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L. BUSBEE POPE, Publisher.

Dunn, N. C., April 29, 1915.

Blind Man's Buff.

The financial journals and the Wall Street writers and their imitators find it a most pleasing pastime to talk of the riches that the farmers are accumulating and the great profit in farming. Forget it! The farmer who works himself and family hard on his own land uses better judgment than it would require to run most any other business, makes his home supplies, and denies himself and family most of the things that many people consider comforts, can make a little, and even sometimes save a little money. But you have said all there is to it.

One of these fairy story writers had an article some time ago showing how wealthy the farmers were getting. He took the census reports under the head of increase in farm wealth and showed that each individual farmer was bound to be getting very wealthy. He neglected to notice that most of this increase in so called wealth was due to the rise in the value of farm lands, three-fourth of which are not in cultivation at all. This increase in market value of land is not an increase in wealth at all, because when one man receives more for land and makes a profit on his speculation, the man who buys has lost that much, and taking all such transactions together, there can be no increase, because what one has gained another has lost.

Now, the difference in this, that the speculators are not the workers, and it falls out that the man who does the plowing and the hoeing and the sweating in the man who always is the loser. The farmer is the man who works and makes the crops, he is not the land speculator. Where is the farmer who makes the money? Sometimes a man who has inherited or bought cheap a large piece of land sells out and makes profit. But this is not the profit of farming, it is the profit of speculation. Because the man had been a farmer or continues to be, the shallow writers and thinkers call that making money by farming. So far from being the profits of agriculture it is a hindrance to agriculture, and every such transaction makes it harder for the farmer who is a farmer to make a living, because it increases the cost of production, whether he owns his own land or not.

When you find a man who has "made" much money farming and analyze his operations you will find that he has not made it farming at all. Sometimes it is a man who inherits a large tract of land from which he cuts timber, cross-ties, or something of that kind, perhaps sold some of it, and farms the balance by means of a lot of tenants. His prosperity has come by reason of his having the command of some natural resources, and not by reason of his labor upon the land in creating wealth. Then there is the town farmer who controls a lot of land in the same way and "runs" so many plows without striking a lick of labor himself or exercising any business forethought or energy. Then there are the big tracts of land, owned by descendants of landowners, worked by overseers, tenants and hands, and these owners either live in idleness in the towns or engaged in business. Then there are bankers, supply men and others who have bought land when it was cheap and permit tenants to live upon it. All this is called farming. But it is not farming. It is riding on the back of the real farmer who does the work. Then we wonder why the young landowners who can exploit their ownership and live in towns, and the poor tenants who get only what they eat anyway, all want to go to town, the first to the business and social circles, and the latter to the cotton mills.

When we wake up to the necessity of securing to the men and women who make the wealth the use of it there will be no lamenting the fact that country communities are running down at the heel, for they will not be. It is not the negro that is breaking up the rural life and neighborhood of the South, it is land speculation and absentee landlordism backed by the decreasing power of consumers to buy and use increasing amounts of products commensurate with their needs. Between the actual laborers of the farm and the actual laborers of the centers of industry the processes of exchange are becoming so clogged with fictitious and speculative values, all increasing the expense of exchange, production and distribution, that the producer on the farm and the producer in the shop cannot get enough of each other's products to live decently upon.

And the various reformers who are making a living directly or indirectly out of it, spend their time gushing about after this thing and that, the "blindness" in blind man's buff. Now and then he will

tag some little fellow crowded in a corner, while the balance of the crowd scamper off. Folks have got to take the cloth off their eyes entirely before they will be able to see enough at any one time to do any good.—Montroze Journal.

More Than One Money Crop.

One kind of over-production is about as bad as another, but there ought to be little need of telling the cotton growers or tobacco producers about it. They have been up against it more than once and they certainly ought to know from experience what it means. The "one-crop idea" is just as unwise in the wheat growing country as it is in this fine cotton and tobacco growing country of ours. The wheat growers also have been up against it and they, too, know what the one-crop idea will do for a farmer. In "Bleeding Kansas" a few years ago the "wheat only" idea plastered a mortgage on nearly every farm in that State.

The opposite of the one-crop idea is diversification of farm products, and there is not a diversifying farmer anywhere who is not the most independent farmer in his country. It is so in the wheat country and it is true in the cotton and tobacco country. Play out anywhere a man who grows a variety of crops and you will find one who is known to all as a thrifty farmer, because he is independent. The cotton growers propose to curtail production by cutting down acreage and North Carolina tobacco growers are likely to do the same.

The Mount Airy Times Leader says the opinion is that the tobacco acreage in that section of North Carolina and in the adjacent section of Virginia will be largely reduced. That statement is based on conversations had with tobacco growers by Mr. R. K. Nimmons, secretary and treasurer of the Surry County Tobacco Dry Prize Company. He says he gets his impression from interviews with farmers in Surry, Stokes and other near-by counties in both North Carolina and Virginia.

