

THE PILOT

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DAVID COKER AND THE FARMERS

The address to the farmers of Moore county made last week by David R. Coker, of South Carolina, was one of the events of the summer. David Coker is a farmer, operating on a broad scale, and bringing to his aid intelligence as well as muscle. He uses his head as much as he does his hands, and in consequence he is prosperous. The basis of his philosophy is the Biblical injunction to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. Another adjunct of his philosophy is that the gods help them that help themselves. Dr. Coker has more hope of help from his sweet potato patch than from political agitation, more confidence in the benefits that come from good seed than come from money borrowed from government agencies, and more assurance of prosperity from intelligent work than from reams of theoretical advice.

The man who digests his address at Carthage last week can go home encouraged with the conviction that the world has not gone to the dogs and that the farm is not a wreck. Some of the practices on the farms would bring wreck if they could, but the underlying laws that govern life and existence are more potent than some of our endeavors to distort those laws, and the farm can never be overthrown because it is a fundamental essential. It can be bungled and farmers can suffer, but intelligent hard work can always right nearly every folly, and if Moore county farmers will go to school in that school of endeavor and thinking and work and practice that Mr. Coker carries on at his own farm almost all things worth while are possible. Hard work is the basis of all success. Intelligent hard work is the only kind that counts. Work never hurt anybody, and the sooner we get out of our heads that work is a curse and that idleness is the ideal life the sooner we reach the ideal existence. But hard work must be intelligent work, not blind force applied without knowledge of method and of application. More close and intimate acquaintance with the farm agent must be cultivated, and less with the quack doctor of farm procedure. More familiarity with really good farm papers is necessary, not with the punky kind, however, of which there are too many. More intimate touch with the things needed for the farm table are essential, for the table is one of the first requisites of the farm home.

Moore county is a right promising field for the farm, for as the winter resorts draw more people this way the market for things the people will want grows more extended. The new organization, the Moore County Produce Company, which is being formed now, is one of the most important agents to bring farm and buyer together, and every farmer owes it to himself to get acquainted with that concern. It is formed with the purpose of creating a real market for real farm stuff, and the extent of its service depends wholly on how much the farmer will work with it. If California can sell eggs in New York and the East, three thousand miles from the place of production, Moore county can sell eggs in its own market where eggs are imported from the outside in large numbers. Poultry is brought to this market from New England. All manner of farm stuff made elsewhere is sold in Moore county. Our market is not supplied by our producers.

The farm demonstration agent, the Kiwanis Club, and Leonard Tufts in the backing he has given the Master Farmer movement, are three agencies

that are trying to get farming on a better foundation. They are all having a wholesome influence. The new produce marketing corporation will take up the marketing end of the work, and if all these agencies work together and follow some of the thoughts Mr. Coker gave us to chew on the farm in Moore county should have a decidedly more promising outlook. The Pilot has the utmost confidence in these agencies if they are only permitted by the farmer to help him.

PRESERVING THE WILD LIFE

A feature over at the Watson lake is the large number of white herons that have found the place and congregate there at the present. These birds have also been visiting the lake at Knollwood, where they add an interest to the place. At other points where bodies of water have been provided they drop in, and if they can be made absolutely safe at all these places they promise to constitute a decided feature of Sandhills country life. It is also possible to encourage other wild creatures, which will give added attractions to the country the year 'round. Squirrels are becoming more common, and if the shot gun can be kept off them the woods all around the Sandhills section will be alive with them.

The truth is that hunting should be held down to a rigid limit all over this neighborhood, for the presence of the small wild birds and animals is a far greater asset to the communities than the questionable satisfaction afforded by killing them. A flock of turkeys that people could see at times slipping through the woods would afford incomparably more pleasure to a multitude of visitors than the same number of turkeys slaughtered to gratify the momentary eagerness of some one individual to kill. We never can make the bulk of the Sandhills country a hunting ground, for wild life will not multiply fast enough to grow in the face of the shot gun. But we can encourage the wild creatures to increase and maintain such numbers that they will give immeasurable charm to a ride or drive along the country roads at all seasons. On private properties of large area hunting will no doubt be encouraged for a long time into the future, but on ordinary small places much more enjoyment is possible by withholding the guns completely.

