

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO YADKIN TOWNSHIP

A Land Of Milk And Honey, Whose Greatest Need Is Good Roads.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

A long intended and pleasantly anticipated trip to Yadkin township—especially that thrifty and hospitable community that embraces the Oak Grove school house neighborhood—assumed tangible proportions when I got off the steam cars at King and found Geo. Smith waiting for me with a substantial double turnout, and a smile of welcome on his grizzled physiognomy.

It got in not without some trepidation as the left hand steed backed his ears and slightly raised his rear proportions. But I was reassured when Mr. Smith told me it was not the same mule that was mentioned in these columns some years ago as kicking a nigger through three floors of a barn, and that had to be bridled with a ten-foot pole poked through the cracks, cornering him while he was hitched. George traded off that mule, and I am sorry for the owner now, whoever he is.

But this is slightly digressing. Away we went across hill and dale, through the finest section of Stokes county, and after a delightful drive of some six miles drew up at Mr. Smith's home. He lives right at the end of Sauratown mountain. From his back porch the slope never stops till it reaches the top of the range. Mr. Smith has some of the finest tobacco land I ever saw, being of that light, ashy kind which makes stuff that the buyers go crazy over. He cleared a thousand dollars on one small field of three or four acres a year or two ago.

Mr. Smith lives in a modest little home, but it is a home you like to visit, where you know you are welcome, where hospitality breathes in everything, where you feel at ease and enjoy yourself. Soon his good wife had prepared a most excellent dinner, and several friends being present as guests, among them Dr. Tillotson and A. S. Marsh, we sat down to it and ate and talked for about an hour. Where there is a complete absence of stiff formality, where the company is congenial and the good things to eat flavored and spiced with good cheer and warm welcome, the appetite quickens, business cares take wings and fly away, dull discontent sickens and dies, and pleasure reigns supreme.

After dinner we sat in the front sitting room before a hickory fire, as the evening was cool, sat and cracked jokes, ate apples, smoked and laughed and chatted till night.

Next day George hitched up, and we went a-visiting in the neighborhood. That is indeed a land of milk and honey, if there ever was one. Nobody loaf in the Oak Grove section. There are but few tenants, and the farms are worked by their owners. There is no talk of hard times, because there are no hard times there. The people have raised, and always raise at home, corn, wheat, and meat, and rough stuff for their stock and cattle, so that the supply stores get a mighty poor whack at them. They raise tobacco, but they don't pay out the money they get for it to the daisy middling people. On the contrary, these farmers are patrons of banks, with the interest proposition in their favor.

We visited the handsome home of Mr. John E. Smith, one of the leading spirits of the community. Mr. Smith lives among his wide acres and productive fields, happy in his work. He has raised a nice family, and his sons live around him. He is called one of the most successful tobacco growers in the mountains. This year Mr. Smith, I was told, marketed \$900,000 worth of tobacco off two acres of ground. That does not sound like hard times, does it? He does not try to plant the world in tobacco, but cultivates small crops, and cultivates it to make money off it. He knows how to handle it, and works it like a flower garden. He harvests it and keeps every leaf to its place, and when he puts it on the warehouse floor it brings in the Wilson coin.

We pulled up for dinner at Mr. Raleigh Gentry's, one of the finest men in Stokes county. Mr. Gentry owns here some five or six hundred acres. He makes everything to eat anybody in this country wants to eat. If the European war lasted 100 years, Mr. Gentry would never know it unless he read about it in the papers. He has never in his life bought any flour, corn meal, hay or bacon. He makes these things on his farm. If a daisy middling man were to offer to sell Uncle Raleigh a ton of chop, he would have a fight on his hands. We found Mr. Gentry grunting over a hurt he obtained a few days ago in a fall, while walking over his place. He is some better now, but has been quite out of commission from the pain. He has a splendid wife, and children, two of whom are at home with him now, Miss Emma and Mr. Tom. The others are out in the world doing well. Here is a typical old-fashioned Southern home, with all the old ideals and traditions, hospitable, kind, and with plenty running riot on every hand. On the walls of the parlor hang portraits of Lee and his immortal generals, whom the master of the house followed during the stormy days of the sixties that tried men's souls.

After bumming around the country for a couple of days this way, I turned homeward, having enjoyed every minute of my journey among a people who will compare with any in the world in intelligence, integrity, hospitality, thrift and kindness. Their greatest need, according to my view of it, is good roads. With good roads running through Yadkin township, you would have almost an ideal country.

N. E. P.

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FARCICAL WAR NEWS

Contributed By the Reporter's Special War Correspondent At Danville, Virginia.

The Reporter is in receipt of the following dispatch recently caught by its special war correspondent, Dr. Geo. W. Brittain, of Danville, Va., who is pleasantly remembered and better known to many of this paper's readers as Great Brittain:

Caught by wireless off coast of Pelham, Buckingham county, from somewhere, Saturday, Feb. 27th, 1915.

There is great interest manifested along the entire water front of England. We could count on immediate success if we had Dodson's squadron of Walnut Cove to lead the fleet as far as Belfast, Ireland, and John Bailey could land his big biplane fighters near enough to protect Buckingham Palace. But unless we have help from The Cove we must cable to Danbury for real Stokes county cannons and submarines. Great Brittain heard from Tobe Young who said Luico and John Simpsom would guard the water front at Salem and the Old Guard would look after Winston.

The Irish navy has not been heard from since November. They must have been driven far into the Swiss Sea. Seven thousand cans bolognas were captured near Limburger after a fierce engagement between the revenue cutter Blitz and the flag ship Weenie Wurst. No lives were lost but the Blitz went down and the explosion of six thousand barrels of sauer kraut saved the entire crew. So great was the force that the entire main deck was blown away, scattering sauer kraut over the whole surface of the water and forming a perfect pontoon for a hundred miles, touching the shore at Tipperary. If we could get Danbury forces Great Brittain would feel more comfortable. We have written Major Em Pepper to assemble volunteers for practice in order that Brittain may review his crack landmen some time during the good old summer, when we can the better speculate on the probability of when our war will be over. We should worry yet, aint it. You bet.

I. B. YOURSE,
Operator.

Walnut Cove Route 3.

Walnut Cove Route 3, March 22. The farmers of this section are getting ready for a large crop.

Rev. A. S. Stewart, who has been quite ill, is improving, we are glad to know.

Mr. James Brown has purchased a saw mill and will put it in operation soon.

Mrs. James Lasley visited her mother, Mrs. J. D. Smith, Sunday.

Mr. Robah Flynt called to see Miss Sadie Alley Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Mitchell visited Mr. Mitchell's brother, Mr. E. L. Mitchell, near Dillard Sunday.

There will be preaching at Stewart's school house Sunday at 11 o'clock by Rev. Bowles.

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Notwithstanding the dull times of the past six months, we are now closing a successful year, and will pay our stockholders the usual dividend. Our bank is in excellent condition, and we guarantee that if you deposit your money with us it will be safe, and at the same time it will always be ready for you when you need it. We have lately put in two of the latest modern burglar-proof safes, which burglars CANNOT crack, and besides we carry full insurance against burglars and fire.

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