The Mount Airy paper approves tobacco acreage reduction and declares that the farmers are finally awaking to the fact that the sensible thing for them to do is to diversify their farming operations—raise more corn, wheat, oats, grass, beef and pork, and less tobacco and cotton.

Certainly that is what any farmer should do. Diversification is always the wise thing, and in this part of the country the farmers have a better opportunity to do it than farmers elsewhere in any portion of the world. Here a farmer has the unequalled opportunity of growing cotton, tobacco, peanuts, wheat, corn and other crops, and why any one should get a one-crop idea into his head is hard to understand.—Wilmington Star.

Where Ignorance is Folly.

A large insurance company recently sent each of its patrons printed literature telling them how to live long and keep healthy. Even granting that they were not altogether disinterested, their suggestions should be taken by everyone whether or not he happens to carry insurance.

After pointing out that it has taken mankind many hundred of years to realize that it is cheaper to prevent disease than to cure it, this company argues that the United States should speedily become the healthiest land in the entire world. In order to accomplish this we should pay more attention to general rules of health, and pay less money for fake medicines. The best medicines in the world cost nothing and are within the reach of every person. They are fresh air, good light and pure water. As safeguards of the health, it is necessary to be careful as to one's food. Eat in moderate quantities, secure a reasonable amount of sleep, provide screen against flies and mosquitoes, see that one's teeth are in good condition and that each person's body and home clean.

All this seems simple enough and within reach of every person, whether rich or poor, yet as a matter of fact many never succeed in coming up to half of these requirements. Many others regard all suggestions as nonsense and imagine that because here and there is to be found some person who has reached a ripe old age, through rare good fortune and a kind providence despite his disobedience of the laws of health, and they also too can disregard these fundamentals. Thousands broken in health in the prime of life are the result of this disregard.

The United States should be the healthiest country on the globe, and those who live on the farms in its United States and those who live in that favored portion known as the grain belt should be especially healthful. They are hot. Typhoid fever in the cities has been decreasing from year to year while it has been rapidly increasing in the country. Flies which wander at will, unhampered by good screens, poorly located and poorly curbed wells, contaminated by surface drainage; bed rooms which never receive the outdoor air save during the summer months, all tend to injure the health of farm folks whose health should be the very best.

There was a time a couple of generations ago, when this country was newly settled and population sparse, when the man who escaped the malaria of the pioneer days, lived in his log cabin a very healthful life. His food was simple, his home ventilated

by fire places and numerous chimneys between each log, and the water from his spring was as pure as running water could well be. With our country now thickly populated, tightly-built homes, and changed modes of living, it is folly to think that we can have the health of the pioneer merely because we live in the country.

No laws, boards of health or guardians can adequately guard our health. It is a matter which each person must attend to for himself, and, as in civil law, ignorance of the facts excuses no man from paying the penalty.—Farmer and Stockman.

I'm Little, but I'll Try.

Here is a story which the press dispatches carried last winter, and it is a worth while for every boy and girl to read it and apply the remark of the little, plain, every-day life:

Eileen Martin is the daughter of a section foreman on a great railroad line. She lives in Alta, California, and near her home the Overland Limited flashes past on its journey between the East and the West. Eileen is seven years old, and though she is a girl, she likes to watch railroad trains go by as well as any boy does.

One day she had gone to the tracks to watch the Overland whirl past, and, while waiting, her eye noted a broken rail.

She is only seven years old, but she knew that when the swift flying train struck that rail destruction and death would sweep down upon it. She also knew the semaphores signals. She knew that when the long arm on the high pole dropped, pointing downward, a train had entered a given space, called a block.

When Eileen saw the broken rail, she at once ran to the telephone and called the station agent nearest her and told him of the disaster awaiting the train. In an instant's glance at the clock he saw that he could not reach it in time to save it.

"Can't you sag it?" he shouted to the little girl standing on a stool, and listening at the other end of his line.

"I'm little, but I'll try," she answered. Then calling an older sister, the long arm of the semaphore had dropped. The time was short and death was near. Yet on they ran, waving their aprons, desperately trying to stop the train.

And they did stop it. The engineer saw them, and with instant and quick action brought the long heavy train to stand still. Now, this story is worth reading, because it is the account of a heroic act. It is worth reading for other reasons.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try." This is what makes it worth reading. Eileen was little, pretty little, but she was alert. Her quick eye saw the rail and the danger semaphores. Her mind was not stupid, else she would not have known what these signs meant. She had listened when other talked of them. She had doubtless asked when there was no other way to find out. Her mind must have been always wide awake to observe things, to wonder what they meant, and to find out if possible.

