

NATURAL ENEMIES DESTROY ARMY WORMS, SAYS CONRAD

Clemson College Professor Doesn't Seem to Be Very Much Worried Over Invasion in South Carolina.

(From The Anderson, S. C., Mail.)

"There is no use to worry about the army worms at present," said Professor Conrad, head of the entomology department of the extension service of Clemson college this morning. "The infestation here seems to be a light one, and the parasites, natural enemies of the worms are well developed. They will dispose of the worms far quicker than we could do it."

Professor Conrad came to Anderson at the urgent request of certain farmers who telephoned Clemson college when they found their cotton and alfalfa patches pretty well over-run with the pest. He came to Anderson at once to examine the worms and to see whether or not there was any use in starting artificial methods to try to kill the worms, or whether or not it would be best to let nature take its course.

"My advice at the present," said Professor Conrad, "is to do nothing. The parasites will dispose of the worms before they do very much damage."

Professor Conrad probably knows more about bugs and insects than any other man in South Carolina and his explanations to farmers and others are such that the farmer readily understands the problems the chief is attempting to explain.

The army worm develops from eggs which are laid by a moth, very similar to the ordinary candle fly, and this moth lays hundreds of eggs, each egg producing a worm of extraordinary appetite, and which literally eats its way through a crop. The multiplication of the pest is so rapid that if other parasites did not prey upon the worm itself, its control would probably be out of the question.

Fortunately, a little fly can kill the worm quicker than they can multiply. This fly is commonly known as the red tailed fly and is distinguished from the ordinary house fly by the brownish colored tail and brownish head. The fly is very active and is a clever hand at killing the worms. His method of killing worms is to lay his egg on the worm, the egg soon hatching and bringing forth a smaller worm which devours the army worm and turns into another fly capable of laying countless other eggs on worms.

The fly is clever. It lays its egg on the back of the worm, and places it in such position that the worm can not bite it, or scrape it off. The egg is easily seen, and looks like a little white dot upon the back of the worm. The incubation of larvae of the fly is rapid and in a few days, not only is the worm killed, but another fly, capable of killing thousands of other worms is hatched out and starts its own work of multiplying. Shortly, the flies so outnumber the worms that there are not sufficient worms for the flies to lay eggs upon. The fly then lays more than one egg on each worm, but rarely is the case that a fly will lay more than one egg on each worm, when there are plenty of worms on which to feed.

"The army worm," said Professor Conrad, "is not especially fond of cotton. Figuratively speaking, if you had a banquet for army worms, and all the crops of the farm on the table and offered Mr. Army Worm some cotton, he'd likely decline and ask his neighbor to please pass the velvet, or some crag grass, or other vegetation. However, if there was nothing else, he'd eat the cotton to keep from starving. There are many forms of vegetables that the army worm prefers, but when starvation faces him, he'll eat cotton."

"Lots of farmers have a seemingly heavy infestation in a field of alfalfa with cotton only a few feet away. A road or a path may be between the two and the farmer is discouraged for he can see no hope of killing out the millions of worms in his alfalfa patch before they cross over to his cotton. When the parasite is at work, there is little damage to be expected. The infected worms hardly have sufficient strength to cross over to the cotton and would not climb up and destroy cotton if he succeeded in getting across this hot space of ground that was comparatively without vegetation."

Farmers have stated that they have had outbreaks of the worm and that from millions of them in a small patch, they have seen them suddenly go away. The worms did not crawl away, but the work of the fly preying upon them is what killed off the worms faster than they could breed.

Worms have been found practically all over the state. In a very heavily infested region some time ago, Professor Conrad was called to help fight them. He went into the field and examined the worms, saying nothing about his examination or his findings. When the anxious farmers asked what they must do, he told them to do nothing at all, that within ten days they would doubtless all be gone. Seeing millions of the worms, the farmers thought that the chief was crazy, but at the end of the time the worms were gone and the farmers were at a loss to explain where they had gone. The parasite had done its work and done it well.

Army worms have been found in many sections of the country. They are scattered over different spots and up until the present time have done practically little damage. Some damage, of course has been done, but it is slight.

How He Was Killed.

A small boy, taking an examination in American history, handed in the following composition:

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and the fourth went through his clothes."

At the end of an Indiana marriage ceremony, the bride advanced gracefully to the clergyman officiating, and requested him to announce the hymn: "This is the way I have long sought." The request was complied with.