Making this country beautiful is the big possibility ahead. If we are to attract winter visitors and to add numbers of new home makers to our home making development we must have something to offer them in the way of homemaking attractions. Pine trees and wild life will go a long way in that direction, and now is the time to earnestly consider this scheme, for later may be too late. Birds and animals as well as trees and shrubbery will help to make the Sandhills the most pleasant place to live.

COW PEAS AND SWEET POTATOES

David Coker, in his talk at Carthage, said he could make a meal of sweet potatoes and milk, or of sweet potatoes and cow peas, and he also stressed the watermelon as a factor for the table. His suggestion was timely for just now both the sweet potato and the cow pea are coming into the market, while the farmer, who constitutes the bulk of the population of Moore county, is never disturbing his head about what is in the market and what is not, for he has both of them in his garden.

The sweet potato is a great source of nourishing food. It is high in those elements that are convertible into sugar. It is easy to grow, is palatable in many forms, and it is the democrat of the garden. It can be used in some of the most pretentious combinations, or it can be baked in the oven or in the ashes, and in its simplest form it is wholesome and agreeable to the taste. The cow pea provides the proteins that are not so abundant in the sweet potato, and together they serve the table in lordly fashion. They grow as cheerfully as weeds, and they yield abundantly. They can combine with many things, and one of their virtues is that they do not have to be offset with a lot of other things when either of them appears at the board.

The Irish potato, which is an

American originally instead of Irish, is a dependable food product, and should be raised more largely in this section than it is, but it is in no way fit to displace the sweet potato. In those sections where the sweet potato does not grow the Irish potato is the best bet. But in the North Carolina Sandhills the sweet potato deserves to be produced in much greater quantities and to be introduced to many a table where it is yet only an occasional visitor. It is so easy to raise in small or great quantities that it makes little difference about the price if it is offered for sale, for it can be grown in quantities at a cost that can almost give it away. And it is always worth the price. It can save many high priced food products, and give far better results in feeding and nourishing the family, and all the animals about the place beside. Cow peas and sweet potatoes ought to be Moore county's banner cry.

THE TIME TO SOW GRASS SEED

The time approaches to sow grass seed. This community is largely indebted to Pinehurst for the knowledge that grass can be grown luxuriantly in the Sandhills, for Pinehurst in trying to secure lawns around the homes and greens on the golf courses has spent great sums of money in research and experiment. Forty years ago the front yard of most homes was a clean

sandy area, absolutely void of grass. Now the front yard is as green as the heart of a Kansas wheat field in April. Two things have brought this result — a knowledge of seed and fertilizer and a knowledge of how to use them. Continued experiment with grass seeds here have whittled down to practically the Pinehurst Special Mixture and Italian Rye grass. These have given the Sandhills a covering recognized not only in Pinehurst, but in all the outlying neighborhood.

This has been a right trying summer on vegetation in the whole state, but never was a time when the golf courses held up a better color and more vigor. At Pinehurst, at Mid-Pines, Knollwood, Southern Pines, a glimpse of the golf courses shows that grass can be grown in an extended manner in this sandy soil if proper methods are introduced. No longer is there any excuse for the old style of sandy front yard. And that being demonstrated everybody ought to start now to get out as much grass seed as possible. The villages are doing this on a rather large scale, but the farmers and the rural homes should follow the example, for nothing is more effective than grass in helping to make any place desirable as a home site. Grass and pine trees will do anything for the Sandhills, and grass is the thing that just now needs the attention, for winter is not far away.

GRAINS OF SAND

Cheer up, little acorn, do not cry— You'll have a tree-sitter bye and bye.

It used to be that squirrels sat up in trees and looked for nuts. Now cuts sit up in trees and look for squirrels.

The extensive building program in the Sandhills is out of line with the rest of the country. In 37 states east of the Rockies new contracts during July were down 39 per cent from June, 44 per cent from July a year ago. The decline for the first seven months was 22 per cent.