Besides a quick eye, she had more. Here as something wrong. It must be told, and told without delay. She could not run and ask mother or father or teacher. What was done must be done quick. She was pretty little, but she knew what a telephone could do. She knew by its aid her voice could outrun the fastest horse, even the fastest flying train bearing down to destruction. She decided instantly what to do and did it.

Then came the fastest train of all. Past the agent the train had flashed. She alone could save it if anybody could. "Can't you stop it?" came the demand over the wire. And with out one moment's hesitation she replied: "I'll try."

It was the best she could do, little seven-year-old. But how nobly she succeeded! And the qualities that made her success are worth of consideration by everyone. "I'll try!" That spirit will accomplish things when every other fails.

No matter how young, how little, how weak, there is always something to be done, and Eileen's spirit is the way to do it.—Exchange.

When Four Hundred Lives Hung on A Hayrack.

When the Leipzig went down off the Galkland Islands, in the engagement of December 3, it was noted that she refused to haul down her flag, and, in consequence, was swept beneath the waves in a torrent of shot and shell from the Glasgow near by. The New York Tribune now prints a chapter that comes as an ironic sequel to the original story. It is told by Mrs. Pope, of Montevideo, Uruguay, who heard it from Captain Luce, of the Glasgow, at a dinner given to the officers of his ship in that city. We read:

The Leipzig fired her last shot and was ablaze inside. Her captain then ordered all hands on deck with their life-belts on. They gathered in the waist of the ship, expecting an explosion any moment. The hayrack of the engine was cut by a shot and the deck below was burning, also a storeroom directly under and around the mast. They could not haul down their ensign, and one man who volunteered to climb the mast was burned to death.

The signal-room was afire also, and the three green lights were discovered at the last moment in a box on deck. So there they stood, packed solid on the deck, and the Glasgow's last two rounds just moved them down

by fifties and sixties and strewed the bits far and wide. The captain sat in the midst of them as tho they were at anchor at home. He sat and talked and smiled and helped them to keep steady, and just at the end his cabin-boy found a big box of cigarettes. He passed them himself to crew and officers. He was alive to the last, when they were standing on the upside of the ship as she heeled over and jumped with them, but went down and couldn't be found.

It was a most horrible situation, and the German officers said that just standing there on a moving and disabled ship, unable to make any signals at all to the enemy, waiting to be blown up any moment, and in the meantime being killed by hundreds at every shot from the Glasgow, was enough to break the nerve of any man.

Captain Luce said he never felt so horribly about anything in his life, but he could not have done otherwise and run the risk of losing his ship by being torpedoed, and it might very well have been a case of the Leipzig to get the Glasgow within torpedo-range.

Now here you have some war-news which is, as yet, entirely unknown, and likely to be for some time to come. Captain Luce himself looked ten years older. I am writing to Mrs. Luce, who was out here for three months a year ago. These poor navy women, what a terrible time for them!—Literary Digest.

MARKETING

The new issue of the Farmers' Market Bulletin contains articles on the marketing of corn, potatoes, butter and eggs.

The article on "The Work of a State Division of Markets" outlines the activities of the North Carolina Division. It shows how farmers, merchants, bankers, and railroads may operate with a State Division of Markets. The problem of financing and marketing cotton and of advertising North Carolina products in general is discussed.

The co-operation of all, to develop a market for North Carolina products, is especially needed at this time when we are feeling the necessity to produce less cotton and more food and feed crops.

In the Dealer's Edition a blank is enclosed for each merchant to indicate his prospective demand for the products which has been obliged to purchase outside of the State. Either the Growers' or the Dealer's Edition will be sent upon request to the Division of Markets, West Raleigh.

The Contents of the Growers' Edition are as follows:

- A partial list of North Carolina Corn Dealers.
- Federal Grades of Corn.
- The Price of Sweet Potatoes.
- The Market for Eggs.
- The Average Price Paid for Butter and Eggs During the Year 1914, as Reported by Merchants in the Leading Towns of North Carolina.
- Rules for Grading Eggs.
- Organization to develop North Carolina's Trucking Industry.
- The Work of a State Division of Markets.
- The Law to Provide for the Incorporation and Maintenance of Co-operative Organizations.
- List of Farm Products for Sale.
- Apples.
- Butter (3,500 lbs. per day.)
- Canned Goods (600,000 cans.)
- Cantaloupes.
- Cattle.
- Corn (2,500 bushels.)
- Hogs.
- Horses.
- Irish Potatoes.
- Lettuce (180 cars.)
- Meat.
- Mules.
- Pears.
- Sofa Beans.
- Sweet Potatoes (62,000 bushels.)
- Watermelons.
- Miscellaneous.
- Regulations for Listing Products.
- Blank for Products.—Extension Farm News.

