

"Ain't Worth A Durn And Never Will Be"

In one of our Southern mountain counties used to be a clerk of the court who administered oaths in his own peculiar fashion—translating the stilted language of the statute books into vigorous, everyday homespun English of his own. On one occasion he was officially "swearing" a man to the latter's insolvency—the "debtor's oath."

"Do you swear," the clerk asked, "that you ain't worth a durn and never will be?"

"I can swear about the first part but I don't know much about the last," parried the applicant.

"Well, if you know you ain't worth a durn now, everybody else knows you never will be. Kiss the Book!"

This story has been told as humor—and it is indeed good enough humor. But to us the story also suggests a pathetic background of tragedy. In nearly every rural community there is some man who so far "has never been worth a durn" and consequently (like the court clerk in the story) he takes it for the man-in-the-rut into adopting

granted that he will never be. He farms in a slipshod way, is a slave to "time price," and never gets ahead. He stays in a rut largely because he is not trying to get out. He lacks faith in himself. "Everybody else knows," as the court clerk said, "that he will never be worth anything."

The tragedy of such a life ought to appeal to all of us—and especially to the man himself. Just because a man has gotten to be thirty-five, forty, fifty, or even sixty years old without amounting to anything—that is no reason why he can't yet do something if he will only take hold of himself and resolve to make the most of the years that are left to him.

In many such cases, the wife, by showing confidence in her husband—encouraging him and inspiring him by her faith—can get him to "turn over a new leaf." In other cases, the man's boys and girls by enlisting in club work and getting their father to go along with them along new lines of progress—they may be able to turn the trick. In some other cases a kinsman or neighbor may diplomatically lead

this or that new policy until after awhile he becomes a man-out-of-the-rut, ready for many a new adventure in progressiveness.

"That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge," said Carlyle, "that I call a tragedy, even though it should happen more than twenty times a minute, as 'indeed by some computations it does.'" In like fashion, we should say that for any man to die in the ruts of poor, shiftless, out-of-date farming, "not worth a durn," when he had capacity to make a man of himself—that we call a tragedy. Maybe the man has failed because nobody has shown any faith or confidence in him. Everybody has let him feel that he "ain't worth a durn and never will be," and he has simply given the world what it expected and asked of him.

There is not within the acquaintance of each one of us some man of this type whom we might encourage, inspire, awaken, arouse, and so make over before it is too late? What finer satisfaction could we have than the knowledge of having enabled some human being to transform a lifelong failure into an unexpected triumph and worth-whileness at last? Should not such a rescue indeed entitle one to some part in the promise of the ancient Prophet:

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to right, as the stars forever and ever."—The Progressive Farmer.

HENRY BELK TO BECOME MANAGING EDITOR OF PAPER

Goldsboro, Sept. 2.—Henry Belk, of Monroe, instead of Watson Bell, of Gaffney, S. C., will succeed R. S. Pickens as managing editor of the Goldsboro News. Mr. Belk arrived in Goldsboro yesterday. He is a graduate of Trinity, where he studied journalism, and was prominent in the publication of Trinity's college papers. Mr. Pickens returns to the university.

The janitor's little boy, very black, was nicknamed "Midnight" by his white neighbors. He didn't mind their calling him that, but one day when one of his own race exclaimed, "Hello Midnight!" he retorted indignantly, "Shut up! You're jes' 'bout quahter to twelve yo-se!"

Harding's Creed

Remember there are two questions. Get both.

Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. Would rather have one story right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent. Be fair. Be generous.

Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

In reporting a political gathering get the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it.

Treat all parties alike. If there are any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.

Treat all religious matter reverently.

If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent woman or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative.

Don't wait to be asked but do it without the asking.

And above all, be clean. Never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child. —The Newspaper Creed of President Harding posted in the office of the Marion Star.

County Agent T. B. Brandon gives some results of dusting cotton on Sheriff Rashley's farm in Greene County. On June 29, the field showed an infestation of boll weevil of 18 percent; ten days later after the second application of dust, the poisoned plot showed an infestation of only 3 percent while the untreated plot showed 12 percent.

On July 21, the poisoned plot showed an infestation of 6 percent while the untreated plot showed 65 percent. On July 29 the poisoned plot showed only 2 percent infestation while the untreated plot showed 34 percent. These results are not conclusive but they do show that dusting with calcium arsenate will control the weevil.

Extension workers report growing interest in permanent pasture in North Carolina. Livestock and pastures are two great needs of the State.

Plow up the cotton stalks early this fall as soon as possible. This will send the boll weevil into quarters early and hungry.

Diversify—Don't "Fiddle"

This is an age of specialists. The services of the man who knows his subject thoroughly, whether it be medicine, agriculture, engineering or what not, aren't greater demanded than are the services of those people who have scattered their efforts in learning something of many things without getting a thorough knowledge of any subject.

