"THE UNION COUNTY PAPER—EVERYBODY READS IT" "THE UNION COUNTY PAPER—EVERYBODY NEEDS IT"

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BETTER LAND NEEDED SO FARMERS CAN WORK LESS

Tillers of the Soil, Says Broom, Ought to Have More Time for Recreation and Development

WORK TOO HARD FOR A LIVING

By T. J. W. BROOM,
Conty Farm Demonstrator.

The farmers of this county plant forty-five thousand acres in corn annually, and the average yield is around twenty bushels per acre. Many of these acres are producing forty to seventy five bushels per acre and many are producing much less than twenty bushels per acre. The chief cause for low yields is lack of humus and nitrogen in the soil. Humus is decayed vegetable matter. Vegetable matter contains nitrogen, and if the vegetable matter is in the form of legumes, such as soybeans, velvet beans, cowpeas, clovers, or vetches it is much more valuable in that about two-thirds of its nitrogen content is taken from the air and not from the soil as is the case with weeds and other non-leguminous plants. The easiest and most economical way to get the humus and the nitrogen that is so essential to larger yields is to grow these legumes as catch crops, that is to grow them along with crops that are to be removed as feed or cash crops, for instance, soybeans, velvet beans, or cowpeas can be grown with the corn crop and if the entire crop is left on the land much organic matter and nitrogen will be added, or cowpeas, soybeans, velvet beans, lespedeza, or red clover can occupy the land after the removal of the wheat and oat crop. Then during the late fall, winter, and early spring months, crimson clover, bur clover, and vetch can be made to good service.

We need beter land, not to make more stuff, we are making more now than we can market profitably, but we need the better aind that we may make a living easier, not have to work so hard to get it, have time to attend to other things that need atention, and have time for recreation and the development of our higher faculties. When we cultivate land for twenty bushels of corn to the acre and less, one-third to one-half bale of cotton, ten to fifteen bushels of oats, or seven to eight bushels of wheat, we have to work too hard and long to get a living, so long and hard do we have to work, that we do not have the time for rest and recreation and the proper development of our social, intellectual, and spiriual faculties.

Don't Work Our Heads Enough.

If we are to develop a high civilization in the rural districts, such as will make our young people content to remain in the country, we have got to make conditions such as will give an opportunity for rest, recreation, and social enjoyment, and intellectual and spiritual development. Nothing but hard work, and in some instances, grinding poverty, is the lot of many who are living in the rural districts today. Now work is not a curse, nor do we wish to convey the idea that we should not have to work hard for our daily bread, for we believe that man would have become extinct long ago but for the edict issued by God Almighty to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The trouble is we are working our muscles too much and our head not enough and with many of us apparently not working our heads at all. Now, if we are ever to build up a great rural civilization we have got to use our heads more, and now is the time to begin. Readjustments in our institutions of government, of education, and of business are going on everywhere, and there must necessarily be a readjustment in methods of agriculture and in the marketing of agricultural crops if the agricultural civilization of this country is to be saved from decay and ruin.

It takes money to build and maintain a high civilization. To get money in agricultural communities crops have got to be grown, and grown in an economical manner. Now to grow crops economically, large per acre yields are necessary. To grow large per acre yields we have got to have a fertile soil in which to grow these crops. Now the fifteen to twenty bushels of corn, the one-third to one-half bale of cotton, the ten to fifteen bushels of oats, and the seven to eight bushels of wheat that many of us are now growing, represents muscle work. But if we will use our heads some we can double and triple the average yield of all crops grown in the county and by using only one-half to one-third the land can reduce the muscle work correspondingly. Now for the head work.

Good Farm Headwork.

When God created the world and placed man therein he commanded him to "multiply and replenish it," He knew what man would need in his efforts to carry out this command, so every provision was made in creation for keeping the earth fertile. Plants were given to man that have the faculty of getting nitrogen from the air, phosphorus, lime and potash mines were prepared that man might have the wherewith to replenish the soil when it became exhausted of these elements. The truth is, all nature is one great store house of wealth and God hath delivered to man the keys to this store house and sayeth unto him, as thou wilt so be it unto thee. Are we using to the extent of our ability the resources that our Creator has provided for our enrichment in

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NO ELECTION TO BE HELD ON $250,000 BOND ISSUE

Count Yesterday by Commissioners Showed That Petitions Lacked 659 of Required Number.