FAILURE

Failure's just a resting place On the road of Try Again. Just a shaking of the pace And a pause for sturdy men; Just a temporary halt On the march to wealth and fame, Where you can correct the fault And go on to play the game.

Failure's not a thing to dread, It is just a hint to you Were you dash too far ahead To be careful what you do. It's the sidetrack where you wait For the passing fast car. Get up steam! The run is straight Out of failure to success. —Detroit Free Press.

The Germans have taken Pilsner and we are surrounding Dolestessen, where the West is expected. The Belgian Marcs have had a falling out with the Welsh Rabbits and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish Stew and the English Mustard hot, and when the Russian Caviar meet the French Pastry, it will cause a Swiss movement—watch. The Spanish onions are strings for a mix-up and if the home preserves are called out and spread out over the German Noodles, they may Ketchup with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of the Brussels Sprouts.—Kaiser Wilhelm.

Special Announcement.

We take pleasure in announcing to our many patrons, and in the trading public generally, throughout Eastern North Carolina, that we are now giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE, to every purchaser of one dollar worth of any kind of merchandise in either of our departments, for cash,

One \$300.00 High Grade Piano
One 10-piece Dinner Set
8 Gold Coins, value \$2.50 each

FOR EVERY CASH PURCHASE OF ONE DOLLAR THE BUYER WILL GET A KEY WITHOUT COST. THE FIRST KEY OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDER TO THE HANDSOME \$300.00 PIANO ABSOLUTELY FREE. THE SECOND KEY OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDER TO THE BEAUTIFUL 100 PIECE DINNER SET ABSOLUTELY FREE. THE NEXT EIGHT KEYS OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDERS TO A TWO ANDA HALF DOLLAR GOLD PIECE EACH.

Barnes & Holliday Co.

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NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXECUTION IN SUPERIOR COURT, HARNETT COUNTY, N. C. J. M. MONROE LEE, J. M. BALLANCE & COMPANY vs. MONROE LEE

By virtue of two executions directed to the undersigned Sheriff of Harnett County from the Superior Court of said County, one in each of the two above entitled actions, I will on Monday the 3d day of May, 1915, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House Door of Harnett County, sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said executions all of the right, title, and interest which the said Monroe Lee, the defendant in said executions has in the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake and runs S. 42 W. 15.50 chains to a maple; thence N. 38 W. 13.70 chains to a stake; thence S. 51 W. 9.50 chains to a stake; thence S. 22 W. 18.75 chains to a stake; thence N. 82 W. 15.75 chains to a stake; thence S. 51 W. 12 chains to a stake; thence S. 16 W. 13.40 chains to a stake in John Jackson's line and J. B. Lee's line to the original corner; thence with J. B. Lee's line to the Western run of Black River; thence up said run to the line of J. B. Lee and J. C. Sorrell; thence North to the beginning, containing 100 acres, more or less, being the lands described in deed from J. B. Lee, and wife, to C. E. Lee and others recorded in Book "Q," Page 228, of the records of Harnett County. This the 31st day of March, 1915. J. M. BYRD, SHERIFF, HARNETT CO. By A. F. SURLIS, D. S.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE By virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Mattie Williams, Alexander Moses and wife, Nannie Moses, to T. L. Bass, on the 13th February, 1911, and recorded in the registry of Harnett county, February 17th, 1911, in Book No. 105, Page 190

The following described lands will be sold to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door, Lillington, N. C. at 12 o'clock, noon, Monday, May 3rd, 1915.

Beginning at a stake in Tart's field on the run of Little Stony Run, formerly a black gum; thence S. 22 poles to a stake; Tart's corner; thence his line S. 35 E. 54 poles to a small pine; thence N. 116 poles to a maple on the run of Stony Run; thence down the run as it meanders to the beginning, containing thirty acres, (30) more or less.

SECOND TRACT: Beginning at a stake in the run of Stony Run and runs S. 72 E. 26 poles to a pine stump; thence N. 85 E. 76 poles to a stake; thence down the run of Stony Run to the beginning, containing twenty seven and one-half acres (27 1/2) more or less. Time of sale, 12 o'clock, Monday, May 3rd, 1915.

Place of sale, court house door, Lillington, N. C. Terms of sale, cash. T. L. GERALD, Mortgagee. This March 31st, 1915.

MAYOR T. L. BASS COMMITS SUICIDE Sanford, April 25.—Mayor T. L. Bass, of Sanford, committed suicide in his home here this afternoon between four and five o'clock by shooting himself through the heart with a 38-calibre Winchester rifle.

CENTRAL HDW. CO. Dunn, N. C. Plumbing



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