

POLK COUNTY NEWS

The Only Paper Published in Polk County.

A Live, Clean Newspaper For the Home.

AND THE TRYON BEE
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ADVICE FROM A NOTED SEEDSMAN.

Urges Upon Everybody Great Necessity of a Garden This Year.

TELLS HOW TO DO YOUR BIT.

Chris Reuter, of New Orleans, La., and one of the foremost seedsmen of the South, gives out the following warning as to the necessity of everybody who can, putting out a garden this year. Mr. Reuter is not given to pessimism, but on the contrary is noted as a jovial, good-humored optimist. But being in the seed business he knows whereof he speaks, and it would pay every one who possibly can, to heed the warning of Mr. Reuter.

In this connection it might not be amiss to say that Mr. Reuter has published a booklet entitled "How to Grow a War Garden," and which he will send you for the asking. It is full of valuable information to those who are not familiar with gardening, and might save you many mistakes. "Every farm home, and every town home with a few square feet of idle ground, that doesn't produce during 1918 every possible bit of food for its own table is working under a handicap and is placing a part of that handicap upon the nation. The first line of defense of a nation at war is to feed itself. The millions of city people who simply cannot produce their own food must be fed by those with surplus ground and practical knowledge in the production of food. Every home that can possibly raise its own food should do so. First, it saves the cash that would otherwise be spent for food and releases it for service in other channels, and it also permits the production of a surplus of food for feeding our millions of soldiers and sailors, and those of our allies who are dependent upon overseas supplies of food.

The farmer who goes to his store and buys canned tomatoes or any other vegetable food that can be grown in his back yard is taxing the very nation that he should be supporting. So far as his own table is concerned, no Southern farmer has any legitimate excuse for purchasing at a store any vegetable; any of the fruits that are produced in the South; any eggs; poultry, or dairy products; but little, if any, packing house products; and should likewise raise on his own acres every pound of feed, or its equivalent, for his live stock. The farmer who buys canned goods, bacon and ham, and other foods too frequently seen on the shelves of the country store, is not doing himself justice and is positively placing a handicap on the back of the nation.

Let me tell you what small-town and city people did during 1917 in producing their own food. The 1917 American War Gardens produced 1,566,666 acres; averaged \$223.40 per acre in production; number of gardens, 6,540,000; and averaged in size 75x100 feet! The great majority of these "war gardeners" were inexperienced in gardening and undoubtedly wasted countless sums in seed, fertilizers, tools, etc. But they were serving Uncle Sam! They were doing their best to produce as much as possible of the foods that they needed and would have consumed anyway, and they knew that every penny's worth they could get from their backyard soils was a penny in cash saved to them and ultimately to the economic gain of the country. Think of the results in the face of their inexperience! Most farmers in 1917 produced more food for home consumption than ever before in the history of the nation. Many more will do the same in 1918. No more patriotic class exists in America, and all that is needed is a realization that by producing their own food they permit that which they formerly bought to go into the mouths of the millions who are prevented, for one good reason or another, from raising their own subsistence.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

The sudden going out of the electric light is sometimes funnier to speak of afterwards than at the time. A family was sitting, listening to an absorbing story the other night, when just as the hero was in the tightest possible scrape, out went the light and stayed out. "The ice has broken the wires, and it won't come on again," said the head of the family. Their lamps were empty, and they were out of oil, and they couldn't even find a candle, so they sat by the firelight and talked until bed time. Much to their chagrin they found the electric light in a bed room blazing away, and that the lights had been out only about twenty minutes. All that time the hero had been hanging over a precipice, and they were asking to know what became of him.

A Tryonite and his family went to Asheville the day of the big storm and returned in the evening. The Tryon lights were out, so they didn't know when they had arrived, the train hand neglected to call the station, and they were carried to Landrum. They had to telephone for a car, and came back in the dusk and ice, cold, weary, and facing a mixture of wind, rain, and snow.

THE FIGHT IS ON.

Civilization is at war with alien oppression and inward corruption. These two battle fronts are really one and success or failure upon the one means the same upon the other.

