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Old Sand Land Now Grows Both Corn and Sweet Potatoes

THE INTERESTING STORY OF YARBOROUGH & SON

Novus Homo Gets Right Down to a Description of a Small Union County Farm That Is a Wonder

JACKSON DEMONSTRATION FARM

By Novus Homo.

On the Jackson highway, just two and one-half miles south of Waxhaw and about three and one-half miles north of the Jackson monument, in the sand hills of Union county on its extreme western border lies the beautiful little farm of Messrs. E. G. Yarbrough and Son.

This farm might very well be named the demonstration farm of Jackson township, since the owners are thoroughly demonstrating to their neighbors and fellow countrymen what can be done on the poor sand hills of this part of Union county.

Mr. Yarbrough has been doing good farming for a number of years, in fact he has always farmed considerably above the average; but not until recent years did he conceive the idea that poor sand hills could be induced to produce corn and forage equal to river bottoms. The truth is, twenty-five years ago the best farmers in this section were unanimously agreed that sandy land would not make corn and that it was a waste of labor and of good seed corn to plant it in corn.

We remember once hearing Mr. Yarbrough make the assertion that, "I cannot raise corn, but I can raise sweet potatoes enough on one acre to bring me in cash enough to buy all the corn I need."

The writer lives in sight of the Yarbrough farm, and a few days ago we decided that it would be time well spent to cross the "hollow" and climb the hill on the other side and take a peek at that field of corn that looked so good at rather long range. Accordingly we proceeded and in a short time we pulled up at the home of the younger man, finding him and his father seated on the front porch, the young man reading the Progressive Farmer and the older engrossed in the news columns of The Monroe Journal.

After the usual preliminaries and a brief survey of the general news of the day, including The Journal's editorial comment on the remedy for curing the "Immorals" of the present time, and also Hinson's and Zeb Green's scathing indictment of the present day trend toward ruin, we suggested taking a look at the crops, and roosting off a little.

"All right," says Heath, the younger member of the firm of Yarbrough and Son, "we'll take a look at the cotton first since it's nearest the house, then we'll go through the corn field and examine it."

Prospective Cotton Yield is 2000 lbs. Per Acre.

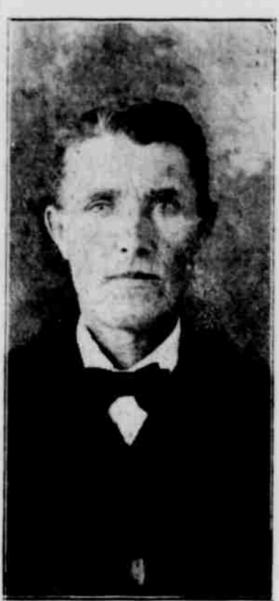
Immediately after entering the field we found ourselves wrapped up in the best cotton we remember to have been in lately, if not longer. There are a few boll weevils in the field, but evidently they are doing very little damage and the prospective yield per acre of this field is around two thousand pounds. "We only have three acres in cotton, both of us," says Heath, and from further conversation we learned that they expected to get at least four bales from this patch. "We have a tenant who is cultivating five acres in cotton, making eight acres all told on the place. We have also eight acres in corn and eleven acres in peas and cane sowed broadcast and fertilized. This pea and cane forage is on as good land as the corn and cotton is and my guess on the yield is two tons per acre at least."

Entering the corn field we were joined by the old gentleman who had refused to accompany us through the cotton on the grounds that it pleased him better to look at corn. And since he has more cotton on hand, already baled, than he knows what to do with right now on account of the unattractive price at which it is selling, we could readily appreciate his point of view.

Sandy Land Grows Corn as Well as Sweet Potatoes.

