

The Davie Record.

State Librarian

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS, THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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Our Wasting Fertility.

W. F. Massey in Southern Agriculturist.
In the South and East we have always associated in our minds the West with a luxuriantly fertile soil and great crops. But of late years it is becoming evident that the West is falling off in production, while the South is gaining. The government statistics are sometimes interesting reading. They show that the corn yield in North Carolina has advanced from an average of 12 bushels an acre to 18 bushels, while that of Kansas fallen from over 30 to 22 bushels an acre. And now in the great spring wheat section in the Dakotas we read in the Crop Reporter that the average is 13 bushels an acre, and thousands of acres were abandoned after sowing.

Maryland has gone up ahead of Kansas in the average of her corn crop, since she makes an average 36 bushels an acre, and there are wheat growers in Maryland who have for over twenty years averaged 40 bushels an acre. And now the Crop Reporter says that Mississippi has the greatest corn crop in her history, and that there is corn for sale in Mississippi.
Perhaps the boll weevil is not such an unmitigated curse as it was supposed, if it drives the cotton farmers in the Lower Mississippi Valley into rotative farming and moves the corn belt to the southern part of the great valley, where it naturally belongs, and where no timely frost ever cuts it short, as is often the case in what is commonly known as the "Corn Belt."

One thing is very evident, and this is that careless farming and single cropping is as ruinous in the West and Northwest as in the South. The growing of wheat as the sole crop in the Northwest has led to poor yields, just as growing cotton as the sole crop has led to poor crops and impoverished land. In the older sections of the country in the East farmers have realized the importance of better methods, and the slow adoption of them has already shown its influence on the general average of the crops, while the decreasing averages in the West show that the work of soil robbery is still going on there. There is still too much of it in the East and South, but there is a wave of interest going over the whole cotton country in learning improved methods.
Fifty years ago the writer of this was a young railroad civil engineer in The Mississippi Valley. At that time the prairie sod was being turned and the farmers laughed at the notion that their lands would ever need manure. They got rid of what was made as fast as possible by letting it wash down the streams, or by building their stables convenient to the streams so that the manure could be washed away. Now in all the states of the Mississippi Valley they are passing laws regulating the sale of the commercial fertilizers, and they are finding it necessary to restore the wasted fertility. Some years ago I was invited to speak at a farmers' institute in Southern Illinois. They assigned me the topic on the programme, "How to Restore Worn Out Land." I was surprised at this, coming from "Egypt."

always working for the farmer if given the chance. But with the wearing out of the humus the bacteria were starved out and could grow no longer, and the soil became literally a dead soil.

And there are millions of acres of this dead soil all over the country, and men are trying to galvanize it into a temporary life with commercial fertilizers, speculating merely on the chances of a crop as to the character of the season into such a condition that the changes of the seasons have less effect upon it.

Hundreds and hundreds of letters come to me from men calling themselves farmers, the great burden of whose letters is "My land is poor. How much and what kind of fertilizer shall I use to insure a good crop?" The main idea, especially in the South, seems to be that all the old, dead skeleton of sand and clay needs is some plant food added in a concentrated form, and that for every crop planted or sown there must be a special formula for a fertilizer to be used.

There is no doubt that the increased average of crops in the East has been to some extent due to the use of commercial fertilizers, and it is not the use of these that I would object to, but their injudicious use the dependence solely on fertilizers to get a crop to sell off the land and to leave the land still poor.

Our best farmers, men who really farm, and are not mere planters and gamblers with fertilizers, have long ago found that it is necessary to study the special needs of their soil, and to thus avoid buying what they need not buy. They have found it to be true, as I have been insisting for thirty-five years that any farmer whose interest is in grain and stock, or in cotton and stock, needs to buy an ounce of ammonia in a fertilizer, if he farms in a good rotation, grows plenty of legume crops and feeds them. They have found out that on most of our strong clay soils, especially the red uplands of the South, resulting from the decomposition of feldspathic rocks, they need not buy any potash if they lime occasionally a get plenty of humus in their soil to bring the plentiful supply of potash in these soils into use.