The petition circulated for the purpose of forcing the county commissioners to call an election on the proposed issue of $250,000 worth of road bonds lacked 659 names having the number required by the statute, a count by the commissioners yesterday revealed. There were 1531 names on the petitions.

The road act provided that an election could be held on a bond issue if twenty-five per cent of the qualified voters petitioned to that effect thirty days from the time notice of an issue was advertised. The number of qualified voters, it was found, is 8759. One fourth of that number is 2190.

No canvas of the petitions was made after the commissioners found that they did not contain twenty-five per cent of the voters, so it is not known how many of those who signed them are not qualified voters.

Graduating Class Entertained.

Weddington, May 16.—The graduating class of the Weddington Industrial institute was highly entertained at a dinner given in their honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Howey May 12 at 7 o'clock. The members of the class are Misses Pattie Morris, Nellie McIlwain, Gertrude Moore, Irene Howey and Mr. Claude Moore. Mr. M. W. Winters, class advisor, was also present.

Immediately following the dinner, at eight o'clock, a reception was also held in their honor. Those present for the reception, in addition to the graduating class, were: Misses Lillian Lewis, Zula Helms, Grace Lewis, Isabel Howey, Messrs. Roby P. Lewis, Hight Helms, George Hudson, Earl B. Lewis, Walter Hartsell, Lee Short, Wriston Helms and Carl Short.

After several games and contests in which prizes were awarded, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, a course of ice tea with nabiscos was served.

The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion in flowers and crepe paper, the colors being "black and gold," which are the colors of the class.

THOUGHT DADGETT HAD MET WITH FOUL PLAY

Buford Township Man, Who Disappeared from Home Tuesday, is Found in Spartanburg, S. C.

SAID "NOTHING TO FARMING"

C. F. Dadgett, the Buford township man who mysteriously disappeared from his home last Tuesday, has been located in Spartanburg, S. C., and fears that he had met with foul play have proved groundless. He left his farm, which he had rented from Mr. Will Porter, because there "was nothing to farming," it is said.

Discovery of blood on the ground under a shelter house at his place by a neighbor was the first suggestion of foul play. This neighbor, whose name is Broom, had missed Dadgett, and went to his house to see if he was sick. He found his house closed, with the shutters drawn; and on going to the barn, found his mule shut-up, somewhat worse for wear for lack of food. Continuing his investigation, he came upon the blood spots on the ground under the outhouse.

Forcing a window open, Mr. Broom went inside the house. He found no evidence of recent occupation, so he alarmed the neighbors. A search of nearby woods was instituted on Thursday and Friday, but failing to find any trace of their neighbor, Chief of Police J. W. Spoon, of Monroe, was called upon for assistance.

Learning that Bill Tadlock was last seen with Dadgett, Chief Spoon got in communication with him. Tadlock admitted being with Dadgett, but denied any knowledge of his present whereabouts. He said he and Dadgett came to Monroe Tuesday night, where they boarded the Atlanta train. Tadlock got off at Chester, while Dadgett went on to Carlilse, with the announced intention, said Tadlock, of going on to Spartanburg.

In the meantime, a letter was found at Dadgett's home from some people in Spartanburg. Chief Spoon wired the police at that place to see if Dadgett was at the home of these people, receiving an affrmative reply in a few hours.

Dadgett is a bachelor. He came to this section about two years ago from Charlotte, where he claimed to have been working around the army camp. It is not known if any action will be taken against him, or if there is ground for action, for abandoning his farm.

Diplomatic.

He was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door.

"How much is it, uncle?" he was asked.

"Yo' say how much? Jest whateber yo' all say, misses."

"Oh, but I'd rather you would say how much," the lady of the house replied.

