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WORK OF RICHARD BAKER HOSPITAL

An Expert Visits it and Gives His Favorable Impressions

ALREADY HAS A FINE RECORD

The Equipment Perfect for Taking Care of Any Case, and the Hospital Corps a Most Able One—Death and Modern Fight Against It

Written for the Democrat by Dr. R. Wood Brown

In the midst of life we are in death; also in the midst of life we are in debt. In fact there are many who fear their creditors more than they do the grim reaper. The vast majority of humans fear death. It does not seem to make any difference whether they are orthodox or unbelievers. To some death has no terror, as was demonstrated by the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese war. The Mohammedans likewise in their religious frenzy or fanaticism are now also demonstrating that to them death is for Allah, the Arabic name for the Supreme Being in use among the Mohammedans.

A well person does not worry much about the separation of the soul from the body but when he becomes sick then he yells for a doctor and, it is many times a battle royal between the M. D. and the patient. If the M. D. wins the fight he sometimes gets the same fee that the mythological gentleman gets. We personally know of a case where the patient said: "Only get me well doctor and I will work my fingers to the bone to pay you every cent." The patient recovered, the M. D. whistled for his coin. If the fee had been a dog, the pup might have materialized. As it was the M. D.'s whistling did not bring one simoleon rolling toward him.

While death is painless, it is to a certain extent interesting. One moment we are animated, sentient creatures, the next moment we are but a mass of matter composed of Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen and Nitrogen. In the change we call death and know no more, there are really two changes, one a physical and the other a psychological. The former we are fairly conversant with, the latter we except on faith.

The Duration of Life

Personally we do very little to ward off death, but the law steps in and makes demands. They have been obeyed (many times under compulsion) until now the average duration of life is about 36 years while 50 years ago it was about 33 years. Sanitation, sanitary homes, pure food, but above all the fight against germs has lengthened the average span between the cradle and the grave. Antitoxins and vaccination have reduced the death rate the world over, and if civilized persons will take half as much care of their health as they do of their dresses and coats they will stand a better chance of longevity. There are very few persons upon this terra firma who know how to live properly, and when they get sick they cry for the doctor first and the parson last.

This earth is about 400,000,000 years old and ever since the planet became cool enough there has been some form of life upon it. Every solitary thing that has lived has died, and every thing or creature from the protozoa to the elephant: must at sometime pay the penalty for being born. Darwin's expression, the law of the survival of the fittest, is an apt one: it has been applicable since life commenced. We find it in all species up to man or man down to vitalized mud. This law simply means a struggle for existence or in other words a continuous fight against death. Self preservation is the first law of Nature, and a fundamental civil law. Nature tries to enforce it to perpetuate the species, and man tries to enforce it, not so much to perpetuate the species, as to save himself. Man is the only animal that does not live five times as long as it takes to get his growth. This is radically wrong and can be charged up to improper attention to health and excesses before maturity is reached. Health is like a good wife. We fail many times to appreciate, until we lose.

Throws Down the Gauntlet

Accidents are a fruitful cause of mortality, but surgery has become so exact a science coupled with aseptic procedures, that traumatism has lost much of its terrors, and man's fight against death is victorious, and we her-

in Hickory have an institution which throws down the gauntlet to death. This institution is the Richard-Baker Hospital, owned and managed by Dr. J. H. Shuford. This Hospital and grounds appropriate two acres. The main structure is brick, stone trimmings, 70 by 40 feet and three stories high and contains 18 private rooms, dining room, modern culinary department and steam apparatus which furnishes steam-heat in winter and hot and cold water all the time. The feathered pipeds furnish fresh eggs, the loving kine-milk and cream for the patients. We have been told by some of the patients that they had never tasted such delicious milk and cream. The rooms are commodious, hospital size and the ceilings very high—12 feet. Square corners are conspicuous by their absence, for the corners of the wall and ceilings are round, which prevents the accumulation of dirt and dust. The ceilings and walls of the rooms have 5 coats of enamel; the operating rooms for major and minor surgery have 7 coats of enamel. Not much use to swat the fly in this hospital for I did not see one. Perhaps they slipped on these walls and dislocated their cervical vertebra.

Excellent Arrangements.

There are two modern bath rooms and toilet rooms on second and third floors. The floors are so arranged in sections that one part of a floor or story is kept private, and patients in one part need not know what is going on in another. If a serious case comes in at the basement a large elevator carries the patient up stairs and no other patient can know. The elevator cage is made of white polished wood similar to grill work which gives a much better impression than black iron bars. It is sometimes unpleasant enough to go to a hospital without being reminded of prison cells.