We wish to win the war with the Prussian Horror and we shall. We can whip Germany and all that it stands for if we have the undivided loyalty of the American people. With the devotion of all the Democracies of the world bending to the same purpose the result is sure.

The greatest enemy within our borders is needless self-indulgence and a desire to reap undue profits from our necessities or our weaknesses. The nation has curbed the war profiteers but the task remains to destroy the business of those who prey upon the vices of the people. The greatest army of these consists of alcohol manufacturers, purveyors and drinkers. These three classes ride in the same boat. Let us take them before the bar of public opinion one by one:

The Manufacturer:
He makes alcohol.
He makes it out of food.
The world is starving for food.
He converts food into poison.
If he puts any other ingredient into his poison it becomes an adulterated poison.

As an enemy HE fosters every vice:
The Purveyor:
He sells poison.
He is a criminal and knows it.
If he is able to sell alcohol he is able to do some useful work and the world is short of labor.

As an enemy HE fosters every vice:
The Drinker:
He drinks alcohol.
He drinks poison.
A poisoned man is dangerous.
A poisoned man is worthless.
A poisoned man is insane.
An insane man engages in every vice.

In his efforts to obtain his poison he becomes a criminal.
He transmits all his evil tendencies to his posterity.
HE is an enemy.
The man who condones the poisoning of the people is a public enemy.
The law maker says so.
The physician says so.

The psychologist says so.
The minister says so.
The business man says so.
The criminologist says so.
The great God says so.
And God damns him.

W. A. NEWELL.

MAJOR HOLDEN.

The other afternoon a small circle was engaged at Mrs. Holden's in making garments for a needy family, when for diversion Mrs. Kelley read a wise and witty article from the Chicago Tribune on the relations of parents and children by Mrs. Beattie, mother of the late Mrs. Barbara Erskine. In the discussion afterward, Mr. Holden praised the article but said that however gratified he might be at the way his children had turned out he could not honestly say or see that his wisdom or foresight or discipline had very much to do with it, or that his children being what they were, the results would not under the same circumstances even with other parents, be about the same. A few minutes afterwards he said that as an illustration he would read them an editorial which he had just seen in the Detroit Free Press that had just arrived. The article was entitled, "Major Holden," and is as follows:

"Many of Detroit's people will feel personal interest and gratification in the news that their fellow citizen, James S. Holden, has been commissioned a major in the signal corps, aviation branch of the army. It is an appointment that reflects credit on both the government and the recipient, for it recognizes fittingly public duty that is not often seen, even in these days of many instances of patriotism. Major Holden left a lucrative business to put his training at the disposal of the country, and in the last six months has given his special talents unstintingly to the national service. Detroit has missed the advantage it might have derived from his possibilities as an alderman, in which capacity he was with us only long enough to indicate what he would have done, but it is a pleasure to realize that the work he has been doing in a larger field is appreciated, and the city can find compensation thereby for its own deprivation."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Joseph L. Daniels, Pastor Emeritus.
Rev. F. Barrows, Makepeace, Minister.

Services: Sunday, 10 a. m., The Sunday School; 11 a. m., Public worship, with sermon. Wednesday, 4 p. m., mid-week prayer service.
Public invited to all services.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

A little three years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Gilbert living on the Houston farm, near Columbus, was burned to death, Wednesday.

Mr. Gilbert was doing some work about the barn, and Mrs. Gilbert had gone to the spring for some water. When she returned, she found the child unconscious, and the house on fire near a window. She called Mr. Gilbert, who extinguished the flames, but nothing could be done for the poor little sufferer, who lived for about an hour after the terrible accident.

The remains will be buried at Big Level, today.

FROM OUR FRIENDS OVER THE COUNTY

Some Items of General Interest Gathered By Our Correspondents From Various Sections of Polk County.

FISH TOP.

Still the earth is shrouded, but we hope she is not dead.

Solomon said that "There is nothing new; for that which is now has already been." But there are some things rare. With sleet on the timber, snow on the earth and a thunder and lightning storm last Friday, was one of them.

Averil Alford, of Brights, went to Saluda on business one day last week.

This makes five weeks since any one could get out to market, and it seems now as if it will be five more before we can, as the snow and ice are the worst they have been this winter.

