

L. MILLS KITCHIN, Editor and Proprietor.

"RECKONOR" IS OUR MOTTO

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Dr. A. D. Morgan
Physician and Surgeon

Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Office in building formerly used by Dr. J. P. Wimberley.

Dr. R. L. Savage
Physician

Rocky Mount, North Carolina
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Representing the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., of New York.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-FIFTEEN

Prepared and Read by Miss Annie Wilkinson at the Closing of the Scotland Neck graded School.

Everything fashioned by the hand of the Creator has a history, so have we, the Class of 1915.

On a September morning about ten years ago with hearts beating high in anticipation, the majority of the Senior Class of 1915, started to school. School! how important and grown-up it made us feel! Were we the same children that a few weeks before had been content to play with mud pies? How insipid these "childish" amusements did seem to folks old enough to go to school. Shall we ever forget that first day, when, with our new books tucked under our arm, we trudged to school, or that equally memorable day when, bursting with knowledge, we rushed home to ask in an excited tone, "Oh, mama, can you spell cat?" Ever since, that first day has been treasured in our memory, along with the recollections of birth-day parties and similar red-letter occasions.

Thus our first years of school life passed very pleasantly and quickly, bringing us each year a little nearer the realization of our dreams; and then we passed on into the intermediate grades. By this time our thirst for knowledge had abated a little and we threw ourselves wholeheartedly into all the fun that was going on. Somehow it was much more interesting to pass around notes or pull the other fellow's hair and hear him holler than to pay strict attention to the lessons. Little did we care whether it was Columbus or some other person that discovered America or whether the world was round or flat or how much the interest on one dollar at six per cent for six months would amount to. Sometimes though when our teachers insisted very strenuously on our learning the lesson assigned we would resolve to do better, but it was the same old story of procrastination and we drifted back into the same carelessness as before. Then if we had been ever so willing to have studied, who could have done so with "Fiege" Kitchin ever present with his pranks, tying the hair of two girls together, stealing your books and being altogether perfectly provoking, always being urged by "Duke's" smile of approval who was his ever ready ally. Another obstacle was "Skinny" Bryan's arguments on any subject, from how came the seed on the inside of a melon to how the stars were inhabited.

However, just as we had made up our minds, in spite of the above hindrances, we would settle down and be studious, one night the fire alarm was given, and can you imagine our feelings when we saw it was our school building in flames that no human hand could stay? The feelings were varied, for some were rejoicing, while others were lamenting, thinking their graduation day had to be delayed perhaps for a year or more. But to those who were rejoicing came a sad disappointment when they saw even the next day workmen clearing away the debris in preparation for a new building, then, too, as soon as we saw Prof. Allen he told us we would open school that same week in his dwelling—which we did—and you would be surprised to know how well we managed work, there in three small rooms, sometimes two grades in a room, not enough desks and seats. Can you imagine now, my classmates, your sitting on the floor with your books piled around you with a little two-by-four blackboard on which to work out your problems? We were told by our teacher that was the time to show the metal of which we were made—and I believe there we did put our shoulder to the wheel and pushed the work forward as never before.

When the next fall came we were a little late in opening, but when we did open October 28, we were in the building equipped as never before. Then we saw that which we thought a great loss proved to be a great gain.

And so time drew space and almost before we realized it we were caught up in the work and pleasure of the high school life. Oh! we were proud of ourselves and tried to be as dignified as would become us

in our lofty position; and under the able guidance of Miss Annie Dunn we entered upon our high school career seeking new worlds to conquer in unknown fields of erudition.

Well we liked it for a while, but it seemed as if she was mighty hard on us and wanted to make authors of us all by making us write so many stories and compositions, but we soon overcame our bashfulness and learned to speak like real orators.

We must say if we did not learn grammar it was not Miss Annie's fault, because she worked as faithfully as any one could to teach us and let us leave her thoroughly prepared for the next grade.

We were such industrious pupils and she was so devoted to us we spent three years under her able leadership and she wanted to be with us the next because it almost broke our hearts to part from her.

On account of our "unparalleled" brilliancy the whole class was promoted from the seventh to the ninth grade. Acknowledged heroes and conquerors in our native land, we came confident of an easy victory. But like the Macedonian monarch, we were destined to bite the very dust with our teeth. Our class now took on renewed energy determining to "do or die," and our efforts were not in vain, for while they were of minor importance to the school, they were of tremendous importance to us.

In our Sophomore year, our chief object in life, our fondest hope and fairest dreams, was to become Juniors.

