

Poultry Letter

Mr. Editor:

There are some enterprises that old Martin County can boast of, but it certainly cannot, as a general thing, compete with a great many other sections of our State in the poultry industry, and consequently is not getting its share of the \$700,000,000 that was spent in the United States in 1909 for poultry products. I see no reason why our section with its climatic conditions and shipping facilities should be so far in the background, but such is the case. There must be several reasons for this state of affairs, and I will attempt to give a few of them from my stand point. Our people seem to look on poultry raising as too small a business, and it is true that it is made up of small things. The greatest drawback is the fact that we are not progressive as we should be. Now the prosperity of any section depends on the progressiveness of its people. A section to be prosperous as it ought in any undertaking, should do away with all selfishness, striving always to pull together and work for the general good of the community. Not only to hold what capital they already have, but to combine and utilize the natural resources which God has given, and grow of manufacture it in a finished product, in a nice merchantable shape and market it where the demand is great. This will bring in the dollars needful to build up a county or town.

Now it is not the number of merchants nor the amount of money they have, neither is it the number of doctors in a section, though they are very necessary, nor the number of prosperous lawyers, nor even banks with abundant capital—all these we may have, yet without creative power to bring in the foreign coins our section will always be at a standstill financially. There are millions of people in the country who are non-creative. These must be fed and clothed. Now the section that can do the most creative with the least cost will lead all other sections. This creating may consist of farming, manufacturing, stock and poultry raising. I am a little off from my subject, as I started out on poultry raising.

A progressive home market helps to stimulate the poultry industry; the two work together for the general prosperity and good of a community. But if we poultry raisers strive to improve our stock, get more eggs when the prices are high, and always try to keep posted and learn more about the business, we need have no fear of getting a fine profit on our product, home market or no home market, as prices are steadily advancing and the demand increasing.

Uncle McAdoo.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., sat tight at home when he was not going courting and let his brother Kermit operate the gun and camera in Africa. Theodore, Jr., was out for a different kind of game than giraffes and hippopotami. What's a hippopotamus as compared with an American girl? The latter is much the more dangerous of the two animals, but paradoxical as it may seem, a much more desirable possession.

Wood's Early Ohio

Seed Potatoes

are being planted in increasing quantities each year by the largest and most successful market-growers. This variety makes uniformly large sized potatoes, of excellent shipping, market and table qualities, and is proving to be one of the most profitable and reliable of early-cropping potatoes.

We are headquarters for the best
Maine-grown Seed
Second Crop
Northern-grown Potatoes

Wood's 30th Annual Seed Book gives full descriptions and information, with the highest testimonials from successful growers as to the superiority of Wood's Seed Potatoes.

Write for prices and Wood's Seed Book, which will be mailed free on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

THE THING THAT WAS BEST.

They Concluded It Was Above Even Music or Painting.

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

He had not come to the little seaside place for idleness, although it was true, because he was tired and overworked, he had come for rest and recuperation. He had brought with him canvas and colors, and by permission of his landlady he was allowed to improvise a tiny studio in a building outside the boarding house.

She, too, because she was nervous and restless, had come for change and quiet. Like him, also, because she loved her art, the summer could not be enjoyed to the exclusion of that art. Hers was music. She had an exquisite voice and was studying for the operatic stage. The landlady considered them both an addition to her little seaside place.

To be a really great painter was the man's highest aim. To be a singer, in the same sense, was hers. And there was one other point of similarity for the furtherance of their respective arts: love and marriage had been quite laid by.

On the veranda of the cottage the ladies who knitted and embroidered called him hard names because he chose rather to be alone in the boat or strolling on the sands or cooped up in his six foot studio than to mingle with them. But this was before she came. The night that she arrived he did an unusual thing. He took a rocker on the veranda, and he kept it in the shade of the vines, whence he could see her face. Often, after that, he watched her furtively as he heard her



HE TORE OFF A STRIP OF HER PETTICOAT TO BIND IT.

practicing. Yet he evinced no interest in her voice.

His omission and his commission both were observed by her, and both were resented. If she was beautiful at all, she thought, she was a musician first and a beauty afterward. It gave her no pleasure to be admired for her appearance by one who had no appreciation of the music.

