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HOW TO KEEP IRISH POTATOES.

Three Methods Described By As Many Farmers--One Says Use Slacked Lime--Early Digging Advised.

We are glad to print this week, says the Progressive Farmer, three methods for keeping Irish potatoes which have come to us in responses to a request printed two weeks ago. One of these comes from the mountainous county of Rutherford, and another from the more humid trucking section of Craven County--these two extremes should cover well the conditions likely to exist in any potato-growing section of the Progressive Farmer's territory. A third letter, coming from Gates, an eastern county on the Virginia line, introduces the use of slacked lime as an agency to aid in the safe-keeping of the Irish potato. But the letters will speak for themselves.

Messrs. Editors: Complying with your request, I will give the method I use for keeping Irish potatoes.

Dig as soon as potatoes are well matured, which will be when vines have died down and dried up. Early planted will ripen better, with thicker skin, will stand more handling uninjured, and keep better than late planted.

Early planting, even at the risk of a frost or two, should be encouraged. If a killing frost comes after plants are up, and you can anticipate its coming, the plants may be covered shallow with dirt by plowing with small turn-plow; or, if this is not done, and plants are bit down, cut off with sharp hoe the frost-bitten plants, being careful to cut off all the affected part and as early after the frost as the work can be done. Last year mine were killed after the plants were up four or five inches high; and frost coming on Sunday night, they could not be covered as had been done on several previous occasions. So plants were cut down early next morning before withering, and they grew up again right away, and at digging it could not be seen that the crop was at all injured.

Potatoes are gathered up right after the digger and not allowed to lie in the sunshine and put into a covered wagon. An old quilt will do to cover wagon box. It can be raised up and spread back as potatoes are poured in.

Last year (1906) was a wet season here previous to digging, and potatoes were put on floor in a dark house for a month to slightly toughen and dry. Then they were put in a dry, dirt-floor cellar that was well ventilated and kept dark at all times. These kept well.

This year (1907) has been very dry at and before digging, and potatoes were put in cellar as fast as dug, and at this date seem to have that dry slightly tough appearance that indicates keeping.

I have tried them in a two-walled house, such as many keep sweet potatoes in, but they get too warm and sprout. Have also tried them in old plank-floored house. Here they dry too much and can't be kept cool enough to prevent their greening some, which injures their eating qualities so much.

I have had several years' experience in growing both the first and the second crop, and in keeping them, and for several years we have had them nice right on till the new crop came in.

I should have said that no scab, cut, or bruised potatoes should be put in. C. C. GETTYS.

Rutherford Co., N. C.

Messrs. Editors: I see an

inquiry in last week's Progressive Farmer about keeping Irish potatoes. We seldom have trouble in keeping them, even here in the humid atmosphere of Eastern North Carolina.

If we can get them dug in a fairly dry condition, we have but little trouble. I spread them not more than one foot deep (thinner is better) in an out-house where they will keep dry. Let them stay there a few weeks and thoroughly dry. It may be necessary to pick them over if there was any indication of rot in them when dug. After three or four weeks they may be culled out and such as are salable or eatable be put in well-ventilated barrels. Set in a cool place.

We sometimes keep them that way all through the winter, from spring planting, though the general custom in Craven county is to plant a second crop in August, as they keep much better and are better to eat.

Some farmers keep them in barrels all winter, but it needs a very tight house to keep them in severe winters.

We generally bank them very much as we do sweet potatoes, using plenty of pine straw, but not a very thick covering of dirt, completely covering the bank. Some shelter the land with boards; others do not; and if water is kept out we seldom lose 1 per cent of the crop. I have kept them this way for 25 years, and seldom have a month out of the twelve that we do not have potatoes, grown on the farm, to eat, and if they were low in the early summer sales we keep some to sell in the fall.

D. LANE.

Craven Co., N. C.

Messrs. Editors: To keep Irish potatoes, use air-slacked lime when putting them in cellar or hill. Put in a few potatoes and sprinkle on enough lime to whiten the pile. Repeat until all are put up. After a few days move them and sprinkle on more lime, picking out all that are rotting. We use lime on our seed potatoes and think that it prevents bugs from bothering them so early.