BUCK NEWTON DRAWS THE BIGGEST CROWD IN ANSON

He Had a Larger Audience Than the Noted Educator, and the Negro String Band.

By ELIJAH L. SMITH, in the Wadesboro Ansonian.

The adage, "It takes all sorts of folks to make a world," was never more forcibly impressed on my mind than it was Saturday in Wadesboro. Prof. J. H. Highsmith, one of the brightest stars in the educational firmament of North Carolina, was billed here to speak on an all-important subject, to a set of people that might readily be looked upon as the best learned class in the country, and as it was a chance to get something for nothing, it seemed that I just had to hear it or burst.

Mr. Highsmith's discussion of educational needs of the people was simply grand, it being supplemented by impressive remarks by Prof. W. C. Bivens, Prof. Williamson, Messrs. Rattiff, Cameron, Mrs. Ader, Mrs. Redfearn and others.

On coming down street from the speaking, I discovered something that seemed to be a solid mass of human bodies. An investigation proved it to be another audience and a speaker. The speaker turned out to be Anson's "home talent," Buck Newton. Flat footed on the street, in the shade of the Parsons Drug Store, Mr. "Buck" held his audience as firm as Mr. Highsmith, Mr. Hoke Smith, Senator Smith or any other Smith. One might have thought the honor of Mr. Highsmith's office, the importance of his theme, his acknowledged ability as a speaker and the fact that it was advertised two weeks ahead of the "home talent" might have given him all the advantage of the crowd. But not so. Buck's physical appearance, his humorous nature, the publicity of his stage, and the fact that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," gave the home talent man much the advantage of the school man in drawing a crowd. So it happened that of the two crowds "Buck" had the larger. His audience was composed of men from every rank and station, from colored street cleaners to lawyers and bankers.

Only a little farther down street, I noticed something else that had the appearance of a colored string band or a ball nine, grouped around a store door. On nearing them I found it to be only a crowd of young colored men and boys in a huddle together spinning yarns and cracking jokes. Some of them had gained much wisdom of "some kind" by their connection with crimes, law-suits, guard houses and jails, and by their much roaming could tell something about the Old World and the New.

Looking across the street I spied what seemed to be quite a different kind of company. It was a colored minister and an elderly colored man. Being acquainted with the minister, I approached and asked to know who his friend could be. He informed me that it was Uncle David Gaddy. Uncle David went on to tell me something about himself in which I was much interested. He said he had never had a law suit nor had ever been a witness in one, had never seen in a guard house and had no imagination of how it looks inside of a jail. Said he was born and reared in Gulleddge township, that he was about sixty years of age, and that only on the day before he, for the first time in his life, had ridden on a railroad train.

After considering the various characters to be met within such a short time within so small a space, I was forced to exclaim, "Surely it does take all sorts of folks to make a world."

BALTIMORE PAPER GIVES NORTH CAROLINA A BOOST

A Review of Conditions in This State During the Past Fifty Years Shows Remarkable Progress.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

Only a little more than fifty years ago North Carolina was desolated by war, woefully poverty-stricken, prostrate under the heel of thieving carpetbaggers and negroes, supported by Federal troops. The State had lost more men in the war than any other, its slave property was gone, Confederate money, virtually the only circulating medium, had become worthless; there was little to sell to secure it, for the able-bodied men had been fighting and the negroes were celebrating their freedom by looting and talking politics. The outlook was dreary in the extreme.

In the fiscal year just ended June 30 North Carolina paid Federal taxes of \$169,206,000, which was doubtless more than the entire wealth of the State, outside of land, in 1870.

"The Maryland district, which includes Delaware and the District of Columbia, paid only \$120,752,457. Texas, five times as large as North Carolina and with about double the population, paid \$103,000,000. Georgia, called the "Empire State of the South," paid \$42,665,000, and Tennessee \$36,138,000.

The North Carolina figures are all the more remarkable because the State has no large cities, none in the class of Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Atlanta, Dallas, Richmond or even Norfolk or Savannah. It has no big seaports. Its largest town is Winston-Salem, of 48,000 population, with Charlotte somewhat smaller, and Wilmington, Raleigh and Asheville considerably so. But its per capita wealth is larger than that of any other southern state, and it is buying automobiles, it is said, at the rate of \$50,000.00 a year. The basis of its property is, of course, tobacco and cotton; both the growing and manufacture; lumber and truck farming.

