

BOOST THE BACKWOODS.

Commercial Clubs and Boards of Trade Much for Development of State.

(Greensboro News.)

That North Carolina town is insignificant, indeed, that today does not have an organization—Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Boosters' Club, or what-not—working to promote the growth and prosperity of the municipality, and the recent organization of the North Carolina Chamber of Commerce gives us a state institution of the same nature. Along what line the latter will direct its activities doth not yet appear, except in the freight rate fight, but it is to be hoped that as soon as the pressing need of just transportation facilities is settled that it will turn its attention to boosting the places that as yet have no organization to speak for them—the "backwoods."

North Carolina has always been the least self-assertive state in the sisterhood. But though humility may be an admirable characteristic in the individual, it is by no means always so in states. In the matter of soil, climate and natural advantages, we have inducements that ought to tempt the cream of the immigration that is coming to the United States. But the trouble is that the immigrants don't know it, and up to the present North Carolina has never taken the trouble to tell them. We know, in a vague sort of way, that we need people, especially trained agriculturists to work the thousands of acres that are now lying idle, and we also know that unnumbered thousands are coming to the United States every year, searching for cheap land; yet we have lain supinely on our backs while the aggressive western states have been gathering in the newcomers.

We boast of our Anglo-Saxon blood and shudder at the prospect of a tide of "undesirable immigrants" flooding our territory. But no immigrant that sticks to the soil is undesirable. The off-scourings of Europe are not going to follow the plow, and as we have no large cities for them to herd in, there is no danger of our getting anything but the select stock.

It will be a surprise to the average man to learn, that the federal government maintains a bureau of information for the benefit of the newly landed foreigners. True, the appropriation is entirely inadequate for the work, but the bureau is there and through it those states that are willing to cooperate with it may reach the immigrant. Here is where North Carolina should make a move. Every man newly landed from the north of Europe, and those from northern Italy and the agricultural districts of southern Europe as well, should have his attention directed to this state. We can raise more corn to the acre than any other land in the world. Why should the middle west bear the title of the corn belt? We can raise hogs and cattle more cheaply than anybody else. Why should the immigrant think that to raise stock he must go west? The fertility of our soil is unsurpassed. Why should millions in other sections have the notion that the south is an arid region?

The trouble is that we have never advertised. We have the goods, but nobody knows it. Therefore the cobwebs hang over our door.

Repeatedly Beaten By His Wife, He Says.

Chicago, June 2.—Attaches in Judge Gibbons' court room took pity upon Alfred W. Walson, who declared that his wife used him as a punching bag and attempted to persuade him to have another set to with Mrs. Walson, who is suing him for divorce.

Walson is a real estate dealer. To his wife's charge of desertion he replied with a list of beatings during his married life. Judge Gibbons decided that \$15 a week was sufficient for Mrs. Walson pending a hearing of the suit. This enraged Mrs. Walson and she broke away from her attorney and ran down the corridor of the county building.

Among the charges made by Walson against his wife are the following dates of alleged "beatings":

December 3, 1911—Struck him with a beer bottle, broke it over his head and knocked him down. She also threw a rope with a slip noose over his head and nearly choked him to death.

December, 1911—During this month after the first assault, locked him in a bath room and compelled him to sleep in the tub all night.

May, 5, 1912—Attacked him and kicked him in the abdomen. As a result he was incapacitated for business for some time.

August 1, 1912—Took his clothes, locked him in a room so that he was unable to leave the house, and he had to call the police.

September 4, 1912—Assaulted him, screamed and talked all night.

September 12, 1912—Struck him repeatedly in the face and blacked his eyes so that he was ashamed to appear in public.

January, 1913.—Threw hot water over him, attacked him with a knife and drove him away, so that he was afraid to return for a couple of days.

March 18, 1913—Attacked him with a carving knife, threatened to kill him and cut him as he dodged out of a door.

April 14, 1913—This was the day they last separated. She threw a plate of butter over his clothes, bit his thumb so badly that the nail came off.

April 29, 1913—Went to his office with a revolver and snapped it at him.

\$65,000 Chest At Sea Bottom.

San Francisco, June 1.—Capt. T. P. H. Whitelaw has located an iron chest which contains \$65,000 in gold ingots at the bottom of the Bay of Angel Island and will attempt to recover the fortune by means of an electro-magnet.

The safe was dropped from the hold of the steamer Corcoran, which was rammed and turned turtle after colliding with the steamer Seminole in a dense fog four months ago.

Owing to the depth of the water Captain Whitelaw has been unable to send a diver down to make a line fast so the safe might be raised. This will be the first time magnets have been used for this purpose here.

We hear people talk about waiting for their ship to come in. If you are a good advertiser, you will not have to wait for your ship.

If you are not going to be able to pay a bill when it is due, take the matter up with the payee before it becomes due, and not after.

THE SOIL IMPROVEMENT.

