

THE INDEPENDENT NEWS-PAPER

The New Orleans State, edited and owned by Robert Ewing, a Democrat leader of Louisiana, grows interesting in discussing the ideals which should govern the conduct of a newspaper. Says The State:

"Can a newspaper be made a financial success if its politics are dictated exclusively by its business office? They are trying to find an answer to the question in Fort Worth.

"That is indicated by the fact that on The Record's front page appeared the following letter from William Capps, said to be its chief stockholder, to its business manager:

"If there is any question of policy that should come up the editorial and business forces should get together and discuss it and no policy must be pursued that will interfere with the running of a newspaper as a business proposition. We will leave it to the statement of the country; it will be sufficient time for the paper to educate the people when it has made a success financially."

"If practical experience does not disillusionize Mr. Capps in the matter of how newspaper successes are made, we shall be very greatly disappointed.

"Mr. Capps would attempt to make his newspaper first a business proposition, hoping to let it become an educator and leader of the people only after its financial success was assured.

"If he succeeds in this, will mark a reversal of newspaper history. No newspaper heretofore has become a valuable money-making property run under the principles he lays down.

"The newspapers which count for anything in a community are the newspapers which have courage and independence, real—not mock. Some may have an apparent or ephemeral success where they are run after the manner Mr. Capps propose; but sooner or later their sincerity is exposed, they lose public respect because they become known as mere tools of different interests and they have no real power or influence in a community."

A newspaper must have a soul, as has been said many times before. It must stand for something which represents the interests of the whole people. Its own financial success should not be the first consideration, albeit, running a newspaper is a business proposition, requiring genius and energy in the business office. It is not necessary for a newspaper to stultify itself to succeed. Indeed it cannot permanently succeed if it is honest, independent and clean.

The most successful newspapers in this country are the papers whose editorial policies are not found in the business office.—Montgomery Advertiser.

A QUARTER CENTURY OF SUCCESS

When the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts opened its doors in October, 1889, it had one building and sixty-two acres. In 1914 it has twenty-one buildings besides barns and farm buildings, and the acreage has grown to four hundred and eighty-six.

In the same period the enrollment has grown almost tenfold, from 72 in 1889 to six hundred and eighty-two in 1914; and the faculty roll has increased from eight to fifty-five.

The physical valuation of the College has grown at a rate which is no less astonishing. In 1889 the College had one building worth \$35,000 and sixty-two acres of ground worth approximately \$2,500. The present value of apparatus, furniture and machinery alone (about \$220,000), outvalues about six times the whole initial equipment of the College. With the present value of grounds and buildings added, it will be seen that the State has considered the College a highly desirable investment. The figures in round numbers are as follows:

Present value of grounds, \$89,000; buildings, \$97,000; apparatus, furniture and machinery, \$220,000. Total, \$906,000. From \$37,500 to \$906,000 in twenty-five years, even allowing for the natural increment of land value, represents a marvelous story of progress. The State has emphatically and practically indicated that the industrial training of her sons is worth its cost.

When the college was started, heads of industrial establishments and farm managers were shy about employing technical graduates. Now these same classes of business men visit or write to the College seeking its students, and the success of the graduates amply justifies the change of attitude. Turn where you will in North Carolina today, and you find A. and M. men materially contributing to its industrial leadership. The same is true in other states. The A. and M. men more than hold his own wherever he goes. Some good day we hope to get them all back into the Old North State.

Every wish is like a prayer—with God.—E. B. Sewaring.

TAYLOR HAS SUCCEEDED KENTH

Wilmington, May 15.—Col. Walter Taylor yesterday took charge of the office of Collector of customs at this port to succeed E. F. Keith, his commission having arrived Wednesday. No formalities attended the event. The retiring collector wasn't in the city, and Col. Taylor just walked in and began his official career.

THE PARTING SMILE

Most of our poetry and poetic prose is built on our sunsets and sunrises, and on the clouds and the mountains, flowers, and trees and stars. All of these are beautiful and rather the thought and stir the emotion of every writer and thinker. Yet, we have not in years heard or read anything appealing so strongly to the poetic instinct as the story of Harrington and his wife. Nothing can be lovelier or more musical or spendid than the love of a man for a woman or the love of a woman for a man. These two are living, sentient creatures, with their born impulses of selfishness, of self-preservation of vanities and of love of life. When their love for each other is so strong and that all these other passions and tendencies are effaced and forgotten, it is real love, perfect beauty, the highest nobility of which our mortal life is capable. We hope somebody will put the episode worthily into verse or music.