The operating rooms are bijoux of perfection. The operating table is on a level with the floor. What I saw (apparatus and instruments) indicated to me that also in this room operations and treatments on the eye, ear, nose and throat were performed. Everything was aseptic, including the ceilings and walls with round corners and its 7 coats of enamel.

The operating room for major surgery is on the third floor. It is some what more elaborate than the one on the second floor. Sunlight through large windows illumines the room, while a skylight throws the sunlight directly upon the nickel plated operating table. Foot levers in the floor under the porcelain washstand, gives hot or cold water as desired. This obviates the operators handling faucets with antiseptically clean hands. In this room are three very handsome nickel plated sterilizers for instruments, cotton and gauze. This dry sterilizing is by means of heat from electricity. A cabinet contains sealed packages of cotton, gauze, etc. When any particular kind is needed it is resterilized for the occasion. This major operating room like the smaller one has rounded corners and 7 coats of enamel on the walls and ceiling.

The Hospital Corps.

The basement has 10 rooms of which 4 will be utilized in the future for hospital purposes. One hundred and sixty patients have been operated upon or treated in one month. The whole building is lighted by electricity, and beside each bed, in the wall is an electric push button, so that any patient can call nurse at any time of day or night. This hospital is light, airy and clean and needs no Dante's inscription over its front door. Drs. J. H. Shuford is ably assisted by the head nurse, Miss Azile Davidson, who has full charge in Dr. Shuford's absence. Miss Davidson's assistants are Misses Aiken and Rowe. All the graduate nurses, Miss Davidson and Miss Aiken having graduated from Dr. Long's Sanitorium in Statesville.

We do not wish to throw any orchids at ourself when we write that we have seen many hospitals both in Europe and in this country, but we have never seen a more compact or modern hospital than the Richard Baker Hospital of Hickory. It is equipped to fight death, and is, not every time successful, but enough to warrant the patronage and moral support of every citizen of North Carolina, especially Catawba County.

Can Handle Any Case.

I have specially refrained from writing anything about death

HOW JOHN W. ROBINSON RAISED 93 BU. OF CORN TO THE ACRE ON 5 ACRES

Written for the Democrat by John W. Robinson.

We all know that we first learned of corn from the Indians and that the Indians only had crooked sticks to work the ground with.

The field I am telling you about was the first place settled by white men in western North Carolina and by no means new ground, or bottom land either. Just as common a field as any farmer owns. Several years ago I grew only about 20 bushels of corn per acre on this same field.

But since the Indians were here this field has been plowed by various farming implements from their wooden crooked sticks to the stick of dynamite. Of course the seed corn used now has been improved as much since then as the method of cultivating.

This field of 39-10 acres of upland has been in pasture for three years with a good seed of what is known as Japan and white clover, one of our best nitrogen gathering plants and land improvers.

This piece of land and also the bottom piece I will mention was given one coat of manure. The farmer broken with a two horse plow followed by a two horse subsoiler about 10 inches deep. Furrows broken and edged as much as possible not turned over flat. This was done to catch and hold the winter rains. There is enough rainfall during the winter to grow a summer crop if we could hold the moisture.

The field was left in this shape until spring, then harrowed down, broadcast with 200 pounds per acre of 16 per cent acid. Then disced and harrowed again.

Easter Monday one acre of this was dynamited by the demonstrator for the Jefferson Powder Co. using 1-2 stick of 33 per cent dynamite every 15 feet.

On April the 25th this field was planted with Batt's Prolific Seed Corn, rows every 3 1-2 feet, then harrowed.

The weeder was run over it every week until the corn was a foot high. It was then thinned to about 15 inches in the row. On account of a wet season the heart worm left a bad stand. Shallow cultivation about every 10 days until past the roasting ear stage.

During this time I used four applications of fertilizer and 100 pounds of nitrate of soda one rainy day. This was donated by the Royster Guano Co. for demonstration.

Acres No. 1 harvested 108 bushels and 4 pounds of corn, cost \$30.40 making the cost for growing it 23 cents per bushel not counting manure.

Acres No. 2 was treated in the same way as No. 1 except the dynamiting. This harvested 98 bushels, cost \$20.40 making the cost for growing it 20 cents per bushel.

Remainder of field, 1 9-10 acres, not so heavily fertilized, yielded 171 or 90 bushels per acre, cost \$23.70, making it a cost of 14 cents per bushel.

