

The Watchman and Southron.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1909.

The Sumter Watchman was founded in 1856 and the True Southron in 1864. The Watchman and Southron now has the combined circulation and influence of both of the old papers, and is manifestly the best advertising medium in Sumter.

Some time ago Supt. Cain was the object of more or less ill-will of some of the applicants for teachers' certificates because they did not get them. The number who received certificates was nine, from twenty-two applicants.

Those who failed to meet the requirements were sincere in their feelings about the matter, of course. But have they seriously considered the great responsibility that rests upon the teacher? The teacher deals with human character, human souls. And yet, when a young person has just finished high school, and knows nothing practically of any kind of vocation, he decides to teach "to get a little money"—deals in character-forming before he knows how to deal to anything else. Consider the grave necessity of having a very thorough preparation for teachers. In the recent educational convention at Denver, Dr. Henry G. Williams, Dean of the State Normal Schools of Athens, Ohio, made the following statement in a speech on scientific teaching:

"There are some rural teachers who don't know the A B C of education, yet they are called 'professors,' as in the corn doctor or the dog-farmer."

He was telling the cold truth. Everybody has to admit the statement as true. Dealing in human souls is too serious a vocation for experimentation. Knowing a few text-books is not knowing how to teach. There is an art, a science, in teaching which should be studied before entering on the duties of a teacher. Special methods of teaching different subjects, knowledge of school organization, child psychology and many other minor details should be carefully studied. No person is fitted to teach in any grade who has just finished the tenth grade. Two years work in some normal school or in the educational departments of our literary institutions is an absolute necessity, in order that the teacher may be proficient.

It takes at least two years of college study to show a person how little he really knows. He gets the positive, egotistical element knocked out of him. He must reach the last analysis of any statement of theory before he accepts it as true or false. One other advantage of the school teacher, while making preparations for teaching, is the benefit of college associations, the best, the most select element of the State and surrounding commonwealths. In college, one associates with the "cream" of young manhood and womanhood.

It is hoped that every one who was unfortunate in the last examination for teachers will determine to make special preparations for teaching, and come and take the examination again. The County and State need more and better teachers.

Dyeing Royal Flowers.

"Every once in a while some florist gets busy and puts some odd colored blossoms in his window as an extra attraction to the display," said a clubman. "I just noticed one down the street. It consisted of a bunch of impossible green carnations. At first glance a good many people thought they were made of paper, but they got interested when they found out that they were 'natural.' Now, anybody who wants to have any of these freak flowers can get them by buying some kind of aniline ink, any color desired. Carnations are the easiest to color—white ones, of course. Put their stems in a glass filled with ink. Their stems are soft, and in a short while the larger veins in their petals are filled with the ink. Don't let them absorb too much color. They are prettier with just so much. Then remove them and put them in a vase of salt water. Lillies of the Valley lend themselves to this scheme also. In fact, any white, soft stemmed flower may be used."—Philadelphia Record.

BASEBALL CHALLENGE!

It is Up to the Sumter Juniors—Charlestonians After Their Scalp.

The Daily Item is in receipt of the following challenge from the Air Dome Baseball Club, of Charleston:
The Air Dome Baseball Club, of Charleston, challenges any strictly amateur organized baseball team of Sumter to play at a near date. We have an age limit of twenty years for players and would rather get a team of about this average age. All teams wishing to play with please communicate with Max Goldman, Care Charleston Bill Posting Co., Charleston, S. C.
Yours truly,
MAX GOLDMAN.

Farmers' Union News

—AND—

Practical Thoughts for Practical Farmers

(Conducted by E. W. Dabbs, President Farmers' Union of Sumter County.)

The Watchman and Southron having decided to double its service by semi-weekly publication, would improve that service by special features. The first to be inaugurated is this Department for the Farmers' Union and Practical Farmers which I have been requested to conduct. It will be my aim to give the Union news and official calls of the Union. To that end officers, and members of the Union are requested to use these columns. Also to publish such clippings from the agricultural papers and Government Bulletins as I think will be of practical benefit to our readers. Original articles by any of our readers telling of their successes or failures will be appreciated and published.