Last year there came to us as superintendent one whose quiet manner, gentle courtesy, and scholarly attainments won at once our love and respect. The school term was bright and prosperous, at commencement we entertained the Seniors at a tea on the campus. We shall long remember the occasion, for he, the bright spirit of the party now "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," you all know but too well the events of the unhappy summer that followed. You know of his long brave struggle and of death's final victory, as loving father, devoted husband, finished scholar, and christian gentleman, we have known none better, none braver than he, Clinton Joseph Everett. Truly we "long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

But through all this darkness there was one gleaming star, we were to have our beloved teacher Miss Claudia Stella Blount again this year and as "dignified Seniors" with her and Mr. Zaidah Hardy Rose to guide us, we entered upon new fields of discovery.

As Seniors it behooved us to grapple with Virgil, geometry and German. Latin! that did not bother some at all, for they had access to an extremely well stocked stable and some rode along gaily all the way through Virgil and Cicero but contrary to the warnings of their friends their "ponies" never once balked.

We are certain Miss Louise Futrell enjoyed teaching this brilliant class German; and we are sure if that German scholar could teach us another year we would be able to speak German fluently enough to serve as trained nurses for the Germans.

Our history this year has been quite different from last year's. Our teacher last year was studying more about matrimonial history than English history. But we were considered very bright history pupils. We read our lesson on class every day and always got high marks. While this year we never read our lesson on class although we have asked Miss H. almost every day, but we soon found out it was of no use because she was always anxious to hear us recite, and I think we have learned more about history this year, especially, where all the states, mountains and rivers in the United States are, and we can fill out a perfect out line map, telling which states are slavery and which are not, also trace the tariff question successfully.

We are sure no class in this school has learned geometry as well as we have. Because the former classes were not as fortunate as we were in having a "star" geometry teacher, and we want to congratulate the class of 1916 on having that same pleasure, and we hope they will learn that the area of a polygon is equal to half the apothem by the perimeter, and we hope they will supply their teacher with plenty of erasers so he will not have to use

his hand to erase the propositions as he did this year.

It was a hard matter for us to miss the "movies" every night and some times our lessons would be neglected, we just let our families do all the worrying until the night before examinations and then we did a piece of cramming, at this time the whole school was shrouded in darkness and tears overflowed once or twice.

But in spite of all things, graduation day now loomed upon our horizon, as we think of it we forget the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that afflicted us during our early sojourn at the school. To us it is all but a pleasant dream. It seems but yesterday since we started and yet, tomorrow we must stop. Though we have been looking forward to this day for ten long years, as the time draws near to say farewell to all our old classmates and teachers, we would gladly ston the light of time. After this we will meet no more as a class, and by next year the class of 1915 will be scattered over the country, enrolled in many of our schools and colleges.

Behind us we see the Juniors who are about to take our place, for them, we can make no better wish than that they will have to guide them along the literary road of their senior year, one as capable, as noble, as sympathetic as we have found Miss Claudia Stella Blount. Instead of our literatures being a task, it has been a pleasure, to which we have looked forward. We were not left simply to learn the historical facts pertaining to some writers life but guided by her skillful hand we were shown how to find the beautiful, how to appreciate the style of a writer, and to compare one with another.

When we looked over the Senior course and saw "Tale of Two Cities," we were in a "Storage of Despond." To think, we had to trudge through one of Dickens' books. But having her to unfold and show us the beauties and truths that lay hidden to our untrained eye, we, too, even learned to appreciate "Dickens."

Then, too, heretofore we had never looked upon Macbeth with anything less than a feeling of scorn and contempt, but being directed by her, our teacher, we still held in contempt the act of Macbeth, which rightly we should, but learned a lesson over to pity the weak minded.

Not only did we find in her a guide in our school work, but a friend to whom we could take all our trials and petty troubles, feeling sure that we would find in her one who would sympathize, advise, guide and direct, when otherwise we might have rushed headlessly along the slippery path of yore.

To the prophet we leave the pleasant task of drawing back the veil and looking into the future, and we trust her penetrating eye will see evidences bright and far-reaching.

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Here is One From Oklahoma

When you try to sell hats,
Here's a sad little story,
It's true every word
And then some, begorra.

Some female walks in,
And you put on a grin,
While you size her all up,
From her top to her chin.

She asks for a hat,
Doesn't care for the price,
Just so it is stylish
And makes her look nice.

She wants it for cool weather,
Also for hot,
And it simply must match
Every dress that she's got.

You try on a green one,
Or drag out a red,
Then you get a big black one
And slam on her head.

But one is too large,
And one is too small,
And one her dear husband,
Wouldn't care for at all.

So you make a wild search,
And you try on some more,
'Till you've tried on two thousand
And seventy-four.

Finally she sees one
She likes quite a bit,
But the head size is small
And her hair doesn't fit.

So she takes down her hair,
And she tears out her ears,
And she's ready once more,
To make war on the hats.

You tell her it's perky,
And nobby and swell,
And you wish she was sizzling
Some place I won't tell.

You tell her the color
Is right for her skin,
You use lots of soft soap
And then rub it in.