1 1-10 acres of bottom land was sown in peas last summer, vines taken off and sown in rye last fall. This spring the rye was turned under when about 2 feet high; used same manure, less subsoiling than upland. This yielded 88 bushels or 80 bushels per acre, costs \$12.98, making the cost per bushel of growing, 14 cents.

This makes an average for the five acres, 467 bushels or 93.4 bushels per acre, at an average cost of 18 cents per bushel for growing it.

I have shown you the result of dynamite and fertilizer. Of fertilizer without dynamite, also land with little fertilizer against land heavily fertilized. Bottom land against upland. This shows that the upland will beat the bottom if properly tended.

These acres were measured by the county surveyor. Also measuring and weighing of corn done by two disinterested parties.

If the heart worms had not made a bad stand for me, I feel sure I would have averaged 100 bushels per acre on the five acres.

I feel it due the dynamite company to say that the land was too wet when dynamited, and also had a wet spring. I think if it had been dry we would have found more difference in acres Nos. 1 and 2. As it is we find 10 bushels more on the acre that was subsoiled with dynamite.

Now the average cost of growing corn has been estimated at \$10 per acre, so if any man makes only 10 bushels per acre, it has cost him \$1 per bushel to make it. And there are many such as one man who was at my place while we were gathering mine who confessed that he made only 70 bushels on 7 acres. And he was an average farmer. There are many who will not confess. Men, measure up, see what you are doing. Our average yield for North Carolina is only about 18 bushels per acre, making it cost us farmers about 55 1-2 cents per bushel for raising it. We must do better.

- Does it pay to subsoil?
 - Does it pay to fertilize?
 - Does it pay to dynamite?
 - Does it pay to make large yields?
 - Does it pay to farm at all?
 - Does manure pay?
- We must study these questions.

from a religious view point, because we all have so many opinions that it seems sometimes very difficult to harmonize. Perhaps at some future time I may have an opportunity to write my reasons why I do not believe death ends all. This article which I write with much pleasure is solely to bring before the readers of the Hickory Democrat the fact that the Richard Baker Hospital is ready, and can take care of any case sent to its care. It is one of Hickory's institutions created to combat sickness which so many times results in death. There are many cases of sickness and accident that cannot be taken care of properly outside of a well maintained, modern hospital which robs death of its prospective sting and of a grave of seeming victory.

Vote Your Convictions

On every hand I find scores of the best men saying that they prefer Judge Clark, and would vote for him except they thought he had no chance. If Judge Clark is defeated in this fight, it will be because the friends of the other candidates are overcoming the natural feeling of the people for Judge Clark by this argument.

The truth is that most of the people in North Carolina wish him over either of the other candidates, but they do not wish to lose their votes, and have a preference as to the other two. It seems to me that our own manhood, and our feelings of justice ought to require us to vote for the best man, without regard to the result. If we vote our sentiments and our real beliefs, we

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

can leave it to the balance and let the results take care of themselves. The argument that Judge Clark has no chance is losing its force, as the people over the State are now announcing that they will support him because they prefer him, and the result will be that the people of the State will get their choice.

Judge Clark answers the recent forecast of the election by reciting the fact that the same people were opposing him for Chief Justice in 1902, and predicted his defeat by 25,000 majority and he won by 62,000 majority. Bruce Craven points out that the Clark campaign has been conducted with the farmers, and mechanics who constitute 33 per cent of the voters, while the two other candidates have confined their attention mainly to the daily papers and the 17 per cent, and concludes with the summary of the situation that the people are coming to Judge Clark and the size of his vote when announced at the close of election day will be a paralyzing shock to North Carolina political prophets. Judge Clark has faced all kinds of combinations against him, and HE HAS NEVER YET BEEN DEFEATED.

J. W. Pless,

A Log on the Track

If the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessemer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at C. M. Shuford, Moser & Lutz and Grimes.

In Social Circles

The Wednesday afternoon Book Club began its sixth series at the home of the president Mrs. E. B. Cline, Oct. 16th.

Mrs. Cline, always noted for her cordial hospitality, was more than usually gracious as she welcomed the club in her new home on 13th. ave. The spacious hall, library and parlor were beautiful in their elegant simplicity and decorations of dahlias and cosmos.

The book for discussion was Mary Austin's "Promised Land." This autobiography of a Russian, Jewish immigrant and her impressions of our "Promised Land" is one of the most remarkable novels of recent years. A bright and personal letter to Mrs. Cline from the author intensified the interest in her book.

