the world for the people of the neighborhood to do would be to build modern and up-to-date farm homes. "Strictly speaking there was not a modern farm home in the Red Oak community in 1901, although there were two or three residences that almost approached the modern home ideal. Today few communities anywhere can make a better showing along this line than the one of which I write."

4. The Religious Life. But Mr. May could not stop off here. It is not enough to build a good school, and to lead the community in building better homes and roads. One must go further or these things will lead to destruction. For just as the body needs to be fed with diet that will feed the muscle, nerve, bone and mind, so must the life of man have a balanced diet. Good homes, good roads and progressive churches are a necessity to any community. Emphasis placed on good homes to the neglect of the school, roads and church will result in lopsidedness. The same can be said in regard to any one of the other three. But as the matter of fact all are necessary and should be built together. Mr. May believes in all and in all he has greatly succeeded. This rural community under his leadership has recently built a \$13,000 church edifice. And what this rural pastor and these farmers of the open country have done other country pastors and teachers and farmers can do.

The custom of keeping accounts by means of notched sticks still survives in some parts of France. A peasant enters the village store and, making a purchase, gives a stick which he carries with him to the shopkeeper. The latter lays it alongside another stick which hangs on the wall and making a notch, in both sticks at one operation, hands the one back again. When accounts are squared up periodically the sticks are destroyed.

The Planter's Bank of Pinetops has been incorporated with a capitalization of \$100,000.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

OF MARY GRAHAM BONNER

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The snow was falling. The wind whistled and sung in shrill, wild, excited tones. The fires were out and all inside was very still. Everything and everyone was waiting. Children who lived in the cities were listening to see if they heard sounds on the great roofs and if they could get a peep of a jolly old man with a long white beard and bright red cheeks climbing down the fire-escape and into the windows. And children in the country were peeping up chimneys to see if any soot had begun to fall—if anyone was above!

Soon, though, everyone went to bed. It was hard to do, but they went. The snow kept on falling. Everyone, even as they slept, pulling the comfortables up closer under their chins, it grew quieter and quieter; the only sounds came from the wind and the snow and the crackling cold outside.

At last, when it was very still, and all were sound asleep, the dear old man came. His face was all smiles. He looked as happy as any one could be.

"Oh," he said, "there are some who are great and some who are clever, and some who are famous and some who invent fine things. There are some who are famous in history and others who will be famous in history. That is fine, fine! But I am the luckiest of all. For I am loved by children! That is what keeps me young: The love of boys and girls. And I'll never grow any older as long as I see the happy, half-smiling sleeping faces of boys and girls who have hung up their stockings."

The dear old man went about his work. He filled stockings. He trimmed trees. He left presents. He did this in every home where there were children. And at dawn when his work was over he whispered to his elves: "I don't want fame, I don't want to be anyone else. For I belong to the children—a greater honor than ever kings or generals or inventors or statesmen have. For I am Santa Claus, the luckiest old man, my reindeer, in all the wide world!"

"That's what you are," the reindeer said, "and we are the luckiest of all animals. Although we believe our stories and what we do and all are amongst a lot of fairy tales there is nothing of the fairy tale about us. We're all real, we are!"

"Indeed you are," Santa Claus smiled.

"Of course," the reindeer said, "in the part of the paper which gives the story for the evening the big name of all is something about an evening fairy tale. But when the stories are about animals they are all true, they aren't fairy stories at all."

"And the name of each separate story is enough to tell whether it's a true story, a make-believe one or what. All stories that Daddy tells the children about animals are true and the stories told about us, too, are true."

"And the stories told about me are true," said Santa Claus. "And," he added, "about my good old friend, Boy of the North, too, my dear, old, faithful dog."

"Well, we must be getting home now. Boy of the North must have his special dish of Christmas bones."

"Sometimes I have said to him: 'Boy of the North, wouldn't you like a different sort of Christmas dinner, or do you like the bones I bring up to you? Wouldn't you like plum pudding, perhaps?'"

"Boy of the North always wags his tail and grins in his dog way and then I pat him on the head and we share the joke together."

