

# Down on the Farm

I know the pride and love of home of the average American farmer. I know something of what was in my father's mind as he saw me leave the farm and go to the city. Something burns deep in my heart. I was one of those farm boys who listened to the lure of city life and so left my father along on the farm.

Frankly, something of regret fills my inner conscience; almost shame, because, as I saw our old farm home in the years of my boyhood and then, after father and mother were forced to leave it because I had left before them, the knowledge of what has happened to the old home is nothing to be proud of.

Father never used the term "my cow," "my house," or "my home." To him it was always "our home." The house with three dimensions—length, breadth, and height—after it was built by Daddy and our neighbors—acquired its fourth dimension. It then became our home. That fourth dimension was its sentiment; the spirit of family life and friendliness; that attachment that grew out of our garden and our farm.

What father loved he would fight for and he knew it was only through sentiment that his house became his home—next came love to him, for he knew that without love there was no poetry, no music no homes. He knew that only love could vitalize the intellect to the point of creating a home.

Mother and I make our home our castle. We try to demonstrate to the world that our farm is primarily our home and that we are proud of both. We believe that we will have gone a long way towards winning the fight of agriculture for equality of consideration; equality of protection with industry, business and labor; and we shall have gone a long way towards winning the respect of our city friends and customers and shall have gained confidence in ourselves once we have added the fourth dimension.

**Forced To Work**  
Dreaming of riches can bring Mother and me no happiness at all. To the average man on the land, riches come only through a streak of good fortune which means, in the end, family dissension, trouble, and an acute nostalgia for the good old days. Remember that the man who gains a fortune and then loses it says: "Like birds, your friends fly away when the rations fail."

Daydreaming is the endless elaboration of that entertaining problem which we toilers among the crops worry little about. It does, however, add variety to our labor; it warms the arteries and the brain cells; it sometimes thaws out bad dispositions, aches, miseries and melancholy. But the hang-over that accompanies the stimulant for us is, happily enough, in June and very mild indeed about August, when prices begin to fall.

To be wealthless and moneyless is indeed a tragedy, but it is not the worst kind of poverty. One may have an empty purse and yet be rich by possessing health and a beautiful family. If such a man has no money, but has a chance to earn a livelihood on his land by the help of his children and his God, getting out to his fields or livestock as the sun rises above the horizon, his brain must be filled with hope.

The so-called material wealth of this earth has been built up most often through the genius of poor men with the help of their wives, sons and daughters, who have remained poor, going out at sunrise with their boys to the fields and creating such, as it were, having "made the many rich."

The boys and I thank God every morning when we get up that we have something to do each day which must be done. We are forced to work. We try to do our level best, which makes us cheerful and content virtues the idle boy or girl, man or woman never know. What would we do tomorrow if we knew we had

no work to do? Dreaming of riches isn't in our calendar.  
**Nature's Smile**  
Nature's smile may make our efforts fruitful; her frown may undo the best of our plans, but we are not entirely helpless.  
"When fish are bitin' in the crick it surely makes a feller sick to work a-makin' hay from grass, when he would rather fish for bass," says Neighbor Green.  
"There ain't no pleasure that I like as much as watchin' fishes strike; when they are full of vim and fight and wake up with an appetite for angleworms and flat-heads. The thing to do is not wait till corn plowin's through; but take a pole and can of bait and go down where the fishes wait, and find a seat upon the bank and drop your hook for fish to yank. When bass are waitin' to be caught, it seems to me a feller ought not let his plowin' interfere, but when corks bob and disappear there ain't no place as good as to be sittin' by the crick."  
"The weeds can grow in my corn field, and take some bush-down on the farm—two—els off the yield, good hayin' weather may not last, but years keep goin' by so fast that if I don't take time fer fun, first thin' I know my race'll be run. Hard work is all right in its place, but if I wear out in this chase for dollars, git the rheumatiz, I may have all the wealth there is and not be happy. So my plan is to have a good time while I can. A-sittin' here with my fishin' pole is rest fer body and fer soul, it helps to keep my temper sweet, and then at night with fish to eat, a-sizzlin' in the fryin' pan, I'm surely a happy soul. And my Susie's thankful fer my fishin' pole."

## Checking Farms In Soil Program

The work of checking compliance on some 130,000 North Carolina farms which are cooperating in the agricultural conservation program got under way this month.

Information gathered in the check will be used to determine the amount of soil-building and diversion payment each grower is to get, said H. A. Patten, state compliance supervisor at State College.

Forms have been furnished from Washington on which will be set down the acreages of depleting and conserving crops and the areas on which soil-building practices are being conducted.

Since farmers have until October 31 to plant certain conserving crops and start soil-building practices under the 1937 program, the task of checking compliance cannot be fully completed until after that date, Patten pointed out.

In 60 counties, aerial photographs being made this summer, or taken previously, will be used to determine the acreages of different fields on individual farms.

The supervisor will take the pictures to the farm and identify, with the help of the farmer, the different fields and the crops growing on them.