Trusting this Department will be of mutual benefit to all concerned,

THE EDITOR.

All communications for this Department should be sent to E. W. Dabbs, Mayesville, S. C.

Some Random Thoughts.

A few features of Sea Island farming and I must close this series of letters. On many farms of the islands the dependence for litter for the stables is the dead marsh grass that the tides drift upon the beaches. Every barnyard, except the one at the junction of Wappoo Cut and Stono River where the bluff does not permit of reaching the beach with a cart, has its pile of marsh grass. Every negro tenant had his pile of it. It is rich in phosphorus and is preferred to pine straw by the farmers on that account. Then too, many of them have no woodland to rake litter on.

I did not see a pig on James Island and only one lone little one on the island cut off from James Island by Elliotts Cut, a part of Wappoo Creek, and the inland waterway from Charleston to Beaufort. They say hogs are a nuisance. There are some sheep and goats, and every farm has its bunch of cows. The finest bunch of sheep I saw were on Johns Island. There were several years ago two dairy farms on the island, but one was discontinued as unprofitable. The owner of the other claims it is profitable, but some of his brother farmers say the cotton supports the dairy.

Rich land! Well, if you could see the growth of weeds in one season on all rested lands, and the dense hedge rows alongside every public road, from 10 to 20 feet wide and 10 to 20 feet high, so thick a man could not get through, except with a hatchet, you would say it was rich too. I laughed at some of my friends and told them they allowed the hedges to grow so as to hide the crops, but it is to have wind breaks. On only two roads did I see any shade trees, that was on the road from Ft. Johnson and the private road to Mr. Hinson's. Other private roads may have shade trees, but I did not see them. As for the public roads the negroes cut the trees for fire wood as fast as they attain stove wood size. Many of them using cotton stalks for wood.

The reasons given for resting the cotton lands are: to grow humus and to afford pasture that the cattle may pack the soil; the two, tramping by cattle, and the humus, preventing its blowing away. Such treatment always giving an additional yield of 50 to 100 pounds of lint cotton per acre which at 40 to 60 cents per pound gives a greater rental than cultivation could do. It was stated by several farmers that every instance where cotton was planted continuously showed poorer yields.

Another feature that every interior farmer criticises is the vast amount of hand labor. The seed are planted by hand. The hoeing I was told is about \$9 per acre, from four to six hoeings at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per acre. A hoe must never touch a plant, the least little skinning or bruising and that plant is done for.

The plowing consists mainly of one or two furrows in the middle of a five foot row, and the hoes follow behind and draw the loose soil up to the plant picking out grass near the plants by hand. When laid by it is on a big round bed at least two feet above the centre of alley.

To begin with the weeds and old stalks of two years before were barred off by a turn plow and listed down into the alley by hoes, covering a space two feet wide in the old alley. On this the stable manure and fertilizers are spread and bedded on by two horse plows, the two foot space under the plants being unbroken. It is said this is done to cause the plant to ripen its fruit. If the land is broken underneath the plants it will try to grow into a tree at the expense of fruit, and fall to mature.

Several fields of asparagus from which thousands of dollars worth of "grasses" had been shipped were among the prettiest sights I saw in the farming line. The rows are 7 feet wide, and the shoots as thick as one's fingers, cover a space of 18 inches to 2 feet wide on the top of the bed, and are as tall as a man's shoulders. Small harrows were being used to clean the

middle of the row. In a few days cowpeas will be sown thickly in the alleys. Next January the dead tops will be removed for litter, a great many of the twigs and the peavines plowed down into the alley, the "grass" barred off as close as possible, fertilizer applied, the dirt removed from the "crowns" by hoes. After standing a few days they begin to plow the dirt back on the "grass" crowns until it is 12 inches deep, so the stems of this much prized vegetable when put on the market are about 12 inches long and one inch thick, if properly fertilized.