Harrington is one of the survivors of the coasting steamship "Monroe" sunk in a fog the other morning off the Virginia coast. He told simply and in brief, plain words what happened. He and his wife got out of their cabin in their night clothes and went together into the freezing and killing water, with heavy, crushing waves beating on them each minute, a deadly and horrible monotony of crushing destruction. No rescue or hope was in sight. They were in black darkness and dense, close fog; not a star or a glimpse of the moon or sky. The man held the woman close. A man cannot swim far or long holding a woman clear, because he needs his hands and arms. Harrington turned on his back, twisted his wife's long hair into a rope, took it between his teeth and swam two hours in the darkness and fog and the crushing and crashing waves with her head on his breast. That is a sure enough man. And she was a sure enough woman. When at last they found a boat and she reached up a white, weak hand to grasp the edge, somebody tried to break her hold, saying that she was dead or dying and that her weight might be too much for the little tossing craft. Harrington says he gasped out, he struggled and chilled in a hundred feet of heaving salt water "unless you want to go to hell with the sin of murder on your soul, lift her in." Evidently when Harrington stood up before the preacher and said he would take this woman for better or worse, in poverty or wealth, in sickness or in health, to have and to hold until death should them part, he meant what he said and promised. He says that when she was lifted over the gunwale, he helped himself up to look at her and as he peered into her face, she smiled at him. That was her last conscious act. It was all she could do. At the strong, brave and manly man who had made his own body a protection and support for her in the tumult of the waves and the darkness of the fog and the night, she smiled, almost at the end. She died in a little while from the cold and exhaustion. The man had done his best and all he could do and she did all she could to repay him. She gave him that parting benediction of a smile, recognition of his self-sacrifice and heroic labor for her.

All a man can do and all he can endure, all the striving of which he is capable, all the stress and strain through which he can last, are repaid amply by the loving and approving smile of a good woman, wife or mother. Harrington is a man and all of us may be glad that he got his answer and reward from the woman he loved and who loved him. He offered his life to save hers and she gave him all she could give—the parting smile of thanks almost in the moment of death. And that smile will live in the man's heart and memory while breath is in him and his heart beats. It will glorify his life and illuminate with radiating splendor the darkness of the last hour, however far or near it may be.

A TEAM OF CRIPPLES

At a meeting in Inwood, W. Va., tonight the most remarkable baseball team in the country was organized. The nine players have twelve legs, seven and one-half feet and seventeen arms.

William Robauky, manager and shortstop, one leg and one arm; Joe Lick, first base, no legs; "Leg" Lannon, second base, one leg; George Ottomiller, third base, one leg; and Ralph Ford, catcher, one foot; "Crip" Irons, pitcher, one foot; "Cotton" Bowers, left field, one foot; Edward Fliart, center field, one and one-half feet; George Miller, right field, one leg.

The manager has issued a challenge to any club of maimed baseball players in this section of the country. Each member of the half and half team, as they have been christened by the fans here, before being maintained as a first-class player, and several of the men can still put up a fair game.—Wholesing (W. Va.) Register.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington.

HOW OFTEN SHOULD CORN AND COTTON BE CULTIVATED?

It is no more possible to state beforehand how often a crop of corn or cotton should be cultivated than it is to tell how many potatoes or wigs of corn it takes to make a bushel without knowing their size. But the questions are quite different, for in the case of potatoes and the ears of corn their size alone determines the answer, whereas the frequency with which a crop should be cultivated depends on a wide range and variety of conditions, many of which are not under the control of the farmer.

We have little respect for any rule setting a definite time or frequency for cultivating crops. It is frequently stated that the crops should be cultivated every week or ten days, but those making the statement either do not realize what that means or they do not mean it to apply to the whole period during which crops are usually cultivated. If a cotton crop is planted April 15, and laid by July 15, and cultivated every ten days, it receives nine workings. If cultivated to August 1, as generally recommended, another working or two must be added. It is safe to state that cotton is rarely given that amount of cultivation. In cultivating crops, as with other similar propositions, the cost must be considered, and if the cost of an extra working is greater than the increase in the crop because of that cultivation, it is a losing proposition.

As a general rule we believe corn and cotton are cultivated as often or more frequently than is profitable, after they are up and growing; but far too little before they are planted and while still small. A fact given altogether too little consideration is that one cultivation before planting may save two after planting because it can be done before planting with implements that will do twice as much work at less cost. If we can once get our lands well filled with humus and properly drained then if plowed to a good reasonable depth subsequent cultivation will be less expensive because it can be done shallow and with implements that cover a large surface each trip across the field.

So much depends on the condition of the land and the preparation of the soil for planting that it seems scarcely worth while to try to guess how often the crops should be cultivated. If we say often enough to keep down the weeds and grass we have given the answer as interpreted by most farmers, although even this rule is frequently not carried out. Others, however, would add, "as often as is necessary to keep down the weeds and grass and keep down the surface pulverized, or maintain a soil mulch." This is, of course, the safest rule, especially in dry seasons.

