

Polk County Citizens are Losing Money Every Day Because of Poor Roads. Why do We Stand For It?

POLK COUNTY NEWS

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OUR COUNTY AGENT'S DEPARTMENT

Some Timely Talks to Polk County Farmers, and others, on Timely Subjects, by County Agent, J. R. Sams.

A Good Chance For The Right One.

I visited Mrs. U. G. Speed at Hill Acres Farm, just a little out from Tryon where she has adorned, and made a once uncomely, unsightly, rocky hilltop, into a marvelous place of beauty as well as utility. You will find about everything going on over there that goes on even on farms of great dimensions. The only thing I have a quarrel with Mrs. Speed about, is the fact that she is selling the whole "Kit and biling" out. But this is not what I had in mind when I wrote the caption; but here it is, Mrs. Speed told me she wants to give ten of her fine White Leghorn pullets to someone who will build a model poultry house, not an expensive one, only built right, and a lady or girl who will read up on modern poultry keeping and will learn how to candle and preserve eggs in water glass, and will teach her neighbors how to do the same free of charge.

These hens are of high pedigree and any painstaking girl or woman with ten pullets should in two or three years build up an excellent flock.

Anyone disposed to accept this proposition can confer with me and I'll see if terms can be made satisfactory.

Grow Patches.

Of all years that have gone by; this is the year of all of them for the farmer to grow patches, and especially in the cotton country. Grow a patch of Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, sorghum, peanuts, soy beans, cow peas, water melons, cantalopes, snap beans, velvet beans, lima beans, etc. Yes, patches of grasses, clovers of all kind and alfalfa, and see which grows best for you and is most profitable. Some of these crops will mature at one season and some at another, dividing your time more evenly throughout the year, and see then it will afford you an opportunity of finding out which of these crops it will pay you best to plant more largely in the future; besides it will start you on the road to crop diversification.

Another thing to do this year, lay plans to keep that milk cow better.

Now I invite all farmers to visit especially these farms in Polk county, W. B. McSwain, Landrum route 1, S. C., Mrs. J. R. Smith, Columbus, N. C., Grant C., Miller, Tryon, N. C., and he is just beginning. Then step just over the N. C. line and see what J. J. Gentry is doing. Go out and see their cows capering on their grass fields and then watch them come to the milk gap and see that bucket overflowing with foaming milk and then think what a trifling fellow you will be if you let another year slip before you begin a real sure enough pasture for the milk cow. Dozens and scores of farmers are starting pastures and hundred more should do the same thing, and do it on a large scale. Now try several patches of new crops this year.

What I Saw Along The Road.

Oh well, what I saw along the road this week, would be of little use to the average farmer of Polk county, and at the same time what I saw is the most important thing the Polk county farmer needs; and still he turns a deaf ear to every entreaty to be persuaded to do the natural

thing. God is striving with men in the physical world, just the same as in the spiritual realm; but the eyes and ears are just as blunt relative to the physical blessings as to the spiritual.

Well, I have not told you a single thing I saw along the road because a few preliminary words might prepare the mental soil, so the idea might take root. The first thing of interest this morning was a lot of bur clover growing in some poor sandy soil, or rather where there is no soil. Also I found in this same field red clover, alsike clover, Japan clover, white clover, trefoil, or hop clover and sweet clover. All this was in C. J. Lynch's poor sandy bottom. I also saw orchard grass, tall oat grass, Kentucky blue grass, red top and other valuable grasses growing right there in that poor sand. Mr Lynch sowed the seed two years ago on the fresh prepared loose puffy sandy land and thought he had no stand at all. He has been patient until now the land is becoming firm and compact so that all kinds of clovers and grasses are taking hold and will stay with him. Then here is another thing I saw and anyone can see the same thing by going over to James Scriven's land and looking. Not where Mr. Scriven lives; but way down the river below the Cleveland bridge, I saw white clover, trefoil or hop clover, blue grass, red top and other valuable grasses growing along the road and in spite of Mr. Scriven's wire fence and is taking root in his pasture. I also saw where Scriven or some personal representative had been cutting pine bushes "to beat the band" in this same pasture. The only criticism I have to make, these pine bushes should have been carried to some nearby gullies and snugly tucked in so as to prevent further erosion.

Then passing on a little further at the Prince place, right on the bank of the road I saw blue grass, orchard grass, red top and timothy, growing right along with hop clover, red clover, white clover, Japan clover and alsike clover and there is no evidence that any of them had been planted there.

Nature is asserting herself in man's behalf in Polk county and yet farmers stand aloof with closed eyes and ears. I don't ask any farmer any longer to consult me about whether these valuable forage plants will grow in Polk county or not; but I do ask him to open his eyes and look around the roadside and visit the farms of J. C. Lynch, Judge J. J. Gentry, W. B. McSwain, J. R. Smith, Geo. Edwards, Grant C. Miller, Mrs. U. G. Speed, Tryon, N. C., and scores of other farmers and see the stuff with its roots clinched into the soil, and then if you have any doubts about its staying quality; just call on Jim Turner who lives on C. J. Lynch's place and ask him. I saw lots more of all kind of stuff and no one can realize what a good place Polk county is until he lives in it about seventy-five or eighty years and then he will keep on finding more.

