

Farm Demonstration Department

Conducted by
W. H. BARTON
Office in Courthouse, Rockingham.

How to Poison Sir Weevil.

COME AND SEE HOW IT IS DONE. W. Bruce Mabry, Field Extension Entomologist, of the Department of Agriculture, has been secured to make a weevil poisoning demonstration, next Wednesday afternoon, July 5th, at 4 o'clock, on the farm of A. W. Porter, near the Hamer farm, on the sandhill road in Wolf Pit township.

Mr. Mabry has been doing expert work in this line for a number of years and should be able to offer some first-hand information worth while. I hope every farmer in the county will be present and see the demonstration and hear what he has to say.
W. H. BARTON.

Treat Him on The Level.

Some folks say, "the weevil is the devil." He's our friend, if treated on the "level." Some poison with arsenate and any sort of molasses; Others trust luck and call the rest asses. The more economical pick up all the squares; These same folks even pluck the "flares," And argue with excellent reason: "Every square burnt, saves thousands in a season." Uncle Sam dusts with calcium arsenate as best, But "the machine's too costly," argue all the rest; Meanwhile the weevil gives us all the dodge. And we examine our squares and find them "hodge-podge." Forthwith we cry: "I wish I hadn't planted".... All tested methods are then freely granted. But weevil, oh weevil, you'll still play the devil Till we change our methods and treat you on the "level." We fill our larders with fat back and rice, While our hogs are hungry or infested with lice. Our flour and molasses we buy in the West, And sell our cotton for less than we invest. The fertilizer bill is an awful nightmare, When thru legumes we'd get it from the air. Soil ability....another name for trash.... Is related to success as whiskey is to "mash." Our bank account is small, our credit also rotten As it ever will be, if we depend upon cotton. Cotton as a surplus will enrich all the South, Cotton as a single crop, robs every mouth. Cooperation with nature will fill our every want, Then to Sir Weevil, we'll command, "avaunt!" Weevil, oh weevil, you're not like the devil, You're a shining angel if treated on the "level."
W. H. BARTON.

KILLED LIKE DOGS.

(Continued from Front Page)

mine. The men in the mine surrendered, but no sooner than the strikers got these men in their power than they began an attack that for barbarity would make the meanest German hang his head in shame. They herded these men in a bunch, surrounded them, and then systematically began murdering them, using sticks, rocks, knives and guns. Their victims were unarmed, defenseless, and they had no chance to fight back.

This is a free country. The law guarantees to every man the right to peacefully work, and yet these striking union miners usurp the law into their own hands, and literally shock the civilized world with their orgy of murder. Such acts as this on the part of the union miners does not make friends for the union; rather does it cause the great rank and file of the American farming and working class to think seriously whether such a union isn't beyond itself and getting to a point where it will be a menace to the rest of our people who do not belong to such a union.

The massacre of these men in Illinois who wished to work causes our great farming class to wonder at such a "rule or ruin" purpose that so clearly prevails in such a union.

The following account of the awful affair in Illinois is so vividly written that the POST-DISPATCH is copying it for our readers:

"Herrin, Illinois, June 23.—The massacre of non-union miners in the woods near the strip mine of the Southern Illinois Coal company, where they were employed, was the act of a mob which got by the control of the cooler element which was attempting to escort the captives to Herrin, to "show them off to the boys," according to information learned today.

"The leaders, it was said, finally were compelled to yield to the clamors of the mob that the prisoners 'beat it.' The fleeing men thereupon were shot down, beaten to death, and one was known to have been hanged.

"Got What They Deserved.

"Although a number of the miners shudder at the slaughter, all say they got just what they deserved. "As soon as the 44 strip employes surrendered yesterday morning a cry went up for the lives of the captives, persons who were witnesses say. The cooler element marched just behind the prisoners, who were at the head of the procession, and the disorderly element flocked behind and besides them.

"There were cries of 'beat it,' which grew into a chorus, but the leaders arrived at a wooded section about three miles from here. There the clamor increased and the mob pressed around the fear stricken prisoners, some of whom mumbled evidently in prayer.