Then they are reduced to a need of but one element that they must buy, phosphorus; and they have found, that with the development of the humus in the soil through the growing of legumes and the feeding of them and making manure they can get better results from the pulverized Tennessee phosphate rock than from the dissolved rock or acid phosphate and get them cheaper. This element of phosphorus, which we get in the combination with lime in the phosphate rock, is the one thing that is always and everywhere most deficient in all old cultivated soils. Every animal raised on a farm carries it away in his bones. Every bushel of grain carries it off, and unlike nitrogen, we cannot get it from the air by any sort of plant culture.

We can get all the nitrogen we need for farm crops through the growing and feeding of the legumes such as cow-peas, soy beans, velvet beans, vetch, etc., and can at the same time increase the humus content in our soils, but the phosphorus we must buy in some way, either, as Dr. Detrich says, by buying and feeding grain grown on other men's farms or by buying the phosphatic rock and applying it. Phosphate rock used for the increased growth of the legumes and the legumes used profitably in feeding farm animals and making manure, and thus restoring the wasted humus, are the means through which our worn lands are too to be redeemed, and not through speculating on the chances of a crop with a dribble of 2-8-2 or 3-8-3.

The Record is but fifty cents.

What Waits For the Boys and Girls of Today.

Progressive Farmer.

When you are a man, Farmer Boy, the farms in your neighborhood will be better farms; they will be cultivated better and grow bigger crops; better live stock, and more of it will be on them; there will be better buildings, better roads, more machinery, less hard physical work and greater demands for clear and accurate thinking. All this means that the farmer of that time will have to be a better farmer than those of today and this in turn, means that right now, while you are a boy, if you would be one of those good farmers, you must begin to prepare yourself for it. You must lose no chance to study, to acquire useful knowledge to keep yourself strong in body and mind, to form good habits. If you do these things, the future is yours if you do not, you will be swept aside by the march of progress, and be one of the "poor farmers," the "failures." What are you going to do about it? Are you making the most of your school, of the practical training you get on the farm, of the books and papers you read? Have you ever thought about a college course—the short course in agriculture, at least—and about the fact that a farmer needs to prepare for his work just as does a lawyer or a doctor? If you begin your life work poorly prepared, the blame will be largely your own, for on every side the doors of opportunity are open.

When you are a woman, Farmer Girl, the homes of the country may not be any nearer to those who share them, but they will be brighter, more beautiful, better furnished, equipped with a hundred conveniences of which your mother has never known. There will be less hard work in the housekeeping of those days, but there will be demanded of the housekeeper a wider range of knowledge, a capacity to deal with problems which are now left entirely to the physician, or the teacher, or the legislator. All this means that you, too must keep both body and soul clean and pure and strong, that you must train your hands and discipline your mind, so as to be ready for the duties that will be yours. If you are prepared, you will help lift the whole race to a higher plane of living; if you are not, you will tend to hold it down. You are deciding right now which part you shall play.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c. at C. C. Sanford's

Sounds Fishy.

"That corn can be raised in Stanley at a cost of 4 cents per bushel," says the Albemarle Enterprise, "has been demonstrated by T. B. Huneycutt, of the Leo vicinity, and this by charging time at the rate of \$1 per day to the hand." We're disputing nobody's word, but there will be many from Missouri on the proposition that corn can be raised at a cost of 4 cents the bushel. It would be of interest if Mr. Huneycutt would give the facts and figures and the Enterprise would publish them.—Statesville Landmark.

The Same Old Trouble.

The Durham Herald broadly hints that there need be no fear about the next Legislature doing anything. We perfectly agree with our contemporary. Before anyone else claims the glory, The Weekly dubs it a "standpatter."—Webster's Weekly.

The Record is only 50c. a year.

An Avoidable Loss.

According to the United States census reports three people die in our country every minute, 4,000 every day, 1,500,000 every year and undertakers continue to order caskets by the car-load.

Of these million and a half deaths 42 per cent or, 600,000 are preventable. Thus, the productive energy wasted annually, as estimated by political economists, amounts to \$1,000,000,000—more than enough to run our national government. Each North Carolinian pays more than \$10.00 for that annual amount while the State pays less than one cent per capita for prevention.

According to statistics hook worm disease is the most prevalent of these preventable diseases in our State. Not so many lives are lost directly from this disease as from some others but the power of resistance is lowered on account of it and the victim readily falls prey to other infections. Hookworm disease is contagious wherever soil pollution is allowed. Many of our country schools are breeding places for the disease. County school boards, local school committeemen and influential citizens should consider this matter more seriously. The Board of Education of Rowan county has taken the lead in this great movement by ordering the establishment of sanitary toilets at every public school in the county regardless of cost. It is hoped that others will do likewise.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me. For sale by all dealers."