R. L. Hart, Southern Pines pharmacist and Chamber of Commerce director, predicts a record winter season here. "With money so tight, northern people are not going far, but they are going somewhere this winter, and we are only over night from New York," says Bob.

Another optimist is Hugh Betterley. "Business is good with us, and going to be better," he says. Hugh's the Southern Pines Warehouse.

It won't be long now before we can report on early reservations at the Carolina, Highland Pines Inn and other Sandhills hotels.

It costs 25 cents to make a deposit in a Charlotte bank, 26 cents for a stick of gum purchased in the downtown district, 30 cents for a coca cola. Why? Because we'll defy anyone to find a place to park outside the 25 cent parking spaces.

We walked into a printer's office in Charlotte last Saturday, saw him bent over his desk, busy as the proverbial bee. We turned to go right out. "What's the matter," he said. "If there's a busy printer in North Carolina, we don't want to disturb him," we said. And spoke feelingly.

No one could read the report of the meeting of the Moore County Health

& Welfare Association, in last week's Pilot, without a feeling of thankfulness for and pride in the Moore County Health & Welfare Association. Their work merits high praise—and all the financial support the County and its citizens can give them.

We don't like to talk too much about ourselves, but we're been receiving requests for copies of The Pilot all week from weeklies all over the country, due to an article published in "The National Printer-Journalist," referring to us as a distinctive weekly newspaper. The N. P.-J. is published away out in Wisconsin.

I can't help but admire our distinguished and erstwhile guest, Mr. Henry L. Meffcken, whose approaching marriage belies his scathing literary denunciations on the subject of women and matrimony. He is now about to put aside prejudice and embrace this subject as his own, writes the editor of the Roaring Gap Outlook.

The first of the week Frank Buchan, Shields Cameron and Liv. Biddle were holding a private conference on the street in Southern Pines in front of the postoffice, discussing Colin Spencer's chance to lick Hammer in the Congressional fight. Shields argued that if Colin should win he would get a marble postoffice building for Southern Pines. Frank said a stone building would be good enough, and Hammer could probably get that and nobody could get a marble building. Liv. figured on a stone building built of stone from Coin's quarries up on Deep River and Frank with that long political head of his said, "Sure. Elect Hammer. Get a stone building. Buy the stone from Colin, and everybody will win." John Powell came along and he was requested to ask Colin if he would rather help elect Hammer and have a sure chance to sell stone for the new postoffice building or run, and take chances of being licked.

BOOK REVIEWS

FATHER MEANS WELL

By Hugh Kahler. Farrar & Rinehart—\$1.00.

One of the cleverest books of the season comes from Farrar & Rinehart, "Father Means Well," by Hugh MacNair Kahler. It is a decided addition to the output of Sandhill writers, for it is along a new lead, and from kiver to kiver the book is clean. It does not draw on the questionable to obtain its fascinating hold on the young life of the present, and possibly in its interpretation it presents a better picture of youth and its relation to the older generation than some of those that get their feet too far into muck.

Kahler has come close to successful analysis of modern conditions in which the young folks find themselves, which of course means the old folks as well. His yarn is logical through its course, but it is funny and it is ingenious in its tangled unraveling. It is complicated enough, but never forced, and it establishes its writer as

a skillful architect of the novel, the pleasing, the plausible. The story is one that can be read on a warm afternoon without increasing the temperature, but it is also one that can be set away on the bookshelves with the knowledge that it is not so fluffy but what it will be timely for a good many years. Hayes ought to sell a window full of them and find a continuous demand throughout the entire winter. You can put this book on your hall table without fumigating it, but that does not mean it is lacking in anything it should contain. It is a good addition to the reading course of father and mother, for it has wisdom sprinkled humorously all through its course.

One of the features about the new book is that it sells for a dollar, coming under that movement which has for its aim a reduction in books from the high prices that have been prevailing. But if it sells for a dollar it is worth the money, and probably more than some that sell for higher prices.

Was Walter Hines Page the Originator of the North Carolina Live-at-Home Program?

