

LESPEDEZA DID IT

How One Union County Citizen Is Prospering and Not Complaining About Hard Times

(Marshville Home)

It is often remarked that Marshville needs more industries or more manufacturing plants, but the most satisfactory manufacturing for this section is the manufacture of raw farm products into milk, butter, chickens, eggs, etc., and it is possible to have one of these little manufacturing plants on every farm.

Z. K. Simpson is a farmer of Marshville township not yet forty years of age. His oldest child is about thirteen. What he has done he and his wife have done. They settled on poor land which the neighbors laughed at him for buying, especially since he had to buy it on credit.

"Mr. Simpson, how much cotton did you make in 1928?"

"Thirteen bales."

"Mr. Simpson, how much land did you plant in cotton to make the thirteen bales?"

"Twelve acres."

"Wasn't that an unusual yield, Mr. Simpson?"

"Well, no. In 1927 I made 18 bales on 13 acres. You see 1928 was not a good cotton year."

"What did you get for your cotton this year?"

"It's out there in the shed, I have not needed to sell it yet."

"How do you account for such good yields on land which was once called poor, Mr. Simpson?"

"Lespedeza."

"Did you make anything else on your farm last year, Mr. Simpson?"

"Well, yes, I have it all down here in the book. Here it is, you can see for yourself. My figures show that we sold last year and received in cash the following:

"Chickens and eggs, \$3,870.14.

"Cows, \$327.50.

"Pork, \$42.50.

"Butter, \$50.00."

"To make all that produce you must have hired many hands, Mr. Simpson?"

"I did hire some hoeing done, but I worked out for my neighbors myself with my tractor and earned more than I paid for my additional help. My wife and I made it all. Of course we made a great deal of feed, forage and other things, including corn, that I have not mentioned and which we did not sell directly. Come to the house and we will talk more about it."

And Mr. Simpson will then take you into a thirteen room bungalow with modern conveniences. Every penny he has made out of the soil of a farm that was so poor a few years ago the people said he would starve on it. They said he could not stick a plow in the land then, but now it is mellow and he loves to plow it.

You don't believe all this just hop in your flivver, go by Monroe and pick up Tom Broom, and he will carry you to see Mr. Simpson and get you there in twenty minutes.

Hootmon who lives in Chicago, was standing in front of his auto giving his chauffeur directions when a shot rang out and struck the chauffeur in the leg. "Highland imps," ejaculated the Scotchman, "that was a narrow escape. It might have punctured a tire."

Montgomery Herald Tells of Wedding

Below is found an account of the marriage of Dr. Irlie Farrell as given by the Troy Herald of last week. Dr. Farrell and his bride spent the week-end with the former's parents in Pittsboro, where the young couple were the recipients of many congratulations.

"Troy's outstanding social event of the season was solemnized uniting Miss Louise Bruton Allen of the city, and Dr. William Irlie Farrell, also of Troy, Saturday evening, March 30th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Berna Allen. The colorful occasion, characterized by beauty and simplicity, will be of much interest to the people of this section as well as to relatives and the host of friends of the newlywed throughout the state. The impressive ring ceremony was performed by Dr. W. A. Stanbury, uncle of the bride.

"The three front rooms presented a scene of rare loveliness, decorated throughout with ivy, white iris, Easter lilies, and candles.

"Music was furnished by Mrs. W. R. Grant, who played before the ceremony: 'Venetian Love Song,' by Nevin; 'Le Secret,' by L. Gautier; 'My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice,' by C. Saint-Saens; 'The Golden Wedding' by Gabriel-Marie. Following these selections, Mr. W. R. Grant sang 'All for You' and Miss Dorothy Satterfield sang 'At Dawning.'

"To the strains of the 'Bridal Chorus,' from Lohrgrangin, the bride attired in a dress of tan georgette and lace, and carrying a bride's bouquet of roses and valley lilies, descended the stairway to the central landing where she was met by the groom. They descended to the foot of the stairs to the improvised altar of ivy and white satin ribbon and to the place where the vows were spoken. During the ceremony, Mrs. Grant rendered Chopin's 'Prelude,' Opus 28, number 7.

"A reception was held immediately afterwards at which delicious refreshments, consisting of block cream and cake were served. At the conclusion of the reception the bride and groom left on their honeymoon for a trip through central North Carolina. The bride was attired in a going-away suit of tan crepe with accessories to match.

