

INTERESTING  
FACTS FOR  
FARMERSTIMELY HINTS  
ON GROWING  
CROPS.

# Farm News

Edited by N. C. SHIVER, County Agt.

DOINGS OF  
CHATHAM  
FARMERSSTOCK FARMING,  
POULTRY,  
ETC.

## News of the Week on Chatham County Farms

Interest in hog feeding work is steadily mounting. Mr. J. H. Hartgrove of Siler City R. F. D. 2 has decided to feed out thirteen hogs according to the "Shay method" under the county agent's direction this summer.

Many farmers took advantage of the good weather prevailing last week for land breaking. Where land was broken last fall and this winter, the soil is in fairly good condition, but where the land is being broken for the first time, it is rather cloddy, and hard to work.

Small grain demonstrations, receiving top dressing of different sources of nitrogen, are looking much better and in general, presenting a much more healthful appearance than small grain not receiving this application. This difference is most apparent in the rich, green color of the top-dressed plots as compared with the yellow appearance of small grain not top-dressed.

An inquiry received by the agent yesterday from a farmer in another county had reference to the installation of an incubator for commercial work near Pittsboro. With the growth of the poultry industry in this county, and the continuation of the marketing of poultry in bulk, the agent believes that an incubator would pay well.

### CHATHAM POULTRY CONTINUES TO MOVE

Another large shipment of live poultry from two points in the county, Pittsboro and Siler City, was made Thursday and Friday of last week. A total of 9300 pounds of live poultry was marketed, 5600 pounds at Siler City and 3700 pounds at Pittsboro. This poultry netted the farmers approximately \$2500, and with other shipments made in February and March, makes a total of 36360 pounds of live poultry that has moved from this county for which the farmers have been netted approximately \$8724. Within the next month, another loading will be made at these two points.

### FARMERS SELL LARGE AMOUNT OF BROILERS

Mr. W. F. Fuquay of Siler City R. F. D. sold the largest quantity of broilers that has yet been sold at the poultry cars at Siler City. Mr. Fuquay sold 200 pounds of broilers

which netted him \$80.

At Pittsboro last Friday, Mr. Simon Burke of Pittsboro R. F. D. 1 sold a large amount of broilers also, and recently marketed \$80 worth of broilers.

Farmers are finding that their poultry receipts are assisting them in buying fertilizer this year.

### A VISIT TO ALAMANCE COUNTY

The agent recently had the pleasure of visiting the W. Kerr Scott farm at Haw River, and while there saw some of the prettiest Jersey cows and heifers observed recently. Mr. Scott had eighteen registered Jersey cows, and 35 registered Jersey heifers.

### JUNIOR CLUBS ORGANIZED IN CHATHAM

Mr. W. H. Herring, assistant county agent of Alamance county, in charge of Junior Agricultural club work, assisted the agent in organizing club work last week. Four junior clubs were organized with a total enrollment of one hundred and thirty boys. Clubs were organized at Pittsboro, Siler City, Goldston and Silk Hope. A number of these boys selected a registered Jersey heifer for their project and within the next month, it is hoped to make a trip to Tennessee or Kentucky for the purpose of introducing some heifers in this county. Nothing but the best will be considered, and it is hoped to place a number of real Jersey heifers with the boys and girls of this county. The chief projects selected were Jersey calves, corn, cotton, pigs and poultry. The agent hopes to visit personally everyone of these boys sometime between the present date and the middle of June. During July, it is hoped to arrange a club camp somewhere in the county. At this time, it is also hoped to have the various specialists from State College attend this camp for purposes of instruction.

At sometime, during the late summer or early fall, an "Achievement Day" will be held, at which time the boys and girls will exhibit their various projects, and prizes will be given for the best exhibits made. Junior club motto: "To make the best better."

Emblem: Four-leaf clover.

### ACTIVITIES OF THE FARM BOYS OF CHATHAM

Fifty-five boys attended the 4-H Club meeting held at the Pittsboro school last Tuesday. Charles Poe was elected president of this club, John Lee Burns, vice president and C. W. Ferguson secretary and treasurer.

Twenty-five farm boys of the Siler City school attended the club meeting held Tuesday. The boys elected their various projects, but decided to delay elections of officers until next fall.