You stand on your right foot,
And argue and talk,
And then on your left,
'Till you limp when you walk.

When you think she is cornered,
And is sure going to take it,
She decides 'twould be better
If we would remake it.

So you figure on ribbons,
On flowers and cherries,
And green and white "stick-ups,"
And all kinds of berries.

You add and subtract,
Then you tell her, you guess
You can make her a hat,
For seven cents less.

She decides she must think
Of the matter a while
And maybe some other store
Has better style.

So she goes to them all,
She's a wise little elf,
Finally buys one at Blanks,
And trims it herself.

It begins to look like a record breaking year in anti-typhoid work in North Carolina. Word has just reached the office of the State Board of Health that in one day no less than three counties have decided to hold Anti-Typhoid immunization campaigns this summer and have made appropriation for the work. Wake county, exclusive of Raleigh, heads the list with an appropriation of \$500.00, or as much thereof as may be necessary to conduct such a campaign for six weeks in co-operation with the State Board. This action was taken at the suggestion of Dr. J. J. L. McCullers, County Physician.

Dr. McCullers expects to locate free dispensary points at about six places over the county and administer the anti-typhoid treatment free of charge at one of these points each day of each week. This will enable him to return a week later with a corps of physicians to administer the second dose, three doses in all being required to produce immunity to typhoid.

Word also comes that the county commissioners of North Hampton County have taken the same step and have appropriated \$400.00 with which to start a six weeks' campaign.

Edgecombe has also made partial provision for such free treatment of her people and it is expected that additional funds will be forthcoming from various sources in that county shortly.

In these campaigns the counties will provide for the local expenses of the dispensaries which will probably not exceed three to four hundred dollars for a six weeks' campaign. The state Board of Health will furnish the anti-typhoid vaccine, and the literature, will direct

and assist at the various dispensaries. During such a campaign from 5,000 to 10,000 people in each county will in all probability avail themselves of the treatment which will bring the cost per person treated for the county down to five to ten cents apiece.

The efficiency of the treatment may be judged when it is remembered that in the army the typhoid rate was reduced to about one two-hundredths of what it was before vaccination was employed. Furthermore it is safe, almost painless, causes no open sore and very little discomfort.

Fuller's Earth Produced in 1914.

The fuller's earth industry showed considerable progress in 1914, with an increase in both output and value, compared with 1913. The production advanced from 38,594 short tons in 1913 to 49,281 short tons in 1914, and the value from \$239,770 in 1913 to \$303,640 in 1914, according to Jefferson Middleton, of the United States Geological Survey.

Fuller's earth is found in sixteen States and was produced for market in 1914 in seven—Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Massachusetts, and Texas. South Carolina dropped out in 1914 and Texas reentered the list of producers, making the number of producing States the same as in 1913.

Fuller's earth is used in this country principally in bleaching, clarifying, or filtering fats, greases, and oils; it is not now much employed for fulling cloth, the use from which it obtained its name. It is also used in the manufacture of pigments for printing wall papers, for the detection of certain coloring matters in some food products, and as a substitute for talcum powder. The common practice with mineral oils is to dry the earth carefully, after which it is ground to suitable sizes and run into long cylinders, through which the crude mineral oils are allowed to percolate slowly. As a result, the oil that first comes out is perfectly water white and much thinner than that which follows. The oil is allowed to continue percolating through the earth until the color reaches a certain maximum shade.

With the vegetable oils the process is radically different. The oil is heated in large tanks beyond the boiling point of water; from 5 to 10 per cent of its weight of Fuller's earth is then added; and the mixture is vigorously stirred and then filtered off through bag filters. The coloring matter remains with the earth, the filtered oil being of a pale straw color.

Florida is the leading State in the production of Fuller's earth, more than 75 per cent of the total quantity and value having been reported from that State in 1914. The average price of Florida earth was \$10.07 a ton, compared with \$9.91 a ton for all Eastern States and \$9.85 a ton for the whole country.

The imports of Fuller's earth were apparently not affected by the war, having reached their maximum in both quantity and value in 1914. The increase was 6,349 short tons, or over 34 per cent, in quantity and \$19,962, or over 32 per cent, in value, compared with 1913. The average price of imported earth (\$21.1 a ton) was, however, 3 cents less than that of 1913.

The growth of the use of Fuller's earth in this country is partly shown by the fact that the total imports during the 10 years 1905 to 1915 were 56 times the total imports for the first 10 years, 1867 to 1876, and the average price per ton has decreased from \$10.53 for the first 10-year period to \$7.67 for the last 10-year period.

Whereas, public health should be the first concern of any people, and Whereas, health work decreases the number of deaths and diseases in our State and has brought health, happiness and hope to thousands of its homes.

Therefore be it resolved by the ladies of Scotland Neck:

First: That public health work in all its phases shall, during the coming year have our unstinted efforts and support.