There are a great many other phases of farming down there I could write about, but one other, the seed problem, struck me as being unique. Only as very especial acts of friendship will one planter let another have any of his seed at all. This seemed to me very selfish, and hardly believable of a people, who work together so harmoniously along other lines. Some years ago they would sell their seed to Georgia, Florida and West Indian planters, but not to one another. The competition from these sources became so keen that they quit shipping the seed. It seems that only on these islands between Charleston and Beaufort can the plant be kept up to the high standard of 40 to 60 cents a pound and other points need to renew their seed; so by keeping the seed at home and letting every man see to his own selection they hope to control the market.

A word as to water transportation, and I must close this letter. In my judgment that is really the greatest advantage our coastal friends have over us here in the interior. A boat costing \$300.00 including a gasoline engine of 6 or 7 horse-power, will carry two tons of freight or twenty passengers, six or seven miles an hour against tide and about double that with the tide. A landing place can be built at very little more cost than we have to keep up our private roads. The gasoline will not cost as much as the feed of one mule team, and it would take two mule teams and wagons, costing \$1,000 to \$1,200, to haul as much freight. The government keeps up these roads of the waters, surveying and marking the channels; dredging, revetting and jettying, wherever necessary. I saw the stakes and flags of a recent government survey of the inland water from Johns Island to the city. At great expense the channels are shortened by cut-offs at the bends. All this without any cost to the people who live along the waterways. If this is a function of government, and unbroken precedent for a hundred years makes it so, I begin to think the national government should build the roads, at least the most important ones. Say, direct roads from one County Court House to another, North and South and East and West. Our interior towns should not rest until every stream that has the water flow is opened to boats, and in other ways by railroad and trolley, open up direct avenues of traffic with the seaports—the terminal of the world's great high-way—the ocean.

One of the delightful experiences of this trip by my little girls and myself was to be shown over the finest ship of the Clyde Line, the Mohawk, in company with the harbor master. The officers of these ships are always very courteous and landmen should avail themselves of the opportunity to go through one at least once.

E. W. D.

"Made in Atlanta" is an article worth our serious consideration. Many Sumter County farmers could well take some special line of crops or stock and build up a reputation on them that would beat growing staple crops as a money proposition and would tend to that diversity in our agriculture which would make us independent.

The great trouble is to determine just what crop or stock to make our specialty and then of more importance, to stick to it until we produce none but the best of that class.

E. W. D.

"Made in Atlanta."

