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SELECTED FROM "LUCILE."
Few realms to man's soul have been
conquered. But those
forthwith they are peopled for man by
new foes.
The stars keep their secrets, the earth
hides her own.
And hold must the man be that braves
the Unknown!
Not a truth has to art or science been
gleaned.
But brows have ached for it, and souls
toiled and striven;
And many have striven, and many have
failed.
And many died, slain by the truth they
assailed.
But when man has tamed Nature, asserted
his place
and dominion, behold! he is brought
face to face
with a new foe—himself!
Nor may man on his shield
ever rest, for his foe is forever ahead.
Anger ever at hand, till the armed
archangel
and o'er him the trumpet of earth's final
evangel.

MINERS AT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

[For The Commonwealth.]

The 48th Anniversary of the Philadelphia and Euzelian Literary Societies was looked forward to as a day that gave promise of something more than the ordinary, because of some assurance. All that was hoped for, however, was disappointed. The occasion was a failure. The speakers were of no account. The audience was small. The exercises of the occasion began at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 16th inst. with an animated discussion of the question "Ought immigration to be prohibited?" The discussion was conducted by four young and well equipped debaters, and the debate was shown by a large and intelligent assembly. Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Charlotte, N. C., first speaker on the affirmative, said: America has always been a home for the oppressed. When they have come, and have been welcomed. But the evils that we with those pressing in from all parts of the world overbalance the good. The castaways of Europe come, and in their lands will soon be a balance of power. Old world is a corrupt both city and government. The influences of Catholicism imported from abroad are to be looked on with dread. The Roman Catholic church is only a club for the accommodation of its members. They dominate society and politics. This is only one of the poisoning influences of immigration. Immigrants never low become factors in our government, with all the rights of citizenship. The Nation seems safe; but if immigration goes on, the sun of the Republic will soon set in a sea of blood, to rise elsewhere, and on a people wiser than we.

Mr. D. M. Austin, of Wadesboro, N. C., in support of the negative, said: This Nation is young. Along its lines thus far are some points of weakness. But immigration is not a disease. The experiments have taught usdom. Little over a century ago there were only 370,000 of people in this country. What did it need? The demand was for labor, and honest labor came. Industry has been tickled. This factor has rapidly effected permanent results. Witness New England. Immigrants have become assimilated with our people. They became patriotic, and fought and died for our country. It is objected that they have had their day and done their work. The country's natural resources are enormous. Foreign men and women are needed to develop them. Imported talent has been used in the highest offices. If these blessings have been so great, why not still? The great question of liberty is here to be solved. Here is taught the lesson that man can, and must be free. The spirit of liberty is energizing and vitalizing. Let us go out from here to all lands that there is truth in liberty, power in liberty, life in liberty.

What Mr. W. F. Marshall, of Louisville, N. C., had to say on the affirmative was in substance this: The presumptions in favor of immigration are: (1.) That the comers were honest men ready to tolerate as well as enjoy civil and religious liberty, ready to make an honest living, to obey laws and become American citizens; (2.) That the strength of our civilization could assimilate all foreign elements; (3.) That we had an abundance of room with no one to develop it save those who come from abroad. These were once true, but not true now. Foreigners want too much civil and religious liberty. They do not assimilate with our country. American society is too complex for it. To unite with them our standard must be lowered. It is a reflection on the rising generation to say that we cannot fill up and develop this country. Doubling every 25 years (2) will soon have all the territory populated. It is time to stop this accumulation from abroad and go to work to develop what is at home.

Mr. H. B. Folk, of Brownsville, Tenn., in a broad sweep that shut the

door against the affirmative and opened the ports of the migratory world, left nothing else to say. He said: Civilization sprang up in the East; and "westward the star of empire takes its way." What a country is here! Immigration has done good in the past. Like causes produce like effects. No one is so unreasonable as to suppose that 50,000,000 of people can develop a country capable of 800,000,000. Great plantations need men and money. Immigration brings annually \$61,000,000. Records show the vigor and intelligence of immigrants to be above the average of their race. This is a composite nation. Here is seen the "survival of the fittest." Herbert Spencer thinks that here will be evolved the highest type of man ever seen. Our ancestors were immigrants. Among them are the great names of our history. Public opinion at home encourages immigration. Some nations abroad enact laws to prevent it. Restriction, not prohibition, is what we want. Prohibition violates the principles of this government. Isolation is a suicidal policy. Prohibition violates social and divine laws. The vote was taken and the question was decided in the negative by 117-51.