When The Women Vote.

One of the most interesting pieces of reading matter that has been handed out to the public for some time is an account of the manner in which some of the ladies recently went about voting in a state where the fair sex are permitted to have a say so in political affairs. A paper states that some of the female voters marked out names appearing on the printed tickets and substituted names of favorites, which of course made it necessary to throw out the ticket when the votes were counted. Others returned within a short time after they had cast their ballots and wanted to see their tickets, as they had forgotten the name of the man for whom they had voted. The reporter referred to doesn't say so, but we'll just bet those women had lots of questions to ask regarding the platforms of those whom they supported. Is he in favor of the hobble skirt? Has he solved the servant problem? Does he like big hats? These and hundreds of similar questions perhaps had to be answered. But after all, the ladies are coming into their own and in all probabilities will make the opposite sex set up and take notice.—Ex.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

Timely Truth.

According to an exchange, a lady who understands advertising says: "No lady wishes to be looked upon as a shopping fiend; she does not care to go into a store and have a merchant show all his stock in order to find out whether he keeps what she wishes to purchase and whether the article is sold at a price she can afford. It is much easier and pleasanter to look through the advertisements of a paper than it is to bore the clerks and waste her own time. Next to the local news items, the advertisement to a paper or stating articles for sale with prices, will keep much of the money home."

FINE PONY FREE

Boyles Bros. Co., of Winston-Salem will give away on Jan. 2nd, a fine Pony, Bridle and Saddle. Every \$1 purchase in Clothing, Hats and Furnishings will give you one chance.

FOR THE BEST VALUES IN

Men's and Boy's Clothing and Furnishings

VISIT

Mock-Bagby-Stockton Co.,

"Same Price to All."

418 Trade Street

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

How The Law Delays.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff. Is that so?"
"Yes," replied the witness.
"What did he say?"

The attorney for the defence jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in evidence. A half hour argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider.

An hour later they filed into the courtroom and announced that the question might be put—

"Well, what did the plaintiff say?"

"He weren't at home sir," came the answer.—Exchange.

The Brute.

Soon after the arrival of his first baby, his wife went upstairs one evening and found him standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight and tears filled her eyes. Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch. "Darling," he murmured, dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for 99 cents."—The World's Work.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

A wisely conducted newspaper is like a banquet, says an exchange. Everything is served up with a view to charity. Help yourself to what you want and do not condemn the entire spread because pickles and onions may be included. If you do not relish them somebody may find them palatable. Be generous and broad enough to select gracefully such reading matter from a newspaper as will be agreeable to your mental taste. You, as an individual, are not compelled to swallow everything. We do not all think alike on every subject and it is a good thing, as it makes more variety, and variety is the spice of existence.—Ex.

Appreciate The Editor.

There is one minister at least who appreciates the editor. At a recent banquet he offered the following toast.

"To save the editor from starvation take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from bankruptcy advertise in his paper liberally. To save him from despair send him every item of news of which you can get hold. To save him from profanity write your correspondences plainly on one side of the sheet and send it in as early as possible. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones who never make mistakes."

Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist who stumped the State of New York in behalf of the Democratic ticket, is now suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Suspending the rural free delivery service on roads that are too bad for comfortable travel is proposed by the postoffice department as an effective means of advancing the good roads movement.—Ex.

"Living" Coming Down.

What's this we hear—this story of the "cost of living" coming down? Glorious, indeed, is the news, if true. And we think it is true. Of course, the "cost of living" is going to be reduced, for did not Democracy sweep the earth and a portion of Senegambia on election day? And it follows, just as night follows day, that prosperity and stability must inevitably follow for all concerned; the farmer will sell his produce cheaper; we who consume but do not produce, will buy what the farmer has to sell at reduced prices greatly to the farmer's benefit; the stock grower will get less for his stock and will thereby be greatly encouraged to raise more, for it will be profitable for him to sell on a declining market—but, then, we who consume but do not raise meat, will buy cheaper meat, so great will be the blessings that come to us—the consumers! Hurrah for Democracy! Now indeed we'll live cheaply.—Greensboro News.