

Keeping the Horse Before the Cart

By SIAM CLODHOOPER



A word from the wise mayn't be out of place at this pertickler season of the year, with so many fernanchel boogaboos a-lookin' us square in the eyes. I got my wisdom from the skule of experience. I started to that skule when I was too leetle to wear anything but a leetle slip of a froek made from the scraps left from pap's homespun shirts. Leastwise, as fur back as I could recollect I was so leetle hit was considered downright extravagance to hire shoes made fer leetle shavers that weren't big enough to do nothing but eat and sleep and be around in the way. Us leetle shavers sot in the corner by the far in the winter time a-bakin' us toes and shins, a-tryin' to keep warm. Them a b c's of my early experience was hard to master. I thought hit was plum downright cruelty to one.

That's the way I and Mandy got started and I and Mandy's allus got bread of hit does take a lot of sweat from the brow to get hit. And another thing I and Mandy don't do and that is knock off on a Saddy evenin'. We go to us meeting one Saddy in each month in the middle of the day to get a morsel of spiritual food to keep us tempers oiled up through the followin' week, but mind you, by keepin' everlastin' at hit we keep us work rounded up so's when Need comes over to look over us crap we hain't ashamed to look him in the face ner afraid he'll stroll down to the backest side of us lower field. He allus leaves in a mity good humor, and says, "Ef there's anythin' you need, Siam, you can get hit." That encouragement does I and Mandy a world of good. We know Need trusts us and hit makes us feel good to think we've worked hard for that trust afore we got hit—keepin' the hoss afore the cyart, you see. Why, I and Mandy's done got us winter farrowd done sawed up and ruffed stove wood done cut and racked up fer us and another neighbor or two. They allus run short and come over to borrow a leetle dier ever now and then, so we allus prepare fer mercy cases. And ef there is anythin' that gives him cold chills up and down my backbone in August is to let me get in a push with my work then hear the women folks squall out, "Ef you expect much more rations cooked y'd better stop and get some stove wood. That's enuf to make a cussin' man let go. Well, my brother renter, ef ye hain't attended to that vital necessity, I'd advise ye to get out from around the ashes betwixt showers and lay ye in a supply. It's simply gittin' the cyart behind the hoss. We all want to eat, rain, snow or shine, and ef we don't keep everlastin' at it the time we're eatin' the rations this preparation business, lot of our landlors have done exposed themselves through the heat and cold to get and makin' of us selves deadbeats. None of us like to be called deadbeats, but that's a mighty fittin' name fer some of us fellers that's settin' back with us legs crossed up on a cloudy day expectin' hit to rain after a while, or air burnin' credit as it gas to be passin' away the time ontwell the ground gits dry enough to plow. Honest, I and Mandy's done got my stalks cut, ditch banks cleaned off, my ditches cleaned out, and my new fences in along where they're needed. And there is allus a few a-gittin' way specially where folks travel over fer convenience. Most of them though, in gittin' over a bout middle way betwixt the post and ride down the wire so low that it's up to a feller to go round his fields three or four times a year so's to keep the feller's stock that's still usin' free range from devotin' his labor.

There is one outstandin' pint about the feller that keeps everlastin' a-hittin' 'em—ye skacely ever hear of one of 'em gittin' in jail. Ef we'd do our bounden duty, brother renters, we won't have time to hunt up trouble enough to get in jail. Need was down last week a-lookin' around and he was some pleased at my cleanin' up and gittin' my wood ahead of time. He said that was a sample of a fur-sited brain and he said, "Siam, old man, I'm proud of you and Mandy." And he pulled out a square of boughten tobacco and gin me and he gin me a quarter to give to Mandy to buy her a bladder of her favorite brand of snuff. Need's a big-hearted feller and I know I help him to keep big-hearted by givin' him a square deal in time and labor. He seen my big pile of wood and axed me whereabouts I got hit, and I told him I'd been followin' his advice he gin me when I fust rented from him and that advise was to get my wood around the edges of the fields as there is allus quite a lot of timber a-growin' up close to the fields a-suckin' the strength from the crops. I told him I was a thinkin' of takin' in a leetle streak of new ground so's to have something to work on when I ketch up with all my work through the winter and spring

weather. He slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Siam, you air a cinch, you shore air." He says, "Go to hit, and I and you will go halves on the wood you git off of hit. And you may have all you can make on the land for three years. Hear?" I says, "Much e-bleege and thank you." I seen where I was gointer git my spring tonic from that pullin' money outen my pocket. Ef workin' in a new ground won't give ye an appetite fer three square meals a day, ye needn't send after none of these new fashion-ed patent peruny tonics to do hit—ye air jest a gone case, that's all.