Passing up through the corn field we asked, "How much corn is this going to make?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply. "Of course none of us do, but the rows being four and one-half feet and the corn 22 inches in the drill, with from two to seven ears and shoots to the hill, it looks like mighty good corn, and if we figure an average of only two ears to the hill and throw away sixty hills for misses made by the planter, we get ten thousand ears per acre, which at one hundred and forty ears to the bushel would give us about seventy bushels per acre, or five hundred and sixty bushels from the field of eight acres." We suggested to Mr. Yarbrough that he was now able to grow both corn and sweet potatoes on his old sand land. He agreed.

"How much fertilizer have you got under this corn?" we next asked. "We put five sacks of acid, 1000 pounds on the eight acres," said Heath. "We have soda up yonder in the barn we bought for it, but decided it didn't



Mr. E. G. Yarbrough

need it," and since it's still green down to the bottom blade we agree with him that it didn't need it.

"We fertilize and lime our legume crops and the legumes fertilize the lands for our cultivated crops," argue the Messrs. Yarbrough, and it seems like their argument is good.

Have Established Three-Year Crop Rotation.

They have established a three-year crop rotation with clover (crimson) and peas as the soil building legumes best suited to their purpose. In addition to sowing the stubble lands in these crops they also plant peas between the hills of corn and thus keep the lands virtually covered with soil-building humus making material all the time—clover in winter and peas in summer.

They turn in one full crop of the legumes sowed once during the three year period. They put the machine on two of the crops and utilize the hay for feeding their excellent herd of pure bred and grade cattle.

They now have seven cows milking, part of them "going out." Heath says, but their cream check is running above forty dollars per month at the present, and in addition the cattle makes them about forty or fifty tons of the very best grade of barnyard manure. This they spread over the winter legumes in the fall and spring, putting it heaviest where the poorest spots show up, thus evening up the growth and making uniformity over the entire field.

Utilize Every Acre.

They have only a small tract of land in the home place, therefore they utilize every acre to the fullest; that not in cultivation is in pasture, the pastures are seeded to crops suited to the cattle or hogs to be grazed on them, and are considered as profitable as are the cultivated acres.

The cow pastures, lying on the back of the farm, are fenced and partitioned to give the greatest convenience. The hog pastures, five in number, are nearest the house and are so arranged as to allow feeding in either of them which shows the greatest need of being grazed off. And by the way, they have one of these planted to late corn this year because the hogs are getting so much skimmed milk the pasture growth got so far ahead of them they were about to get lost.

In addition they do a considerable trucking business, raising an especially fine grade of watermelons and fine flavored cantaloupes. These they disposed of on the local market, using a Ford truck to get there quick.

They also have the only scientifically constructed potato curing house we know of in the community. Housing and storing in this manner, in the fall, they keep watch over the contents and see to it that an even temperature is maintained inside during any specially cold period of the winter months. By this method they seldom, if ever, have any loss from rotting and are always able to supply their neighbors and the local market with a commodity that sets in demand good and strong about the middle of February each year.

A great deal more could be said, but I am out of paper and will have to ring off.

A special dispatch from Pineville, Ky., recounts the activities of women who aided in destroying whiskey stills in Kentucky recently. The raids on the stills were said to have been organized by members of the faculty of the Smith community life school in order to make it possible for them to hold church services and evening entertainments without interruptions from persons addicted to the use of "moonshine" produced at the stills.

The State Fireman's Association will meet in Morehead City next year. J. H. Wood of Asheville was elected president.

WHITES REBUKED BY THEIR OWN CONDUCT AT MEETING

Old Colored Man Gave a Very Simple But Impressive Statement About Behavior at Colored Gathering.

Mineral Springs Route 1, Aug. 22.—Mr. Howard J. Helms has accepted a responsible position with a large Durham jewelry firm as a watchmaker. Prospect people are pleased over one of her sons who graduated with high honors in the largest watchmaker school in the United States, and are predicting a grand success for Howard in his chosen profession.

Mrs. Seaborn Sims of the White Plains section of Lancaster county is visiting relatives here.

Mr. James Craig of the Armfield community spent last week with old friends here.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. W. Carnes, a former Prospect man, but now living near Wolf Pond, is seriously ill.

