

The Librarian

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The NEWS-RECORD.

The Medium. Through which you reach the people of Madison county. Advertising Rates on Application.

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN MADISON COUNTY.

VOL. XV

MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1913.

NO. 34.

DIRECTORY.

MADISON COUNTY.

Established by the legislature session 1850-51. Population, 20,132. County seat, Marshall. 1656 feet above sea level. New and modern court house, post \$33,000.00.

New and modern jail, cost \$15,000. New county home, cost \$10,000.00.

County Officers. Hon. C. B. Nashburn, Senator, 36th District, Marshall.

Hon. J. E. Reector, Representative, Hot Springs, N. C.

N. B. McDevitt, Clerk Superior Court, Marshall.

W. M. Buckner, Sheriff, Marshall.

Z. G. Sprinkle, Register of Deeds, Marshall.

C. F. Rannion, Treasurer, Marshall N. C., R. F. D. No. 4.

R. L. Tweed, Surveyor, White Rock N. C.

Dr. J. H. Baird, Coroner, Mars Hill N. C.

Mrs. Eliza Henderson, Jailer, Marshall.

John Honeycutt, Janitor, Marshall.

Dr. C. N. Sprinkle, County Physician, Marshall.

James Haynie, Supt., county home, Marshall.

Courts as follows: September 1st, 1913 (2) November 10th, 1913, (2)

March 2nd, 1914, (2) June 1st, 1914 (2) Sept. 7th, 1914, (2)

R. R. Reynolds, Solicitor, Asheville N. C. 1913, Fall Term—Judge Frank Carter, Asheville.

1914, Spring Term—Judge M. H. Justice, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Fall Term—Judge E. B. Clise, of Hickory, N. C.

County Commissioners. W. C. Sprinkle, chairman, Marshall.

R. A. Edwards, member, Marshall, R. F. D. No. 2. Reubin A. Tweed, member, Big Laurel, N. C.

J. Coleman Ramsey, atty., Marshall.

Board Commissioners. Frank Roberts, chairman, Marshall.

J. K. Wilson, secretary, route 2, Marshall.

Highway Commission. F. Shelton, President, Marshall.

Guy V. Roberts, " "

Geo. W. Wild, Bly Plne, N. C.

S. W. Brown, Hot Springs, " "

Joe S. Brown, Waverly, " "

Board of Education. Jasper Ebbs, Chairman, Spring Creek, N. C.

John Robert Sams, memb. Mars Hill, N. C.

W. R. Sams, mem. Marshall. Prof. R. G. Anders, Superintendent of Schools, Marshall.

Board meets first Monday in January, April, July, and October each year.

Schools and Colleges. Mars Hill College, Prof. R. L. Moore, President. Fall Term begins August 17th, 1913, and Spring Term begins January 2nd 1914.

Spring Creek High School. Prof. R. G. Edwards, Principal, Spring Creek, 8 mos school, opens Aug. 1st.

Madison Seminary High School, Prof. G. C. Brown, principal, 7 mos. school.

Bell Institute, Margaret E. Griffith, principal, Walnut, N. C.

Marshall Academy, Prof. S. Roland Williams, principal, 8 mos. school. Opens August 4th.

Notary Publics. J. C. Ramsey, Marshall, Term expires January 1st, 1914.

Bill Arp on Home and Fireside

HE WRITES ON MUSIC, DANCING AND HAPPY HOME.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

I'm going to stop thinking about the race problem, and the tariff and Speaker Reed, and John Wanamaker, and everything else of a turbulent nature. I'm going to boycott everything now except domestic affairs. I'm going to stay at home and work, and if I read a paper at all it will be with one eye on the headlines and nothing else.

They say that exercise is a remedy for trouble—trouble of mind or trouble of body. Get up and move around lively. My old father was afflicted with rheumatism and when the sharp pains began to worry him he would take his long stick and start out over the farm and limp and grunt, and drag himself along until he got warmed up, and in an hour or so would come back feeling better.

I haven't got the colic nor the rheumatism, but I feel such a constant uxorial goneness that I have to step around lively to forget myself. I feel just like I had lost my tobacco. The sparrows are regaling on my strawberries. The happy mocking-birds are singing their tee diddle and too doodle, and the lordly peacock screams, and struts, and spreads his magnificent tail, and all nature seems gay and joyous, but how can the lord of creation sing a glad song when his lady is far away in a strange land.

ed to have some recreation, especially when Mrs. Arp is away. You ought to see me caper around to the music with a little grandchild, a three-year-old, who chooses me for a partner whenever the music begins. She knows the dancing tunes as well as I do, bless her little heart. My boys have got a new step now that they call the "buzzard lope," that is grand, lively and peculiar. The story goes that an old darkey lost his aged mule, and found him one Sunday evening lying dead in the woods, and forty-nine buzzards feasted on his carcass. Forty-eight of them flew away, but the forty-ninth, whose feathers were gray with age, declined to retire. Looking straight at the darkey, he spread his wings about half and half, like the American Eagle on a silver dollar, and tucked his tail under his body, and drew in his chin, pulled down his vest, and began to lope around the mule in a salutary manner. He was a greedy bird and liked his meat served rare, and rejoiced that he now had the carcass all to himself, and so he loped around with alacrity.