Now besides makin' a favorable expression with Need by showin' him my willin'ness to do a lot of extra work that most tenants won't turn their hands to because hit's a leetle hard on their muscles, I'm goin' to get a big thing outen this new ground business. Outside of the spring tonic hit will furnish me, which will pay me fer the extra work, I'll get not less than 25 dollars fer my part of the wood, enough to buy Mandy's snuff and a leetle store boughten tacker to use when I go to meetings and it'll help mightily to pay my taxes and git the extra few needs such as plow horses along through the summer, so's Mandy can lay aside her ag and chicken work to buy shoes and a dress or two I've been promisin' her fer a couple of years. Then too I'm goin' to make a bumper crop of sweet taters in that new ground and plant 'em early so's to ketch the top of the market and you see I'm to get all of them and I'm dead shore of gittin' fifty or more bushels which at a dollar a bushel will fetch me 50 dollars and by diggin' them early I'll plant Irish pertaters as a second crop and a new ground will make as many Irish pertaters as a feller will have time to house at that time of the year. We'll have plenty of Irish pertaters fer us selves through the winter and plenty fer us neighbors who fer-gerit to provide sich things who expect you to divide the last thing you've got with 'em. And hit makes a mighty fine feelin' from their side of hit and the giver has the scripture all on his side which has some consolation in hit, "It is better to give than to receive." We'll have, of the rats don't eat 'em, and we can keep 'em from freezin', all the leetle underlin' taters to plant next spring that'll save a couple of dollars and as I'm to have this particular piece of ground fer two more years fer my over industriosity I'm goin' to have a couple of brag patches of corn for these two other years that I expect to grow. So some of you slow-poke tenants can ad at your leisure how much profit I'll get in dollars and cents and see ef I ain't goin' to get a big thing outen what some of you lazy fellers would call nothin' to start with.

The biggest thing about it is the purty example I'm settin' a-farmin'. Ef jest a few fellers would foller my example, how things would pick up though, and them fellers who would take after them and so on down the line ontwell it might spread lack the wildfire we read about in these grassy countries.

And another thing, brother tenants, ef your crop is rented on shares, see to hit that your landlors gits ever hit of his shares. I've known tenants that would go about in the cornfield and pull roasin' years here and yander, or cut down corn in the stalk on the back of the fields where hit wouldn't show, and tote corn from the back of the field to feed the stock on afore housin' time, slippin' tacker off and sellin' hit unbeknownst to the landlord or scratfin' taters and eatin' 'em away afore housin' time or slippin' fruit off and disposin' of hit without the knowledge of the land owner; slippin' down in the woods and cuttin' down valuable lightwood trees and other timber and burnin' it for firewood atter he'd plainly told 'em posts wus gittin' skerce and to burn the waste on the ground; I've even heard of one or two that actually cut up some of his landlors' tacker sticks fer stove wood. Now we'd hate to be called ruggs but what air we then ef we air guilty of these things? Now I'm ashamed of the whole daddum lot of ye, that air guilty of any of these offences. Ef any of you air guilty of any of these charges I hope they will never agair hit yer cases any more, and we'll never hear of 'em again. We can be just as good, honest and upright as our landlors and a whole lot more so than many of them ef we'll work hard enough to keep the hoss afore the cyart. We don't have to own land ner dress fine in order to be honest and honorable and a first class citizen. But we do have to have a clean

character woven into our ever-day lives to help keep the hoss befornt the cyart.

January has passed out and let's thank God fer sparing us. Let's git on our knees and pray over our shortcomin's and ef there is any kinks in our past dealin's with our landlors let's ask God to help us git 'em out, and less spret in us hands and take a fresh February start, and may God bless ever' one of us that tries and pity them that don't. May these next eleven months find us tendin' to our own business one half of the time and spendin' the other half of our time a-lettin' the other feller's business alone. I'm shore our landlors will be better ef we'll only turn over a new leaf.

P. S.—I most forgot to say that I and Mandy have done killed our three leetle runt shotes that netted us 215 pounds, and fer which we air truly thankful, for which we air truly thankful. Now ef it weren't that Brother Jiner stopped with us so much, I'm shore hit would be a plenty, and I'm trustin' Mandy to stretch out and make hit last anyhow. The way she's makin' her lard last is, she puts jest half as much in her biscuits as she would ef we had a whole lot, then take out half of that much, and we don't be bothered with indigestion.