E. A. STOREY.

Gates Co., N. C.

Mr. Boles To "A Farmer."

Mizpah Route 1, Aug. 26.

Mr. Editor:

Please allow me space in your columns for a reply to "A Farmer's" letter in the Reporter of Aug. 5, in regard to "332."

Now, Mr. Farmer, I don't know who you are as you did not give your postoffice address. You try to make it appear that I can't keep him with me long enough to make a crop. Did you ever know of him leaving me when I was making a crop? He never has. You try to make it appear that he has never done anything but run from "city to city." Mr. Farmer, I never made a crop since he got large enough to help me that he did not help me from start to finish.

Now, Mr. Farmer, I don't think you had any cause for writing such a letter as you did, as you know he wrote the truth.

Mr. Editor, I will leave the case with the people to decide which shows up the best the one who wrote and put his postoffice and name, or the Mr. "A Farmer" who wrote and did not put his post-office.

With best wishes to the Reporter and its many readers.

D. A. BOLES.

A LETTER FROM IAEGER, W. V.

Dr. Geo. E. Dennis, Who Is Well Known In Stokes, Writes Interestingly.

Iaeger, W. Va., Aug. 12.

Editor Reporter:

I enclose herewith my check for the amount of statement rendered to W. D. Dennis which was forwarded to me.

I wish to state that I enjoy reading the Reporter very much, as it keeps me in touch with the progress that my native county and State are making.

I am glad to know that Stokes county is making such energetic strides and progressing so rapidly, commercially, financially and educationally.

As the Reporter advocates, what it needs most is good roads and more of them. The proposed electric railroad through Stokes, which is being agitated and advocated, in my opinion, would be an enterprise which would do more to advance the value of property and everything in general, thereby making conditions more favorable and money circulation greater for its citizens, than anything else that might be operated. Take West Virginia for an instance. The railroads have made her what she is today, because they furnish facilities for the transportation of her resources and productions, whereas before she was only a rough mountainous forest, thinly settled and considered almost worthless even by her natives. But today with her many railroads she is one of the leading States financially.

In behalf of our friends who may read this, I wish to say that myself, wife and son are enjoying good health and like this country very well. The greatest amusement we have is plenty of work, which keeps us busily engaged. Besides my professional practice I own and manage the Iaeger Drug Co. of this place and have in construction another building at the terminus of the Iaeger Southern railroad 30 miles from here, where I hope to conduct a drug store as soon as completed.

This county is fast being developed and offers various opportunities to young men of ability and will. But like everywhere else any one has to hustle to succeed.

While there are advantages here that Stokes county does not offer, yet there are advantages and opportunities right in Stokes county that are continually presenting themselves and beckoning to the industrious, energetic, ambitious and honest young men and women to grasp them and make life worth while. My advice to every young man and woman is to take the best of every opportunity that may present itself which has a tendency to elevate humanity, and remember that only the wide-awake, industrious ones see them. They are not realized in dreams nor is success found in air castles.

In closing I wish to say my mother and brother, of Pinnacle, are now visiting us. They arrived on the night train. The next morning mama walked to the door to take a view of the city, looking all around and seeing we were entirely surrounded by tall mountains she quickly seized a post and after inhaling a deep breath and giving a long sigh exclaimed "how will we ever get out of here?" She is now more reconciled and enjoying herself fine. Father has a position near here and often spends Sunday with us.

With my regards for the readers of the Reporter, and wishing it success,

I am respectfully,
GEO. E. DENNIS, D. D. S.

I am am at Hartman, N. C., ready to make your tobacco flues, and sell all kind of repairs.

J. H. ROBERTSON.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

At the State Normal and Industrial College--the Daughters Of the Confederacy Establish Two.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Western North Carolina have decided to offer at the State Normal and Industrial College to deserving descendants of Confederate Veterans, resident in the counties west of Greensboro, two scholarships at the State Normal and Industrial College. Any descendant of a Confederate Veteran who wishes to secure one of these scholarships should apply at once to President J. I. Foust, Greensboro, N. C. On Sept. 10, two will be selected from among the applicants.