At 7:30 o'clock p. m., the orations were delivered by the representatives from the Literary Societies. They had for a prelude the presentation of the "Magazine Medal" to Mr. W. H. O'Brien, of Asheville, with some choice remarks by Senator H. R. Scott, of Rockingham. Mr. E. S. Alderman, of Wilmington, Philanthropian orator, spoke on "The Homeless Race." The history of the Jews began with Abraham. Their sufferings through the centuries makes that history a pathetic one. Crosses and crucifixes take strongest hold on humanity. God made the Holy Land and the poet, the one for the other. The Jews have never acknowledged any land but God's. The greatest figures in history are Jews. What works they have wrought in art, literature, in statesmanship! We dislike them; and we know not why. We believe in equal rights, and yet we do not accord this to the Jews. It is a poor reason to maltreat a man now because his ancestors instigated Pilate to crucify Christ 18 centuries ago. All manner of persecutions have been heaped upon them. We should conquer our prejudices against them. What civilization is to do for the Jews and what they are to do for civilization, is the great problem of the age. It may be that after a training of 2,000 years Europe and the world will find in them a power too great to resist. The signs of the times suggest a great civilization in the East. The Turk feels that his day is over; the Jew looks for his in the future. No people has more right to glory in their ancestry. They gave us our devotional poetry, our Bible, our God! American hatred towards the Jew is a paradox.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, of Shelly, N. C., Euzelian orator, spoke on "The New South." The South, 25 years ago, was a land of beauty and wealth. War came and deluged it with blood, death, and desolation. She was still farther cursed with restriction, and its offspring, the Invisibile Empire. The South is now recovering from those blows so terrible in their results. To-day a new spirit is abroad, which is working wonders. It is developing the country materially—her agriculture, mining, railroads, cotton mills, tobacco interests, &c. She still loves whiskey and will manufacture and sell it.

Politics have been affected by the new spirit—less attention given to them and more to work. Sectional hatred is dying. The social world has felt the new spirit—we are shaking off laziness. Education has received new impulse. The loveliest womanhood on earth is developing in the South. Our advancement has been phenomenal—no nation of history has made such progress under such circumstances. Still the New South is grand and poetic, more in what she promises to be, in what she will be. We need more hard work, men, and money. The destiny of the New South is inspiring. Her enormous territory is to be developed. Her boundless prairies and untitled acres will be waving fields of grain and cotton. The earth will yield up her treasures. Factories will convert our timber into lumber, furniture, and implements of agriculture, and every pound of our cotton into the finished fabric.

It is not underrating the work of others to say that this has been, altogether, the most successful Anniversary in the history of the Literary Societies.

W. H. OSBORNE.

LOUISVILLE LETTER.—No. 2.

[For The Commonwealth.]

Having built a foundation, so to speak, upon which to rear a superstructure according to fancy and facts, I begin this letter with the hope that I may make it more interesting than the last. I wish to speak of some of the characteristics in which the people here, and the cus-

oms, industries, &c., differ from those of North Carolina. To begin with the people, they are at least a size larger than with you; especially is this noticeable among the women, three-fourths of whom here in Louisville will tip the scales at 150 pounds. Such magnificent physiques I have seen nowhere else, North or South. As a whole the people are more intelligent than in North Carolina up to a certain point. They have a better school system—why there is one public school building here in Louisville which cost \$250,000; as much, if I am not mistaken, as the entire yearly appropriation for public schools in North Carolina. I don't understand why such discrepancies exist. Assuming that education is the basis of wealth, North Carolina is indeed in a poverty-stricken condition.

