

The Albemarle Observer.

Only Newspaper Published in Chowan County.

"LOOK FORWARD, AND NOT BACK."

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MADE IN GERMANY.

I make var mit all der world
'Courd der world makes var mit me,
And just because dot label reads:—
"Made in Germany"—see?

Belgium, und England, und Russia, und
France

Dot label has got in a fix,
But I bed der world elefen to ten
Dot "Made in Germany" sticks.

Der Vaterland got 5,000,000 of men,
Under blendy of ships on der sea
To fight fur der Vaterland label dot
reads:—
"Made in Germany"—see?

Und England, Belgium, Russia und
France

Will soon learn a lesson new—
Dot dose 5,000,000 men and blendy of
ships

Vas "Made in Germany"—too.

"If You'll Go I'll Go"

Say that to some friend when you leave him, Saturday night. Of course you will mean that you will go to church Sunday if he will go too. That's a fine way to start off. If you are undecided as to which church to attend, select the one your mother used to go to. You can't go far wrong. Any fellow's mother's religion ought to be good enough for him. So next Sunday give up the lazy hour in bed. Have your best clothes ready. Put 'em on and start out with your head up and your shoulders back. You are doing one of the best things you ever did in your life and if you keep it up you'll never be sorry. And you'll be surprised to see how good it feels to be in church.

And above all things, if there is congregational singing, SING. Don't merely hold the book and bluff at singing. Fill up your lungs and let out the music. You'll know it, all right. You may forget the words but the tune, never. Why your mother used to sing it. She will be a happy woman when she knows that her boy was at church. —Gordonsville Gazette.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes

"I have noticed articles treating of keeping sweet potatoes, and one writer says that they can be kept in cellars; but I had last year an unsatisfactory experience. My cellar is under the house and has brick walls and cement floor. I put the potatoes on the floor and covered them with four inches of dry sand. In about a week I hauled out a wagon load of rotten potatoes, and then put the remainder in a bank with straw and earth. Perhaps the cement floor and brick walls had something to do with the rotting, and the air there was much cooler than outside."

You have about stated the cause of the rotting. The potatoes always go through a sweat after storing, and if chilled then, they will surely rot. You put them on the cold cement floor, and they were chilled. Where I live the sweet potato crop is a very large interest, and our growers have curing houses in which the potatoes are subjected to a high temperature by fire heat when first stored till they dry off. After that a temperature of 45 will be warm enough. A superintendent of a large school in Virginia wrote me last year that he had a large cemented base-

ment and wanted to know if he could keep sweet potatoes in it. I told him that if he would provide heating apparatus, and would run the temperature up to 85 or 90 for a few days till the potatoes had dried off from the sweat keeping the ventilators open when firing, he could keep the potatoes there. He did so and was successful. Your trouble was from chilling them when sweating.—W. F. Massey, in The Progressive Farmer.

How Cooperation Got Good Roads

Let me say in the first place we live eight miles from town, our market. There has been a macadam road five miles of the way. Recently a delegation of us went before our county commissioners asking that they grade and build the remaining three miles. The answer of the commissioners was, "We have not the money to go so far out and can't build all the roads in the county now. You need the road and we would be glad to accommodate you, but all the macadam roads must be kept up."

Of course, they were right, but we wanted to live on a good road and get rid of mud, hills, rocks and stumps and we could not move our farms out on the macadam road. So we asked the commissioners what was the best proposition they would make us, for we were in earnest. They then agreed to put up one dollar for every one we would give in cash or work. A team was allowed \$3 and shovel hands \$1.25 to count against the commissioners' cash. Then we got busy with subscriptions and in a short time we had \$670 in cash and labor. Most of it was labor, which was the same to us.

In about 60 days we had built three and three-fourths miles of gravel road, which is said to be one of the best pieces of road in Guilford county. The Commissioners graded and scraped the road bed and furnished the tools.

I should like to say for the benefit of any community that wants roads that you will always find your county commissioners ready to help you. But you will always find, too, some "tight wads" in every community who will not help you a penny, but will discourage you all they can. They will put the excuse that pay road tax, and that they are not able and have their families to keep up. But remember if you want a road and want it bad enough you can get it.

Put yourself on the map and get out to civilization.—W. J. Groome, in The Progressive Farmer.

Early Turnips.

Please tell me the best turnip to sow for early bunching in the fall and when to sow them.

The earliest turnips are the Early Milan. There are two varieties, one white and one with a purple top. Both are very quick growers. You can sow the seed at any time after the first of August for fall use. They are not good winter keepers, as they rapidly become pithy in the late fall, and should be disposed of early.—The Progressive Farmer.