We are scarce of news this week, and if we had much we could not get it to the NEWS, as the roads are too bad, and we could not carry it.

CROSS KEYS.

Rev. Watkins is expected to preach at Sandy Plains next Saturday night and Sunday. Professor Kidd, of Hillcrest, preached there last Sunday, the attendance being small because of the bad weather.

Our mail carrier, W. C. Daniel, continued coming around in his automobile all this bad weather until last Saturday.

We think that all the registrants of this section have received their questionnaires. Some have received their classification cards.

School opened at Sandy Plains the 7th of this month. It has been remarked that they have a good teacher.

We have been wondering what has become of the Sandy Springs correspondent.

this place, is at the hospital in a critical condition as the result of a limb falling and striking him on the head while chopping down a tree, last Thursday. He was rendered unconscious by the lick, for hours, and it is feared he cannot recover. However his friends hope for the best.

Are we not all proud of our newspaper, though?

SALUDA.

The family of Dr. Little have returned to their home after a sojourn with Mrs. Little's parents in Spartanburg, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Devere Turner have returned after spending the holidays with relatives in the eastern part of this state.

Mrs. Lummas and family have gone further south, having found our very unusually cold weather a little more than they were willing to stand.

Miss Lois Pace is visiting relatives in Jacksonville, Fla., and enjoying every moment of her stay in the land of flowers.

Our very unwelcome visitor from the polar regions, seems very loath to leave us. When at home, he is the center of the smallest and most exclusive circle in the northern hemisphere, but has been very democratic since coming south and has gained an entrance by fair means or foul, into almost every house though the doors have been closed with bolts and bars, for he is suspected of being a pro-German, as it is a known fact that suffering and often disaster have followed in his footsteps.

MILL SPRING ROUTE 1.

Miss Mollie Edwards spent Sunday with Miss Olessa Mills.

Mrs. W. E. Elliott visited her parents last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. W.

TWO VIEWPOINTS.

The farm boy looks at the touring car
As it passes by without a jar.
At the well dressed man with his chauffeur there,
And he thinks that the man is free from care.
He thinks it would be life's greatest bliss
To roll around the world like this,
Have all in the world that is grand or good.
And the lad would swap with him if he could.

The rich man sees the farmer lad
And o'er his face comes a look that's sad,
For the boy has youth and health and hope,
And a face that knows smiles if it doesn't know soap.
And a stomach that never has to diet
And the rich man wishes that he could buy it.
And the car disappears and speeds on thro' the wood
And the rich man would swap with the lad if he could.

MELVIN HILL.

Mrs. Morris is on the sick list, with grippe.

There was no preaching service, nor Sunday school last Sunday on account of cold weather.

We had two mailless days last week. One was on account of a break down, the other on account of bad weather conditions.

Mr. W. B. Feagan went to Columbus last Thursday, got snow bound, and couldn't return for several days.

Mr. S. S. Lawter managed to motor his truck to Chesnee a couple of times last week, to bring up groceries.

In contemplation of putting in a larger mill, Mr. J. W. Stacy has sold his old one.

T. P. Covington gave a dance at his home a few nights ago, and those who couldn't dance played cards.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jones who had scarlet fever, has recovered.

Mr. O. R. Steadman is about to have the "Tennessee fever" again. We don't know whether it will take him away this time or not.

We had unusual weather here last Friday. It first began to snow, and after awhile it began to hail and rain, and during the forenoon the snow, hail and rain were all falling at the same time. In the afternoon there was lightning, thunder and a heavy downpour of rain, which froze on the timber all day, until there was the heaviest sleet seen here for a number of years. Large limbs were broken from the trees, and the whole tops were broken out of many of the pines. The oldest people here say they never saw the like before.

The oldest morning here last week was Sunday. The thermometer registered five above zero.

Mr. Bud McGinnis is quite sick with grippe.

Mr. Holbert Jackson, formerly of

Womack.

Mr. V. B. Hyler made a business trip to Rutherfordton last week and came home on top of the ice, Saturday.

We are sorry to know that Mr. Witcher Moore has joined the U. S. navy. Oh, how we will miss him!

Mr. John Phillips, of Inman, S. C., was at Rev. Womack's last week, on business.