"Yas, ma'am! But, ma'am, Ah'd rather hab de seventy-five cents you' all would gimme dan de fifty cents Ah'd charge yo' all."—Life.

Believes Blockaders Drained His Fish Pond and Cut His Wire

A party of men, believed to be blockaders, drained the fish pond and cut the wire fencing in about five hundred places on the farm of Mr. L. S. Williams, of the Fairfield community, in New Salem township, Sunday night. Their deed is believed to have been actuated by a desire for vengeance, Mr. Williams being of the opinion that blockaders in his neighborhood have the erroneous idea that he has been reporting their stills.

"I've never reported a man for making liquor," said Mr. Williams here today, "but now I would gladly go ten miles with an officer to find one after this high-handed treatment."

Mr. Williams is the owner and operator of the Fairfield telephone exchange. In the past, officers have been summoned to the community to seize stills by other citizens, but he has never felt called upon to refuse to transmit these messages any more than one sent to a blockader warning him of the approach of an officer.

Nearly all of the fish in the pond, which was stocked about three years ago with carp and black bass, escaped through the hole made into the bank into a nearby branch. Mr. Williams estimates the damage to his pasture wire to amount to about fifty dollars, while the injury to his pond is not very easily calculable.

This is not the first act of terrorism in this community. One of Mr. Williams' neighbors, several months ago had a battle royal with a party of blockaders who came to his house with the announced intention of recovering a still he had found near his place, and which he was keeping until the officers arrived upon the scene. Scores of shots were exchanged on this occasion, and it is believed that one of the party was hit.

"I've voted the dry ticket in late years," Mr. Williams said yesterday, "but I have always attended to my business, leaving the enforcement of the liquor laws in the hands of our officers. How blockaders got the idea that I was reporting them is a mystery to me."

Bodies of Two More Union County Heroes Have Arrived at Hoboken

The remains of two more Union county boys, Benjamin S. Griffin and Arthur McWhorter, have arrived at Hoboken, N. J., and will be shipped here within the next day or so. Preparations are being made by the officials of the Melvin Deese Post of the American Legion to inter them with military honors. Griffin will be buried at Sandy Ridge church in Buford township, while McWhorter will be interred in the family cemetery in Jackson township.

Both lads saw service in the trenches, but their deaths were due to pneumonia and influenza contracted through exposure. Griffin was in the signal corps, and McWhorter was an infantryman attached to the 322 Infantry, 81st division.

The rain and dampness in the trenches which, as a member of the signal corps he helped lay telegraph wires so as to afford communication with the divisional headquarters, caused young Griffin to become ill, and he was moved to a French hospital where he died within a few days, pneumonia having set in. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Griffin, of the Sandy Ridge community, and was 23 years of age when he died on Oct. 16, 1818, less than a month before the signing of the armistice. He is survived by his parents and several brothers and sisters.

Mr. McWhorter's fatal illness was contracted in a similar manner. He, too, was in the trenches, lying night and day in the damp weather with nothing except a few blankets for shelter. Influenza and pneumonia were both contracted, and he died on the tenth of October, 1918. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McWhorter, of Jackson township. He was 24 years of age.

Both of these young men bore excellent characters, and were good soldiers.

The date for the funerals cannot be set until the day of the arrival of the remains are known.

RIB GRAFTED INTO LEG

Child in Brooklyn Hospital Enabled to Walk by Operation.

A remarkable operation in bone grafting, by means of which a normal leg was given a girl thought to be crippled for life was done at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn. The operation, which was performed several months ago, was made public when an X-ray proved beyond doubt it had been successful. It consisted in replacing the child's shinbone from knee to ankle with one of her ribs.

The patient's name is Abigail Green, born April 10, 1917, and known to all the doctors and nurses in the hospital as "Abbie." Abbie's mother died soon after her birth. Nothing is known of Abbie's antecedents at the hospital, except that she was placed in a city institution after her mother's death and later removed to the hospital.