ON MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

Gettin' out a good newspaper is a fascinatin' task, but it is also a difficult one. No other job that comes to mind is quite so taxing, so hurried or demands greater pains. From the moment a newspaper is started, be it either daily or weekly, the work is carried on under pressure, a race against time. Put yourself in an editor's position—could you do it?

Could you, for example, spell correctly, offhand, the names of a large percentage of the residents of the town? If you could do that could you write their initials correctly without resorting to the telephone directory or other authority? Could you write down, offhand, the names of your city officials, getting all the names, initials, and offices correct? Could you gather the threads of a story from a half dozen persons and weave them into an intelligent, readable account the first writing? Could you write seven columns of material of 1200 to 1400 words each in two or three days, week after week, year after year, and when you had finished those seven pound out two or three columns more before press time? In writing a headline, could you call to mind in a moment enough synonyms so that you would not repeat the main thought in the same words? Could you judge in a minimum of time what size headlines and what position in the paper should be given each of the 7,500 or more stories that might go into your paper? Could you decide in a moment, or exercise "snap" judgment on the dozens of questions a newspaper man must face daily and get a majority of them correct?

We won't time you—but if you could do these few simple things and a thousand and one more difficult ones, you should be a newspaper editor.

The point we wish to make is, that one can produce a good newspaper only after continual, diligent study and years of practical experience. You have heard dozens of persons remark that they could turn out a newspaper, and a good one, too, a bit better, in fact, than the one they are getting. That is not true, unless they have gone through the years and study that a good newspaper demands of its makers.

Were it not for the peculiar fascination associated with newspaper work, there would be no newspapermen and money alone would be far too scant compensation.—Montre Enquirer.



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Mother, Home and Heaven

An Essay By J. Ruffin Johnson While a Student at Burlington Institute, Smithfield, N. C., in 1899. In Contest For Medal Won By Miss Rena Bingham, Now Mrs. T. J. Lassiter, Editor of The Herald.

The sweetest and most treasured words of the English language are, Mother, Home and Heaven. Mother is both the morning and the evening star of life. God has been pleased to adorn the earth with many beautiful and enjoyable things; yet He has given us nothing that brings to our soul the joy and happiness which we realize when we, at morning look into mother's face as we lie away to school, and view that furrowed brow, anxious eye, and silvered tresses, white by the frosts of many years; and realize by the kiss imprinted upon our cheek that her soul is filled with love for us.

Can a mother's love be supplied? No! no! a thousand times no! By the deep earnest yearnings of our spirit for mother's love, by the weary aching void in our hearts by the restless, unsatisfied wanderings of our affections ever seeking an object on which to rest, and by all the blessings and comforts earth can afford, by all these we answer no! O, how oft do I sigh for the kiss, the anxious look, and kind words once received from a mother; but alas, 'tis too late. For God has been pleased to say to her spirit "come up higher," and now her body lies beneath the clay awaiting the resurrection morn'.

How little we appreciate a mother while living. But when she is dead and gone, and we experience how hard it is to find a true friend, how few will love us, how few will comfort us in sorrow and disappointment, then it is we think of the loving mother we have lost. Only the orphan can realize what a mother is. O, a mother's grave! Mother! do our thoughts take us back to the place where we one day stood to bid a coffin in which lay the cold form of one who had cared for us in childhood, guided our feet in the paths of duty, and when whose ear had always been open and ready to give attention when we should call for mother; but on this memorable day when I gazed upon that once bright, but now cold, pale face and said: "Mother, O mother, why have you left me alone?" Then pausing a moment I realized that her lips were closed to part no more. Then it was I realized what mother means.

Earth has some sacred spots, but none are so sacred as the spot where rests the remains of our mother. Around such places our thoughts twine and bind as wild vines around a tree. Day after day does one's mind, when he has gone off in disobedience to his mother take him back on the wings of recollection to home and mother. How vivid he recalls scene after scene of his mother as she bows her tottering form by her bedside at night and how distinctly he hears the words as they fall from her lips entreating God to show her son the path of duty and help him to walk therein. "How thoughtless I was," says he, "in my boyhood." I knew not then how a mother loved a son. A mother's love is strong and un-fading. It remembers her son; though he may have fallen into disgrace and embraces him to her bosom and imprints upon his sin-marked cheek, a kiss whose meaning is too deep for words to express. What is life without home and mother? The orphan only can answer this. Truly we may say, mother is the angel spirit of home and life. Home, sweet home. "There is no place like home." There are many things that earth may offer for comfort and happiness; but nothing causes our hearts to beat with the warm impulse that it does, when we meet around the fireside with loved ones in our little home on the hill. There is no heart so hard or sinful that does not beat with affection at the thought of home and mother.