Protracted meeting is announced for Bethany beginning next Sunday. Rev. Mr. Thompson of Waxhaw will assist Rev. Mr. Hunicutt, the pastor.

Miss Lessie Plyler left for Marsville Monday to begin her duties as teacher in the Marshville high school.

According to our local wild onion expert, Mr. Peter Plyler, it is now the season to turn ground if the onion is to be destroyed, for the seed or bulbets at the top will be turned over so deep that they will fail to germinate or be so weak when germinated that the growth will be retarded. Those however that get up can be easily destroyed by harrowing later when the grain is ready to plant, which will prevent them from seeding next year.

The meeting at Walkersville closed Friday night. Rev. Mr. Clontz did some able preaching, and it seems that he has moved up things in that section.

"I met an old colored gentleman a few days ago," said a well-known citizen, and remarked "I hear you have been holding your meeting; did you have a good one?" "Yes," was the reply. "Good behavior, I guess?" "Yes," said he, "among the blacks, but I can't say that about our white visitors." Our friend asked me to make some comment through the paper on this incident; but I think to tell of the conversation between a good white citizen and this old antebellum negro is enough to make the white citizenry blush with shame. I understand that the negroes had to resort to rocking the whites from the yard to prevent them from standing on the outskirts of the church during the services and talking to negro women. No sirree, we ain't got no immorality, there ain't no such animal.

Mrs. Nancy Plyler, an aged white lady of the Bethel section, succumbed after a short illness last Sunday night and was buried at Tabernacle Monday, the funeral exercises being conducted by Rev. Mr. Bledsoe. She is survived by two daughters and a son, Mr. Reuben Plyler of Richmond, Va. She was the last member of the Elshah Plyler set and was a fine old lady and was highly respected by a host of friends, who with her children mourn her death.

The rain last night was greatly needed. Pastures were getting dry. Meadows, corn and late cotton as well as late gardens were needing rain. Some fodder has been pulled and cotton is opening nicely in some sections.

Cottage at Orphanage Burned

The complete destruction of the Dennis Simmons nursery by fire early Tuesday morning is the only serious fire in the history of the Thomaston Baptist orphanage since its founding in 1885. The 32 boys who lived in this building were aroused as soon as the flames were discovered and carried to other buildings on the campus. The boys ranged from 8 to 19 years of age. Practically all of the furniture was saved.

The building was one of the oldest on the grounds, having been built in 1889 from funds donated by the late Dennis Simmons, big lumberman of Williamston, Martin county, who left an endowment of \$100,000 to the orphanage at his death. General Manager M. L. Kesler states that the building will be replaced as soon as possible, and will remain the Dennis Simmons nursery.

The fire is believed to have started from a defective flue, and when discovered the kitchen roof was a mass of flames, which spread rapidly to other parts of the building, a one story structure in the heart of the grounds. No other buildings were ever in danger.

The 32 youngsters have been assigned to quarters in other boys' dormitories, and things are running as usual today. A meeting of the executive board has been called for Saturday at which time Superintendent Kesler will lay before the board some suggestions on a recent tour of orphanages in New York state.

The world's largest towel factory is located at Kannapolis, N. C. Enough towels are manufactured there every year to reach twice around the earth. One mile of towels are manufactured every four minutes. Nine towels are made every second and the total for a year is over 90,000,000, or nearly enough to furnish each man, woman and child in the United States with one each. One hundred and thirty-one million miles of yarn or enough to reach to the sun and half way back again are used in the manufacture of the mill's output. The output of 3,248 fifty-acre farms are used each year.

CAMPERS SEE AND HEAR MANY WONDERFUL THINGS

Party of Young People Outing on the Catawba Enjoys Thrills Equal to the Daring of the Movies.

