

OUR RALEIGH CORRESPONDENT

Raleigh, N. C., November 18th — Although two weeks have elapsed since the election, the exact size of the majority given the Democratic candidates for State offices is yet undetermined. Returns from the counties are straggling in every day, but none of these will be available for publication until the canvas is completed by the State Board of Elections the latter part of the month. The Board is due to meet for this purpose on Thursday, November 25. This falls on Thanksgiving Day and announcement may be withheld until the day following.

It now appears that the General Assembly, which is to convene early in January will be composed of thirty-seven republicans in the House and ten in the Senate. There were a like number in the House two years ago and nine in the Senate. This time the Democrats have elected ninety-three representatives and forty senators, a loss of one in the Senate.

The Tenth District elected republicans to the Legislature from the counties of Henderson, Transylvania, Jackson, Swain, Graham, Cherokee and Clay. The democratic candidates won in Buncombe, Haywood, McDowell, Macon, Polk and Rutherford. The loss of Transylvania was the gain of Polk. Jackson was lost to the democrats at the recent election, so the story goes, on account of the illegal votes cast by Indians who had no legal right to the ballot on account of their status as wards of the Government. This may be correct and it may not, but that is the substance of a story which reached Raleigh soon after the election.

There will be one republican and four democrats in the Senate from the counties comprising the Tenth Congressional District: R. M. Oates, Henderson; S. Gallert, Rutherford; M. D. Kinsland, Haywood; Marcus Erwin, Buncombe, democrats, and R. A. Dewar, republican, Cherokee.

The "coming" of Governor Morrison is awaited with interest. He will have a few favors to bestow, but no general shake-up in the present membership of the State's official family is anticipated. The chief appointments at the disposal of the new Governor will be that of Superintendent of the State's Prison, now held by James R. Collie, President of the North Carolina Railroad to succeed Word H. Wood, Adjutant General to succeed Col. J. Van B. Metts, Secretary - Treasurer and Attorney of the North Carolina Railroad, which positions are now filled by Prof. R. Bruce White and Col. P. M. Pearsall respectively. He will also have a hand in the selection of superintendents of the various State institutions and may be called upon to name a member of the State Highway Commission.

Few changes are likely to occur in the personnel of the various state departments. Each of these is favored with a splendid working organization and in only two instances - that of State Auditor and Commissioner of Insurance - has a change been made in the head, Baxter Durham succeeding Col. W. P. Wood in the Department of the State Auditor and Stacey W. Wade taking the place of Col. James R. Young as Insurance Commissioner.

An interesting bit of political gossip in circulation here no is to the effect that Hon. Thos. D. Warren will soon retire as chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee to give his entire time to his private business. Mr. Warren has made no announcement of his intentions and his friends generally are expressing the hope that he may retain the leadership awhile longer. The fight is over for the present and they see no need for a speedy retreat. Next year will be time enough, so they say.

HONOR ROLL FOR CALVERT SCHOOL:

- 1st Grade. Mary Whitmire, Elsie Shepherd, Paul and Glen Whitmire.
- 2nd Grade. Elmo McCall, Gordon Whitmire and Ralph Paxton.
- Teacher, Mary Belle Orr.
- 3rd Grade. Thomas Jordan, Alma Shepherd and Ralph Waldrop.
- 4th Grade: Irene Galloway, Dawson Hogsed, Avery McCall, Howard Whitmire and Annie Whitmire.
- 5th Grade. Robert Combs, Ruby Whitmire, Geneva Paxton, Pearl Whitmire and Brisco Whitmire.
- Teacher, Etta McCall.