The old darkey was a fiddler and a dancer by instinct and inspiration. He had danced all the dances and pranced all the prances of his neighborhood for half a century. He had played promptly for the white folks at a thousand frolics, and knew every step and turn of the heel tap and the toe, but he had never seen double-demi, semi-quiver shuffle as that old buzzard loped around that mule. He stood agast. He spread his arms just half and half and bent his back in the middle, unlimbered his ankle joints stiffened his elbows, and forgetting both the day and the place, he followed that bird round the mule for 4 solid hours and caught the exquisite lope exactly. At dusk the tired buzzard soused his beak into one of the dead mules eyes and bore it away to its roost while the old darkey loped all the way home to his cabin door, feeling ten years younger for his masterpiece. The buzzard lope suits an old man splendidly, for it is best performed with rheumatism in one leg and St. Vitas' dance in the other, and it is said to be a sovereign remedy for both.

Some folks don't care much about music, some don't care anything about dancing, some folks like both, because its their nature, and they can't help it. It is just as natural for children to love to dance to the harmony of sweet sounds as it is for them to love to play marbles or jump the rope or any other innocent sport. The church allows its members to pat the foot to music but condemns dancing because it leads to dissipation and bad company, but we shouldn't let it lead the young folks that way. The church condemns minstrel shows and minstrel songs, but has lately stolen from them some of their sweetest tunes and set them to sacred verse, and is all the better for it. Who does not appreciate the "Lilly of the valley," that is now sung to the "cabin in the lane." Paratanism and long faces and assumed distress

are passing away. The Methodist discipline that forbade jewelry and ornaments and fine dressing has become obsolete, for it was against nature—what our Creator has given us to enjoy let us enjoy in reason and in season and be all the more thankful for His goodness.

I believe in music. Joseph H. Lumkin, our great chief justice, said there was music in all things except the braying of an ass or the tongue of a scold. I believe in the refining influences of music over the young, and if an occasional dance at home or in the parlor of a friend will make the young folks happy, let them be happy.

I read Dr. Calhoun's beautiful lecture that he delivered before the Atlanta Medical College—a lecture on the human throat as a musical instrument—and I was charmed with its science, its instruction and its literary beauty. I read part of it to those boys that were practicing for the serenade—about the wonders of the human larynx, that in ordinary singers could produce two thousand and one hundred different sounds and the fine singers, like Jenny Lind, could produce a thousand, and Madam Mora, whose voice compassed three octaves, could produce two thousand one hundred different notes, and about Farinelli, who cured Philip V., King of Spain, of a dreadful malady by singing to him, and after he was fully restored he was afraid of a relapse and hired Farinelli to sing to him every night at a salary of fifty thousand francs, and he sang to him as David harped for Saul.

Music fills up so many gaps in the family. The young people can't read and work and study all the time. They must have recreation, and it is better to have it at home than hunt for it elsewhere. If the old folks mope and grunt and complain around the house, it is no wonder that the children want to get away. And they will get away, if they have to get married to do it. I have known girls to marry very trifling lovers because they were tired of home. This reminds me of a poor fellow who was hard pressed by a creditor to whom he owed \$40. He came to employ us get a homestead for him so as to save his little farm. "Are you a married man?" No: "I ain't," said he. "Well, you will have to get married before you can take a homestead," said I. "Is there no clever girl in your neighborhood whom you have a liking for?" He looked straight in the fire for a minute or more, and then rose up and shook his long sandy hair, and said: "Gentlemen, the jig are up; I'll have to shindig around and get that money, for I'll be doggoned if I'll get married for \$40. Good mornin'!"

We are working hard now renovating and repairing the house inside and out. We have whitewashed the fence all around, the barn, and coal house, chicken house and all. We have the gates painted a lovely red, and stripped the greenhouse, and Carl wanted to stripe the calf with the same color as a meandering ornament to the lawn but he couldn't catch him. I have planted out Maderia vines and Virginia creepers and tomato plants, and we have declared on the English sparrows that destroy more strawberries than we get. We will have things fixed up when the maternal comes home. I reckon she will come some time. Come home spoiled, like I do when I take a trip off

and am petted up by genial kind friends. It will take us a week to get her back in the harness, but it wont take her that long to get us back. We've got two picnics on hand and a fishing frolic, and there are five pretty girls from Cement coming here to night, and on the whole I don't think I am as lonsome as I think I am. "So, here's health to her who's away."