Nine Million Lives Lost In A Year.

MR. BOYCE'S TALKS.

AN average of over nine million lives lost! That is the estimated toll of alcoholic poison in the United States and colonies in a single year. More than have been killed in any war; more than will be killed in the present war, great as its losses are.

We shudder when we read of thousands of men killed in battle. Yet alcoholic poison has been taking more lives every day, under the American flag, than have been lost on Europe's battlefields. An average of over nine million in one year! It is a staggering statement and one which we ourselves refused to believe at first. But its truth has been forced upon us.

The ballot which the Blade recently conducted on the alcohol question was the first effort ever made by any newspaper to secure information on that subject; there is no other newspaper which could have done it on so large a scale. We set out to get the unprejudiced opinion of the people of the country, and succeeded. The responses which poured in showed clearly the interest which thinking people are taking in the biggest problem that is before the world today—waste and loss of life.

Here is the question blank which was received by the 6,250,000 readers of the Blade and Ledger in the papers:

(1) Under the American flag we have 100,000,000 people. (2) Government figures show that in one year there is consumed in the United States seven quarts of alcohol (poison) for every man, woman and child under our flag. (3) The average duration of human life in the United States is 33 years. What is the effect of the seven quarts of alcohol on the lives of our people in a year? If it shortens life, how much longer would they live if there were no alcoholic poison consumed? (5) Ask your family physician, your druggist or any chemist and send his answer to the Blade. Clip this slip, fill it out and mail it to me. Alcohol shortens the average life of the American people..... years.

Name of physician or druggist interviewed.....
Your name.....
Town..... State.....

Tabulation of answers, based on the judgment of the highest authorities on life and health, gives this conclusion—ALCOHOLIC POISON SHORTENS THE AVERAGE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THREE YEARS.

Any schoolboy can work out the rest of it. Taking the 100,000,000 population of the United States and its colonies, multiply that by three, the number of years cut from the average life of the American people by alcoholic poison. That gives 300,000,000 life-years annually. The average length of human life in the United States is thirty-three years. Divide the 300,000,000 by 33 and you have the average loss of possible life in one year, or OVER NINE MILLION LIVES. In the United States the average value of a human life is given as \$5,000. Multiply the 9,000,000 by \$5,000 and you have \$45,000,000,000, or more than the great European war will cost if it runs three years.

In the midst of its war, Europe is better off than ever before, for the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks have been curtailed to the lowest point. No wonder Russia was willing to enter the war, with its alcoholic traffic abolished. By cutting out the drinking of alcoholic beverages, Russia saved a loss of 13,000,000 lives a year, while in the war the great empire cannot lose more than 2,000,000 lives a year.

When a war ends, the killing of men is over. The warfare of alcoholic poison against humanity will not end until the manufacture of all alcoholic drinks is suppressed. Nation-wide prohibition, for the United States has grown much nearer within the past year. That such a proposal should receive a majority vote in the national House of Representatives in 1914 was a fact unthought of as recently as five years ago. The vote taken last week is the greatest prohibition victory ever scored in this country. At the next session of Congress the question will be up again. It will be an issue in the next Presidential campaign. Within a few years the traffic in alcoholic poison in the United States will be totally ended.

When we closed the balloting on the alcohol question, we stated that an important announcement would be made at the first of the year. The announcement is that THE BOYCE WEEKLIES WILL NOT PRINT ANY ADVERTISEMENTS OF WHISKEY, WINES, BEER OR OTHER ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES. Our readers have decided that for us, by their replies to our inquiry, which showed that the great majority of them recognize the fact that ALCOHOL IS A POISON.

The publisher and employes of the Boyce Weeklies are fully convinced that the use of alcoholic beverages is injurious to everybody. We shall not, therefore, encourage anyone to use them by advertising same. Heretofore the advertising of whiskey has paid us an average of \$50,000 a year. The last contract expired December 31, and we have refused to renew any such business.—Chicago Saturday Blade.