Then another very striking difference is the manner of farming, which is carried on here almost entirely by machinery. Harrows, reapers, mowers, corn-planters, and indeed every machine which is capable of aiding in farming operations, is in use here among the farmers. They make money too. A farmer with one hundred acres of land is considered well off anywhere in the State. They don't make much cotton—corn, hay, and tobacco being the principal farm products. One thing—and to my thinking, the thing most conducive to the success of the Kentucky farmers, is the fact that they raise their own supplies on their own farms; and all their meat, meal, and stock food is made at home. No sending to town for meat and supplies, and giving mortgages on the crop, the interest and principal of which perhaps equal the year's work when the day of settlement comes. I only echo the sentiments of men much wiser than myself when I say that until our farming people stop planting so much cotton and begin to pay more attention to making all they need on their own farms, there will be no more money in the business; and farming, once considered the most independent of all industries, will become the most dependent. You all know these things, however, as well or better than I do, and my object is not to "retell old tales," but to tell you something new. Land in Kentucky is worth ten times as much as in North Carolina. Why it is I don't know; but it is none the less true. Land sells here (farm land), at from ten dollars to ten hundred dollars an acre. I know a gentleman, whose farm lies about eight miles from this city, a farm consisting of nearly two hundred acres, which cost him \$50,000, or nearly \$200 an acre. He raises blooded stock, and as his is one of the finest in Kentucky, and as I have an invitation to pay it a visit in my next I hope to be able to give your readers some idea of this, the best paying business in the State. It is an occupation constantly growing in favor—almost every farmer has in connection with his regular business a small stock farm, and it is these stock farms, small prairies of grass in themselves, which first strike the eye and please the fancy of the traveler through Kentucky. From Louisville to Lexington the Railroad runs through the Blue Grass belt, the richest part of Ky., and the continuous stretch of grass growing farms, with their herds of stock, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, make a picture so captivating in its reality as to be unequalled by any work of the imagination. There isn't a word of fifty acres' extent to be seen during the entire distance of ninety six miles. Just think of it—one big field ninety-six miles long, with just a few trees here and there to relieve the monotony.

With all its natural resources and prosperity, Kentucky, like other States, sometimes runs a foul of adversity's waves, and she is getting it with a heavy hand now all along her Northern boundary through the freshet in the Ohio River. Covington, Catlettsburg and several other towns and cities along its course, have been almost inundated, and Louisville's time seems to be coming, judging by the appearance of the river this morning. Hundreds of houses along the river in front of the city, are submerged with water, and it is now half way up to main street, where the heaviest business of the city is done. It has only to come a half block to reach the street, but as the level of main street is considerably above the river, unless the freshet is very much greater than usual, no imminent danger is apprehended. Already property and goods have been damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars and it is not yet known how much more will be lost.

I was just about to bring my letter to a close, but before doing so I wish to say a little about Madame Langtry, who filled an engagement of three nights here last week. It was your correspondent's good fortune to see her twice in "As You Like It," and in "She Stoops to Conquer." This woman about whose beauty and talents so much has been said and written is, in my opinion, a

much belied and slandered woman. Her beauty is beyond question—she is not pretty—a pretty woman is one in whose features a certain piquancy or variety of expression attracts through the features themselves may not be at all regular. Langtry is the sculptor's model, the painter's ideal—a woman! She has an oval face, a rich suit of brown, tinted hair, her eyes are sparkling and as full of fire as is desirable, while her figure from her waist up is perfection itself—particularly pleasing is the fair whiteness and beauty of her neck and shoulders, and the poise of her head is grace itself. As to her talents I have seen better, and too, I have seen far worse. In "As You Like It" she had the disadvantage to appear in the same role as did Modjeka only a week before, and in my opinion, no woman on the stage can compete with that incomparable actress in her impersonation of Rosalind. In the character of Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," she played to better advantage and showed herself to be by no means deficient in the qualities which go to make up a number one actress. Her main fault in my opinion is selfishness, which, indeed, if at all, a fault in her is at least not without good cause. Freddie Gebhardt, her shadow, was here of course, and just here allow me to state that I deem it incompatible with the purity and sweet innocence of Mrs. Langtry's face that there should be anything unbecoming a lady about her. My idea and the generally accepted theory is that Mr. Freddie Gebhardt is not the man peculiarly that he is said to be; in fact, that \$80,000 a year he is reported to possess amounts now nearly to \$8,000, and this, said Mr. Abby, the manager of Mrs. Langtry, pays Mr. Fred, all his expenses and something additional to accompany them as an advertisement. You know it requires a scandal to make an actress "go off" well. Mr. Gebhardt may be in earnest in the matter, however; and if he is, I should certainly not call his taste in choosing into question, neither should I deem him a fool, for I think Mad. Langtry just the woman to "befuddle" a man's senses.

"N. C."

From the Atlanta Constitution.

FURMAN'S FARM.

Growing from Eight Bales of Cotton on Sixty-five Acres to One Hundred Bales, and How the Increase Was Made—Formula for Feeding the Earth. Startling figures.

WONDERFUL WORK ON A SCRUB FARM.

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 30.—I suppose there are few readers of *The Constitution* who do not remember Farish Furman.

He was a bright and brainy Senator in 1876, and—led the capital campaign against Atlanta—was mentioned for Congress—and I always esteemed him as one of the best equipped and most capable of our young politicians. A few years ago he quit politics and went to farming. I heard that he had settled on a third piece of land with poor prospects, and, in common with many of his friends, thought he had dropped out of affairs.