MRS. J. G. BRODNAX,
Chm. Ed. Com., Western Section
U. D. C.

Mr. "Show Me" Answers Mr. "Looker On."

Jamestown, Mo., Aug. 21.

Mr. Editor:

I received the Reporter containing another letter from Mr. "Looker On." It seems that he takes some offense at my reply to his letter which he left open for reply, and if so I am sorry. He seems to insinuate that I am not a true North Carolinian, and that the broom sedge is all plowed up and Dick and Ball are dead, and that Moore's Knob has been converted into horses and mules, and Pilot Mountain a bank of fertilizer. He also spoke of me being located in a central State. If he will study his geography a little he is not so far west and that to say "show me" to a Coloradan and he knows the rest, is no State for him. He admits that I was of the first water and drained out and settled in Missouri some time ago. If you will read up a little you will find that Missouri furnishes the ham and eggs and a considerable portion of the biscuit that is eat. He says he did not refer to me. I could not tell that he aimed his gun at anybody and if he did the charge went astray. At any rate you couldn't hardly feel it but the load of bb he had in store was all right but the powder flashed in the pan and he made a long fire.

He said in his letter of June 20 that if anyone wished to know who he was not to tell them he was Sam Jones number two. Anybody could tell that easy.

I suppose the reason he signs his name "A Looker On" is that he has done nothing but rubber since he has been up near the Rockies. Mr. Looker On, why don't you write home for car fare and go back and grow you some "peavine hay?" While I have been in Missouri 10 years, that's not long, and I could tell very easy that you had not been away from your mammy long. Do you suppose she really knows that you are away so far west, and aren't you afraid the "injuns" will get you way out there on the frontiers? Say its dangerous, boy, you wooden kitch me out thar, I've done red too much.

I did not aim to get into a newspaper quandary, but as Mr. Looker On aimed such a direct blow at me in his letter of Aug. 10, I ask for this space for reply.

I am a true North Carolinian and am aware of the fact that the ways of farming and all other industries are greatly improved in North Carolina as well as all other States. I hope my friend did not mistake me to think that the people of our old native State were not up-to-date in every respect. So I will not promise my good friend to keep this up as I am afraid I will cause him to lose his star of Bethlehem and might run against the seven stars or some of the other planets, Job's coffin, maybe.

"SHOW ME."

PROF. W. B. HARRIS WRITES AGAIN.

He Goes Down To Lake Chatcolet On a Week's Camping Trip and Has a Big Time Catching Fish.

Garfield, Wash., Aug. 19.

Messrs. Editors: Wagons loaded with feed and tents had been passing every day for a week intending to spend the 4th at the lakes. The boys were anxious to go fishing and I offered no objection when they proposed a trip of a week at Lake Chatcolet. Some of our neighbors were talking of such a trip and when I called up Boss Gifford to know if they had gone, he said they had and further said he would stay at my place and do chores for me till I came back.

Now by way of digression I will say that Boss Gifford is a widower of 50, who owns a ranch adjoining mine. He could sell it any day for \$8,000. His children all being married he rents out the ranch and works at deep well drilling. He don't chew, smoke or drink, but if you shake him up a little he'll cuss like a sailor. If he has a little job like killing a beef or hog to do Sunday suits him as well as Monday. But with all that, his heart is in the right place, and nothing he has or can do is too good for a neighbor.

He would not be averse to marrying. So if you know of some good middle-aged woman who would like such "a chance" tell her to write to me and I'll open negotiations with due form and in the most approved style.

Well, after this offer to take care of "things" for me, I had no excuse; so 5 o'clock on the following Monday morning found us loaded up--feed, beds, tents, skillet and fishing tackles galore. The dog took his place in the wagon, the boys shouted their good byes to Boss and the Madam cautioned him not forget her chicks and flowers and your humble servant not caring much which way the wind blew we started off on our forty mile jaunt to spend a week among the fish which inhabit lake Chatcolet in the Coeur de Alene Indian reservation in northern Idaho. This reservation is to be thrown open to settlers next year and will offer homes to 1,500 or 2,000 families. These homesteads will be sought by 50,000 people, among whom your humble servant expects to be one. Some of the land is prairie, but mostly timbered, with fine-pine fir and tamarack.