Acreage can be checked with an accuracy within one per cent when the photographs are used. This method is also faster and more economical than measuring with tapes, Patten stated.

North Carolina farmers earned more than \$12,000,000 under the program last year with some 115,000 farms cooperating.

A process whereby minerals can be extracted from the sea will be demonstrated at the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition.

Ev-rything In The **DRUG LINE** At Low Prices — at **RED CROSS PHARMACY** Corner 10th and C Streets

**666** FEVER first day checks COLDS and Headache, 30 minutes—World's Best Linctant

Liquid Tablets, Salve, Nose Drops

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE**  
North Carolina, Wilkes County. Having qualified as the Administratrix of the estate of E. R. Minton, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to file the same with the undersigned at her home at North Wilkesboro, N. C., Star Route, or before the 12th day of July, 1937, or this notice will be filed in bar of their right to recover. All persons indebted to said estate are likewise requested to make immediate settlement.  
This 12th day of July, 1937.  
MRS. E. R. MINTON,  
Administratrix.

# Dale Carnegie 5-Minute Biographies

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People"  
**HETTY GREEN**  
She Resold Her Morning Paper and Spent Hours in the July Sun Sorting Rags, To Increase Her Fortune of \$65,000,000

At one time, Hetty Green was the richest woman in America. At her death, she was worth at least \$65,000,000, possibly \$100,000,000. Yet almost any scrubwoman wears finer clothes than Hetty Green wore, eats a better dinner, and sleeps in a better bed.

Her income was \$5 a minute, or \$300 an hour; yet she would buy a morning newspaper for two cents, read it, and then have it sold again.

On cold winter days, she often padded herself with newspapers to keep warm. She bought a couple of railroads outright—bought them lock, stock, and barrel—and she owned bonds of almost every railroad in the country; yet when she was taking a train journey, she never indulged in the luxury of a Pullman berth, but sat up all night in the day coach.

Once she invited her friends to meet her at the Parker House in Boston for a dinner party. Everyone expected it to be quite an affair. Ladies appeared in their evening wraps, and the gentlemen wore dinner coats. But after her guests had arrived, Hetty led them out of the hotel and walked them a long distance to a cheap boarding house and treated them to a twenty-five cent dinner.

Sometimes when she was in Boston, she ate at a restaurant in Pie Alley—a place where one could get a plate of beans for three cents and a small wedge of pie for two cents. Her income then was more than eight cents every second. That meant she would have had to eat four pieces of pie every second just to keep up with her income.

When she was seventy-eight years old, a newspaper reporter asked her the secret of her good health. She said that she ate a tenderloin steak, fried potatoes, a cup of tea and some milk every morning for breakfast and then chewed baked onions all day to kill the germs that were in the steak and the milk. Unfortunately, she didn't say what she chewed to kill the germs in the onions.

On a sizzling hot day in 1893, Hetty Green crawled up into the attic of a warehouse that she had inherited from her father. The July sun boiled down upon the iron roof and made the attic just a trifle less hot than the outskirts of Hades. Yet Hetty Green worked in that devastating heat for hours. . . . Doing what? . . . Sorting white rags from colored ones because the junk man paid a cent a pound more for white rags!

She had to spend most of her time in Wall Street looking after her investments. That was dangerous, and she knew it. She realized that if she rented an apartment in New York City, or owned even one stick of furniture in the state, the tax collector would swoop down upon her and take \$30,000 from her every year. So, to dodge tax collectors, she drifted about from one cheap lodging house to another. Frequently she stopped for only one night in a place, so that even her best friends didn't know where she was hiding half the time. She lived under assumed names, dressed in rags, and carried so little baggage that suspicious landladies often made her pay for her night's lodging in advance.

As she grew older, a miracle happened. A friend persuaded her to spend \$300 for beauty treatments. Each treatment was guaranteed to make her look one year younger.

Always fearing that some crook would forge her signature to a check, she never signed her name unless she had to. She saved all

the envelopes that came addressed to her through the mails, and wrote her messages on the back of these envelopes. That relieved her of the necessity of signing her own name.

A friend of mine, Boyden Sparkes, is the co-author of a biography called Hetty Green, A Woman Who Loved Money. He told me that Hetty Green used to keep several million dollars on deposit at the Chemical National Bank in New York, and so she made herself at home there. She left her trunks and suitcases in the bank, and she kept her old dresses and dusty rubbers in the vault. She brought an old one-horse buggy to the bank, took the wheels off, and had it stored on the second floor; and when she gave up her apartment in Hoboken, she stored her furniture in the bank.

Yet, in many ways, she had a kindly heart. For example, there was a porter at the bank, an old fellow who washed windows and ran errands and looked like a

## Salvation Army's World Head to Visit South



General Evangeline Booth

Atlanta, Ga., July — Ernest I. Pugmire, Territorial Commander of the Salvation Army in the South, announces that General Evangeline Booth of London, world leader of the Salvation Army, will come to Atlanta October 1 for a four-day visit, during which she will deliver a public address at the new City Auditorium.