Patched-Up Organ.
A prominent poetess writes: "My heart sings only when it breaks." As she averages one such song per week, what a condition her heart must be in.
—Boston Transcript.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY

A Short Story of a "Yank" Lieutenant From Spartanburg County, S. C.

For many years to come we will hear or read bits of intensely interesting events unwritten in the general histories of the World War.

Just the other day I drove my little bay mare to one of our out-of-town manufacturing plants. As I stood talking to the foreman there stepped in a likely looking negro lad. I glanced at him and as he, caught my eye, he almost dropped his broom then caught it with both hands, without taking his gaze from my face. I saw emotion-sense memory was possessing him. "Well, what is it?" I asked. His eyes still fixed, he asked "Mr. H., aint you Lieutenant H's father?" "May be so" I said, "I had a Lieutenant son in the service." "I knew it I'd a swore it the very minute I layed my eyes on your face" I thought this broom was a Springfield, and I was listenin for "Come on boys" That was what he said when he meant charge. I se scared till yet." "Scared of what?" I questioned? "At one time I thought I never wanted to see that man again, but I sho do wish I could see him once more, I jes knows that was the most militarist man I seed during the war, I was scared of him and at the same time I swore by Lieutenant H."

"Did you see him often", I asked? (I was getting interested now.) "Sho I did, I seed him many times when I had raked seen the devil. I believe the devil his-self would have been too scared to went where Lieutenant H. took us." "And you never get wounded at all?" "They say I get a shell-shock, but it wasn't no one shell, it must have been ten thousand a day." "Can you tell me something about this shell business?" "No sir, Mr. H. I can't start, nor if I did I couldn't stop." "Were you in the charge when my son was wounded?" "I was, me and one more nigger lifted him out of the way of the heavy artillery that was galloping up the gap that we had just opened. It looked like they was going to run square over him fore I got him out." "Was there anyone else near when the shell fell?" "Shells was falling everywher, but there was two other officers close by and when de smoke blowd away you could not see anyone of them, but the pieces was lying round about all over the ground." "Where was the captain?"

"Nobody knowd and no body cared. The last I saw of captain W, was when lieutenant H. walked up to him and told him that he had done turned yellow and was in the way." "Now get out of my way, I am going to smash that German defense", and Captain W. done just that thing got away; and lieutenant H, done what he said, and we done it quick, too."

"What did you do after the Germans had surrendered?" "There was not many left to surrender. Why the awfullest part of the whole fight was when we had to club or shoot them while they was on their knees praying. We done learn that if we ever turn our back on one he would jump up and shoot us, and if we was to stop and take his arms away, another German would run up from behind and bayonet us. That is what I would like to forget. Then I hurried back and found Lieutenant H. all bloody and dirty, ambulance all gone. I called an-

other fellow who was not wounded and we put him on a litter and carried him to the first aid hospital."

"Tell us something about the hospital!" "It was a long low building with a door in the end and lots of little windows all along the sides. When we got to the door a quiet little woman dressed all in white met us. She smiles, but you could see tears in her eyes. She did not say a word, just motioned us to follow. Then I saw another sight that I wish I could forget. It looked like the rows of white cots was a quarter of a mile long. The nurses and doctors moving about mighty quiet, but mighty busy. I just can't tell how it was, but such a deathly smell, all kinds of acids and medicines, old blood, broken bone and dead boys. I hope you'll never know." We followed the nurse way back to the far end to a little curtained-off room and laid him on the operation table. It was a strange sight, that dirty bloody, pale man on a snow white mattress and sheets, his right foot and knee all turned the wrong way. I recon the doctor was gentle, but they did handle things in a hurry. I turned to go out and looked back at the Lieutenant. He did not talk crept with them coal black eyes and they said "Charlie don't go too far", and I didn't. I took my stand just outside by a little window where I could be handy. They just slashed off his boots and poured the blood out; then cut off his uniform and handed it to me, and just pointed to a pile of burning stuff out in the yard, and I knowd what to do. I went back to the window just in time to see that doctor run his hand in a great hole in the Lieutenant's hip and bring out a handful of black cold blood all mixed with sand and trash. That was too much even for a soldier, I just had to get away. But I went back in about an hour and asked the little lady if I could be any more help. She said "No, would you like to see him?" I takes off my cap and steps inside. There he was all shaved and clean, his foot and leg all set right, and he looked like he was feeling easy; and when I remembers how it has been with him for the last twenty-seven days without a change of clothes, I knows he was feeling better. I talked a few minutes and then we both heard the bugle call. He smiled and took my hand and said, "Good bye Charlie". That's another thing I'll never forget; how white and weak he looked. That is the last time I ever saw him, but I heard he sure-enough got well and is now in New York. Mighty glad to talk to you Mr. H., and hope some old day to see Lieutenant once more."

Countryman.

At The Congregational Church.

Rev. W. A. Black, A. M. Pastor.

Bible School Sunday morning at 10.

Public Worship and Sermon at 11.