She was received in December, 1918, when she was twenty months old. Her body was covered with abscesses and her right leg was twisted like a corkscrew. It was utterly unable to sustain her weight. Examination revealed a fractured tibia, which is the inner and larger of the two leg bones, better known as the shinbone. The history of the fracture was not known, but it was seen it had been sadly neglected. The entire bone was diseased and inflamed. It was not known whether Abbie would live, and the little body had to be built up for two years before the operation could be attempted.

It was performed by Dr. Thomas B. Spence, chief of the hospital's surgeons. He removed the entire length of the diseased shinbone and then made a bone graft from one of the child's lower ribs, which, being very flexible, was straightened and tied to the ligament in the leg. The rib acted as a scaffolding for new bone to grow over. The leg was placed in a plaster cast and several months of waiting followed.

The X-ray examination proved Abbie can walk and play like a normal child within a few months. Although the leg is still in a cast, it does not seem to bother the patient, for she travels all about the ward, laughing and playing with the other little patients.

VICIOUS DOG BITES WOMAN

It Snapped at Her as She was Passing Automobile.

Mineral Springs, R. F. D. 1, May 16.—A few days ago while in Monroe your correspondent witnessed a very distressing accident. A young lady, whose name is unknown to me, was badly bit by a large bull dog when she passed too close to the car in which it was lying as she was crossing the street in front of Belk's store. Your correspondent did not investigate, but the lady's arm seemed to have been badly lacerated. If I had been a relative of the person bitten there would have been one dog less in Monroe at sunset. It seems to me that the city authorities should not permit a vicious dog to endanger the lives of the public as this one does.

LINCOLN'S LIBRARY

Books He Studied When Young Were Mainly "Documents."

Lincoln's own personal decision against slavery came partly from personal experience and partly because he learned his American history in the best of all ways, from the original documents. English history Lincoln learned from Blackstone, which he found in the bottom of a barrel of truck of various sorts bought by the grocery of which he was partner. The business was not successful. It left Lincoln with a debt of $1100, which it took him fifteen years to pay. He read Blackstone's Four Books with only Webster's "primary" dictionary bought when he was twenty-four years of age. He rightly deemed Blackstone an Epoch in his life. American history was supplied by Franklin's Autobiography, Weem's "Washington" and Ramsay's, and a campaign life of Henry Clay.

Shakespeare came early. It succeeded the Bible. Lincoln is our only President who read Shakespeare constantly and read it out loud in conference and contact with men, so that he bored lesser minds. Burns, Lincoln knew by heart and lectured on him.

The humor of his own day he read avidly. Petroleum V. Nasby and Artemus Ward he read to his cabinet, to his delight and to Seward, Welles and Stanton's disgust. While President he read the one book of humor which survives its own day, "Don Quixote," and he crossed the White House in his nightshirt, the costume in which the melancholy knight fared abroad, to read a passage to John Hay.

These books he read early. Law took his time after he entered the bar. In 1849 he returned from his service in Congress. He began new studies. He took up German and learned to read it. He knew something of French and Spanish. He began the equivalent of liberal studies in college which had been denied him. Herndon, Hallan and Gibbon are two histories he read at this period. In 1859 he read "Plutarch's Lives" for the first time. He read Homer in the winter of 1859-60 in Bohn's translation.—Deroit News.

Break, Break, Break!

A man of fifty winters and a maid of twenty summers were having a conversation. As usual in such cases, the man hjmself was the topic.

"Why have you never married?" inquired the sweet young thing.

"Because," he replied in a tone of wisdom, "I have always noted that when two people of the same type marry their happiness is marred by the monotony caused by their likeness to each other. The reason I have never married is because I have never found a girl of the type opposite to me."

"Oh, that should be easy," she replied. "Now, I know a number of nice, intelligent girls who—"

At this point he went away abruptly. She never understood why he left.

Looking for a Bargain.

Tramp—Could you give me tuppence for a bed, lady?

Sandy's wife—Yes, bring it in!"—The Register.

NEGROES ARRESTED HERE NOT MURDERERS OF KELLER

Charlotte Police Say They Do Not Answer Description of Groceryman's Assailants.