The crop should be cultivated often before it is planted; as often as is necessary to thoroughly pulverize the soil. This may, on some soils, be accomplished by breaking and going over once with smoothing harrow. If the latter process is necessary to pulverize the soil it will usually pay better to follow it than to plant among clods or tufts of grass and depend on the cultivation after planting to bring the soil into condition.

If the land is well prepared we are willing to risk the statement that it will probably pay to run the harrow once just before the crop comes up and once, and preferably twice, after it comes up and then after that cultivate often enough to keep down the weeds and grass and keep the surface from crusting too much, especially late in the season. And by keeping down the weeds and grass we mean killing them while they are still small and easily killed by shallow-running implements.

When the land is not properly prepared we don't know how often the crops should be cultivated. Perhaps as often as one could get to them is the best we can say. The man who has a soil fairly supplied with humus, well drained, prepares it thoroughly and cultivates with the harrow two or three times by the time the crop is out of the ground a couple of weeks, is not likely to get in the grass, but if he does not do this or if weather conditions are such that he gets in the grass although he has done all these things, which will rarely happen, then the best we know is that he should kill the grass the best he can and in any way he finds most effective. It is a bad business at best—this getting in or out of the grass. Prevention is better and easier than any cure we have ever seen; but when the disease occurs it must be cured if all the rules must be broken and radical methods employed.

Our answer, then is that good preparation and frequent early cultivation will save the more expensive later cultivation, and if this work is properly laid out it is as important to save expense here as elsewhere. However, under usual Southern conditions cultivation should be repeated as often as the best implements and hard work will permit. Under our condition of working crops they are not likely to be cultivated so often if it is done with the right sort of implements, nor does a few extra cultivations materially add to the cost, although they would frequently add to the harvest.—Progressive Farmer.

And He said unto all, If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.—Luke 9:23.



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NEVER AT HIS CIGAR

The late Senator William H. Bate, of Tennessee, bought many a cigar, which he simply chewed to pieces without lighting, although passionately fond of a smoke. "The reason for this grew out of a tragedy on the battlefield of Shiloh. During the progress of that bloody fight, General Bate, who was devoid of fear, lit a cigar, but had taken scarcely a puff when a ball from the Yankee side knocked the weed from his mouth, and, passing on, struck his brother, who was three feet away, in the breast, killing him instantly. After that incident the surviving brother was never known to light a cigar."

Discussing General Bate's colleague in the Senate, the late Isham G. Harris, Mr. Doyle said:

"It is not generally known that General Harris was probably the only American statesman who received the title of Duke from a foreign government. He got this while a refugee in Mexico. As Confederate Governor of Tennessee, Harris knowing that the cause he loved was doomed, gathered a few faithful retainers in the city of Nashville and fled to the land of the Montezumas. He carried with him on pack mules something like \$500,000 in specie belonging to Tennessee with which he landed safely on the far side of the Rio Grande. The Mexicans gave him a royal welcome. He was a fascinating man, who could address them in their own tongue, and they begged him to stay the rest of his life in this City of Mexico. All kinds of honors were showered on him, including a dukedom, which he courteously waived aside, although the polite Mexicans always accorded the title to him.

"After an exile of about a year the Governor thought he might go back to his own land in safety despite the fact that the Federals had once put a price on his head, and so he journeyed back to Nashville, taking with him every dollar of the \$500,000 he had carried away. An official count of the money revealed the fact that not a coin was missing.—Washington Post.

OUR RESPECTS TO THE FLY

It is said that the fly serves no good purpose. It is a mistake; he performs two very good services. He teaches the teachable to clean up and keep clean, and he kills off the others. That is, he audaciously works to cause a survival of the fittest.

Let us give the D——, that is, the fly, his due. While we give him credit for this much good, let us be among the teachable. Let us see that nothing around our premises breed flies. Let us shut

the presence of flies in the house as we would shut poison. Let us screen effectually our doors and windows, so as to avoid stray flies, and let us kill every fly that gets inside the sacred inclosure.

It is wiser to do this than it is to call the flies unkind names while they swarm around our dining table. It takes a little more trouble, but it is more pleasant and it is safer. Especially if there is a baby in the family, the fly is dangerous. Funerals are expensive, and then we would miss the baby.

The fly is an undesirable guest. He contaminates every particle of food he crawls on. He comes fresh from the privy, or the manure pile, or the decaying heap, where he takes his first feed. Then he takes his dessert from the food you are to eat, and he does it without first wiping his feet. If you could see with a microscope what he leaves, it would make you turn pale, and you would make more energetic efforts to keep him out of the house, and if possible you would stop his breeding.

While you honor the fly for killing off the unfit, see to it that he does not get you into the wrong class.—Life and Health.

BURBANK'S TALK TO BOYS

The Luther Burbank Society is sending out an attractive pamphlet. On the front page is the statement of Burbank, "I have never known a boy, taught to love nature, who went wrong."