LITTLE JEFF IS THE MAGICIAN

Suppose you were out camping somewhere on the peaceful hills hereabouts with no artillery whatsoever for self defense and a big black bear were to push his nose under the tent right where the girls were sleeping, how would you feel? Or a big rattle snake were found in the warm ashes left from the camp fire of the night when you went to get breakfast the next morning, or red painted Indians were seen silently flitting about behind the moonlit bushes? Now how would you feel for just a moment till all was made safe and happy by some magic turn of events that scattered all danger to the winds?

Well, that is just the way that little Jeff Sewell, two and-a-half summers, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sewell, feels when he sees and hears all these things down at the camp of young people from Monroe which his mother is chaperoning on the Catawba, ten miles below Lancaster. Jeff is the mascot, entertainer, and general darling of the camp.

'Twas raining in the night. A little way Jeff lifted the fly door of the tent and arranged for fair weather next day. It was done so easily by the colloquy which he carried on: "Mr. Rain, go away, we want the sun to shine." "Alright," said Mr. Rain. "Good bye," said Jeff, and the whole thing was done.

Jeff saw the bear prowling about the camp picking up the scraps so scantily left by the hungry bunch. So scanty were they that the big bear sought in wider circles for more food. Fancy him sticking his nose under the tent and running it along a bare arm or foot, sniffing, ready to sample a delicious morsel. Jeff saw this too. Manfully he grabbed his toy pistol which at once became a bloody six shooter, and bang, the old bear lay dead and everybody was safe.

And Jeff does another thing that so many of us wish to do and so few may do. He jumps in an air plane and flies right across the wide and rocky Catawba, jumping off from the high cliff on one side and landing on another high cliff on the other, and back again safely. And he does it a lot easier than Maynard flew over the Rockies.

Who can say how real are those things to little Jeff and the others who linger in the allotted years of childhood? And who can say, again, how real are the little heart-breaking fancies, the deep distresses, and the daily crises, that these little ones undergo, and of which we are often too careless and intolerant and unsympathetic from lack of understanding? So far have we come away from them that we cannot remember what they meant to us, and so we do not know what they mean to them. It is well that the fancies of the little ones are lively and travel quick so that they can get over the difficult places of childhood, else we should all die of grief when we are very little and no one would know the illness that carried us away.

Great Swindling Scheme is Unearthed

Millions of dollars of worthless notes, stolen bonds, fraudulent deeds of trust and forged certificates of deposit have been flung on the markets of the country, Federal agents declared Wednesday after investigating operations of a band alleged to have been headed by Charles W. French and John F. Worthington of Chicago.

Banks, bond houses, investment security brokers and wealthy business men from coast to coast were declared to have been the victims or dupes of one of the most gigantic swindles ever unearthed by Federal agents.

Six million dollars worth of stolen bonds, nearly three million in worthless notes and hundreds of dollars worth of trust deeds and forged certificates have been traced by Department of Justice agents, it was said.

The revelations resulted from a confession accredited to Alva W. Harshman, who was declared to have been a private secretary to French and who surrendered today. He was alleged to have told of a deal negotiated by French for the purchase of a bank in the Middle West that involved the exchange of \$800,000.

A Washington, D. C. man, according to Harshman, was to obtain certified checks for \$500,000 there. These checks, he said, were to be presented to the bank owners and when the bank gained control of the establishment they were to cash all certificates of deposit the bank owned. The money, he said would then be forwarded to the Washington man, who would deposit it before the certified checks on the original transaction were cleaned and returned.

Kineaid Out on Bond

Sidney Kineaid, whose trial at Morganton last week on the charge of wife murder attracted state-wide attention, is now out on bond. He was released from the Burke jail late Monday afternoon. The bond for \$10,000 was signed, it is understood, by relatives and a few close friends.

From the jail Mr. Kineaid went directly to the home here of a cousin, A. C. Kerley. It is said that for the present he will stay with a sister, Mrs. Ella Hodge, near Chesterfield.

MAMMOTH U. S. DIRIGIBLE COLLAPSES ON TEST FLIGHT

Only Five Men of the Forty-Nine on Board Known to Have Been Saved Great Ship Descended on Fire

GREENSBORO MAN AMONG LOST

Hull, England, Aug. 24.—Seventeen officers and men of the United States and 27 officers and men of the British navy met death today in the collapse of the great dirigible ZR-2 over the city of Hull.