We do not think of home in its purity until we are deprived of its comforts and pleasant associations. What is home? Ask the wayfarer as he moves slowly onward with tremulous steps, his face furrowed, his locks silvered by the invisible hand of time, and his frame bent by the load of age. He will tell you it is an oasis in life's desert. As the traveler finds there, water with which to quench his thirst and trees under whose branches he may rest his wearied feet, so does the wayfarer find himself, some time after time standing by the old well just back of the little cabin, drinking of its sparkling water, and then sitting down in the shade of the old oak tree by the gateway, listening to the mocking bird's song, and sips of the sweet perfume of the flowers of the field, while mother is busy about her work and from her lips are falling in sweetest strains, "Home Sweet Home."

How sweet the memory of home and mother. How often is the convict taken by the sweet memory of home and mother, from his fallen and degraded condition and raised for a moment to perfect happiness, but alas!

when he thinks of himself' degraded as he is, away from home and mother, then it is that he can tell you what life is without these. You may leave the home of your childhood and have a palace to dwell in, and among the pictures which adorn your parlor, hangs the picture of the old home, and in that picture you may see, through fancy, a mother bowed by her cot asking God to give her son a home at last in heaven. You may take this picture from the wall; but an invisible hand rehanges it. You may see it no matter how great the darkness may be. Home is the moral oasis of the heart. Here is a mother's watchful love, a father's sustaining influence and here we are all happy in each other's love. Take from us mother, home and the hope of heaven and then all other things earth could offer would be but as stinging serpents. Home is the magic circle where in the wounding spirit and bleeding heart find in test when met by a smile and comforting word from a loving mother. Every heart beats with warm impulse at the thought of Mother, Home and Heaven, and what a blessing it is when weary with care and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we may go and there meet a true friend; mother.

The memory of home and mother can never, no never be forgotten. Let a man go where he will, gain or lose what he may, these will never be lost. Let him stand on the banks of the great Mississippi River and even the water as it goes hurrying on its way to the mighty deep will sing "Home sweet home."

Let him stand on the mountain top and gaze on the beautiful flowers as they wave to and fro to gladden the organs of smell with their fragrance and they too softly whisper, "Home."

As the nightingale swings to and fro on the branches of the elm tree and from his little throat are bursting forth many sweet notes, his little heart happy and content because he is at home; they too seem to say to the orphan, "Home, beautiful home of my childhood." What a sad picture is the homeless orphan.

Let us turn our minds for a moment heavenward. What treasured letter are H-E-A-V-E-N when combined. "Heaven." That name touches every fiber, awakens hope in every soul and makes the heart rejoice amid all the dark scenes of this toilsome life. The hope of heaven makes smooth the maddened waves as they roll on life's stormy ocean. Heaven is our last and eternal home, the home of God and His holy angels. This is a most beautiful home. A home where the sun never sets and the leaves never fade. A home where sickness and sorrow has no being. Its gates are of pearl. Its walls of jasper and its streets are of pure gold, and here the death angel has long since ceased to sway his scepter. In this home we hope to meet you all; and especially "Mother." To inherit this home it costs a great price. Jesus paid the price. Yes gave His life in order that we might spend the endless years of eternity with God at home in heaven.

Heaven is the home towards which all the righteous are treading with steady footsteps. In fancy, methinks I can see those who have entered the portals, now casting their glittering crowns at the Saviour's feet and clapping their hands in praise to the most high. Methinks I can hear the harping Angel strike on all the golden chords, and send forth, to welcome those who have come through the valley of the shadow of death, and crossed the dark, cold waters of the Jordan, the sweet strains of "Home sweet home."

O, that it is as fancy paints it! And when this heart shall have ceased to beat, and the cold hand, death, shall have wrapped our bodies in eternity's robe, and the sealed tomb be our only home; and earthly friends can help us no more, O, thou guardian angel bear our spirits away on your snowy wings to our mother at home in heaven. When our bodies lie in their cold beds of earth, our souls have taken their flight to cross the river whose waters will not be chilly. Methinks I can hear sweet strains of "Home sweet home."

Through an eye of faith methinks I can see mother, as she stands within the pearly gates singing praises to God and beckoning to her son as he approaches the river of death.

O may God grant to give us for our last and eternal home, "Heaven." Then we will give thanks, through the numberless years of eternity to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

A glance at heaven I long to see, though to none on earth is given. Still three words more dear to me are "Mother, Home and Heaven."