As a genius in his line, Burbank ranks alone with men like Edison. The latter has done no more with his electrical invention than Burbank has with the plant and flowers which are his daily occupation. He produced the grape fruit and a thousand and one improved flowers, plants and fruits.

Possessed of a marvelous scientific knowledge of nature's mysteries, he finds it possible to fashion almost any kind of flower or fruit desired. Mr. Burbank in his statement, preaches a gospel which every American should ponder deeply and carefully.

"It would seem as though during the past hundred years, and particularly the last two decades, we have been devoting all our genius and bending all of our energy toward bringing convenience in reach of all—toward making luxuries so cheap that none could afford to refuse them.

"While all the time the actual necessities of life, the things we eat, the things we wear, and all those other things which depend directly upon the soil for their production, have grown dearer and dearer and dearer.

portunity that any boy ever had. "A hundred years ago it was the railroad which opened up the opportunity to give the young Vanderbilt. Fifty years ago it was steel that opened an opportunity to Carnegie and electricity to Edison and Westinghouse.

"Today every 40-acre tract of land that will bear a crop is begging our boys to come and embrace their opportunity.

"What the world needs urgently and now, is men who can increase the forage from our present acreage so that 16 cents will buy a pound of choicest sirloin as old, instead of rump, as now.

"What the world needs is not theory or agitation, or college lore; there are plenty of these at a cost of eighty million dollars per annum in money and who knows how much time, they have succeeded in increasing our crop yield a bare 8 per cent.

"What the world needs is men who can do horticulture and agriculture like Edison handled electricity, Carnegie steel and the Vanderbilt and Hillis transportation—develop its efficiency.

"The boy who seeks this opportunity will find himself no longer in the waiting line of applicants. He will face no eight year apprenticeship.

"Every acre of tillable land is inviting him to come to work. Every purchaser of food and clothing is protesting against his delay. And every plant that is grown is anxious to reveal to him the trade secret and the technique of his new profession. "And what an opportunity indeed: "To add a single kernel to each ear of corn means a five-million bushel crop increase in America alone.

"A single improvement in the despised potato has meant seventeen million dollars a year here at home. "To a boy who has genius for work it offers a thousand-fold more reward than has ever been offered a genius.

"There is nothing in all nature that responds to the pleasure and desire of man so readily as the plants."

HUERTA AND LIQUOR

News and Observer.

"According to more or less prejudiced report," says the Washington Star "Huerta might have been a more satisfactory official if he had profited by the example set by the United States Secretary of State in the matter of beverages."

Yes, sir, Huerta might have been a model citizen if he had made it a rule to drink nothing stronger than grape juice. We are ready to concede, since Nelson O'Shaughnessy has said so, that the popular report that the Dictator is a common drunkard is a mistake. But where there is so much smoke there must be some

fire, and it is probably entirely safe to assume that Huerta, while not a sot, is a steady drinker and perhaps a hard drinker, for many hard drinkers manage to escape the opprobrium that attaches to the soak.

So, on the perfectly reasonable assumption that the provisional president of Mexico has always made it a rule to keep plenty of the ardent in his system, it is of interest to conjecture the manner of man he might have been had he refrained from looking upon the wine when it was red. For the man has some strong traits. He has bull dog tenacity. He has an imperious will and there never was a great man without a will. He evidently has a knowledge of men or he could not have kept himself surrounded with such as would remain faithful.

Yes, if Huerta had had liquor alone and thus given his natural abilities more opportunity for development along wholesome lines, he would certainly have made a more satisfactory official, or more likely and better still he never would have usurped the control of Mexico.

CATTLE MADE SICK FROM EATING CLOVER WET WITH DEW.

Statesville Landmark.

The danger of allowing cattle to graze on clover while it is wet with dew was demonstrated as Mr. A. B. Harmon's in Bethany township, Wednesday morning. Mr. Harmon has a fine field of clover near his home, on which he had been allowing his cattle to graze for a short period each day after the dew had dried off. Wednesday morning Mr. Harmon's sister examined the grass in the yard and falling to see any dew, turned the cattle into the clover field, expecting to leave them there only a short time. Time slipped by and about two hours after the cows were turned on the clover persons passing along the road discovered a young heifer lying in the pasture in a dying condition, and reported their discovery to Mr. Harmon. The heifer, which was badly swollen was dead when Mr. Harmon reached her and four fine cows had begun to swell and were beginning to show signs of illness. The cows were immediately driven from the clover field and were kept moving for several hours—until the swelling began to go down—thus saving their lives. The body of the heifer which died, continued to swell until it burst from the force of the gas produced by the wet clover.

Mr. Harmon's clover is "knee-high" in places and while no dew was visible on the surface there was a plenty beneath.

Courtesy costs nothing and buys everything.—Old Proverb.