At the last agricultural convention he electrified the older farmers of the State with the details of the most astounding five years' farming ever done in a Southern State, and is today more talked about in the State than if he had served in Congress twenty years.

I have heard the record of his wonderful work several times within the past few months, and the comment with which it is usually greeted is, "I don't believe it." I simply say that I have the authority of at least three excellent gentlemen for the truth of the following main points:

Furman started work with sixty-five acres of the very poorest land in middle Georgia five years ago. The first year he made eight bales of cotton on the sixty-five acres, or less than one bale to eight acres. This shows that it was the poorest of scrub land.

The second year he put 500 pounds of compost to the acre, and made twelve bales of cotton where he made eight before.

The third year he used 1,000 pounds of compost to the acre, increased the yield on the sixty-five acres to twenty-three bales.

The fourth year he used 2,000 pounds of compost to the acre and increased his crop to forty-seven bales on sixty-five acres.

The fifth year he used 4,000 pounds of compost to the acre, and his crop is certainly above eighty to the sixty-five acres, and may reach 100 bales.

He has done all this work with two plows and eighteen days extra plowing. His official and detailed statement shows that the total expenses were \$2,300, and his net profit \$2,725, a fine record on a two horse farm. In addition the land that was worth \$5 an acre five years ago, is now worth \$100 an acre. So with two mules this year he has raised at least eighty bales of cotton, 1,000 bushels of oats

and 400 bushels of corn.

Isn't that a better record than he could have made in Congress? Hasn't he done the State more good by this demonstration than he could have done by ten years of political speeches?

WHAT MR. FURMAN SAYS ABOUT IT.

I had a talk with Furman to-day. He is the very picture of health, prosperity and intelligent enthusiasm. With a perfectly independent income, and the secret of a better one in his hand, he is truly a happy man. He said to me:

"When I determined to go to farming, five years ago, I saw that it would not do to farm in the old way. I saw farmers around me getting poorer every day, though they worked like slaves. I saw them starving their land so that each year their yield was scantier, and their farms less valuable. I saw that it was still the plow following the ax, and that as fast as a farmer starved one piece of land he cleared out a new piece. With 800,000 immigrants pouring in to this country annually, and the public domain virtually pre-empted, I realized that this wasteful system must stop somewhere and soon. Worse than all, I saw that my own land rented to small farmers

was 25 PER CENT. POORER AND LESS VALUABLE

than it was a few years ago, and that it would soon cease to pay me rent. I knew that Georgia was blessed with the best conditions of season and soil, and that if properly treated it would yield large results.

I therefore selected sixty-five acres of the poorest land I had and went to work. The first thing, of course, was to enrich the soil. To do this there was but one way to feed it, and to give it more food than the crops took from it, and above all to give it the proper food. I knew that certain phosphate manures stimulated the soil so that it produced heavy crops for a while and then fell off. I wanted none of this. I did not believe in soil analysis. That was not exact enough.

"TESTING THE APPETITE OF THE EARTHILY."

"What I wanted was to know exactly what a perfect cotton plant took from the soil. That ascertained, then to restore to the soil exactly those elements in larger quantity than the crop had abstracted from it. This is the basis of intensive farming, and it will always give land that is richer year after year. I had a cotton plant analysis, and found that I needed eight elements in my manure, of which commercial fertilizers furnish only three and the soil only one. I therefore determined to buy chemicals and mix them with humus, muck, decayed leaves, stable manure and cotton seed till I had secured exactly what was needed. I did so, and at last produced a perfect compost for cotton. I then ascertained that my crop of eight bales had taken out of each acre of my land as much of the constituents of cotton as was held in 250 pounds of my compost. I therefore put 500 pounds of compost on each acre, restoring double what the crop of the year before had taken out. The result was that I made four bales extra. I then restored double what the twelve bales had taken out and made twenty-three bales. I doubled the restoration the next year and got forty-seven bales. I doubled again, and this year have at least eighty bales."

"But does this extra manuring pay?"

