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THE great merit of the North Carolina credit union law is that it provides that the State Experiment Station and the Agricultural Department shall appoint and pay an official to prosecute the organization of these unions. South Carolina has (as probably other states have) a law telling how credit unions may be organized, but the idea is so new that not many unions are likely to be organized unless somebody is definitely charged with the duty of giving assistance and counsel. A credit union law without a credit union director is very much like an engine without fuel.

IN making second applications of fertilizers this year, care should be exercised not to make them too late. We don't approve of second applications of phosphoric acid and potash, as a rule, and much of the good of second applications of nitrogenous fertilizers is lost by withholding them too late. Ordinarily nitrate of soda is effective for sixty days after it is applied, and hence when it is used around corn when it is tasseling the crop matures and leaves a considerable part of the nitrogen unused. A safer time to apply it is when the corn is waist-high. Likewise, second applications of fertilizers to cotton are made too late. Not later than when the first blooms begin to appear has been found to be a good rule with cotton.

YEARS ago it was shown by life insurance statistics that of 100 total abstainers at the age of thirty, 55 will live to the age of seventy, whereas of 100 drinking men aged thirty, only 44 will live to be seventy. What science has proved in recent years is the danger that not only in heavy drinking, but even in moderate drinking, the figures showing that a man increases his death chances 35 per cent by so-called "moderate drinking." A famous English life insurance company which has kept records since 1848 publishes the following statistics showing its experience:

Ages	Number of Deaths		Excess Deaths Among	
	Total Abstainers	Moderate Drinkers	Moderate Drinkers	Number Per Cent
20 to 30.....	4,221	4,677	456	11
30 to 40.....	4,201	7,041	2,840	68
40 to 50.....	6,246	10,861	4,615	74
50 to 60.....	13,056	18,524	5,468	42
60 to 70.....	29,078	34,568	5,490	19

MR. W. T. Bost, the Raleigh correspondent of the Greensboro News, reports that he has interviewed 83 office-holding politicians and that they are almost unanimously opposed to bringing up the question of race segregation in land ownership. This is not surprising, because the people always have to do the thinking for the office-holders so far as constructive legislation is concerned. Three years before the state-wide prohibition act was passed we have no doubt but that the same 83 politicians would have declared themselves opposed to bringing in the issue of state-wide prohibition and would have declared it ruinous to the party. Our timid politicians also trembled in the knees whenever compulsory education was mentioned, declaring that the farmers would never stand for it, until the Farmer's Union in 1912 unanimously endorsed the idea and the next Legislature gave us the law. People talk about the timidity of capital, but it is nothing as compared with the timidity of the office-holder.

WE ARE becoming pretty thoroughly convinced that before the Torrens system of registering land titles is made a success, some official must be charged with the duty of helping land-owners get these Torrens deeds. North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and Mississippi now have the law, and that is gratifying as showing the progress of public sentiment. But the actual use of the measure has not been great. When the land-owner goes to get a deed, the lawyer insists upon or prefers the old form. Sometimes the lawyer does this honestly—simply because he knows the old way, and hasn't taken pains to learn the new way. But in not a few cases we hear of lawyers telling farmers a Torrens deed will cost \$100 to \$150, whereas Attorney-General

Bickett of North Carolina says that the average cost should not exceed \$25. A judge to go from county to county and help farmers get titles at a standardized cost seems a necessity in order to insure widespread adoption and reasonable charges.

Have a Farm Clean-up Day

ALL over the South during April and May many cities and towns are having clean-up days, when all litter and trash are disposed of and the premises, front and back, are made presentable. The idea is a good one, and we see no reason why its application should be confined to the towns. We've seen several farms that wouldn't suffer at all from being "tidied" up a little.

As a matter of fact, we can see no reason why man should persist in making ugly what God has made beautiful. Trees and green grass are lovely; add to them a sprawling woodpile, a broken-down wagon, a harrow that ought to be in an implement shed, a few rails, some tin cans, plus a collection of miscellaneous odds and ends, and the front lawn ceases to be sightly, and becomes merely "a sight."

These things are easily remedied, and there is no better time than right now to tackle the job. We insist that the view from the front, at least, to the roadway, is for mother and the girls,—theirs to make pretty, rather than to be the farm dumping-ground for everything that is useless and unsightly. Put the woodpile in the rear, near the kitchen, where it belongs; fix that broken-down wagon or sell it for junk; clean up the trash and litter, and burn what can't be put to some better use. Get it away from the front, at any rate, and then plant grass and flowers.

The change wrought will be wonderful, and will afford new pride in an old farm. Moreover, let's not forget the splendid object lesson that neatness affords for the farm boy and girl. Our observation has been that slovenliness in one thing usually means slovenliness in another: The man whose lawn is littered with all sorts of junk usually has a poorly kept farm, and his mental processes and ideas are often little less scattered and disjointed. Neatness and a place for everything are examples that every child should have before it, and a well kept farm is one of the best ways of furnishing such examples.