Ambassador's Mind Ran Toward a Grow-Your-Own Garden in the Sandhills While War Was at it Height, as Witness Letter to His Son

In his talk before the farmers at Carthage a week ago, Dr. Coker said he knew of no place on earth where the best foods could be better raised than here, thus giving a boost to Governor Gardner's Live-at-Home program.

On March 4, 1918, the late Walter Hines Page, the anniversary of whose birth was celebrated last week, wrote from the Tregenna Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall, England, the following letter * to his son, Ralph Page of Aberdeen:

Dear Ralph:
Asparagus, celery, tomatoes;
Butter beans, peas, sweet corn;
Sweet potatoes, squash—the sort you cook in the rind;
Cantaloupes, peanuts, egg plants;
Figs, peaches, pecans, scupper-nongs;
Peanut bacon, in glass jars;
Raspberries, strawberries,
Etc., etc., etc., etc.

You see, having starved here for five years, my mind, as soon as it gets free, runs on these things and my mouth waters. All the foregoing things that grow can be put up in pretty glass jars, too.

Add cream, fresh butter, buttermilk, fresh eggs. Only one of all the things on page one grows with any flavor here at all—strawberries; and only one or two more grow at all. Darned if I don't have to confront cabbage every day. I haven't yet surrendered, and I never shall unless the Germans get us. Cabbage and Germans belong together: God made 'em both the same day.

Now get a bang-up gardener no matter what he costs. Get him started. Put it up to him to start toward the foregoing programme, to be reached in (say) three years—two if possible. He must learn to grow these things absolutely better than they are now grown anywhere on earth. He must get the best seed. He must get muck out of the swamp, manure from somewhere, etc. etc. He must have the supreme flavor in each thing. Let him take room enough for each—plenty of room. He doesn't want much room for any one thing, but good spaces between.

This will be the making of the world. Talk about fair? If he fails to get every prize he must pay a dollar for everyone that goes to anybody else.

How well live! I can live on these things and nothing else. But (just to match the home outfit) I'll order tea from Japan, ripe olives from California, grape fruit and oranges from Florida. Then poor folks will hang around, hoping to be invited to dinner!

Plant a few fig trees now; and peacans? Any good?

Moore County Land
The world is coming pretty close to starvation not only during the war but for five or perhaps ten years af-

terward. An acre or two done right—divinely right—will save us. An acre or two on my land in Moore county—no king can live half so well if the ground be got ready this spring and such a start made as one natural-born gardener can make. The old Russian I had in Garden City was no slough. Do you remember his little patch back of the house? That far, far excelled anything in all Europe. And you'll recall that we jarred 'em and had good things all winter.

This St. Ives is the finest spot in England that I've ever seen. Today has been as good as any March day you ever had in North Carolina—a fine air, clear sunshine, a beautiful sea—looking out toward the United States; and this country grows—the best golf links that I've ever seen in the world, and nothing else worth speaking of but—tin. Tin mines are all about here. Tin and golf are good crops in their way, but they don't feed the belly of man. As matters stand the only people that have fit things to eat in all Europe are the American troops in France, and their food comes out of tins chiefly. Ah! Heaven! In these islands man is amphibious and carnivorous. It rains every day and meat, meat, meat is the only human idea of food. God bless us, one acre of the Sandhills is worth a vast estate of tin mines and golf links to feed the innards of

Yours affectionately,

—W. H. P.

P. S.—And cornfield peas, of just the right rankness, cooked with just the right dryness.

When I become a citizen of the Sandhills I propose to induce some benevolent lover of good food to give substantial prizes to the best grower of each of these things and to the best cook of each and to the person who serves each of them most daintily.

We can can and glass jar these things and let none be put on the market without the approval of an expert employed by the community. Then we can get a reputation for Sandhill Food and charge double price.

—W. H. P.

*—From "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. Copyright 1921, 1922, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Farmers in Richmond county are not complaining this year as they have the largest small grain crop on record for the county together with good crops of peaches, melons, tomatoes, and other produce. Buyers are coming from other sections for their products.

Madison county farmers working through their local cooperative association did over \$33,000,000 worth of business last year. The association is known as Madison Farmers, Inc., and the membership is made up of bonafide farmers.



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