"Immensely. Here are my figures—2,000 pounds of my compost cost \$7.25 or \$3.60 a thousand pounds. The first year I put 500 pounds to the acre—cost \$1.80 an acre, or \$117 for sixty-five acres. But my crop rose from eight to twelve bales, the extra four bales giving me \$200 surplus, or \$3 per net on my manure. Next year my manure (1,000 pounds to acre) cost \$2.35; but my crop increased to twenty-three bales from eight on unmanured land. These extra four bales gave me \$750 or net profit of \$516. The next year I used 2,000 pounds per acre at cost of \$7.25 an acre, or \$471 for total. But my crop went from eight to forty-seven bales, giving increased income of \$1,950, or net over cost of manure of about \$1,500. This year I used 4,000 pounds to the acre (costing \$14.50, or \$942 for total manure. But my crop is at least eighty bales with this manure, where it was eight without. This increase of seventy-two bales is worth \$3,600. Deduct cost of manure \$942 and we have \$2,658 as the profit on use of manure."

"And then the land is so much richer?"

"Certainly. It is worth \$100 an acre, where it was formerly worth \$5. You must credit the manure with this."

AN AVERAGE OF THREE BALES TO LIVE ACRE.

"Where will you stop in this progression?"

"I don't know. I shall double my manure next year, putting 8,000 pounds to the acre. I believe I will get 150 bales from the 65 acres. I hope to push it up to three bales an

acre. I have a few acres on which I put 10,000 pounds of compost as an experiment, and every acre of it will give me three bales this year."

"Mr. Wharthen raised five bales to the acre?"

"Yes, but left his land poorer. He pushed it, stimulated it and I took the very heart out of it. After taking off my enormous crop, I leave my land richer than before. I cultivate my sixty-five acres with two plows, and I will make 150 bales with those two plows on sixty-five acres. That will be glory enough for me, and will be a revelation to the world. I believe I will get ninety bales this year with two plows. I have already picked thirty bales and the best judges say hardly one-third is yet picked. This is an astonishing result, and simply shows what intensive farming will do."

THE FORMULA FOR THE COMPOST.

"How do you make this compost?"

Here is my formula: Take thirty bushels well rotted stable manure or well-rotted organic matter, as leaves, muck, etc., and scatter it about three inches thick upon a piece of ground so situated that water will not stand on it, but shed off in every direction. The thirty bushels will weigh about nine hundred pounds; take two hundred pounds of good acid phosphate, which cost me \$22.50 per ton, delivered, making the 200 pounds cost \$5.25, and 100 pounds kainit, which cost me by the ton \$14, delivered, or 70 cents for 100 pounds, and mix the acid phosphate and kainit thoroughly, then scatter evenly on the manure. Take next thirty bushels green cotton seed and distribute evenly over the pile, and wet them thoroughly; they will weigh nine hundred pounds; take again two hundred pounds acid phosphate and one hundred pounds kainit, mix, and spread over the seed, begin on the manure and keep on in this way, building up your heap layer by layer until you get it as high as convenient, then cover with six inches of rich earth from fence corners, and leave at least six weeks; when ready to haul to the field cut with a spade or pickaxe square down and mix as thoroughly as possible. Now, we have thirty bushels of manure weighing nine hundred pounds, and three hundred pounds chemicals in the first layer, and thirty bushels cotton seed, weighing nine hundred pounds, and three hundred pounds of chemicals in the second layer, and these two layers combined for the perfect compost. You perceive that the weight is 2,400 pounds. Value at cost is:

30 bushels cotton seed at 12 1/2 cts.	\$3.75
400 lbs. acid phosphate	4.50
200 " kainit	1.40
Stable manure nominal	1.40
Total	\$9.65

Or for 2,400 pounds a total value of \$9.65. This mixture makes practically a perfect manure for cotton, and a splendid application for corn."

"This restores to the soil everything the cotton took from it?"

"Except silica, which is in the soil in inexhaustible quantity. So that when you put in a larger quantity of these than the cotton took out, your soil is evidently richer."

"You do not believe in commercial fertilizers?"

"In a certain respect. There are many fertilizers that are made with a view to show results that really parch and impoverish the land, besides taking all the farmer's cash. I do not believe in them. But the chemicals that are prepared for composting are very reliable and we could not do without them. The secret of success is buying these chemicals judiciously, and composting with leaves, humus, cotton seed, etc. No farmer can succeed permanently without composting. The greatest waste in the South is with stable manure. Many farmers never think of saving it. In Ohio the compost raised on one 55-acre farm, from ten head of horses and thirty head of cattle in one year, was estimated by the State chemist at \$2,650, and scattered 40,000 pounds to the acre, made a net profit of \$300 an acre."

"Another thing is that our farmers do not appreciate cotton seed. That comes nearer to being a perfect fertilizer than any one thing in the world. And yet over 100,000 bushels were sold at my depot, but for a trifle and hauled away."