To a certain extent the farmer should specialize. He should specialize in the products for which his soils and climate are best adapted, his markets best suited, and about which he knows most. We can't agree with those who preach unbridled diversification. A farmer needs two and in some cases three, a major or most important money crop such as cotton here in the South, and one or two minor cash crops such as dairy products or poultry products or grain.

He should of course produce the greater part of the living for the farm family and the farm stock. When this is accomplished, there is a conservative diversification. The farmer has not scattered his efforts in attempting to produce small amounts of five or six crops for the market. He has diversified sufficiently to insure himself against disaster in case of a market slump in his major crop, but at the same time he has confined his energies to a sufficiently small number of crops to become adept in their production and marketing. The farmer who tries to grow a little of everything for the market does not often become proficient in the production and marketing of any one crop.

There is probably a larger number of farmers who are failing to make good because of one-crop farming than there are farmers who have carried diversification too far. However, it is never a good plan to carry a good idea to extremes. Practice sane and conservative diversification but don't become a "piddling" farmer.—The Progressive Farmer.

"You say Jeffs has grown whiskers since you saw him last? How did you recognize him?"
"By my umbrella."

"Has that mule of yours got a pedigree, Sam?"
"No, sah! No, indeed! Dere ain't nuffin de matter wid dis mule. He am puffed up sound, Sah!"—Boston Transcript.

He was newly arrived in this country and was not too familiar with the use of the telephone. So he took down the receiver and demanded:

"Operator, please put me in my wife's room."

The operator's voice came back sweetly, "Number, please?"
"Oh," he replied, perfectly willing to help out, "she has my second gun."

A farmer wrote to the editor of an agricultural paper asking for a method of ridding his orchard of the grasshopper plague. In the same mail the editor received a request for advice from an anxious mother about her baby twins who were having a hard time teething.

The farmer received this reply: "Wrap flannel cloths around their throats. Rub gums with castor oil and massage their stomach twice a day."

The anxious mother received this startling reply: "Cover with dry straw. Soak thoroughly with coal oil and apply a match; the little pests will soon stop bothering you."

—Richmond Evening Dispatch.

SKELETONS MAKE NEGROES QUIT

Throw Up Jobs Because They Believe The Place Is "Hanted"

Chapel Hill, Sept. 4.—The proverbial superstition of negroes has led a score of them engaged in building a mile stretch of road back of Emerson field at the University of North Carolina, to connect the Raleigh and Pittsboro routes, to throw up their jobs. While digging their way through the forest this week, several of them unearthed what appeared to be human bones, forthwith calling their brethren into conference.

"Gentlemen, dere is no doubt 'bout it. Dem is human skeletons, and we quits dis place right now," the leader of the gang, a reverend man, told his fellow workmen.

And, pointing to the cemetery a few yards away, he added: "Dis place am certainly hanted. Don't you see dat graveyard right over dere?"

The foreman explained that they had simply run across the bones of some of the specimens with which the medical students at the University had been experimenting. It is customary to bury the loose bones in this part of the forest, which skirts the freshmen athletic field.

But the negroes' minds were not changed. They called it a day. Later, however, they held another conference and decided to go back to work, but only at the other end of the road, a mile from any bones they knew of. What they may do as they work their way back toward the cemetery, the foreman admits it is

hard to tell, but he is hopeful the "fever" will gradually wear off.

The tramp knocked at the farmhouse door and asked for the farmer. To that worthy he presently recited a tale of woe and asked for a job.

"Yes, you can have a job," and the farmer. "You could gather eggs for me if you are certain you will not steal any."

The tramp chuckled with gratitude and emotion.

"Sir," he said, with eyes brimful of unshed tears, you could trust me with anything on earth. For twenty years I was manager of a bathhouse and never took a single bath."

Citizen—"That's my car. A thief is just fixing a blowout."

Policeman—"All right. I'll go over and arrest him."

Citizen—"Sh-h-h! wait till he gets the tire pumped up."—Toronto Telegram.

With this place goes a jersey cow with self starter, and a new Ford just fresh.—From a real estate ad. in the Sheridan (Wyo.) Post.

"I drove a hundred miles—speeded the whole distance—wet all the way, but didn't skid a bit." "What were you driving?" "A yacht."

Lady Motorist—"Oh, Mister Policeman, when I tell you why I speeded, you'll let me go."

Officer—"Why were you speeding?"

Lady Motorist—"I was trying to catch up with that lady to see how her hat is trimmed."—Dry Goods Economist.



Safety for Emergencies.

Buick Four-wheel Brakes

Buick four-wheel brakes meet the demands of present day traffic conditions by having power to reserve to insure a rapid, safe and reliable "stop."