We set apart June 10th and 11th as "clean-up days" and we do most earnestly ask the hearty co-operation, of the Mayor, the town commissioners and every man, woman and child in the community, both white and colored to assist in our work.

Miss Maude Leggett Sec.

The Law Opens The Door.

"Towns and counties are already taking advantage of the new law and are paying the way of their tubercular patients at the State Sanatorium according to the provisions of the law," said the superintendent of that institution recently. "It's a wise measure," said he, "because through it, the poor widow, the orphan child and those that are otherwise not able to pay three dollars a day may be given the treatment and restored as useful citizens that otherwise would have had no chance."

The law referred to was one passed by the recent General Assembly and one that empowers cities, towns and counties to provide for the treatment of their indigent tubercular sick at the State Sanatorium, the cost of the treatment to be not more than a dollar per day. This law makes possible the means whereby towns and counties may care for their tubercular sick and give them a chance at recovery under the best circumstances the State can afford.

In some States, counties and towns maintain their own sanatoria, but for efficiency and economy, a sanatorium maintained by the State and co-operated with by the towns and counties has proven the better plan.

This act of the Legislature that gives the poor a chance along with the rich or those able to pay, opens the doors of the State Sanatorium to a field of much wider usefulness. No longer are the doors barred and now the responsibility rests with the city, town or county in which there is a tubercular patient.

Typoid Gutlook Good.

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Fuller's earth is used in this country principally in bleaching, clarifying, or filtering fats, greases, and oils; it is not now much employed for fulling cloth, the use from which it obtained its name. It is also used in the manufacture of pigments for printing wall papers, for the detection of certain coloring matters in some food products, and as a substitute for talcum powder. The common practice with mineral oils is to dry the earth carefully, after which it is ground to suitable sizes and run into long cylinders, through which the crude mineral oils are allowed to percolate slowly. As a result, the oil that first comes out is perfectly water white and much thinner than that which follows. The oil is allowed to continue percolating through the earth until the color reaches a certain maximum shade.

With the vegetable oils the process is radically different. The oil is heated in large tanks beyond the boiling point of water; from 5 to 10 per cent of its weight of Fuller's earth is then added; and the mixture is vigorously stirred and then filtered off through bag filters. The coloring matter remains with the earth, the filtered oil being of a pale straw color.

Florida is the leading State in the production of Fuller's earth, more than 75 per cent of the total quantity and value having been reported from that State in 1914. The average price of Florida earth was \$10.07 a ton, compared with \$9.91 a ton for all Eastern States and \$9.85 a ton for the whole country.

The imports of Fuller's earth were apparently not affected by the war, having reached their maximum in both quantity and value in 1914. The increase was 6,349 short tons, or over 34 per cent, in quantity and \$19,962, or over 32 per cent, in value, compared with 1913. The average price of imported earth (\$21.1 a ton) was, however, 3 cents less than that of 1913.

The growth of the use of Fuller's earth in this country is partly shown by the fact that the total imports during the 10 years 1905 to 1915 were 56 times the total imports for the first 10 years, 1867 to 1876, and the average price per ton has decreased from \$10.53 for the first 10-year period to \$7.67 for the last 10-year period.

Whereas, public health should be the first concern of any people, and Whereas, health work decreases the number of deaths and diseases in our State and has brought health, happiness and hope to thousands of its homes.

Therefore be it resolved by the ladies of Scotland Neck:

First: That public health work in all its phases shall, during the coming year have our unstinted efforts and support.

We set apart June 10th and 11th as "clean-up days" and we do most earnestly ask the hearty co-operation, of the Mayor, the town commissioners and every man, woman and child in the community, both white and colored to assist in our work.

Miss Maude Leggett Sec.

Spring Cleaning

Matchless, Dewar's
Grass Druggetts
Tapestry and Velvet
Art Squares and
Rugs
Oil Cloths and
Linen
Window Shades
Curtain Poles
Hall Pole Etc.

We have a complete line of the above and it will pay you to call and look over our line.

Scotland Neck Furniture Company

New Ice House

Womack's Grist Mill

We have equipped a storage for it and have received our first shipment.

Ice will be delivered from wagon or truck and anywhere in town.

Prompt attention given to every order and ice and your patronage will be highly appreciated.

Full supply of ice will be kept on hand during the winter season and winter.

Call on
WOMACK'S ICE HOUSE
S. H. ALLBROOK, Prop.

A Long Day's Work

The day's work won't seem so long when you go about it with energy and enthusiasm. Your nerves must be kept sharp and your judgment clear. It is the only way to have the right amount of endurance to do the work of every day. It is the only way to be successfully successful.

NYAS Tonic

Tones you, builds you, gives you vigor and vitality and makes up for lost vital energy. It is a beneficial tonic medicine that aids every organ of the body to more properly perform its functions. Put your system in shape by taking it.

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