



TAR HEEL SKETCHES.

BY J. Z. GREEN.

The genial, big-hearted R. M. Phillips, editor of the Greensboro News, died suddenly of heart failure on his farm, in Moore County, last week. I saw him on the train between Lexington and Greensboro only a few days ago. He had just come out of the Legislature where he went through with the ceaseless grind of reading clerk in the Senate, and he seemed to be proud of having been able to endure the task without vacation during the entire session. "I am sleepy and feel the need of a little rest," said he. "I will go to my farm and rest up awhile." While he looked weary and tired, he was otherwise the picture of health. Another veteran editor, Jas. G. Boylin, of the Wadesboro Messenger-Intelligencer, answered the final summons last week, after twenty-six years editorial service. Both these editors had served as president of the North Carolina Press Association.

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I use rye, vetch and crimson clover as winter cover crops, but I am partial to the crimson clover. I have this year one field sown with a combination of rye, crimson clover and rape and there was already enough vetch seed in the land to get a good proportion of vetch in the mixture also. I find, however, that the cattle and hogs graze the clover and leave the vetch, rye and rape. Lime and ground phosphate rock seem to help to inoculate for clover, but ordinary wood ashes is the best inoculator I have ever seen tried. If you have a patch to which ashes has been applied liberally try it with clover and watch results. It may have been twenty-five years since the ashes was applied. That doesn't make any difference—it will produce clover all right the first trial.

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I had been told that clover would not do well on sandy soils, but I have seen several patches of fine crimson clover on sandy soils in the eastern part of the State during the past winter. More clover is grown in the section that embraces Lincoln, Catawba, Iredell, Davie, Davidson, Forsyth and Guilford Counties than in any part of the State. I haven't got anything to say against the cow pea, but it doesn't rank in the same class as clover as a soil building crop. While crimson clover seed was selling as

low as \$3.50 a bushel (which will seed three or four acres of land) I heard farmers saying last fall that it cost too much to buy clover seed! When we get about half waked up to the importance of soil building, we will learn that, when judged by results, clover seed costs a mere pittance compared with the cost of soluble commercial fertilizers that must be replaced yearly. Year before last a farmer in Randolph County produced one hundred and eighteen bushels of corn on an acre of land, and a crop of red clover which had been turned under was the only fertilizer used.

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There will never be any satisfactory co-operation until farmers quit being so distrustful of each other and so everlastingly trustful of the other fellows. When I walked into a new Farmers' Union warehouse in an eastern county, the other day and saw five or six hundred bales of cotton stored I made some favorable remark to the manager about the loyal support he had started off with. "Yes," he said, with a wink and a smile, "but our folks wouldn't put a bale in here until a local merchant of the town began to use our warehouse to store his cotton in, then our farmers thought it was all right and they went to piling in their cotton." We farmers are a dandy set, anyhow. It is said of us that we do not object to being skinned, provided it is done in an artistic manner, by an expert.

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Down in Edgecombe County a night appointment was arranged for, on the side, in a district where a Farmers' Alliance was in operation. Most of the members of this Sub-Alliance had joined a Local Union over in another district and the part that wanted to abandon the Alliance and substitute a Local Union in that district, asked for this appointment in the hope that they might finish swallowing that Sub-Alliance. I tried to amuse and entertain them in such way as to make them feel like they wanted to be embraced and swallowed by the Farmers' Union. When I presented the proposition one faithful Alliance leader still professed faith in the old Alliance and suggested that the Farmers' Union is a child of the Farmers' Alliance, all of which I cheerfully admitted, but I told him

that inasmuch as the child is several thousand times as big as the "old man," I thought it appropriate that the "old man" retire from active service and let his bouncing boy do the work. These farmers who have been sticking to local organizations of the Alliance twenty years after it had gone dead in other States reflect credit upon Tar Heel folks.

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That big fat Farmers' Union man, Bro. R. H. Savage, who used to go to every State meeting as a delegate from Speed Local Union, in Edgecombe, and who incidentally hammered it in to me that my duties as State Organizer would not be performed until I had some more Local Unions set up in Edgecombe, has given me a cordial invitation to stop off with him in passing and go fishing, and like invitation is extended by Bro. R. E. Tarkenton, of Bertie County, and Bro. S. N. Harding, who lives back over in the mountains, near Hendersonville, has a pressing invitation for me to spend a week at his house and go squirrel hunting. To a man who lives where there is neither squirrels or fish and who hasn't had even a vacation in twenty years, this class of invitations are becoming attractive, and if they come much thicker I may ask the Advisory Council for a day or two off duty. If I could have an expert scientific eater, like the President of Chatham County Union, along with me, it would add an interesting feature to the vacation.

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Now and then you will find a man living in town who has a broad conception of rural life conditions as they are. A lawyer from the town of Clinton, in Sampson County, went out and made a mighty sensible and practical talk at a Farmers' Union picnic two summers ago. His talk was entirely free from flattery—a dose that farmer audiences have been fed upon for centuries. Among other things, he said: "When you find a man who can succeed, under present conditions, you find a man who can make a still bigger success in the speculative or business world. I have time and again known neighbors to shake their heads when a successful farmer decided to move to

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