Our mail man became ice bound and failed to make his round last Saturday, and how we were disappointed.

Miss Minnie Womack visited Mrs. W. E. Elliott, last Wednesday.

On account of cold weather the cotton picking which was to have been held at Mr. Fosse Edwards' Saturday night, was knocked out. We hope for better luck next Saturday night.

Mr. P. D. Williams is lining his corn crib with wire to prevent rats from destroying his corn.

Edgar, here's wishing you, Dock and Arthur a 10 days furlough from "Greenville's" mountain.

CASH IN ADVANCE BASIS.

On account of the heavy advance in price in everything used in the making of a newspaper our profit is cut so low that we cannot afford to run any risk on subscriptions. On and after the first of February we will adopt a strict cash in advance system, making exceptions for nobody, so that no favoritism will be shown. We are sending out notices this week, showing how your subscription account stands, and unless we receive remittance paying you in advance on or before February, your name will be dropped from our list.

It's Not So Difficult.

Some women are very shrewd, indeed. They can tell a lie the minute they hear one.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

Mr. C. H. Leland, Jr., a prominent young business man, of Saluda, was accidentally killed while out duck hunting, near McClellanville, S. C.

To Mrs. Hazard, of Saluda, who is visiting in that section are we indebted for the particulars. It seems that with a crowd of companions he had gone duck hunting, and in some manner his gun was discharged, the load entering an arm, and he was at once placed in a row boat and started for Charleston for medical relief, but on account of the loss of blood, died shortly after reaching there. Mr. Leland was a young man of sterling qualities, and his gentle manners and courteous attention had endeared him to all who knew him. He had twice tried to serve his country, being examined at Asheville and Charleston, but rejected on both occasions.

We extend sympathy to his parents and many friends.

We must once more caution our correspondents about sending in copy so late in the week. Last week we had to leave out several interesting letters because they were received too late. Copy must reach us no later than Wednesday in order to be published that week.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE—ITS BENEFITS.

Surgeon Gray has been in town for a few days. He had a cold, but if he isn't in excellent health, he has got up a camouflage that looks like it. He declares that if anybody a few months ago had told him he would be sleeping on the ground on a straw pallet and get up in the morning at six o'clock, break the ice in a wash basin and work until long in the evening, and on the whole not dissatisfied with it he would have thought the person crazy.

He says that in almost every case when the first few days a recruit has been discontented, unwilling to take and obey orders, or is dull, uninterested, shambling, slouching, he is soon trained into a well set-up alert soldier, who likes the service, and is mainly anxious to cross the sea and begin the work of killing Germans. Now and then there has been a deserter, but the penalty is discouraging. One was recently brought back and put in the guard-house. He hadn't given up, and saw an opportunity to get away. The guard called on him to halt or he would shoot. The deserter didn't believe him, but went on. A few seconds more and he fell dead. The sentinel meant business, and the recruit soon learns that when he is told to do a thing he must do it, no matter what he thinks about it, personally.

POLK COUNTY RED CROSS.

The American Red Cross has recruited and equipped forty-nine base hospitals in the war zone. This means doctors, nurses and supplies sufficient for some twenty-five thousand beds. Some of the work we do most likely goes to these hospitals. What are you and your neighbors doing towards making these supplies and furnishing money to purchase the necessary materials?

Cold weather has not stopped work at Tryon headquarters, although the more scattered communities have had to let up in their co-operative work. Knitting continues on all sides.

A call for five hundred special pad dressings to be made in two weeks has come, and is being answered by a group of women busy every day, and all day in the library rooms. There is need of more workers and more money with which to buy the necessary gauze for filling this order.

The new stove keeps the library warm, but those who prefer to sew at home can always be supplied with cut-out garments.

Polk county has sent out Miss Helen Kenworthy as enlisted nurse. This is not exactly Red Cross organization, as she is a U. S. army officer. Will any one knowing other Polk county nurses in service send their names to the editor?

