

THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

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How to the Line. Let the Chips Fall as they May.

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When the Days Begin to Lengthen.

The days are growing longer, though the world is white with snow. And the spring is drawing nearer, though the winds of winter blow; All the sparrows in the hedge twitter "Courage," as I pass; I can hear the dandelions pushing upward through the grass. The sun is swinging northward, and the days are lengthening. The lilac buds are swelling with the joy they are to bring; Every morning gives a promise, though the winds of winter blow. And there's hope in every sunset, though the world is white with snow.

—S. E. KISER.

College Men In Business.

A very careful and interesting article on this most interesting subject for young men has lately been written by H. J. Haggood, the president of "Haggoods". As the head of an organization which is retained by over twenty thousand leading employers in America to supply them with the right kind of young men for business and technical positions, Mr. Haggood ought to be an authority. Some of the points he makes are these.

The modern employer, in many cases, gives more time and thought to the selection of his employees than to any other branch of work. This is because modern businesses are too large for the employer's personal attention. The old-fashioned head of a business gave his personal attention to the details of it. The up-to-date business man recognizing that it is impossible for him to do this does the next thing—he gives his personal attention to each man on the force, from the general manager to the lowest clerk, to see if he can be trusted to take care of details, to think intelligently, and to work hard. "Human capital" is one of the best business assets nowadays. Each capable and willing worker who can give results without being "watched" is valued and advanced. No young man need fear neglect or lack of recognition. The employer is on the lookout to-day for every indication of ability and energy.

Ninety per cent of American employers set energy and persistence above ability; and about the same percentage also put integrity above ability. This is good news for the young man who has no unusual gifts, but is honest and willing to "toil terribly". One employer is quoted as saying: "What the business man needs to-day is not more ability. We have enough of that; in fact sometimes I think we have too much. What we need is more men who can and will use the ability they have, faithfully and honestly." Yet no employer wants ignorance. Those workers who leave school before they have reached the grammar grade are not much in demand. The high-school graduate is wanted, and is usually a better penman and quicker at figures than the college man. But statistics gathered from one hundred business houses covering the last three or four years, show that "about ninety per cent of the college men are successful in rising to large salaried and responsible positions, as compared with twenty-five per cent of non college men. According to these figures, eight hundred dollars a year is the limit of the non-college man who has at least four years, and in some cases a longer start of the college man. Only ten per cent of the college men are absolute failures, and seventy-five per cent of them rise above twelve hundred dollars a year." The Western Electric Company, which began employing college men about ten years ago, finds that ninety per cent of them make good, as against ten per

cent of those who enter business from the high and grammar schools.

The country-bred college man is considered rather more desirable than the city one. He is a trifle slow and awkward sometimes, but he usually has stronger health (which the modern employer always looks at as an important factor), is not afraid of long hours, has good habits, is willing to start at a very low salary, and has the great incentive "that he must make good, or walk back to the farm". A well-known manufacturer told Mr. Haggood that "men from the country go at their work with an 'I will' spirit that is simply irresistible. For example" he added, "I brought a young fellow down from New England with me a year or so ago, and for want of anything better to put him at, I turned him loose in the shipping department, and told him to see if he could make himself useful for two or three weeks. Later when I went to transfer him to the factory, the head of the shipping department would not listen to it. He said the young fellow had been putting in fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and had learned nearly as much about the work as he himself knew, and was his most valuable man. We had tried a dozen city men in the same department before, and not one of them had made good."

The men who have worked their way through college are usually found to be the most valuable. The fact that they have earned their expenses proves that they have grit and capacity for work. In making their way, they have a certain business training, and gained experience and judgement. "One or two of the largest employers of college men show a marked preference for those who had to make their way; and the man whose expenses have been paid by someone else has to look very good indeed to even get hearing."

A story is told of a large publishing house which put a young New England college man into new territory two years ago. In six months, he sold more goods than any beginner had ever done in that time. The sales manager was surprised—and said so. "If I could earn my way through college selling subscription books," replied the young worker, "I ought to make good with you."

Whether a graduate comes from a large or small college does not seem to matter much, except, of course, in the case of technical schools, where the large colleges and institutions give their graduates recognized standing. The best training for general positions appears to be that gained from the ordinary A. B. or B. S. course, with special attention during the last year to banking, transportation, money and credit, business law, corporation accounting, and so forth. The graduate who has been manager of a college paper or an athletic team, or some other affair with a business side to it, is usually more valuable than the man who has studied commerce or finance from his books only. The University of Wisconsin has a "Commercial Club" for seniors planning to enter business; and other colleges are beginning the same methods, finding them of much practical benefit to the graduate.

No college creates ability. No college training gives honesty or energy. The college diploma is therefore not a sure passport to business success, and every graduate must expect to be sifted and tried, and must be willing to begin by addressing envelopes or doing

How Much Could You Get For Your Farm?