Bible Studies in Acts Wednesdays at 4 p. m.

Tourists and all citizens cordially welcome.

Services at the Episcopal Church.

Holy Communion.....8:00 a. m.

Sunday School.....10:00 a. m.

Morning Prayer and Sermon.....11:00 a. m.

Bible Class.....4:00 p. m.

FRIDAY

Christian Healing Prayer Circle, 4:00 p. m.

Litany Service.....4:30 p. m.

FROM OUR FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY

Items of Interest Gathered From Various Sections of Polk County by Our Corps of Faithful Correspondents.

Saluda.

D. W. Simmons and daughters, Carol and Virginia, visited Walter Jones last week.

On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock there was a service for men only at the Presbyterian church. The building was crowded, one boy said he did not know that there were that many men in Saluda. Rev. Gills text was the speculators epitaph.

Mrs. H. D. McCallister has returned from a visit to Bristol, Va.

Mr. Bird, of Eastover, S. C., who has purchased one of the cottages from C. C. Parlor has received a car load of building material.

Rev. Frank Estes who is to be the pastor of the Presbyterian church again this summer arrived last Thursday.

Mills Nabers who was at home last week returned to Camp Oteen Monday.

A Preacher With Pep.

During the past week Rev. Leonard Gill conducted a series of revival services in the Presbyterian church of Saluda. Mr. Gills who is one of the four synodical evangelists of North Carolina has a great deal of pep and a mastery flow of the English language. While preaching he drew vivid word pictures which forcibly brought out the Gospel truths he wishes to impress upon his large congregations. His entire stay in Saluda was marked by his untiring zeal for Christ and the upbuilding of Christian manhood and womanhood.

The meeting will be long remembered as one in which there was the hearty cooperation of the members of the churches of all denominations all working shoulders to shoulder.

Forty-five made professions of faith in Christ and will be received into the churches of their choice at a time appointed by the various pastors. Besides the ones who joined many luke warm ones reconsecrated themselves to God. And the good influence for right living is being felt; for there can be no greater asset to a community than upright honest-to-goodness Christians men, women, boys and girls.

Closing Program of Saluda Seminary.

Sunday May 22, the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. W. A. Black, A. M., pastor of the Congregational church in Tryon. This service this year will be held in the Baptist church.

The domestic art work will be on exhibition during the week in the guest room of Ryder Hall. All are invited to come in and inspect the work.

Tuesday May 23, at 10 a. m. the senior class day exercises will be given in Barnard Hall. At 8:00 p. m. the senior reception will be held in Ryder Hall.

Wednesday May 25, at 1 o'clock the senior class luncheon will be served. At 8 p. m. the graduating exercises will take place.

The address of the evening will be given by Rev. J. H. McLarty, D. D., of Asheville.

The diplomas and certificates will be presented by the principal, Frederic Hollister.

As has always been customary the churches of the town will unite in the Baccalaureate service.

All friends of the class and the

seminary will be welcome at the class day and graduating exercises which will be held in Barnard Hall.

Saluda Seminary to Close.

The graduating exercises of the senior class of Saluda Seminary will be held May 22 and 25th.

This will be the last graduating class of the summer. On May 10th, action that that effect was taken by the executive committee of the American missionary association of the Congregational church of America at its regular meeting in New York City. For more than 30 years the fine work of this school has meant much to all of the country round about. Hundreds of men and women received all the education they ever had in Saluda Seminary and their children have also been blessed by its high grade educational work. It was established when in all this region no one seemed to care for the education of the children. It was a splendid missionary enterprise and its influence for good can never be estimated. But in the nature of the case it gradually helped to make its work unnecessary by creating a realization of the value of education in the minds of the people.

Now that Saluda has taken steps to have its own school in its own school building and the great state of North Carolina with its everincreasing wealth, culture, is reaching out its helpful hand to her children. There was but one thing to do and that was for the seminary to withdraw its workers from Saluda and send them and its gifts into some community less fortunate, whose need is still like the need of Saluda in the earlier days.

Saluda will regret to say farewell to such an institution, but she can rejoice that others are to have for a time the generous help which for so long has been given here.

The closing of Saluda Seminary will leave three fine buildings which will be available for a private school or for hotel and club house property in whole or in part.

The school building has been offered to the town on most reasonable terms and the matter of taking it over is under consideration.

There is no finer site in town for a hotel or boarding house than that occupied by Ryder Hall. It might easily be made an all year round hotel with every chance for a profitable investment. Parties have been on the ground already looking at the buildings to see whether they are suitable for a special form of school. They expressed great interest on them.

Shock Frequently Does Good.
Keep fear out of your system, but don't be troubled at a little fright. Anything in the nature of a shock or a jolt is helpful if it doesn't come too late. It is the only way that three-quarters of the inhabitants of this earth can ever be made to realize the necessity of doing what is in them to do.—John Blake in Chicago Daily News.

Early Mesmerism.
Braidism is an old name for hypnotism, derived from James Braid, who invented this species of mesmerism in 1843.

Jud Tunkins,
"The trouble with a smart man," said Jud Tunkins, "is that he's liable to spend more time showin' off than he does workin'."