Every one of the Americans on board the ill-fated craft perished, as far as could be ascertained at midnight tonight.

Only five of the 49 who were making the trip in the dirigible prior to the vessel being turned over to the United States navy are known to have been saved. Maurice Lay, a Greensboro, N. C. man, chief boatswain's mate was among those lost.

The British losses included the famous air veteran, Brigadier General E. M. Maitland, and all the other officers on board, except Lieutenant Wann.

Afloat 34 Hours.

Starting from Howden Tuesday morning on a test flight to Pulham, the big aircraft had been afloat for 34 hours, at times in bad weather, and was returning to the Pulham airfield at the time of the disaster, which constitutes the most terrible of its kind in peace times.

The ZR-2 which was a sister ship of the famous R-34, the first dirigible to cross the Atlantic, was on her final test trip prior to being accepted by the United States navy and taken across the Atlantic by an American crew especially trained for that purpose. She was 695 feet long and was built to carry a crew of thirty. Her speed was estimated at 70 miles an hour. The American navy was to pay \$2,000,000 for the craft.

While flying about 1,000 feet over Hull, spectators saw the ZR-2 seemingly buckle amidship and plunge downward over the city and into Humber river. One theory of the cause of the disaster is that while the ship's rudders were being tested the giant ship took a sharp turn, which caused her frame work to buckle, and that the explosion of a gasoline tank completed the tragedy of the air. The actual cause, however may never be known. A rumor had been afloat for some days that the ZR-2 was structurally weak, but this was stoutly denied by all in authority.

Tens of thousands of spectators saw several men climb outside the balloon and drop from the falling mass, which was enveloped in smoke, and others jump into the Humber, as the crippled craft came over the water. As the dirigible struck, the wreckage above the water was burning and there was slight chance for any of the men caught inside to escape.

Survivors Brought Ashore.

Tugs immediately put out into the stream and brought ashore the five survivors who were taken in ambulances to hospitals. Among these was the American quartermaster, N. O. Walker, who died soon after reaching the hospital from burns he had received. Lieutenant Little also was rescued from the debris alive, but succumbed to his injuries on reaching the hospital.

A rescue tug pulled another American out of the water. He was dead, inside of his coat was the name "Commander Maxfield." Early reports were to the effect that Lieutenant Esterly had been saved. Unhappily this report proved to be without foundation.

One member of the rescuing party said that when they got alongside the burning airship the pilot asked for volunteers to board one part that still was almost intact. Jumping upon the wreckage, the rescuers ripped open part of the fabric, while parts of the debris was pulled away by means of ropes. The task was a hazardous one because one of the balloons was still filled with gas and another explosion was feared.

What Spectators Witnessed

Among the wreckage an American naval man was to be seen hanging by his coat to a girder in the frame of the airship. It was believed he was dead, owing to the peculiar position of his body, which was not recovered. Another rescuer said that one was hanging on the tail of the ship, apparently uninjured, while another was found floating in the water. Both of them were saved. While the rescuers were at work the balloon began to turn over and the rescue party had to return to the tug.

When first seen from Hull the ZR-2 was approaching the city, coming from a southeasterly direction over the Humber toward Hull. When sailing on an even keel above the city, according to some eye witnesses, a huge cloud of dense smoke burst from the tail of the aircraft. It was thought the ZR-2 was sending out a smoke screen as an exhibition but, to the horror of thousands of spectators, it was seen that she had broken into and was taking a tremendous nose dive which apparently would bring her down into the thronged streets.

Populace Horrified

Then there came a loud explosion and a great crash, followed by another explosion, which was accompanied by the breaking of glass in windows on land, the whole being reminiscent

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PLEASANT GROVE CAMPERS HEARD DR. K. MCLARTY

His Sermon on Sunday Was a Real Spiritual Tonic, Says Mrs. Harrell Mr. J. P. Marsh's Possum Hunt.

