

raised, and it is as certain to be in demand as men are to want clothing and textile goods. Nevertheless when they ask me if I would advise a man to embark in the business of raising cotton I look out of that left eye that has wisdom and truth in it and say that I do not like to ramp all day long behind a plow in June about the time we put the soda on the crop. But I do delect to lean over the fence and watch the sassy cotton stalks crowd ahead day after day in a favorable season, and a prettier sight can hardly be imagined than the field when it is white with blossoms and with opening bolls at the same time. The check from the ware house is not much more alluring.

BIGGEST LUMBER PLANT ON EARTH

Cotton coaxes about a billion dollars a year into the South. While that is magnificent, it is not the only thing. One of the biggest lumber concerns on earth is the John L. Roper Company, operating farther east than Moore County. The Roper Company has so much timber land that the tax assessor is about the only man who actually knows how much it is. The company expects to have a crop of timber come along fast enough so that by the time the mills have cleaned up the land once the second crop is ready. Do I know where there is any timber land? Lots of it, in a way. But unless you have the faculty that enables you to go out and give a sniff or two and lead yourself to the kind of timber that would suit you, you lack the divine afflatus that would make of you a successful lumberman. I was down at the coast one day last Summer. The mackerel were coming in unlimited schools. Some of the crowd tried to catch them with hooks. But the mackerel would not bite the hook. They were busy taking on a little cargo for themselves, for in just about the same unlimited quantity as the mackerel was another little chap that the mackerel feed on. The feed seemed to be just as abundant as the feeders. How did the one know the other was in the neighborhood? Accident? Never.

It was just that sort of an accident that makes a real lumberman scent out the presence of timber. Now, just to show you the inside construction of a lumberman, let me tell you an experience I had with one. He had asked me if I knew of any timber land in the State, and I told him of a prospect, and he came to look at it, and suggested that I go with him. It was a nice outing and we went. He spent several days looking it over, and figuring out what it was worth and what it would probably do. Then, as he was ready to come out of the woods he informed me that he thought it was as fine as honey in the comb, and probably someone would make a million dollars out of it, but that as it was pine he did not care to take hold of it, as his experience was in hard wood, and he guessed he would go somewhere and look for oak and poplar.

No, that man was no jay. He had more sense than most of us, for he knew hard wood lumber, and that he did not know yellow pine, and he did not propose to get into a game that was unfamiliar. It is not the timber. It is the man. The pine forest was an opportunity for a pine man, but not for a hard wood

man, and the hard wood man did not deceive himself.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PEACH

If a man writes me from Catawba Island up in Lake Erie and asks if this is a peach country I tell him as sure as you are a foot high. Yet a peach man says this whole region is conspicuous with unsuccessful peach farms. In the face of that fact I insist that if there is a better peach country on earth I do not know where it is, and I think I know about all of them, and if any better peaches are made any where than in Moore County you may be sure they are peaches good enough for the king, or a pair of kings, or the whole deck for that matter.

There is no guess that this is going to be a great peach region. It has already won its reputation, and the success that some men are making is enough to prove the possibilities. A man who likes to make plums can find the chance in the Sandhills country. It is a natural place for chickens to grow and thrive, but that does not say that the man from the dry goods glove counter can grow wealthy raising chickens around here. I reckon that to handle chickens profitably takes a specialist, for I know that more people have guessed wrong on chickens than on anything else unless it might be the elections. One drawback about a chicken is that it has to be fed, and there is where so many fail to remember the combination when they try to unlock the safe that contains the chicken money. Feed a hen right and she will come across, but you can't feed her right on expectations and realize on them. The reason this is a chicken country is because the dry soil is a healthy place for chickens. But it does not provide for their appetites.

What is opportunity, and why?

It is not a chance to follow the cashier into the bank when he opens the door Monday morning and sand bag him there. Rather it is the ability to see something in the middle of the road.

HUGH MACRAE

Down at Wilmington last Summer I fell in with Hugh MacRae. He is about as big as the Woolworth Building in New York. We went together over to a little factory he had built, and he explained that it sheltered a plant that is distilling turpentine from pine stumps and knots and anything that has in it the pine pitch which is more properly called crude turpentine. Other men have undertaken to get turpentine from the stumps, but they have made the mistake of being unable to hold the temperature right, and the result is either too high or too low temperature, which means that other pine products besides turpentine comes over from the still, and spoils the turpentine.

MacRae found a way to heat the still with heavy oil, and by that method control the temperature exactly. At a certain heat turpentine distills off. At a higher or lower heat the other products come from the still. MacRae has now a method whereby he can recover the turpentine in all of the old stumps and pine knots in the State, and from a cord of the wood that he paid five dollars for he gets about twenty-five dollars' worth of turpentine and other product. He was

(Continued on page seven)

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