"Yes, we must be off, my reindeer."

"But before I leave I must just whisper a wish, all over the world, to every single boy and girl, and that wish is that their old friend Santa Claus wishes them a merry, merry Christmas, and hopes that they'll always look forward to his visits as he looks forward to visiting them."

"Yes, snowflakes and wind and little breezes carry my message to the sleeping boys and girls tonight, so that when they may awaken in the morning they may know that old Santa Claus has sent them a special message and a great big merry Christmas!"

"They'll all know of your message and the big merry Christmas," the reindeer said. "We've a good idea that they'll know."

So Santa Claus left the homes where the boys and girls were soon to awaken and he smiled to himself. Do you wonder why?

The Farmville Insurance and Realty company amends its charter by paying in \$100,000 to its authorized capital.

A large tobacco stemmery will be located in Goldsboro.

"I called to see you at your office yesterday."

"That so? Why didn't you see me? I was there all day."

"I found after I got there that I didn't want to see you badly enough to give my life history to three or four outer guards and sit on a bench for an hour or two waiting for them to take up their minds whether or not to pass me in."

Hopefulness.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Perkins, "you were talking about a twenty to one shot when I came into your office today."

"Was it?"

"Yes, and I was very much pleased. I hope you will cultivate enough interest in marksmanship to take your mind off horse racing."

Topsy Turvy.

"See any fun in that?" while you was East?" asked Three Finger Sam.

"I sure did," answered Cactus Joe. "But everything's topsy turvy. People in the cars have to hang on with their wrists in straps."

"Jes' think of that. Usin' the stirrups for their hands instead of their feet!"

A NEW ADVERTISING SCHEME.

"When did you get the new five-ve?"

"Oh, it was given to me with a five gallon purchase of gasolins."

Our Language.

Our language is a bungling thing—A foreign student flays it; For instance we tear down a block, And yet we say we raze it.

Willing to Fail.

A Philadelphia savant says: "If the chlamyza of an egg is well defined it is fresh."

Insist on the Grocer Showing you the chalmazs, or chalmzil, of the eggs you purchase. You'll have to carry your eggs home in a pail, but what of that!

Loving One's Enemies.

"Have you ever tried to love your enemies?"

"Yes," answered the slow-speaking man, "I have tried. But I never got a real enemy to reciprocate my affections with any degree of reliability."

Effort Misapplied.

"Success depends on hard work."

"Yes," rejoined Farmer Coratossel, "I know a man whose land got covered up with weeds and mortgages while he was workin' terribly hard to be the best checker player in the neighborhood."

Where Grade Crossings Grow.

"So you prefer the city to the country?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "In the city you're liable to run over something, but in the country you're liable to strike a grade crossing and get run over."

Last Resort.

"I think I will try to get over to Europe and settle down in Venice."

"Why Venice?"

"Because it is the only place I know of where you don't have to keep dodging the automobiles in the streets."

A Coming Joy Ridden.

Bobby—if I had a million dollars, I'd invite everybody to the movin' picture show.

Tummy—Aw, shucks! I wouldn't. I'd buy an automobile and spend the rest payin' fines for speedin'.

The Wonderful Gift.

"Is our friend a great orator?"

"A great orator?" repeated Senator Sorghum. "Why he can convince you of something without taking the trouble to understand it himself!"

SAD STORIES, MOSTLY.

"He's a great reader."

"Of what?"

"Gas meters."

The Exaggerated Present.

How many times in days gone by Events have made us roar and shout Which now we haven't time to try To recollect and talk about.

A Slight Qualification.

"I suppose you rely on the wisdom of the plain people."

"I do," answered Senator Sorghum; "so long as they keep voting my way."

Not Plain.

"I tell you it's as plain as the nose on your face."

"But my face is conspicuous resultful, John."

Mutations of Time.

Heet!—Times have changed. Jewett—Yes, it is a long way from grandfater's clock to a wrist watch.