The club meeting held Wednesday at the Goldston school was attended by thirty boys. The boys also selected their projects. Officers of this club will be announced later.

At the Silk Hope school, much interest was shown by the boys in calf work. A number of these boys enrolled for calf club work this year.

The agent wishes to take this opportunity to thank Prof. Waters, principal of the Pittsboro school, Prof. Coletrane, principal of the Siler City school, Prof. Veasey, principal of the Goldston school and Mrs. Braxton, principal of the Silk Hope school, for their assistance and cooperation in organizing these clubs.

### "FARM PHILOSOPHY"

Isn't it odd that the soil robbing farmer never gets even?

To increase the size of the farm without buying more land, plow deeper.

The most expensive dairy sire in Chatham county? He's a scrub.

Nobody puts in a longer day for community progress than the editor of the home newspaper.

The real farmer makes the soil and the community richer where he lives.

"The farm; best home of the family; main source of national wealth; foundation of civilized society; the natural providence"—inscription over the doorway of the Union Station, Washington, D. C.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK IN NEIGHBORING COUNTIES

Three hundred and twenty five farmers, who participated in the recent Alamance pasture campaign, recently were guests of the Mebane Kiwanis club at a barbecue.

Farmers are seedling 1500 pounds of pasture mixture in Orange county under the direction of D. S. Matheson, county agent.

Four more cars of sweet potatoes were shipped cooperatively from Wake county reports J. C. Anderson, county agent.

### AUTOINTOXICATION

Jones—I see where the Durant Motor Company is suing the Reo Motor Company.

Brown—Why?

Jones—Because the Reo Company is making so many Flying Clouds that buyers can't see the Stars.

motives are at work on the soul.

"Wickedness draws, distorts and hardens features into permanent expressions. Whatever happens to be the continual picture at the center of thought and feeling will determine how a person will look."

Now, don't think that this is all imagination. Character makes its imprint upon the face. Have you never spoken to a girl dressed in the height of fashion, with a mirror in hand and a box containing powder and rouge to touch up the cheeks, the nose and the lips and make an otherwise attractive face look like a waxen model in the department stores? And have you discovered how little she thinks of being beautiful within? Who does not know of women and mothers who would hardly win prizes at a beauty contest and yet whose faces have the marks of an inner beauty of soul. Solomon says: "A wicked man hardeneth his face." He might have said, "A good man softeneth the face and gives it noble expression." The best thing in man or woman lies deeper than the skin.

### FORD "JUST STARTING"

"I have been twenty-five years building up this business so as to be able to start work," says Henry Ford in Forbes Magazine, in discussing the value of experience to the young man who contemplates going into business for himself. "I am just starting to work now. How much better for a young man that he has all the background of the problem, all the tools to work with, and all the incentives for work, than to begin in the small way he has to begin if he builds his own business? By the time he builds his own preparations, he will find he has used up a good deal of time. As I say, it has taken me twenty-five years to get in shape to do what I have to do."

"Any business has to be built. It just isn't planted here as a big business right at the start. It has to grow. Grow naturally. The growth of what you have—if the people want what you make—will build business, will build it steadily and soundly enough. Any business should grow out of the service it renders."

"The advantage to letting it do this is that you learn and are able to make improvements as you go along. By starting big the whole apparatus and organization are cast into the mould of making one commodity. The best way to stunt the growth of business through its lifetime is to start it out big."

"Men—and particular young men—are prone to become impatient with time. They shouldn't be. Time is one of the elemental forces which ripens what we plant."

Friend—What are you doing up here at Niagara Falls?

MacSkimp—I'm on my honeymoon!

Friend—Where is your wife?

MacSkimp—Oh, I left her home—she's been up here before.—The Pathfinder.

## Marrying Off Amelia

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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IT WAS a source of considerable humiliation to Lucy Barnes that of the four sisters she was the only one that had had no wedding in the family. True, she had but the one daughter, yet this fact in a way made the matter worse.

If Jane could marry off her three and Bessie her two, surely she ought to be able to find a husband for her one.

And it wasn't as if 'Melia were homely or old maidish or anything undesirable. She was a young woman as pretty, as accomplished, as agreeable as the average. But she did not care for the boys.