A Lesson From Smith and His Typhoid

(By Karl Langenbeck)

When wash day came around, old Mrs. Sims filled her tubs from the water barrel that caught the rain from the roof of her cabin down near North Bend way on the big Miami River. But in dry weather, she had a bad time. The boys had to fetch water from the river. Miami river water is hard as blazes and washing in it is some job. In the drought of '17, the boys had to go to Cincinnati and they filled the water butt for her before they went. It was three days before wash day. Next day Jimmie and Sam Slick were fooling 'round the yard. They had chased the chickens and shotes and gotten a licking from Mrs. Sims for general devilishness. They were mad and bound they would do "mom" a turn. So when she was taking a snooze, they up and shoveled a lot of dirt in the water butt to fix her against wash day. My, wasn't she mad when she saw it? The boys durstn't come nigh her. Well, wash day came, the mud had settled and Mrs. Sims was highly careful how she dipped into the barrel so as not to stir it up. The boys were still keeping pretty quiet but they saw that "mom" was looking terrible pleased over the tub. "Boys," says she, "wasn't this here water, river water?" "Yas'm," says Jim. "Wall, I declar'," says Mrs. Sims. "its plum soft like rain water. I do believe that mud you 'uns put in have took up all the hardness."

Now, this is true and every old farmer in Ohio and Indiana knows it. But, there is much more to it, than the mere softening of water for washday. Tho' it is this that tells the story, which is, that a lime-hungry soil will take lime from a natural water and leave it soft. For it is lime and magnesia in solution that makes waters hard. Wherever you find sections with river bottom lands that have a great reputation for fertility you can be sure that the river waters which overflow them, in the Spring freshets, are very hard waters bearing a fairly good percentage of lime and magnesia. These waters standing on the land, loses a part or all of their lime and magnesia which are then retained by the soil beneath. The flood waters standing on these bottoms lime them and it is easy to show it chemically.

Now, why is it that such lands have no such reputation in Virginia and North Carolina east and south of the Shenandoah and Potomac flood plains. A mere glance at the analyses of the river waters of the country, published by the government, tells the story. The waters of the Miami, Maamee, Kentucky, Muskingum, Cumberland, Missouri and Cedar rivers of the middle west contain six to twelve times the amount of lime and magnesia as that contained in the Dan, the Pedee, the Roanoke and the James rivers of Virginia and North Carolina. Tho, the James gets thru its tributaries from the Valley enough lime to make it something of an exception to the rule. This is the reason why even bottom lands, as well as other lands, in the South must be limed artificially.

His real name was S. B. Smith. He lived in North Carolina. He was a farmer. His house was built flat upon the ground. No underneath ventilation. There was a small cellar. It was musty. Vegetables, rotten and unrotten were stored in it. The house was heated by an "air-tight" stove. All windows were fastened down. All window cracks were calked with rags. The barn was 326 feet from the kitchen door. There was a big pile of manure against the barn. There were maggots in the manure. Flies, thousands of flies were born in the manure. In the barnyard were cows and pigs. They waded in barnyard pulp. Just 53 feet from the kitchen door was a privy. It was dilapidated. Its awful refuse spread out behind it. It was a nasty thing. It smelled horribly. Clouds of flies surrounded it. Under the back porch was a dug well. Smith didn't know its depth. An old sock was stretched over the pump spout. It was there to strain out worms and little water bugs. The water had a funny taste. A garbage tub stood just outside the kitchen door. There were maggots in it. Flies were born there by thousands.

One day Smith's daughter came down with typhoid fever. A doctor was employed. Medicines were purchased. Mrs. Smith did the nursing. Mrs. Smith also cooked for her husband, her son and a board man. Mrs. Smith was worn out. She took typhoid. The daughter died. Mrs. Smith died. The son took typhoid. He survived. When Mrs. Smith took down a nurse was employed. She stayed after Mrs. Smith's death to nurse the son.

The cost: Doctors bills \$410.00. Nurse \$140.00. Medicines \$23.60. Two funerals \$416.00. Court value of mother's life (average court judgment) \$4,800. Court value of the son's life 5,000. Loss of time (estimated) \$300.00. Total \$10,869.60. Does it pay to be insanitary? Does insanitary sickness and early death tend to produce wealth and happiness?—Adapted.

Recleaning Tobacco Seed

In 1910, the Botany Division of the State Department of Agriculture began the cleaning of tobacco seed for the farmers of the State. That year we recleaned enough seed to plant about 300 acres in tobacco. The work has been gradually growing, however, until, during the winter and spring of 1914, we recleaned enough tobacco seed to plant over 48,000 acres.

The season for this work is, on again, and we want to advise the tobacco growers of the State to take advantage of this opportunity, at once, to get their seed cleaned free of charge, as the rush will be on, a little later in the season and some will have to be returned uncleaned.

Let us have the tobacco seed at once, therefore, in order that we may serve you to the best advantage. Address the Division of Botany, State Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C., and put name and address of sender inside the package.

JAS. L. BURGESS,
Agronomist & Botanist.