After traveling ten miles we entered the reservation at the summit of an outlying spur of the Coeur de Alene Mountains. There we entered the timber and the roads were narrow and rough. Often I had to bite my finger to be sure that I was not dreaming of the good old days of my pilgrimage along the roads of my old Stokes home.

The remaining 30 miles of our journey was through the Indian country with here and there a white center. Many of the Indians live in fine houses with large barns just behind the house. The front of the house with its fine glass doors, fancy porches and bay windows invariably fronts toward the barn. The Catholics conduct a fine school for them at "The Mission," and many of the Indians use good English, but more are still Indians with their peculiar habits and strange characteristics. We met many squaws and their families in open hacks. The bucks usually ride a cayuse. I inquired the way of one and got this laconic reply: "Go on to mill--not far--road turn that way--no go--road turn that way--no go--road on that way go." There he turned to his team and I was gone. Well, we nooned at the mill, which proved to be run by the general government for the benefit of the Indians. The government fur-

nishes a man to run it and the Indians do the help work and get their lumber sawed free. A flouring mill too is run the same way. Many, in fact most of these Indians have fine herds of cattle back in the timbers, but their horses are still of the cayuse class.

On our return we nooned at Chief Soltice's spring. From the mill we pressed on along the Indian trail, crossing endless ridges and skirting the mountains here and there till at last we got the long coveted view of the beautiful little lake nestled down among the mountains. We paused for a view. 'Twas a scene of singular beauty. The waters of the lake were clear and cold. The mountain tops and trees were reflected from its bosom like scenes from an inverted world. The beautiful shadowy St. Joe river with its narrow island banks separates the waters of Chatcolet from lake Coeur de Alene. That bellowing sound in the distance calls your attention to a beautiful steamer moving gracefully up to docks, while on the lakeshore the panting of the railroad train waits impatiently for the ponderous draw bridge to swing into place. From fifty camp fires the smoke curls gracefully up bearing on its bosom the sound of happy voices while the winds waft to our olfactory nerves those savory odors of the evening meal and hunger wakes us from our ecstatic state and the long shadows hasten us on.

After lying down and looking over at the road down the steep mountain side I quickly concluded that at ordinary pair of breaks was not sufficient to let us down the steep incline. I put on a rough lock and by the help of the breaks and a pair of good horses, we managed to keep the wagon under control. We pitched our tent, hired a boat for the week, and got license so that we could fish early in the morning. But being wearied by our long journey we slept sound and long. We awoke to find the lake dotted here and there with boats and launches laden with the early fishers and merry makers.

At this season of the year we catch perch, bass and Trout. The perch are from 6 to 12 inches long. The madam and the two boys could catch them as fast as I could take them off the hooks. We did not fish for trout but we caught bass that weighed from 1 to 4 pounds.

Three men caught 919 perch in one day. I was sure put to it for bait and could get but three worms but when I got there they informed me that they used fish eyes. With my three worms we caught at least 25 fish. Once we got out two miles on the lake and found that we had nothing in the boat to bait with but I dropped out a minnow hook and soon had a fine fish to start on.

When we first went out in our boat my least son, ten years old, was scared nearly to death but by the third day he had learned to use the oars with the assurance of an old fisherman. So much so that on going to the lake I found that a woman had entrusted to him two children about 4 and 6 for a boat ride on the lake where the water was 100 feet deep. We caught all the fish we wanted and the week passed all too quickly and we had to fold our tent like the Arab and silently we passed away. Nearly everybody here has a tent and goes camping for a week or so every summer. So now Messrs. Editors, I give you a cordial invitation to come out and go fishing with us next summer. We will be found at the lakes for a week or so fishing and bathing.

W. B. HARRIS.