North Carolina has the oldest state university in America, its charter dating from 1798. The state's appropriation for maintenance and building is about \$200,000. The Alumni Review, in pointing out its inadequacy, says, under the head of "Gasoline and Culture."

"At present North Carolina has 54 cents per inhabitant invested in university properties—and \$50 per inhabitant invested in automobiles."

"In 125 years we have built up a university plant worth \$3,260,000.

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\$35,557.40 WORTH OF MERCHANDISE SOLD FOR \$17,778.75

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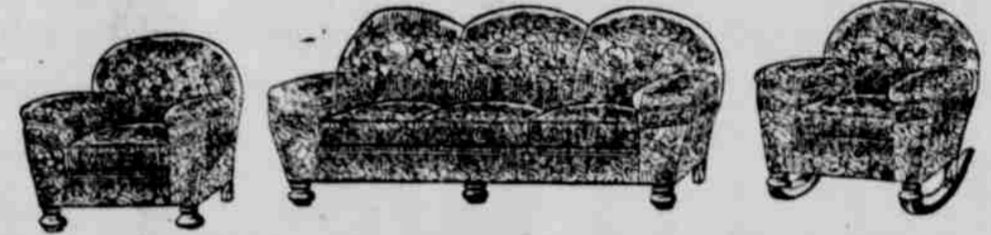
Even after these enormous sales the magnitude of our enormous stock is not affected. You can make a

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By taking advantage of this sale and purchasing your furniture needs now.

There is no indication that there will be any decline in furniture and rugs—and if you do not buy now you will pay double later.

Our friends and customers all over the Carolinas took us at our word and came to our store by the hundreds and saved this enormous sum on their first day's purchases.



HEREWITH IS A PARTIAL LIST OF THE FURNITURE BARGAINS WE OFFER:

Table with columns for Dining Room Suits, Rugs at One-Half Price, and Refrigerators and Porch Furniture at One-Half Price. Includes items like '2 extra fine, handsomely carved, Italian design suites in mahogany, 12 pieces' and '7 enamel lined refrigerators, 20-lb. ice capacity'.

LIVINGROOM AND HALL FURNITURE AT ONE-HALF PRICE.

Table listing livingroom and hall furniture bargains such as '1 Colonial solid mahogany gooseneck davenport, green denim' and '1 lady's chair, blue damask'.

Parker-Gardner Company "CAROLINAS GREATEST FURNITURE STORE" CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In ten years we have bought \$100,000,000 worth of motor cars. We are buying motor cars faster than any other state in the union, says the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce—\$50,000,000 worth a year. A hundred and forty thousand dollars worth a day, including Sunday.

Every town and person has certain events from which it dates things. For instance, a rood many years ago in Indianapolis, it was customary to place a date about as follows: "Oh, that was three years before," the Academy of Music burned down."

to recording time. In Bowling Green, Ohio, the people say: "That happened about a year after the oil boom." In Wall Street you hear men refer to an event as occurring so many years after the Grant and Ward Failure, or Black Friday.

He wore store clothes, and when he occasionally pulled a handkerchief from his pocket to mop his face, it was noticed that the handkerchief was blue. The good doctor in a kindly voice urged the farmer to shoot a game with him.

Now Doc is a good friend of our, and a good scout into the bargain, therefore we omit his name. But if ever go to Bradford, he will be pointed out to you even before they show you the street where Coal Oil Johnny threw five dollar gold pieces to the crowds.

Whereupon Doc went downstairs and telephoned to his friends to come in and watch him trim a rube at billiards. "By cracky!" boasted the farmer, "I had a run o' luck here this afternoon. I believe I got a natural-born knuck for this here game. I bet as high as a steeple I can beat this man here to-night."

"Well, how high is the steeple?" answered Doc, who had just shouldered his cue together and ran off 128 balls without a mishap. Winking at his friends, who encouraged the poor farmer with words of approval, Doc finally managed to get bets of five hundred dollars a side at even money posted with the cashier.

Then things began to happen. "Excuse me a second, gentlemen," said the rube, slipping off his "store clothes" coat and displaying a beautiful silk shirt. "Just excuse me a second"—here he pulled a suit case from beneath a table—"until I get my jointed cue."