James Wilson and Clyde Carroll, two strange negroes, arrested here Sunday on suspicion of being implicated in the killing of George L. Keller, a Charlotte grocer, do not answer the description of the grocer's assailants, Charlotte police have informed Chief of Police J. W. Spoon. The negroes have not been released, however, Judge W. O. Lemmond having given them a thirty day road sentence yesterday morning for vagrancy.

Keller was killed from ambush late Saturday night in a dark spot on West Eleventh street, in front of the Fidelity mills. Robbery is believed to have been the motive for the crime.

Wilson claims Wilmington as his home, while Carroll says he is a native of Parwhite, S. C. From letters taken off their person, officers found that they had been extensive travelers, a number of the letters being postmarked New York City. Wilson also had a letter from a New York tailor, addressed to "Mr. James Wilson." In his pocket book he had the picture of a white woman and a number of Confederate ten dollar bills. They claimed to be here looking for work.

Senior Play.

The senior class of the Monroe high schol is planning to give a play, "All of a Sudden Peggy," May 23 at the Strand Theatre.

The seniors have a two-fold purpose in presenting the play. Aside from being a part of their commencement exercises, they hope to make a good sum of money to go toward paying the bill yet due on the "Mohisco," the high school annual. The annual this year is the best yet published by the high school, and the high school asks the cooperation of the people of Monroe in this effort of theirs. They are sure they will have no trouble in meeting their obligations if the people of the town give them the same loyal support they have given the football team, the baseball team, and other school projects.

The play itself is a very attractive one. There are plenty of laughs for you. The seniors are counting on your help.

SET STEEL DIES FOUND ON HELMS BY OFFICERS

Believe He and Moser Belong to Gang of Automobile Thieves With Headquarters at Concord

STOLE MR. TOMBERLIN'S CAR

Officers believe Hall Helms and Oscar Moser, young white men, who are in jail here charged with the theft of an automobile Saturday night from Mr. W. L. Tomberlin, who lives a few miles east of Monroe, are members of a gang of automobile thieves with headquarters at Concord. Helms is said to have admitted being implicated in the theft of three cars, while Moser, Sheriff Fowler says, was Helms accomplice in two robberies.

A set of steel dies, with which it is charged that engine numbers were replaced with ficiticious numerals, was taken off Helms and is now in the possession of Sheriff Fowler. After stealing a car, Helms would file off the factory numbers on the car and replace them by the aid of his steel dies with numbers of his own choosing, say the officers.

Mr. Tomberlin's car was stolen late Saturday night. It was driven to Concord, where John Drake, at whose home Helms resides, was picked up and brought back to the county. After letting Mr. Drake out, Helms carried Moser to his home in Vance township, and then drove to the home of Will Hasty, in Buford township, where Helms was captured Sunday night.

Helms was given a preliminary hearing before Judge W. O. Lemmond Monday morning and was bound over to Superior court under a two thousand dollar bond. Unable to give bond, he was remanded to jail. Moser wasn't arrested until Monday, and he is awaiting a preliminary hearing.

The arrests were made by Sheriff Fowler, Deputy Sheriff Paul Griffith, Chief of Police J. W. Spoon, Constable C. L. Gulledge, and Mr. John McClellan.

Both men are residents of this county. Moser lives at the home of Walter Pressley, in Vance township, and Helms, who has been working at a saw mill near Unionville, boards at Mr. John Drake.

The pair, according to the officers, stole their first automobile sometime in March from an old woman living near Old Hundred, a small station on the Seaboard about seventy-five or eighty miles from Monroe. This car was sold by Helms to Mr. Leonard Griffin, of Goose Creek township, on the twenty-sixth day of last March. Last August Helms went to Gaffney, he is claimed to have admitted, and stole a Ford car, driving it to Concord, where he disposed of it to Tom Blackwelder.

Sheriff Fowler also thinks that he has cleared up the wholesale robbery of tires at Unionville last fall. He says Helms told him that Frank Blackwelder, in jail at Concord awaiting trial for murder, was the culprit.

Demonstration.

She—I never try to parade my virtues.

He—no. It needs at least two to make a parade.—Tyrihans (Christiania).

