The Davie Record.

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

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Be a Farmer This Year, Not Merely a Cotton Grower.

The Progressive Farmer.

Whenever cotton gets very low there are always a lot of people to cry out, "Quit raising cotton" and a lot of farmers who begin looking for some other crop "to take the place of cotton." Now, we do not believe that the Cotton Belt farmer should quit raising cotton or that he needs another "money crop" to take its place. Cotton is the greatest money crop that Southern farmers, as a class, can grow. For the man who has been growing cotton all his life to quit all at once just because prices are low and plunge altogether into some other branch of farming, is anything but a wise policy. The cotton farmer doesn't need to get unduly excited because cotton prices are low. Cotton was a profitable crop, even this year, to some farmers it will be a profitable crop for a long time time yet if farmers will only give it a chance. There are a great many changes sadly needed in our system of farming, but there is not the slightest need of a panic-stricken rush to untried lines of work. The kind of farming needed next year is exactly the kind of farming that was needed this year,—the kind that The Progressive Farmer urged,—and the kind that good farmers here and there all over the South are doing.

Cotton is low this year, because our farmers went wild last spring and planted the biggest crop in the history of this country. Prices had been high for two years, and they forgot that a cotton crop of medium size almost invariblv brings more than a big one. They forgot, too, that the entire dependence upon a single crop, no matter how good a crop it may be, is an unsafe policy.

For all these years The Progressive Farmer has been urging Southern farmers to reduce their cotton acreage to farm their lands in a systematic rotation, to grow more corn and hay and other feed crops, to keep more livestock, to give more attention to building up the fertility of of their lands, to reduce the cost of production by making larger crops to the acre—in short, to farm so as to make their cotton a real "money crop," a surplus crop, instead of having to sell it to pay for fertilizers and mules and feed and "supplies" and clothing and everything else they need. All this we still believe was sound advice then and now, but it does not follow that it will pay the man who does not understand hog raising or dairying to rush into these businesses, or that the man who has had no experience with truck crops should change all at once from a cotton planter to a trucker. There is no great change needed, except the change from the present miserably wasteful cropping practice to a rational system of general farming; and when this change is made cotton will still be the great staple crop of the South.

Do not be misled, either, by the advice some people are giving to buy no fertilizer next year, or by any of that sort of stuff. What you want is to have every pound of cotton you produce next year produced at the least possible cost. The way to do this is to make just as much cotton as possible on every acre planted. Reduce the fertilizer bill by reducing the acreage. Put half the land you expect to plant to cotton in peas or soy beans or potatoes or some other crop, and then plant your cotton on good land, plant good seed, fertilize liberally, cultivate well with improved machinery.

Whenever Southern farmers get to the point of making the fertility of their land their first consideration in the planning of their farm work, and when they get to real farming with systematic rotation and diversification, they will not plant every available acre in cotton one year because prices are high and then hunt a substitute crop the next year because prices are low. And then cotton will be a profitable crop every year to the man who uses good farming methods, and a big crop will not have to be sold for less than a small one just because the farmers are unable to hold and market it in a business manner.

Preaches a Sermon On Country Editor.

Elder John P. Galvin, pastor of the Christian Church of Fairfield, Ill., in a series of sermons on the different trades and occupations of life delivered a sermon on "The Newspaper." Among the many good things he said were:

"What am I doing for it? Kicking because its not blowing my horn? But how much of myself am I lending to the paper by speaking a good word for it whenever I have a chance? Really, how much of my personal influence can its editor depend upon? Much, or is it very little? If I grow a big cabbage I want him to publish it, but I may hear item after item of news about other people's cabbages and never drop him a line about them. Now, as he is not almighty enough to be in all places at the same time why not help him by making news for his paper? It's rather a mean thing to take everything and give nothing back but faultfinding. If we never feed the cow how can we expect any milk, and can we blame Bossy if she kicks the milker and the bucket? All in all I find that our county papers are doing their very best for every part of the country, even a hundred times more than any of the large city papers can possibly do.

"The city daily or weekly can not deal with those, to them small items which interest close neighbors. But the county papers tell us all home matters, from the first baby down to garden truck and the visit Mrs. Sallie Howcomerso made at Pitchfork Creek.

"In fact, the magic of the county poper sets far off neighbors in close gossiping contact—just a rail fence between. And where can the preacher find a more willing agent than this same county newspaper? It gives him free ads for his sermons, lectures, etc.

"And how many times its puff has inflated the cash balance of the church social! And he has to pay for his ice cream and cake besides.

