

# THE SANDHILL CITIZEN

SUCCESSOR TO THE SOUTHERN PINES TOURIST

DEVOTED TO THE WINTER RESORTS, FRUIT INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE SANDHILL SECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. XII No. 33

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1915

5c COPY \$1.50 YEAR

## IS THE FARMER A "RUBE?" NOT BY A LONG SHOT

A Sandhill Farmer Makes a Few Remarks to Show That the Modern Farmer is not Such a Green Specimen as he is Wont to be Pictured on the Stage and in the Comics

CHARLES P. MASON

In the minds of a great many people, particularly those who reside in the city, the farmer is the source of much amusement and ridicule, due, first of all, to the mistaken conception of his occupation, and of the intelligence required to be a successful tiller of the soil. To the average city person he is looked upon as a rather eccentric individual with a little beard tapering to a point some few inches below his chin, which he very often strokes in the stiff manner so befitting his characteristic pose usually adopted as he discusses his preparations or methods of cultivating his crops, at the country store before a number of similar individuals, all with the imprint of the farm spread over their rural countenances.

It is the intention of the writer to show to some extent the unjustifiable public opinion upon the matter, partly in defense of the farmer and partly in the hope of changing a little at least this idea which is possessed almost from childhood familiarity with the farmer.

There are beyond doubt some farmers who are "rube" types. However, the majority of our farmers are clean-cut, up-to-date men, with good business judgment and a shrewd eye for trading, we should in justice to them bear in mind that the popular impression that they are ignorant, provincial individuals, lacking the snap and keenness of the city person, is entirely erroneous.

If it were apparent that this idea of the farmer's appearance only went thus far, the writer would not feel so inclined to defend the case, but as the appearance is centered in the mind of the city person, it develops into a ridicule as to the intelligence of the man, and thus there is an impression created which is altogether an exception rather than a rule, that the farmer is a man with little or no common sense; whereas, to those who come in contact with him, he is full of common sense. The farming game is a practical one to a large extent and therefore farmers unconsciously acquire a lot of sound judgment and use it without any apparent knowledge of the fact.

The farmer does not merely have to sow his seed, sit back to wait for it to grow, and take in his crops and use them or sell them to best advantage; he must be a close observer and student of the soil, and he must know the proper fertilizer to be used, providing such is necessary. This subject alone is a complete study in itself. Then he must know the various farming implements, and above all, how to use them properly.

Further, he must understand how to look after his stock and make a study of his feeds so as to give a well-balanced ration to his animals. Here is still another field of which the farmer must know to some extent, no matter how deficient his book-reading. There are numerous other lines of work which he has to come in contact with almost every day. Thus we see that he is not quite so stupid and uneducated as we are wont to imagine, as he must obviously collect a store of intelligence, even if he is not a man who concentrates his mind on his farming operations to any great extent.

On the other hand, if he is a true farmer, he is a student and notices a great many

facts as he is working day by day. In addition, he reads certain farming journals from which he derives much useful data and inspiration. He is very likely a member of the local farming association from which he is the recipient of a whole mass of most useful suggestions from his neighbors.

The writer could enlarge still more upon the farmer's good sense and draw him still further away from the more amusing idea which the person from the metropolis is accustomed to view him. However, suffice it to say that the farmer is in most cases not so much of a "rube" as is imagined and his services to humanity will be more and more appreciated and respected by mankind. The feeding of humanity is a worthy task and should not be overlooked by the altogether too-thoughtless person; for it is the farmer upon whom we depend for the production of the food of the nation whose mass of population is being constantly increased.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Susan Baldwin Swett

In the death of Mrs. Susan Baldwin, wife of Dr. W. P. Swett, which occurred at the family home in Southern Pines, on Wednesday, June 30, at the close of the day, the community suffers a great loss. Mrs. Swett was a woman of the highest and purest character, possessing capabilities of a very high order which she constantly used for the public good. The sweetness and purity of her private life, joined to her wisely directed activities for the good of the community, and her wider interest in the world and its welfare gave to her the respect of all who knew her, the admiration of such as came into closer touch with her and the love of those who were of the inner circle of her life.

The deceased was born in Terryville, Conn., July 6, 1859 and lacked but a few days of rounding out her fifty-sixth year. On July 25, 1883, she was married to Dr. W. P. Swett, with whom she spent 32 years of unbroken and unalloyed domestic happiness, for happiness that is founded upon mutual and deathless affection cannot be undermined by the common vicissitudes and ills of human life, of which they had their share.

Mrs. Swett's devotion to her husband's welfare and professional success was very touching to those who saw its outward signs. Her life companion's finest tribute to her is the remark that for 32 years she was hands and eyes and memory to him. Her life was bound up in his and for his welfare no task or sacrifice was too great.

Her motherhood was equal to her wifehood, her children sharing with her husband the best she had to give of wise counsel, careful instruction, daily precept, personal example and ripened experience. She was, in sober truth, and without exaggeration, a rare wife and a great mother.

The woman who is unusually devoted to her family and whose home is her kingdom, preeminently, is rather likely not to have many outside interests; home joys and duties crowd out her wider interests, absorb her affection and monopolize her energies. It was not so with the deceased. She made herself a strong factor in the growth and progress of the community in which she spent nearly a quarter of a century of her life. She was a charter member of the Congregational Church, to which she gave very largely of her means, time and executive abilities, having been connected with its every department. The church she loved, and for which she labored unceasingly, will miss her sadly but will long cherish her memory as one of its priceless legacies.