Actual braking effectiveness is practically doubled by Buick four-wheel brakes. This is accomplished by slowing down the two front wheels. Each brake band has a three-quarter wrap or grip on its brake drum, rather than the half-wrap in common practice.

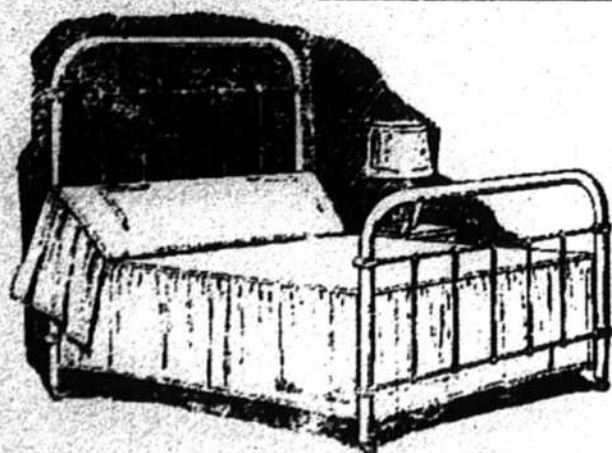
The Buick four-wheel brakes are an integral part of the Buick front axle design. Their arrangement and operation are simple. The front brakes are coupled in relation to the rear so that when the brake pedal is operated more pressure is put on the rear brakes than on the front.

Buick four-wheel brakes (on all models) are one of many definite advances in motor car operation and maintenance that the 1924 Buicks have contributed to automobile transportation.

Create Buick Service Stations
Dunn, North Carolina

Buick Motor Company
Flint, Michigan

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them



Going To Keep House?

Those contemplating furnishing a home are cordially invited to inspect our line of Furniture.

BUTLER BROS.
DUNN, N. C.

THE BARNES & HOLLIDAY CO.

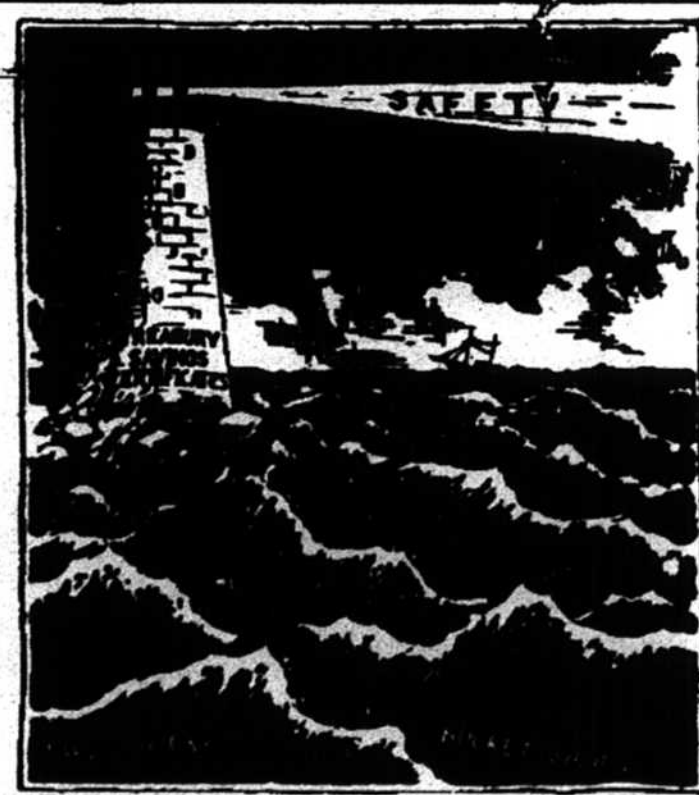
Undertakers and Embalmers

A full line of Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes.
Service any time, anywhere.

Day Phone 11

Night Phone 76

UNCLE SAM'S SAFETY SIGNAL



DEPORT the scoundrels that have swept investment seas during the past few months. Treasury Savings Certificates still stand as a beacon light to guide the investor into a port of safety.

These certificates, guaranteed absolutely as to principal and interest by the United States government, are issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$500 and \$25 at cost prices of \$220, \$225 and \$230.50, respectively. They are free from all state and local taxes (except estate and inheritance taxes) and the normal federal income tax.

They are easily procurable through any postoffice.

We Heartily Endorse

The Home Building & Loan Association

IT DESERVES

The support of every Dunn citizen

Barnes & Holliday Co.
Hardware-Furniture-Undertakers

AT YOUR SERVICE!

We are in position to render good quick service in ginning your cotton, and will store your seed until February 1st thereby giving you an opportunity to take advantage of any advance in price.

We are prepared to give you Cotton Seed Meal or high Grade Fertilizer in exchange for seed.

We are also prepared to store your cotton and are receiving agents for the North Carolina Cotton Growers Co-Operative Association.

Will appreciate your business.

MARVIN WADE, Manager

General Utility Company

DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA