

## CHATHAM RECORD

O. J. PETERSON  
Editor and Publisher

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## Bible Thought and Prayer

LOVE DEFRAYS NOT—Owe no man anything, but to love one another. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not covet. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Rom. 13:8, 9.

PRAYER—  
O love Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up with Thee?  
I thirst and faint and die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love  
The love of Christ to me.

## THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AND LIBRARIANS

Though the editor of The Record was present at the exercises dedicating the new library at the University, he did not visit the library building itself, and had not seen it till last Friday. It is a beauty, and should prove of more value to the people of Pittsboro than the University library has ever been to the people of this community. In fact, our visit was to borrow books. We got "Progress and Poverty," Henry George's famous volume, which Roland Beasley has so long commended, and the two volumes of the Annals of Tacitus. Loans are for three weeks, but as we had to read Progress and Poverty within that period also, we insisted upon more time for those two Latin volumes, promising to return them if somebody else should call for them after the three weeks. (Now, Oscar Coffin, don't you slip in there and ask for those books.)

Tacitus is as highly commended by Gibbon as Henry George is by Brother Beasley, and the few pages we read the first evening indicate that he knows how to dispose of history in short order. What he does for Augustus in a few lines is enough. The same evening, we started Progress and Poverty, and found that Henry George used more sentences to get his start than Tacitus uses in writing several decades of Roman history. But George's style is surprisingly limp.

The writer feels that he has friends in the great library. While Dr. Wilson himself is not from old Sampson, his wife is, and Miss Faison, one of the trained librarians, is a sister of the editor's son-in-law, or of one of his sons-in-law now. Yet we confess that we never saw Mrs. Wilson more than once or twice during our youth, though she lived within seven miles of our old home. We do not recall seeing her brother, Dr. R. H. Wright of the East Carolina Training School, more than once in those days. Seven miles of sand roads in those days separated families, and the Wrights were Methodists and the Petersons Baptists, and the writer, who met many from far and wide at the old-time associations and fifth-Sunday Union Meetings, never saw a Wright at one, and, still a Methodist church was established under his very nose, had never entered the door of one. Yet it is not unseemly that we now introduce Chatham men to each other who do not live many miles apart.

Hearing David Lawrence's address on the Trend of the Times, in which he undertook to give a perspective of the present and the future of the economic affairs of the country, we came to the conclusion that a fly on one of the spokes of a turning wheel has about as fair a perspective as one sitting on the hub of the wheel. More than one country newspaper man in his hearing could have made just about as interesting and satisfactory a discussion of the Trends of the Times as this talented gentleman from Washington made.

## "WE TOLD YOU SO."

It is deplorable, whatever the cause. Nevertheless, it is interesting, a mere matter of coincidence, of course, to note that the failure of the Weeks Motor Company follows immediately upon the killing of that rabbit visitor last week. Actually, we had no hint of the serious situation in which the Weeks Motor Company found itself, or probably we should not have written the item. But it is a fine illustration of the difference between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*, and shows how superstitions may be confirmed. Two weeks ago some one left the left hind foot of a rabbit on the editor's desk and he found it right after he had taken in three subscriptions before he had built the fire after coming to the office, and the subscriptions simply piled in for ten days, and to that we refer in the article in last week's paper, which is printed below:

The Weeks Motor Company is less hospitable to visitors than one would have thought. Friday night, as Mr. J. A. Thomas stood by his desk with the front door of the garage open, Brer Rabbit came hopping in. He didn't mean a bit of harm—merely wanted to see one of the new Fords. But instead of a hospitable reception, that man Thomas closed the door and he and the other fellows ran his rabbitship down and penned him in a show case till closing time and then that same Thomas man took him and ate him up the next day. Now, if one left hind foot of a rabbit left in The Record office ten days ago has wrought so favorably, what might not have happened to that Ford shop if Brer Rabbit had been taken in and treated hospitably. Unh, glad it wasn't The Record that treated him so harshly!

## A NEW DAY DAWNS

Those of you who rose early enough Tuesday morning and reached a radio could only have been delighted with the hearing of the addresses, including King George's, at the opening of the great naval reduction conference in London. Representatives of all the participating nations were heard. Several representatives from non-English-speaking countries spoke in English. Others confined themselves to their native languages and were not understood by one native American in a thousand. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon at London, but day was only opening here, and that fact of itself was significant of a new day in international relations. The speakers were optimistic. Premier Ramsey MacDonald, once a poor Scotch lad, is president of the conference, and holds the attention of the whole world. He represents the labor party of England.

We know of no recent subscription of which we are more proud than that of L. C. Headen, a colored youth of, say, 18 or 19. We were coming from the court house, where we had just seen ten negroes, mostly youths, sentenced for stealing. Young Headen stopped us and subscribed on the street, and we told him what we had just seen, and assured him that as he was going to read The Record we expected never to see him sentenced for anything. The fact that he already was of the disposition to subscribe indicated that he had his mind on better things, but we hope the paper will confirm him in his higher aspirations and lead him into even higher ones.

It is an error to reckon the prosperity of weekly newspapers as an index of general prosperity. Many a weekly in North Carolina would have had hard rowing last year if it had not been for the hard luck of others. Mortgage sales, land tax advertisements, and other legal business growing out of the hard times have enabled the weaker newspapers to pull through, and have given the boasted profits to even some of the stronger ones.

## MECKLENBURG COUNTY FARMER WINS COTTON CHAMPIONSHIP

By producing 14,620 pounds of seed cotton or 5,726 pounds of lint on five acres of land, J. Wilson Alexander in Mecklenburg County has been declared the cotton growing champion of North Carolina for the year 1929. Announcement of this effect was made this week by Dean I. O. Schaub, director of the agricultural extension service of State College and head of the educational field work with farmers in this State. Mr. Alexander conducted the record-breaking demonstration under the supervision of D. W. Eason, agricultural teacher in the Cornelius High School, where Mr. Alexander is a member of the night classes for adult farmers.

The official records show that on the five acres under demonstration, Mr. Alexander produced 2,924 pounds of seed cotton or 1,145.5 pounds of lint and acre. To do this, he used 600 pounds an acre of superphosphate, 100 pounds of Chilean nitrate of soda and 75 pounds of muriate of potash at planting time under the cotton. At chopping time, he gave the cotton and additional application of 200 pounds of the Chilean nitrate as a side dressing.

On a check plot adjoining the five-acre tract, Mr. Alexander produced 1,695 pounds of seed cotton or 672 pounds of lint, using an application of 500 pounds of an 8-3-3 fertilizer applied at planting.

The expense account shows a net profit of \$799.26 on the five acres under demonstration or a profit per

## MEASURING INCOME WITH THE FARMER'S YARDSTICK

We call attention to the readable letter of Mr. S. P. Teague, in which the Cleveland panic and Hoover prosperity are contrasted. Note that it was during the former that Mr. Teague, then a man of more than 30 years of age, got his first overcoat. Evidently, the former Republican regime had not been very kind to the young man.

We, too, have Mr. Teague's practice of comparing incomes with what a man can make on a farm. Give a man 25 acres of good land rent free, furnish him a horse and plow free, and feed for the horse, buy him five tons of high-grade fertilizer, let him swap work with his neighbors so that he may be busy when not needed in the crop and that he may have additional hands when his crop presses for more, as in cotton chopping time or the cotton-picking season, so that the crop may be accounted made and gathered by his own labor, and if he gathers ten bales of cotton and 500 bushels of corn, he will have beaten 99 out of every hundred farmers in the State. Allow him 20 cents a pound for his cotton and \$1.20 a bushel for his corn, and his income will be \$1600, and he will be busy all the year, with what preparation of the land, cultivation, harvest, shucking and shelling corn, attending to the horse, etc., plus the work he has swapped.

But suppose he has \$3,000 invested in home and farm—a poor home at that. His investment at 6 per cent would be \$180.00; his taxes in the average North Carolina county would be \$50.00. But instead of being given his horse and feed, let him rent one for \$30; let him value the horse's feed at \$150. Charge him \$125 for his fertilizer, and then deduct \$535 from the \$1600 and he has left \$1065—but make it \$1100. Here, then, you have the maximum earning of a farmer with the minimum outlay for production, which is considerably less than \$100 a month—and it will take brain and brawn to secure that, and a bad year may cut it down by half.

Yet, as Mr. Teague might have said, a mere boy or girl can make \$800 to \$1000 in the school room in eight or nine months. It was the limitation of the production of Mr. Teague as a young farmer that prevented his getting an overcoat. We dare say that his whole crop in those days, with all the help his children could give him, did not gross \$500. And the gross yields of the average farmer in Chatham county, under the handicaps of the bad seasons of the last six years, has not reached that figure, and he doing his level best, filling in his time by cutting and hauling cross-ties and cedar poles. But he has had a home to live in and free wood and water, though it is a job to cut and haul a year's supply of wood.

Then, when such limitations

attach themselves to the fundamental vocation of farming, and to many other productive industries, it is clear that there can be no just comparison in his income and that of even the \$300-a-month sons of Mr. Teague. But, if Mr. Teague would suggest a percentage cut in all salaries of state, county, and United States, he would pile up an enormous saving, even on the basis of a ten-percent cut. Then, that son of his draws \$300 a month would get only \$270, while the teacher would get \$67.50.

It all comes back to the point we have so often made—that so long as the production total is not greatly increased, the few cannot pile up their millions and live like princes without many having to do with less than a comfortable living. Profits and salaries, fees and commissions, especially profits, must be decreased in the higher scales, or the multitude can only eke out a living. The remainder in subtraction must always depend on the subtrahend. Let those who have it within their power to make such profits as they see fit, subtract ten to twenty billions a year from the maximum income of the country, and it is only a blamed fool who can not see that what is left will not be sufficient to give the multitudes a sufficient share.

It is the profit-maker, the monopolist created by the protective tariff or by good fortune, even by his own genius, who has set the pace for living in America—along with the fortunate possessor of desirable lands and the lucky speculator. When a man can make a million a year, he naturally pays liberal salaries. His superintendent may get \$100,000. All right; when the state has a job requiring similar skill, the applicant says, "If I were doing this for a corporation or for so and so, I would get so and so, and the state, foolishly accepting the standard, raises salaries in all lines in the direction of the limits paid by the corporations or individuals who have only to will more income and they have it. The state loses sight of the comparatively light income of the average of the great mass of citizens, and lends its aid to the firmer establishment of the inequalities fostered by the few who need know no limitation to their incomes, and consequently to the salaries and wages they pay. McAdoo was such a man, and with one word raised the wages and salaries to be paid by every railroad, telegraph company, telephone company in the county, and thereby helped monstrously to hoist salaries in every sphere of activity and consequently caused higher freight rates, tolls, and a national higher level of profits.

Consequently, the legislature desired by Mr. Teague would act. It would have the view-point of the host of \$500 to \$1000 income men, and, yet, need not be so foolish as not to allow for the greater cost of the average man's liv-

ing in a city.

Hundreds of the employees of North Carolina could scarcely make their salaries if they were given all the corn they could shuck, shell, sack, and market.

Interesting events are coming rapidly in the life of the editor of The Record. A month ago was his sixtieth birthday and Governor's big dinner. Then came Christmas and new year. Last week was the enjoyable newspaper institute at the University, a feature of which was an oyster roast, turkey and ham supper, and now behold us for the first time in the role of "granddaddy," by the birth of a girl to his daughter Mrs. F. J. Faison of Roseboro. And every branch of that child's ancestry are of North Carolina colonial stock, except the great grandfather on the father's side, who came before the war from Massachusetts or Connecticut to Clinton. The mother was kin to nearly half the native stock of Sampson, Pender and New Hanover, and now the child practically doubles the number of more or less remote blood kin, with a swarm of the same remote kind in the north.

County Agent Shiver won the third place in the contest inaugurated by the Charlotte Observer for the best publicity given to his county by any farm agent in the state. The agent of Rowan won first place, of Stanly second, and Mr. Shiver the third. That in itself indicates the value of the farm page in this paper. The others won by a mere point or two.

The editors of the state and thousands of other friends sympathize with Editor Godbey of the Greensboro News in the death of his venerable father.

The editor of the Record has never yet called a partridge a quail. Suppose the rest of you go back to what you were raised to call them.

## BUT A WELL-FED ONE

Teacher—"Frank, what is a canibal?"  
"Don't know, mum."  
"Well, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?"  
"An orphan, mum."—Pathfinder.

## SALE OF SARGON BREAKS RECORDS

Famous Medicine Rapidly Becoming Household Word Throughout America—24 Carloads Sold in 25 Days in 27 States—Overwhelming Demand the One Great Outstanding Proof of Its Wonderful Merit.

Most medicines are sold by the dozen or by the gross. A few are sold in larger quantities, but think of a medicine that sells in such enormous quantities that wholesale dealers are forced to buy it in solid carload lots to supply the demand that has been so phenomenal as to stagger the imagination.

That's just what has happened with Sargon, the celebrated new medicine that is now sweeping the country like a great tidal wave. Not only is the trade buying it in carload lots, but they are buying carload after carload, each car containing over 20,000 bottles of Sargon and Sargon Soft Mass Pills.

Twenty-four carloads in 25 days sold in only 27 states in the amazing record recently made by these wonderful medicines.

In the State of California where Sargon was introduced in April of last year, it has required 21 carloads to supply the ever increasing demand in this one state alone. Texas dealers require 9 carloads in only four months.

A single New York firm with wholesale branches in leading cities, is selling at the rate of over a Million and a Quarter bottles a year.

"Phenomenal and bewildering" is the way one of the big drug jobbers of the country describes the marvelous demand for Sargon.

"It's the greatest seller within the memory of the oldest members of our organization," said another.

"We are selling more Sargon than any other ten medicines put together," said still another.

And so it is everywhere Sargon has been introduced. From Coast to Coast and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, Sargon is known and honored.

Million upon million have used it and have told other million what it has done for them. When suffering men and women find a medicine that helps them, they naturally want to tell their friends about it and in this way Sargon is fast becoming a household word throughout America. G. R. Pilkington, Agent. —Adv.

## BOILING IT DOWN

The reporter came idly into the office. "Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesman have to say?"  
"Nothing."  
"Well, keep it down to a column." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

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