ANTARTIC ICE MENACES WORLD

Thaw at South Pole Would Raise All Ocean Levels; Value of Byrd's Flight; Scientific Knowledge of Vast Importance Revealed by Exploration.

By Caleb Johnson.

Commander Richard E. Byrd's flight over the South Pole has revived interest in a part of the world of which less is known than of any other region of the earth.

Yet on the question of whether or not the ice-cap at the South Pole is thawing or not the fate of the whole world literally depends!

If the ice-cap is getting thicker it means that moisture which otherwise would fall on settled lands in the form of rain is being stored permanently as snow at the South Pole; it also means that the level of the sea is gradually falling. On the other hand, if the Antarctic ice is diminishing in thickness from year to year, the level of the ocean must be rising. If the mass of the mountain ranges and polar plateau is principally ice, geologists have calculated that the melting of the entire mass would raise the ocean level fifty feet, completely submerging Holland and Belgium and parts of Germany and France, putting nearly all of Florida under water, flooding New York, Boston, and every other low-lying seacoast city, and changing the map of the whole world!

It will take many exploring expeditions and the comparison of data over many years to get the true answer to the question of the South Polar ice.

Of almost equal importance to the people of the Southern Hemisphere is the study of the winds of Antarctica, which blow in an almost continuous gale from West to East. For all the nations south of the Equator the Antarctic is the breeding place of storms, and a study of weather signs near the pole may be of great aid in future weather forecasting for South America, Africa and Australia, as well as for navigators on the stormy southern seas.

If there were no other knowledge to be gained, South Pole exploration would be justified, in spite of its terrific hardships, far greater than those encountered in the search for the North Pole.

The easiest way to understand the difficulty of South Polar exploration is to compare that end of the earth with the northern end.

North of 60° north latitude millions of people live; Petrograd, the capital of the Czars, lies almost on the 60° line while more than half of Russia, all of Finland, most of Sweden and Norway, almost all of Alaska, half of Canada, all of Greenland and Iceland, are farther north. And beyond these lands the North Pole is a point in the middle of an ice-covered ocean.

South of 60° south latitude is an open stretch of the stormiest ocean in the world, broken only by one group of uninhabited islands, the South Shetlands. Not a single human being lives south of the 60° line, or within several hundred miles of it. But beyond the Antarctic Sea lies the great continent of Antarctica, a body of land twice as large as the whole United States, 6,000,000 square miles, and in the center of this continent, on a plateau 10,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountain ranges from two to three miles high, is the South Pole.

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The coast of Antarctica is surrounded by an ice barrier from 500 to 2,000 feet thick, covering an area as large as France. This is sea ice covered with the packed snowfalls of countless centuries. All of the land of the huge continent is also covered with ice except around the crater of the active volcano, Mount Erebus, and where rocky mountain cliffs retain through the long winter enough stored sun heat to melt the snow as it falls.

In the north polar regions animal and vegetable life flourish. Polar bears, foxes, wolves, ermine, reindeer, are among the familiar land animals of the north. The world's greatest supply of merchantable timber lies north of 60° and many kinds of edible and other plants grow in the Arctic summer. Not a single land animal except a few rudimentary insects lives in all of Antarctica, and the only vegetable life is moss and lichens.

It never rains in Antarctica; even in midsummer the temperature is around or below freezing. The sunrises in December and January give explorers the impression that the seasons have reversed everywhere south of the Equator; the sunlight comes from the North instead of from the South. Byrd's flight was made in the warmest season of the whole year.

Byrd was not the first explorer to reach the South Pole, Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, reached the Pole on December 14, 1911, and Capt. Robert F. Scott of the British Navy, who lost his life from cold and starvation on the way back, found the Norwegian flag flying when he, too, reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912. Twenty or so other expeditions have explored parts of Antarctica since 1840. None was covered as much ground as Byrd did in his single flight, in which it is estimated he had under his eyes 164,000 square miles of territory, nearly one-third of the whole continent. The photographic maps made on his flight through a perilous gale over the mountain peaks will tell more about the land than all the men who went before him ever learned.

Nobody knows what treasure may be found in Antarctica. Coal, perhaps, or oil; a reserve to be tapped a thousand years from now, when the world's present visible supplies are exhausted. There may be gold there, or diamonds. Nothing less valuable than these would tempt adventurers to this bleak and almost inaccessible end of the earth.

The staff of geologists, meteorologists, botanists, and other scientists in the Byrd party are gathering data which may prove of priceless value in time. This is not a sporting adventure but a serious scientific mission, whose work is not completed by the single spectacular exploit of the polar flight.

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