One day one of the ladies who knitted told her that Max Burgess had paid her a compliment.

"Yes?" asked Judith, with a delicate uplifting of her eyebrows. But it was with difficulty that she concealed her expectation.

The woman clicked her needle several times. "He said he would love to paint you as you looked when you sang," was her answer.

"Thanks!" returned Judith, flushing crimson and raising her dainty chin in the air. "I do not aspire to be an artist's model."

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Burgess inquired if she would care to come to his studio and look at some canvases. Now, if Max Burgess took little interest in her art, she, in turn, took as little in his. She knew nothing of pictures. Nevertheless she went.

"You say nothing," he observed, with a strange, slow smile after she had made a survey of his work.

"I don't know good pictures from bad," answered she. "To me, personally, they are equally unappealing."

"Not seriously?" The smile had disappeared.

"Oh, seriously. You see," with a provokingly exquisite gesture of her slender hand, "it's much the same as your indifference to music. Fancy your liking music, for example, simply for its risible effect on a singer's face!" She was rapidly growing indignant.

He felt the justness of her rebuke, but the artist in him was awake.

"Ah, it is as a singer that I wish to paint you!" he cried. "You know, people forgive artists for personalities. The other day, when you were singing that thing that made your color play and your eyes gleam, I veritably tingled for my brushes. Would you—perhaps—some time?"

"Decidedly not," answered she. "I could not dream of so degrading my art. You would like me to sing, to let my soul utter itself in my voice—so that you might get the effect on canvas!" There was no mistaking the ringing scorn in her voice.

"Indeed, I am very sorry if I have offended you," said he.

After he had seen her to the house he came back into the studio. One after another, slowly and discontentedly, he examined his pictures. One after another he laid them down with a sense of disappointment and undefined longing.

"I wonder?" he questioned vaguely,

going to the window and looking toward the sea. "I wonder!"

But the sea rolled on and on, under the expanse of enigmatical sky, and gave him no answer.

One day, some weeks later, Judith was on the solitary little pier when Max Burgess came for his boat. That morning she had happened to hear him speaking to a servant. He was giving some orders about the packing of his effects. And now, as she stood on the hot sands, a reckless impulse came to her.

"Why are you leaving?" said she.

"My work here doesn't get on very well. I'm falling back, somehow."

His eyes were on the horizon.

"Would you still care about painting me?"

"Would I care?" His eyes were no longer on the horizon. It must have been that which made the blood fly to her cheeks.

"Well," said she, "if you ask me to row out with you in your boat we might talk it over."

So they rowed out and presently they were far, far from shore. He must have been looking at her hands instead of the land, or he would have seen that they were getting into a very heavy sea; that each moment the skies were growing darker. Spray wet Judith's dark hair and gleamed there just for an appreciable fraction of a second like milky agates in the bed of a black stream.

"Isn't it glorious!" cried she, with sudden joy.

His eyes questioned her keenly. She challenged, and then he understood.

With an effort he brought the boat around and pulled for safety. His thin jersey showed the lines of his strong, supple body. The muscles of his arms and chest rose superbly. Judith watched him, fascinated. Then the rotten oar cracked.

She tore off a strip of her petticoat to bind it and make it strong enough for work.

He put an oilskin about her. Her hair brushed his face. He kissed it furtively, but she detected him. Wifely she drew a damp curl forth from under the edge of the oilskin where he had tucked it—and then she laughed at the look in his eyes.

"Attend to the boat!" cried she. And the oilskin was new—rich yellow; the hood was scarlet lined, her hair was like midnight, and her face was a flower. Yet he, the artist, the lover of color, must needs attend to the boat!

When they were safe at last, when he was helping her ashore, he looked at her with a protecting tenderness she had never imagined him capable of.

"Ah," cried she, "if only you cared for my art!" She looked on at him. His hand masterfully sought hers, then:

"But there's something better, sweet-heart—there's something better than even music or painting. Have we found it, do you think?"

"I think," she admitted, reflectively and demurely, while a smile was running riot over her piquant face—"I think we've found the thing that is best."

The Sort of Table He Wanted.

The following conversation was overheard between a joiner and his customer a short time ago:

Joiner—Please, sir, I've brought the table you ordered me to make.

Customer—Well, put it down here, my man, and let's see what sort of job you've made of it.