SINGING AT EAST FORK:

Last Sunday at East Fork was a day that was enjoyed by all who came for the singing. The day was well spent in the service of our blessed master. For the many singers who gathered there from the different parts of the country sang so beautifully and with the spirit. Such singing as that makes the people forget the troubles and cares of this unfriendly world, and places their minds upon Heavenly things. While we know that our singing here below is imperfect, but what a consoling thought to know that when all the Christian singers gets home over yonder in that land where cometh no night and the flowers are ever blooming, our singing then will be perfect. I wish to thank the people of East Fork for their kindness and specially the ladies who prepared such a fine dinner and also I am glad to say that there was not a disorderly person on the hill, not a drop of whiskey to be seen. I hope that this will not be the last time we will have a meeting with the people of East Fork. May other churches take interest in these all day singing for it is a help to us all. Lets keep the song waves rolling. Yours in better singing. E. D. Randolph.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE AUDITORIUM:

The Fortnightly Club assisted by Miss Ballards children of the primary department will give an entertainment for the public Tuesday night, November 23 in the H. S. Auditorium. The children trained by Miss Ballard will give a charming little play entitled "Thanksgiving en Turkeyland".

The second part of the entertainment will be a comedy "How the Story Grew", the entire cast being made up of members of the Fortnightly club.

The club expects to purchase much needed equipment for use in the primary grade. See the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

ROSMAN ITEMS:

We are having some rainy weather after such a pretty fall. Mrs. Selemia Galloway, widow of L. T. Galloway, died at her home on November 15th. She has been suffering for years with a cancer on her face.

Uncle Henry Whitmire is not expected to live any time as he has been very low for several weeks. Our post master, A. M. Paxton, received a telegram last week stating that Mrs. J. C. Jurney, his daughter who is now living in Statesville, N. C., gave birth to a fine boy on Nov. 7th. Both baby and mother are doing fine.

Mr. George London and Miss Fannie Galloway were married Nov. 13. Rev. B. B. Reece officiating.

Dady Bender is rejoicing over the birth of his great grand - son, J. C. Jurney, Jr. He says the more Republicans, the better.

Rosman school is spreading. We have the school house full. One teacher in the Methodist Church, and one in the Woodmen's Hall. It looks as if we need to get busy on our new school building.

The Rosman faculty are all planning to attend the teacher's assembly at Asheville on Thanksgiving week.

Mr. W. E. Shipman, the sheriff, is expecting to move to Brevard soon.

While the County went Republican, Rosman saved two Democrats. The Honorable J. R. Mahoney for Justice of the Peace and J. W. Burrell for constable.

"(Tarheel.)"

TRANSYLVANIA NEEDS MR. LAWRENCE:

Think of it! Transylvania boys won first and second prize at the State Fair, not only for the Mountain section, but over the whole State. Another Transylvania boy had the honor to be one of the four North Carolina boys selected for the stock - judging contest at Atlanta; and the said boy made the highest score in the State tests at Hickory. He gives the credit to the unfailing patient instruction of our County Farm Demonstrator. The success of the other two boys are just as much due to the same man. The County owes him a vote of thanks.

Mr. Lawrence may be able to do without Transylvania; but where would Transylvania be without Mr. Lawrence? Hilda M. Norwood.



We Thank Thee, Lord!

"For all thy ministries—
For morning mist and gently falling dew,
For summer rains, for winter ice and snow,
For whispering wind and purifying storm;
For the rift clouds that show the tender blue,
For the forked flash and long, tumultuous roll,
For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean,
For the sweet promise of the seven-fold bow,
For the soft sunshine and the still, calm night,
For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas,
For latticed splendor of the sea-borne moon,
For gleaming sands and granite-fronted cliffs,
For flying spume and waves that whip the skies,
For rushing gale and for the great, glad calm,
For Might so mighty and for Love so true,
With equal mind,

We thank thee, Lord!"

—John Oxenham



Thanksgiving Hymn Well Liked at Birth But Now Forgotten

The first presidential Thanksgiving proclamation was that of President Washington in 1789 on the occasion of the adoption of the Constitution, the day, curiously enough, being November 26—the date of celebration of 1863. This latter was the real forerunner of our national Thanksgiving day. Occasional and special times of thanksgiving had often been appointed by different Presidents, but the year 1863, famous for its decisive national victories, marked also the beginning of the annual series of Thanksgiving days.

The great victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg were really the cause of Lincoln's proclamation, and his example has been followed by all his successors until the annual festival has become one of our national institutions.

The proclamation of 1863 was remarkable as the first of a series, extending now over fifty years. It was also noticeable because it was the occasion of a thanksgiving hymn by the famous Reverend Doctor Muhlenburg of St. Luke's hospital, New York city. He is well known as the author of the familiar hymn, "I Would Not Live Always," and a poet of no small repute. Mr. Lincoln's glowing words met his eye and struck a responsive chord in his heart. A noble Thanksgiving hymn was the result, a hymn which at the time was often sung, but is now comparatively forgotten. It was published with appropriate music, and even yet is suitable for use on similar occasions.

The hymn contains nine stanzas, with chorus, and takes up in order the various causes for thanksgiving mentioned in Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. The original title was "Give Thanks All Ye People," the first verse being as follows:

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluia of freedom with joyful accord;
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus.
Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluia of freedom, with joyful accord.

As the hymn was suggested by Mr. Lincoln's call upon the nation to give

thanks, Doctor Muhlenburg spoke of it as "The President's Hymn," but would not permanently offer such a title without Mr. Lincoln's approval. Mr. Robert B. Minturn, a prominent member of Doctor Muhlenburg's congregation, was greatly pleased with the poem, and sent a copy to the President, with whom he was personally acquainted, asking permission to name the hymn as the author desired. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed back: "So let it be."

In July, 1865, Dr. Horace Bushnell published in "Hours at Home" an article attacking the well-known hymn, "America," as an unworthy and really humiliating effusion—a political anthem. Doctor Bushnell thus refers to Doctor Muhlenburg's production:

"The hymn and air that were given to the public by Doctor Muhlenburg a short time ago appear to have missed the accident of being fairly born, and for that reason have not succeeded. The want of good accident here is fatal, but the hymn has real merit. It was too long and included three or

Some Reasons Why the Farmer Should Keep Thanksgiving

Just now, apart from our knowledge of food secure, perhaps some of us feel it necessary to fall back upon the private reasons for thankfulness. Each one has some bit of personal well-being that can be brought out and rubbed up and admired just to keep our home circle happy this Thanksgiving day. Each one knows their own cause for content, even where it is so commonplace as not to be distinctly visible to others. Especially this year we mustn't lose sight of the personal bright spots on account of their every-day character.

A person was once visiting a friend whose home commanded a beautiful stretch of mountain scenery. It was, in fact, a magnificent view. "What a wonderful outlook you have here," he remarked to his host. "I am sure if I lived here I should spend most of my time viewing the landscape." "Why, I never thought of it that way," his host replied. "I never considered it anything remarkable. I have simply taken it as a matter of course."

Thousands of people who live in the country enjoy a treasure which is denied to millions of their fellowmen—the blessing of good, pure, out-of-door air, fragrant in spring and summer with perfume of flowers or new-mown hay, and in fall and winter laden with crisp, life-giving ozone.

No one enjoys more blessings and treasures of this kind than the man or woman on the farm. He or she, if inclined to be of a complaining nature, is apt to find fault that life on the farm is so hard and composed so largely of drudgery. Furthermore, "far away fields are always green," and the one on the farm imagines that in the city all must be ease and contentment. These imaginings, however, will not stand the test of personal acquaintanceship with the life that is lived in the cities by hundreds of thousands of people. Farm work is hard, but there are no easy berths in life.

The average person on the farm lives better, enjoys better air to breathe, better water to drink, better food to eat, better conditions under which to work, better health than the man or woman in corresponding circumstances in the city.



four verses that could have been omitted with advantage. Otherwise it might have stuck and would have had a fair chance of success; for the music, which we know only by the eye, and never heard in a public performance, appeared to have a look of promise."

The next known reference to this hymn occurs in connection with the observance of the fiftieth convocation of the University of Illinois, on November 20, 1913. The Alumni Quarterly says: "Touches of the unusual were added to the exercises by the singing of a forgotten hymn, dedicated to Lincoln in 1863 by Reverend Doctor Muhlenburg. The hymn, which had not previously been sung in public, was discovered by Professor Dodge in a contemporary issue of the New York Tribune."

Preparing for Thanksgiving. Be ready for Thanksgiving by always having a list of your blessings corrected up to date.

BREVARD INSTITUTE NOTES:

Miss Daisy Ritten, who is Supt. of the Shafford Children's Home of Kansas City is spending a few days with Miss Sells, who was formerly associated with her and who spent the summer at B. I. The faculty gave a dinner at the Institute on Saturday night in honor of Miss Ritten.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Whisnant and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mahaffee of Henrietta, motored over to the Institute on Sunday. Miss Ostine Whisnant, who is director of Art Dep't, is a daughter of Dr. Whisnant and Joe Whisnant, a pupil here, is his son. There have been several of the Mahaffee family here at various times, though not at present.

Miss Frances Atkins, of the faculty, spent the week end with her sister in Kannapolis, having been called there by the illness of her nephew. Miss Atkins returned on Monday reporting improvement on the part of the child.

Quite a number of permanent improvements are being instituted at B. I., among them the re-painting of the cottages, which was started last week.

THE PRAYER CORNER: "The Path Of Life"

"Thou wilt show me the path of life" Ps 16:11. "There are days where you do not know what to do. You have perplexities, doubts, uncertainties. You are awake half the night wondering what you ought to do."

Something has gone wrong with your affairs, in your relations with a friend, in your home life; or one near to you is suffering, and you want help, but do not know what to do. Your days are full of questions."

"Do you know that there is one who is infinitely wise, never makes a mistake, nor misleads anyone, who wants to show you the way, no matter what the experience is? Instead of vexing yourself, just go to Him, and say: "Show me the Path", and He will."

"There is something else. It is told of Weneccaus, king of Bohemia, that he was one night going to prayer in a distant church, on foot over the snow and ice, and his servant, Podavivius, following him, imitating his master's devotion; waxed faint and numb. "Follow me", saith the King, "and set thy feet in the prints of mine". The masters words encouraged the servant and he followed on. That is what our Master says when we grow weary in the hard way, when the thorns pierce our feet, or when the path grows rough or steep. Follow me, "Put your feet into my shoe prints. It is but a little way home".

"Thou wilt show me the path of life". There is a path on which our Master wants us to walk. He has it all down among His purposes—where He wants us to go, what He wants us to do. The people He wants us to help. The path leads at last to the door of the Father's house.

Would it not be a sad thing if you should miss the way? Well! you will surely miss it, and get lost in the dreadful tangles, unless you ask Christ to show you the path. Like a little child, look up into the face of the Master, and say, "Show me the path of life," and He will."

A PRAYER

"Our beloved Master, in all our perplexities, doubts and uncertainties, when we sorrow or when anything goes wrong in our affairs, in our relations or in our home life, we turn to Thee. Thou art infinitely wise. Thou wilt show us the way, no matter what our experience is.

When we grow weary in the hard way, when the thorns pierce our feet, or when the path grows rough or steep, help us to hear Thy voice saying: "Follow me; put thy feet in my footsteps."

O Master point Thou out the way, nor suffer Thou our steps to stray; then in the path that leads to day, We follow Thee."

"Thou hast passed on before my face; Thy footsteps on the way we trace; O keep us, aid us by Thy grace; we follow Thee."

There is a path on which Thou dost want us to walk. Thou hast chosen it for us, and it leads at last to the door of the Father's house.

Oh! Ever help us like a little child to look up into Thy face, in all the changes and chances of our life, and say: "Thus use the path of life, and Thou wilt."

In Thy Name, who art the Truth, and the Life, we pray. Amen.