We had the pleasure of attending the unique convention of the J. K. Orr Shoe Co., held at the Hotel Aragon, on June 21 and 22nd, celebrating their Anniversary. Here we saw 300 merchants from all parts of the South called together as patrons of this firm. We do not write this article to boost the J. K. Orr Shoe Company, nor as an indirect advertisement, but we want to use the success of this concern as a timely object lesson to our farming class. The Mayor of Atlanta in his address of welcome said: "Twenty-five years ago we held the Cotton Exposition here in Atlanta, and I was impressed with the possibilities in the manufacturing of cotton and thought of embarking in this line of business, but on consulting Mr. Edward Atkinson he told me that the South could not compete with the Northeastern States and their skilled labor—so I abandoned the idea of going into the cotton mill business. Others, however, were not so easily deterred as was I, and they went ahead and today the South is holding her own in competition with New England and England in the manufacturing of our staple into cloth. The J. K. Orr Shoe Company had much less showing for success in the manufacturing of shoes, but with indomitable energy and with eternal perseverance, they have kept at work making a good article, appealing to our people to patronize a home institution, until they have now an enviable success, and do a business whose volume would do credit to any Northern business concern. Taking up the slogan—"Made in Atlanta" they have made this a household word in all cotton growing States. Other manufacturing enterprises seeing their success have been encouraged to start up until the recent panic of 1907 has been robbed of half of its "venom" and disaster so far as the State of Georgia was concerned, by the people employed and the money retained in the South through these home manufacturing institutions. We have no fight against foreign institutions—but we are heart and soul for Southern development—and this can only come in the degree that it should through the patronizing of home industries and the sending abroad of Southern products. We glory in the "Made in Atlanta" spirit. This spirit should not confine itself to the cities or the factories. We need it upon every farm. Each farm should be named—and should send forth some product to the consuming world stamped as the "Red Seal Shoes," with the name of this farm and carrying with it the guarantee of high-class workmanship and an individuality peculiarly its own. We are glad too of the reputation the Georgia peach and the Georgia melon enjoys abroad. These annually bring millions of dollars into circulation in our borders. We could grow other crops equally remunerative. We want to do all in our power to encourage the individual farmer to take a pride in sending forth into the markets of the world some product of the highest class, bearing his stamp as grown upon his farm or raised upon his farm. We have almost an endless variety to choose from. There is the breeding of horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens. Then you can grow corn, wheat, rye, barley, hay, cottonseed, peaches apples, figs, grapes, berries, melons, cantaloupes and peas for seed of sale. Then you can make cream, butter, honey, canned goods and pickles. We need not name them all. The farm need not be simply a cotton patch or a produce of cheap, raw products. The finer the product the better the price. The finished article must always sell for more than the unfinished one. The farm can also be a factory and send forth products commanding two profits—that on production and that on manufacturing. We need waking up along this line. Our conception of farming is too low. Our skill upon the farm is entirely inadequate. We need more ambition among our farmers to—1. Produce a higher class of products. 2. To produce a greater variety; and 3. To feel a pride in sending it out to market as our very own, stamped with our labor, our skill and our individuality. The editor feels a special pride in each Berkshire pig he sends forth to various sections to better the blood in that community. We feel a just pride in each Jersey heifer we send to be a blessing and a pet upon some man's farm. Each time we sell a Plymouth Rock cockerel to grace some man's poultry yard—we feel that same tangible virtue has gone forth to better the world, and to make life the more worth living. While down in south Georgia recently we were talking with a progressive farmer, and we enjoyed hearing him tell with praise of how a north Georgia farmer and one who advertises corn, had sent him such fine specimens of the variety that he advertised. We like this. A farmer should feel a thrill of joy in producing a fine specimen of any article and a double sense of pleasure in sending nothing inferior from his farm to be placed upon the markets of the world. To say "such and such a thing" was grown upon

my farm or raised upon my farm, should constitute one of the farmer's chief sources of pleasure. Let the J. K. Orr Shoe Company and other worthy manufacturing concerns continue their cry of "Made in Atlanta—Made in the South," but for us and our house let's have for our slogan, "Made upon my Farm."—Southern Cultivator, July 15.

NEW INVENTION.

Torpedo Can be Controlled by Wireless.

Think of calmly standing on the seashore and by means of a small key and no connecting wires being able to annihilate an entire navy. This has been rendered possible by the invention of a submerged torpedo propelled and controlled by wireless electricity transmitted by the wireless method—the work of Carl Abrahamson of Sar. Diego, Cal.

The invention is so simple that they overlooked it so long. The propelling force is manipulated on the same principle as the wireless telegraph. Electricity is transmitted from aerial wires on shore to aerials supported by cork floats and connected with the propeller wheel of the torpedo which is submerged. A current powerful enough to send a sixteen-foot torpedo, of the type used by the American navy, through the water at a speed of 32 miles an hour can be transmitted, says the inventor.

Control of the device is secured by magnets set on each side of the propeller and connected with the steering gear. These magnets are of different degrees of sensitiveness and are susceptible to varying degrees of power in electric currents. The steering is thus made possible by a variation in the amount of power sent to the torpedo.—From "Weird Feats of Wireless," in the August Technical Magazine.

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