

DERBY MEMORIAL SCHOOL

(Continued from page one)

and their own ambitions enjoy life on this plantation, and that the generation of my neighbors who are to make the community are taught to make it right, and to enjoy it, and love it, and defend it. And men will come from afar to live here, where life is pleasant, and to see and to admire. And after all, maybe it will be worth even more in pounds sterling than the barren profitable acres of the bare fields of cotton."

The result has been that many men go there to see the fields and the cattle and the corn and traction engines, and things bucolic. But invariably they come away talking not of agriculture but of men, not of things but of character and children.

For the plantation revolves around a school. That is all it is. A school. It is no new conception that the longbowman and the full back are not made on the drill ground. That neither militia nor volunteers nor even a conscription of

this school every day. And there are two thoroughly trained and capable teachers on the job. They have excellent quarters in a large bungalow, where the girls of the classes take turns in doing and learning the household tasks.

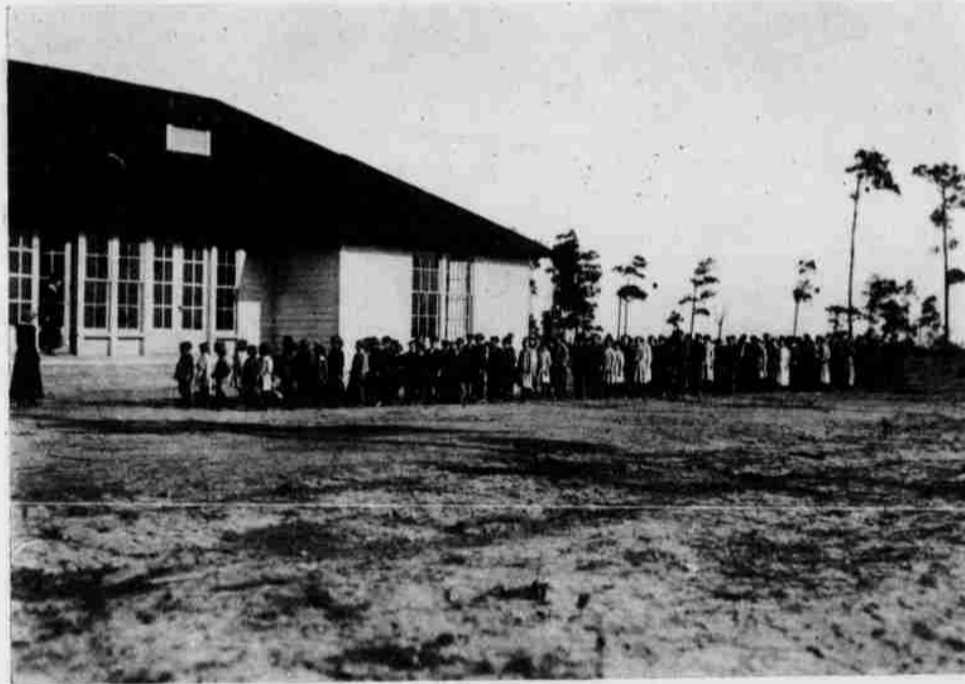
Now let us see the result—the financial result. As inevitably as deer paths run to the springs in the forest roads are built from all quarters of the country to the Drowning Creek Plantation. Five roads converge there today, good clay roads, willingly built by a rural population for the sake of their offspring.

All the children in the vicinity are at school. The place will no longer hold them. For they arrive every day from heaven knows where. Last week came an old patriarch into the farm. Where is Mister Derby, says he.

"I'm Derby."

"Well, here we are. We came in from Anson, and we've bought farms over here—five of us. We got thirty children. Heard tell of this yer school. We are two miles off. Going to send a wagon after 'em?"

Of course he sent a wagon after them. No man in his senses but would train



DERBY MEMORIAL SCHOOL DROWNING CREEK PLANTATION

haberdashers and icemen make an army. These are all made in the kindergarten.

And there the Drowning Creek Plantation is being fashioned today.

There were four district schools in the surrounding country when the plantation was started. They were schools only by grace of the dictionary. Four cabins, a tired and underpaid femal, a few urchins, a spelling book. There you are. Derby went to the commissioners of two counties and had these all consolidated into one. He went to some people with both money and intelligence, and obtained a small school fund. He employed a capable and distinguished architect, Lawrence Butler of New York, and he built a school. A real school, to hold three times the available scholars apparent, with beautiful lines, and three big modern class rooms, which could be thrown into one big lecture hall for neighborhood occasions. It has a library and a music room, and is properly heated. It is quite as good as any school building need ever be.

A line of wagons and machines take the children for a radius of five miles to

thirty boys to buy his land and develop his neighborhood, and play on his baseball team. That is the stuff cities are made of, and kingdoms. Such an institution is not a mosque of arithmetic and letters. It is the nerve center of the country. It is the rallying place of the yeomen, the sewing circle of the women, the council of the elders. The army of the Drowning Creek District is being trained to make it into a great prosperous fighting unit.

The day we were over there several typical incidents occurred, which show its influence. George Dewey Long, age 14, son of a warlike and illustrious sire, Christopher Columbus Long, arrived in full dress uniform of his own selection, a close imitation of the fatigue costume of a French lieutenant, announcing that he at least intended to be prepared. The doctrine of defence and patriotism are not neglected. Neither are the theories of the rights and principals of Rural Credits—the only kind of participation these youngsters will ever have in the banking resources of this nation—left to "older and wiser, and maybe less disin-

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