"You do not believe in cotton seed mills then?"

"Yes, I do. I think the seed is just as good a fertilizer after the oil is extracted as before. The trouble is when it is sent to the oil mill it never comes back. Once made into cotton meal it is sent to England or Scotland and the Georgia farmer is robbed of it."

"You see the English or Northern farmer can afford to pay more for it than we can, because he feeds it to his stock, and then saves the dropping of the stock. In this way he fattens his cattle with it and still uses it as a manure after it has performed this function. We do not reach the economy because we haven't the stock to feed it to and because we do not save the manure of the stock we do feed. The ideal system would be to take the seed to

an oil mill, sell the right to the oil, have the pressed cake returned, feed it to stock, and then return it to the soil in the shape of droppings from the animal. This will come in time. It is one of the results of the intensive system of farming. The more manure we need for compost, the more sheep and cattle we'll need. The more stock we have the more cotton seed cake we'll need. The more cotton seed cake we feed to stock at home the richer our lands will be. We waste millions of dollars annually from the failure to pen our stock at night. There is no excuse for any Georgian staying poor or starving his land.

"With his cotton seed and stable manure saved and composted with decayed leaves, pine straw, etc., any farmer can become rich if he wants to and double the value of his land in three years."

"How much compost should be used to the acre?"

"It is hard to use too much. In France the average is 20,000 pounds to the acre. A Georgia farmer will hardly average 100 pounds to the acre. I will average 10,000 pounds next year. Nothing pays so well."

"How do you scatter so much to the acre?"

"Simplest thing in the world. I start a two horse wagon through the field. I put eight negroes with half bushel baskets without handles, under their arms in the track of each wagon. They sift the compost out of the baskets as they walk along, and have their baskets filled from the wagon. I have changed the position of my cotton rows four inches to the right every year, so that the compost would be thrown in new strips every year. In this way I have fertilized my whole field, instead of enriching the same rows year after year. I shall hereafter broadcast it."

"Your whole secret then is cheap and intelligent manure, and plenty of it?"

"Yes. I've shown you the money profit in manure. I've shown you the added value it gives to land. There are many other advantages. You make your crop quicker and with less danger. I made last year—mark this—forty-seven bales on sixty-five acres in three months and five days. It was planted June 5th and the caterpillar finished it on September 10th. I showed the agricultural society a stalk five feet high with 126 bolls actual count on it. The seed from which this plant grew was planted just fifty-nine days before. Cotton grown this way can be picked with half the cost and time of ordinary cotton. On my cotton and this year I raised one hundred bushels of oats to the acre, and after cleaning off the stubble, I planted the cotton, one stalk of which I showed the convention."

"Of course, in your five years of study you have discovered other improvements in cotton planting?"

"Certainly. One is not to drop the cotton seed in a continuous row, but simply to put a few seed in the hill where you want a plant. By sowing the seed in a sprinkled row there is a great waste. A cotton seed is like an egg. When the chick is born there is nothing but the shell left. When the seed has sprouted there is nothing but the shell left. The fertilizing power of this seed is lost. Worse than this. It draws from the soil for the elements that make it grow. It is left to deplete the soil in this way for two weeks at least, and is then chopped down, leaving only one out of twenty plants to grow to fruitage. My plan is to plant four or five seed in a hill. The hills to stand in four feet squares. Or these I would let two plants to the hill grow to perfection. It takes from two to four bushels of seed to plant an acre in the old way. By my plan a peck to the acre is enough, and the soil is not drawn to support a multitude of surplus plants for two or three weeks."

"Is planting in four foot squares better than the old way?"

"Yes, cotton is a sun plant and needs room for its roots. When cramped to 12 or 15 inches it can not attain its perfect growth. My aim is to put the plants too together in four foot squares, and average 75 to 150 bolls to the plant. This will give me a point of seed cotton to the plant, or three bales to the acre."

HE NEVER HESitates HIS COTTON.

"What about hoeing your cotton?"

"I never touch it with a hoe. The growth of cotton comes from the spreading filaments that reach out from the root and feel it. If these are destroyed the growth stops till they are restored. I'm satisfied that three hoeings lose me eighteen days of growth, or six days each. I run a shallow plow along the cotton rows, and I never go deep enough to cut the roots. But there are more details in which men may differ. The main thing is the intensive system of manuring and the husbanding of all the droppings and waste of the farm or compost. I can take any 100 acres of land in Georgia, and at a nominal cost can bring its production from a sixth of a bale to

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)