You are a farmer. You live near this town. You own land. Let us say that you own more than you need and would like to sell a hundred acres.

How much could you get per acre? Land values have risen lately. But has the value of your land risen as you think it should?

Your land is good land. You think it is worth considerably more than anybody has offered you. Well, let us see.

A man buying farm land naturally prefers to locate near a thriving, up to date town. He wants good home markets for his crops. He wants good schools.

Let us say your land is three miles from town. A farm that looks very much like yours is three miles from a town twice as big and twice as prosperous as this town.

If you were going to buy a farm for your own occupancy, wouldn't you pay a whole lot more for land near the town that is twice as large and twice as lively?

Of course you would. It would be good business.

Now, what makes a town big and bustling? Money. Money in circulation. Not in circulation in Chicago, for instance, but right in the town that wants to grow.

How much money have you sent to the big Mail Order houses in the city the past ten years? How much have your neighbors sent? How much have all of you together put out of circulation here at home?

It is probably beyond calculation. If all that money had been spent in your own home town, isn't it reasonable to assume that the town would have grown more than it has grown?

Wouldn't this town be a bigger and better town?

Wouldn't it have more stores to buy your produce?

Wouldn't it have more public improvements to make it more attractive to outsiders who might come here to live, to go into business, or buy your surplus land at a good figure?

TO TRADE AT HOME MEANS TO HELP THE TOWN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD. TO HELP THE TOWN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD MEANS TO HELP YOURSELF.



odd jobs on a minute salary. "For the first two or three months the average college man in business is worth no more than a sixteen-year-old boy who has begun work on leaving the grammar or high school." But before two years are past the honest, capable, hard-working college man will be abreast or ahead of his competitor with five years' start but no diploma. There is no doubt that, for the right kind of boy, college is the wisest preparation for business success, and this is becoming so evident that one business firm engaged fifty young graduates last year. Several others have established training schools, taking the men in July, fresh from college, giving them six weeks' business tuition, on a bare living wage, and then putting them to work on a salary and commission basis. The American idea is an educational idea. No young man today can afford to be ignorant; and if he can possibly work his way through college, it will pay him roundly in the end.

Death of Mr. Dorsey.

Mr. A. B. Dorsey died at his home, formerly the L. B. Camp place, yesterday morning. Mr. Dorsey had been suffering from grippe for some time, which developed into pneumonia. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Anna C. Warlick, of Reepsville, and several children. Mr. Dorsey moved here recently from Cleveland county. The interment will take place today at 11 o'clock at Asbury M. E. church, the Rev. R. C. Ross conducting the funeral services.

Germ as Hired Men.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

The farmer emptied a white powder into a pail of water, and added thereto a tiny wad of cotton.

"I am getting ready to vaccinate my land for the spring," he said. "This is the virus. The government gives me the virus for nothing, and the vaccination increases my crops from 50 to 200 per cent."

Stirring the fluid, he went on: "Dr. G. T. Moore, of the Department of Agriculture, is the inventor of soil vaccination. Thanks to him, you can fertilize for 4 cents as much soil as \$40 worth of nitrate would cover."

"You see, the thing that fertilizes soil is nitrogen. Well, there is a lot of nitrogen in the air—seven tenths of the air is nitrogen. And Dr. Moore has bred a germ, a little living germ, that all its life long works like Rockefeller at extracting this nitrogen from the air and storing it in the soil around it."

"This germ is what I vaccinate my land with. This germ, put in my soil, toils day and night—a fine little hired man. To it the air, the free air we breathe, is a perfect guano bed, and from that guano bed I draw all the profit."

"And the result! Well, a potato field yielded 50 per cent more potatoes after vaccination; an oat field yielded 300 per cent more oats, a wheat field yielded 52 per cent more wheat; a rye field yielded 400 per cent more rye."

"There's this much progress in a blunder— It shows you how to stand from under."

Mr. and Mrs. Reinhardt In Cuba.

Habana, de Cuba,
4th March de 1907.

Dear Mr. Fair:

Bob has gone out to Matanzas today with a gentleman we met here from Dakota. They are on a "pleasure trip" as I was tired and did not feel like going out.

But we are having a grand time down here, weather is fine and we are just as well as can be. Sun shines here all the time and is real hot, but with the delightful breeze from the bay it is an ideal climate.

You all know what Havana is, but to see Cuba, must get out in the country. We enjoyed a trip to a sugar mill, saw the cane in different stages growing. Then we visited Capt. Ramseur at his home in the Herradura orange grove district—found it beautiful and full of attractions for a new settler.

There has been no rain for three months, but everything grows on without water or work. It is no joke about the palm hut, for rich planters live in them. Since there is a scarcity of timber, an all wise providence gave a substitute in the shape of a palm leaf. These houses are cool and artistic—not costing much to erect them—one can have the pleasure of a new one every ten years.