"Miss Dorothy Satterfield, who sang was gowned in an exquisite orchid taffeta evening dress, and wore a bouquet of pink roses and valley lilies. The bride's mother was attired in a tan georgette dress, and wore a corsage of pink roses and valley lilies.

"The bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Berna Allen of Troy. She received her education at Meredith College, Raleigh, and for the past three years has been teaching in the public schools of this State. The groom is a popular dentist of Troy. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Farrell of Pittsboro, and received his education and professional preparation at the Atlanta Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.

"The out of town guests included: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rankin, aunt and uncle of the bride, Fayetteville; Claude W. Rankin, Jr., and Louisa Rankin, Fayetteville; Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Stanbury, aunt and uncle of the bride, Durham; Albert and Betsy Stanbury, Durham; Mr. R. T. Farrell, father of the groom and Miss Lucille Farrell, sister of the groom, Pittsboro; Dr. R. M. Farrell, uncle of the groom, Pittsboro.

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Brown's Chapel News

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We had another good sermon Sunday afternoon, subject, "The value of a good man in society."

Mr. E. E. Cheek has a little son who has been directed to lie in bed for six months on account of lung trouble. We are very sorry for the little fellow and his parents, and trust every one will do what he can to cheer him through the trying days of his confinement.

Messrs. Z. L. Dark and W. C. Henderson have both been unfortunate in losing cows. A cow is priced now like a horse. We sympathize with them.

Some of our people had been fortunate enough to save up some money, but some of them invested in the Central and the Alamance company's bonds and have lost it. This is particularly hard on the old folk.

Mr. O. R. Mann is now painting and fixing up his home.

FOODLESS FARMS

(University News Letter)

That live-at-home farming needs to be emphasized in North Carolina is revealed by the 1925 Census of Agriculture. The Census reports that out of 283,482 farms, 139,901 did not have a milk cow, 224,432 raised no beef cattle, and 111,328 did not have a hog on the farm. There were 179,415 farms that produced no hay or forage during 1924, 216,107 grew no Irish potatoes, and 198,700 grew no sweet potatoes. There are approximately 130,000 farms in the state operated by tenants. These tenants are chiefly engaged in producing cotton and tobacco, which are ideal tenant crops, and give little attention to providing the necessary food and feed supplies. The 1925 Census of Agriculture does not indicate that live-at-home farming has made any headway in North Carolina, certainly not in the eastern section.

Mencken—Well, what did the editor say of your last contribution of free verse?

Blencken—He was very encouraging. He said that my poems were equal to Poe's except for the absence of any rime, rythm or meaning.

Between You and Me

"Common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense."

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Best People

"I ain't never seen a whale myself, but just the same there ain't no low-down, onery, old catfish goin' to pass himself off on me as a whale so long as I'm sober."—Preachin' Bill.

THINK it over.

I say, it is a good thing for all of us that most of us are a lot better than the rest of us.

A person without a saving sense of superiority would be a poor sort of human being.

If I were not very certain that I am a better man than some I would simply quit trying. I admit I am not much to be proud of. I never took any prizes for anything. I don't even claim to be one of the Best People. But if I were no better than some of the worthless, mean, lying, cheating, thieving, heartless, cruel, vicious, degenerate, murdering folk that I know about, I would shave in the dark for fear if I met myself face to face in a mirror I would be forced to cut my own throat.

Between you and me I suspect that coroner's juries might more often than we know render the verdict: "Suicide in self-defense."

I wonder who started this equality thing, anyhow. I tell you it is dangerous.

Professor Drummond rang the bell when he said: "The immediate need of the world is not more of us but, if I may use the expression, a better brand of us."

The trouble is, our ideas about this better brand of us are so hazy.

The most popular brand of Best People are distinguished from the vulgar herd by their money. I am not speaking of small change.

No I do not say that we all look upon any person with money as one of

You and I know very well that a person may possess great wealth and be not one of the Best People but one of the worst.

The test should be not how much have you, but where did you get it and what use are you making of that which you have?

The test should be not who were your ancestors, or who are your relatives, but what good are you?

Even though I am not educated I know enough not to accept every graduate at his own valuation.