The man set it down in the middle of the room, and the customer examined it with the air of a critic.

Customer—Why, my man, there is here a crack filled up with putty.

Joiner—Yes, sir. Well, sir, I know about that, but it won't be noticed when it sets hard.

Customer (coming across some more putty)—But here's some more, my man. What is the meaning of this?

Joiner—Well, sir, you see, a little bit of wood chipped off the corner, and I just put a little putty there to fill up. It won't do no harm, sir, when it's set hard.

Customer (finding some more putty patches)—Look here, my man, this won't do. Why, here's a big lump right in the middle of this leg. What can you say about that?

Joiner (scratching his head and trying hard to find some excuse by which to retrieve his honor)—Well, sir, that's no harm whatever, and the putty when it sets hard will be firmer and harder than the wood. So, you see, it will be all the better if you wait a bit, sir.

Customer (sarcastically)—Here, my good man, just take this table home and bring me one made of putty altogether. I want a good strong one, and you can fill up the cracks with wood—London Th-Bits.

The Cent and Half Cent.

First coined in 1787 by the United States government, the federal one cent piece was antedated by copper cents struck by several states. Vermont before being admitted to the Union coined the first cents in the country in June, 1785. Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey also put the copper coins into circulation.

Under the constitution the first coinage act, passed in 1792, authorized a cent of 264 grains. In 1793 it was reduced to 248 grains and in 1795 to 168 grains. The 168 grain "copper" remained unchanged, except in pattern, until 1857, passing through seven designs. Until 1857 half cents also were coined. In that year the half cent was abolished and a new cent was ordered, weighing only seventy-two grains and composed of 88 per cent of copper and 12 per cent of nickel. In 1864 the present bronze cent was authorized. This weighs forty-eight grains and is composed of 95 per cent copper and 5 per cent tin and zinc.—Argonaut.

The Texas Monster

Barnett's Home Made 4-Wheeled

COTTON CHOPPER

Works Across the Rows the Right Way. Patented April 21, 1908

I desire to call your attention to this Great Labor Saver. The Chopper that does Execution to Grass and Weeds, in fact, it does the work of eight men. After looking around for a time, I have decided to go direct to the cotton planter and sell him the right to make this chopper for his own use for One Dollar. This right is good for 17 years from the 21st day of April, 1908. I will say here that I have complied with all the laws of the patent office and I further say that this chopper does all I claim for it or your money back.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION

The Chopper works across the rows, the chopping and plowing is done with a System of sweeps, adjustably connected to a stock beam. In setting up these sweeps I will say you can close them altogether—that, of course, would cut it all out; but this connection being an adjustable one you then move out on the beam, as desired, so as to leave a SPACE between the sweeps that will allow 1 or 2 stalks to pass through. The beam and stocks are connected with the Front with rods; they are also connected beneath the frame with a cross rod; the beam and stocks are movable in the frame; if the handles are elevated and let go, the beam drops back on the frame, so in case of skips or bad stand, by elevating the handles you miss that part altogether and strike the next ridge at any depth desired. The chopper can be adjusted to leave 1 or 2 stalks; and to run deep or shallow. The chopper cuts uniform any distance, by using large or small sweeps. Say you want 8-inches, use 8-inch sweeps. If wanted extra wide, take out one or more stocks and use extra wide sweeps. This patent calls for any number. I think 5 or 6 about right. The rear wheels run in the wake of the outside sweeps. The front wheels cut under, turning is easy. The chopper works in any ordinary land, with one or two horses. The old way of baring off cotton is a waste of time and money. This chopper does all the plowing as it goes across, leaves dirt to the cotton and gives the land a thorough cultivation. By taking out the middle stock and straddling you can give your cotton a second plowing, two rows at a round. This done, your cotton is under control. This rapid cultivation in the early spring is a good remedy for the boll weevil, try it. Now let me say right here: In planting if you will put plenty seed in to insure a stand it will not pay you to follow this chopper with a hoe, for the amount left is with you. I have prepared a book of instructions for making the chopper that tells every thing from the first to the last lick. The cost is comparatively nothing, you simply take any light cast of wheels and cut them down and use the same axles. The farmer with the aid of this chopper is independent as far as labor is concerned. He gets in the cotton at the right time, both chopping and plowing as he goes at the rate of 10 acres a day. No such thing as being in the grass. Its what you save that counts. Read what the farmers say, and send \$1.00 today for this right and book of instructions for making and be ready. Address

J. S. BARNETT,

131 East Canton St.

Dallas, Texas

CERTIFIED COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS

Pertaining to Barnett's Cross-Wise Cotton Chopper. Patented April, 21, 1908.