Biggest Problem Before The Farmer—Better Land and Fewer Acres.

(B. L. Moss, in The Progressive Farmer.)

The biggest problem in the agricultural world is the problem of getting and maintaining rich land. It overshadows even the big problem of rural credits and of co-operative marketing, and must always do so as long as we average our pitiful one-third of a bale of cotton and 15 bushels of corn per acre. The best farmer in the world will find it difficult to make money on washed-away hillsides; while an ignorant Negro, by keeping down the grass and weeds alone, can make a bale of cotton to the acre on the deep, rich, alluvial lands of the Mississippi Delta.

What, then, is the secret of profitable crops? Rich land. Rich land, to be gotten by rotating crops, by growing cow-peas, soy beans, velvet beans, peanuts and clovers. I tell you that unless you have a cover crop of crimson clover on every foot of your last year's cotton land you are neglecting your duty to yourself, your land and your community. Crimson clover is a demonstrated success from Delaware to Texas; one acre of it is equal to ten tons of stable manure. Can we afford to be without it? Perhaps we may differ with Prof. Massey on some things, but when it comes to crimson clover he is, in the language of William Green Hill, about "the rightest man they is."

When Sign Says, "Eat," He Just Had To Obey.

New York, May 31.—"Eat" is the sign above the door of the restaurant at No. 342 East thirty-fourth street. About 10 o'clock last night a neatly dressed quiet man walked in, sat down and proceeded to obey the injunction. This is what he swallowed in fifteen minutes, the restaurant owner says:

One order of clam broth; one portion of bean soup; one large steak, smothered with onions and mushrooms; two orders of ham and eggs; seven wedges of pie and seven cups of coffee.

Then he sighed contentedly, arose and prepared to depart. The waiter intercepted with check for \$2.50. The diner looked at the check, looked at the waiter then patted the region of his waistcoat and remarked, happily, "My stomach is full, but my pocket is empty."

Patrolman Miller took him to the East Thirty-fifth street police station, where he said he was Lawrence Neville of No. 234 East Forty-second street. He explained to the lieutenant that he was "an investigator and experimenter," and was making scientific comparisons between home and restaurant cooking. The experimenter, he said was a success.

He was taken, however, to the Night court charged with disorderly conduct. Magistrate Freschi fined him \$3. He could not pay the fine and was sent to the workhouse for three days.

Persistence is a good trait of character; but when it develops into pig-headedness, it ceases to be a virtue.

There may be off-seasons on the various lines of goods in your store, but there should be no off-season on the advertising.

ONE KILLED, NINE INJURED

Train Leaves Bridge and Plunges Into Deep River, Near Cumnock.

(The Observer.)

Sanford, June 5.—Train number 10 of the Raleigh, Charlotte and Southern Railroad was wrecked at Deep River bridge near Cumnock, this afternoon about six o'clock, the entire train going into the river. The train is a mixed passenger and freight running between Mount Gilead and Colon. The engine, tender, three box cars and one coach fell into the river, killing one man and injuring a number of others.

The dead is Mr. Bowden Stewart of Hemp. The injured are Fred Burns, Osgood, seriously hurt, R. C. Blalock, engineer, bruised and scalded on arms and back, George Blalock, brother of Engineer Blalock, seriously scalded, Conductor Beachman of Biscoe, seriously hurt in back, legs and head, Gus Johnson and Milt Johnson, passengers, hurt in back and legs, not serious. Arthur Leak, colored fireman, scalded on head and severe gashes on head, Spencer Tyson, colored, arm broken and hurt in head, not fatal. Fletcher Legrand, colored, leg hurt not serious. The last three are trainmen.

As soon as news of the wreck reached her Dr. Charles L. Scott left in an automobile for the scene and later a special train over the Southern Railway carried aid. It is not known what caused the accident and more complete details are not obtainable at this hour. A special train over the Southern brought the injured to the Central Carolina Hospital at Sanford, where every attention is being given them.

Men Skated And Women Flopped.

Washington, June 1.—The crowd that frequents the soda fountain at the drug store at the corner of F and Fifteenth streets just across from the treasury building, where women in their new gowns leave the street cars to commence the parade up fashionable F street, had a grand time for two hours Saturday.

A barrel of syrup dropped from the tail end of a transfer wagon, the head of the barrel came out, and 50 gallons of juice covered about 200 square feet of sidewalk.

Five women wearing tight-fitting skirts went down almost in a heap when they struck the syrup. The tight skirts kept them from skating through, as the men did.

Soon an army of drug clerks were out "shooing" the people around the slick spot and escorting those who fell into the store to have their clothes cleaned.

Three men who dashed to the rescue of women lost their feet and went down with them.

Twenty-six skirts and 14 men's suits suffered. Several women whose skirts were a little high and who wore up-to-date summer under-outfits declined the offer of drug store help and hurried home.

Women have no sense of humor, unless it is in their choice of husbands.—Judge.