Commander Booth will speak in only three cities during her stay in the United States, Atlanta, New York and Chicago, and two cities in Canada, Winnipeg and Toronto, Commander Pugmire states.

Commander Booth's visit to Atlanta, it is said, will be the occasion of a great gathering of more than 2,000 Salvation Army delegates from the South, including the officers of every Army unit in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma and the District of Columbia, the States comprising the Army's Southern Territorial District. Atlanta is Territorial headquarters for the South. Besides the public address at the Auditorium Commander Booth during her four-day visit will participate in a number of other Army and Civic functions.

Preston S. Arkwright, president of the Georgia Power Company and Chairman of the Salvation Army's Advisory Board in Atlanta, has been named to head a committee for the reception of General Booth.

## Statute Directs Servants To Show Their Certificates

The General Assembly of 1937 passed and ratified the following law, in the interest of public health and in the fight against the spread of venereal diseases:  
The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That hereafter all domestic servants who shall present themselves for employment shall furnish their employer with a certificate from a practicing physician or the public health officer of the county in which they reside, certifying that they have been examined within two weeks prior to the time of said presentation of said certificate, that they are free from all contagious, infectious or communicable diseases and showing the non-existence of any venereal disease which might be transmitted. Such certificate shall be accompanied by the original report from a laboratory approved by the State Board of Health for making such tests showing that the Wassermann or any other approved tests

tramp. One day the bank fired him, and Hetty Green felt so sorry for him that she spent almost a week of her time getting him another job.

She died at the age of eighty-one from a stroke of paralysis, and the nurses who cared for her during her last illness were not permitted to wear their white uniforms. They wore street dresses so that Hetty would think they were ordinary servants—for the old lady could not have died peacefully had she suspected that they were expensive, trained nurses.

of this nature are negative. Such tests to have been made within two weeks of the time of the presentation of such certificates; and such certificate shall also affirmatively state the non-existence of tuberculosis in the infectious state.

Section 2. That all domestic servants employed shall be examined at least once each year and as often as the employer may require, and upon examination shall

furnish to the employer all of the certificates of the condition of their health, as is set out in section one hereof.

Section 3. All laws and clauses of laws in conflict with this Act are hereby repealed.

Section 4. That this Act shall be in full force and effect from and after its ratification. In the General Assembly read three times the ratified, this 22nd day of March, 1937.

# NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Pay Your Town Taxes, During the Remainder of This Month and Save

## EXTRA PENALTY AND ADVERTISING COSTS

Property will be advertised for taxes during the month of August and sold in September. Levies will be made on personal property and wages will be garnished for unpaid personal taxes.

**PAY NOW AND SAVE!**

**I. H. McNEILL, Jr.,**  
TAX COLLECTOR FOR THE TOWN OF NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

# Announcing Our Appointment As Dealers For FAIRBANKS-MORSE RADIOS

## In This Territory

### GET THESE GREAT PLUS FEATURES IN 1938 FAIRBANKS-MORSE RADIOS

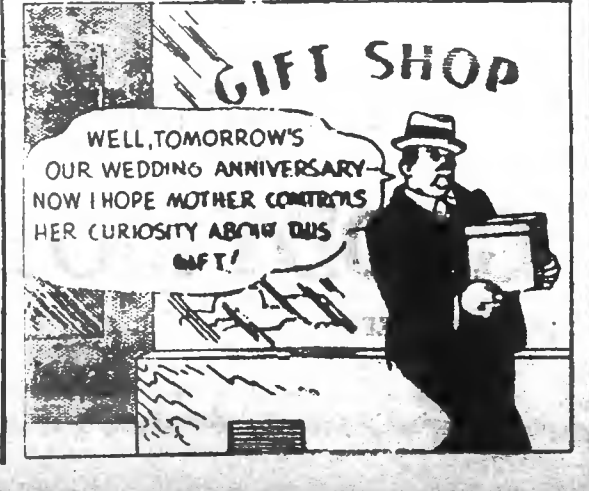
We have been appointed local dealers for the Fairbanks-Morse line of Radios for this territory, and cordially invite you to come in and see and hear the newest in radio development which makes the Fairbanks-Morse Radio the outstanding value of today. They are built in many sizes to suit every requirement, and in a price range to suit all-sized pocketbooks. Perfected Turret Shield—with super-deep monitor base; Improved Tone Projector—with balanced timing of tone; Automatic Tuning with true A. F. C.; Wide-Arc Tone Diffuser; Newest Tapered Styling Cabinets—these are just a few of the many superior points of quality to be found in the Fairbanks-Morse line. Come in and let us show you the others. You will want to own a newer-type radio, and the prices make it easily possible.

# Rhodes-Day Furniture Co.

**"ALWAYS Outstanding Furniture VALUES"**

North Wilkesboro —:— North Carolina

## THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



By Mac Arthur