LATE JOHN KITCHIN WAS FAMOUS "COOTER" HUNTER

In a Single Season His Catch Would Number Several Hundred—Relates Hunting Stories.

HE DIED IN THE COUNTY HOME

By C. E. HINSON.

There died in the county home last year one of the most exceptional men in this part of the state. He was John Kitchin, the "cooter hunter," and he fully deserved the sobriquet that was attached to his name.

Uncle John loved the meat of the Logerhead turtle, or "cooter," better than most people love their money, and he sought them more than the Jew does riches. He was quite successful. He kept an accurate record of the number he had caught, and could without hesitation tell you the number of a season's catch. Frequently the number ran into the hundreds and when we remember that he was nearly seventy-five years of age when he died and had caught them practically all of his life, you can easily imagine that the total was large.

Did he like the "cooter meat? I should say so. Even in his old days if one had the temerity to ask him if he was fond of "cooter" he had to run or fight, and a stranger so bold usually got off with a terrible tongue lashing.

There is an old adage that if a cooter bites you he will not turn loose until it thunders, but Uncle John evidently did not believe it for his manner of catching them was grabbing with his naked hand, and that he got results when he went hunting is putting it rather mildly.

Uncle John would interest one by the hour telling stories of how long he kept on the trail of certain large "cooters," and how he finally caught them. But one thing he never understood and that was how a "cooter" lived after its head had been dismembered, and why its heart refused to stop beating—and blamed if I can, either!

Tax-Listing and Judgment Day.

"If judgment day occurred after tax listing time hell would have to be enlarged to meet the demands for space," was how a citizen expressed himself after hearing several men give in their taxable property. And he was not far from right. I have observed that the average citizen will lie as quickly about the value of his property when giving it in as he will when trying to sell a crippled mule to a negro. No, not all do it, but it is wonderful how property depreciates. The average poor fellow will give in his property at more than the cash value because he knows that his tax will be small and that most everybody knows what he owns. Therefore, I venture the assertion that the renters, or "hoboes," as one of our citizens so politely termed this class, pay 15 per cent more tax than any other class according to the amount of property owned.

There are exceptions, of course. The other day I overheard a man give in a pig at $2. The lister refused to accept it at such a price and listed it at $5, but gave the citizen four cents with which to pay the tax. I knew the fellow was a "hobo," so after he was through listing I struck up a conversation with him and found that he was not real bright, or in other words, an idiot. I thought it was unusual that a poor man undervalued his property.

News Notes of Prospect Section.

The heavy rains of last week did considerable damage to land in this section where cotton was recently planted. It undoubtedly will have to be replanted and in some cases this will be the third time. All corn that has been recently planted will have to be replanted.

Mr. Fred Walters of Cassett visited friends and relatives in the Bethel section for a few days. Mr. Walters reports considerable damage to cotton which was chopped to a stand in the recent cold snap.

Mr. Hoyle Aycoth has returend to his post at Camp Bragg, Fayetteville, after a ten day visit to home folks.

Mr. Frank Broom is home for a few days visit. He is a patient at a government hospital at Greenville.

Children's day exercises were held at Tabernacle last Sunday. The musice, recitations, etc., was up to the high standard that they have at Tabernacle, and special emphasis should be put on the music. The decorations were especially beautiful and the children were well trained.

Statement From Mrs. Hargett

To the Editor of The Journal:—We regret exceedingly that in writing up the Memorial Day exercises and sending it to The Journal we failed to send in that which was written concerning the part Mrs. W. C. Crowell had on the program. It was not the typist's fault, but by some mysterious omission that can't be accounted for we are to blame. She read a paper full of the most accurate information pertaining to North Carolina's part in the Civil War that has been our pleasure to listen to. Glad that The Journal gve it to us in full. The old soldiers were thrilled with the tales of valor, and leaned forward to catch every syllable that fell from her tongue. We consider that Mrs. Crowell belongs to a group who are devoted to the higher things of life—to the best in literature, and anything that she has to render is always appresiated by us. We beg her forbearance.—Knox Wolfe-Hargett.