The social feature of the afternoon was a delicious six course luncheon in the dining room, stately in rich old mahogany, silver and glass. At each place round the snowy table athwart which evening sun beams played was a dainty Irish Crochet bow a memento of the good cheer a "Roadside."

Mr. Bartlett Coffey died at his home near Patterson last Friday and was buried at Harpers Chapel Saturday, Rev. C. M. Pickens conducting the funeral services. He was nearly 71 years old and had been a member of the Baptist church for 45 years.—Lenoir Topic.

"I suffered habitually from constipation Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels so that they have been regular ever since."—E. Davis, Grocer, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

The Sad Story of the Farms

New York World.

Ten years of unexampled prosperity for the protected trust have left marks of debt and dependency upon American farmers. The story is told in a Census Bureau bulletin now at hand.

Note is made of 6,361, 502 farms of all kinds in the United States. Of 3,948,722 of them 1,327,439 are mortgaged, an increase in 1910 of nearly 18 per cent over 1900, and 2,621,283 are not mortgaged, an increase of only 4 1-2 per cent.

Of the remaining 2,412,780 farms the bureau discreetly makes no report on the subject of mortgages. Of these 58,104 are operated by managers and 2,354,676 are occupied by tenants.

The bureau has something to say about mortgages not being necessarily an indication of hardship and about greater increases in the value of farm lands than in the aggregate of debt, but it does not and it cannot explain or excuse the appalling growth of tenantry.

No matter what the bureaucrats at Washington may say, these figures, taken all together, show where the blight of privilege, plutocracy, jingoism and extravagance has fallen. We have agriculture, once the freest and proudest in the world, bending under growing debt. We have one-third of those who pursue it unable to own the soil they till.

Who owns the millions of rented farms? They are owned chiefly by the money-lenders whose mortgages have been foreclosed.

State News

The Lexington Mirror Company has closed a deal with the Kent-Coffey Manufacturing Company of Lenoir for a site near its factory. Upon which the new company will build, expending between \$15,000 and \$20,000 in the erection of a plant, and giving employment to a number of people.

Miss Annie McDowell was married to Dr. Edwin M. Gayle at Morganton Oct. 23. She is the daughter of Mr. J. C. McDowell. After a northern trip they will be at the State Hospital, where Dr. Gryle is one of the assistant physicians.

Mr. J. O. Peterson, spent Sunday in High Point, visiting his sister, Miss Lois who is stenographer for a large manufacturing plant there.

WALTER CLARK TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA

My Friends and Fellow Citizens: Your choice of your United States Senator will deeply affect your welfare. It ought not to be procured by agencies employed to control your votes.

The increase in the production of wealth has been marvelous, indeed nearly double that of ten years ago. National legislation, controlled by the Special Interests, has transferred the wealth created by you to a few so that there are now over one thousand men in this country who possess from ten million up to one thousand million each and 3 percent of our population own more than the other 97 per cent.

Not only this but the same legislation has transferred the wealth created in the South, which has been retarded in its development by the discrimination, to the enrichment of other sections. The discrimination in freight rates against North Carolina amounts to \$12,000,000 annually. The tobacco tax takes from the farmers 8 cents on every pound they raise and deprives this State of \$7,000,000 a year, while twenty-five States pay no tobacco tax whatever.

The war contribution of \$5,000,000 yearly for Federal pensions, almost none of which comes back to us, ought to cease now that it is nearly half a century since the war. The contribution by each State for pensions should be returned to that State to be distributed by it among its own citizens and their widows.

Neither of my competitors during the twelve years each of them served in Congress has done anything for the relief of the people of this State from the above annual burdens of \$22,000,000. Each of you pay your part of this tribute. Do you wish it stopped?

On 13 May, 1910, Mr. Simmons voted against a bill to prohibit freight discrimination and to send the matter back to the Interstate Commerce Commission which had theretofore done nothing for our relief, and which has done nothing since, and about the same time the tax on tobacco was raised from 6 to 8 cents a pound—an annual addition of \$2,000,000 yearly upon our tobacco raisers.

The tobacco tax maintains the existence of the Tobacco Trust by preventing farmers and others from manufacturing tobacco just as the protective Tariff creates the other Trusts.

In the Senate I shall stand firmly for the removal of the above and other burdens upon our people. The sharp contention between the friends of my two opponents renders it advisable for the party not to nominate either of them.

The great contest between the People and the Special Interests must be fought out in the U. S. Senate and there I can do fifty times as much for your good as in the position which I now hold by your good will.

Your Friend,

WALTER CLARK

Oct. 25, 1912.