The Farmers and the Banks.

We urge farmers to acquire the banking habit. If you have never had an account with your local banker, go to him and tell him of your desire to open an account with him, to make your deposits as you get the money and to draw the money out through your checks. Ask him to explain to you the rules of his bank and his banking methods. You want to make out your deposit slips exactly as other depositors do. You ought to know something about the principles of banking. They are few and not difficult to understand. It helps a man to save to have a bank account. It educates him and his boys, and his wife and daughters, too, in business habits.

If you have a bank account and are businesslike in your transactions, you establish a reputation as a business man as well as a farmer; then, when you want to borrow money to purchase fertilizers or to make improvements, or to buy stock, you can go to your banker, tell him of your proposed transactions and ask that he let you have the money that you will need. Tell him when you think you can pay it, and he will make the loan upon terms and conditions to meet your necessities.

Home and Farm believes that the farmer has an unused credit, due to the property he owns. Credit follows capital or property like its shadow. A merchant or manufacturer having several thousand dollars invested in his business has no difficulty in securing bank accomodation, because his property is a good security for what he borrows.

The farmer's property is a better security, if he handles it properly, and if he is sagacious in his conduct of business affairs. The trouble is the farmer himself discredits his own property by neglect, or he fails to avail himself of his own opportunity, because he is not thoroughly familiar with business practices.

The farmer in the South needs to know more about business if he is going to get the best results from his labor and if he is going to market his crops with the best returns. Let the farmer, then, come to a good understanding with his local merchant and with his local banker. Let him be free with them and frank with them. Let them understand each other, and we will have a little co-operative society of banker, merchant and farmer, which must be the foundation of all co-operation. —Home and Farm.

ALFALFA MOST PROFITABLE CROP

Adds Fertility to the Soil—Yields Three to Four Crops of Hay Each Year in the Corn Belt.

EXCELS EVERY OTHER CROP

The Introduction of Alfalfa as a General Farm Crop in the United States Will Revolutionize Agriculture—Means More Live Stock, Better Soil and Larger Returns From the Crops That Follow.

By PROF. P. G. HOLDEN, Director Agricultural Extension Department International Harvester Co. of New Jersey.

Alfalfa Should be Grown on Every Farm

- 1. It is a profitable crop. 2. Increases farm values. 3. Excels every other crop in yield per acre in feeding value. As a drouth resister As a soil enricher. 4. No harder to grow than clover. 5. Make a beginning—start now grow some alfalfa.

Repeated experiments made by the agricultural colleges, and the results obtained by the actual growers of alfalfa in the semi-arid sections of the west, throughout the corn belt states, and in the south and east, are conclusive evidence of the great value of alfalfa.

There are few farmers whose profits would not be increased greatly by raising alfalfa. Every farmer should aim to produce, as far as possible, his foodstuffs upon his own farm.

During the last few years, the area devoted to alfalfa has greatly increased in the region west of the Missouri river, and it is certain that there will be an equally rapid increase throughout the eastern and southern parts of the United States.

Many of the attempts in the past to grow alfalfa in the humid regions have failed, but with our present knowledge of the requirements of the crop there will be little, if any, more trouble in securing a stand.

Alfalfa will soon be grown abundantly and profitably upon every farm. It is no more difficult to grow than clover and gives double the yield. The deep rooting habit of alfalfa enables it to resist drouth when clover, timothy, blue grass and other forage grasses die for want of moisture. Alfalfa roots grow deep into the soil—far beyond the roots of other plants.

Its drouth resisting power is of no greater importance than its great value as a soil enricher. The long roots bring phosphorus, potash and other plant foods from below and store them in the upper soil for the use of other plants. Experiments show greatly increased yields of other crops grown upon alfalfa sod.

Alfalfa is rich in protein the most essential element in feed to make bone, blood and muscle in growing animals.

Why We Need Alfalfa.

There is no combination of feeds so economical for the production of beef, pork, mutton, butter and eggs, as corn and alfalfa. Neither will give the best results alone. We need alfalfa because it balances up the corn ration and saves the large waste of starch which always takes place where corn is fed alone. We need alfalfa because we can buy it in feed stuffs. We need alfalfa because it feeds the soil and enables us to grow larger crops of corn and oats. We need alfalfa because it produces on an average double the feed value per acre of clover or any other forage crop.

Disease Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give you Standard Ears if they are not cured (Send for literature) that cannot be cured by any other means. Send for literature, free. E. J. CONROY, 1109 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.