On every hand one hears and sees knitting, and we hope the results feel warm to the soldiers. Through its military relief committee this chapter has sent about twenty-five articles to the Hog Back Artillery Range. Various private sources have supplied wool to knit twenty-three sweaters. All these articles have been turned over to the artillery officers for distribution to their men. A box containing thirty sets, each consisting of a sweater, a muffler and a pair of socks, has been shipped to Atlanta headquarters.

As the price of wool rises, the demands for more funds for its purchase are more insistent.

The committee in charge of garments hopes that all articles made of warm materials will be turned in at once. The present weather stresses the need of warm hospital garments. More sewers are needed. Now that Christmas is over many ladies in the county should be able to sew at home. It is hoped all those willing to do so will communicate with Mrs. Earle Grady, Tryon, at once.

A group of ladies working with Mrs. Maude Cox, near Rutherfordton, turned in a fine stock of muslin bandages to the Polk county headquarters, Tuesday. The increase in the groups of workers all over the county is most encouraging.

The Tryon work rooms will be open every day next week, to complete a rush order for gauze dressings. A new stove will keep the library warm.

EXEMPTION BOARDS COME HIGH.

The Amount Arked for Expenses for Next Draft Alarms the Government.

"O CONSISTENCY? THOU ART A JEWEL."

When county exemption boards were first appointed we were told that they were to serve free. Now comes the startling information that not only have they drawn good pay, but in many instances their expenses have been so heavy that the expense fund is completely exhausted. Tuesday's papers make some interesting reading on this subject. In one place we are told that a board in a Pennsylvania county went to Washington to ask for information that could just as easily have been sent by mail, but the members did not fail to file their bill for traveling expenses, amounting to over \$100.00 per man. The North Carolina members met at Raleigh, and a resolution was introduced asking that the members serve free, but so much opposition was manifested that the resolution was withdrawn. The author of the resolution stated that if the members served free it would mean a saving to the United States of over ten million dollars during the next three months. One member in opposing the resolution said the amount would be so trifling as to be hardly noticeable. Of course ten millions does not amount to much in this country, yet when Mr. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury was asked to pay for newspaper advertising, he balked and said the country could not stand the expense, yet advertising agencies agreed to place the advertising in every newspaper in the United States for two million dollars. Two millions were too much for newspapers, yet ten millions are not too much for exemption boards. These same exemption boards have been among the greatest beggars of any one class in the country for free space in the newspapers. We have no complaint to make because the exemption boards are asking for pay. We believe they should be paid. But in all fairness and justice, we do say if Uncle Sam is going to pay for one service he certainly should be willing to pay for all.

This state of affairs does not apply to sparsely settled counties like Polk, for here the exemption board has not received half enough for its services. But in the thickly settled communities, and more especially in the cities, it does apply, and here it is where the government has had so much trouble, in some cases entire boards have been dismissed and new ones appointed. In one or two instances the boards have not only been dismissed, but also placed under very serious charges by the government.

SOME OTHER CASUALTY LISTS

Not All Are Result of Shell Fire or Gas—Home Existence Has Proven Uncertain.

Not all the casualty lists printed in these days of war are the result of shell fire or poison gas on the battle front in France. The uncertainty of home existence is brought to mind in a recent report of a well known accident company showing claims paid by the company. The following item from the Kansas City Times tells the story well:

If the soldiers in the trenches should read the recent report of a certain accident insurance company they might have some such feelings as the sailor whose ship was threshing about in a great storm at sea.

"I pity the folks on shore tonight, with chimney pots falling, gutters blowing off the eaves of houses and trees falling."

The report gives the record of accidents to the company's policyholders the last three months. It shows that a person doesn't have to go to war to be in danger. Nineteen men fell down stairs at home and were injured; ten slipped on floors and were hurt; seventy-nine sprained their ankles; three slipped in bath tubs and one died from that hurt; three were injured getting out of bed; seventy were hurt while dressing, and thirty-seven were hurt while working about the house.

In one case a soldier went through the fiercest battles of the war uninjured, and while home on a furlough fell and was seriously injured.

A noted economist makes the following startling comparison:

"If we should open the doors of our penitentiaries and turn loose all our convicted thieves, thugs, forgers and murderers, the deprivations of those undesirable citizen would probably not cost any more life and property than would be saved by the elimination of the moral hazard in fire insurance."