I would rather receive a great, vital, living truth from an illiterate back-woodsman, who violates every rule of grammar, than to have a university president lie to me in perfect English.

It is the usefulness of the graduate, not the graduation, which counts.

It is not enough to be good; one must be good for something.

our Best People. I say that money is quite commonly held to set one apart from the common crowd. You know exactly what I mean.

Why, certainly! To possess money for which one has rendered a real service is good. But you will notice that it is not the service rendered which brands certain people of wealth, in their own eyes, and in the eyes of those who look up to them, as superior to the rest of us—it is the mere fact that they do actually possess the coin. How they got it or what they do with it seems to have nothing to do with the case.

Some wealthy people are, in truth, salt of the earth. They spend millions to make life more endurable for the rest of us. But still, the brand which distinguishes them is not that they do good with their money but that they have the millions to spend.

Indeed, the strangest, most ridiculous, most humiliating phenomenon about the possession of much money is this: The less one does to gain it, and the less one does with it for others, the higher one seems to rank among this brand of Best People.

Witness how those who have come into possession of their fortunes with no more personal effort than they expended in acquiring the color of their eyes, look down from those topmost heights of gilded uselessness with sneers of superiority upon those, who by the magnitude of the service they have rendered, by years of grilling labor and personal sacrifice, or by the sheer power of their genius and industry, have earned their fortunes.

You and I know very well that a person may possess great wealth and be not one of the Best People but one of the worst. Judas, for instance, made more money out of a certain transaction than all the other disciples together.

It would seem that the test should be not how much have you, but where did you get it and what use are you making of that which you have?

Oh, no indeed, money is not the only brand which is supposed to mark

the Best People. The Family Tree brand is quite distinguishing—oh, quite!

Why, of course, it is a good thing to have ancestors. As you may have noticed most of us do have them—of one sort or another. One may even say that to have ancestors is more or less necessary—if one wishes to get on. But a walk in the woods will convince even the most indifferent observer that there are many of these old family trees whose withered and fruitless branches are so nearly dead that they have barely life enough to keep their hold on the ancient and sapless trunk. And they are poor timber, these so nearly dead limbs—good for neither the hearth nor the shop.

You are right, no one of common sense will discount breeding. A grand old family is a grand old thing. It is a very real and tangible asset. That is, it is an asset if the strength and glory which made it great in the past are real and tangible in the present.

But what about these useless tag-ends of grand old families that have petered out? What of these well-bred imbeciles and noble idiots—these social parasites who cling so precariously to the edges of what, to them, is the best society? Is a pitiful Mr. or Mrs. Lazarus, hanging around the doorstep of a certain house, hoping against hope for an entree, while feeding on the social crumbs which fall from the table of some society Divas—is such a person, in fact, one of our Best People?

Again, it would seem that the test should be not who were your ancestors, or who are your relatives, but what good are you? Then consider the brand Education. I mean the idea that one's rating in life is determined by the school or schools which one attended.

To pronounce words correctly, with the proper accent, and everything, is of importance. I wish I could. But even though I am not educated I know enough not to accept every graduate at his own valuation.

To hold that people who have been to certain schools are therefore our Best People, regardless of how they do, or do not use their education, is to keep the shell and throw the milk and meat of the coconut to the monkeys.

As I have said before, I would rather receive a great, vital, living truth from an illiterate back-woodsman, who violates every rule of grammar, than to have a university president lie to me in perfect English.

It is the usefulness of the graduate, not the graduation, which counts.

Oh, yes, and there is the brand of Goodness.

Are not religious people, church people—those who make it their business to be good—are not these our Best People?

Well, not necessarily. Religion, you see, is not primarily something to "get" or something to "be." It is something to use. If one makes no use of religion one simply has no religion to use.

"You ought to see my boy, John," said a fond parent. "He doesn't smoke, he doesn't chew, he doesn't swear, he doesn't drink, he doesn't do anything."

It is not enough to be good; one must be good for something.

By all of which I am merely trying to say that to the Certified Accountant of Life it is not what we have—financially, socially, intellectually, or religiously—but what we do with it that determines our rating.

When one's balance sheet shows a gain of 99 per cent in service received, against 1 per cent in service rendered, that one is headed straight toward bankruptcy. That despicable toadies and social bums make much of such insolvent individuals does not alter their credit with those who know.

After all, it really matters very little that comparatively small groups of people, for one reason or another, consider themselves our Best People.

A gentlemanly stranger says to me: "This brick is solid gold, eighteen karats." Then he explains carefully why he is giving me an opportunity to purchase this gold brick at less than half its value. For all I know, the man may honestly believe that the brick is gold. If honestly believing things to be of value actually made them of value we would all be rich. Well, all that the gentlemanly stranger believes and says about his gold brick is very interesting and harmlessly amusing to me so long as I know the brick is not gold. But the moment I accept his estimate of the brick and purchase it at his valuation, that moment I am hooked.

It does matter greatly that so many of the rest of us are ready to accept these gold brick Best People at their own valuation.

We always have had our Cains and Judases, and I suppose we shall always have our moneyed degenerates, our social frenks, our educated incompetents, our religious defectives. But is there any reason why the rest of us should brand them our Best People?

There is only one standard by which Life measures a life; usefulness.

If you were a castaway on a desert island, in the last stages of starvation, and found an oyster containing a pearl of great value—which would you throw aside, the ornament or the edible?

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Huge Monument for Flyers

Huge likenesses in stone of Nungesser and Coli, who were lost in an attempt to fly the Atlantic, are to be erected on the Cliffs at Etretat, near Le Havre, France. Back of them will be a tall shaft of stone in an unusual design, and in the foreground steps and seats for the public.

"SHOULD YOU GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF?"

"Opportunities to acquire position and a competence are greater in employment than in private business," says Henry Ford in Forbes magazine. "This is natural. There are more places to be filled, and the rewards are greater. Business lives by the vigor and brains of the men it produces. Every big business needs more, and bigger men than many small businesses could possibly need. Naturally, with a large need comes larger opportunity.

"As a matter of fact the case stands about this way: employment has become a competitor with private business for the services of the best men. Independence and opportunity are no longer the rewards of private business alone—they are found in

both and, mostly, in employment. "The idea that industry narrows a man's vision has never occurred to anyone in industry. There are all sorts of opportunities for men to get ahead by working for others. That is all we do anyway—just working for others. The road down which industry travels is very wide and inclusive, and there is plenty of room for the man who travels faster than stage coach speed.

"Something else: employment is at hand. The need for starting a private business, or the means to do it are not always at hand. "If a man is starting a private business the one thing he must have is capital. That does not mean capital in the form of dollars. An idea is capital. Experience is capital. Naturally some money is needed because money is a commodity of trade. But, more important than money is an idea; more important than money is experience."

Report of the Condition of the BANK OF PITTSBORO at PITTSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, to the Corporation Commission at the close of business on the 27th day of March, 1929.

Table with columns: RESOURCES, Liabilities, and TOTAL. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, United States Bonds, etc.

Table with columns: LIABILITIES, and TOTAL. Includes items like Capital Stock Paid In, Surplus Fund, Undivided Profits, etc.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF CHATHAM.

Jas. L. Griffin, Cashier, W. L. London, Director, and L. N. Womble, Director of the Bank of Pittsboro, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

JAS. L. GRIFFIN, Cashier W. L. LONDON, Director L. N. WOMBLE, Director

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 4th day of April, 1929. G. R. PILKINGTON, Notary Public. My commission expires January 23, 1930.

Report of the Condition of the BANK OF GOLDSTON at GOLDSTON, NORTH CAROLINA, to the Corporation Commission at the close of business on the 27th day of March, 1929.

Table with columns: RESOURCES, and TOTAL. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, United States Bonds, North Carolina Bonds, etc.

Table with columns: LIABILITIES, and TOTAL. Includes items like Capital Stock Paid In, Surplus Fund, Undivided Profits, etc.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF CHATHAM.

T. W. Goldston, Cashier, Hugh Womble, Director, and E. M. Harris, Director of the Bank of Goldston, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

T. W. GOLDSTON, Cashier HUGH WOMBLE, Director E. M. HARRIS, Director

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 6th day of April, 1929. V. O. OLDHAM, Notary Public. My commission expires June 25, 1930.

Advertisement for Castoria featuring an image of a woman and child, with text: 'It May Be Urgent When your Children Cry for It' and 'Fletcher's CASTORIA'.