In a raid on a blockade still on Frank Hughes' place in Davidson county, Hughes was shot in the leg and an artery severed from the effects of which he died in a short while. Some doubt seems to have arisen as to who fired the shot.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

OF MARY GRAHAM BONNER

NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

"Billie Brownie gave his party on the first day of the new year," said Daddy. "He was dressed up in his new brown velvet winter suit and his new brown velvet winter cap which was long and pointed and very handsome."

"As each guest arrived he pulled off his cap and made a great swooping bow."

"Soon all his guests had arrived and Billie Brownie, who never forgets his promises, had a curtain which hid the Brownies and their friends from the eyes of people, drawn wide so that his little friend Carrie could see what was going on."

"Carrie had thought that the finest thing would be to be very stylish when she grew up and she was becoming very vain. Billie Brownie said he thought she'd be foolish to miss the fun which she would have to miss if she thought only of style and beauty. So Carrie, in her bed that night, saw the party which Billie Brownie gave. He didn't draw the curtain for her to see until evening time as his party was going to continue all through the evening and in the afternoon the guests were all arriving."

"And when the party was over Carrie said to herself she was glad that Billie Brownie had kept her from being too vain, as he had said that if she thought only of her looks that her good sense and her love of fun might leave her when she wasn't looking. She was glad that from now on she would have good sense and she wouldn't let such a thing happen. For the party which Billie Brownie gave was certainly great, great fun."

"After all the guests had arrived, and when evening had come Billie Brownie called for the music and the Fairies' orchestra came, led by Fairy Ybab."

"Such music as was played, and such dancing! Oh, they had such fun. And when they were weary of dancing they played games or acted charades and then they sang. They had a delicious supper, too."

"And at supper they told stories and jokes and everyone laughed every minute practically!"

"But before the evening was over—some time after the supper, however, Billie Brownie got up on top of a pine tree stump and made a speech: 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I have the honor to be here this evening. The reason I have such an honor is because I gave myself the honor. I cannot help but be here, I am giving the party!'"

"I am glad to see that you're all ready for fun, too, and so I thought we'd end off the evening and end off the first day of the new year by having a libel of circus. Each guest will do a separate stunt. How about it, friends?"

"Fine!" they all shouted.

"So the Fairies' orchestra played as though they were at the circus and the different guests began to turn somersaults and act as clowns and jump over each other and do all sorts of tricks."

"Billie Brownie and his brother Beanie Brownie sang a duet which was perfectly absurd and when they were through they clapped for themselves, too, and turned somersaults after one another all around."

"I think," Billie Brownie said, "that a circus is one of the finest things in the world, either a real one, or one which we get up ourselves."

"So I thought it would be a nice way of starting the new year—just having all the fun we could."

"A splendid way," all his guests shouted, "and quite your own new idea, too!" they laughed.

"And as they went home late, late that evening, singing, dancing, laughing, carrying with them toys and wearing gay paper caps which Billie Brownie had given to them they all sent up three cheers for Billie Brownie and his New Year's party."

"Some of the people, grown-ups and children, heard the great echo and said, 'That's more than the usual New Year's cheering—and it's the night after New Year's Eve, too.' It really was the echo from the cheers of the guests at Billie Brownie's party."

"A Speech."

Billie Brownie and his brother Beanie Brownie sang a duet which was perfectly absurd and when they were through they clapped for themselves, too, and turned somersaults after one another all around.

"Jump Over."

"Some of the people, grown-ups and children, heard the great echo and said, 'That's more than the usual New Year's cheering—and it's the night after New Year's Eve, too.' It really was the echo from the cheers of the guests at Billie Brownie's party."

Dorothy Was Schemer.

"Taps," said four-year-old Dorothy, "I want to ask you a very important question."

"What is it, dear?" queried her father.

"Well," continued the small schemer, "tomorrow's my birthday, and I'd like to know what you think I'd like to have for a present."

The Farmers-Atlantic Bank of Ahsokie, has had its charter extended and will establish branch banks.

A minister in Burlington married four couples one day last week.

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TAX PAYERS

Penalty of 1 per cent will be imposed on all Taxes not paid by January 2nd.

SETTLE UP AT ONCE AND SAVE THE PENALTY.

S. B. BURWELL,
City Clerk.