She said so quite frankly to her mother's disgust. And she proved that her words were not an idle affectation by refusing, now and again, invitations to this or that affair from eligible young men. Once Lucy had feared she was interested in the boy next door but he had moved away and then she had regretted her fears had been without foundation.

"Do you want to live and die single, Amelia Barnes?" demanded Lucy one afternoon after hearing her daughter amiably decline to go to a picnic with none other than Niles Fairbanks, the postmaster's son.

"There are worse lots in life," replied Amelia calmly. "I'd rather be Abigail Cooke than Timothy Flint's wife."

"As if," retorted her mother, "all single women were rich and clever like Abbie, or all husbands treated their wives like Tim Flint. Do you mean to insinuate that Niles Fairbanks will act like Tim towards a wife, when he gets one?"

"Well," said Amelia pleasantly, "probably poor Nelly Flint wasn't expecting she'd get what she got or she wouldn't have married him. It's a gamble."

Lucy opened her mouth. Then she shut it abruptly. But that night she remarked violently to her husband, "It sickens me to hear a young person so cynical as 'Melia."

"What?" asked her husband, his mind really on his favorite comic strip. "What's that? Amelia cynical? Oh, she'll get over that. Don't worry."

She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking. She always fancied she had her best ideas when the house was quiet.

Suppose she tried combating cynicism with cynicism. No, Amelia would be suspicious of any such change of front. Suppose she gave a party or two for the girl and then made her accept the invitations which would presumably follow. Suppose—but somewhere along in there she went to sleep.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, she reported a strange dream.

"I thought," she said, "I heard somebody whistling under my window. And then I thought I heard a giggling and laughing. And then the sound of something falling."

"What—a funny dream!" said Amelia nervously. "It must have been those clam fritters we had last night."

"Most likely," said Lucy. "Awfully unhealthy things—clam fritters."

But that night she ate no clam fritters and, some time after she had gone to bed, she woke with a start. There was really somebody whistling this time, and if not actually beneath her window, it was under the next one to it which belonged to her daughter.

In two seconds, Lucy had on her dressing gown and was in Amelia's room. Perhaps she expected what she saw. Perhaps she didn't.

"Take off that hat and coat!" she commanded. "Shut that window and unpack that bag!" Then she sank down weakly into the nearest chair.

"Who," she demanded scornfully, "is the young sneak who doesn't dare go to your father and ask for your hand outright?"

Amelia giggled. "Henry," she said. "It's Henry."

"Henry Powell, who lived next door and moved three years ago?"

"That's the one, mother. We promised each other we'd be true and not so much as look at anybody else. He said he'd come back for me when I was twenty-one, whistle under my window, and take me away." Amelia looked dreamily towards the window. "We tried it last night, but it didn't work."

Lucy said nothing for a minute. Then, "Well," she conceded, "I don't know that I've anything against Henry. Hear he's got a good job over in Turnerville. But this elopement business—nothing doing. You must have a regular wedding."

Lucy wrote promptly to each one of her sisters. "You must plan to come on for my little girl's wedding. Such a romantic affair! Secretly engaged for three years. The darling has set her heart on a church wedding. In the evening. Lovingly, Lucy."

Amelia wrote to her favorite cousin "You'll be glad to know I'm to be allowed to have Henry. Mother was so set against him when he lived next door that I never dared tell her I wouldn't marry anyone else. We staged a fake elopement two nights running before anyone heard us, on the principle that mother would be so relieved if I let her provide me with a wedding that she'd give in about Henry. It worked. Affectionately, Amelia."

"P. S.—Henry is a dear. Ask dad. He has known all along."

YOU'VE SEEN 'EM  
Perhaps the inventor of slow motion pictures got his idea from watching two Scotchmen in a restaurant fighting for the check.—The Pathfinder.

Mistress—And when you leave I shall want plenty of warning.  
Servant—It's my habit, ma'am, merely to give a toot with my auto horn.

STOMACH THIS ONE  
"Laugh this one off," said the fat man's wife as she sewed a button on with wire.—The Pathfinder.

Old Lady (visiting prison)—Poor man, I wish I could do something to get you out of here.  
Prisoner—Well, lady, if you want to change clothes with me when the guard isn't looking, I could do the rest.

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GOLDSTON, N. C.

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