SCHOOL OPENS ON AUGUST 20TH

By Mrs. J. S. Harrell

Marshville, August 25.—Sunday found us among those present at the Pleasant Grove camp ground, literally a stranger in a strange land, but never-the-less an interested spectator. Only once did we have a sudden wild desire to be somewhere else. That was after worming into a seat and disturbing the straw under our feet which immediately started trouble with the attack of hay fever from which we had been suffering for several days. Ours was a hasty and ungraceful exit. We planned at the time to put the width of the world between our hay-fever and that straw, but we got no further than the shade of a large tree when we found that there we could sneeze in comfort and still hear the announcements which were being made. So, between contortions, which, owing to our frantic efforts of suppression, gravely threatened the roof of our head once or twice, we heard the announcement that Rev. E. K. McLarty would preach at this service. Now no college girl who was at the college during Mr. McLarty's ministry at West Market church, he being also the college chaplain as well, could be induced to miss one of his sermons when the opportunity to hear him was at hand. Hay-fever or no hay-fever, we calmly strolled back to the arbor, bowed into another seat, held our nose with firmness and determination, and listened to a sermon which would have rewarded much greater discomfort. As he preached we recalled the words with which the senior class of the college dedicated their annual to this, their beloved chaplain in the year—well never mind the year—"To him whose every smile and word bring joys to those about him, do we lovingly and tenderly dedicate this volume." As his sermons in those days, as well as the friendly heart-to-heart talks he gave us girls in chapel on Tuesday mornings, brought comfort and inspiration to homesick freshmen, arrogant sophomores, aspiring juniors and dignified seniors, so his words even more so now are brightening the world with their sincerity, their wonderful truths, their inspiring hopefulness. If such sermons as he delivered Sunday upon the power of God, the power of salvation to remedy the evils of today, do not eventually bring about a reformation, then the world is doomed. It was redolent of the old time religion to which no thinking, feeling person could listen without being, as Milton expresses it, "inflamed with the admiration of virtue; stirred up with hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God." One could not but feel that the greatest thing in the world is indeed, to devote the years of sojourn here to answering the call of God to renovate and thoroughly sweeten the present social system. It made the aimless lines of the social parasites loom up in all their garish emptiness until one instinctively felt urged to call forth to them in tenderness and mercy in an effort to save them from what they were so determinedly seeking.

Mr. McLarty's sermon was a spiritual tonic, and when he made the statement in the pulpit that morning that he had the job he wanted, and would not exchange places with any man, there was doubtless inward thanksgiving throughout that vast congregation that the cause of christianity had been given such an able disciple.

Mr. Marsh Startles the Natives.

The street in Marshville, which might well be named East Main Extension, was in a high state of commotion in the wee small hours of Tuesday morning when loud but mysterious shots shattered the stillness and jerked the inhabitants of that immediate vicinity bolt upright in bed with one eye open, demanding to know what on earth was the matter. There was no answer save more shots—and then more. Each person began then according to his own temperament, to work out a solution to suit himself. Some figured burglars, and got up to bolt down the windows; others thought it was chicken thieves and distinctly heard some one running through the cornfield. All who owned cars were sure it was car thieves, and tried to remember whether they had locked the garage door the night before. But the shots were so murderous and persistent that no one ventured to investigate until morning. Then it developed that Mr. James P. Marsh had been doing a little private possum hunting in his own back yard, and had one furry victim as a reward. Two possums had made a stealthy visit to Mr. Marsh's poultry yard, and the biddies, in an extremely agitated state, had awakened their owner and the fun began. One possum managed to escape.

Mrs. Irene Marsh is in Raleigh visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Little. Mrs. Garland, of Jefferson, S. C., is the guest of her son, Mr. J. T. Garland.

Mrs. W. O. Harrell and children and Mrs. Hurley Griffin and children were the guests several days this

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