Orphans Home Road, Dallas Co., Texas June 3rd, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern:

Through the kindness of Mr. J. S. Barnett I used his Cotton Chopper in cutting my cotton, and I consider this machine the best of its kind that I have ever seen, as it plows as well as chops. It can easily do the work of eight men, which to the farmer is a great thing, not only as far as money is concerned, but as it is very hard at times to get labor and the cotton stands until it is choked by weeds. Yours very truly,

C. BREEMAN, Farmer

Orphans Home Road, Dallas Co., Texas June 4th, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that I gave J. S. Barnett's Cotton Chopper a field trial on my farm and will say that it is all right and

the best chopper I have ever seen. It plows the ground and leaves the cotton in growing condition. It will save 75 per cent. hoe work. I endorse this chopper. Yours truly,

TOM MOTLEY, Farmer.

R. F. D. 3, Dallas Co., Tex. June 18th, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern:

As for Mr. Barnett's Cross-wise Cotton Chopper I can say that they tested it here and said it was just the thing, a great labor saver and weed killer.

Yours truly,

W. R. HERNDON, Blacksmith.

Denton Road, Dallas Co., Tex. June 8th, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that I have this day given J. S. Barnett's Cotton Chopper a field trial on my farm nine miles North of Dallas. It will take the place of the first plowing and leaves the cotton so it can be put to a perfect stand without the hoe work. It is a great labor saver.

Yours truly,

C. R. WELCH, Farmer.

Dallas Texas, July 9th 1908. I have been personally and intimately acquainted with Mr. J. S. Barnett the inventor of the Cross wise Cotton Chopper, for the past 15 years and know him to be an honorable, upright, and truthful man.

J. S. DUNLAP, 398 Commerce St.

Orphans Home Road, Dallas Co., Tex. June 18th, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern:

I will say that while I never saw Barnett's Cotton Chopper I did see where it had been in Mr. Beeman's field, and I was surprised at its work.

Yours truly,

C. P. ARNETT, Farmer.

I hereby certify that the above Testimonials are true and correct copies; and that I was not acquainted with either of the above gentlemen, before personally asked them to give my machine a field trial.

J. S. BARNETT,

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1908.

J. S. DANLAP,

(Seal) Notary Public, Dallas Co., Tex.

Trustee's Sale

By virtue of authority of a Deed of Trust executed to me by Jos. A. Hardison and Mary E. Hardison on the 21st day of January 1902, and duly recorded in the Register's office in Martin County in Book GGG, Page 350, to secure the payment of a certain bond bearing even date therewith, and the stipulations in said Deed of Trust not having been complied with, I shall expose at public auction, for cash, on Monday the 14th day of March, at 12 o'clock, at the Court House door, in Martin County, the following property:

The piece or parcel of land situated on the north side of the public road leading from Jamesville to Washington adjoining the lands of A. Modlin and Jos. Tyre and other, being the same land conveyed to Jos. A. Hardison by S. R. Biggs and being the same land conveyed by Hodges Hardison to Henry Blount Leggett. Reference to Book V page 509, Martin County Registry for more definite description, containing 40 acres more or less.

This Feb. 5th, 1910.
2-11 WARREN H. BIGGS, Trustee.

Notice

Having qualified as Administrator upon the Estate of J. L. Keel deceased; Notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said Estate to present them to the undersigned for payment on or before the 7th day of February, 1911, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment. This 7th day of February 1910.

2-11 W. J. KEEL.

We Have Just Received

A Car Load of

Fine Horses and Mules

They are on sale at the stables of
MARTIN LIVE STOCK COMPANY



Prices equal to the lowest for good sound animals

WE INVITE INSPECTION

J. W. WATTS & COMPANY

JOSEPH D. BIGGS, Salesman

Williamston, North Carolina