As often as not is the consciousness of a lack, not of a possession that prompts us to preach or to brag.

Husband Gone, She Pawns Her Children.

Hutchinson, Kan., June 2. Elmer Manny, fire-man at a Hutchinson salt plant, who inherited \$43,000 in the will of his grandfather, and who has gone to Des Moines, Ia., to claim the estate, left a wife and two small children destitute in Hutchinson.

It developed in court here that the wife, desperate in the extremity of poverty, had literally pawned the two children, Margaret, aged four, and Ole, a baby, for a debt of \$20.

The mother left the children with the landlady of a local rooming house, where she was in debt, with the understanding that they were to keep the children as security for the \$20, plus the cost of their care, while the mother worked out.

Finding she was unable to pay the debt, and hearing that the rooming house landlady was about to leave town with her children, the desperate mother appealed to the police judge to help her recover her babies.

"No mother can pawn her children in that manner legally," held Police Judge J. M. Jordan, and he ordered the landlady to return the babies at once, notwithstanding the unpaid debt.

A warrant will be issued for the arrest of the husband, if he can be located. Several months ago he was advised by a Chicago attorney of his inheriting an estate. The latter consisted of Chicago property, and in the settlement, it is claimed, Manny received \$43,000, deposited in trust for him in Des Moines, Iowa.

Prosperity proved too much for him, however, and he promptly deserted his humble wife and children and has not been seen or heard of since.

To "Take The Crow" Out Of Roosters.

Washington, May 31.—Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dr. B. T. Galloway has received a letter from a correspondent who claims to be "the guy that can take the crow out of the rooster." Dr. Galloway was so rejoiced at the receipt of the news, which, he thinks, will eventually put the chicken in every back yard, that he asked the bureau of animal industry to experiment at once with a view to soft pedaling crowing roosters.

The author of the letter says that, by removing one of the vocal cords of an ordinary rooster, which can be done by a simple operation, the noise that "wakes" people at the break of day can be eliminated without injuring the rooster, except his feelings. The desire to crow through the motion of flapping the wings, arching the neck, and opening the mouth, but the effort is noiseless.

It was suggested that absorbent cotton be put in the neck of the rooster after the operation, as a precaution. The cotton, the correspondent said, not only served the ordinary purpose, but produced, when the rooster tried to crow, a pleasing, whistling sound.

The names of the men who take no trade papers are all on the "sucker lists," and they are valuable additions to the lists.

Advertising means something more than merely buying newspaper space and filling it up with type. Advertising is making people want the goods.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Interesting Reading Matter of Local and National Affairs in Condensed Form.

Marylin Maness, a young white man 18 years old, was drowned in a mill pond near Maxton late Sunday afternoon.

The First Baptist church at Wilson was burglarized Monday night, and a baptismal suit, together with several other articles was taken.

Hon. Thomas R. Marshall, Vice President of the United States, delivered the Commencement address at the University of North Carolina Wednesday.

Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, one of the state's most gifted literary men, died at his home in Wilmington, late Wednesday afternoon, after a lingering illness.

Prof. Alexander Graham, who has been superintendent of the Charlotte public schools for 25 years has been ousted of his position and Prof. Harry P. Harding elected instead.

A section of Robeson county was visited by a severe rain and hailstorm Monday afternoon and all crops consisting of cotton, corn and tobacco were beaten to pieces in a strip estimated one mile wide.

Fire, believed to have been started by small boys smoking cigarettes, completely destroyed the high school building, a four story structure at Newport News, Va., Tuesday night, entailing a loss of \$40,000.

At a big mass meeting of the citizens of Guilford county Monday night, resolutions calling upon the Governor of North Carolina to call the General Assembly in extra session to free the people of the State from the present unjust and unfair discriminations in freight rates were strongly indorsed.

R. R. Hughes, a white man of Avery county was tried Wednesday in the United States court at Greensboro on the charge of using the mails in furtherance of a scheme to defraud and was found guilty and given a 15 months' sentence to the Federal prison at Atlanta. Hughes was captured at Spokane, Wash., and while being returned to the state, jumped through a car window at Salisbury and escaped for a couple of days.

Hudson News.

An entertainment is to be given at the school house Saturday night, June 7th, by local talent. A small admission will be charged, the money raised to go towards buying some desks, etc. for the school. All are cordially invited to come.

Miss Martha Mast spent Sunday in Hudson with relatives.

Mrs. C. H. Throneburg went to Hickory Monday.

Our new Town Board is composed of the following gentlemen: Mayor, T. J. Lutz; Commissioners, J. L. Sigmon, E. T. Hickman, J. A. Lingle, C. H. Throneburg and B. B. Hayes.

Mrs. B. B. Hayes and children spent several days at Lenoir last week.

Several new books have been added to the Hudson Library recently.

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Send us 25 cts. in Stamps and get The News 3 months.