"Talking about men working for glory. Why, the only share of glory of half the editors of country papers is like that of the man who saw the father of his nation from afar off. Yes; his glory is like some of those weird pictures of Dore. And after he has spent an hour or so patching up the spelling and punctuation of some hasty brothers article or letter so as to make decent reading out of it he feels as if he had a mouthful of mustard and sour dock when the said brother goes around telling everyone how the said editor has ruined his beautiful effusion. Job had boils to contend with, but the country editor has to try to satisfy men and women afflicted with an elongated dose of twisted conceit. Job prayed that his enemy might write a book, but if I could ever pray for the affliction of a man I didn't like I'd pray he might be an editor of a country newspaper. It would keep him hot throug the day, and he wouldn't have much sleep at night. So my heart goes out to the country editor. May his paid up list grow as fast as the gourd of Jonah, only with a better staying quality, and may his days be long in the land, and may his shadow never grow less, and, if we can let us send him to congress."—The American Press.

Why Honor Was Shown Guilford Christmas.

The following is from a recent issue of the News and Observer:

"A peculiar mark of respect was paid to a Cumberland County colored man last week by the white people of Fayetville. The colored man was Guilford Christmas, whose life of devotion in the service of his former master, Col. Wharton J. Green, gave him a warm place in the hearts of the family of Colonel Green. When he died white people sent flowers to go on his grave and a number of leading white citizens acted as pallbearers. During the war he acted as bodyservant at the front of Colonel Green."

What the Observer says of the early life of Christmas may all be very true, but that is not why the Observer saw fit to commend him so highly and to also commend the white citizens of Fayetville who acted as pall bearers at his funeral.

Guilford Christmas was a Democrat. He had held office under Democratic rule, and being a Democrat covers a multitude of his sins in the News and Observer's eye. If the writer is not mistaken it was Guilford Christmas whom a Democratic Legislature appointed as door keeper in preference to a white ex Confederate soldier who was an applicant for the position.

If some white Republicans had served as pall bearers at the funeral of a colored politician the News and Observer would paramount it in the next campaign.—Caucasian.

He Felt a Big Rib Going.

Little Bobbie had attended his first Sunday school and was deeply impressed with the exprience. He was told that the first man was named "Adam," and he was lonely and wandered about, with no one to talk to until Got finally took pity on him.

Very carefully the Sunday school teacher explained that Adam, after spending a lonely day, lay down to sleep. While he was sleeping an angel came and extracted one of his ribs and laid it alongside of the sleeping Adam. When Adam awoke in the morning he was surprised to find that the rib had been changed into a wife for him, whom he called "Eve."

Bobbie went home that day and explained the tale to his parents. That afternoon, after he had been running about playing, he developed a pain in his side, and when his mother found him he was lying on his bed crying bitterly:

"What is the matter with my little boy?" asked the mother.

"I'm getting a wife," was the sobbing response.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Some Good Advice.

This is an era of what common men call "snaps." A good many men without character or capital are living by their wits and upon the credulity of others. Lacking all sense of veracity, they scatter promises right and left, and when fulfillment is demanded they slip out of the hole by some invention of the mind more or less plausible. Of course, some men bluntly insist upon the carrying out of the bargain, but, in a certain percentage of cases, their excuses are accepted and thus their nefarious existence continued. Hence we believe it is economy and wisdom for everybody in general and farmers in particular, to pass by every traveling shark that proposes to make you rich by one small investment, or save you from $10 to $100 in a little scheme they have on foot, and as an expression of your good faith only ask your signature to a simple contract. Patronize home industry. Deal with those whom you know and thereby save yourself from vexation in spirit and being soundly swindled.—Ex.

Pull together, breathren. We are all here for the same purpose. Then live and let live. The best way to build up your town is for each and every man to pull together and not strive to rend and tear down. All residents of a town are partners, and not opponents. In all likelihood, the more business done by your rival the more you will do. Every man who treats his customers honestly and fairly will get his share, and the more business that can be secured by united effort, the better it will be for all.—Ex.

With the Editors.

If the farmers could eat cotton and advice they would surely have the ups on the rest of us.—Albemarle Chronicle.

North Carolina needs more Professor Coons to tell us of the incompetent, expensive and partisian management of the State's school spstem.—Albemarle Chronicle.

Simmons claims that he has gone broke on the senatorial job, but it is noticed that he isn't willing to give it up. And there are at least three others who are terribly anxious to make the sacrifice.—Albemarle Chronicle.

The News and Observer says the Democratic party in this State is doing absolutely nothing towards enforcing the anti trust law. We'll remind Josephus of this next fall when the pokeberry juice begins to flow.—Lincoln Times.

The leading Democrats are now saying that there is not an overproduction of cotton, and they admit that cotton ought to be selling at 14 cents per pound. Now we would like for them to get honest enough for one time in their life to admit the cause.—Clinton News-Dispatch.

In the town of Concord recently more than $600 were collected in fines and costs from liquor sellers in a single day's session of the police court. Still it is expected of moral sentiment to control a class who will take such risks with a hungry town treasury as that.—Albemarle Chronicle.

Stenographer Wanted.

Recently a paper published this item "The business man of this town who is in the habit of hugging his stenographer had better quit or we will publish his name." The next day 37 bnsiness men called at the office, paid up their subscriptions a year in advance, left 37 columns of advertising to run tf. and told the editor not to pay any attention to foolish stories. Now Editor Rembnrb of Kansas wants a stenographer to locate in Potter —Kansas City Journal.

The Southeast Presents Eevery Advantage for the General Farmer.

The Southeastern States form an ideal general farming section. Growers of the great staple crops—corn, cotton, tobacco, cane, wheat and hay—find in the South the most excellent combination of soil, temperature, rainfall and other growing conditions for the production of the largest crops.

Primarily, the Southeast may be said to offer the greatest variety of staple crops to the general farmer. No other section of the country can be placed under a rotation system in which there is a choice of four of the greatest general farm crops known to agriculture for the principal cash factor. Either corn cotton, tobacco or cane will make excellent returns per acre in almost every part of the Southeast, and on many places all of them can be included in the diversified system which is being followed by the modern farmer.

The soils of the Southeast are admirably fitted for general farm crops. They are warm, open, easily worked lands, and present every variety of formation, subsoil, chemical and physical composition. Many sections possess several distinct types of soil, suitable for entirely different crops. An instance in point is that to be found on many Southern farms where great crops of tobacco are taken from the yellow soils of one slope, while cotton and corn thrive in the rich, black loam of the opposite field. Southern lands are cheap, too—a paramount consideration for the general farmer, who, as a rule, cannot invest large sums in specialized machinery, fertilizer and other expenditures for growing a specialized crop. In no other part of the United States can such lands be had at so low a price.

Climate conditions throughout the Southeast are peculiarly advantageous for general farming. The long growing season—lasting from seven to eleven months out of the twelve—is of the greatest importance to the producer of staple crops, as it enables him to take his time preparing his land and does not force him to remove a crop before maturity on account of frosts. Two and sometimas three crops a year can be taken from the same land in the Southeast—a fact not to be overlooked when profits and expenses are figured up at the end of the year. When a man can take off spring wheat, put in corn, and after taking off that, get a crop of cowpea hay, followed by potatoes, before a killing frost, general diversified farming means something. Few sections have better rainfall conditions than the Southeast. The drouth of the past summer, so keenly felt in other parts of the country, hardly affected the Southeast.

So much for facts of production in the Southeast. Conditions of consumption are equally as good. Practically every Southern city imports annually large quantities of produce of every kind from distant States, solely because the farmers of the vicinity do not grow enough to supply the local demand Transportatiyn facilities are excellent throughout the Southeast, and market conditions of the finest. Hay, the grains—in fact, nearly all agricultural produce, commands a higher price in the Southeast than elsewhere, making an acre crop worth more to the Southern farmer than is true in other sections.

With such conditions of soils, climate and market present, there is small wonder that the general farmer in the Southeast is making larger profits from his acres and is rapidly increasing the yield of his crops and the value of his lands; while the thousands of farmers who come every year to the South from other parts of the country are finding their new places productive of yields and profits even greater than their fondest hopes.—Southern Field.

A Gambler's Testimony.

"I have been in the saloon business, with a gambler's room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am now going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is near so dangerous, nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm, as the social card party in the home! I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down, everything is conducted secretly for fear of detectives, and none but gamblers as a rule, enter there. In the parlor all have access to the game; children are permitted to watch it young people are invited to participitate in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments, and adding high social enjoyments. For my part, I could never see the difference between playing for a piece of silver molded in the shape of money and silver molded in the shape of a cup or thimble. The principle is the same; and when ever property changes hands over the luck of cards, no matter how small is the value of the prizes. I believe it is gambling. Perhaps you have never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A "greener," unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling den, because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the social games of the homes, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room; for he has learned and now counts on his efficiency to hold his own. The saloons men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of parlor games given by ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become patrons of their business. I say then the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated."

"Mamma" asks the little boy, "who are the Highwaters?"

"Highwaters?" answered the mother. "I don't know any such family. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard Mr. Perkins ask papa if he'd be over to the little game to-night, and papa said he'd be there in spite of Helen Highwater."—Chicago Post.