Saturday we continued our trip to Pino-del-Rio, and as a guest we had Gen. Amando Pino, a Cuban officer from Herradura. He says he is a soldier and loves to fight, but loves better to run; he was bright and fine looking. We enjoyed his society and allowed him to order a Spanish breakfast for us which was a good one, though it was mid-day, the time we usually have dinner.

We are enjoying our stopping place—Mascotte, an old Spanish hotel right on the bay Havana. 'Tis a lovely sight to see the numerous vessels lighted up at night. Two American war ships here and a big Spanish boat. Everywhere we see American soldiers, and Cuban rural guards are all over the country, on every train, &c.

Yesterday we saw the fourth street carnival, which was a great street parade consisting of many thousands of wealthy natives in gay attire with handsome turnouts, throwing confetti and serpentine rolls of narrow strips of paper of every conceivable color, at each other till some carriages and autos were nearly covered—particularly if they contained one or more of the numerous Cuban beauties. Really they are perfectly beautiful. The little girls, too, are darlings. Wish you had seen Bob looking out where to pitch his roll of paper, he was more particular as to color than good looks.

Last night (Sunday) they had a grand masquerade, but we did not attend—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. No observance of Lent here unless it is very early in the morning.

Bob asked me to write a little for him as he promised to write you, but now has gotten his dinner and gone shark fishing. He and Mr. Weston, weighing 325 pounds, expect to haul out a monster fish tonight.

The trip to Matanzas was hot and tiresome, but we were glad to visit the Bahama caves.

I have no idea when we will reach home, expect to sail via Port Tampa next Saturday. Cannot obtain a state room till then, travel is so heavy, rooms are engaged weeks ahead.

With kind regards and love to Uncle Wallace,

Sincerely,
LAURA REINHARDT.

WHAT BOB SAYS.

Well, Fair, I have just landed—3 a. m. and we sure did catch a

big shark, a regular man enter 12 1-2 feet long, and had a mouth big enough to eat old Doc, (our old black mule) at one bite. Will bring you a tooth. Great crowds here and the finest country on earth. Will write you a book full when I get home. The madam and I enjoy everything, even the good looks of the pretty girls.

Will get home some time, but this is a hard country to leave as long as your money holds out.

Yours truly,

R. S. REINHARDT.

VIRGINIA LANDS NO GOOD.

Messrs. Jim and Will Lore Investigate and Find Property Not As Represented.

Messrs. J. A. and W. H. Lore returned last Thursday from a trip to Virginia, where they went to inspect lands previous to purchasing same. It seems that Lincoln County has been flooded with extravagantly worded advertising matter "cracking up" certain lands in Virginia, and offering glittering inducements for newcomers.

These exaggerated statements are being sent out by W. D. Hill & Co., a real estate firm in South Boston, and by F. H. LeBaum, Industrial Agent of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

Attracted by the marvelous bargains offered in this advertising matter, the Messrs. Lore hied themselves thither to investigate this newly discovered eldorado.

They spent 36 hours in viewing the sights around South Boston and came back home in great disgust. The lands offered proved to be very poor, the country has already been deserted by its former residents, and the matter of securing labor is simply out of the question. These lands lay between the Dan and Bannister rivers, had evidently been diked at one time, and the waters had broken through and carried off all the top soil.

What was represented in the advertising matter as "finely timbered" lands proved to be gullied hillsides with a few straggling saplings. Mr. Lore says teams would be unnecessary in cutting this "fine timber," a man could carry it in his arms.

The truth of the matter is, this effort to induce immigration is founded on misrepresentation and is simply a scheme to sell old, worn out lands to the unwary and unsuspecting.

Mr. Lore saw a handsome new house, not quite completed, standing abandoned and deserted by its owner, Mr. Zeigler, a western man whose credibility had been imposed upon. This man had purchased lands, and laid in a supply of the very latest and most expensive farm machinery and equipment, yet the poverty of the soil was such as to force him to abandon his intention to develop this property. Mr. Zeigler's place was between South Boston and Wolftrap.

Inquiry developed the fact that none of these Virginia lands offered are suitable for grain, or the kind of farming that our Lincoln county men would want to do. The thrashers charge five bushels for a "set down," and one-fifteenth of the grain. The Messrs. Lore did not go to Farmville, Blackstone, Crewe, nor any of the other localities advertised. South Boston was enough for them.

The Skiddoo Society.

The Skiddoo Sewing club met Friday afternoon at the home of little Miss Mabel Robinson, those present being Misses Cora Lee Rhodes, Ruth Rhodes, Flossie Rudisill, Mary Warren and Frances Fair. After sewing doll clothes for awhile, and discussing the current topics of the day, the little ladies enjoyed dainty refreshments, and then Skiddooed.