She was instrumental in organizing the Eastern Star in Southern Pines and to the end maintained a deep interest in its prosperity. Twice she was its Worthy Matron, performing the duties of that

office with scrupulous faithfulness and singular charm. At the State Convention of the Eastern Star, this year, it was an open secret that she would have been made Grand Worthy Associate Matron, the second highest office in the state, but she was not able to be present and her health was in such condition as to preclude the promise that she could serve in the office if elected. Since her death letters have been received from the chief state officers of the order speaking of her in the highest and most affectionate terms.

The Civic Club regarded her as one of its most useful members. She was twice its president and always its enthusiastic supporter, usually attending its meetings, planning for the enlargement of its field and urging such measures as she believed would make for a better, more beautiful and healthful community.

She had even wider interests than have thus far been mentioned. She was an ardent advocate and generous supporter of the home and foreign missionary activities of her church, and she kept herself informed in regard to the most remote fields of missionary labor, where men and women are seeking to win the world to the Christ whose she was and whom she served.

For nearly 24 years she lived in Southern Pines. It was her home and she loved it. She went out of her way to welcome the stranger, especially if he or she were in need of the word of welcome and cheer which she could offer. She visited the sick and afflicted much oftener than she made merry with those who were in happier circumstances. She aided by her means many worthy causes, and those who were laboring for such objects always went to her with confidence that their plea would not be in vain. A rare woman has gone. We shall see her no more in the flesh, but in the life she lived, in the work she did, in the friendships she made and in the spirit behind it all she will continue to live, for these things do not die.

Mrs. Swett is survived by a husband; one son, James B., and two daughters, Mrs. James H. Betterly and Miss Doris. Two children, Mabel and Louis, passed on before her, the latter a lad of 16, who died in 1907, and the former a babe but a year old, passing out of this life in 1899.

## Obsequies of Mrs. Swett

The services over the remains of the late Mrs. Swett were exceedingly impressive and highly significant of the place she held in the esteem and affection of the community.

At 10.30 on the morning of Saturday, July 3, every available seat in the Congregational Church was filled and many stood in the area at the back of the church, while a few colored people who had come to show their respect were seated in the north entrance.

The funeral cortege entered the church at 10.30. The bearers were Messrs. W. J. Stuart, R. E. Wiley, A. S. Ruggles and S. B. Richardson. Just in front of the casket walked the son and son-in-law of the deceased, Mr. James B. Swett and Mr. James H. Betterly. Behind the casket were the family, followed by a few close friends and the local chapter of the Eastern Star, clad in white.

The choir sang "Thy Will, Not Mine be Done," and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," both peculiarly appropriate. The services were conducted by Rev. Samuel Holden, pastor of the church, who read appropriate passages from the Scriptures, after which he gave a brief address on the meaning and mystery of death, closing with a most truthful and happy characterization of the deceased as he had come to know her in four years of acquaintance and Christian fellowship.

After Mr. Holden had offered prayer the members of the Eastern Star gathered

about the casket and conducted their beautiful burial service, the Worthy Matron, Mrs. I. L. Hamlin, conducting the service, assisted by Mr. Eugene Leavitt, Worthy Patron, the chaplain, Mrs. Bartram, and other officers of the chapter. One beautiful feature of the service was the placing on the casket of five floral offerings by five sisters, representing the five points of the star.

At the close of this service the body was borne from the church while the congregation reverently stood with uncovered heads until the last journey to the cemetery, which owes much of its present attractiveness to the personal interest and care of the deceased, was begun, a large number following the remains to their last resting place, and standing sadly at the grave side while tender hands lowered into the vault the mortal remains of the wife, mother and friend.

## EVELYN VROOM AT REST

One of Southern Pines' Best Known and Best Loved Young Women Goes Quietly to Her Long Rest After Years of Valiant Fighting and Wonderful Fortitude

At seven o'clock Sunday morning, July 4, Miss Evelyn Hingher Vroom, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. N. Powell, after an illness extending over six years entered quietly into rest.

She was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, but coming South with her mother when a little girl, has lived in Southern Pines ever since, except for occasional visits North, and a period of study at Peace Institute in Raleigh, where she specialized in music.

With the true musician's soul, and a sympathetic and exquisite touch, her playing gave great pleasure in the home circle, and among her friends.

She was charming in person, simple and unassuming in manner, affectionate and sympathetic, keenly interested in those about her, and quick to share their joys and sorrows, and to render any little kindness in her power.

Light-hearted and vivacious, full of life and enjoying its pleasures to the utmost, perhaps only those who knew her most intimately saw the graver, more thoughtful side of her nature, and realized the depth of character she possessed.

This was revealed more and more as the serious illness progressed, which she bore bravely and brightly, talking little of herself, but showing deepest interest in everyone, and everything about her.

Again and again, owing to the untiring care of her devoted mother, the skill of her physician, and her undaunted spirit and courage, she arose from her sick bed, and lived far beyond the expectation of all her friends.

During the six weeks' absence of her mother because of the critical illness of the beloved grandmother, in New Jersey, she showed rare unselfishness and fortitude, determined to keep up for their sakes, although fully realizing that her strength was falling, and often fearing, as she confessed afterwards, that she might not see their faces again.

Until almost the last she was in the beautiful out-door world she loved so dearly most of the time, enjoying frequent long rides during the lovely days of June.

But she failed rapidly the past two weeks, and longed for relief from weariness and suffering, in the eternal rest.

When on Wednesday last she heard of the home-going of the friend of many years, she quietly remarked that she would be the next to go, and it would be soon, and calmly expressed her last wishes to a member of the family—striving to spare her mother in every way possible.

Three days later her prophecy was fulfilled, and in the early calm of the Sabbath Continued on Back Page