"Witnesses say the leaders, feeling unable longer to resist the crowd's clamor, said to the prisoners: 'Yes, you'd better beat it.'

"Then followed the massacre.

"How many of the prisoners realized that it was to be a flight of death will never be known.

"Between the road and the woods on the right side there was a barbed wire fence. Most of the prisoners, probably thinking vaguely that it would be something to have the fence between them and the mob, began climbing through the fence. They had difficulty with their suitcases. There were shouts of: 'Drop your suit cases, you won't need them,' which appealed to the humor of the jeering mob. Most of the prisoners dropped their suit cases and scrambled through and hurried into the woods.

"Shooting in Woods.

"The shooting was underway and the killing was on throughout the woods. Men were running and dodging and crowds were following and shooting at them. When one fell, the crowd closed in and fired a volley into the prostrate form.

"As the men were shot down, crowds gathered and watched him breathe his last, jeering and scoffing."

The Woman's Forum

Conducted by
MRS. LUCY F. RUSSELL
Rockingham, N. C.

(Send contributions or suggestions to her.)

The County Fair.

There is in North Carolina a strong movement to make our people a county-minded folk instead of a town minded folk. That means that we shall concentrate our interests, our energies, our pride in Richmond county instead of Rockingham and Hoffman and Ellerbe. We think it an excellent move, as we think any movement good that broadens our view and widens our interest, beginning at home and then extending to town, to county, to state and to country. Drop a stone in a pond and watch how the ripples extend to the farthest shore. Our towns are already improving themselves in churches, schools, homes and streets; now let Richmond county lead the state in county improvement, first taking stock of what we have to start from. To find out we have let's pull together to make the next Fair the best possible exhibit of the county resources. Richmond reminds us of what Uncle Jesse Page once said to a proud young mother showing him her new baby; the dear old gentleman peeped cautiously at the squirming bundle and said: "I tell you there are great possibilities in that fellow." Speaking of mothers reminds us of the women's share in the Fair; many were kind enough to say last year that the needle was the best thing in the Fair but we know that we were hampered by the lack of space, nor does there seem to be any hope of this condition being bettered, so we will have to do the best we can with the space allotted to us. In order that each article may be shown to the best advantage we would suggest that only one article of a kind be prepared for exhibition. Except in cases where articles belong in sets, a luncheon set for instance, may be represented by the centerpiece and one doily of each size, making three articles on exhibition instead of eleven. One scarf, one centerpiece, one bed spread, one sweater is enough to demonstrate skill and taste. We hope there will be a better show of garments; there is a present fad for crocheted garments of all kinds and combinations and right now while the days are long is the time to start.

What do we really know of the resources of our county? Cotton has always been King—so have the Hohenzollerns—as far as that goes, but the time seems to have arrived when both cotton and Kaiser must step down and out, one conquered by a tiny bug with a sharp bill, the other by the men who must conquer the bug. They did one by cooperation and they will do the other by the same means. However, this is not an essay on man's problems, we just started out to ask the women of Richmond county to stand by their old job of making a fine exhibition of woman's work at the Fair this fall. We do not limit this request to the old ladies (if there are any) who have long stayed at home and "sewed fine seams" we are anxious to hear from the "Flappers" (bless their hearts and pretty, little painted noses) there is plenty of skill and good sense underneath that curly hair—and who are we to criticize their curious dress and their "flapping" ways? Anyhow, they don't wear bustles and sweeping trains on the the street "even as you end I."

L. P. R.

The advertisement of the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering appears in this issue of the POST-DISPATCH. Young men who desire to equip themselves for success in Agriculture, Chemistry, Engineering, or the Textile Industry, might attend the State's technical college. Full information may be had by writing E. B. Owen, Registrar, State College Station, Raleigh, N. C.

Privilege Tax.

Your privilege tax was due June 1st. —R. L. McDonald, Sheriff.

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