Uncle John Studies Domestic Science

"CAN'T stay long," said Uncle John, as he dropped in for his usual Saturday afternoon visit, "but I jest had to come by an' tell you about our school closin' yesterday an' some o' the stunts they pulled off. You know since we consolidated our schools into one an' got three wagons a-haulin' kids out o' every hollow from Cypress Creek to Eatahoma, things shore have picked up out at ol' Union. We've built a nice new schoolhouse, an' instead o' one or two teachers we've got four, an' every one o' them is busy.

"But it's what they call their domestic science business that I wanted to tell you about. I didn't take much stock in it at first, an' me and Riggie Jefcoat an' Jim Welch had a lot o' fun laughin' at it. Howsomever, since my boy made a hundred bushels o' corn on an acre an' made me out an ol' mossback, I have been sorter slow about jumpin' on these new-fangled ideas with all four feet like I used to. So I laid low an' didn't say much, though I knowed in my own mind that the whole thing was time an' money throwed away.

"Well, last week that good lookin' young lady that teaches the girls in that domestic science stuff dropped me an' Riggie an' Jim an' a few others a note, askin' us to come out Friday an' enjoy a dinner her girls had cooked. We talked it over together an' agreed that we'd go, but so fer's enjoyin' it was concerned, we had our doubts. Jim 'lowed that he'd be on the safe side an' eat a good dinner before he left home. Riggie said he'd eat what they had if it killed him. As fer me, I told 'em I'd eat some Limberger cheese once an' lived to tell the tale, an' so was willin' to tackle anything once.

"Well, sir, they fooled us. Them girls, with white caps an' white aprons, an' every one as pret-

ty as a peach, had fixed a dinner that I won't forget fer many a day. I couldn't tell you what all they had, but it every bit tasted good. We wound up on ice cream an' cake, all o' which they'd made themselves, an' I want to tell you-it tasted like more. Riggie said Jim done mighty well, considerin' he'd had dinner before he left home, an' Jim come back at him by tellin' him he didn't know it was possible for any human bein' to eat as much as Riggie put away. As fer me, I was too busy to talk much, but I did manage to find time to get an invitation to come back again next year. An' I'll be there, too," said the old man, as he picked up his hat to go.

The Week on the Farm

CRIMSON clover seed are maturing all over the South now, and we again urge upon our readers the necessity for saving all the seed possible. Next fall there will probably again be much complaint about high-priced clover seed. Instead of complaining about high prices, we ought to be in a position to rejoice because of having seed to sell instead of to buy. Study the seed-saving suggestions in last week's Progressive Farmer and plan to be independent of high-priced seed next fall.

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Every year evidence accumulates that in crimson clover we have one of the greatest crops the South has ever known. It is suited to practically all well drained soils from central Texas eastward and as far north as the Ohio River, furnishes splendid late winter and early spring grazing, and is mature in time to plow under to fertilize a crop of corn or cotton following it. And as a fertilizer it beats anything we ever saw in sacks.

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And while we are emphasizing the need for saving the clover seed, let us not forget to save all the bur clover seed, too. Just as we believe crimson clover should have a place in crop rotation on all cultivated fields, so should bur clover be in all our permanent pastures. Like crimson clover, bur clover grows during cool weather and matures seed and dies by May. It furnishes grazing while the Bermuda is dead, and thus, with Bermuda is the means of providing as nearly a year-round pasture as is possible.

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Be sure to read this week's "\$500 More a Year" article dealing with buying and using commercial fertilizers. We are quite certain that commercial fertilizers rightly used pay, and pay well, but we are equally certain that each year many millions of dollars are wasted because of the injudicious use of fertilizers. The only safe way is to make a careful study of your soil and crop needs and then buy by analyses only.

A Thought for the Week

WHY do so many good men break down in the midst of the years? One reason is that the temptations of middle life are deadlier than those of early manhood. The sins of the younger days grow out of the impulses of the flesh. They are born of hot blood and of immature judgment. The perils of middle life are of the spirit. They are less gross, but more reptilian and insidious. These are the years of waning enthusiasm. Youth is generous and ardent, ambitious of achievement. Young men are susceptible of moral appeal. By middle life one has learned how mighty is the pressure to bring one's ideals down to the dead level of character. He finds that to follow his highest conceptions of duty and honor involves constant misunderstanding and sacrifice. The price he is paying for righteousness appalls him, and he concludes to aim lower and be more comfortable. Moreover, the years have revealed his limitations. It is a serious moment when a man realizes that he is only an atom. Then he confronts the temptation to give up lofty endeavor and to look first after his own interests. It is a critical moment in the race of life when one loses his first wind. He is apt also to lose his enthusiasm and drop out of the running. But if he resolutely continues, he soon taps a fresh reservoir of energy and presses on with vigor and joy. There is no more crucial period in life than the period when one's early enthusiasms are a spent force, and one is learning to fall back on the steady convictions of the spirit.—Charles Allen Dinsmore.